

issues; but it is two sides of the same coin. The only difference is that no one, as I recall it, took *Top Secret* seriously as history in this country, while *The Struggle for Europe* is being taken with the utmost seriousness in Great Britain.

It is just as well, I suppose, that someone answer *Top Secret* from a British viewpoint, though the answer has been a long time coming and by now most

people will have forgotten what the question was. What is disturbing is that a book like *The Struggle for Europe*, so ruthless in its omissions, so flagrant in its distortions, should gain the reception it has had across the Atlantic. Neither Britain nor the United States was infallible in its wartime policies. Both Churchill and Roosevelt made mistakes; and it is the job of historians

to record their errors as well as their achievements. But there is no excuse for this violent wrenching of the facts of history in order (so far as one can tell) to score off against an ally and thus to shore up a crumbling sense of national self-confidence. *The Struggle for Europe* and its British reception are distressing symptoms of Britain's psychological extremity.

## Thirteen Acres of Toys

**E**VEN though the number of consumers in what experts call "that important toy-using age under five" has increased by sixty-two per cent since 1940, the toy business, I gather from a recent report in the *Wall Street Journal*, is not good. In an effort to find out why, I set off the other day to check on the products being displayed by some 1,200 makers of toys at the forty-ninth annual American Toy Fair, which occupied thirteen acres of space in the Hotel McAlpin in New York.

**M**Y STUDY began on the fourth floor, where the corridors were aswarm with out-of-town buyers and each room held a different line of playthings. At every door stood a salesman with a bright smile, trying to lure in the buyers. "I can show you a ukelele that sells for \$4.95 complete with Arthur Godfrey's life story," a short man advised me, but I chose instead to enter a larger suite of rooms where a miniature plastic man carrying a bulbous pistol and wearing a transparent helmet was pressed into my hand. "It sells for fifteen cents," the miniature man's promoter told me. "Keep your eye on this space stuff. It's going to replace Western merchandise. You don't believe me? Take a look at television." I glanced at his other goods; it was all "space stuff" except for a bottle of whiskey, half a dozen setups, and a good-sized American flag. I shook my head and started toward the door. "For fifteen cents you can't sell it?" the promoter demanded incredulously.

I permitted myself to be stopped at the next door by a woman holding in her arms what I took to be a live skunk. "This is our little Petunia," she said in an affectionate tone. The woman passed Petunia to me and explained that all I had to do was compress the animal's spring. I did so, and Petunia wriggled up my shoulder with disturbing verisimilitude. A salesman hurried past, chasing a toy armored car that had escaped from his room.

"Listen, I bought them fire-chief hats from you five, six years ago and I still got them," a querulous voice whined. "The Rebel caps, yes. The Civil War angle I can sell. But fire chiefs are out."

A man sitting alone amid pinwheels and Christmas-tree decorations quickly removed a look of utter boredom from his face when I glanced into his room, contorting his features into a welcoming smile. In another suite a tall young Southerner with a black shoestring tie

was demonstrating a set of eight musical blocks pitched to an octave. "Now, I'll tell you what I'm going to do," he announced. "I'm going to play a song on these here blocks just as easy as you please." Picking up the blocks and ringing them one after another, he began to play "Jingle Bells," but just after "Oh, what fun it is to ride" he dropped two of the blocks onto the floor. "Damn it," he said bitterly. A man with a cigar spat into a wastebasket. "So all right, all right," he said wearily. "You could send me a gross."

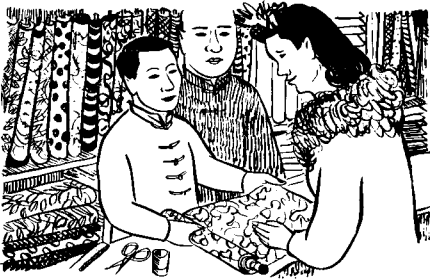
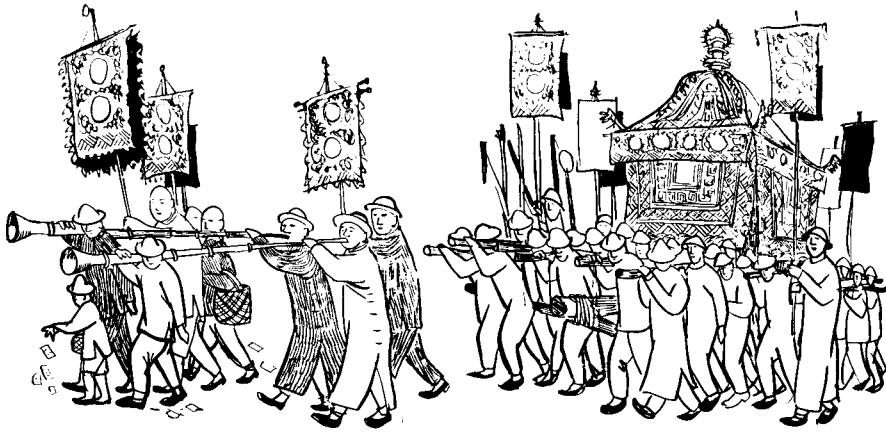
A fetchingly plump model dressed in a short-skirted Hopalong Cassidy costume was doing a little dance step in one brightly lighted display room, and a man in a double-breasted suit who seemed to be in charge of her asked me in a low, almost suggestive voice, "You interested in dolls?"

**M**OST of the manufacturers seemed to feel that it was necessary to compensate for a native lack of imagination in American children. Simplicity had to be avoided, or at least ingeniously disguised.

Near the elevators a well-corseted middle-aged woman carrying a fur stole was pursing her lips in exasperation at a member of "that important toy-using age group under five." The little girl, who had just let go a red balloon that was floating toward the ceiling, pressed her fists into her eye sockets and shrieked, "I want to go home! I want to go home!"

—ROBERT K. BINGHAM





IT WAS A BRIGHT EARLY DECEMBER DAY and Lieutenant Hudner was flying a Korean combat mission alongside another plane piloted by Ensign Jesse Brown. A burst of flak



caught the ensign's plane and he went spinning down, aflame. Lieutenant Hudner then deliberately crash landed near his flame-trapped shipmate. He radioed for help, after

which he fought to keep the fire away from the fatally injured ensign until a rescue helicopter arrived. Today Lieutenant Hudner says:

"Maybe if America had been strong enough to discourage aggression two years ago, my friend, Jesse Brown, might be alive right now. So might thousands more of our Korea dead.

"For it's only too sadly true—today, in our world, weakness invites attack. And *peace is only for the strong*.

"Our present armed forces *are* strong—and growing stronger. But

don't turn back the clock! Do your part toward *keeping* America's guard up by buying more . . . and more . . . and more United States Defense Bonds *now*! Back us up. And *together* we'll build the strong peace that all Americans desire!"

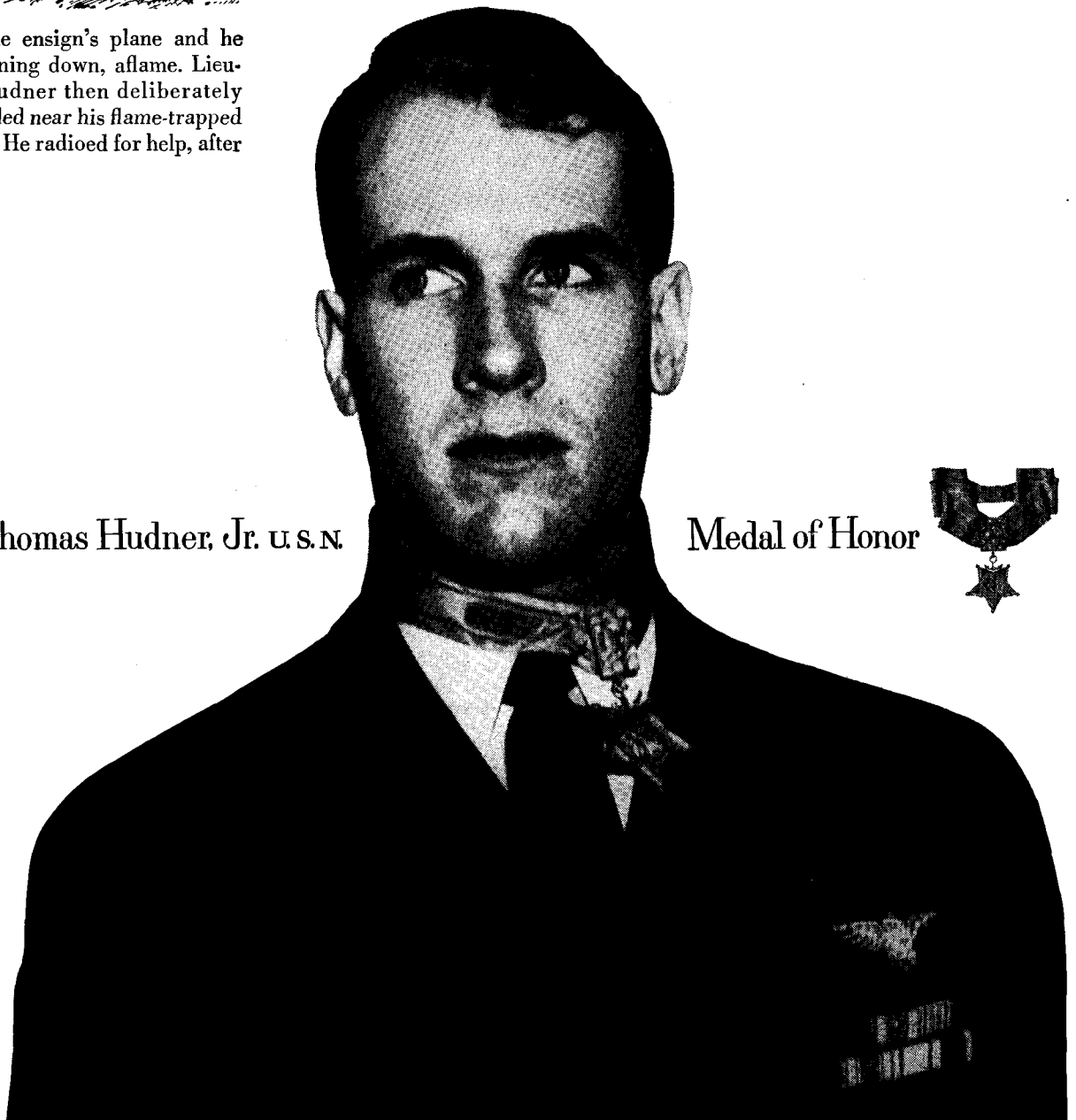
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Remember that when you're buying bonds for defense, you're also building a personal reserve of savings. Remember, too, that if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. So sign up today in the Payroll Savings Plan or the Bond-A-Month Plan. Buy United States Defense Bonds now!

Peace is for the strong...  
Buy U.S. Defense Bonds now!

Lt.(jg) Thomas Hudner, Jr. U.S.N.

Medal of Honor



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