

is and were so strangely, disturbingly that she had to find out who it was had evoked this quiet. It was the waitress—her waitress, the one of the succulent flesh and the clustering hair. She stood behind them, broad, menacing, with pencil held over her order pad. As it possible, the woman wondered, this vulgar girl tyrannized over the rest in general? They actually seemed to; their little mouths had taken on a petulant droop with which youth protests itself.

Hello, Marie," one of them said in a dog voice. Hello. Don't ask for the deviled crabs because there aren't any more," the waitress said.

Oh, we don't want deviled crabs." It was as if the girl fearfully disclaimed any naughtiness. "We just want vegetable salads and biscuits and tea."

All right."

Can we have them in a hurry?" The waitress was frightened; it was tentative. We've only got half an hour."

All right. Right away." Marie wrote it down slowly, moving the moist, red of her tongue, and went her way.

She'll get it for us in a hurry, just like yesterday," one of the young girls said. I was telling you, that canary-colored waiter has a spot on the shoulder, but I could cover it up with some kind of food, a pin or something, you know."

Fear of a waitress, the woman thought, might be despicable, but it certainly added profits in this place. Her fruit had been a staggering problem, a subject that would consume half an hour.

Their vegetable salad could be rustled in three minutes and served right away. Before she would come again to this particular restaurant, she must, like the boy in the fairy tale, learn to shudder.

She turned her head to the mirror and found the young girls' disconsolate look, the half-closed eyes, the drooping lips.

It was a wounding image that came back to her from the surface of the pitiless glass. Such looks can appear with impunity only upon the faces of the young.

She sighed and watched the expressionling away. She waited to see the old tranquillity, the gentle and integrated set of features that she had borne like a fairer, a symbol of her good intentions, of offices and living rooms, theaters and restaurants and libraries, all her days.

She waited and put a chilly hand to her forehead and moistened her cold lips. There was a change; something was lost; the serenity of her face had fallen away.

HERE was a cat tread and a muttered "Excuse me." She snatched up her menu to make way for the food and saw once that the food was not for her. The miserable vegetable salads were being set on her neighbors' table. Their napkins were being slapped upon the cloth, their glass of lemon was being banged against their iced tea. An icy rage, such a rage as she had never felt before, stiffened her to her finger tips. The menu fell from her cold hand, grazed the table, lay, like a dove thrown before a duel, upon the floor.

"I beg your pardon," she said, glaring at the waitress.

"Yes?" the waitress said.

The brazen detachment of it, the plain fact that the hateful female did not care the least—the "Yes?" was too much.

I have been waiting here for close to half an hour. I asked to have a fruit salad, and that was impossible. I asked for a cheese sandwich and that has not appeared. Although I hardly feel disposed to enter into controversy over this trivial business—" There was a strange, hot easure in using words that this vulgarian could not understand—"I should like to quire—"

"Your cheese sandwich," said the waitress.

ress, glaring back with smoldering, animal eyes, "isn't done. It isn't done."

"When will it be done?"

"I don't know."

There was a birdlike confusion, a stirring of napkins, a hastening of breaths at the neighboring table. One of the smooth little faces turned in the woman's direction and sent her a shy, fluttering look of supplication. Oh, don't, don't! The words might have been spoken, they made themselves so clear in the young girl's glance.

And they accomplished at least some part of their purpose. They kept her silent with surprise for a second, and in that second the waitress gained time to make a sullen apology.

"The first one got burned. I'm sorry it got burned," she said.

She left all three of them in a wretched state. The young girls, embarrassed and contrite, did penance for their undeserved food. They could not eat it; they buttered their biscuits and let them lie; they stirred their tea endlessly and could not bring themselves to lift their glasses to their lips.

Their twittering, too, had fallen to a kind of mechanical, halfhearted chirp. They reserved their dearest thoughts as they reserved their salads.

Now their conversation was all of a certain assignment. They had unfolded a map on which they were to trace the movements of contending armies up the boot of Italy. They bent over this map with feigned attention; they discussed it with forced vivacity. But they glanced up from it several times each minute, watching with worried eyes for Marie's return.

THE woman should have been sorry for them. She told herself that their happiness was, at best, brief and precarious.

He who would come to one of them tomorrow, to be enchanted by a borrowed yellow sweater and the sheen of new-washed hair, might well come only once or twice and then be irretrievably gone.

Even in the isolation of her grief, even in the discreet stillness of this restaurant, she could not escape from war. No thought could wade out for any distance in these austere days without stepping into a pool of blood. And yet, and yet . . .

There they sat, beautiful and wanted, with a thousand possibilities hovering like bright butterflies about their heads; and here she sat, in October dryness, with even the last sad moth flown.

There they were, all of them, all young and all in league with one another, all sisters in spirit, whose veins were filled with the living, golden liquid of youth. These two, and that one who had taken away her beloved. These two and the coarse, dark, Mediterranean one whom they protected.

These, and her nieces, and the new stenographers in the office, and the college girls in the street. All, all of them, brushing their glossy hair at a thousand mirrors; closing their firm white arms around the necks of a legion of lovers; smiling their sweet, vague, stupid smiles among the foliage of parks all over the world; moving their lithe bodies to the tune of cheap recordings; chattering, singing, kissing, sinking down on a thousand couches, a thousand bits of leaf-sheltered turf, to know that ecstasy which she had never known . . .

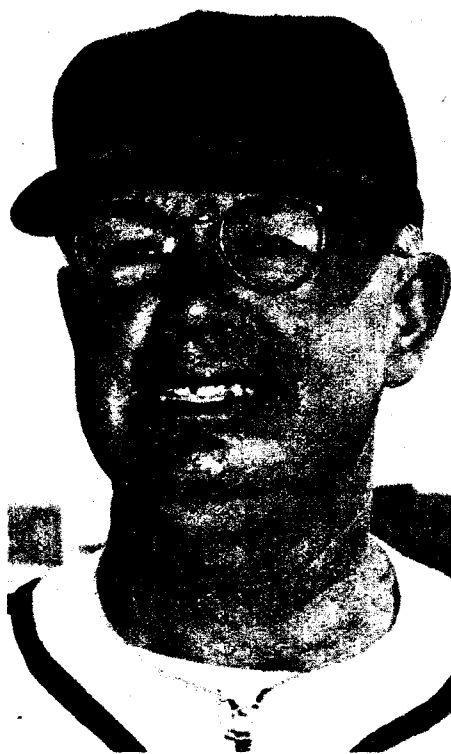
"Excuse me."

She started at the voice. Her own lean knee struck against the table leg, and the water glass shook. The brown face was too close. The girl had bent to set the sandwich down. Her neck was repellent—soft, full; there were creases in it when she turned her head; the hair at the nape had escaped in coarse, glossy curls. A musky sweetness tainted the air around her. The dark finger that settled the plate wore a broad band, an obvious, boastful wedding ring. The neck—how many times the neck must have been kissed!

She turned from the waitress to the

THERE have been some mighty screwy trades in the baseball business since Abner Doubleday transformed the old game of rounders, and with things as they are today, it is not too fantastic to expect more of the same. Don't be too surprised if you read in the paper some morning that a fast, hard-hitting shortstop has been traded for a thick, juicy steak; or a lumbering, muscle-bound outfielder for a slab of cheese—Gorgonzola, of course. And a baseball magnate who has been cannily hoarding a prewar carpet sweeper should be able to swap it for a whole thundering herd of pitchers. If he's lucky, he might even get one who can stand on his feet for three innings.

Before you say "How ridiculous!" bear in mind that Joe Engel, one of the great showmen of the game and president of the Chattanooga team of the Southern League, once traded Shortstop Johnny Jones for a big, fat turkey. Then he served the bird at a dinner for local sports writers. When asked why he had done such a



"Buzzy" Wares took the place of rent

thing, Engel said simply, "The boys were hungry. Anyway, I like turkey."

And Lefty Grove, one of the greatest of southpaws, was swapped at an early period in his career for a wooden fence. The Martinsburg, West Virginia, club owned Grove and wanted a fence around its ball park, while Jack Dunn of the Baltimore Orioles wanted Grove and had enough money to build the fence. So the trade was made.

Some years ago, "Buzzy" Wares, now a coach for the St. Louis Cardinals, went south to Montgomery, Alabama, to get a tryout with the St. Louis Browns who trained on the Montgomery club's grounds. When the Browns returned to St. Louis, Wares was left behind in Montgomery in payment of the rent on the ball park.

Chris von der Ahe, owner of the old St. Louis Browns of the 1880's and one of baseball's legendary figures, was noted as



Lefty Grove was swapped for a fence

a slick trader; he'd swap a ballplayer for anything that struck his fancy, and usually got the better of the deal. Once he wanted a pitcher who was hurling sensationally for Bay City, Michigan, and hitting well besides. He made an offer, but Bay City refused to sell the pitcher unless von der Ahe bought the other nine players of the team. So he did, kept the pitcher, and sold the others at auction, realizing a big profit.

And then there was Pitcher Joe Martina, who for years was known as "Oyster Joe" because the New Orleans Pelicans of the Southern League bought him for a sack of oysters. And Jack Fenton, a first baseman—Memphis sold him to San Francisco for a box of genuine prunes. On the other hand, Clark Griffith of the Washington Senators sold his son-in-law, Joe Cronin, to the Boston Red Sox for \$250,000 and Shortstop Lyn Lary. . . . ERNIE HARWELL

Johnny Jones was traded for a turkey





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Buxton

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plate. The sandwich was burned. The edges were black. And the hateful girl knew as much, had turned her back, was scurrying like a scared cat across the floor.

"One minute, please!"

How loudly had she said it? The distant diners straightened above their food, became absorbed in their newspapers, stared resolutely at the view of the park beyond the glass. Both the pale brown heads turned her way. "Oh, don't, don't, please, don't," the two pairs of eyes said at once. The disconsolate droop, the silly looseness, came upon their childish lips.

THE waitress, frightened out of all arrogance, like an animal that has been shouted at and can only creep back to take its beating, returned to the table.

"The sandwich is burnt."

"I know. It got burnt while I was talking to you about the other one. It—"

"You know? What sort of answer is that—you know?"

"I can't help it if it is burnt. I can't be two places at once. I can't—I can't—I—"

And suddenly the whole hushed, respectable room was filled with the sound of passionate Latin weeping. Raw grief had broken upon them all, like a salt and icy tidal wave. They all turned and looked reproachfully at the elegant woman who had let this harsh, primeval confusion in. Above all the moving things—the fluttering menus, the turning heads, the hands going up in consternation, she saw the mirror and the face in the mirror—face of an old woman, face of a harpy, hovering above all of it, staring upon it with hungry, baleful, cold, malicious eyes.

She who was to borrow a yellow sweater found her courage and her voice. "Oh, don't! Marie's in awful trouble," she said.

"Who cares? Who cares about that? Nobody cares about that," the waitress wailed. Then she raised her apron to cover her mottled face and was gone.

The silence which followed her exit into the kitchen was not so much a silence as a general sigh. Everybody sighed and waited. They waited for the hostess, the restorer of decency, the agent of human dignity. And after a short delay—for discussion with the guilty party in the kitchen, no doubt—the hostess came, a blond and tailored peacemaker, with perfect curls on the top of her head and a neat little bunch of lace under her chin.

"Is anything the matter?" she said. The question was so evidently ridiculous that she did not wait for an answer. "I hope you'll excuse it," she said and smiled.

Suddenly the aging and elegant lady on the other side of the table found that she, herself, was on the point of tears. The wild, salty grief was pulling her along with it, like a tide. She wanted to run to the kitchen, to howl aloud as the poor brown wretch must be howling now. She wished to be gone, but she knew that she could not leave this restaurant without knowing what it was—the awful trouble that Marie was in.

The hostess moved a little closer and said in a hushed voice, "She's very difficult, I know. She's been terribly rude to a number of our guests—these girls, here, can tell you—and yet we can scarcely let her go under the circumstances. She's been with us five years. And only last week, her husband—her husband was reported killed in Sicily."

The dark, moist curls—the poor, kissed neck—the blatant wedding ring. "Oh how terrible!" the woman said.

For a thin, attenuated moment the hostess stood waiting for some suitable phrase to come into her head—some felicitous sentence that would polish the roughness from the occasion. And in that moment, the woman thought how everything is bearable, everything is even blessed and fortunate, everything this side of death.

He is not dead, she thought. Tomorrow he will stand beside me when I crum-

ble the bread for the pigeons that come to the office window sill. I will hang my coat beside his on the rack, and, in the touching cloth, our arms will touch. There is still the possibility that he will be on the next bus, at the next concert, around the corner of the next street. He is not for me, but he still is. He moves about; he speaks; his breath comes and goes, making a precious thing of the air I breathe. When I lift the account book from his desk tomorrow, I will find upon it the living warmth of his hand. He might be dead. So many are dead in places whose names I do not know, under strange trees, in foreign ground...

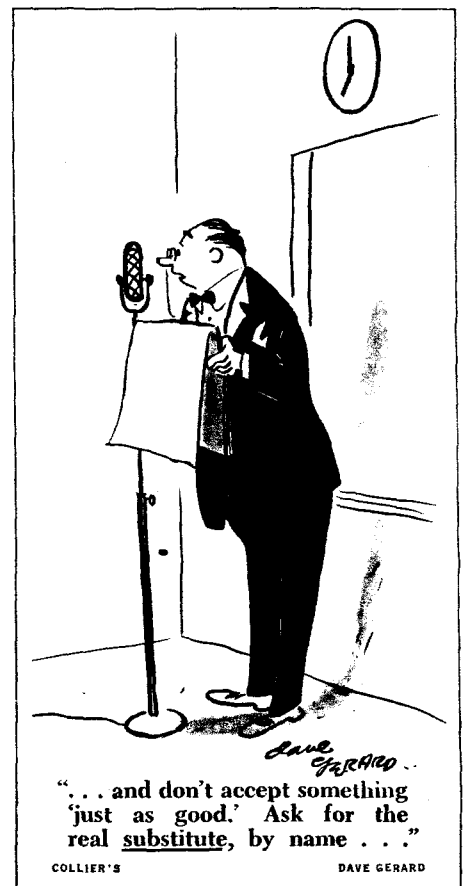
"Will you excuse her?" the hostess said.

"There's nothing to excuse. Please ask her to excuse me. I came here in a bad humor, because of some small trouble. It was entirely my fault. I—"

The felicitous phrase had come at last. The hostess delivered it with a flourish of her piled curls. "I knew you'd be gracious about it," she said.

"I? Why?"

It was a bald question and demanded



something more than a pretty answer. The hostess blushed a little and said, "If you don't mind my saying so, you have a kind face." That phrase, too, she had turned with a neatness that surprised herself. Rosy with embarrassment and complacency, she bowed and went back to her station at the door.

THE woman rose and left a tip on the table. It took her a long time to pull on her gloves and find her purse, because she did not see anything that her hands touched. Her eyes stared straight into the long, harsh mirror. At first they were dimmed—diluted by the impact of what had passed; but slowly they focused and saw the image bright and plain, a pale face, aging but tender, grateful and well-meaning, at peace with itself.

A few of the diners could not keep themselves from glancing in her direction. It was part of her penance, she thought, that they should see the shine of risen tears in her eyes. She bore her face through the restaurant like a fair banner, and the girl who wanted to borrow a yellow sweater lifted her young brown head and smiled—smiled beautifully at her as she passed.

THE END

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**SEND FOR  
GENEROUS  
TRIAL  
SIZE**

whether they had preconceived plans for a fighter which the V-143 exemplified, or whether the V-143 gave the Japs ideas. But they liked it, put down \$100,000 and shipped it to Japan. Vought broke even on the deal, breathed a satisfied sigh and went to work with plans of its own for a fighter.

The result was the F4U Corsair, now used with great success in the Pacific by the Marines and the Navy, whose Skull and Crossbones fighter squadron is home for a rest after bagging 154 Jap planes in 76 days of fighting, with the loss of only 13 of their own.

The V-143 as it went to Japan and the Zero which the Navy captured in Alaska in the summer of 1942 and which bore a manufacturing date of February, 1942, are generally alike in appearance, but to the engineer and the fighter pilot there are few points of similarity other than those shared by many other American and foreign fighters.

A close study of the two types shows, of first importance, that the Zero is heavier by more than 1,000 pounds, the V-143 weighing 4,300 and the Mitsubishi S-00 Zero "Zeke" tipping the scales at 5,500. Then the Zero's wing area is larger by 69 square feet, and its wing span of 39 feet 5 inches is six feet greater than the American plane's. The Zero's length of 29 feet 7 inches compares with 25 feet 11 inches for the Vought.

The wing is different in design, too, the Zero being of the sweep-back type, while the V-143 wing extends outward from the fuselage in a straight line. The Vought's wings were built in three pieces, a center section to which the fuselage is attached and two outer wing panels. In the Zero, the wing is built in a single piece.

The Zero also has a tail of Jap design. While the landing flaps of the V-143 continued across the bottom of the fuselage, the Zero's flaps stop where the wings join onto the fuselage. Internally, there are many more differences which engineers alone would appreciate.

The points of detailed similarity between the two are in the landing gear and the power-plant installation. The Zero retractable landing-gear mechanism is copied rather closely from the V-143. The wheels of both fold inward, but in the 143, the wheels fitted into bulges from the leading edge of the wing just under the engine and were uncovered. In the Zero the wells that house the wheels are behind the leading edge and the wheels are sealed over in flight.

**I**N MOUNTING their Nakajima "Sakae" NKI 14-cylinder, twin-row air-cooled engine of 900 horsepower (a direct steal from the Pratt & Whitney twin-row Wasp), the Japs followed typical American practice, using the cowl, or enclosure, for the engine developed by our National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. There are some slight technical variations, but the engine installation is pretty much American standard. The same can be said for the fuselage construction, except that the aluminum covering is much thinner than our safety requirements.

No armament was sold with the V-143, but provision was made for two .30-caliber guns to fire through the propeller. The Zero not only has two 7.7-mm. guns, which are slightly smaller than our .30-calibers and synchronized to fire through the three-blade propeller which they also swiped from us, but carry two low-muzzle velocity 20-mm. cannon, one in each wing.

In speed, range and altitude, the captured Zero was superior to the V-143,

due primarily to its increase of at least 200 horsepower and to other refinements which the Japs either worked out or appropriated in the intervening years. Its paramount advantage was in its high speed of 326 miles per hour at 16,000 feet, whereas the best comparable figure for the Vought was 270 at 15,000 feet. It also had a service ceiling of 38,000 feet, while the V-143's highest efficient operating point was 30,000. The Zero's cruising range at 10,000 feet was 1,100 miles, and the closest comparable figure for the V-143 was 870 miles at 15,000 feet. The Vought people ran no high speed tests at 30,000 feet, but the Zero showed 306 mph at that altitude.

In only one category were the two types equal and that was in the rate of climb at sea level, both recording 2,700 feet per minute.

A year after the sale of the V-143, Seversky Aircraft Corp., of Farmingdale, N. Y., was granted a license to sell to Japan sixteen "export versions" of the P-35 fighter it built for the Army. Japan in those years was an avid customer. From 1936 to 1939 inclusive, when the "moral embargo" stopped sales of completed aircraft to Tokyo, Jap purchasing missions acquired 90 airplanes for which they paid the American aircraft industry \$7,000,000. Included in these orders was the DC-4 which was built by the Douglas Aircraft Company in co-operation with

five major airlines of the United States as a successor to the DC-3.

The DC-4 is often referred to as the prototype of the C-54 which carried President Roosevelt to Cairo and Teheran and which has further shrunk the world in its service to the Army and Navy as a four-engined transport of top efficiency. However, there is little comparison between the two. The DC-4 was unveiled early in 1938 and was a highly experimental ship, embodying the ideas of a great many people among the five sponsoring airlines and the Douglas engineers.

After the Japs got it, the Douglas Company received two large orders for spare parts which indicated back here that the ship had had two accidents. Although the Japs were very secretive about its operations and purpose, Naval Intelligence learned to its satisfaction that it was destroyed in its final crash.

**M**ILITARY airmen doubt very much that the Japs profited much by this type in reproducing four-engined bombers from it, because it was a passenger transport design, and they did not have it in their possession long enough to develop a type for their own peculiar needs.

It would not have been good for diplomatic and commercial relations in 1939 for the Douglas people to have said that they sold Japan a lemon when they unloaded the DC-4—but it was. . . F. R. N.

## ANSWERS TO HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE IT? ON PAGE 42

Words	Pronunciation	Caution	Sounds like or rhymes with
1. CATHER	kaa ther	Short a, th vocalized	blather
CANDIDE	kahn deed	Accent the deed	con-DEED
SORBONNE	sore bonn	Accent the bon	forGONE
GROTON	grott'n	First o short, clip the last	rotten
2. POUGHKEEP-SIE	po kipp sy	Say kip, not keep	so-TIPSY
REGATTA	re gatt ah	Accent the gat with short a	the-GAT-ah
CARROUSEL	ka ru zel	Accent zel, short a, ou as in foot	Clara ZELL (about)
SANS SOUCI	san soo see	Short a, accent last syllable	can-Sue-SEE
3. POWHATAN	pow hah tan	Accent the tan, ha is broad	ow-hot-ANN
TEPEE	tee pee	Both e's long, accent the first	sleepy
ADOBE	ah dob ey	Three syllables, accent second	ah-TOBY
PUEBLOS	pweb loze	Two syllables, accent first	WEB-blows
4. BRIGANDS	brig andz	Accent the brig	RIG-andz
MESQUITE	mess keet	Accent the keet	mess-MEAT
POSSE	poss e	Short o, two syllables	bossie
VIGILANTES	vig ill an tees	Short a, four syllables	midgy-PANTIES
5. DEBACLE	dee bawk'l	Accent the bawk, broad a	we-BALK-hull
DUEL	due ell	Don't say dool	fuel
DUAL	due al	Don't say doo-ul	DUE-al
GOVERNMENT	guv ern ment	Don't say guvernumt	LOVE-earn-rent
6. CHARGÉ	shahr zhay dah	Keep it French	Marge (zh)-A's
D'AFFAIRES	fair		AFFAIR
DEPRIVATION	depry vay shun	Short e	deprecation
AGGRANDIZEMENT	a grand iz ment	Accent the grand	a-GRAND-is-meant
REALPOLITIK	ray all polie teek	Keep it German	say-all-holy-WEEK
7. HUSSAR	hu zahr	Accent zar, u as in put	huh-CZAR
EPIZOOTY	eppy zo otie	Don't say zooty	peppy-SHOW-boat-ch
LARYNGITIS	larrin ji tis	Accent the ji with long i	Garrin-BITE-this
DIATHERMY	die ah thurmy	Accent the die	DIE-a-worm-ch
8. CHOLERIC	call er ik	Accent first syllable with short o	CALL-her-Ick
MISANTHROPE	miss an thrope	Accent mis, three syllables	KISS-an'-hope
MISOGYNIST	miss oj in ist	Soft g (a hater of women)	Miss STODGY-missed
MISOGAMIST	miss og ah mist	Hard g (a hater of marriage)	this-COG-ah-missed
9. HORS	or dervr	Better listen to a Frenchman	or-SERVE
D'OEUUVRES	kah nah pay	Broad a's, accent the pay	gone-AWAY
CANAPE	sam un	Knock the l out of it	mammon
SALMON	seck'l	Not sickle	heckle
10. INDICTED	in dight ed	Don't say dikted	incited
MARIJUANA	mah ree hwa nah	Sound j like hw	Ma-we-
NIPPONESE	nippo neez	Accent the knees	H'WANNA
HARA-KIRI	hah rah keer y	Broad a's, long e	nip-o'-CHEESE



*“What’s a summer resort got  
that we haven’t got?”*



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“Sure—we’d like to see some new scenery . . . but we are at war on the home front, too, and I agree with Uncle Sam that pleasure trips must wait until after Victory. We can enjoy ourselves right here with our trusty Emerson-Electric Fan, plus all the conveniences of home. We’ve been through plenty of hot summers together . . . and that good old fan’s kept us cool and comfortable when other folks were limp and sweltering.

“Oh, I know we’re lucky—because nowadays fans are not being made for civil-

ians. But just the same, we were pretty smart, too, when we chose the kind of fan we could really depend on! We bought our Emerson-Electric Fan with a five-year guarantee—fifteen years ago—and it’s *still* going strong. Of course, we’ve taken care of it—and you can bet we’ll go on taking care of it. We’ll keep ‘er blowin’ ‘til this war’s won—and long afterwards, too!”

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### **THREE WAYS TO KEEP YOUR EMERSON-ELECTRIC FAN ON THE JOB**

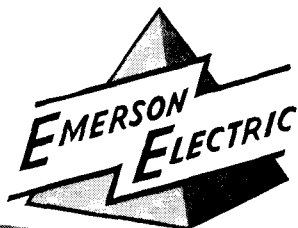
1. Don’t wait. Check your fans now and you will be sure they are ready when you need them.
2. If they operate satisfactorily, clean them thoroughly, and oil with medium-weight mineral oil, grade SAE 10 or 20.
3. If there is any unusual noise or vibration, due to worn parts, or faulty electrical connections, take the fan to your Emerson-Electric Dealer or Electrical Repair Shop for repairs. (Generally, if your Emerson-Electric Fan is not more than 20 years old, parts are available.)



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## THE U. S. AND ARABIAN OIL

**W**HAT'S the sensible American attitude toward the Navy-Ickes plan for a postwar 1,250-mile oil pipe line from the Persian Gulf to Haifa or Alexandria? So far as we can make out, the sensible attitude is: It's loaded with interesting and dangerous possibilities. But can anybody offer a better scheme?

The plan is based on the fact that during this war we are pouring out our own petroleum in colossal quantities, and on the belief that we have only about fourteen years' supply of our own oil left in sight. Our civilization runs largely on petroleum and its products. British and Dutch interests largely control Venezuelan oil. The Mexican oil fields are in bad shape following Mexico's expropriation of United States citizens' Mexican oil holdings, and the luck the Mexican experts did not have in running the properties thereafter.

Near East oil deposits in Iraq, Iran and Saudi Arabia are believed to be the largest remaining in the world. Britain's Anglo-Iranian and Iraq Petroleum companies pretty well control Iran and Iraq oil, with American interests represented in a minority capacity. In Saudi Arabia, on the other hand, the Arabian-American Oil Co. (owned jointly by Standard of California and the Texas Co.) has had a big oil concession for the last ten years.

The Navy-Ickes plan is for our government to

finance the pipe line, at a cost of some \$125,000,000, and for American private oil interests to expand existing refineries enough to put 300,000 to 400,000 barrels of oil a day into the pipe line. The private oil interests would run the whole show, paying the pipe-line cost back to the government in twenty-five years, guaranteeing the government a billion-barrel oil reserve, and making what they could out of the rest of the business.

However—and this is the nub of much of the heated argument going on about the whole proposition—the government, through a company of its own called Petroleum Reserves Corporation, would keep legal title to the pipe line.

We can't work up much excitement over the charges that this is a sinister plot to ease the government toward eventual confiscation of oil companies in the United States. The Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., set up soon after World War I to assure British supplies of oil from the Near East, is 56% owned by the British government but has yet to show a sign of betraying the British people into Bolshevism.

We can see the argument that this scheme, if it materializes, will put the United States government permanently into Near East politics—and we're well aware that some of the kings, sheiks and tribal chiefs in that part of the world are tough characters to deal with.

It is true, too, that if our government keeps legal title to the pipe line, it will have to go officially to the defense of the pipe line in case anybody—Arabs and Bedouins, for instance, and maybe after a while the Russians—threatens American operation of the refinery and pipe-line setup. That is just what is contemplated—that American public opinion will stand behind the government in such a case whereas American public opinion was generally against the government's going to the aid of the private-enterprise victims of the Mexican oil robbery.

It may be, too, that big new oil discoveries will be made in this country and again put off the time when our oil reserves will sink below the danger level. That happened shortly after the big oil-exhaustion scare of 1921.

But as of today, the situation is that we are bleeding ourselves of oil for the war, that our known oil reserves are running short, and that the Navy Ickes plan offers one possible way of eventually reinforcing our oil supply.

As we say, it's a chancy plan with many elements of risk. It ought to be debated from top to bottom and the American people ought to know just what they are going into if they do finally finance this pipe line and take permanent title to it. But we think the main question on the subject up to now is: Has anybody a better plan; and if so, what is it?

## HOW ARE THE SCHOOLS DOING?

I do not think we can maintain our position in the postwar world unless we are an exceptionally well-educated people.—Prime Minister Winston Churchill in his March 26, 1944, world-wide broadcast.

**T**HAT goes, we'd say, for practically any people, not alone for Mr. Churchill's fellow Britishers. In which connection, we think Americans would do well to pay close attention to the mounting attacks in our educational circles on the Progressive Education system.

This system has its fanatic supporters, who say it produces vigorous, inquiring minds and stimulates

youngsters' initiative and enterprise. It also has its fierce opponents, who say it has produced chiefly a lot of youngsters who know very few facts and have no idea of how to think straight, if at all.

It is a most important debate and one in which the general public ought to insist on a fair hearing for everybody who has anything to contribute to it. It is of the highest importance for the reason indicated by Mr. Churchill—that a democratic country's hope of survival depends heavily on its having the best obtainable system of popular education.

Our own feeling about Progressive Education is

(1) that it has contributed permanently to the American school philosophy by hammering home the fact that you learn best those things in which you are interested or can be interested; but (2) that in some instances, Progressive Education has gone far too far under the guidance of, so to speak, problem children grown to manhood and womanhood physically but not otherwise.

Having said which, we pause to welcome brickbats from both sides. It's all in a good cause, though, because this is one question that has to be settled right.