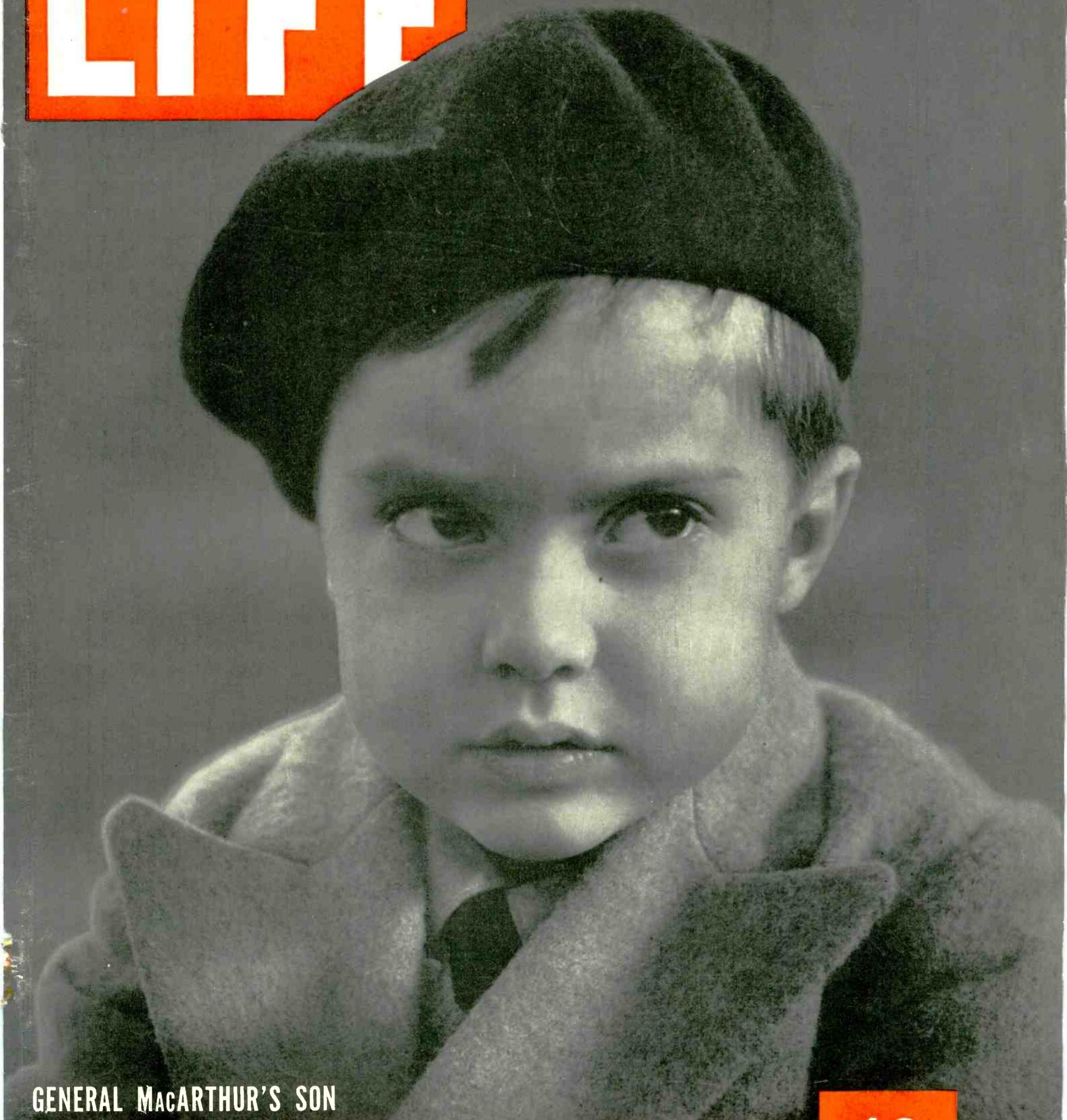


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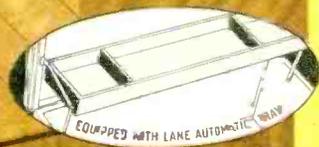
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Lane Chest No. 48-1925—A big, spacious, 48-inch chest with center panel of A-matched New Guinea Wood flanked at each end by American Black Walnut. Top, base rail, and balance of chest are American Walnut, hard-rubbed and polished finish. Equipped with Lane Patented Automatic Tray. A remarkable value at this special price.

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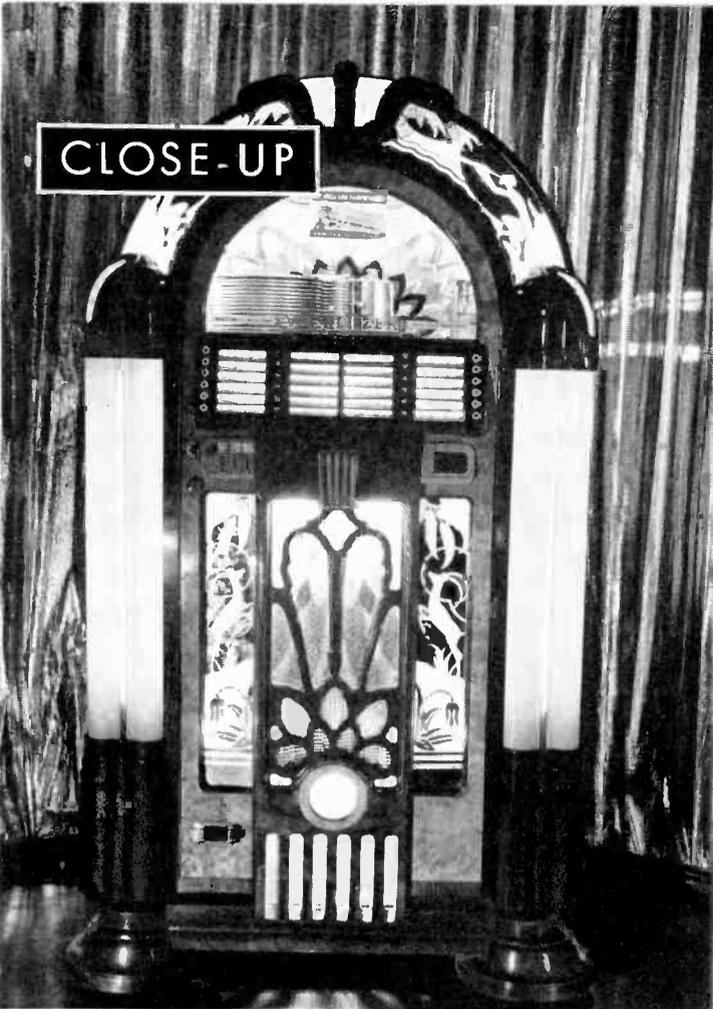
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CLOSE-UP



Petrillo's enemy is the gorgeous, blaring, nickel-grabbing juke box, idol of millions of swing-loving youths. He has barred making of new records for juke and radio transcriptions, effective Aug. 1.



Petrillo is picketed outside Waldorf-Astoria for barring National High School Orchestra broadcast. Below: This is The Army band sits idle, by Petrillo's edict, at opening of Service Men's Center.



PETRILLO

Little Caesar of symphony and swing wages war on juke boxes, musical children, Army bands

by ROBERT COUGHLAN

Last July 10, in a fortnight when every day seemed to bring fresh danger to the American people and their allies, James Caesar Petrillo made his own peculiar contribution to the cause of unity, sacrifice, and national morale. An orchestra of 160 boys and girls had been scheduled to broadcast over NBC from the National Music Camp at Interlochen, Mich. All arrangements were made; proud parents were listening in. What the parents heard, however, was not the adolescent tootlings of their young but the music of a studio orchestra. The Interlochen broadcast had been canceled on Petrillo's orders because the boys and girls were not members of the American Federation of Musicians which he heads. Since their average age was 15, they were not eligible for membership in the union, whose minimum age requirement is 16.

The contradiction didn't worry Petrillo, who has a flexible mind. "They're amateurs," he said. "When amateur musicians occupy the air it means less work for professionals." The way out would be for the authorities at Interlochen to hire 160 professional musicians at union rates to "stand by"—i. e., do nothing—while the youngsters played.

Although laymen may find it hard to see the difference between this and the regulation "shakedown" as employed in an ordinary racket, the "stand-by" is an institution with the A. F. M. So, for that matter, is Petrillo's dislike for children who play musical instruments in public. A few years ago, when Chicago's civic-minded *Daily News* bought a giant panda and arranged to have it welcomed by a corps of Chinese Boy Scout buglers, Petrillo insisted that an equal number of his men be hired to stand by. This created an uproar. After several days of buck-passing among the *News*, the Zoo and the Boy Scouts, the panda arrived and was promptly put on Petrillo's "unfair" list. Since the supply of musical children is unending, Petrillo's problem is chronic. His vigilance never flags, however. Last winter he successfully prevented broadcasts by children in Chicago, Cleveland, Washington, Milwaukee, St. Louis and San Francisco.

Although gifted children give him the horrors, Petrillo feels most violently about "canned music" which, he maintains, keeps thousands of live musicians out of work. Petrillo has brooded about this since the days of the old Edison. Last month he served notice on the recording companies that no more phonograph records could be made after July 31 unless the companies guaranteed that they wouldn't be played in juke boxes or over the radio. Since the courts have ruled that the companies have no control over their products after they have been sold, the order means, in effect, that no new recordings at all can be made.

When the final history of craft unionism in America is written, Petrillo will probably take his place as the sturdiest wildflower in the A. F. of L.'s whole unruly garden. His powers over the Federation's 130,000 members have astonished, among others, the antitrust division of the Department of Justice, which has called them "absolute and subject to no control." According to the union constitution Petrillo can call strikes at his discretion, levy fines up to \$5,000 on any mem-

ber, and revise or suspend the constitution itself.

No leader of a U. S. craft or trade is as firmly established in power as Petrillo, nor, by a long sight, as well paid. His yearly salary of \$46,000 is not only more than that of any other A. F. of L. leader, but more than the combined salaries of John L. Lewis and William Green. He can afford a suite at the Waldorf when he visits New York. He spends as much as \$150 for his suits. He eats expensively and, until the war shut off his supply, drank imported beer. On the index finger of his left hand he wears a 2½-carat blue-white diamond. He is visibly a successful man and, as he takes pride in pointing out, he got where he is without stealing. "Hell," he says, "I don't have to steal. When I need anything, I just let my boys know about it and they give it to me."

When he refers to his "boys," Petrillo means specifically the organized musicians of Chicago, whose local he has headed since 1922 and who pay him \$26,000 of his net official take. Their devotion is such that in 1937, when they learned that Petrillo would like a quiet place in the country for weekends, they bought him the old Edward G. Uihlein estate at Fontana on Lake Geneva, Wis., a resort supported by tired, rich Chicagoans. All told that year, according to union figures, Petrillo cost Local 10 \$110,700. The sum included \$25,000 for the house, \$12,000 to furnish it, \$1,700 to take care of the famous Uihlein evergreen grove, \$16,000 to pay income taxes, \$25,000 for a bulletproof car and bodyguards, and \$5,000 for incidental expenses.

Although he may have had a tiny inkling of what was afoot, Petrillo expressed himself as completely surprised by the boys' gift of the Uihlein place. He was deeply touched, he announced. He likes to think of himself as the benevolent guardian of the boys' interests—a strong man but honest, a diamond in the rough. In 1939 and 1940 he hired a press agent to advance the rough-diamond theory in the newspapers and magazines, with large success. Petrillo plays the role to the hilt. "Me tough?" he asks. "I ain't tough. I'm just a bighearted sap."

When pleased, Petrillo has a benign, grandfatherly look set off by crinkly gray hair and a high, balding forehead. Ordinarily, however, his mouth turns down in a querulous line, and behind his rimless spectacles his pale blue eyes are cold and suspicious. He has a dazzling command of profanity which he delivers rapidly in a rasping voice out of the right side of his mouth. Although he is only 5 ft. 6 in. tall, he weighs almost 180 lb. Sitting at his desk, he suggests an elderly frog that has just eaten a big and somewhat bitter dragonfly. In repose he relaxes heavily as if saving his strength for some important moment. Once on his feet, he moves rapidly and belligerently, soon working himself up to a fast lope when excited about some outrage done to the "rights" of his boys. At such times he also shouts and pounds his desk violently.

Petrillo is a man of large and catholic dislikes. In a long list of phobias that includes actors, lawyers, John L. Lewis and New York City, as well as canned music and musical amateurs, the Boston Symphony Orchestra ranks near the top. The Boston orchestra had been playing, and presumably chafing, under open-shop conditions

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

PRESIDENT

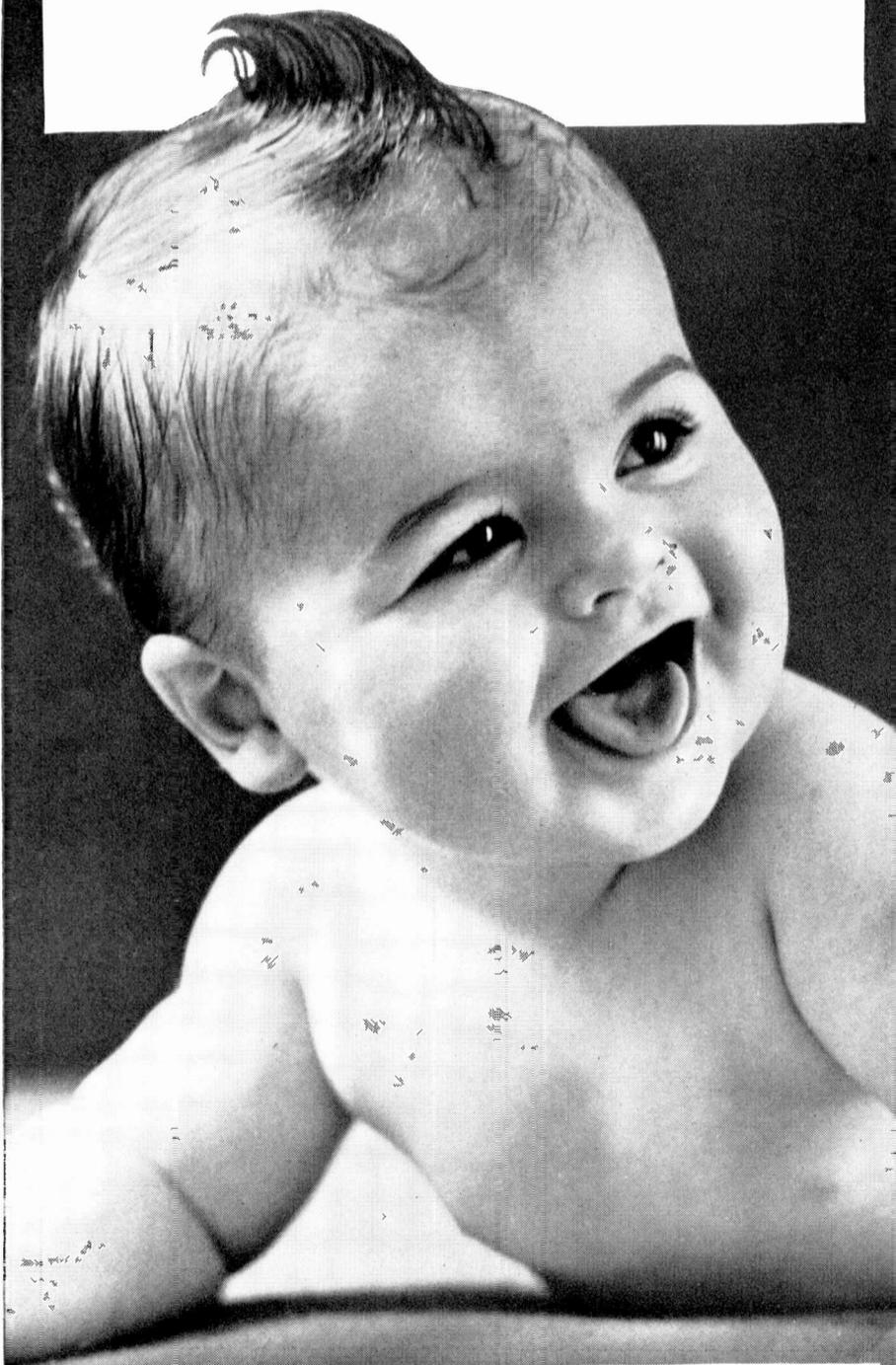
MR. PETRILLO

America's best-dressed labor leader arrives at his office after attending a Chicago ceremony

**I'M GROWING, growing every day—
Just watch how fast I do it.
(Considering the food I eat,
There's really nothing to it!)**

**I get so many vitamins
And minerals, you see.
My doctor gives me CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS—
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MOTHERS: Babies take to Clapp's: Choose from 17 varieties of Strained Foods, prepared the way baby specialists recommend. Get some for your baby today.



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PETRILLO (continued)

ever since its founding in 1881. When Petrillo undertook to right this ancient wrong, his reception was disappointing. Unlike Dr. Stock of the Chicago Symphony, who does "whatever Mr. Petrillo says," Conductor Sergei Koussevitzky was aloof. The orchestra's players, who are paid as well as, or better than, players in any other big-league symphony in the world, were on the whole indifferent. Rebuffed, Petrillo notified broadcasters and recording companies that the Boston orchestra was banned from the air and phonograph records. "They're washed up," he announced, perhaps too sanguinely. "They're through."

To cripple the orchestra on its home grounds, he also staged a raid on the American Guild of Musical Artists, an A. F. of L. union which included virtuosos such as Iturbi, Spalding and Zimbalist. "They're mine," he declared. "They're musicians and they belong to me. Since when is there a difference between Heifetz and a fiddler in a tavern?" Rather than sacrifice concert work in A. F. M. territory, which includes every important musical outlet except Boston's Symphony Hall, most of the virtuosos have signed up with Petrillo, which automatically means that they fill no more dates with the Boston Symphony.

The fact that Koussevitzky and his men continue to play brilliantly and imperturbably despite all this is almost more than Petrillo can bear. Since becoming president of the A. F. M. he has met and routed a dozen seemingly stouter opponents, including the U. S. Army. A year and a half ago, to promote interest in national defense, the Mutual Broadcasting System scheduled a series of variety programs from Fort Dix, using Army talent. Petrillo announced that Army bands couldn't be allowed to play over the air—at least not until he and Secretary of War Stimson had had a chance to talk it over and mark out terms. "Sure, Stimson," he explained. "Why fool around with these little guys? We got to get this thing straightened out." As it turned out, Stimson was busy with other matters and Petrillo was reduced to negotiating with some generals. "You know how them generals are," he remarked later. "Pin a couple of tin medals on 'em and you can't do a thing wit' 'em." Petrillo soon had them eating out of his hand, however. The upshot was that Army bands could play, provided Petrillo was notified and gave his consent beforehand.

Last week Petrillo found that the Army was giving him trouble again. When the Times Square Service Men's Center in New York City had its formal opening, the orchestra from *This Is The Army* was asked over to help make the dedication merry. Like all the performers in the show, the musicians are Army men, subject to no authority but the Army's. However, the head of the New York Defense Recreation Committee dutifully asked the New York local for permission. He had found the local "most cooperative" in the past; but this time, presumably in line with Petrillo's orders, he was refused. Local Head Jake Rosenberg explained it this way: "If the Army is going to go around playing benefits we might as well fold up. We don't want them to compete with us."

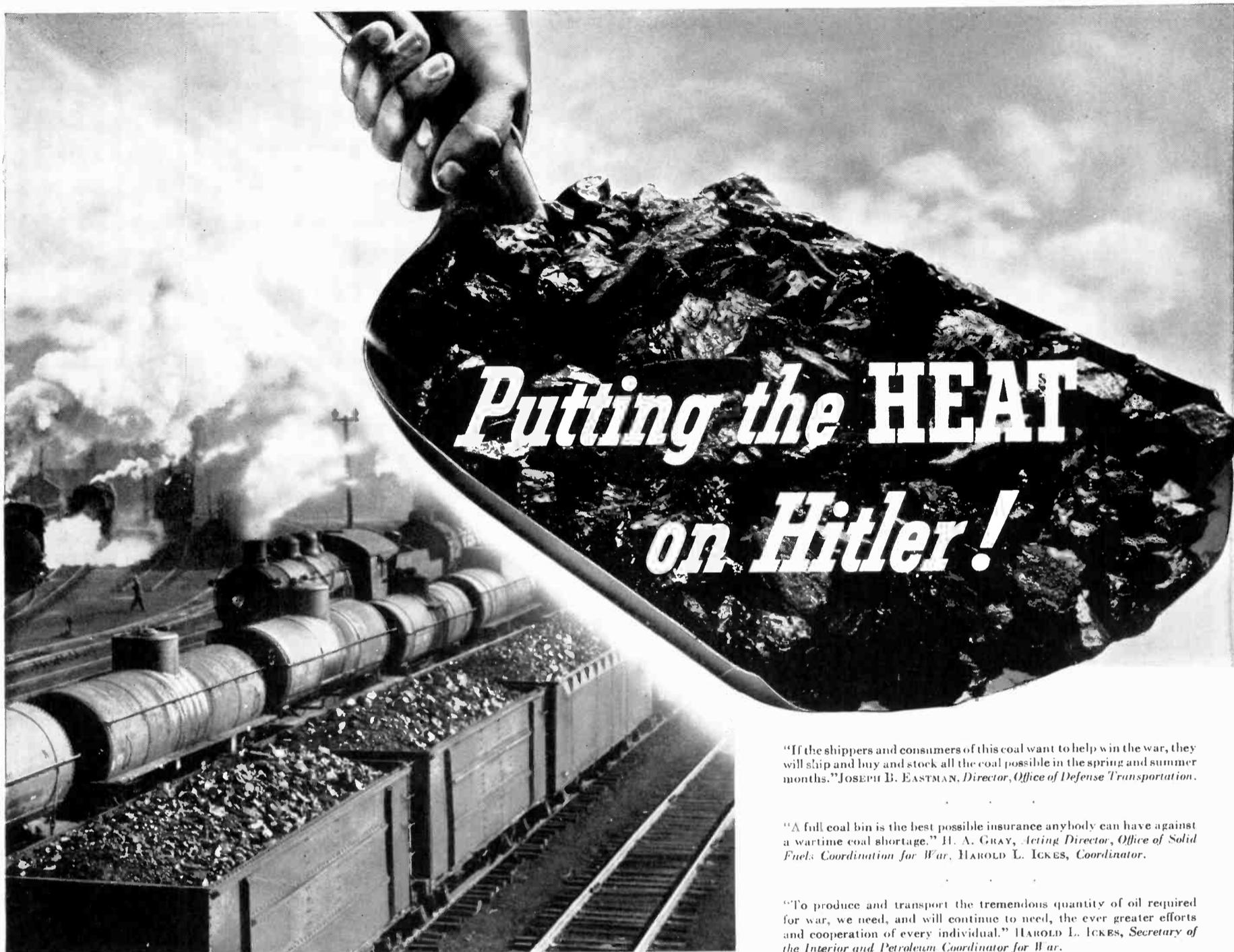
Petrillo and "The Star-Spangled Banner"

Although this incident stirred up criticism, Petrillo gives way to no man when it comes to patriotism. At his order, his members play *The Star-Spangled Banner* before and after every program, whether it be in a night club, a Hollywood set or a recording studio. In New York City alone, it is estimated, patriots now stand for the national anthem some 20,000 times a week.

The picture of New Yorkers standing and sitting en masse at his direction doubtless gives Petrillo considerable satisfaction. One of the first constitutional rules he suspended was the one that required the international president to live in New York, seat of A.F.M. headquarters. "What a town!" he says, feelingly. "Everybody in it's a lawyer. I get to town and sit down, and bam!—there's a dozen lawyers, all tryin' to serve a paper on me!" He is happier in Chicago where Local 10 has its own two-story, \$600,000 building on West Washington Street, and where his office is better suited to his own tastes. Its centerpiece is a mahogany desk: "the biggest damn desk," he assures visitors, "I could find at Marshall Field's." The floor is covered with a deep-pile Oriental rug—"You should know what it cost," says Petrillo. In Chicago, too, there is much less trouble with lawyers. Chicago law has an easygoing quality for those well connected, and Petrillo's connections are impeccable. He is on bosom terms with Mayor Ed Kelly.

Although unsympathetic persons call him a dictator, Petrillo is devoted, he says, to the principles of American freedom and democracy, and he often points to himself as an example of what can be accomplished under the American Way. He was born in 1892 in a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72



Putting the HEAT on Hitler!

"If the shippers and consumers of this coal want to help win the war, they will ship and buy and stock all the coal possible in the spring and summer months." JOSEPH B. EASTMAN, *Director, Office of Defense Transportation.*

"A full coal bin is the best possible insurance anybody can have against a wartime coal shortage." H. A. GRAY, *Acting Director, Office of Solid Fuels Coordination for War.* HAROLD L. ICKES, *Coordinator.*

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AMERICA today is pouring out war materials faster than all the Axis powers combined.

The months ahead will see production of guns, tanks, planes, ammunition in a rising flood beyond anything ever imagined.

That's putting on the heat—and it takes *heat* to do it.

It takes millions of tons of coal—millions of gallons of oil—to keep America's war factories booming.

Production of bituminous and anthracite coal, most of which moves by rail, has been stepped up to *nearly 12,500,000 tons a week.*

About 750,000 barrels of oil a day are rolling into

the East by rail—*more than 50 times the volume the railroads normally bring in.*

The railroads will keep right on doing their part in "putting on the heat" to the best of their ability. But there is a limit—set by the number of tank cars and coal cars in existence.

And that's where *you* come in.

In normal times, one coal car in every four is needed to move fuel for home-heating.

If you fill your bins *now*, that means more cars—more power—more heat to keep our increasing production program going full speed ahead through the winter.

Buy the rest of your coal now and help put the heat on Hitler!

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No longer can we think of the miles left in our tires as anything but "war miles" for they represent one of our most priceless military assets. Without them, the whole transportation system of a country built around the automobile would collapse, workers couldn't get to their jobs and our war production would stall. But if we conserve them by setting up a "Swap Ride" schedule

with our neighbors and fellow workers as sponsored by your local Transportation Committee we will be doing the kind of patriotic and unselfish act that will help win this war sooner.



Take care of your tires, too. Go to your Fisk dealer. He has a "Tire Saving Service Plan" to help you prolong their life. For those of you who hold rationing certificates, he has ample stocks of new Fisk Tires.

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Now it has been shown that Athlete's Foot is usually caused by one or several of five fungi or "germs." Obviously—to give you relief—you want a preparation that kills all five fungi. Independent laboratory tests show that Soretone DOES kill on contact ALL FIVE of these tough, stubborn fungi.

Soretone contains a new, harmless but mighty powerful antiseptic (4-Beta-Ethyl-Hexyl-Phenol) never before used in any Athlete's Foot preparation. So here at last is something that brings real relief! Soretone (1) helps to dry affected skin between the toes, (2) dissolves perspiration deposits, (3) relieves and soothes the itching between the toes.

And Soretone is inexpensive. 10c, 50c or \$1 for a bottle which contains 50% more liquid than the average. So, if you have Athlete's Foot, get Soretone! At all druggists.

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SORETONE
FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT • MUSCULAR PAINS

PETRILLO (continued)

bedraggled section of Chicago's West Side, one of five offspring of an immigrant Italian sewer digger. He was ambitious from the beginning. As a boy he sold newspapers, ran elevators in Loop office buildings, and drove a delivery cart. He was an indifferent student, however. After nine years of school he was still bogged firmly in the fourth grade. His schoolmates hung the nickname "Yellow" on him because, he recalls, of his extraordinary courage and pugnacity.

When Petrillo was 8 years old his parents bought him a trumpet. Soon he was tootling in both Jane Addams' Hull House band and the *Daily News* newsboys' band. By the time he was 14 he had his own eight-piece dance orchestra. After a season at such places as the Hod Carriers Hall and the old West Side Auditorium, he decided to give up his losing fight with the fourth grade and devote his life to music. A few years later he "lost his lip" and had to switch to the drums. Finding the market thin for his services as a drummer, he opened a cigar stand, and later helped run a saloon.

If Prohibition hadn't intervened, Petrillo might have stayed in the saloon business happily, in time becoming a power in his precinct, ward and district. As it was, however, his political talents were forced to find an outlet in the American Musicians Union, a Chicago independent which was then competing vigorously with the A. F. M.'s local unit. At 22 Petrillo was elected president. After three years he was defeated, which so annoyed him that he joined the A. F. M. His first job there was to organize the town's Chinese restaurants. Petrillo's methods, while lacking in tact, were extremely effective. The Chinese signed up in such droves that Local 10, impressed, elected him to a vice presidency. He became president a few years later, in 1922.

He gives "the boys" service

The subsequent affairs of Petrillo and Local 10 merge like a lovers' knot. Their mutual history can be summed up briefly. In 1922 the Local had 4,000 members. Prohibition had ruined the cabaret and family saloon, and with them had gone hundreds of jobs for musicians. When talking pictures came along a few years later, hundreds more jobs went. As a result the union "scale," such as it was, was an unenforceable fiction. Today Local 10 has 11,000 members. The wage scale is not only rigid as a Baptist's morals but far above what it was in 1922 and substantially higher than that of any of the A. F. M.'s 750 other locals. "I done it," Petrillo says, "by giving the boys service."

One of Petrillo's moves as president was to form an alliance with George Browne, head of the stagehands' union, who is now serving a prison term for extorting the movie industry out of \$550,000. Together, Browne and Petrillo saddled theater managers with such a stiff payroll for musicians and scene shifters that today, out of the 16 legitimate houses that Chicago supported in 1922, only four survive. The alliance proved equally useful in dealing with the "presentation houses," which combine movies with stage shows, and with the opera. Operating on his own, Petrillo tackled the radio stations with such effect that today even the "pancake turners"—the men who turn over the phonograph records on recorded programs—are A. F. M. men. There are several dozen of them in Chicago, each drawing \$90 a week.

Petrillo's service has also included preventing musicians, who are notoriously fond of music, from playing for the simple pleasure they get out of it. Chicago's swing musicians, for example, had been in the habit of dropping in after hours at small night-spots and joining the small bands in late jam sessions. Petrillo put a stop to it. "Why," he demanded, "should the customers at them places pay for a seven-piece band and get 12 pieces?" By the same logic, when Alec Templeton and Tommy Dorsey were posing for studio pictures after a broadcast and struck up a tune to pass the time, the advertising agency which handled their show got a bill from Petrillo for \$33 overtime.

Petrillo's rule against free music is not inviolable, however. Three years ago, to celebrate Mayor Kelly's re-election, he gave a party at the Chicago stadium. Twenty-three high-priced orchestras were "invited" by Petrillo to donate entertainment. Among them were Fred Waring, Tommy Dorsey, Paul Whiteman, Wayne King, Kay Kyser, Bob Crosby, Horace Heidt and, for class, the National, Columbia and Mutual broadcasting company orchestras and the Chicago Symphony.

Most notably of all, Petrillo service has been directed against mechanical devices which put live musicians out of work. After he became head man of Local 10 he forced both political parties in Chicago to give up sound trucks in favor of van loads of union musicians. Later, in 1936, he forbade Local 10's members to make radio or phonograph recordings. The ban lasted 18 months and cost the

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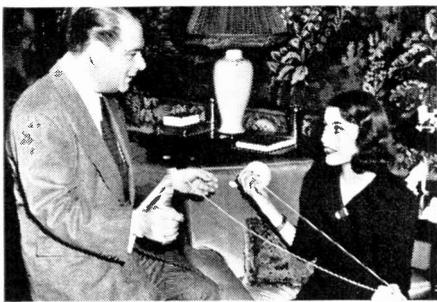




DEB SERVES U. S. IN COASTAL PATROL

Charts own course for evening glamour

Miss Betty Provost of New York, learns to navigate power boats in emergencies. Off-duty, Betty's "a man's girl;" charms with her beauty. She says, "I take a Woodbury Facial Cocktail. You can't improve on Woodbury Soap for freshening drab skin." Try famous Woodbury, made for the skin, alone. Its mildness is insured by a special costly ingredient.



1. Cholly Knickerbocker (Maury Paul), society reporter, tracks down Betty's beauty routine. "A liberal lather of Woodbury Soap sets the stage for keeping my skin smooth and clear."



2. "To chase grime and soiled make-up, I smooth on Woodbury's creamy lather. Over and over face and throat. Then a thorough rinse, first with lukewarm water, finally clear cold water."



3. Shy Selectees feel at home in Betty's company; call her "the girl with gorgeous skin". She says, "One glamour rule I always observe is a Woodbury Facial Cocktail before dates."



4. "For the Skin You Love to Touch," lovely women everywhere use Woodbury Soap. Gentle, contains a costly ingredient for mildness. Try Woodbury's improving skin care. 10¢ a cake.

PETRILLO (continued)

Chicago musicians an estimated \$275,000 in recording fees, an example of such nobility that finally the A. F. M. convention passed a blanket anti-recording resolution. The radio and recording companies didn't wait for this resolution to be put into effect. After negotiating with the union, the record firms agreed to pay bigger fees to musicians. And at the same time the radio chains and their affiliates agreed to take on an extra 1,000 musicians, at a cost of more than \$2,000,000 a year. The bargain lasted until a few weeks ago, when Petrillo refused to renew the recording companies' licenses and started the current battle.

As might be supposed, all this service was not performed without opposition. Petrillo has been bombed, sued, investigated by the Department of Justice and reprimanded by the courts. With equal lack of success so far his opponents have tried reason, threats, bribery, religion and tears. Throughout it all, Petrillo has remained physically indestructible and emotionally unmoved. His only real challenge came from another labor leader, John L. Lewis, who in 1937 offered the remnants of the old American Musicians Union a charter in the C. I. O. Petrillo reacted like a victim of the hot-foot. Putting on a counterdrive of his own, within a few days he had gathered most of the A. M. U. ers into his own fold. Though the victory was speedy and complete, Petrillo has never ceased to regard Lewis as a menace. When two Broadway shows whose scripts mentioned Lewis and the C. I. O. came to Chicago, Petrillo ordered the lines deleted. "Far be it from me," he announced, "to favor any'ing like censorship. . . . But can't they write a play wit'out Lewis in it?" After a barrage from the press, however, Petrillo backed water. "I was left carryin' the torch," he recalls sadly. "They said I was un-Constitutional and all that stuff. I never had nothing like that in my mind."

Since 1933, following the experience of one "Angie" Cavallo, no one has even bothered to try opposing Petrillo inside Local 10. Cavallo had been a boyhood friend and mentor of Petrillo's, his parents having fed and sheltered the elder Petrillos when they came to Chicago from Italy. Disapproving of some of Petrillo's methods, however, he bravely decided to run against him for the presidency. Petrillo won by a huge majority. Soon after, Cavallo lost his job in the pit of the *Star and Garter* burlesque and it was several years before he found another job in another State.

The great kidnaping mystery

The 1933 election was not only the last in which Petrillo was opposed but probably the dizziest political contest that ever took place outside Central America, being featured by the alleged kidnaping of Petrillo himself. According to a Bill for Accounting and Injunction filed by two Local 10 dissidents, Petrillo told his union executives at a midnight meeting that he expected to be kidnaped and that the ransom demand would probably be \$50,000. Sure enough, according to the Bill, "it is widely rumored" that Petrillo was snatched at a suburban night club called the Villa Venice and the ransom paid. Thereafter the story resembles a murder mystery in which nobody can find the corpse. Petrillo denied that he had been kidnaped or even threatened. When G-Man Melvin Purvis showed up to take charge of the case, Petrillo refused to see him. The whole affair, he told reporters, had been cooked up to embarrass him in the Local 10 election, which was only four days away. To prove that no money had been paid, he published a C. P. A. audit of the union books. However, the audit covered only the period after the alleged payment. A few years later the A. F. M.'s international secretary testified that "one of our executives was held and kidnaped for \$50,000 ransom, which we had to pay to obtain his return alive." Petrillo was, and remains, unruffled by this statement. "It's a lot of hooey," he says.

As a sequel to the kidnaping, Petrillo increased his retinue of bodyguards to five (including four Petrillo relatives), bought a bulletproof car and installed a bulletproof storm window in his office. The car was sold a few years ago but the bodyguards were later increased, estimates running to as high as seven. The functions of this miniature *Schutzstaffel* are both protective and punitive.

Up to 1940 Petrillo was merely president of the Chicago local. The national president was one Joe Weber, a petulant gentleman in his 70's. To Weber's mounting annoyance Petrillo began referring to himself as "the tail that wags the dog" and made it clear that he considered himself heir apparent to the presidency. Finally, in 1938, Weber swung what he imagined was a haymaker. In a front-page editorial in the union paper he pointed out that Petrillo was not "the big cheese" in the union and that all the supposed benefits he had won for Chicago's musicians were "pure bunk." "The best interests of the union," he went on, "are best served by attending to business

Let's go to an August Fur Sale

Traditional on the American buying calendar is the August Fur Sale. Every year, thousands of women look to it for their Winter coats. This August, furriers report, customers are choosing fur with greater care. Asked why, they answer, "Today . . . you must know that its beauty will last."



Throughout America, women review the new furs for Winter, pass judgment on every type and silhouette. The following photographs give a preview of how these new fashion trends may influence the furs you wear this year.



Mink-blended Muskrat provides a perfect one-coat wardrobe, helps your war-saving program. This model, with new turn-back bracelet cuff, follows the same classic lines used in glorious Mink coats. Blended by Hollander, this fur keeps its rich color tones indefinitely.



Feminine Luxury will be the accepted complement to a uniform. New details stress under-chin shawl collars and peg-top pockets. Furriers recommend Hollander Persian Lamb (Featherlite Brand) because it keeps its beauty longer.



The Tuxedo Swagger of Hudson Seal-dyed Muskrat is popular for air raid wardens and others who need warmth and comfort. Its roomy cut makes it practical to wear over suits. The Hollander name assures its lasting loveliness.



This mark is proof that a fur has been made lastingly lovely by Hollander.

* Fur Experts advise that it is good American thrift to buy fur coats in August Fur Sales. They caution, however, against wasting money on careless purchases that must soon be replaced. Buy furs wisely . . . and you can save to buy War Bonds. Whatever you pay, wherever you buy, the Hollander name is your certainty of fur that stays lovely.

"today . . . you must know that its beauty will last"



"HOW WONDERFUL," said the Woman-on-the-bus! "But what about ice splinters? That's always *my* trouble."

"Not a splinter," beamed Elsie, the Borden Cow, "and no flat flavor either when you make homemade ice cream with Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk."

"That sounds peachy," said the Woman.

"What's *really* peachy," chuckled Elsie, "is the taste of the marvelous creamy-smooth *fresh peach* ice cream you can

make in a jiffy with Eagle Brand. You ought to try it, my dear!"

"But I'm not terribly expert," began the Woman...

"Pouff!" exclaimed Elsie. "Making ice cream with Eagle Brand is so quick and easy you'll be amazed. Economical, too. And for most recipes, you don't need added sugar. Eagle Brand is milk and sugar, too. Try a can today. The magic recipe leaflet comes right with the can."

"You Borden's think of everything, don't you?" said the Woman.



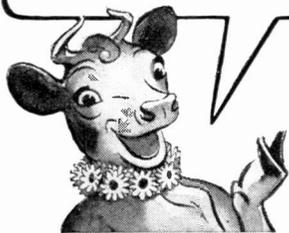
Magic Fresh Peach Ice Cream
(Automatic Refrigerator Method)

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup water 1 cup crushed fresh peaches
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar 1 cup whipping cream

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and water. Add crushed peaches sweetened with sugar. (The average peaches require about $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar.) Chill. Whip cream to custard-like consistency. Fold into chilled mixture. Freeze in freezing unit of refrigerator until half-frozen. Scrape from freezing tray. Beat until smooth but not melted. Replace in freezing unit until frozen. Serves 6.

IF IT'S BORDEN'S IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!



NO ADDED SUGAR NEEDED to make many ice creams, frostings, cookies, and pie fillings with Eagle Brand. It is milk *plus* sugar. Magic Recipe Leaflet on every can tells how to make oodles of desserts... candies, too!

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A new FORTUNE map, 26 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 21 $\frac{1}{4}$ ", in full colors, metal bound top and bottom... FOR ONLY 25c A COPY

Atlantic Arena is the first of a new series of FORTUNE maps, drawn by Richard Edes Harrison. For this series Mr. Harrison has selected the *orthographic projection*, most nearly pictorial of all formal projections—the link between the three-dimensional globe and two-dimensional map.

Atlantic Arena shows you the Atlantic half of the world, with the countries colored to show their present line-

up. The vital four-fifths of the world's supply lines which pass through this arena are traced, with distances given in nautical miles. With the map is an explanation of the five major fronts—and the three communication bottlenecks of the Atlantic Arena.

Write, enclosing 25c for each map, to the General Manager, FORTUNE—TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York City.

PETRILLO (continued)

quietly and not dispensing hot air." Two years later Weber retired—and Petrillo was elected president of the A. F. M.

Today, two years later, Petrillo is in his physical and mental prime. He loves his work. "Not for the dough," he explains. "I don't need it any more. I just live for my boys." His business day, a ten-to-twelve-hour bedlam of long-distance calls, conferences and sudden alarms, leaves him little time for the finer things. He read a book a few years ago but didn't care much for it. Aside from beer-drinking, his chief pleasures are baseball and prize-fighting. He also plays a game which resembles golf. "I skip all the greens," he says. "When I go out there I don't go to get myself aggravated and them damn greens aggravate me." He is not fond of music. He goes to shows occasionally, doesn't enjoy them much because of the actors. Petrillo loathes actors and holds that they have the mentality of imbeciles. Though the actors' and musicians' unions have had working agreements in all other cities, he has never permitted one in Chicago.

Petrillo is devoted to his home town and would like to become its mayor when and if his friend Ed Kelly decides to retire. As a member of the park board and founder of the famous Grant Park summer concerts, he is already well known to Chicago's masses. Petrillo started the concerts in 1935 with union money as a relief project for Local 10's classical musicians. They caught on so well, however, that he was able to persuade his fellow commissioners to put up the money to keep them running. "You feed the animals in the zoo," he pointed out, "so why not feed my boys?"

Petrillo stands high with his colleagues in the A. F. of L. He has the personal gratitude of President William Green, a by-product of his antipathy for John L. Lewis. When Green was ousted by Lewis from the United Mine Workers and found himself in the embarrassing position of being a labor leader without a union, Petrillo promptly enrolled him in the A. F. M. Green is adept at the musical comb.

Petrillo returns the Federation's regard. He does not, however, approve of all the tactics used by its member unions. A year ago, for example, the New York local of the teamsters union served notice that when out-of-town hands arrived at theaters in taxis and buses, union teamsters must carry the instruments across the sidewalk—at \$10 a day and \$20 a night. When Petrillo refused to tolerate such an idea, the teamsters threw picket lines around all the presentation houses in town. Petrillo told his men to pay no attention. "Can you imagine them guys?" he recalls indignantly. "They was being *unreasonable!*"

Last week two branches of the Federal Government came to the simultaneous conclusion that James Caesar Petrillo himself was being unreasonable. The Justice Department filed a bill under the antitrust laws to restrain him from enforcing his ban on recordings. At the same time the Federal Communications Commission, spurred on by Senator Vandenberg, demanded "a full statement of the facts" from him as to why he canceled the Interlochen broadcasts.

It looked at last as if Petrillo had collided with a power greater than his own. But the wise men of the amusement business were making no bets. Petrillo has tangled before with units of the Government, including the antitrust division of the Justice Department. He has always won.



Brisk scalp massage is enjoyed by Petrillo as he sits happily in his well-appointed office. He has a bulletproof window and six bodyguards, four of whom are relatives.

You haven't *tasted* rum until you taste

Ron MERITO



THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM



The most important part of any rum recipe:

"MAKE IT WITH MERITO"



MOUNTAIN COOLER
Juice of $\frac{1}{4}$ lemon, 1 jigger RON MERITO (Gold Label). Serve in highball glass with ice, and fill with club soda. Stir.



DAIQUIRI
Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ green lime, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar, 1 jigger RON MERITO (White Label). Shake well in cracked ice.



RUM HIGHBALL
1 jigger RON MERITO (Gold Label). Serve in highball glass with ice. Fill with sparkling water or ginger ale.



CACHA LIBRE
1 jigger RON MERITO (Gold Label or White Label). Serve in highball glass with ice, and fill with cola drink.

Available in Gold Label and White Label • 86 Proof

For the peak of pleasure in a rum drink—you *must* try RON MERITO, the famous "mountain rum" newly imported from Puerto Rico—already a favorite with folks who take special delight in mixing wonderful rum drinks . . . Here is a combination of rare flavor, exotic fragrance and delicious smoothness you'll not find in any other rum. It's *mountain distilling* that does it! That means—mountain-grown sugar cane . . . crystal clear mountain water . . . and skillful, unhurried, age-old distilling methods, high up in the mountains of Puerto Rico where the climate is ideal for making perfect rum . . . Tonight—try this newest taste sensation from the tropics — RON MERITO, the rum that is sweeping the country!

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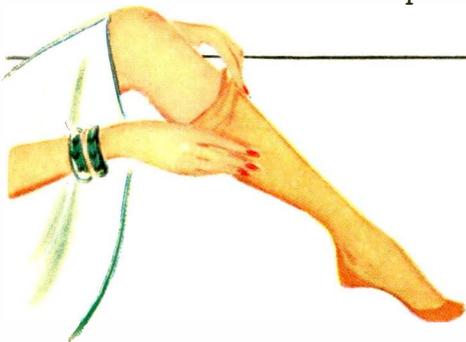
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