

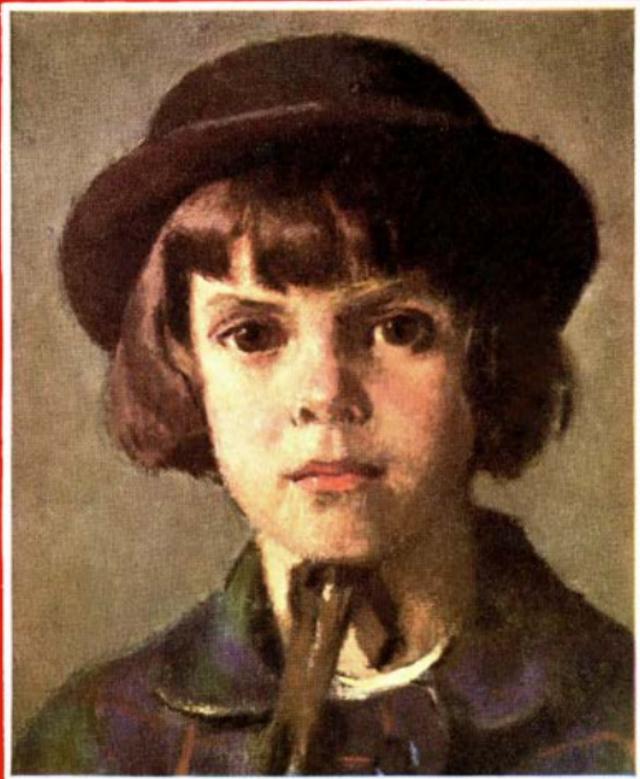
'47

Thirty-five cents

the Magazine of the Year

MARCH

A New Story - "Home to Heaven" by Pearl S. Buck - Robert St. John's "Letter to Judy" - Public Opinion Analysis: "My Country, Right or Left?" by a Gallup Poll editor.

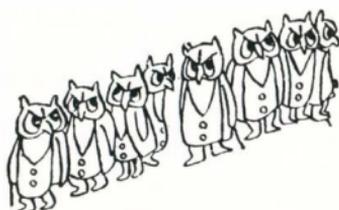


This is Celia, daughter of painter Robert Bruckman. See pages 80-85.

This magazine is owned by leading writers, artists and photographers



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A Statement of Intention

IN THE first issue of a new magazine it is customary to proclaim one's special identity. '47 is the only national magazine owned and controlled by people who write, paint, and photograph professionally. Its stockholders include many talented men and women whose names you know well. Now, for the first time, they have their own magazine.

The title, changing with the calendar, reminds us that it is no longer last year but this, that progress has a will beyond our own. Our policy is to report on the world of the year in which we find ourselves, and on its immediate past and possible future. This report will be in articles, fiction, pictures, in humor, and in sober discourse. Our stockholder-contributors will help make it continuously interesting. But they will not monopolize our pages, which are open to anyone with something intelligent to say.

Only in rare instances will we reprint, condense, or allow others to reprint our work. What you read in '47 you read first and in full. And you read it in '47 only—our material will not appear in reprint magazines.

We hold that, since mankind can now destroy itself instantaneously, an ever-expanding philosophy is essential to its survival. Neither the editors, who are pledged to continue their education, nor the associated contributors claim to know all the answers. They do claim to be independent in their search for them; they are under no pressure to hand down institutionalized ideas.

Their purpose is to bring to you, each month, a magazine that rates man's urge to comprehend high among his superior traits, the need to be entertained as an ingredient of his nature.

F. D. R.

By Jay Franklin

BLACK STAR



and the Glastonbury Parable

He told it in '42. Was he talking for '47?

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT laughed his characteristic half-shouted guffaw and slapped his hand on the desk. "You know," he chuckled, "that reminds me of the story about Glastonbury Abbey and the Ouija Board. Did you ever hear that one?"

The President asked me to tarry after a White House press conference. His laughter had followed an account which I had given him of liaison difficulties at that moment in the war—October, 1942.

As often happened when F.D.R. was tired, he entered into one of those long anecdotes which the White House Secretariat regarded as filibusters against their efforts to organize his time. I have written it down from my notes, because at the time it seemed better to delay taking his advice to publish it.

"This thing started a few years before the first World War," Roosevelt began. "There was an architect who had been commissioned to excavate and reconstruct Glastonbury Abbey in England. He was having a terrible time. The place where the St. Edgar chapel should have been didn't show a trace of it. He'd dug and dug and the job was getting to be too much for him.

"So one evening he was sitting around at his club talking about

his troubles with a couple of his friends, a barrister and a physician.

"Did you ever try a Ouija Board?" the lawyer asked.

"I've tried about everything else," gloomed the architect.

"Tell you what!" the lawyer suggested. "Let's go around to my diggings."

"None of them had anything special to do that night so they went over to the barrister's rooms and rigged up a sort of Ouija Board with a pencil in it. They put their hands on it and began to concentrate. Well, after a while, the board began to run all over the table. In the course of an hour they had covered many sheets of paper with queer marks which none of them could decipher.

"I have a friend in the British Museum," said the doctor. "Let's see what he makes of it."

"So they did and later received the report, 'This is ecclesiastical Latin script of the early 12th Century.' Well, when it was translated, it seemed to be written by a rather hearty old monk named Brother Thomas.

"Brother Thomas said, 'You fools! you are digging in the wrong place. Go back to where you first dug, only dig deeper and you will find my chapel.' Then he went into measurements,

and materials used, and all sorts of details about the construction.

"The architect didn't see that he had anything to lose," Roosevelt continued, "so he went back to Glastonbury and dug where the Ouija Board said he should dig, only deeper, and by George, he found St. Edgar's chapel, just the way Brother Thomas said. Ralph Cram tells all about it in a book. But there's more to the story than that.

"Two or three years later, the same three men met in their London club. This was about 1912 and the world was working up for World War I. Most people hoped and believed it could be avoided. The barrister again suggested that they try the Ouija Board. The board again began to run around and after a time the paper was covered with scribbles. This scribbling didn't look like Brother Thomas's style. They took it around to their friend in the British Museum and asked him what it was.

"At first he thought that they were playing jokes on him. When they convinced him that they weren't he told them that this was written in Camp Latin of the First Century B.C. In fact, the author claimed to have been one of Caesar's centurions during the invasion of Britain.

"This centurion seemed to be awfully excited. He said that there would be a great war in which Europe would be laid waste, but that in time, with the help of her kinsmen from across the sea, Britain would win.

"Well, then, the war came and all of them forgot about Glastonbury Abbey and Ouija Boards and went to war. One day, in March, 1918, the architect, who

was then an officer on leave in London, dropped in at his club for a final visit before going back to the front. As it happened, his two friends—who were also officers—were in the club. The three of them started talking about the war news.

"'Wonder what that old Roman Johnnie of ours would say about it now,' the architect asked. 'He said we'd win with the help of the Yanks, but it doesn't look too good, does it?'

"'Let's ask him about it,' suggested the barrister.

"So the same thing happened again. The centurion told them not to be alarmed, that the Germans would be beaten."

President Roosevelt paused. I made a tactful stir for him to dismiss me.

"But that isn't all of the story," Roosevelt continued. I could feel Pa Watson's eyes burning into the back of my neck and I knew I had no business delaying the work of the White House. Yet etiquette forbids that any visitor leave the President except at his suggestion.

"Three or four years after the Armistice," he went on, "the same three men met again. The League of Nations had come into existence and things looked fairly hopeful.

"By this time the three had developed the Ouija Board habit. Now they wanted to know how long the peace would last.

"Once again they got Caesar's centurion on the board.

"'It won't last a generation,' said the centurion. 'You will not satisfy the needs of the peoples of Europe and they will rise against you, led by the Germans, whom you think harmless.

“This second war will be more terrible than the first. The yellow people on the other side of the world will also rise against you and against your kinsmen across the sea, who will again come to your aid. Together with another great power to the east, you will form a triumvirate.

“This triumvirate will destroy your enemies and will establish peace. But that peace will not be final. For,” said President Roosevelt, quoting Caesar’s centurion, “it will not succeed in meeting the needs or in satisfying the desires of the yellow and black peoples of the world. The triumvirate will itself break up and then the yellow races will rise against you.

“You will lose your Empire and will yourselves be conquered. Your kinsmen will be placed in a position in which they will be powerless to interfere with the new course of human affairs. Then only will the world know an enduring peace.”

Roosevelt grinned at me. “That’s the story. There was a lot written about it 20 years ago. You go ahead and look up the facts. It’s worth telling again, I think.”

Pa Watson advanced firmly from the door to the President’s left. Grace Tully stepped forward with a heap of official letters. Roosevelt—cornered—sighed and returned to his work.

AS TIME passed and events became history, it was clear that the most important part of this talk with the President was still to be told.

The book to which he had referred was *The Hill of Vision*, by Frederick Bligh Bond. I read the



story. The facts were pretty much as the President had stated, with some variations of the kind called poetic license. Ralph Adams Cram, the Boston architect, was an enthusiast for Glastonbury Abbey and an acquaintance of Bond’s. He wrote a preface to *The Hill of Vision*. Cram believed explicitly in the business.

If Cram and Bond are to be credited fully, Mr. Bond located the Edgar Chapel at Glastonbury and got details of the Loretto Chapel. Not only did Mr. Bond contend that the automatic writings had led him to dig in the right spot, but he insisted that they gave measurements.

“Automatic writing,” says *The Columbia Encyclopedia*, “has been used by experimental psychologists and psychiatrists as a means of exploring the subconscious memories. . . . Such writing may take place . . . in a waking condition under suggestion, or in abnormal nervous conditions. . . . The planchette and Ouija Board have been used as instruments.” The accuracy of the predictions and the measurements can be attributed more to Mr. Bond’s scholarship and hunches than to a “centurion.” The archaic language was presumably Bond’s un-

conscious bit of window dressing.

In speaking of a Roman centurion, the President wandered a bit from the text. In the book the warnings of the First World War began in 1909. The automatic writings were at first signed *Imperator*, later *Augustus Caesar Imperator*.

The automatic writings began again on March 10, 1918, and continued to July 10, 1918, when they broke off with the words "Russia awakens. Her soul calls her."

On March 13 word came to the automatic writers that German resistance would collapse on August 24, 1918. August 25 was later described by Ludendorff as "The Black Day of the German Army." None of the 1918 messages are signed, as were the earlier ones.

THERE is the raw material out of which F.D.R. wove his yarn about Glastonbury Abbey and the Ouija Board.

What about the triumvirate which was to defeat Germany in a second World War and rule the world for a few years? What about its failure to satisfy the colored races, and their ascendancy over England and America?

There is not one word about this in any of the material to which President Roosevelt referred me.

On that October afternoon in 1942 Roosevelt was tired. He was thinking and planning on the level of high statesmanship for the political moves which must follow military victory—and we were far from victory then. Casablanca, Cairo, Teheran, Quebec, and Yalta lay far ahead.

President Roosevelt liked to speak in parables. It is my belief that this annex to the Glaston-

bury story, combined with his urging me to publish it, was his wish to warn Americans that the peace would be lost if they failed to understand the needs of Asia. President Roosevelt could not forget that the colored peoples outnumber the whites two to one. His domestic policies, particularly with respect to the American Negroes, were not only sound Jeffersonian democracy; they were also a part of his world diplomacy. For them he repeatedly risked anger and reprisals. He saw his wife vilified and insulted in public print because of her loyal support.

During the past year it was reported that Chinese Government troops—trained, armed, and transported by the American Army—had launched an offensive against the Northern Chinese Communists. During the same period it was confirmed that the British commanders in Asia had used Indian and Japanese troops to suppress Annamite and Javanese nationalists. It now seems certain that neither France, Holland, nor Great Britain intend to surrender sovereignty over their Asiatic colonies.

So the time has come to make public the story of Franklin Roosevelt and the Glastonbury parable. The facts are as I have given them. You can take your choice as to their meaning. Either President Roosevelt, who possessed an almost photographic memory, simply failed to recollect the real story of Glastonbury Abbey . . . or, by adding to it, he was giving voice to his own fears that American race-consciousness and British imperialism would win the war in Europe but lose the peace in Asia.

THE STORM

A story by Vardis Fisher,

illustrated by Al Parker.

SHE was sitting in the small weather-beaten church because she had nothing else to do on Sunday. Agatha Jensen had once said to her, "I don't think folks should go to church unless they feel religious. Sometimes I feel the old hell in me and I don't think the Almighty wants me in His buildings then. So I stay away." Anna was thinking of her friend's remark and looking into her own emotions; she did not feel religious today. She was aware of curious stares, and, looking round her, she read the meaning in the eyes of neighbors. She wanted to go home.

The eyes were pitying or boldly questioning and they all asked for the same answer. "You're a strange woman and we're waiting to see what you do about Bill Durgan." The eyes were full of Durgan legends. They were re-

minding her of his boastful statement that any woman would yield to him if he caught her in the right moment and the right place.

When the services were over she left the building quickly and walked alone. There was a smell of rain in the air, a hint of strong winds coming. For a long time—ever since childhood, it seemed to her now—she had been deeply moved by thunder and rain, for lightning was like a holy whiteness on her darkened years. And there was the time, many months before, when Durgan caught her in a thunderstorm and kissed her wet mouth.

At Agatha's home she paused at the gate and then went inside, hungry for the words which she knew Mrs. Jensen would say. Agatha said, "They ain't no one believes the man. Oh, he will try,

I know that, but just because some women has been silly about him, that ain't no reason. Not when it's a virtuous woman like you. That man whistles enough to be a bird," she said, and smoothed her dress. Then, as if a doubt had entered her mind, she looked sharply at Anna.

"Why, that Bill, he has even shined up to me! And me with six kids!" She laughed. "If he wasn't so darn good-lookun," she said. "Did you ever talk with him?"

"N-no," said Anna.

"He sure can talk a slick p'laver. Now me, I despise him like all get-out, but I have to grin at the fool. There's something about some men, I mean. It's the old devil in them. He sure has took a shiner to you." Mrs. Jensen looked critically at her friend and admitted that Anna was still handsome. "I'll tell you," she said. "That-there Bill Durgan is just a lollygagger. He won't never marry no woman. He says he loves women too much to tie himself down to one."

"May I use your mirror?" Anna said, and without waiting for an answer she went into another room. She stood before a tall glass and studied her face and saw there more than she had ever wanted to see—more of patience and quiet and middle age. She was not quite 40, but what she saw in her face was in her body too; she could feel it, as many years ago she had felt her youth. Her eyes were gray and looked tired, but deep in them, deeper than the tiredness, was something that she had never understood. She used to see it often before she taught school here and lived alone. What she saw was

what she felt when storms were wild upon the hills, and she reached out to them, with her body feeling unclothed.

She looked at her mouth, remembering that Bill had kissed it, and though she was ashamed of the memory it was the only sweetness of its kind in all her years. Her smile had once been lovely, but now it seemed to her to be only a parenthesis of patience and restraint. It was meaningless, like making breakfast, or teaching grammar and history to Mormon boys and girls, or going to bed. Leaning forward, she gazed into her own eyes, remembering that when a small girl in school she had been a vivacious and irrepressible tomboy. That was the strangest thing of all . . .

"I guess I'll be going now," she said a little later; and Mrs. Jensen said:

"You'll get soaked!"

"Not if I hurry," Anna said.

"And besides, that Bill will be a-watchun you. He ain't got no principles a-tall and if he ketches you alone out in a storm—"

"I will hurry," she said.

THE world had grown dark and ominous. Knowing that the rain would overtake her, she left the road and crawled through a fence and entered a plowed field, intending to take a short cut home. Her heart was so wild now that she was startled by its violence, and her breath choked in her throat. When her feet sank in the plowed earth she felt sudden alarm and gave a low cry of helpless terror. Clouds were gathering fast and she knew that a tremendous storm would soon shake her world. She was glad but she was frightened. She wanted a great

wreaking fury to possess and destroy her and this desolate hill country and all these malicious tongues. For the first time in her life she felt that utter helplessness which turns, weary and exhausted, to the unemotional and impartial refuge of death.

She could hear thunder, and feel rather than see the lightning; and for a reason that she could never have explained she opened her handbag and took out a small mirror. There was vivid color in her cheeks and lips and a strange wild brightness in her eyes. She was a beautiful woman; but why did her hands tremble so, and why did blood pour in such impetuous haste through her heart? Why did she want to pray? Sinking to her knees, and clasping hands to her breast, she asked a great power to deliver her from this weakness; and then she arose on trembling legs and looked anxiously around her.

The storm was coming now. It was coming out of the west in tumultuous dust and wind. Clouds of dust were swept from the fields to the sky, and a wind was lost in them, and a little rain. She could hear its swift journeying and see far above her its pale fields of light. Then she could smell rain and feel a current of warm air blown down from a hidden sun. Lightning came down and was brilliant around her, and from mountain to mountain the thunder fell with a sudden crash. She tried to walk, her skirt going ahead of her like an umbrella. She did not know where she was going and she did not care. The push of the wind on her back was like a man's hand.

Then the rain struck in a furious deluge and the earth was

blind. She was on the crest of a hill now, bracing herself against wind and rain; and in all directions she could see only the gray fury of driven dust and rain. She took her long golden hair down and began to sing. She could not hear her song but she knew she was singing, and she went again, with the wind pushing her, into a small valley and to another hill.

Her home was not far away. A man was coming toward her, and when he became visible in the downpour she was not surprised. She stood in the rain, waited for him to come to her; and he came with the wind beating in his face. He did not speak and she was glad. He reached out with a wet arm and took her hand and led her through mud and water into the breast of the storm. They came to a wet fence and a flash of lightning showed a blind drenched highway.

They crossed the road and entered a gate, and she saw the deeper darkness of her small house. The man opened the door and rain drove into the room. Then they went into the dusk and the man found a table and lit a lamp there. Anna stood by a wall, with water running from her clothes and spreading in tiny pools on the floor. She stared at the man and hoped he would not speak, but he said:

"Damn it to hell, what a storm!" Anna drew closer to the wall and after a moment he turned to look at her. He looked up and down himself. "We're like drowned rats," he said.

He went to the door and opened it, and a wind leapt in and extinguished the light. He stood outside in the gloom, scraping mud from his shoes. Then he

came in and closed the door. Water still ran from him and spread at his feet.

"You sure got lost," he said. "I seen you when you clum through the fence and I knowed you'd get lost."

Anna did not speak. She stood by the wall, her eyes brightly alive.

"I wonder you got any dry clothes?" When she did not answer he stared at her gravely for a moment and then crossed the room to some garments hanging from nails and examined them. "I wonder could I put on some of your things till I dry mine out?" He came over and stared at her with dark blue eyes under matted hair. "I guess I will," he said, and went again to the clothes. He took from a nail a pair of old coveralls. "Where could I change, I wonder. I don't see no good place."

Anna gazed at him and trembled because she was wet and cold.

"I know," he said. "You'n turn your back." His wet face grinned. He went to a window and peered out and cried: "Damn it to hell, what a storm! I hope you got some dry wood."

Then he began to whistle. He looked around him but there was only one large room in this house. Drawing a chair to the center of the floor he sat on it and unlaced his boots. Anna watched him take his boots off, and then his wet socks, and she watched him unbutton his shirt.

Anna watched him pull off his undershirt. Turning briefly to her he flashed his handsome smile and said, "You don't have to look, you know. You'n turn your back."

But she did not turn her back.

She stood as if helpless and stared at his hands. All that the man was and all that he did seemed to be in his hands. His hands pulled his trousers up and he went to a wash basin and wrung the shirts out. The hands held the trousers up when he came back. A hand slipped under his trousers to his wet belly and scratched.

"This is like husbun and wife, ain't it?" he said. There was something new in his voice. "Me, I'm past 30 and I ain't married yet. That's a shame, people tell me." For a moment he was silent. "Well," he said at last, "I got a take my pants off now."

Anna looked at the large brown hands and saw them unbutton the trousers. She saw him shift then and pull the trousers down. He laid the coveralls across his lap and kicked with his feet.

He pulled on the coveralls. Then he stood up and hooked the suspenders across his shoulders and walked about the room, carefully raising one leg and the other.

"They're pretty darn tight," he said. "Just like me to bust out of them. I'll tell you, if you hear a sound like rippun, you better look the other way."

He took his trousers to the basin and wrung them out.

"That was as good as a bath," he said. "I guess God sends rain to wash lazy guys like me." He stretched his arms ceilingward and yawned. He started to whistle but broke off and turned suddenly to look at her. "You're wet, too," he said. "You better change your duds." When she did not answer he stepped close to her and she shrank from his touch on her arm. "Don't act like a baby," he said, and his voice was hard and cold. "Change them wet

clothes." Again he touched her and she shuddered, and he opened his palms in a gesture of helplessness. His voice softened when he spoke next. "Hurry up. I'll turn my back."

Then, unexpectedly, their gaze met. His eyes were full of laughter, and her eyes were full of what words could never tell. Holding her gaze he touched her again, and she did not shrink or throw his hand off.

"You want me to undress you?" he asked in a low gentle voice. "Just like you was a babe? I'll do it in a minute, no foolun."

Then he swung and went to the stove and looked at it, and he was whistling again, his music loud and melodious under the falling of rain. Once he paused to look at her but he resumed his whistling. After a few moments he looked at her again.

"I'm lettun you make up your mind," he said.

He went to a bed in a far corner and examined it. He pushed covers back and laid the pillows. He patted the covers and looked thoughtful.

"I'n amagine myself snoozun there," he said.

Next he went to a cupboard and opened paper bags and peered in. "I reckon I ought to get you something to eat," he said.

Anna still watched him with strange bright eyes. Everything that he did or said came to her sharply and magnified. His voice was loud in the room.

The hair on his neck was wet drake tails. The hair on his chest above the coverall bib was a thick et of tiny golden curls.

"You'll take cold," he said,

speaking professionally. "I'll get some stuff and make a fire. Why didn't I think of that before?"

Whistling again, he stripped the oilcloth from a table and put it around him as a cape. He opened the door and went out. While he was gone, Anna looked at his clothes, which he had hung to dry, and at the bed with its cover turned back. He returned with an armful of wood and made a fire. In a little while the room was warm.

"You intend to change them wet duds?" he asked, but he did not look at her. He waited a few moments and then suddenly swung and moved as if to seize her. But he stopped short, looked at her sharply, and said: "Change your duds now like a good girl."

Mechanically, like one lost in deep inner confusion, Anna sat on a chair and removed her shoes and stockings, hesitated a moment and took off her blouse, and unfastened her skirt; and the man meanwhile stood with his back to her, facing the stove. He searched among her clothes.





"You better put on a nightgown, I guess," he said, and went to the bed and searched there. With his eyes tightly shut he walked toward her with the gown and held it out blindly, waiting for her to take it. When she took it from his hands he turned and went to the fire.

With her eyes fixed on him, with her gaze never once leaving him, Anna took all her clothes off and sat with the gown on her lap. He was pouring water into a kettle now.

Watching every movement he made, she slipped her arms into the sleeves and lifted the gown and brought it over her head. She pulled it down to her waist and rose a little and pulled it to her knees.

"When you get the gown on," he said, "run over and hop in." But she did not move and then he was quiet as if listening. "If you

don't go," he said, "I'll carry you." She waited, still looking at him. "You want me to carry you?" he asked. Her hands lay in her lap and she watched him and he listened. Then he turned swiftly like a man suddenly enraged and came over and picked her up and carried her to the bed. He propped her up with two pillows and drew the covers to her chin.

"Just like a child," he said angrily, but his hands were gentle. "Honest to God, I have to handle you like a child." At the stove he put tea into a cup and poured boiling water on it, and fetched her a cup of tea. "Drink it," he said. "It ain't no fun to be sick." She rose to an elbow and took the tea and he returned to the stove. He was drying his clothes now. He dried his shirts and trousers and thrust his feet into the oven to dry his socks. Then he held her wet clothes to the heat.



"Is there anything else I'n fix you?" he asked, and she was startled by a new strangeness in his voice. When she did not answer, he said: "I intend to put on my dry duds now. Turn your face to the wall." He sat on a chair, busy for a moment taking off his temporary garment, but Anna did not turn to the wall. She was still looking at him. When he observed this he stood up, covering his nakedness, and shouted at her: "Turn to the wall like I tell you!"

Anna turned to the wall and he finished dressing. He felt dry and warm, and he went to a window to look out. The storm was abating; there was a loud wind but no rain.

"You'n turn back now," he said.

She turned and looked at him. He was filling the stove with wood and setting the damper and the drafts. Her clothes were now

dry, he said. He said he could think of nothing else to do.

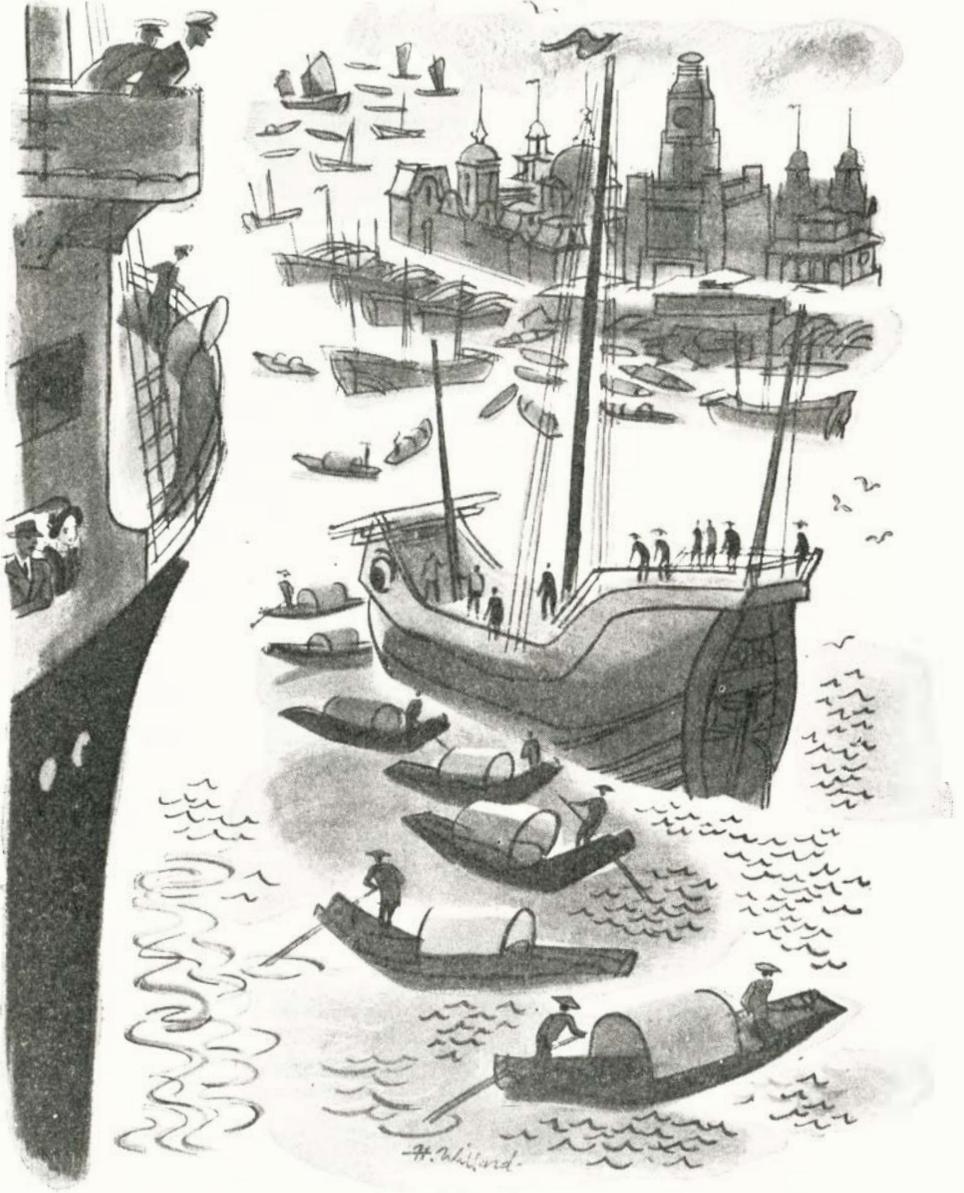
"Except some wood. I guess I better get you some more wood." He went outside and fetched an armful of wood; and in a voice so gentle that she trembled he asked:

"Are you all right now?"

She did not answer. She still looked at him, her eyes bright and unwavering. He went again to the window and peered out.

"I guess the storm is all over," he said.

She saw him hesitate and look around him; and then suddenly, with the swiftness that was his way when his mind was made up, he went to the door without looking at her and without speaking and passed outside and softly closed the door behind him. Anna sat up and strained to listen. She could hear his retreating footfalls in the wet earth outside.



Illustrations by Howard Willard

HOME TO HEAVEN

A story of Americans and a changing China

By Pearl S. Buck

"MARIAN, I've got the passports!" Henry Allen burst into the kitchen of their small rented bungalow and whirled his wife's slender figure away from the sink. Her arms were dripping dish water and she wiped them on her apron.

"Henry!" she breathed.

"Take off that apron, Madame," he ordered. "No more dishtub hands, if you please!"

She held up her narrow reddened hands, bare of everything except her wedding ring. "I can wear my jade again!" she cried.

"All your pretties," he agreed.

They looked at one another and saw their future as bright as heaven before them. It was clear because it was exactly like their past. They knew what it was going to be like. She glanced around the kitchen. Oh, if it could only begin now, this instant, without another day of the hateful present!

"When can we get passage?" she asked with passionate concern.

"Two weeks from today," he replied. He sat down on one of the flimsy kitchen chairs. "And if you think it was easy, you're wrong. The big boss didn't wake up until

I told him that the Sunflower people already had their man over there in Shanghai."

"I guess that waked him up," she said, laughing.

"You bet it did," he said, and laughed with her.

Suddenly, now that it was sure that they they were going, nothing seemed to matter. She had been about to put on a beef stew and she ought to get it started. But it didn't matter.

"You see anybody else in Washington?" she asked.

He was on his feet again restlessly. "Halliday was there—trying to get passage for his wife, too. But he couldn't."

Halliday was the Bishop of Soochow. They had known them in Shanghai. "I'll bet *she's* sore," Marian said.

"He said she would be," Henry said with satisfaction. They had not liked the Bishop's lady.

"I can just see her stuck in that suburb of Boston," Marian said with pleasure.

"Maybe she's been able to get a maid," Henry said.

"What's a maid?" Marian's voice was pure scorn. "If they're all like the creature we had—"

Her accents took on new passion. "Why, just our houseboy in Shanghai did more in an hour than she did in a whole day—and no back talk, either. God, it'll



be good to have no back talk again!"

"I'll be glad to get out of the office boy class, myself," he said. He paused by the kitchen table where she sat and looked down at her solemnly. "I haven't wanted to say anything, Marian, while you were having it so hard here in the house. But it's been hell in the office. The things I've had to do—the orders I've had to take—just to hang on to my job—"

"Oh, I *know!*" she cried. "Don't I know! But it would have been awful if you'd lost it. Think of having to live here—" She looked around the barren kitchen.

"Well, we aren't going to live

here," he said triumphantly. "You know what saved me?"

"What?"

"Member that summer I spent studying Chinese and you asked me what I wanted to learn Chinese for, when every Chinese we had to know spoke English?"

"They did, didn't they?"

"Sure they did—they still do—but the big boss has an idea, see? A brand new, swell idea! He wants all the China staff to know the language."

"Can you imagine—" Marian murmured.

They joined in a quick duet of laughter.

"Yep, it's the new policy," Henry went on. "So the old gang is out. I'm the only senior member going back."

"But what's the *real* idea?" she asked. "He doesn't expect you to talk to the Chinese yourself, does he?"

"He does," Henry said, "but of course he doesn't know China. He talks about it being a new day—new day, my hat! Still, you have to humor him."

"Sure you do," she breathed. "Anything he says goes—until we get back, Henry—"

"Yep!"

"Does that mean the Kinkoids and the Parcels and all the others won't go back?"

"Yep—it's your old man that's going back the top— Big boss called me himself and told me—in consideration of the zeal I'd shown in mastering the language—"

They laughed again. Then he grew grave. "All the same, I'm going to brush up when I get there—just in case."

"In case of what?"

"In case the juniors get ahead

of me." He looked quite serious. "Get on to you, you mean," she scoffed.

He was hurt. "Now, Marian, I learned more than you think I did."

She blew him a kiss. "Darling, whatever you learned, I'm respectful. It's saved us."

She had not blown him a kiss in months. She used to do it often in Shanghai, especially when they were first married. They had met in Shanghai. She had been traveling around the world, getting jobs on the way to pay her passage, secretarial jobs, mostly, although sometimes she had to take what she could get. She had gone to his office for a job. He had only been number three in the firm then, but he was young and good-looking and she had become his secretary—his first. It hadn't lasted long. They had been married in less than a year and in less than five years they had the three children. She had been horrified at their swift appearance, and yet amused. It was so easy to have children in China—one simply hired an amah for each. She had been able to go on with her idle lovely days, and the children were always somewhere in the periphery, happy and prettily dressed. She heard vague rumors of amahs who fed their charges opium to keep them quiet and of houseboys who meddled with little girls. These rumors she refused to believe. It was impossible to believe them when she looked at her perfect servants, the amahs so fresh and clean and smiling in their blue coats, and the houseboys immaculate and polite, and Cook at the helm. Even the two coolie gardeners were wonderful. The chry-

anthemums they grew! It was fun to give parties to show them off. A party was easy in Shanghai—20 guests to dinner, 60 guests to tea. There was nothing to do but give the order and then appear as easy as one of her own guests at the appointed time, dressed and beautiful.

"Suppose we'll get the top company house?" she asked.

"Sure we will," Henry said robustly. "It's going to be put into shape for us."

"We'll need a couple of extra servants," she said. "There'll be extra entertaining."

"Listen," he said with energy, "you're going to have all the servants you want, see? And if you don't like the ones we get, you can fire 'em and there's plenty more where they came from, see?"

"Oh," she sighed, "oh-oh-oh." She locked her hands behind her head, closed her eyes, and smiled for sheer joy.

Henry watched her and smiled in sympathy. She was still pretty, this woman—the horrible house-



work hadn't lasted quite long enough to ruin her blonde beauty. There was nothing a couple of months of Shanghai life would not mend. Get her hands in shape, her skin, get her hair fixed up—anyway, she hadn't taken on

weight, thanks to the housework. She was no housekeeper—he'd be glad to get back to decent living again—his socks hadn't been darned in weeks. The sew amah had always kept his socks in perfect shape—always.

"Of course Shanghai's filthy after all those Japs," he warned her.

"Oh, I don't care—" She opened her eyes and saw the clock. "Goodness, the kids will be home in no time—it's too late for stew."

"Open a can of beans," he ordered. "I'll go and wash up and come back to help."

This was largess on his part. She knew, and he knew she knew, that his continual secret struggle was over this matter of helping her with the housework. It outraged him, after years in the Far East, where he never so much as took a handkerchief out of the drawer for himself. There had been weeks here when they had even to do their own laundry. He prayed that this news would never get back to China. He was sorry that he had come back to his home town to live. It would have been easier to keep secrets in a strange community. But when they came back as war refugees, his home had seemed the logical place to stop. They had stayed a month with his parents before his father had spoken plainly to him one day.

"Now, Henry, I hate to say this, but for your mother's sake I've got to—I think you and Marian had better find another place to live. There's a house on Sixth Street—a bungalow—and small enough for Marian to manage."

"Why—why—" he had blustered.

"No hard feelings," his father

had said amiably. "But your mother isn't as young as she could be, and Hannah says she can't keep up with the extra work."

Hannah was the maid.

"I could find an extra maid," he suggested, but his father had stopped him.

"One maid wouldn't do it, Henry. You'd need a whole raft of servants and nowadays you can't hire 'em. Trouble is, Henry, you've all got out of the way of doing anything for yourselves. Marian don't remember there's dishes after every meal, and little Mollie leaves her bed just as she got out of it and the boys don't even pick up their pajamas. It makes a whole lot of work. And even you, Henry, you don't act as helpful as you used to."

They had moved at once, and while relations were cordial they were not warmly so. His mother's house resumed its look of ordered quiet. Hannah was not helpful about getting a maid. Such as they had found, he had bribed at the employment office and bribed in vain, for the moment they came into the house they were ready to leave.

He strolled upstairs and glanced at the beds still unmade and washed his hands in a bathroom not yet cleaned. Well, never mind—two weeks could be endured in any sort of house.

He whistled cheerfully and then stopped. A wail and a roar came up from the kitchen. The children were home and Marian had told them. He rushed downstairs, wiping his hands as he went, and flung the towel on the hall table.

"What's this—what's this—" He burst into the kitchen.

"Aw—we ain't goin' back to

Shanghai!" Hal's furious blue eyes met his father's. He flung his strapped books across the kitchen.

"Hal, stop that—pick up your books."

"I'll be glad to get you back to a place where you'll learn decent English."

His voice and Marian's were in duet again.

Robert, his second son, stood statue still. "Do we have to go?" His voice was small and chill.

"Of course you do," Henry said

dropped her books and hat and coat on the floor as she always did. Only yesterday Henry had yelled at her, "Hang up your things, darn you—who do you think is going to pick up after you around here?"

Now he saw and said nothing. It was only two more weeks. A strange dreamy look had come over his daughter's pretty face. She was the youngest, ten on her last birthday.

"Are we really going back to China, Daddy?" she asked.

"We really are. Glad?"

The curious look in her dark eyes deepened and her lids flickered. She looked away from him. "Will Ah Fong be our houseboy again?" she asked.

"I'll bet the whole gang will be on the dock to meet us," he said gaily.

"And the house will be clean and dinner ready to serve when we get there," Marian said. She was slicing bread and now she sliced her thumb. "Oh damn—again," she wailed. She held the dripping thumb over the sink. "Do something, somebody," she cried. Henry reached for the bandaid in the kitchen drawer.

"Good thing you don't have to cut bread the rest of your life—you wouldn't have ten fingers left," he said with good humor. Yesterday he would have bawled at her, "Can't you keep your fingers out of the way?"

They sat down to the hot beans and a bowl of cold canned tomatoes, bread and jam. Hal was still furious.

"Just when I was goin' to get on the baseball team," he groaned. His eyes were full of tears which he blinked back.

"You'll go to an American

roughly. "And mighty lucky, too."

"Your father is going to be number one," Marian said. She was dumping the beans into a bowl. "Get washed, now—dinner's ready."

"Oh heck—beans again," Hal growled.

Only Mollie was silent. She had



school in Shanghai," Marian soothed him. "They'll have a baseball team there."

"Not a real one," he spluttered. "Over there nobody wants to run—I can remember how it was. They weren't regular fellows there like they are here. The team wasn't worth a cent."

He threw down his napkin, burst into tears, and rushed from the table. Henry rose, but Marian stopped him.

"Sit down," she said. "He'll get over it."

"He's damn well got to," Henry said and sat down.

They sat in silence, Robert eating a little, Mollie eating a little, neither saying anything.

Outside the house a trolley turned the corner and screeched. The small rough lawn was gray with late winter. Small as it was, it was more than they could keep up. Henry nagged the boys and then usually cut it himself. They never had flowers. He thought of the great compound in Shanghai.

Behind the high walls the wide lawns were green and bordered with flowers. He had accepted them as he accepted all the blessings of their life there. Now, only now, after these dreadful years, would he know how wonderful they were. He glanced at the faces of the two silent children.

"You'd like to go back to China, wouldn't you, daughter?" Henry urged.

"No more old housework," Marian said comfortingly.

Mollie did not lift her eyes from her plate. "I guess so," she said dreamily. "I guess I'd like to go back."

Robert spoke up, Robert the Silent they always called him. "But we're Americans," he said clearly, "and Americans always do their own work—don't they?"

Marian and Henry exchanged amused looks over his dark head and laughed again together.

"Not if they can help it, son," Henry said boisterously.

"No, sir!" Marian agreed.



Robert looked uncertainly from one adult face to the other. "I thought they did," he faltered. "It seems to me they do," he said.

"You're wrong, my son," Henry said, "dead wrong."

THE raw March wind which had blown them away from the shores of San Francisco were mild with April when they approached the low flat shores of China. The skyline of Shanghai was untouched. They saw it from the ship's deck.

"It looks the same," Marian murmured.

"Exactly the same," Henry said.

Four of them leaned on the ship's rail, watching the nearing docks. At the last minute Henry and Marian had agreed that it was not worth the struggle to force Hal to come. He had been made captain of the baseball team and they had left him with his grandparents. It had been hard, for a minute, to tell him good-by. When I see him again he'll be a man, Marian had thought. She had seen already the outlines of the man in his crude young face. Would he blame them someday for leaving him? But he wasn't a sacrifice. He simply didn't want to come back with them. "And stay I cannot," she had told herself and had forced her thoughts away from him.

Now staring at the familiar Bund she found herself thinking of him again. "I wonder if we ought to have made Hal come with us," she said.

"No," Henry replied, so quickly that she knew he had been thinking of the boy, too. "Don't get to worrying about that," he went on. "We wanted him to come, didn't we?"

"Yes," she said firmly, and made up her mind not to worry.

Robert and Mollie had not spoken. Indeed, it seemed sometimes as if they had not spoken since they started. "Look," Marian said,



suddenly, "isn't that the number one amah there on 'the dock? It is!"

"There's the cook!" Henry shouted joyously.

"I hope—I hope—I hope—he isn't there," she heard Mollie whisper.

"Who, dear?" she asked abruptly. She did not hear Mollie's answer. "Oh, I see both the coolies!" she screamed.

In no time at all they were back in the compound. Ah Fong, the old houseboy, was not there. He had been shot as a spy, Cook explained. The number two and number three amahs were also dead, number one amah explained. One had been caught in the bombing of Wing On's department store, and the other one—the young and pretty one—well, the Japanese! Number one amah looked fondly at Mollie and explained no further.

"Is Ah Fong really dead?" Mollie asked abruptly.

"Too bad, missy," Cook said, smirking.

But Mollie stared at him. "I'm glad he's dead," she said calmly, "I don't mind coming back so much now I'm sure he's dead."

The servants, including the new houseboy, laughed loudly at this, and Henry and Marian, in their joy at being home again, laughed, too.

Really, everything was exactly the same. Marian got up in the morning when she liked, and a pretty tray was always brought to her bed. There was a new flower on it every day. Her hands grew soft and white. Her old massage amah came back and her wash-hair amah, too. There were surprisingly few people dead. Getting herself into condition took most of the morning while the children were at school. People were coming back so quickly that almost every day there were guests for tea or dinner, and she and Henry went out several times a week. It was lovely to wear evening gowns once more, and to see Henry in tails. He looked so handsome, and being number one gave him new dignity. She remembered the little bungalow, but she put it away as a bad dream. Once or twice a month Hal wrote them and she read his letters quickly and stuffed them into the drawer of her teakwood desk. Half the time she forgot to share them with Henry. But the children always wanted to see them. Together they pored over the news of Hal in high school. Whatever they thought they told only one another.

But then neither Henry or Marian had much time for the

children. There was a great deal of catching up to do, and as the wife of number one, Marian had duties to the wives of the junior members of the firm. Henry was too busy to take up his Chinese again. Besides, it wasn't necessary. The compradores were there, just as they had always been. He made a good many speeches at men's meetings about the far flung battle lines of new American trade. "America is in world affairs to stay," he said. Everybody looked up to him, Marian saw with pleasure. And everybody told her how young she looked.

Of course there were rumors, now as there had always been, although not the same rumors. The Chinese weren't quite the same, perhaps. She and Henry didn't like to acknowledge it, but it was true. Mollie slapped the houseboy and he left. In the old days he would have taken it.

"Oh, Mollie," Marian wailed, "he was so good!"

"That's what *you* think," Mollie answered grimly.

But there were still plenty of houseboys and they soon had another.

Henry said that the new Chinese business corporations were difficult, too. The compradores were not so pliable as they had once been. They took the side of their own people doggedly and there was trouble over investments.

"Looks like every darn Chinese is hipped on the subject of 51 per cent," Henry grumbled. "How're we going to do business that way?"

"Why don't you tell them so?" Marian inquired.

They were going to a dinner at

the British Consulate and she was trying to decide between white and rose for her gown, between jade and Chinese pearls. Downstairs Robert was practicing his violin. He had taken it up only recently and was doing rather well under a young Jewish refugee teacher, who was being saved thus from starvation.

"I do tell them," Henry snorted above his white tie. "They just say, 'More better no business.'"

"That's queer," Marian murmured and chose the rose taffeta and the pearls.

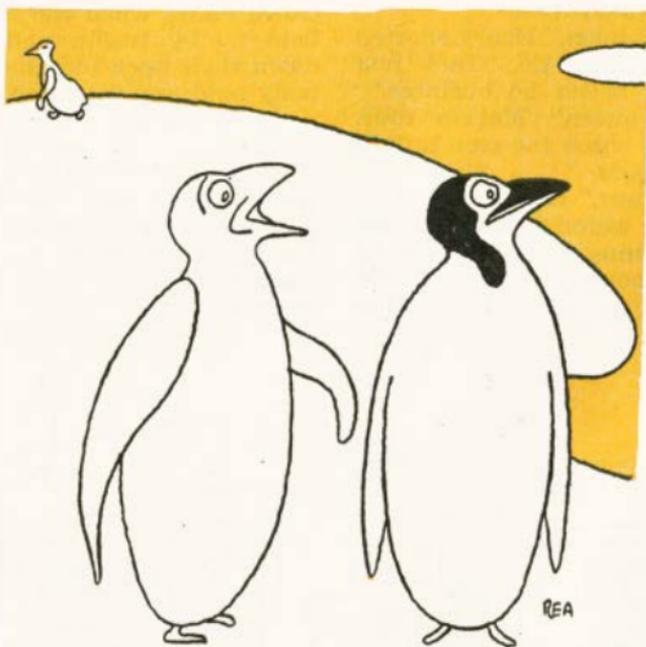
"Darn queer," Henry agreed.

But they weren't really worried about anything. Outside the walls of the compound the city was still filthy and partly ruined. That

didn't worry them, either. In time it would be cleared up. Beggars roamed the streets, but then there had always been beggars, and they had two company cars, both chauffeured. The children were driven back and forth to school. The beggars tapped on the closed glass panes with their dirt-caked claws when the cars were held up by traffic, and pointed down their open mouths. But nobody paid any attention to them.

Inside the big quiet compound everything was just the same. They lived a perfectly happy life, isolated and safe. Of course it was safe? Yes, of course it was. Henry was number one. It was wonderful to be back—it was heaven.





It's not Byrd, it's those damn photographers; last time we were the laughing stock of the whole world."

YARNS

■ MRS. APPLING FINDS OUT

It was Sunday morning. The Applings were being lazy. The breakfast things were still on the small table by the window. Wallie Appling slid further down behind his paper. Mary, his wife, settled comfortably into herself, leafing through the scrapbook and enjoying the cool looseness of her housecoat. She flipped open to a photograph that had a page to itself.

"Why, I don't remember this one, darling."

"No, I suppose not." Wallie's answer was an embarrassed evasion. He straightened himself in the heavy, comfortable chair, looked briefly away from the paper and then turned again to the comfort of the sports pages. That was the life, he thought: spring training, batting practice, exhibition games. Then he became aware that his waist was not that of a rookie.

"Who is she, dear?" His wife was looking bright-eyed with childish malice.

"Oh, that was when we had reached the Elbe—it was in Germany, you know."

"I know, dear, but I don't remember your mentioning her."

"Well, no. I never did. You see she was the Commander of a Tank Battalion."

"A what!"

"Commander of a Tank Battalion—You know, the Russians

had women soldiers and officers."

"Well, you look very sweet in your fresh uniform. I wonder you never sent the photograph to me or showed it or said anything . . ."

"I took it especially to send to you . . ."

"Well, why didn't you?"

"It was something she said."

"Something *she* said?"

"Well—Oh, the whole thing is silly. I was afraid you might not like it."

"Wallis, I want to—"

"Just a minute—I'm going to tell the whole thing . . . You see, the Russians and the Americans had just joined on the Elbe and there was this dinner and drinks and things. We were all having a nice time . . ."

"I can imagine that, dear, from this photograph."

"Well, I asked the interpreter to arrange for me to have a picture taken with this lady Tank Battalion Commander. And he did. And then I said, 'Gee, my wife will get a kick out of this when I send it home.'"

"And she said—"

"Well, the interpreter grinned and he turned to me. 'Do you want to know what she says, Colonel?' he asked. 'Of course I do,' I answered. 'What the hell *does* she say?' And that's why—"

"Wallie, what did she say?"

"The interpreter grinned, as I was saying, and he said that she said, 'What's the matter with

your wife? Why isn't she here? Is she too weak to fight?' And I just felt, dear, that it was the sort of thing that wouldn't please you."

■ THE TIME THE WOLVES ATE THE VICE-PRINCIPAL

Salinas is eighteen miles from Monterey and inland. It lies in the mouth of a long and windy valley. It is a flat town built on a slough so that the whole town quakes and shivers when a train goes by.

One morning very early when the light was just beginning to come up behind Fremont's Peak, there was a scratching and a scurrying and a snarling on the lawn of the courthouse. A snarling clot of animals was on the courthouse lawn. And then in the gray morning they moved sniffing timidly off the lawn. Then a leader established himself, a great gray wolf, and the other wolves followed him.

Not a soul was moving in the town. The paper boys had gone past with the *Morning Journal* and no one else was awake.

A kind of purpose came on the wolves. Their jaws widened and their tongues dripped little droplets on the ground. They moved in a gray mass across the street and sniffed at the iron fence of the Williams house and then they turned at Church Street and cantered along, their noses lifted and sniffing the air. At the corner of Alisal Street they came upon a dignified and aged airedale who was out wetting on weeds. He was so old he did not smell them coming. They swarmed on him. There was one cry of pain and then they tore him to pieces and ate him and they snarled and fought over his feet.

Their chops were red with dog blood now and their eyes glared like candles. They took a long loping trot. At Central Avenue they turned toward Main Street going fast. They whined at the closed door of the Franciscan Hotel; they surged about the box office



of the California Theater. Mr. Logan was opening his music store but he (thank God) saw them coming and slammed the door and watched in panic through the glass while the great wolves sniffed thirstily at the keyhole. Then down the street they went, whining for more blood.

Mr. Hartley, the vice-principal of the high school, had suffered three assaults of influenza one after another and he had stayed in bed and lost a lot of time and his work piled up. He didn't like to work at night because of his eyes and because he liked to listen to the radio. For a week he had been going to the high school early and getting in several hours work before the students arrived.

Mr. Hartley was just in front of the Carnegie library when the wolves caught his scent. He heard the hunting wolf howl and turned and saw the pack less than a block behind him. Mr. Hartley screamed with fear—he could see the eyes and the laughing tongues. He whirled and ran. He

crossed John Street and plunged on. The wolf cry came behind him—gaining. He could hear his heart pounding and his temples beating. He broke his stride to look around again and the pack was only 50 feet behind, running silently now they were sure they had him. Mr. Hartley tried to scream again but his throat closed. He rushed across Mrs. Harris's lawn and up on her porch, and they got him there. At the last moment he tried to push them away with his hands. They killed him instantly and ripped him apart and ate him on the porch. And Mrs. Harris didn't even wake up.—*John Steinbeck.*

■ THAT DAY IN ROME

It was exceptionally beautiful, that day in Rome. For a little while it was possible to forget the burrowing chill and the dampness of winter; to forget the war, the misery, the famine which stalked the city and to relax in the warm sun. The sunlight slanted over Palatine Hill, its rays frolicking about the Arch of Constantine, bringing into massive relief the ruins of the Coliseum a little further beyond. Everyone in Rome, it seemed, was out walking that day in early March.

With a friend I was strolling leisurely along the Via Veneto.

We were watching the GIs and the young Air Corps officers on leave; the smiling, inviting faces of the girls; the merchants with their wares spread out in the sidewalks, selling cheap, garishly colored lace work and bad bronzes of Romulus and Remus.

Our attention was attracted by a peasant's cart parked along the curb a short distance ahead. The driver was holding a red mongrel dog by the collar. At his side, huddled in the straw which covered the floor, sat two puppies of the same reddish-brown hue, patiently watching the surging crowd.

As we approached, a man on a bicycle wheeled up close to the cart. He looked intently at the two puppies, stroked their heads and spoke to the driver. In the wire rack attached to the handle bars of the bicycle were some odds and ends of groceries. We stopped abreast of the cart just as the man pulled out his wallet.

"Mille lire," the driver said, in a manner to emphasize the fact that he would not sell cheaper.

Without a word the man handed over a thousand lire note, the equivalent of ten dollars, and reached for the larger of the two puppies. Then he drew a shopping bag from under the groceries in the wire rack, and wrapped it around the animal's



body so that he could hold it more comfortably under his arm. He shook hands with the driver and pedaled off.

My friend and I continued our walk. A silence had fallen between and somehow the day was a little less bright than before.

—*Guido d'Agostino.*

■ BEAVER DAM

ON MY father's ranch in 1934 I installed a hydraulic ram with a water wheel, and the beavers in the area, after viewing my engineering, decided that they had overlooked a fine spot for a dam. At once they got busy and backed the water up, drowning the wheel. What ensued then was a desperate fight between the beavers and me.

Night after night I tore their dam out but the next morning it was always beautifully repaired. I tore it out and stretched a wire from bank to bank, hanging a lighted lantern in the center. The next morning the lantern was burning and the dam was restored.

Again I tore the dam out and tethered a dog at each end, close by the stream. The next morning the dam was as good as new and the dogs looked as if they had slept well. I then bought some dynamite and buried a stick in the bank at either end, and two sticks in the middle, banked with mud and moss. Connecting them to a long fuse and running it to my place of hiding, I waited until I could hear the beavers in the darkness. I lit the fuse and ran.

The explosion shook the earth. It tore great holes in the bank, and blew the dam in a shower of sticks and twigs all over the place; but two or three mornings

later the dam was built again. It is still there. So are the ram and the water wheel, submerged in the pond.

—*Vardis Fisher.*

■ FRATERNITY

HE WAS what the doctors call "walking wounded," this young soldier from Kentucky. He was walking, from the field hospital, to the nearest town—Luxeuil-les-Bains—when I picked him up. He was one of a group awaiting a plane to take him back to base hospital; meanwhile he had got permission to go into town. He was still wearing the field jacket he wore the night before when his unit tried to cross the Moselle in darkness under "zeroed-in" mortar fire. The sleeve was riddled with the fine holes mortar fragments make.

What he wanted most was alcohol. It so happened I had a wicker jug of cognac from the distillery nearby at Fougérolles. So we sat while he talked of the things that bothered him: of seeing his buddies fall, one by one, in the swift, treacherous stream; of seeing something gleam under water, and reaching for it, finding it was the radiant wrist-watch dial on the arm of his sergeant. But the thing that I remembered always, from that evening with the soldier from Kentucky, was not what he said about the night before, but something he said about the long and endless nights he spent in a foxhole at Anzio. "One day I saw an ant crawling over the rim of the foxhole," he told me. "Back home I used to step on them. But the way I felt then I didn't want to see any living thing get hurt. So I lifted him up and set him on his way."

—*William Miller.*

I Can Dream, Can't I?

*The Impractical Boys, after a 6,000-year wait, take a hand
in redesigning Uncivilized Man*

By O. Istris

IN THE nearby town of London—a few seconds by telephone, 18 hours by airplane, roughly three hours by rocket-bomb—Mr. Cyril Connolly runs an excellent literary magazine called *Horizon*. About nine months ago Mr. Connolly treated himself to a brief interlude of armchair thinking. He asked himself, "What would be the 10 major indications of a civilized community?" and came up with the following main points:

1. No death penalty. (The State doesn't fear its members.)
2. Model prisons. (Criminals can be rehabilitated.)
3. No slums. (The material conditions which produce crime need not exist.)
4. Light and heat supplied free, like water and air. Clothing, nourishment, privacy, and medical attention almost free. Transport as near as possible within the reach of all.
5. Vocations for all, not just work.
6. Full toleration of opinion. No censorship of written or spoken words, no tapping of telephones, opening of letters,

compiling of dossiers. Special clinics for those who compile them. No passports, identity cards, or money curbs. All travel encouraged.

7. No residue in the laws of harsh and antiquated prejudices of religion; e.g., laws which deal with homosexuality, divorce, bigamy, abortion, etc., to be based on intelligent humanism.
8. The acquisition of property to be recognized as an instinct which is, like the wish to excel, beneficial in moderation.
9. A passionate curiosity about art, science and the purpose of life, akin to the admiration felt in some countries for sport.
10. No discrimination against color, race, class, or creed.

The temptation is strong to wave Mr. Connolly away on the ground that all he's requesting is the sun, moon, and stars. On the other hand, isn't this a particularly good time to trade private visions? Our military experts have declared that mankind faces probable extinction or a reasona-

bly faithful facsimile thereof. Under such circumstances it seems excusable to indulge in a few benzadreams. As it's now apparent that the Practical Boys who have been steering the planet for the last 6000 years or so are on the point of turning it into a dead end, why not give the Impractical Boys a few minutes of whatever time remains?

Cut out Mr. Connolly's list and paste it in your forebrain, which is what distinguishes us from the lower animals. Let's study it. The first thing one notices—as its author glumly remarks—is that probably no existing country is entitled to set up more than two of these highway signboards showing Civilization-At-Work. It is true—see Mr. Connolly's Numbers 1 and 2—that some states have abolished the death penalty and several, including our own, have made marked strides in the direction of model prisons. (We seem more solicitous about preserving the lives and increasing the happiness of proved criminals than about preserving the lives and increasing the happiness of ordinary law-abiders.) It is also true that in democratic countries those violently radical innovations, income and inheritance taxes, are steps toward Mr. Connolly's Number 8. As for Number 10, it is inscribed on the statute books so legibly that he who runs may read, and keep on running.

On the whole, however, the world, during the last few decades of its wayward career, has hardly moved Connolly-wards. Consider Number 3. Thanks to such efficient slum makers as the atomic bomb, V-1, V-2, the tank and the blockbuster, the planet now boasts bigger and better

slums, more evenly distributed, than ever before. Take Number 6—no passports, etc. In 1910 people were allowed to scramble around fairly freely on the earth's skin. Today the traveler consists largely of papers of identity. You can fly from Bermuda to New York in five hours: three hours spent in a plane plus two hours spent in the company of passport officials, customs inspectors, and similar good citizens who devote their lives to a valiant attempt to neutralize the effect of the gasoline engine. We have built machines to move about with great ease at the same time that we have built laws making it difficult for us to do so. Man is an eccentric geometer: he loves to erect fences at right angles to a curved surface.

What one notices next about Mr. Connolly's list is that for the most part it sets up standards, not for an *ideal* community, but merely for a *civilized* one. He's not in the business of manufacturing and selling guaranteed-perfect-utopias. He's rather in the wrecking business, offering to pull down and remove worn-out, dangerous shorings and timbers. Or, to put it another way, he'll clean your house but for the moment is not interested in refurbishing it.

Though Mr. Connolly's points are largely salutary negatives, one of them is a positive. Number 9 signifies a construction, not a demolition job. It suggests to you and me that we are in need of basic remodeling; that we are—or Mr. Connolly is—dissatisfied not merely with certain institutions but with ourselves.

While it is perfectly true that the improvement of institutions

tends to improve human beings, the reverse is equally undeniable. Somehow or other for the last few thousand years men have been working on the institutions and neglecting to tinker with themselves. The blind alley in which we find ourselves today seems, if you dig down deep enough, to be there because of weaknesses in the human brain and heart. Hence the more you think about it the plainer it appears that Number 9 comprises far more than one tenth of Connolly's commandments. It bulks large. Perhaps all the others are wrapped up in it. If most of us were as seriously, as painfully interested in "art, science, and the purpose of life" as we are in the ups and downs of the Dodgers or Anaconda Copper, we'd put the balance of the Connolly program in work, hardly aware that we were doing so. But to clean house in the Connolly manner demands a special kind of house cleaner; you can't do it if your tools are merely the old-fashioned dust rag and carpet sweeper. Put it this way: well-lighted, well-heated minds are apt (see Number 4) to figure out methods of supplying free light and heat for bodies; just as badly lighted, badly heated (though otherwise extremely able) minds are apt to figure out methods of supplying light and heat in such a way that only a minority of the planet's population are able to enjoy them.

As the Impractical Boys from Plato to H. G. Wells have continued to point out (generally talking to themselves), the basic job, then, lies in the large-scale manufacture of well-lighted, well-heated minds. Beginning with Socrates and Jesus, a number of

idle planners have drawn construction blueprints—blue is the color of the vault of Heaven—that remain on file, ready for anyone's inspection. These blueprints are still quite fresh and new, perhaps because they have not been mused by too much handling. It would seem that every time some crystal-gazer puts up a sign reading *This Way To A Civilized Community*, somebody with real authority happens along and replaces it with another marked *This Road Closed—Two-Thousand-Year Detour* or, as may shortly be the case, *All Roads Closed—Return To Your Starting Point*.

I'D LIKE to suggest four points to add to Mr. Connolly's ten. These four are like most of his: demolition work, odds and ends of house cleaning, another little job for the exterminator. (If you feel like it, dream up some notions of your own; at this game any number can play.)

1. A civilized community needs no private, organized charity. (By organized I mean organized; I don't mean the impulse that makes one man help another man to whom he stands in a genuine personal relation.)

A community whose smooth functioning depends in part upon good roads sees to it that it has good roads. This is done by means of a nasty, necessary social invention known as taxation. The citizens pick their own pockets, sacrificing a smaller good for what they are soberly persuaded is a larger good. No community believes it either fair or efficient to put the heat on a few well-heeled townfolk (or many medium-heeled ones or a great many low-

heeled ones) in an attempt to shake them down for the money needed for road repair. Holes and cracks in roads make up a community problem solved by community methods.

But holes and cracks in people's lungs, let us say, make up a community problem solved by a hybrid method, partly communal, partly private. But are not poverty and illness like holes in the road? Do they not impede free, normal traffic, the movement of everyone? They comprise quite literally a public nuisance. Private benevolence, however well-intentioned, cannot possibly attack this public nuisance in a wholesale manner, but only spasmodically and fractionally. You and I, who are the state, can't afford to leave the amelioration of excessive poverty and illness to the chancy support of special groups and temperamental individuals. It's too dangerous.

A healthy state—the Social Security Law is evidence, for example, of a condition of health—should be in a position to take the job over on a sounder basis. When you and I give alms, it is for temporary relief; we expect to be asked again. But the aim of a healthy state would be, not to give alms—which *does* encourage dependence in some people—but to work out techniques for developing citizens who will not have to ask for alms. The private organization of charity then, is a symptom of a minor illness of the body politic.

Now, there are two things one might say here. The first is that the whole of me, the person named Istris, is *not* responsible for poverty and illness, though part of me, the political animal

in me, the citizen, is. However, by implication, I am told I *am* responsible, a charge which, because it does not entirely correspond to the truth, sets up a confusion in my mind, a kind of illness. From this illness—here's the second point—I am promised relief. All I need do is send a check. But checkbook therapy is dangerous stuff, because it is not permanent, because it does not go to the seat of the trouble, because it gives me a sensation of health which is ill-founded. It blesses him who takes, it may be, but not him who gives. That there is a vague unease felt about the soundness of private philanthropy is evidenced by the extraordinary violence, almost hysteria, of some of the campaigns that are organized, with the best of intentions, to exploit our sense of guilt. People are badgered and emotionally assaulted until they are driven to charity as some are driven to drink. Perhaps that is why they are called charity drives.

Private organized charity aims to heal; yet, oddly enough, its effect is often the reverse. The word heal is connected with the word whole; and what organized charity, *when it is denominational or sectarian*, tends to do is to break up the whole. Go back for a moment to those holes and cracks in the road. It is generally understood that these holes and cracks are of no particular religion or group; hence their proper repair is the responsibility of all. But it would seem that this is not always the case with those holes and cracks in people's lungs. It turns out that lesions may be Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish. It turns out that you should support a training school for "girls

with problems," but only for those with Protestant or Catholic or Jewish problems. You are appealed to by fresh-air camps for undernourished children, whose malnutrition seems to be organized on a religious basis. The result of all this is to increase the group feeling of both giver and receiver and to set up in him a sense of apartness which is at bottom un-Christian. It increases the distance between the almsgiver of one group or class and the almsgiver of another group or class. It decreases by just so much the sense of our common humanity, a sense which at the moment is in rather short supply.

2. The civilized community, at least of the immediately foreseeable future, will recognize mental illness as a fact no less widespread and serious than physical illness—or will, in many cases, treat the two as parts of a single whole. In theory we already recognize this; in practice we have not yet begun to. We know that mental illness is increasing, but we have not yet started to organize a wide-fronted investigation of its causes (compare our concern with cancer). One hundred thousand psychiatrists, properly trained, would be a handy thing at this juncture; but to produce them the medical schools would have to revise their curricula.

The problem goes deeper than caring for easily recognizable mental disturbances. We now *know* that the mind of a Hitler, or *any* dictator, is a sick mind. There are plenty of such minds in our midst, many of them occupying positions of great power. How does one go about curing these influential unfortunates?

Should a corps of experts be detailed to spot power maniacs as soon as they emerge? Should such power maniacs be helped to a cure at public expense? Or should we let them develop without hindrance, creating Buchenwalds on the way, until at last the public prosecutor, instead of the doctor, hands down his belated prescription at Nuremberg?

3. The civilized community will recognize marriage as one of the most difficult, as well as one of the most rewarding, activities that men and women can engage in. To be an electrician or a letter carrier, you have to pass certain tests. If you wish to marry, the requirements are considerably less stringent. There is nothing wrong with the institution of marriage, as there is nothing wrong with the institutions of the Senate or the House of Representatives. What is wrong, on occasion, are senators and representatives; what is wrong, on occasion, are the two persons who marry each other. How does one go about encouraging people to make marriages that will not end, as an alarmingly large number do, in the divorce court? Possibly if we recognized marriage as a considerably harder job than carrying the mail, we might find ourselves devising sensible and humane methods of preparing citizens for such a job. The view that marriage is a sacrament and, except in extreme cases, indissoluble has a certain logic and a certain nobility. The view that marriage is a creative and difficult job also has a certain logic and a certain nobility. But an attitude that tries to weasel its way between these two viewpoints is devoid of both logic and nobility;

and the proof of it lies about us.

4. A civilized community, precisely because it recognizes the preciousness and potential nobility of each human life, will make a knowledge of birth control as widespread as the knowledge of the use of fire. This is unfeasible as long as the normal state of mankind is held to be a state of warfare interrupted by shorter or longer periods of truce. While militant manpower and womanpower are needed for the defense or expansion of the state, birth control is impractical and should not be encouraged. But a truly civilized community is not a war-making community. In that case, it must decide whether it is interested in pullulation or population, in the aimless multiplication of organisms or the creation of human beings. No mandatory limitation, of course, should ever be placed on the number of children a couple may wish to have; but, on the other hand, if the social, emotional, intellectual, and economic resources of the community (the planet) are of such a nature as to make excessive production a mere tragic waste (see India) that fact should at least be pointed out to prospective parents, so that if they wish to avail themselves of methods of limiting their progeny, they may do so easily and without social censure.

In no way whatsoever should the state impugn or discredit or oppose the view of any religious group to whom birth control is morally objectionable. It should merely provide the means whereby those to whom it is not morally objectionable may voluntarily limit their offspring. The business of the state is not to coerce

but to instruct; and, of course, to encourage an increase in the number of instructable citizens.

The basic fact most of us refuse to face is that at present modern man is not being given half a chance to realize even his crudest potentialities. Most of us are at best half-alive; and the half-alive ones, under the impact of completely amoral pressures (press, radio, mass entertainment) are becoming alarmingly alike. Sooner or later we must face the problem: is there any sense in this endless multiplication of people who simply are not given a chance to live human lives? Must we depend on wars and revolutions and purges and famines to limit their (our) number? Or should less violent methods be used, and every effort be made to give every citizen opportunity as the planet's resources permit to develop his physical, mental, and moral capacities.

Life is *not* cheap; but the potential totalitarian warlord, or calculating journalistic manipulator of people's minds, looking about him at the vast anonymous masses of malleable human beings, begins to think so. Thus the power mania is born and the human race begins the Avernian descent whose first steps we are already taking.

But this quartet of private beefs does not even begin to scratch away at the root of our troubles. Next month we'll see whether we can't dig up the root and take a square look at it together. Not to keep you in suspense, the root is you and me; and the Impractical Istris Thousand-Year Plan involves nothing less than changing you and me into two other fellows.

Compromise is not Appeasement

—*But it is the only hope of the United Nations*

By Raymond Swing

THE word appeasement does not mean to most people what it is defined to mean in the dictionary. There it is associated with a series of pleasing words such as pacification and the satisfaction of demands. It also can convey a hint of propitiation, if the person or deity appeased is angry.

But as currently used, the word carries a flavor of scorn for weakness confessed in the presence of a bully. It derives from the Munich crisis when Chamberlain and Daladier appeased Hitler. Because Hitler was bold, and relatively strong, the British and French chose to yield to him a vital part of Czechoslovakia rather than embark on a war in which the Germans would have had the advantage. They prayerfully hoped Hitler would ask no more. It turned out that he asked so much they ultimately had to fight anyway. So appeasement has become almost a one-word sermon against the futility of making concessions to a strong and threatening country.

Now it is the stand-by word to describe those who insist that no concessions be made to the Soviet Union. Those who use the word imply that the Soviet Union is

relatively as strong as Germany was, towering over Britain and France in 1938. And they are certain that concessions to Russia would have the same effect as they did on Hitler.

In this sense, the word appeasement is misused. If Britain and France were once more alone, Russia, with its great land forces, would be strong, though in a different way from Hitler's Germany. For Russia still would have no naval power to speak of, and the British have the superior strategic air force. But the Red armies could sweep across Europe to the Atlantic and hold all the continent. Britain and France by themselves could not prevent it.

But Britain and France are not alone. The United States is committed to aid them against aggression, and America alone is stronger than the Soviet Union in all respects save the number of its land forces. It has a supreme navy, the unique knowledge and equipment of amphibious warfare, and a formidable strategic air force. With the monopoly of the atomic bomb it is superior in a crucial way. We now can drop the atomic bomb on any Russian city of our choice.

The United States is industrially so far ahead of Russia it is difficult to grasp the difference. Russia, despite its much larger population, has a national income only about one fifth of ours. We spend on national defense alone, including veterans and pensions, more than a third as much as the Soviet Union spends on everything, wages included. If to the American strength is added British strength, which is considerable on the sea, substantial in the air, and includes an industry more productive than all of Russia's, Russia's relative inferiority is apparent.

Included in British assets is the geographical location of its bases, from which Anglo-American power could be deployed. While the United States, Britain, and their allies might not be able to conquer Russia, they could do far greater injury to Russia than Russia could do to them. Russia could not defeat them, let alone conquer them. Russian armies might hold the entire continent, but Russia itself would be paralyzed by the atomic bomb.

So the word appeasement, as a description of political concessions made to a stronger nation, would be more fittingly used by the Russians than by us. The combined might of the United States and Great Britain so overtowers the Russians that the thought that we could appease the Russians, as Chamberlain and Daladier appeased Hitler, is an absurdity.

We might give away too much to them. We might go to sleep and let them win the game of power politics. We might yield our position as the world's greatest power to the Russians. But

that would not be appeasement as we have come to use the word. If any appeasing can be done, it is the Russians who can do it. And perhaps the very reason they are so hard-hitting in international negotiations is that they fear their inferior position.

The Russians also use Munich as a symbol, but they mean something quite different from our concept of it. When they repeat that another Munich must not be permitted, they mean that the Western Democracies must not again abandon co-operation with Soviet Russia in maintaining peace. As they look back on Munich it signalizes the break in co-operation between the West and Russia. The Soviet Union, tied by treaties to both France and Czechoslovakia, was left out of Western calculations. They look back upon Munich as an open invitation to Hitler to expand in the East. They conceive of Chamberlain and Daladier not as frightened innocents, but as crafty intriguers. That, incidentally, is why they consider the Russo-German pact of 1939 as having been a legitimate countermeasure. It put a temporary limit on Hitler's eastward expansion.

For the Russians to write about Munich in this sense today is just as far-fetched as it is for us to talk about appeasement. The West today is not giving anyone the green light to expand in the East. But neither is Russia in a position—as was Hitler—to win a war against two frightened and unprepared Western democracies. Russia and all its allies confront a military and industrial power overwhelmingly stronger than theirs. Both sides are using the wrong symbol.

Any thinking about the Russian problem is bound to be adbled by inaccurate language. By misusing the word appeasement we reduce the chances of normal negotiation. If every concession is to be described as a surrender by a weakling to a bully seeking to dominate the world, bargaining is sure to become strident and futile. For the essence of bargaining is that both sides give ground, so as to find common ground. Otherwise, our policy can succeed only if we have our own way in everything. That would be world domination. We rightly should not tolerate this from any other country, and we cannot expect the Russians to like it from us, either.

Our thinking is adbled by another inaccuracy in the use of language, one perhaps more serious than this misuse of the word appeasement. Because the United Nations succeeded the League of Nations, we tend to regard them as similar instruments. Having been taught that the League failed because we did not join it, we assume that the United Nations is certain to succeed because we are its most active member. That is, unless the Russians alone cause it to fail.

True, the Russians may become answerable for the failure of the U. N., but they have not been so far. So far there has been no failure. But if one lies ahead, it may well be due to the U. N. being confused with the League of Nations. It is utterly novel. Given remarkable wisdom by the leadership of the powers it might conceivably succeed. But the U. N. certainly cannot succeed if people are constantly regarding it as another League of Nations.

The difference is basic. The League was conceived as machinery which, if courageously used, could pit against any single power on earth a force greatly outweighing it. At the time the League was formed there were eight powers in the world. Any seven of them, plus the numberless small nations, would have been adequate to quell any aggression. The punitive action, however, would not have been world war as we now understand the term. It would have been police action against aggression. But it would have been action which had the strength to succeed. And the important thing about the League idea is that this certainty of success was counted on to keep world peace.

It happens that the League failed, partly because it did not embrace all the Great Powers at the start, and partly because the leaders of those it embraced lacked wisdom and courage to use their power. But it did not fail because the idea was wrong. It was a sound idea for its time.

But that does not make it a sound idea now. The conditions which made the League a sound idea have ceased to exist. Instead of eight Great Powers, today there are only three. Of these, the United States and Great Britain seem destined to act together. The only United Nations action that could follow a dispute between the Great Powers would, therefore, end in a world war of the Western Nations against the Soviet Union and its satellites. The U. N.'s alternative to keeping the peace is, instead of the limited police action involved in the League, world conflagration.

This makes the United Nations

a most unhandy instrument of collective security, if not an impossible one. And it throws the responsibility for world peace chiefly on the leaders of the Great Powers. If the U. N. is to live and rule, they must be able to agree. If they do not agree, they face a war more destructive than any yet dreamed of. What is missing is the valid League idea that all of the world acting together is strong enough to quell aggression, no matter which Power embarks on it.

Since the United Nations cannot keep the peace by the collective idea, the world is launched on an utterly new experience in power relationships. One hears much talk of the peace being kept again by the balance of power. But this presupposes something approximating a balance. And that does not exist. In three or four decades of peaceful development, the Russian family of states well may equal the Western group in industrial and military potential. The balance of power theory assumes that neither side is strong enough to invite war. If we wished to rely on it today, we should welcome and assist the Eastern Nations in gaining power until a better balance can be approximated.

The fact is that we do not trust the balance of power. At best it is hazardous and temporary. If it breaks down, another war probably will put an end to civilization. We of the Western Nations have the upper hand today, and we are too frightened to let go of it. We may talk about a balance of power, but nobody really believes in it.

So the West can either hope to continue its present superiority,

putting up with deadlocks and frustrations produced by the Russians, or recognize the necessity of compromise. Actually, we cannot be sure of keeping our superiority. For one thing, the atomic bomb can be ours alone for only a few years, and the Russians might develop superior weapons of mass destruction. We live in a time when such weapons actually reduce security instead of increasing it. Sheer military might is no longer a guarantee of safety. So we shall do well to consider the process of agreement as a means of keeping the peace.

In a world of sovereign states compromise alone is capable of averting war. Something mental and spiritual must take the place of something physical. That requires negotiations, and negotiations require flexibility. Both sides must learn to give ground, to establish common ground.

To advocate compromise is not to approve of what people mean by appeasement, nor is to promise that the Great Powers will find common ground. Those who believe Russia is determined to dominate the world and must be stopped may be intuitively right. Only if we go into true negotiations shall we confirm or disprove their suspicions.

So far we do not know it. If the Russians should show themselves to be implacable in negotiations, there would be nothing to do but prepare for a grim struggle for survival. But until that is demonstrated, statesmanship requires a full test of compromise, which is the basic principle for the conduct of a peaceful and democratic society. If we try it there is a fair chance, at least, that it will succeed.

ANXIETY

Throughout the world, in the year 1947, man is engaged in a sustained struggle against an enemy which he cannot see, shadow boxing a ghost which has stalked him in war and peace

By Carl Binger

Dr. Binger is a practicing psychiatrist in New York City, a member of the faculty of Cornell Medical College, and author of The Doctor's Job, which won the Norton Medical Award in 1945.

THE war and the efforts to establish peace have brought to many of us a sharp realization of our anxieties. All kinds of men are subject to them. And yet, if a psychiatrist asks a patient whether he suffers from feelings of anxiety, the chances are that the question will not be understood.

I will try to explain, to give some clearer idea of what this feeling is that grips men's hearts, gives rise to many bodily symptoms and disorders, makes them quarrel, lie, steal, kill, fall in or out of love.

Anxiety is not the only force that propels us, but it is surely one of the most potent. It is not, of course, a physical force like the explosion of dynamite or the pull of gravity. It is a psychological force, similar to that exerted by some emotions. We know, for example, that such emotions as rage and fear give rise not only

to certain mental states but also to certain bodily reactions. These mental states would be hard to describe, though they are familiar to everyone. They are subjective experiences, more accessible to the language of poetry than of science. But the bodily reactions are felt and can often be detected by other people.

Most of us have at some time or other experienced great fright. The accompanying cold clammy hands, rapid breathing, pounding heart, feeling of goose pimples and dry mouth are familiar sensations. Such reactions, although intense, are less chaotic and undesigned than they may appear to be. They are set in motion by well understood chemical and physiological changes in the body and they serve the purpose, as the late Dr. Walter B. Cannon so brilliantly has taught us, of preparing the organism for "fight or flight." The associated mental state, moreover, although explosive in intensity, is not wholly irrational. We are angry *at* someone because we have been hurt or slighted or insulted, or we are afraid of someone or some-

thing that has startled us. If we are making a trek through the jungle and suddenly hear the low growl of a tiger, it is quite rational for us to freeze in our tracks and to be stricken with terror. Or, if we are walking on the sidewalks of New York and suspect that the man behind us is a thug with a blackjack, it is not unreasonable to take to our heels.

These intense emotional experiences have a way of discharging themselves or they can be modified to some extent by self-control. In any case, after they have passed, they have passed. The mind and the body recover from their alerted state and regain their former equilibrium. There is no feeling of having lost one's mind, of having been afraid when there was nothing of which to be really afraid.

Now, the characteristic feature of anxiety is the reverse of this: we react with the bodily feelings of fear to situations that do not justify such reactions. If, for example, we visit a zoo and are overcome with terror by the sight of a tiger, safely caged and gazing at us with dreamy, indifferent eyes, then we are reacting with neurotic anxiety to a situation not in reality dangerous—but psychologically dangerous.

There are a great many such *phobic* reactions to which people are subject: fear, for example, of heights, of crowds, of subways, of trains, of snakes (of even a harmless garter snake), of going on the street alone, and so on. All of these can be extremely uncomfortable and quite embarrassing, handicapping, and distressing. They have one thing in common: they are irrational; that is, they

are not to be explained by the actual situation to be confronted.

This brings us back to our original inquiry. What is the irrational fear that we call anxiety? It is first of all a feeling of discomfort and distress. This distress is a signal to us that we are somehow in danger. But the danger, curiously enough, is not from without but from within. That is what gives to anxiety its strangely irrational and doubly distressing character. We are afraid of something going on within ourselves, of which we often have little or no knowledge. And, worse still, we can't even begin to find out unassisted. It is like looking for a black cat in a dark room, where there isn't one, as William James put it.

There are good reasons why the source of the danger within us should be inaccessible, why what Sir Osbert Sitwell calls "the warm palpitating twilight that lives beneath men's ribs or in the dreaming hollows, vast caverns, of their skulls" should be an unknown domain. We will come to those reasons presently. First, let it be noted that at the very appearance of the danger signal we jam on the brakes, or we veer our course, or we turn tail, or we "explain" our discomfort and distress by some outward happening on to which we "project" our feelings, or perhaps we become unaccountably irritable and angry, or we may develop any one or more of a great variety of symptoms. All of these reactions serve the purpose of relieving us of an intolerable tension by converting it into something else. The tension is in this manner diminished—drained off. Since the distress signal is thus met with an imme-

diate automatic response which has as its purpose the lessening of distress, we may be aware of the response only and not at all of the underlying disturbance. All our attention is focused on the defenses against distress which may, to some extent, relieve us, or on substitute discomforts, more tolerable because they are more intelligible. But the symptom, or the mood, or the impulsive behavior are red herrings drawn across the trail, which divert us from discovering the true cause of our painful anxiety.

Most people have discovered for themselves ways of reducing nervous tension, so often an expression of concealed anxiety. One man will reach for his "favorite brand" and another for a drink. Some get relief from a warm bath, or from hard physical exercise, or from eating. These are perfectly legitimate ways of making life easier. But they don't always work. The relief may be too short-lived, and the method of achieving it may be habit forming or otherwise harmful.

You have all seen the restless, tense chain smoker who can't sit still, or the man who has to have his drink and then another and another, until he begins drinking alone and insists on a nightcap. Before long he will need an eye opener too and he isn't really relaxed unless he is fuzzy in the head and half seas over. Obviously this is no solution for his underlying anxiety, which remains with him when he is sober and is certainly not appeased by his guilt and the mess he is making of his life.

Most fat people are fat because they eat too much. Constant hunger is often another expression of

anxiety. Filling up on candy and other sweets may be, for some people, an attempt to get emotional satisfactions of which they feel deprived.

While anxiety frequently interferes with sleep, on the other hand it causes some people to need a great deal of sleep. They are comfortable only when they are unconscious. It makes work irksome and distasteful to some, but others are driven by an inordinate ambition or restlessness to exhausting labor. While one man becomes sexually impotent through anxiety, another needs constantly to reassure himself of his prowess by playing the Don Juan. So with women. One carries her virginal chastity to a cold grave and another is loosely and experimentally promiscuous. It might surprise you to know that a very similar psychological mechanism may be at work in both types.

You will see that anxiety is a many-headed hydra indeed, and you will understand now that when we ask a patient whether he suffers from feelings of anxiety he will hardly know what we are talking about. Shortness of breath, yes, or palpitations, or nausea and vomiting, or intestinal upsets, or headaches and dizziness, or sleeplessness and horrible nightmares, or alcoholic sprees, or temper tantrums, or fear of losing his mind, or even alien, plaguing obsessional thoughts. These he acknowledges and knows all too well. But they are derivative—the unwanted children of unknown parents.

It is not always so. Some patients come to us complaining that they have uncomfortable feelings of unexplained and sense-

less fear. They will say: "It's so foolish. I have nothing to be afraid of. I have everything to be grateful for—a good husband, and fine children and a happy home life, not even any money worries. Still I'm always scared to death."

Others will fairly burst into our offices as if the devil were after them, their eyes popping, their foreheads drenched with sweat, trembling all over and nearly speechless. They are entirely unaware of what is pursuing them. So, often, are we. But we can draw inferences from their behavior and their chance remarks. With such patients we proceed with caution. If we try to unfold to them even the lightest word of their tale, we may plunge them into a full-blown panic and they will run away from us as precipitately as they ran to us for help. Or they may be forced to seek escape from their terror by killing themselves or even someone else. Such people need to be protected. They may need to be hospitalized and treated with sedative or narcotic drugs or with "subcoma" doses of insulin. Only after the storm abates can we begin to approach the source of their difficulty.

Some people lend themselves to such an exploration; others do not. Instead, they mobilize new and stubborn defenses against a realization of their anxiety. Depending upon the character of the patient, the strength of his personality, the severity of his symptoms, we use varying therapeutic techniques. These may be of a supportive nature, in which we aim to fortify the personality, and by reassurance to allay the symptoms. Or we may use un-

covering techniques in which we relentlessly track the monster to his lair. We then aim to expose the underlying anxiety, but in small doses so that the sufferer can tolerate it and build up a kind of active immunity against it. Such an enterprise may be difficult and protracted. Sometimes, nevertheless, there is a blessed relief from nervous tension, a new orientation toward the real world, a greater capacity to work, to love, and to pluck durable satisfactions from the day.

WHAT, then, is this thing that bedevils us? It is a ghost, an anachronistic ghost, like Hamlet's father's ghost, "Doomed for a certain term to walk the night, till the foul crimes done in my days of nature are burnt and purged away." What are these crimes and when did we commit them?

There can be little doubt that the seeds of anxiety are sown in early childhood, when our own helplessness, our bodily needs and our utter dependence on grown-ups for their fulfillment awakens in us reactions of longing, despair, resentment, and rage—too intense for us to manage.

We owe much of our understanding of this still obscure subject to the psychoanalytic studies of Freud. In 1926 he set down his considered formulations. Among them we find such statements as this: "Only a few instances of the expression of anxiety in infancy are intelligible to us. . . . Thus, the three situations of being left alone, being in the dark, and finding a strange person in place of the one in whom the child has confidence (the mother), are all reducible to a single situation, that of feeling the loss of the loved

(longed for) person." Anxiety is then conceived of as an expression of helplessness: "as if," says Freud, "the still very undeveloped creature did not know what else to do with his longing."

Perhaps this is the armature on which our subsequent anxieties are wound—this primal fear of abandonment, this craving for protective care. When you consider that an infant's survival depends wholly upon the mercy of others, it is easy to understand why its bodily needs for food and warmth find such insistent and imperious expression, and why a comforting, all-providing mother becomes the chief object of its longing. Her presence means life, her absence death.

It was Freud's daughter, Anna Freud, who showed in the cataclysmic experiment of the London blitz that separation from its mother was the greatest trauma to the young child, greater than the perils of the blast or the subsequent homelessness and privation. Often the small child enjoyed the wholesale destruction unless his mother gave sign of terror—an emotion quickly conveyed to him. Of course, if the mother is a cold, unyielding, stern and disciplinary one she may be a bane and not a balm, and she may augment these basic infantile anxieties.

Mounting physical tensions, unsatisfied cravings, are a quick warning, a precursor to the cry for help. They themselves are felt as anxiety. And this pattern remains with us throughout life, buried in an unconscious part of ourselves. Here then is the irrational ghost that walks and squeaks and gibbers when occasion beckons.



Dr. Sigmund Freud analyzed anxieties.

This primal, basic anxiety is present in all of us. Whether it is laid at rest or easily aroused will depend upon many factors—hereditary, constitutional, and experiential—and may determine to what extent we are prone to psychoneurotic illness.

Though no one can now deny the enormous importance of the first few months and years of life in setting the stage for later neurotic disturbance, it would be a mistake to lose sight of the equal importance of the immediate life situation. In dealing with so complicated a subject as human emotions there is always a temptation to oversimplify—to reduce it to a schematic system. This may make it comfortable for us be-

cause we have the feeling of having arrived at an "explanation," but, on the other hand, it may represent a distortion of fact.

Anxiety as we see it in our patients is usually the outcome of some actual conflict in their lives. The conflict most frequently lies between a strong emotional instinctive urge and an equally strong prohibition of conscience. The resultant friction of these opposed forces is felt as tension or anxiety.

I could cite innumerable examples of this:

A young woman, whose husband is wholly preoccupied with his profession and never makes love to her, is seized with jitters and with feelings of faintness at the most inopportune times. She is a gentle and sweet woman—but her deep resentment has been aroused, which she needs to keep in check. She is hardly aware of it, but she has reacted to the conflict with these unpleasant feelings.

A middle-aged man cannot go on the street except in the company of his wife and a young male companion. If he were forced to do it he would break out into a real panic. Unknown to him he has strong unconscious homosexual leanings against which he has to protect himself. As long as he is chaperoned—and you will notice that he needs a chaperone of each sex—he is moderately comfortable, but not so when he is alone on the street. Then the possibility of giving in to his hidden wishes is too imminent.

Here are a few more:

A young girl has been kissed by a lad and sexually aroused by him. She reacted to this experience with the conviction that she

was pregnant and with attacks of uncontrollable nausea and vomiting. Her own sexual needs and impulses have run head on into her strict conventional upbringing. The conflict which followed is expressed in her symptoms, and they in turn conceal from her the real problem.

Or again, there is the man whose strict father, with whom he was at constant swords points, suddenly died of a heart attack in his presence. Following this misfortune the son lost interest in his job, became sleepless, morose and withdrawn and had no energy or zest. The hostile feelings toward his father, mobilized through his sudden death, were immediately suppressed because of bad conscience. Again we see the resulting onset of symptoms.

A last instance of anxiety resulting from a conflict of forces is the case of the able, ambitious young business executive—the white-haired boy of his organization. He is, in fact, an insecure dependent sort of person—but admirably "compensated" on the surface. He is promoted to a new and responsible position with a boost in salary—everything he wanted. He should be in clover. Instead he goes to pieces. He develops dizzy spells and palpitations. He worries over trivial things and he is most unhappy when his wife isn't there to comfort and reassure him. In this situation the chief conflict lies between strong dependent needs and a compensatory effort toward independence and success.

The war has shown anew that each one of us has his Achilles' heel, each his breaking point, each his stress-tolerance. For some the limit is quickly reached.

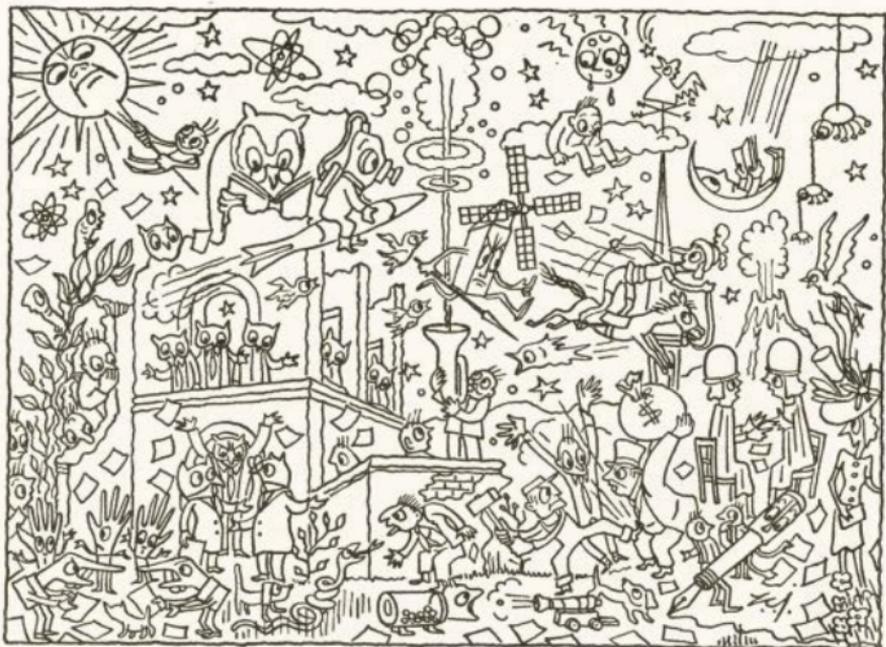
A soldier's camp, away from home and his accustomed civilian surroundings, may be enough to lower the barrier and flood the man with an unmanageable panic, or, more usually, it may bring on frequent minor illnesses — often mistaken for malingering. But for others the explosion of a land mine, the loss of buddies, the incessant mud and fatigue and pounding of artillery fire, or frequent exhausting and perilous missions through flak may be the determining and inciting cause of neurotic illness. Even in such cases, however, we must look beyond for the underlying anxiety. The most frequent source of conflict lies between instinctive fear of battle and the inner command to be brave.

At each point in man's slow and uncertain development from infancy to adulthood this pervading anxiety may emerge for a while, or be forced back again, or lead to a symptom. Or it may pop up in the disguise of some aberrant behavior such as delinquency and crime. Like a subterranean stream it constantly appears above the surface and disappears again. Anxiety may attach itself to any bodily function. It may invade, and often does, the sexual life, where it produces disabilities and perversions. It may come between man and his conscience and between man and his fellows. It may disrupt marriages or precipitate ill considered ones. Because man is engaged in a constant battle against anxiety, shadow boxing with an enemy that he cannot see, he often strikes out at the world, to no purpose, in a resentful, cantankerous and aggressive way.

If his load of anxiety is not too great, if he is able to keep it at bay, so that it does not obtrude itself too much into his person and disturb his physical, intellectual, or emotional functioning, then he may escape neurotic illness and be one of those normal people, who pride themselves on being normal. They have been called "normopaths"—perhaps facetiously, but with some discernment. Like all human beings they, too, carry on a struggle, although a victorious one. If they can love and work and play to their own satisfaction and that of others, then they are normal enough for all practical purposes. We psychiatrists get the impression that they are a small company, a "happy few." It is our greatest task and concern that they increase in numbers.

That there are far too few psychiatrists is recognized. In the next several years more will be trained and physicians in general will begin to have an understanding of these matters. Hopefully the number of clinics will increase so that help will be available to people of moderate means. Psychotherapy is expensive, chiefly because it is slow.

Whether psychiatry alone will ever solve the problem of anxiety is doubtful. It appears to be inherent in our culture, if not in our nature. A far greater understanding is necessary than we now possess. Perhaps that will come from the co-operative efforts of anthropologists, educators, psychologists, psychiatrists and sociologists. But important too in reaching such understanding is a general awareness of how vital this subject is to our hopes and plans for peace and the good life.



WAY OF THE WORLD

■ IRON LAW

Many who hoped that the end of the war would mean a lessening of our national responsibilities are becoming aware of one of the great laws governing all of human relationships. It may be described as the Iron Law of Empire: a victor assumes the problems of the vanquished, and tends to duplicate the policies by which the vanquished tried to solve them.

We cannot escape this Law. By respecting it, however, we can

avoid its more serious consequences.

In India, the British discovered that they had become responsible not only for internal order, but for defense from fierce mountain tribes. When America annexed the Philippines, we took on the defense of the islands against the Japanese. Cromwell's reconquest of Ireland did not eliminate the Irish Question.

Many of the British Ministries rose and fell for 300 years on the

issue and in three major wars British safety was endangered by it.

American experience is supplied by the 80 years since Lee's surrender. Controversy over Anti-Lynching Laws, repeal of the Poll Tax and Federal Fair Employment Practices show that the status of the Southern Negro—supposedly settled by the Union triumph in 1865—remains an issue.

The work of this Law is everywhere in evidence following World War II. The corollary—that the victor tends to follow the policies of the vanquished—is also being demonstrated.

Before the war, Slavic workers manned German industry while German technicians helped develop Russia. Hitler's policy was to accelerate this process by conquest. Now the Soviet Union has triumphed. There is little concealment of Russian desires to utilize German manpower and skill to develop the Soviet Union. The Germans are active in Russia not as Gauleiters but as war prisoners.

American policy in Japan further illustrates the Law. Today, America is Japan. The Soviet demand for a change in MacArthur's methods reminded us that we had backed Japan against Russia in 1904. Our reaction to the Soviet move demonstrated that we had already accepted responsibility for Japanese defense.

We shall have to utilize Japanese business institutions and "know-how". There is not time to improvise adequate American or Allied institutions. "Know-how" is a commodity which cannot be improvised. Unless we are prepared to sacrifice the lives of several million Asiatics who are di-

rectly dependent on Japan as an economic going concern, Japan must serve as agent of American economic power.

These then are the Laws of Empire, and they cannot be escaped, destroyed or overruled. Victory—like nobility—has its obligations. Those obligations pre-exist and survive all the bombs and battles, all the blood and tears with which men seek to escape the necessity for taking thought. Victory only transfers them from the vanquished to the victor. — *Jay Franklin.*

■ BRIGHT SIDE

A few Navy officers continue to take a wonderfully light-hearted view of the destruction wrought by atomic bombs. "Few hundred thousand tons of shipping sunk or damaged," they say with a shrug. Just a coupla battleships, a carrier, a destroyer, and a dozen or so smaller vessels," they add, clearly suggesting that the work



of such firecrackers need not shake our faith in sea dogs.

Perhaps the rest of us could learn something from this happy-go-lucky attitude in the face of staggering damage.

"Merely a screaming toothache, a broken leg, a case of saddle scald, and a failing grade on my

F.N. test," I can laughingly reply when next asked how I feel.

"Junior broke two windows, sister used her oil paints on your stamp collection, cook dropped the roast down the laundry chute, and—oh, yes!—the firemen chopped up the cherry bedroom suite while putting out the fire which, incidentally, barely burned the roof off. Only that and nothing more," will be mother's cheery reply when asked how things have gone today.

The admirals seem to have the proper prescription for all our fears and woes if you want to look at things in this gay way.

Just join the Navy and see the world—through rose-colored glasses.—*Ralf Kircher.*

■ DETAIL

A correspondent has just returned from Moscow with a story that somehow points up the difficulties of Russo-American understanding. He was invited to attend a Russian stage production of Lillian Hellman's play, *The Watch on the Rhine*, which had been prepared with elaborate



attention to detail. Down to the last hairpin, everything had to be *just* the way things are in America. After the show, the Russian producer eagerly cross-questioned the correspondent, the only

American in the audience. How did he like it? Fine. (It really was a superb production, he says.) But the details, the props—were they authentic? Almost perfect.

"Except for one little thing," the correspondent went on. "A wealthy Washington dowager would not, over her breakfast coffee, be reading *The Daily Worker*."

■ SPEED

Thoughtful folks are not surprised to learn that a man called Mr. Milford recently purchased an airline ticket for Amsterdam, boarded the plane, and ended up in San Juan. In the evolution of error this was to be expected.

Go back to Mr. Milford's great-grandfather. The old gentleman walked everywhere. Yet now and then he would absent-mindedly turn left and end up at a tavern on Maple Street instead of turning right to attend a strawberry festival on Elm.

Mr. Milford's grandfather had a horse. Unless he watched it closely this horse would turn down the Township Road instead of the County Seat Road, thus taking him to the feed store instead of to church.

A generation later Mr. Milford's father bought a car. One day he missed Cincinnati entirely and ended up in Louisville, Kentucky.

Which brings us to Mr. Milford. We know what he did.

Mr. Milford's son will use the interplanetary express, of course. One day he will buy a ticket to Neptune, wander onto the wrong launching ramp, and end up on Pluto, a mistake of roughly 7,310,000 miles. This is progress.



"But if Westbrook Pegler isn't an expert on labor, what IS he?"

It boils down to the following formula: $HE+S^2=C^{42}$ —Human Error (a relatively constant factor) plus Speed Squared, equals Confusion raised to the 42nd power.
—R. K.

■ DISILLUSIONMENT

The American invasion of Britain during the war left, in one spot, at least, an extravagant

idea of our national capacities.

A six-year-old Londoner was asking her mother the old, old question: "Where do babies come from?" The explanation seemed to satisfy her, but there was one more detail—could fathers have the babies as well as mothers?

Her mother shook her head. The daughter blinked. "What! not even Americans?"

—Rita Vandivert.

MY COUNTRY, RIGHT or LEFT?

An editor of the Gallup Poll, analyzing public opinion trends,

By William A. Lydgate

THERE have been four outstanding trends of public opinion in the United States since the end of the war: (1) a stiffening attitude toward Russia, (2) rising fear of another war, (3) a strongly developing sentiment for laws to control labor unions and regulate strikes, and (4) a swing to the right politically. Those trends have a vital bearing on the future.

Public opinion is a mighty, sometimes a brutal, force. It puts governments in and out of office, starts and stops wars, sets the tone of morality, makes and breaks heroes. What people think today largely determines what they will do tomorrow. The poll takers, such as Gallup, Elmo Roper, and various state and local polls, regularly take the nation's pulse and tell us how we feel. Right now it takes only two words to describe how we feel: *horribly disillusioned.*

The average American never doubted we would win the war; but he did wonder whether we would win the peace. He's not wondering any more. He's sure now that we are not winning the peace, as things stand today.

He started out after V-J day being optimistic about the future. Polls found a large majority of voters saying there was no likelihood of another major war in our lifetime—only 38 per cent were gloomy enough to believe there would be. Everywhere there was confidence that Russia would cooperate with us in fashioning a world order under which civilized nations could move forward to new achievements, free from the curse of fascism and the threat



explains a sharp swing

Illustrated by John Groth



of war. All recognized that tough problems lay ahead in creating what every liberal wanted the United Nations to become — a true Parliament of Man. But the air was full of hope.

Now that hope is largely dead.

Within one year after V-J day, the Gallup Poll was finding that almost nobody thought Russia would co-operate with us; that fewer than half the voters of the country were satisfied with the progress of the United Nations; and, most melancholy fact of all, that two out of every three (65 per cent) said they thought the United States would find itself in another war within 25 years. And those disillusioned views persist today.

Russia is being singled out by the American people as the culprit holding up world peace and understanding. Less than nine months after Potsdam, six out of every ten Americans had come to the conclusion that Russia was not merely trying to secure her borders against attack, but was seeking to dominate the rest of the world. Her foreign policy was condemned by nine out of ten voters expressing an opinion. Not

since the days of Hitler had the American public been so nearly unanimous in its attitude toward any foreign country. The "get tough" policy of Byrnes struck a responsive chord in American public opinion. In fact, the voters were "getting tough" in their own private thinking long before the State Department adopted that policy.

The Wallace affair, in spite of all the publicity it got, caused no change in public thinking. Afterward the people, for better or worse, continued as strong as ever in their feeling that the U. S. must be firm with the U.S.S.R. A big majority (78 per cent) think Russia has spies at work in the United States, and most Americans want to counteract Soviet propaganda abroad with a positive international program telling the world the advantages of democracy.

However, the let's-drop-a-few-atom-bombs-on-Moscow extremism doesn't appeal to our people. We don't want war with Russia—democracies never want to start wars. But neither would the people support a State Department with a policy of meeting Russia



any more than half way. The country's attitude doesn't change materially whenever the Russians show signs of temporarily relaxing their expansionist drives, or when they issue mollifying statements. Most people here seem to have reached the point where they cease to place much reliance on the small assurances handed out from time to time by the Kremlin.

The falling off in the warmth of the public's feeling toward Russia is well symbolized by a story that recently was going the rounds of the American delegation and secretariat at the United Nations. Some members of the U. N. Military Commission decided (so the story goes) to take a few days' vacation and journey out to South Dakota to shoot pheasants. Hearing of this, a correspondent from Tass, the Russian news agency, appeared at the Military Commission headquarters and buttonholed the press secretary.

"Tell me," he asked, "are the Russians going shooting too?"

"Look, Ivan," the press secretary replied, "I said pheasants, not peasants."

It's a curious situation—no-

body wants war with Russia, yet everybody (or two out of three of us) expects there will be war within 25 years, and we all have Russia in mind.

The very fact that the situation appears so gloomy may, however, be a healthy sign. Instead of idealistically supposing, as many did after 1918, that the world was safe for democracy, the nation today soberly realizes that you have to work to keep peace. The question all along has been whether the American people will want to pull out of Europe and turn isolationist. That's still the vital question of the future. The foreign offices of every nation are studying our actions carefully to find the answer.

So far as American public opinion is concerned, there's plenty of evidence on hand to supply the answer. It is NO, we are not turning isolationist. The *Fortune* Survey recently found six out of every ten voters wanting either to strengthen the existing U. N. organization or to form a world government in which the various countries would become states. In short, six out of every ten expressed "internationalist" sentiments as opposed to the "isolationism" of the 1920's and 1930's.

The wave of isolationism after the first World War set in comparatively early. Today, 18 months after World War II, no such wave appears to have started. In fact, the Gallup Poll has found a whopping majority opposed to pulling our troops out of Europe or the Orient. Even before the war ended, the public was thinking in terms of long occupations of the enemy countries. The more uncertainty and trouble there is abroad, the more deter-

mined the American people become *not* to pull out. Our quarrels with Russia have done a lot to keep alive the internationalist sentiment of the country.

There are a couple of important things, however, which that internationalist sentiment does not include. It does not include any public desire to share the secret or "know-how" of the atomic bomb with other countries, or to indulge in drastic disarmament. The average American envisions an army of 1,000,000 men and consistently votes in favor of keeping the peace-time military draft of young men. After the last war the United States neither joined the League of Nations nor kept a strong standing army—and we ended up in war. Today the average American apparently wants to reverse both those old policies by participating in a world organization and keeping militarily strong.

ON THE domestic front, voters list labor troubles alongside the high cost of living as the two leading issues since V-J day.

The public is not antiunion. It



believes in the right of collective bargaining, and it is quite often in sympathy with union demands for higher pay. But the public has become decidedly antistrike in its sentiments. The poll takers have collected a mass of information on attitudes toward labor-management disputes, and the pattern of public thinking is clear.



The average American outside the labor union movement feels that union leaders have grossly abused their power. He feels that unions and their leaders frequently ignore the welfare of the general public. He is opposed to the exercise of uncurbed power, whether it comes from the right or from the left. One of the basic lessons of American history—a lesson that dictators such as Hitler never seem to learn—is that the common people of this country will stand being pushed around just so long and no longer. Once they believe they are being bullied a powerful anger burgeons which is none the less awesome because it develops slowly and stays within the bounds of the law. In the 1880's the railroad magnates pushed people around, and were slapped down with the I.C.C. law regulating railroads.

Trusts abused their power until public pressure brought the anti-trust laws. Financial dictation by the banks led to the Federal Reserve Act. There was food and drug poisoning, then came the Food and Drug Act. Commodity gambling resulted in commodity exchange regulations. Stock market abuses brought the S.E.C. regulation, which stock exchange officials opposed as bitterly as union leaders have fought all attempts to regulate unions. Employers for years were unfair to unions, and we had the Wagner Labor Act to foster and protect the growth of the union movement. Today the public feels that many unions have become swollen with power, that they show callous, even reckless, disregard of the public interest. Is regulation of labor unions coming? So far as public opinion is concerned, it's long overdue.

What kind of regulations? Here are five steps which polls have found the public in favor of taking. (1) calling off all strikes and lockouts for a period of one year, to get production going full blast; (2) permanently prohibiting strikes in public utilities, such as gas, electric, telephone and local transportation companies, which can paralyze whole cities; (3) require a cooling-off period before any strike can be called, with investigation of the issues during the waiting period; (4) compulsory arbitration of labor disputes if they can't be settled privately between labor and management; and (5) legislation to prohibit "feather-bedding" or make-work practices on the part of unions.

Rightly or wrongly, the public tends to put the blame for indus-

trial disputes more on labor than on management. The public may be quite unfair to labor in that respect. But the unions have missed the boat for years in their handling of public relations. The resulting unpopularity has obscured the merits of many of their arguments. It is significant that whereas the trend of opinion during the last few years has been toward union regulation, there's almost no sentiment for government regulation of big business.

The swing to the right politi-



cally, which was dramatically evidenced by the November elections, was actually in evidence even before the war. It was temporarily halted by war. The high point of New Deal voting strength was the 1936 election, when Roosevelt polled 62½ per cent of the major party vote, a popular landslide almost without parallel in our history. Yet two years later the Democrats lost 76 seats in the House. Two years after that (1940) Roosevelt polled only 55 per cent of the popular vote against Wendell Willkie. The revolt against the Democratic Party began, then, sometime between 1936 and 1940. It started on the farms and in the small towns of the nation. The feeling grew that the Democratic administration was not working on behalf of all the people, but had become, instead, purely a labor adminis-

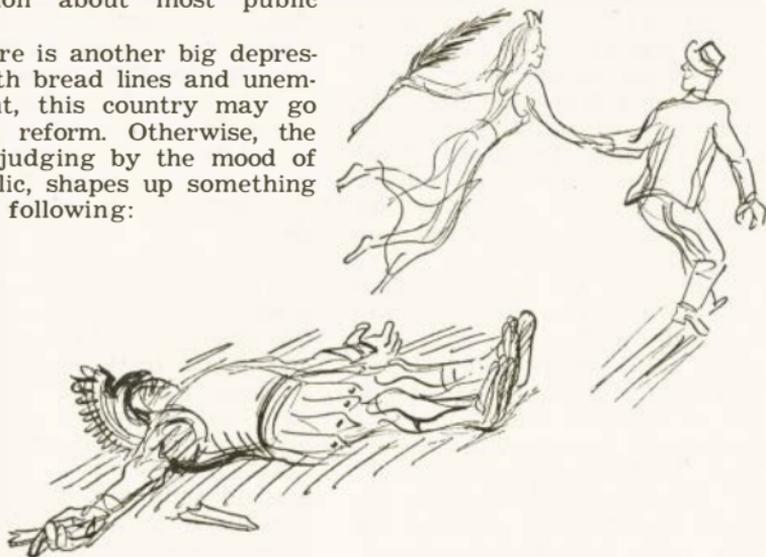
tration. The war sustained Roosevelt in office, his third term and fourth term victories resulting from the fact that a majority felt it unwise to change the man at the helm in the midst of war. Soon after peace returned, the Democratic Party tide receded. The Truman administration was not alone to blame; the swing to the right started years before he took over. And it would have required superhuman political genius to avert this once the war ended. The country simply grew tired of reform and tired of government controls.

Some liberals hoped that the veterans of World War II would be a force for continued social reform; that they would crusade in the postwar years against economic and social injustice. Here and there veterans have taken a spectacular part in politics. But poll after poll has found that the veterans as a group think no differently from the rest of the population about most public issues.

If there is another big depression, with bread lines and unemployment, this country may go back to reform. Otherwise, the future, judging by the mood of the public, shapes up something like the following:

A breathing spell for business. Amendment of the Wagner Labor Act, along with legislation to regulate labor union practices and control strikes. No major new social legislation. Continued public support for American co-operation with other nations, but a firm attitude toward Russia, Opposition to sharing the secrets of the atom bomb. Support for a strong army and navy, and peacetime military training for all young men. No drastic cut in income taxes (the public is more frightened by the size of the public debt than by the size of the taxes it has to pay).

In general there will be public apathy about politics, with low voter turnout on election days. There's no Roosevelt in the White House to dramatize government and make politics fun for Joe Doakes to watch and share.



MONTEREY

*This California port has history and romance,
but for the real heartbeat you go to Cannery
Row where the sardine fleet comes in*

By Grace Thorne Allen

MONTEREY, as fresh and salty as the wind blowing in from the Pacific, is a famous town. Nature, history, legend, and tourists have made it romantic. But Monterey is essentially just an honest, hard-working town. Most unromantically, it is known as "The Sardine Capital of the World."

Cannery Row is well within smelling distance of the heart of Monterey. Each year enough small sardines go forth from Cannery Row to tax the calculating powers of the minds which like to lay things end to end. During the 1944-45 season 234,613 tons of sardines were landed at Cannery Row. Fitted neatly, side by side, into little tin cans, they filled 1,663,661 standard cases. Those that escaped the tins became 8,305,401 gallons of sardine oil, 34,920 tons of sardine meal, and quite a lot of fertilizer.

Monterey's hard-working honesty has not robbed the town of zest nor diluted its romantic color. Fisherman's Wharf, jutting into Monterey Bay at the foot of Alvarado Street, is where Monterey's variety of color is most intensely concentrated. To the Monterey fishing fleet the Wharf is home base—fueling station, repair dock, social center. It

is the boulevard leading from the ships to the fishermen's various shore anchorages.

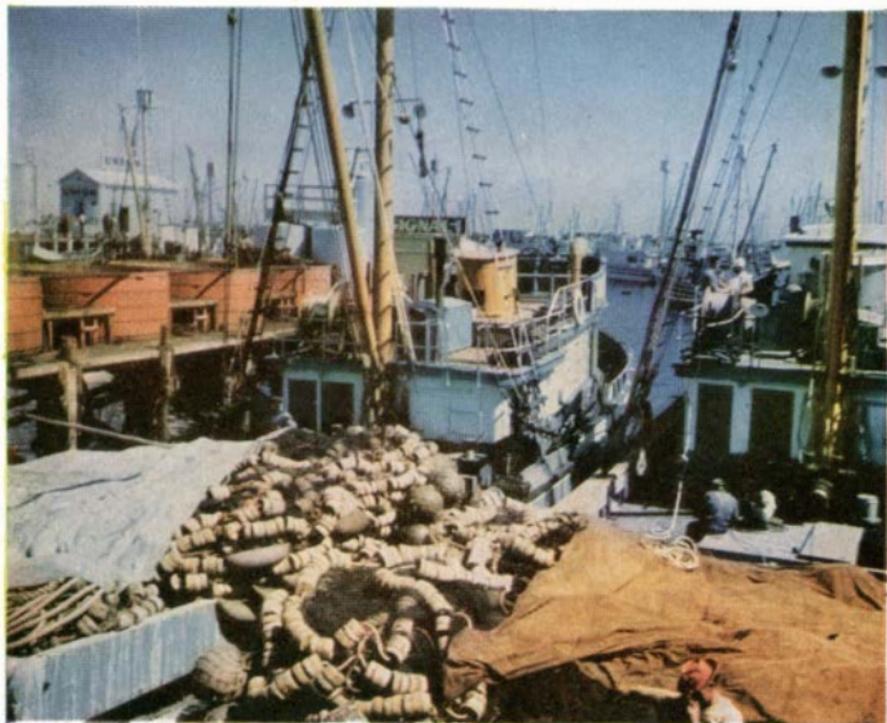
The Wharf is sometimes beautiful, sometimes ludicrous. The variation depends on the light, which is always changing, and on the observer's state of mind. Along the edges is a frame and corrugated iron assortment of barnacle-like buildings. Their odd backsides hang over the tidewaters at disordered angles. These are the cafés, the retail fish stalls, barns for icing and packing fresh fish, ships' chandlers, and sheds where, in season, abalones are pounded to edible consistency.

Housewives marketing for supper and hungry merchants scurry to their objectives. Fishermen come and go, never in a hurry. Tourists, always a class apart, dawdle.

They sniff good clean tar at the Chandler's door, calculate Kodachrome exposure time for the wild pink-and-red exterior of one shop, the green-blue-orange and maybe purple of its neighbor. They click shutters at the squawking, quarreling gulls, whose reflections in the fresh-washed sand are almost as pictorially lovely as the birds themselves. More than 53,000 went



A MONTEREY SARDINER is made fast at the wharf. The harbor is a jigsaw of boats.



THE WORKING END of the pier in Monterey Harbor is a refueling station, a vast repair shop—and a jumble. The flat red tanks are used for boiling out sardine nets between trips to sea.

through Monterey during the three summer months of '46. And the summer, with almost steady fog, is considered the off season. Winter brings better weather, and more visitors.

At the fish stalls, the visitors try to identify, among the more familiar sea bass, salmon, perch and halibut, the stranger creatures of the ocean—tiny flat sand dabs, naked-looking squid, an octopus, and the beautifully revolting green ling cod.

The Wharf itself has the minor rhythm of people hurrying—and moments of sudden, brief empti-

ness. Over all this is the true rhythm—the rumble of heavy wheels on loose planking, as trucks roll to the end of the pier with ice and supplies and return landward with cases of iced, fresh fish.

The sheltered bay between the breakwater and the wharf has its own type of traffic. During the sardine season boats refuel, boil out nets, stow supplies and take off for deep water. Returning, they unload their catch into mechanized underwater suction hoppers off Cannery Row to the south, then glide into moorings.



A CAREFUL EYE can detect the roller over the stern, over which nets and "pup" boats are hauled by power winches. Names of the purse-seiners are clues to the mixed nationalities of the fleet.

On a Saturday afternoon the harbor can be as active as Times Square. On a Sunday it can be crammed full of purse seiners at anchor.

By dawn on Monday it may be deserted except for small craft. The fleet has streaked southward to seek the famous sardines.

The Monterey sardine is eight or nine inches long. Known 40 years ago as "herring," it was rechristened, when canned in 1908, "soused mackerel." This change was at the insistence of a Federal Bureau of food chemistry. Today it is also called a pilchard—

particularly the larger specimens.

Herring, soured mackerel, or pilchard, the Monterey sardine is abundant, and in fact the most prolific fish of Monterey Bay. It also moves in schools or shoals coastwise to the south. And as unexpected, inexplicable, but periodic absences of sardines in the Bay confront the fishermen, the fleet moves out and fishes in deep water, as far south as Piedras Blancas off San Simeon, Point Concepcion, and Santa Barbara. The temporary disappearances of the sardine are explained in terms of the Japanese Current,



ANGELO'S CAFE is the blue building with red trim, on the famous Fisherman's Wharf. Tourists and artists like to discover the backsides of the buildings: ship chandlers, fish shops, restaurants.

the OPA, and "asking for it by not fishing when the season opens." Those are various explanations repeated by the sardine fleet personnel.

The fleet is largely manned by Monterey's biggest and newest minority. They are Italians and most of them came from Naples and Sicily to the West Coast at the beginning of the century. Monterey was already a colorful, fiesta-loving town. The fishermen

added the Festival of Santa Rosalia. This is held early in September—during the light of the moon, to avoid conflict with sardine fishing. The fishing season is from August, through February 15, *during the dark of the moon only.*

High Mass is celebrated at San Carlos Church. The statue of the patron saint of Sicilian fishermen is carried to the wharf where the dignified bishop blesses the fleet.

Monterey's prestige as a sardine port is recently acquired. The treasure in Monterey Bay was not really discovered until World War I. Through the season there are enough bad fishing streaks to cause recurrent fearful rumors that the sardines have left Monterey Bay. Occasionally there is a very bad year, but these balance lightly against the good. The canneries continue to expand—and the fleet puts out to sea.

During the past ten years, the sardine catch has leveled off to about 25,000 tons a year. During the 1944-45 season, the industry had a \$22,000,000 turnover. Pay-

ments to the fleet totaled \$5,220,139. The packing plants paid out \$2,307,513 to their workers.

During the 1946-7 season, just opened, when 41 plants will function, from 75 to 80 purse-seiners will be in operation. They carry an average load of 140 tons in the hold. The nets average 1500 feet in length, 250 feet in depth. They are uninsurable and cost from \$16,000 to \$17,000 each.

When the wind is off Cannery Row the odor of Monterey is not pleasant. But I love Monterey, and best of all I like Fisherman's Wharf. The characters, the sights, everything on the pier—they are all close to my heart.



Bringing home the halibut—in this case a 60-pound fish for the family during a between-cruise visit

Marriages That Don't Last

*Reno divorce attorneys explain
the mass smashup of young marriages*

By Mary Benton Smith

AN ESTIMATED 5000 men and women between 18 and 25 years of age had marriages dissolved in Reno alone last year. Very few of them had been married as long as three years.

Why did these marriages end in divorce? Why don't more marriages survive more than three years?

A cross section of Reno attorneys answered those questions. They had represented the young couples in the divorce actions. Their answers are from the young clients' divorce complaints. In the case of a young person whose marriage has failed, an attorney assumed the role of father. The answers, if simple, are bluntly tragic.

Lack of proper background for marriage, Reno's legal minds agree, is the first and fundamental cause for divorce among America's young people. And they are agreed that a new love is usually the spark to the average divorce proceedings.

A young maid who worked in the home of one of Reno's socially prominent attorneys surprised him by calling at his office. When she was seated she said: "I wanna divorce."

He was startled. The couple had been married but a short time and had seemed happy. They were prosperous. He checked through Nevada's nine possible grounds for divorce, to see which she thought applied to her case.

"Is your husband impotent, Myra?"

Hastily she answered, "Oh, no, sir!" when he had explained what the word meant.

Neither drunkenness, improvidence, nor any of the other causes seemed to apply. At last the attorney came to cruelty as a cause.

And, he added, "It can be either physical or mental."

"I guess it's mental then," she said. "I just lost my taste for that man."

Within three months after divorce there is usually a remarriage of one, often of both, of the parties.

Dr. Ralph Irwin, University of Nevada psychology professor, has

Youthful marriage at its most exuberant moment is symbolized by this extraordinary Rollei-flex picture, made by Hermann Landshoff. But exuberance is short-lived. . . . What comes next? In this article a seasoned observer discusses causes as seen by lawyers, and suggests cures for marriages' unhappy endings.



pointed out that the age at time of marriage was lower recently because of hurried war-time marriages.

The hysteria of war produced the urge to "give the boys what they want; they may not come back." So, many had quickie weddings, later to be followed by quickie divorces.

Youths who married under war-time stress were inclined to "feel emancipated and make the mistake of thinking that marriage alone conferred upon them stability and judgment," one attorney said.

Another complaint arising from marriages made under war-time excitement is expressed by one wife's remarks: "We don't know each other. We are strangers." Personalities in the late teens and middle twenties are still growing.

Reactions from war marriages show a trend of young women divorcing young husbands to marry older men. Many women who overworked during the war years find life intolerable with husbands who refuse to settle down after discharge from military service. In older men they see possibility for financial and social security. The nuances of this attitude are often expressed to the attorneys.

"I hate to be mauled," a 23-year-old said. Her second marriage was to her 40-year-old employer.

"I want home life and an opportunity to read. I hate pub crawling and beer busts," another said.

Many young women who marry older men come from broken homes. They were raised by divorced mothers and in the older

husbands they probably unconsciously seek substitutes for the fathers they little knew.

Some women married young military men with a purely mercenary motive. For several years the women lived on allotments and possibility of death insurance. Now most of the allotments have been discontinued and the husbands have returned to jobs lacking in glamour.

Wives with such standards have crowded into Reno to get rid of "the insurance policy which did not pay off" and to prepare for their next prey. This type is often responsible also for divorces in other families.

Another type of woman is known in Reno as "the sizzling bloomer type." She will flatter an old man into feeling young and gay. The man sends his elderly wife to Reno, pays her well, and marries his bloom-of-youth bride. Almost invariably such a man is soon sobered. He pays off his young second wife, gets another divorce, and returns to his former spouse.

Another source of divorces is the war-time "shotgun marriage," and the friendship of convenience. One Army man, in his middle 20's, sought a divorce from the Eurasian wife he married in Honolulu. They met on the beach. She was of a wealthy and prominent family. She became pregnant and he married her to make the child legitimate.

A sailor, 20 years old, recently asked for an annulment. He had married one night after meeting a girl in a bar in the Panama Canal Zone. He said he didn't remember a thing about the marriage. His first knowledge came from the Naval chaplain when he

woke up next day in Naval custody. The girl had found out from friends that he was single. She got him drunk, then married him so that she could get into the United States. She did not contest the annulment. She did, however, have a few observations to make in what an attorney described as a spicy bit of Spanish. In no way timid, she asked for the support of a child born well over a year after the two parties to the marriage had separated.

When this technical detail was pointed out she said, with picturesque elaborations, "I named the baby after him, so he is the father."

Reno attorneys often rescue young marriages from the divorce block. One boy, 19 years old, wrote to his young bride, 18, that he wanted a divorce. He had made a Belgian girl pregnant. Instead of giving him the divorce, his wife went out and became pregnant by another man. When the husband returned he was indignant, and so were both families. The Reno attorney, who had known both families, called them all into his office.

"Did you think it was all right to get the Belgian girl pregnant?" the attorney asked the boy.

The boy said, "No."

"Do you think the Belgian girl is a tramp?"

The boy swallowed hard and said, "Of course not."

"Then consider your wife in the same light."

The boy reached for his wife's hand. She cried without control, and they left the office together. The attorney then undertook the task of making the parents forgive the girl. This was not accom-

plished until he suggested to the husband's father that he go back 25 years and remember his own conduct.

"I recommended that the couple get out of town, away from both families," the attorney said. "I further suggested that they be left to their own resources. The last I heard of them, the boy had a good job and the girl had assumed the responsibility of the home."

"If families could be kept out of the way half of the married troubles of young people would be over," the attorney said.

Crowded living conditions, lack of privacy, and dependency upon families and friends for housing have contributed much to conditions which lead to the divorce courts. Used to the war-time tempo, which affected a fourth of their lives, the very young are inclined to rush into divorce as they rushed into marriage.

Eliminating quickie divorce systems would not prevent broken homes and divorce. Where, then, can America's young people get insurance against divorce?

That type of insurance is not available except in homes headed by responsible parents. Such hypothetical happy marriage insurance policies should be labeled *Background for Marriage*. They could be had in installments beginning at birth and extending for 25 years. This may be thought old-fashioned. It is—as ancient as the human race. It is understanding which becomes love. Only when this understanding permeates all our homes can we slow down the rush of our children to the Reno marriage chopping block.

Citizens First, Veterans Second

With this slogan, AVC faces tough competition in the scramble for ex-G. I. support

By Paul S. Green

A NEW member of the Washington, D. C. chapter of the American Veterans Committee attended his first meeting and followed the evening's discussion with a puzzled air. "I thought I was in the wrong place," he explained later. "They talked about everything from the atomic bomb and the United Nations to the Republicans and labor unions. Not a word about veterans. What kind of a veteran's organization is that?"

It took him some time to realize that the AVC is founded on the unique notion that ex-soldiers should not set themselves apart from their fellow citizens who did not have the good fortune to sleep in foxholes and eat C rations. The AVC is belligerently opposed to the medieval idea—still widely prevalent—that veterans have the God-given right to plunder the public treasury at will. At times, however, the AVC in its earnestness is inclined to overdo its slogan—"Citizens first, veterans second,"—and to neglect the veteran's legitimate concerns.

But when the AVC does finally

become aroused over an injustice to the veteran, it makes itself heard in the highest places. That happened in the fight for terminal leave pay—a sore point with enlisted men who watched their officers walk off with payment for accumulated furlough time, while they got nothing. Rallying to their defense, the AVC succeeded in breaking the deadlock that kept the bill snarled in Congress.

With the Senate insisting on bonds redeemable in five years and a House set on cash payment, the AVC contributed the triumphant suggestion that five-year bonds could also be used immediately toward National Service Life Insurance. This battle somewhat re-established AVC in the eyes of enlisted men who have been grumbling—unjustly—that it had too much brass.

Although one of the two best-known of the new veterans' groups—the other is Amvets—the AVC shows no signs of becoming the dominant veterans' organization of this war. The veterans of each American war have banded together to form exclusive societies. Students of veter-

ans' affairs expected the soldiers of this war to do the same. When the Legion and the VFW decided finally to admit the boys of this war, they were amazed to find so many accepting membership. More than 2,000,000 are already Legionnaires, and over 1,500,000 are with the VFW.

The old vet groups still don't know why they're so popular. Yet some of the reasons are clear. The Legion and the VFW are solidly established, with thousands of chapters in small American towns that have become community social centers. The AVC is unknown in the hinterlands. Chartered by Congress and with members in both legislative bodies, the Legion and the VFW have the ear of politicians and bureaucrats. They can get things done—papers straightened out, red tape cut, grievances acted on. Both groups, with huge treasuries, conducted aggressive drives for membership before the AVC was organized.

This puts the AVC, with its paltry 75,000 members and 600 chapters, way in the back seat. But with the confidence of youth, it accepts the challenge. To counter the practical advantages of the old-line organizations, it is armed with an unusual conception of what a veterans' organization should be. It considers the needs of the country as a whole rather than of the veterans as a special group.

It is progressive and internationalist in politics. It ignores the bright uniforms, the rowdy parties, the parades and hell-raising of the Legion. Ideologically, it is the child of the New Deal, the United Nations, and of One World psychology.

These principles have aroused the scorn and anxiety of the Legion, the VFW and its own contemporary, Amvets. Their leaders profess not to understand how AVC can claim to speak for the veteran when it admits as members the enemy of all class-conscious and two-fisted servicemen, the men of the merchant marine. They are amazed that the AVC should take positive stands on crucial political issues such as OPA and housing, which are obviously of no concern to the veteran!

At first, these organizations ignored the new group, looking on it as just another of those thousands of letterhead veterans' organizations that sprang up during the war. As the AVC gained in strength, they began to regard it as a nuisance, something that would not last. Now, they are forced to accept it as a rival. The Legion and VFW leadership have declared war on the AVC, denouncing it at every turn, and in many cases forbidding their chapters from co-operating with AVC in local campaigns, as some of them have been doing. In return, the AVC has given up its previous policy of cordial relationship with the bigger groups and is trading blow for blow—David against Goliath.

AVC's unorthodox character dates back to its conception. Veterans organizations have traditionally come into being after a war and over a round of beers. The formation of this group was alive in the minds of its creators even before Pearl Harbor.

The AVC's daddy is a sincere young man named Gilbert Harrison, now its second in command. Born in Detroit and brought up

in Los Angeles, Harrison was deeply concerned with religion—not doctrinaire religion, but the religion that teaches that men are brothers no matter what God they worship.

After joining the Army Air Force, he found these ideas taking shape more surely. Finally, in January, 1943, when he was a private at the Deming, N. M., air base, he wrote a remarkable letter to 25 carefully selected friends. "I regarded them as the hope of the country," he said.

He explained his idea for a postwar organization and voiced its principles:

"First, the continuing destiny of the United States lies in its willingness to throw its wealth, power, leadership, and idealism into the balance on the side of world order and world freedom.

"Second, a world economic system which provides employment at a living wage to every man willing to work, so that he may raise his family on the highest economic standard made possible by nature and human invention.

"Third, minorities, whether of race, religion, or nationality, should be treated with just equality.

"Fourth, we must at all cost protect the freedom of speech, press, religion, radio, motion pictures, and other public services."

Harrison realized that they could not afford to wait until the war was over before creating the framework of the new organization. Yet, one by one, they were being sent overseas. So he set out to find a man—already discharged—to take charge of the group and keep things humming until they came back.

Archibald MacLeish told him he

needed a man "with fire in his belly." Elmer Davis, then OWI head, said that if he knew such a man, he'd hire him himself. Peculiarly, the man was already on his pay roll. One day Harrison spoke to Mrs. Thomas Parran, wife of the Surgeon General, who suggested a fellow named Charles Bolté, working with OWI in New York. Harrison and several friends wangled three-day passes and went to New York to size up the candidate.

The fledgling organization was turned over to Bolté. They made a happy choice in selecting Bolté, then 24. The son of a well-to-do advertising man, Bolté was brought up in Greenwich, Connecticut. He attended Dartmouth College.

Bolté felt so strongly about the war that he joined the British Army and lost a leg at El Alamein. Robert Sherwood persuaded him to go with OWI after he returned to the United States.

Bolté's striking qualities are many. He is a born leader, fine speaker, excellent writer. But he is rather aloof, hard to understand, sincerely interested in the problems of society, yet more for the people than of them. He has a flair for color, for attracting attention, for deeply impressing those who meet him.

Bolté took over AVC in May, 1944. It was then almost unknown. A month later it got its first big break. William L. Shirer wrote about it in his newspaper column, and interest began to perk up. In July, a National Planning Committee of four members was formed to set policy. In October, the first charter went out to Washington, D. C. From then on it was a slow, but steady, rise.

In the middle of last June, the first national convention was held in Des Moines. There the Communist issue came to a head. By that time, a Communist minority had formed, as it does in most liberal organizations. This was possible because the AVC—as opposed to the old-line vet groups—practiced the democracy it preached and admitted members regardless of political affiliation.

More recently the AVC has stated:

“We oppose the entrance into our ranks of members of the Communist Party and we shall strive to prevent them when and if, by subterfuge and deceit they gain such entrance, from attempting to use AVC as a sounding board for their own perverse philosophy.”

The opposition marshaled its combined forces for the convention, concentrating its fire not on Bolté—who was too well established to be unseated—but on Harrison, who was Bolté's choice for the vice-chairmanship.

There was a short and sharp battle at Des Moines, with both sides playing politics furiously—calling caucuses, making deals, meeting in smoke-filled rooms. The Communists and the militants won a respectable number of votes but lost out to Harrison. However, they secured about 25 per cent of the seats on the National Planning Committee.

Rightist columnists and other vet groups assail the AVC as Communistic. Certain important members of AVC say it is a Communist target. But the Communists are not greatly concerned with the AVC. They regard it rather slightly as a group of intellectuals who can never at-

tract many members and who will never be influential. The Communists expend their efforts mainly in trying to liberalize the Legion and the VFW, with their huge memberships.

The left-wingers have perhaps won control of several state and city AVC organizations. Top AVC leadership is not sure what to do about it since, so far at least, they are averse to following the red-baiting tactics of the Legion. They find themselves in the same quandary as all liberal organizations—wondering how to get along with the Communists.



AVC's prime interest right now is in getting members.

The great bulk of the veterans—more than 10,000,000—have not yet made up their minds. If a Two-World psychology rises among them, if rightist politicians gain power in Washington, if America drifts farther away from Russia—then AVC's liberal policies may be too radical for most of them. In that case, they may follow their buddies into the Legion, the VFW, or perhaps Amvets.

On the other hand, if Roosevelt's domestic policies are re-established, if the United Nations weathers its crises, if One World remains secure—then AVC will find its membership increasing. Just as the Legion—isolationist in the 20's—reflected the mass of American opinion in that period, veterans in a progressive and international-minded America may make the AVC their spokesman.

Department of the Interior

■ LIFE BEGINS AT MARRIAGE

It happened in New England. A forceful and much married lady was burying her third husband. On his tombstone she wished engraved the dates of his death and birth. The gravestone cutter, who had known the gentleman as one ripe in years, demurred when, according to the calculations she gave him, he saw that the deceased would have been all of twelve years old. "You got that wrong," he said, "Mr. Hartley lived a sight longer than that."

The bereaved froze him with a glance. "I consider, Mr. Adams, that Mr. Hartley started to live when he married me."—*Iika Chase.*

■ THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

Money isn't everything, and few people even know much about it. Here are a few facts that may give you a new slant on those dollars you so-casually throw on the counter. Our bills come from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington, our coins from the mints in Philadelphia, Denver and San Francisco. A five-pointed star preceding the serial number on a bill means the bill is a replacement for one damaged in production, or it marks the 100,000,000th bill in a series, because the numbering machines can't print "100,000,000." They have only eight digits, so 99,999,999 is tops.

Those \$1, \$5 and \$10 bills with

yellow seals were made for Yank military operations in North Africa and Sicily. Now they're good anywhere. The gold seal was used so the money could be isolated if the Nazis grabbed it. The ones, fives, tens and twenties with the word "Hawaii" printed on face and back have brown seals and were used exclusively in the Hawaiian Islands throughout the war.

The sawtooth Treasury seal on the face of every bill is older than our Constitution. It was used on documents in 1782, perhaps earlier. The design includes a shield on which appear the scales of justice, a key, emblem of official authority, and 13 stars representing the original States. The words around the border, "Theaur. Amer. Septent. Sigil.," are abbreviations of the Latin for "The Seal of the Treasury of North America."

Your dollar bill is about 6.14 inches long, 2.61 inches wide, and .0043 of an inch thick, which means you'd need 233 bills to make a stack one inch high. The paper is impregnated with tiny red and blue threads which strengthen it. The life of an average single is nine months.

Our silver coins are not all silver, some of our nickels contain no nickel and our wartime "coppers" were made of steel. The motto "In God We Trust" first appeared on a two cent piece in 1864, after several pious folks appealed to

Secretary of the Treasury Salmon P. Chase to have the Deity recognized on our coins. The motto appeared on the nickel from 1866 to 1883 and was then dropped until the Jefferson nickel was introduced in 1938. It appeared on the penny in 1909 and on the dime in 1916.—*Harry Edward Neal.*

■ ANY MAN

If you were sweet and young and enrolled in Hollywood's biggest model school—and if you followed faithfully your teacher's advice—the first thing each morning you would go to your mirror, smile at yourself lovingly and in a caressing voice say over and over, "I am a very beautiful girl and I have much to offer, I am a very beautiful girl and I have much to offer, I am a very beautiful girl and I have much to offer."

If you *still* felt you'd been slighting yourself, you would conclude by saying, "Any man would be lucky to know me, any man would be lucky to know me, any man would be lucky to know me."—*O.K.*

■ CRAP RAP

In Reno they were discussing the man who lost \$220,000 in a local crap game.

"Ridiculous," an elderly woman said, "he should have given the money to people who need it."

"He did," Joe McDonald, of the *Nevada State Journal* replied.

The editor referred to the people of Nevada and of the United States. Nevada's take was \$2,200, or one per cent, while the federal government got \$175,000 in income taxes from the winner.—*M. B. Smith.*

■ 1000-TO-ONE YOU'RE LUCKY

Readers may be interested to know that while their chances are 1000 to one against their breaking their necks accidentally, even these odds can be improved. Safety consultants F. G. Lippert and A. R. Lateiner have found that luck, which most of us blithely assume to be unlimited, actually operates on a scientific principle of its own.

There is a definite ratio between chance-taking and accidents. Out of every 1000 risks you take, like standing on a wobbly chair to fix a light, 330 will involve a scare such as wobbling momentarily while you clutch the air. Of these 330 endangering experiences, 29 will result in minor injuries—you'll bark your shins, perhaps, or sprain an ankle. One—and here's the catch—will end in a major injury that may land you in the hospital . . . or the morgue. Since fate will catch up on you in the long run, the only



way to reduce your mishaps to zero is to quit taking chances.

Lippert and Lateiner have tested the 100-330-29-1 ratio in a number of sizeable operations, including the Brooklyn Navy Yard. It stands up. Now the pair are dramatizing their discovery for all industry, hoping to cut down our 9,000,000 industrial accidents a year. Ten thousand foremen already have taken courses which say, in effect, that if you stand on the wobbly chair long enough your luck will run out, so better try a solid one.

The experts haven't said whether or not they recommend a life without any risk at all. But they give no ground in recommending that people calculate their risks and cut out the needless ones. That is, if they care about longevity.—*Beatrice Schapper*.

■ THINGS WORTH KNOWING

The common pronunciation of "pianist," with the accent on the first syllable, is not only silly, affected and unpleasant but etymologically incorrect. The word "piano" is an abbreviation of the Italian "*pianoforte*," literally "soft and loud," meaning an instrument that can play both ways. The Italian *i* before another vowel corresponds to the Latin *l*, and is not really a vowel but a consonant, like the English *y* in a similar spot. ("Piano" is from "planus," meaning low, flat, hence soft, as in "plane.")

You cannot accent a consonant, so why accent the first syllable of "pianist"? Pronounce it "pianist," exactly as in "piano" itself, and you will avoid all double meanings, artificiality, ugliness, and accusations of ignorance. And

you might try saying "accompanist" instead of "accompanyist."—*Sigmund Spaeth*.

■ THERE OUGHT TO BE A MIKE

We hear plaintive laments that modern technology has all but destroyed the good old town meeting type of democracy. Yet if we sincerely prized that ancient form we could utilize that very technology to restore many of its fundamental aspects.

There are three essential features of the democratic process:

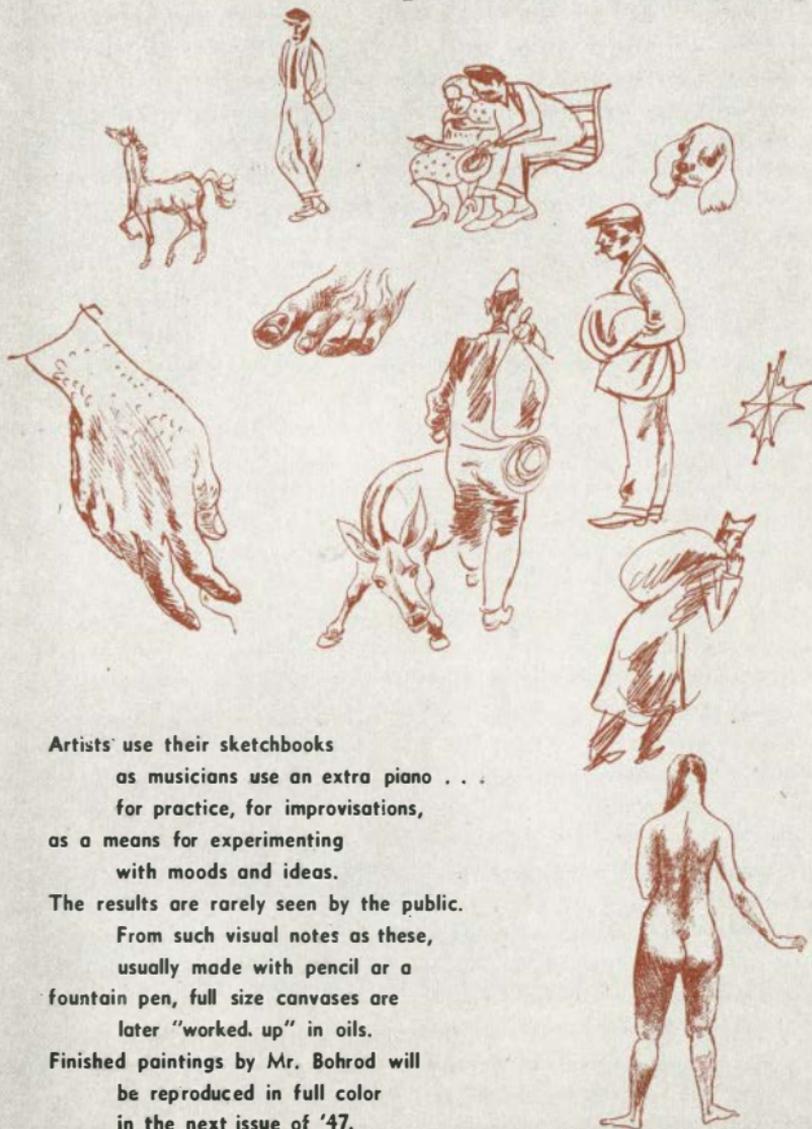
- (1) Citizens talking to their government;
- (2) Government talking to the citizens;
- (3) Citizens talking to each other.

Let us take the second one as our chief concern. Though most public officials can no longer address their constituents face to face, every citizen can hear the voice of his official representative by radio.

The direct contacts of democracy should be provided by a public broadcasting system, available only to public officials. Its time should be free and should be apportioned among different governmental agencies, levels of government, and political parties. Any official with a legitimate message could bring it before his constituency within an hour. City council meetings, for instance, could be broadcast. Citizen groups could obtain air time; democracy would have a voice. The results in the political education of the populace would be incalculable. To object that such a system would be abused is to proclaim a distrust for democracy.—*Henry Pratt Fairchild*.

FROM AN ARTIST'S SKETCHBOOK

Visual notes from the
Sketchbook of Aaron Bohrod



Artists use their sketchbooks
as musicians use an extra piano . . .
for practice, for improvisations,
as a means for experimenting
with moods and ideas.

The results are rarely seen by the public.

From such visual notes as these,
usually made with pencil or a
fountain pen, full size canvases are
later "worked up" in oils.

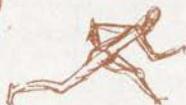
Finished paintings by Mr. Bohrod will
be reproduced in full color
in the next issue of '47.











Nudes, Fruits, and Jugs

*These props helped bumptious Robert Brackman paint his way
to wealth*

By Donita Ferguson

"AS DULL as ever," wrote a critic.

"I have never been stirred by anything he has done," announced another.

To these typical reviews of his paintings, internationally famous Robert Brackman answers by—painting. But on other occasions he has been known to say, in lectures, of those whom he does not consider to be able authorities:

"Parasites . . . professional esthetes . . . afraid of losing their jobs." At 48, Robert Brackman has arrived cashwise at a very good income; artwise at representation in museums from Manhattan to Honolulu, and otherwise at an artistic storm center.

Short and stocky, his crew haircut and mettlesome eyes suggest more the first mate off a cargo ship than the artist. And he's as scrappy as he looks. "Art-world leeches—and I mean critics and museum directors—are in virtual control of American taste," he has declared in Art Students League lectures. "The public takes what it gets—amateur stuff, good for nothing but dilettantes and salon show-offs. The distortion-nightmare cult has permeated to art students, 99 per cent of whom use the classroom to express their

ignorance—they call it their souls—rather than their knowledge."

On the other side of the controversy, a critic repeats a four-letter word for Brackman—"dull." When it comes to his craftsmanship, however, even the more fretful critics pull out all the stops—"sheer rightness," "superlative adjustment of values."

His self-confidence is awesome to behold. Excepting himself, and a handful like Brook, Speicher, the Soyers and McFee, he implies that few paint anything worth the price of their brushes.

Brackman's painting of his daughter, Celia, on the cover of this magazine, illustrates his theory of portraiture. Celia is a lovely little girl of six, faunlike in her shy, hesitant independence. Brackman calls this painting *My Youngest*. You would know her anywhere. But Brackman was not out to tell the world what Celia looks like. His purpose was to convey the concept *Child*. Does he succeed? Most of his critics admit in this case that he does.

ONCE a famous financial firm wished to get Brackman to do a painting of a director who lived in Boston. He said that he would



Brackman's latest portrait of his wife, mother of the six-year old Celia shown on the cover.

do the painting for \$4500 if it were done in his Noank studio, for \$5500 if in Boston.

The wealthy men with whom he was lunching on the top floor of one of the world's richest and most powerful banks wanted to pay \$3000. The artist said, "Gentlemen, Boston has many so-called portrait painters. Choose one of them."

They countered with a show of

indignation. "We are not interested in having a picture of a man. We want a work of art."

The tough little artist replied: "We are having lunch over a concentration of wealth. You say you like good art. Every man at this table with me has resources beyond possible personal concern. Perhaps you can find \$1500."

They laughed with embarrassment and one of them said, "I

The pitcher and "the glorious old table" are to be found in almost every Brackman still life. The table turns out to be a common kitchen table; the painter's craftsmanship does the rest.



ENGRAVED FROM THE ORIGINALS BY THE BINGHAM PHOTOENGRAVING CO.



"Nude but not naked" is Brackman's explanation of why his unclothed females delight but do not shock. "Rhythmless nudes are disconcerting, risqué." This is "Arrangement with Figure, No. 9."

couldn't now really find \$1000."

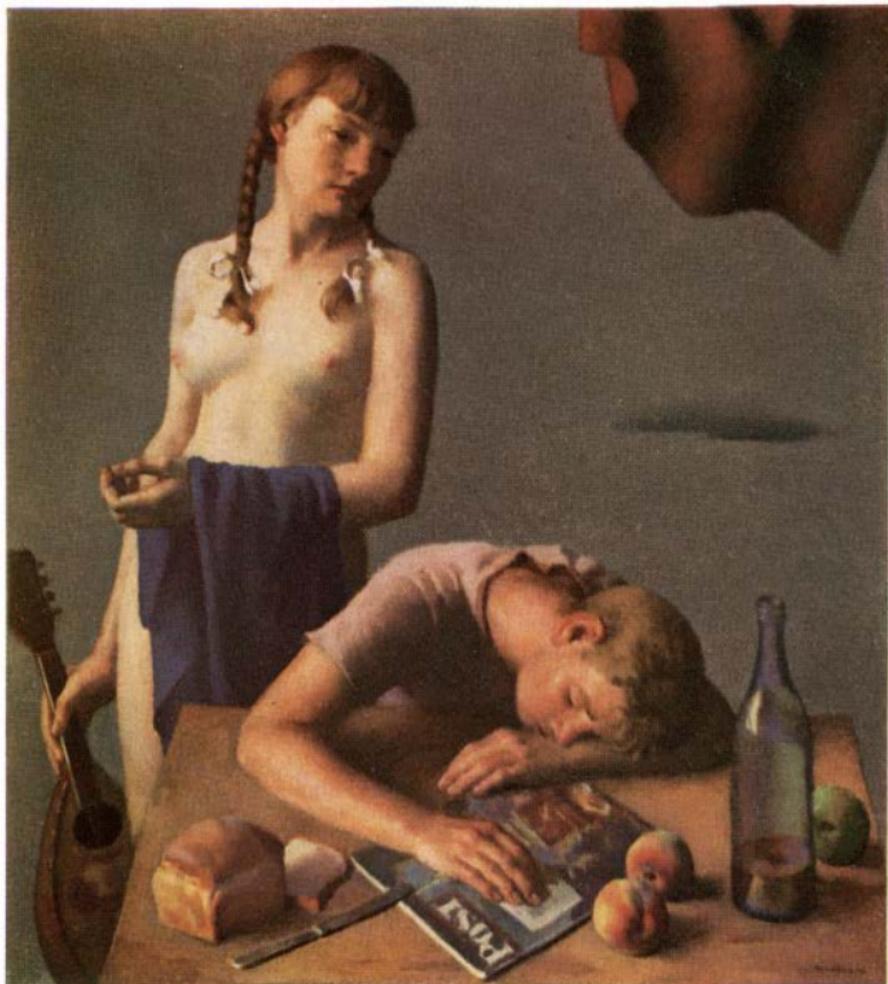
Brackman left the luncheon without saying more. A telegram followed, closing on his terms.

Brackman undertook to paint the wife of the pecan king of America in a special deal—\$2500 before he touched brush to canvas; \$2500 on completion—if the client liked the portrait. If not, Brackman was to keep the first payment and the painting too.

When Brackman met his sitter, he had a bad moment. She turned out to be beautiful, vital, glamorous and big—no easy group of qualities to project through oils.

"My Lord!" he let fly, "What can I do for this woman that God hasn't already done?" But he went to work, and the client kept the portrait.

In Brackman's view, the schools (there are 300,000 art students



No discourtesy to any magazine was intended by the artist—he wanted to show that a "Returned Mariner" finally ignores all the pleasures. Brackman uses family and neighbors as models.

in the United States today as against a prewar average of 20,000) are as culpable as the shallow esthetes in the plight of American art. "They are staffed with disappointed artists who neither know nor give a hang about technical skill."

Brackman now paints, besides other canvases, only three portraits a year, averaging \$5000 each. His subjects are usually leaders in their fields, and the range is from food packers to college presidents. One prominent man sat 22 times for a portrait.

BRACKMAN was not always in this exalted position. At first he led an insecure, turbulent life. Through it all, however, he practiced what he now preaches.

He began to acquire discipline at the age of eleven by copying paintings in museums. His father, a Russian, had just brought the family from Odessa to New York. Between struggling with English and going to school, Brackman gave himself the thorough drubbing in discipline which was one day to earn him such attention.

He left home when he was 15, but his unrelenting pursuit of skill continued at the National Academy of Design's School and under the private tutelage of George Bellows. In 1932 the National Academy was finally forced to recognize this obstreperous artist by electing him a member.

Part of Brackman's well-known defiance may have come from the extreme financial and personal stress under which he once lived. All this showed in his paintings which, as he points out, repelled more people than they attracted and barely kept him in shoes.

From 1924 to 1934 he was a vagabond engraver, working nights as a Ben Day artist for six months each year. The rest of the time he painted, a fact which was not known to his boss until years later when his portraits of Charles Augustus and Ann Morrow Lindbergh won him international publicity. Brackman believes he is the only member of the National Academy who ever held a card in the International Photoengravers or any other union. He also claims he has been tossed out of practically every studio in New York for nonpayment of rent.

In 1936 Robert Brackman married Frances Richard Davis, daughter of a Toledo surgeon and one of his students at the Minneapolis School of Art where he taught for one season. This was his second marriage.

Coinciding with that period his income has been agreeable, his reputation enviable, his life serene. The former Miss Davis has contributed to this happy state, which has been reflected in the pleasant serenity of his paintings. That she is gracious, personable, and appealing is evident from the many Brackman studies in which she figures as leading lady.

Brackman plays a little ping-pong and occasionally hammers the piano in a lusty, untrained way. Otherwise he has no hobbies. He never goes swimming, although he lives on the water. He never goes near any of his clubs, and rarely takes a day off. When he does, he's fidgety. Every moment away from painting is time forever lost to him.

He is convinced that leisure and security are essential to the creation of great art. "Success makes for self-confidence and self-confidence makes for better work." Since most of the world thinks transcendent masterpieces are born of agony and suffering, Brackman's is a somewhat radical notion.

Brackman's students—he thinks he has taught about 5,000—are devoted to him. "There's no baloney about him," explains David Lax, a prominent ex-Brackman student who was invited last autumn to show in the coveted Carnegie International, "and his sense of humor is something marvelous. Essentially, he is a simple guy."

ADVENTURES IN A BALLOON

For travel, for racing, for jumping over houses—try a balloon

By Harold S. Kahn

DETROIT lay sleeping under a clear night sky. A taxi driver, idling in an empty street, happened to glance up. For a moment he wondered if it were still the middle of the 20th Century. A hundred feet over his head, visible in the sharp moonlight, floated a great balloon with a large basket suspended from it. A human figure appeared to be in the basket. The taxi driver, with controlled excitement, followed its flight until it came to earth and the passenger climbed out.

The solitary passenger turned out to be a lady—Mrs. Jean Piccard, who at the moment was having the time of her life, and also getting in the two hours of night solo required for her free-balloon pilot's license.

BALLOONING for pleasure seems to be safer than bicycling. And it requires less exertion. When you want to ascend, you just toss some ballast, usually sand, overboard. When you want to come down, you just pull your valve cord. Nothing to it.

And you get places, too. The U. S. long distance record is 1172 miles. In 1912, a Frenchman bal-

looned 1298 miles from Paris to Moscow.

The free balloon has no motor, no guiding fins or rudders. To some extent horizontal direction can be controlled by going up or coming down into a current of air blowing on the desired course. But, by and large, where the wind blows the balloon must go. The pilot can, strictly, direct his course only in two directions: up and down. But he can land on a dime.

IN 1783, in France, the Montgolfier brothers invented the balloon and set in motion the first human ascent. They were intrigued by the fact that smoke went up into the air, often carrying cinders and bits of charred paper or wood with it. They built a paper bag 35 feet high, hung a pot of smoking charcoal under it, and waited to see what, if anything, would happen. The great bag filled with smoke and sailed up into the air, pot and all. The news spread. The French Academy of Science, not believers in the supernatural, invited the Montgolfiers to Paris to repeat the trick.

The Montgolfiers' experiment was scheduled to take place at Versailles in the presence of the King and many of the French nobility. The Montgolfiers attached a basket to their balloon. In this they placed a rooster, a duck, and a sheep. If, they announced, these three creatures could go up in the balloon and return to earth alive and unharmed, the next obvious step would be to try sending up a human being.

This announcement really hit the jack pot. Suppose the final preliminary experiments were in progress now for a human rocket flight to Mars? The sensation would be comparable to that in France when the Montgolfier experiments were being discussed. Paris throbbed with the news. Half the population turned out.

The Montgolfier balloon was ready. The mooring ropes were cut. The balloon sailed serenely into the air, and at last disappeared from view. There weren't many people who ever thought that the rooster, the duck, and the sheep would live through the trip. But eventually the balloon came down. The only injury that had occurred in the flight was a broken leg incurred by the duck, trampled en route. Paris went mad. Now the way was clear for a man to leave the earth, and come back alive, for the first time since the world began.

Who would the man be? A French judge thought he had the logical answer. There were several prisoners awaiting execution. The judge offered them their choice—a ride in a balloon or the guillotine. All but two of the condemned men preferred the guillotine. The two who did volunteer didn't get their chance after



CULVER

all. A young nobleman by the name of Rozier offered himself for the great adventure.

Rozier's family was upset. His friends remonstrated with him. The King himself protested. But the trial took place on November 21, 1783.

Rozier climbed into the basket. The crowd was silent, as though witnessing the execution of an innocent man. At a signal the mooring ropes that held the tugging balloon were severed. Rozier, waving to his friends, ascended. Few expected to see him alive again.

The balloon rose higher and higher. It disappeared from view. Rozier, enjoying one of the supreme thrills man has ever experienced, calmly flew halfway across Paris, then proceeded to land without a scratch.

FOR the next 100 years every kind of experiment was tried to im-

prove the balloon as a means of air transport. The big problem was how to make it go where you wanted it to go, regardless of the wind. The shifting use of air currents at higher and lower levels was tedious. Efforts were made to use other methods to gain horizontal direction.

With the invention of the internal combustion engine in the 90's this new engine was tried immediately. In 1901, Santos-Dumont, a Brazilian, won 100,000 francs as a prize for guiding his small gasoline-powered dirigible across Paris.

At about the same time a German count by the name of Zeppelin was experimenting. The famous *Graf Zeppelin* finally established the dirigible as a method of air travel. Helium, a monopoly of the United States, makes the great bags secure against the kind of fire hazard and disaster that finally overtook the otherwise highly successful *Hindenburg*.

FREE balloons, today, are used for three main purposes: for sport, for the training of airship pilots, and for scientific purposes such as the exploration of the stratosphere. There are thousands of licensed free balloon pilots in the United States, most of them trained by the Navy during the war. Balloon racing was popular in the United States until about 1930, when the depression affected it. Now, following the war, it seems to be reviving with vigor.

Although the depression nearly stopped all balloon racing, it did not kill the sport of balloon jumping. People who follow this sport swear that it is the most fun that man can have at play.

You have a comparatively small balloon with a lifting power of a pound or so less than your weight. You achieve this fine balance by small lead weights attached to a belt around your waist. Instead of a basket there is a harness for the jumper. As the balloon floats above you, tugging gently at your weight, you bend your knees and give a light upward leap. In this fashion you can go for perhaps 50 feet into the air. Carefully directed, this game can be played across barns, small houses, and other obstacles.

THERE is a great deal of difference between pleasure ballooning and balloon racing. The pleasure balloonist takes off only when the skies are clear and the weather reports are favorable. In a race, the pilot keeps on going no matter what the weather. Sometimes he gets into trouble.

Your best and safest bet, if you're a beginner, is a standard free balloon. The cheapest way to acquire one is to team up with five fellow sportsmen for a joint enterprise. The cost will run about \$700 per person. Given proper care, the balloon can last for years.

The balloons of today are not greatly different from the original design. They have a few simple improvements, such as altimeters and, in many instances, two-way radios. A balloon is a fairly simple affair. There is, most obviously, the bag itself. There is a valve at the top to enable the pilot to release gas when he wants to reduce the lifting power. In this way he descends. There is an open appendix at the bottom which acts automatically to release gas as

the gas in the bag expands with altitude and temperature.

There is also a basket, attached to a net over the bag; this is to distribute the weight evenly. A so-called load ring is the attachment point between the net and the pilot's basket. Inside of this basket are sandbags, for ballast, and a drag rope. This is about 500 feet of heavy manila rope. A balloonist may release this so that it drags on the ground. As the balloon ascends it has less weight to drag; but when it tends to lift above the point at which the rope would touch the earth, it has more weight to lift and dips again. In this fashion a slightly rhythmic constancy is maintained.

Operation costs in ballooning are modest. A party of six people, in a 35,000 cubic foot balloon, can go out for 24 hours on \$12 worth of coal gas. Coal gas can be obtained very cheaply near factories which otherwise would dissipate it in the atmosphere. Hydrogen is also cheap and involves no fire hazard if ordinary precaution is used. Natural gas, when it is available, can be taken from the mains of the city thus supplied. Helium, the best, is too expensive for pleasure ballooning.

Pilot license requirements are mild. A free balloon student pilot, says the Department of Commerce, must be at least 16 years old and able to speak English. Beyond that, almost all he has to know is that a balloon goes up when you toss ballast overboard and that it comes down when you pull the valve cord. It's not likely that the valve cord will get stuck. If it does you'll come down anyway, in time. There is no danger of your being carried up into the

stratosphere. It takes a terrific, king-size balloon to do that.

When a balloon race is over, the balloonists have the problem of getting themselves and their balloons back home. The balloon is completely deflated, properly packed, and simply shipped by truck, or express, or freight. The rider, his fun behind him and his spirits perhaps as deflated as his balloon, must return as any other human being—by hitchhiking, or by paying his way on public conveyances.

People wonder what a balloonist does with his balloon when he isn't racing or jumping. A balloon is like any other possession; you have to take care of it. But a balloon is less trouble than an automobile or a cow. It is about as much trouble as a bicycle. It can be kept in a storage room or in any other reasonably spacious odd part of a dwelling or shed.

It would cost about \$100,000 for the kind of huge bag which would be needed to go up 20 miles. A \$7000 one will keep you fairly close to the known world—but not so close that you won't have the adventure of a lifetime.





"There's a miller in your beard."

ATOMIC PRIMER

"In A.A. 2—the second year of the Atomic Age—nothing is more important than an understanding of the atom"

By Robert D. Potter

SUPPOSE it really happened—a conquest of the world by men from Mars. If this happened we would have to learn at least the elements of the language of the conquerors.

A revolution in a way of life not only can happen here; it has happened here. Our conquerors are the nuclear physicists who—by controlling the fission of the atom—created a revolution.

They stand today in the same relationship to history as did Michael Faraday a century ago. He discovered the fundamental principles of electric currents and set in motion a chain reaction of applications—electric light, the electric motor, radio, radar, television. So, too, it will be with the future applications of atomic energy.

In this year of A.A. 2—the second year of the atomic age—scientists stress that the world must understand the basic concepts of atomic energy. Informed public opinion still has the power to influence political thought and action. To become informed, people need a primer of the basic language of their conquerors—the nuclear physicists. Here is a

start on one, for laymen only:

Where does the energy come from in the enormous explosion of the atomic bomb?

It comes from that central inner core of the atom called the nucleus. When scientists make atoms split—they call the process *fission*—the mass of the two parts does not quite equal the mass of the original.

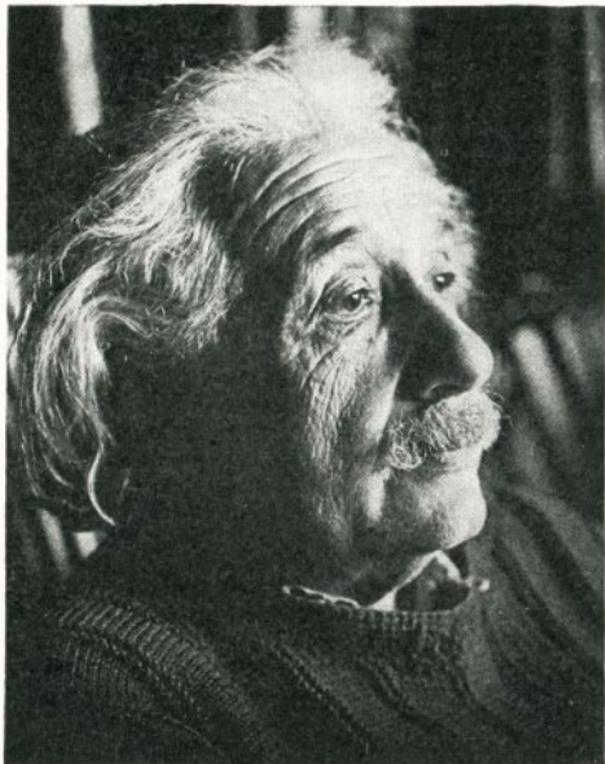
But why does the loss of mass result in the liberation of energy?

Energy and mass—matter—are now conceived to be but different manifestations of the same thing. They are interchangeable, if you know how to do it. It was Professor Albert Einstein who developed this concept in 1905—long before he became famous for his full theory of relativity.

Do you mean that if matter disappears it turns into energy?

That's about it. Einstein set it down in exact mathematical form when he said $E = mc^2$.

The E stands for the energy liberated when the mass—*m*—vanishes. C stands for the velocity of light, which is expressed by an enormous number, 3 with ten ciphers after it. C^2 is that



PHOTOGRAPH BY HERMANN LANDSHOFF

Forty years before atoms killed two cities, this man developed the concept that matter and energy are interchangeable.

huge number squared. What it all means is that the loss of even a tiny amount of matter becomes an enormous amount of energy.

Each atom of uranium or plutonium—if that is used in the bomb—loses only about one tenth of one per cent of its mass when it splits. Yet that atom liberates about 200,000,000 units of energy of the kind scientists talk about.

But doesn't TNT, or one of the other common explosives, liberate about the same energy?

No. The energy liberated by a molecule of TNT is only about three or four of these same en-

ergy units. Three compared with 200,000,000—that's the contrast between atomic bombs and old-fashioned aerial bombs like the Block Buster of World War II.

Can't they get this energy out of any other atom but uranium 235, plutonium, or thorium?

In theory, yes. In practice, no. Only a few kinds of atoms appear to liberate their energy by fission. They have to be huge atoms and relatively unstable. They split into parts, making two or three smaller atoms.

Some fraction of the original mass disappears in the process

and reappears as great energy.

Why was there all the talk about uranium in the United Nations atomic energy committee?

Because uranium is needed to maintain this chain reaction about which you have heard. Only when billions of atoms split can we get energy in vast amounts. A chain reaction is set up when a splitting atom of uranium 235 splits neighboring atoms, they in turn set off the next, and so on.

But what sets it off in the first place? What is the trigger?

The "trigger" is just a subatomic particle—a neutron. These neutrons are present everywhere all the time; in an atomic bomb, in the air, yes, even in your body. Yet they can set off a chain reaction only if they encounter a concentrated purified chunk of uranium 235—or plutonium.

If the pieces are smaller than the critical size, then the chain reaction which the neutrons start dies away. No explosion occurs. This is the situation in an atomic bomb on the way to its objective.

While the bomb is falling through the air, however, the bomb mechanism brings smaller pieces of uranium 235 into close proximity. When this occurs the ever-present neutrons go instantly to work, set off the chain reaction and the bomb explodes.

But what does the splitting?

The so-called atomic bullet that does the job is a neutron. Only if the number of neutrons liberated is more than one per atom will the chain reaction take place. If it goes rapidly enough it becomes an atomic bomb. If it proceeds more slowly, it is a "pile" in an atomic energy plant. It then can generate useful power.

Uranium has two roles. Uranium 235 supplies the neutrons which make the chain reaction successful.

Uranium 238 is the starting substance by which the new element plutonium is created. That is the role of the Hanford atom bomb plant in Washington. There uranium 238, which will not itself maintain a chain reaction, is converted into plutonium, which will. In the process vast quantities of energy are liberated which are now wasted.

Atomic energy, then, can be liberated in either of two ways: by splitting big atoms to make them smaller, and by building up still larger atoms out of little ones?

It's not quite so simple, really, but essentially that is correct. The enormous heat energy of the sun comes from an atomic process which takes four hydrogen atoms and builds them up into one helium atom. Carbon atoms are a kind of catalyst for this reaction, but they are not used up in the process. On the sun, hydrogen serves as the fuel and helium is the ash.

Why don't the scientists do the same thing on the earth?

Theoretically it is possible, but practically it is not. The hydrogen-to-helium transmutation requires a temperature of several million degrees and pressures of millions of pounds. These conditions exist at the center of the sun, but scientists have been unable to duplicate them on the earth.

Only in uranium and the other heavyweight atoms like it has science discovered a practical way to release some of the energy, a very tiny fraction, locked within the nucleus.



FATHER: In this picture Susan is half awake, dreaming. MOTHER: And in a few minutes she will be fed. DR. MAHLER: And, of course, she can be awake with her eyes closed—and asleep with her eyes open.

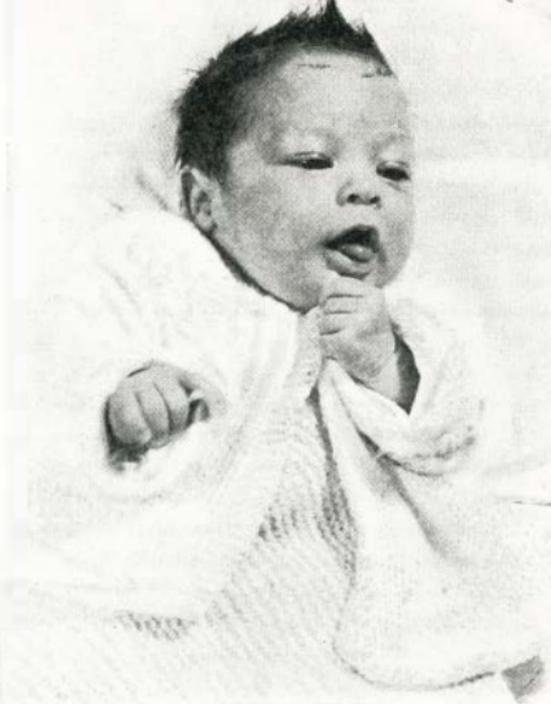
The First Month of Life

Susan Vandivert, as seen by three people

THIS is the story of one baby, Susan Vandivert. Susan's emotional life is barely unfolding, evolving from roots developed before birth. Many significant traits of babyhood—and of life—were formed during her first four weeks. These

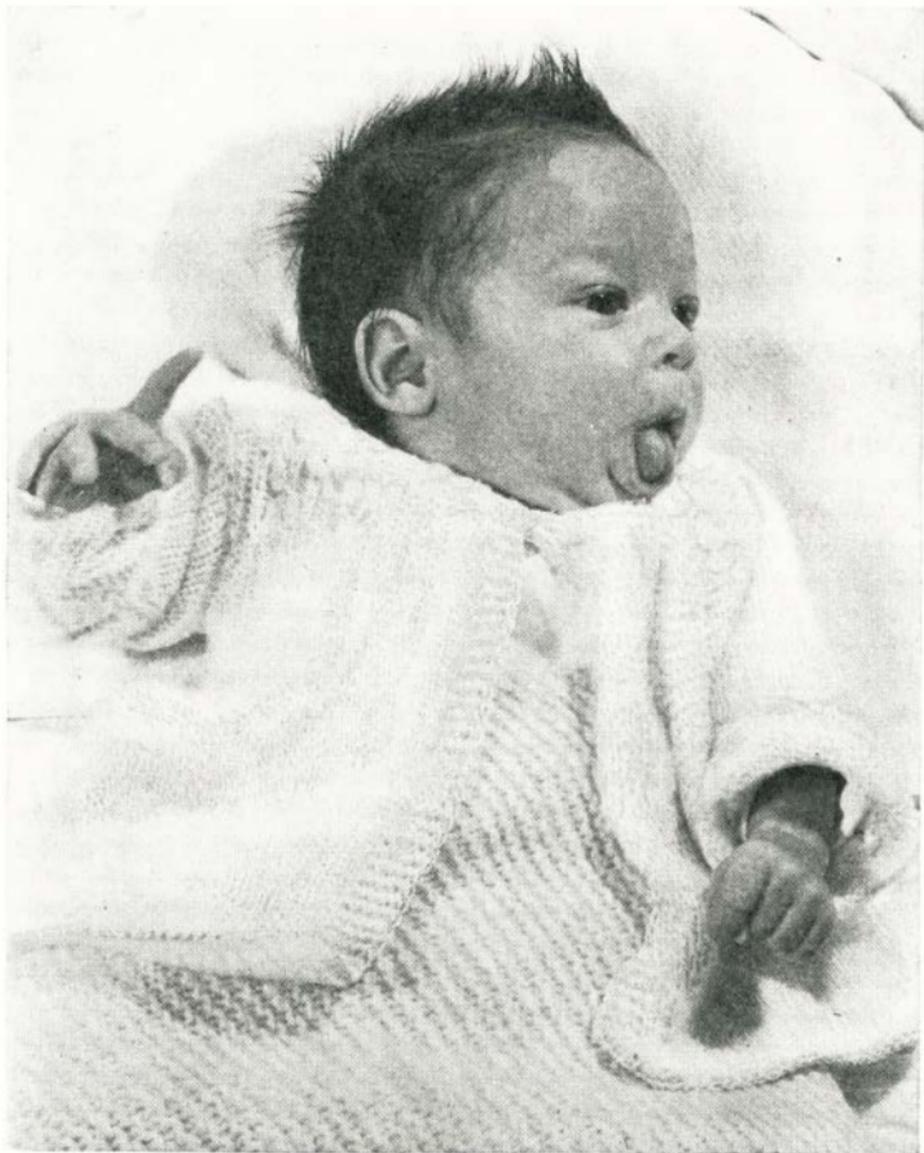
pictures, plus the comments on Susan's habits by her photographer-father, Bill Vandivert, her mother, Rita, and Dr. Margaret Mahler, noted child psychiatrist, are the documentation of "emotions, age one month."

FATHER: Here she is stretching and her tongue is out. She can use her tongue to indicate she is hungry. MOTHER: She smacks, too. DR. MAHLER: She may start out being drowsy and then slip back to the blissful state when she listens to what her insides tell her. She very likely dreams of anticipated wish fulfillments. Soon the pain of her empty stomach will wake her. Here she is still wallowing in her well-being.



FATHER: She waits until feeding time, 20 minutes or so. MOTHER: She is comfortable now, after being diapered. The minute she had on a vest and a wrap-around, she was contented. FATHER: She gets around to crying, too. DR. MAHLER: If you are not quick enough. The younger a child the less she is able to stand tension. Learning patience, I think, is the beginning of anyone's personality development. MOTHER: When she is frantic she will kick all over.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM VANDIVERT



FATHER: This caught her right smack in the middle of a gurgle. There is another thing too. In these pictures she shoves herself very close to the top of the bassinet. **DR. MAHLER:** That is because the baby responds at first with the whole body. All her muscles, in a not-to-well co-ordinated fashion, are used for that one purpose of calling for attention, calling the mother. **MOTHER:** I am not yet certain that I can tell the difference between the different cries . . . just that something is wrong and she wants me to do something. **FATHER:** She doesn't seem to be able to control her hands. She can do uncontrolled things with her fingers and move her arms as if exercising. She stretches. **MOTHER:** She clenches her fist. And her whole body talks about hunger.



FATHER: I told you! She does get around to crying! She wasn't satisfied. She hadn't had the bottle yet, and decided to let everyone know. MOTHER: She thinks we are keeping her waiting too long. DR. MAHLER: And she is pretty frantic. No baby of four weeks can wait. As soon as she anticipates any displeasure—hunger or discomfort—she becomes fretful, distressed, even enraged. FATHER: She makes wonderful noise!

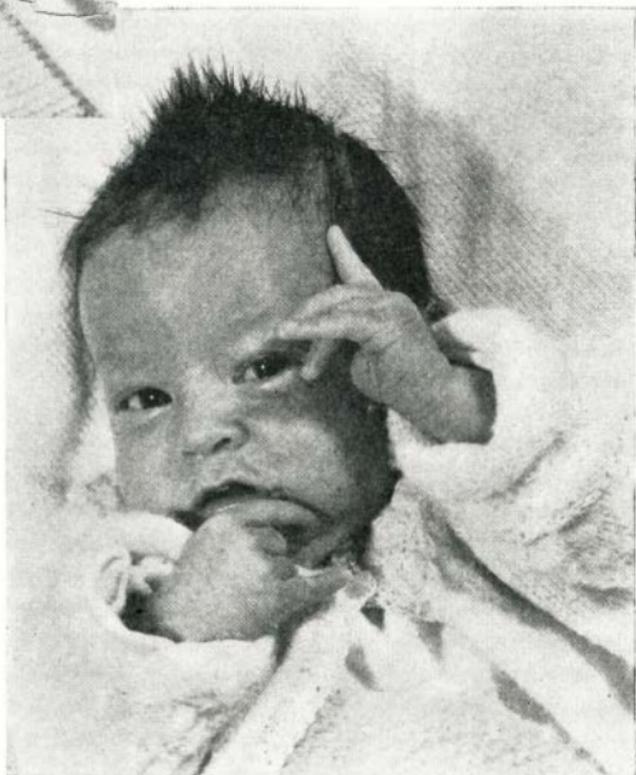
MOTHER: She is listening with her eyes. FATHER: It is a nice picture. I frankly didn't think much about the baby at this point; I was interested in the picture! DR. MAHLER: She is a feeding being. FATHER: She does concentrate on feeding more than we do—look at her! MOTHER: I always feel very happy when Susan is looking like that. DR. MAHLER: She is concentrating on the pleasure of sucking and being filled with sweet warm milk. She shuts out everything else. Look at her eyes!

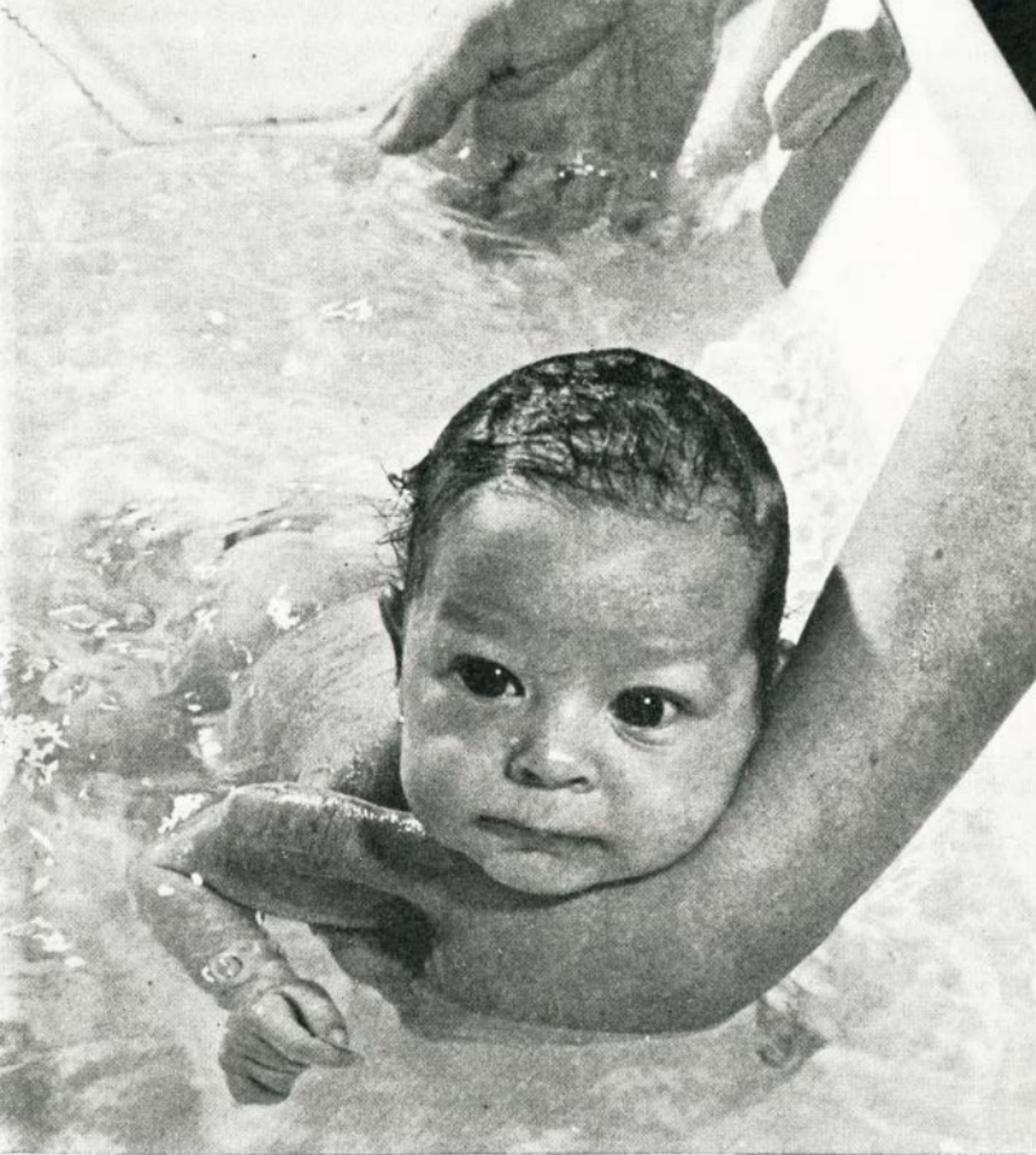




FATHER: She is yawning. MOTHER: She is about to be burped. She is partly satisfied—it is not the end of the feeding. DR. MAHLER: I think she has passed the climax of the pleasure. Now she relaxes.

FATHER: She sees the camera and me beyond it. DR. MAHLER: It might very well be. A child at this age follows light and moving objects. MOTHER: When she looks at me like that, I feel she really knows me. DR. MAHLER: Until four weeks old the child is wrapped up in herself. She does not know what is outside of her. But now she begins to sense the outside world. The first attention is to voices. FATHER: Yes, I was talking to her, and moving around.





FATHER: Here she's happy as a frog in a puddle. DR. MAHLER: She likes the bath because of the tactile sense of being really soothed and comforted as in any situation reminiscent of life in her mother's womb. FATHER: Her arms are thrashing in the water. She is beginning to play, I think. DR. MAHLER: Playfulness is really the first stage in learning and getting interested in one's own body and the outside world. She finds that when she puts her hand to her mouth—all of a sudden she has something in her mouth. After many times, she learns how to get for herself, in a co-ordinated way, the pleasure of having her very own hand in her mouth. MOTHER: This is really my picture—in her bath she's happiest of all and that's when I get the most fun out of being a mother. DR. MAHLER: I certainly believe that Susan is so happy here because a baby's great need for tender bodily contact with her mother is satisfied. That is important.

Eisendrath's Sunsets

The grandeur of Manhattan's mountains and valleys rivals any scenic setting of the West for this photographer

By Ken Purdy

PHOTOGRAPHER David Eisendrath has kept a weather eye on the big square windows of his Brooklyn apartment for three years, giving the sunsets over Manhattan an expert's appraisal. Of the scores of pictures he has made, the seven on these pages are the best.

Eisendrath is a photographer's photographer. Waiting patiently for a sunset to reach the evanescent peak of perfection is after-work relaxation for him. All of these photographs, incidentally, were made on Kodachrome with a 4 x 5 view camera and a wide-angle lens, at *f* 11, 1/25th to ½ second exposure. For more brilliant reds and deeper colors Eisendrath underexposes, taking care that the sun itself has dropped out of sight.

The Chicago *Times*, for which he once worked, was a lusty, hard-driving paper in the old Hecht-MacArthur tradition. A photographer was expected to come back alive with the picture or dead without it.

The funeral of Cardinal Mundelein, in 1939, offers a case in point. It had been decreed that no photographers would be allowed inside the church, or even on the church grounds. The *Times'* picture editor forthwith dispatched

Eisendrath with definite orders.

Arriving on the scene, Eisendrath surveyed the chapel from a discreet distance. The area was heavily policed. However, a steady procession of florists' delivery trucks was being passed in without question, so David hied himself to a traffic light. A truck stopped for a red signal, and Eisendrath deftly opened the back doors and crept in among the roses. He had thoughtfully secreted a 35-millimeter camera on his person, and the instant the truck stopped, he was out of it, looking innocent and purposeful. The driver, appalled by the amount of flowers to be unloaded, was glad to be helped, and once inside the church, Eisendrath began to superintend their placement, pausing now and then to sneak a nice clear picture of Cardinal Mundelein on his bier. It was a clean beat for the *Times*. Today Eisendrath specializes in industrial photography and high-speed work.

Incidentally, there will be no more Eisendrath sunset studies made from this particular angle. Jehovah's Witnesses have purchased the Eisendrath's apartment building, and eviction is imminent. If you know of a good apartment, facing West. . . .



From a Brooklyn window, Dave Eisendrath and his artist wife looked out on this scene across the East River to Manhattan.

For every ten grey days, there was one brilliant, live sunset.





A hot July night was a skyline on fire, a sullen furnace.

A month might pass, and another evening spectacle arrive.

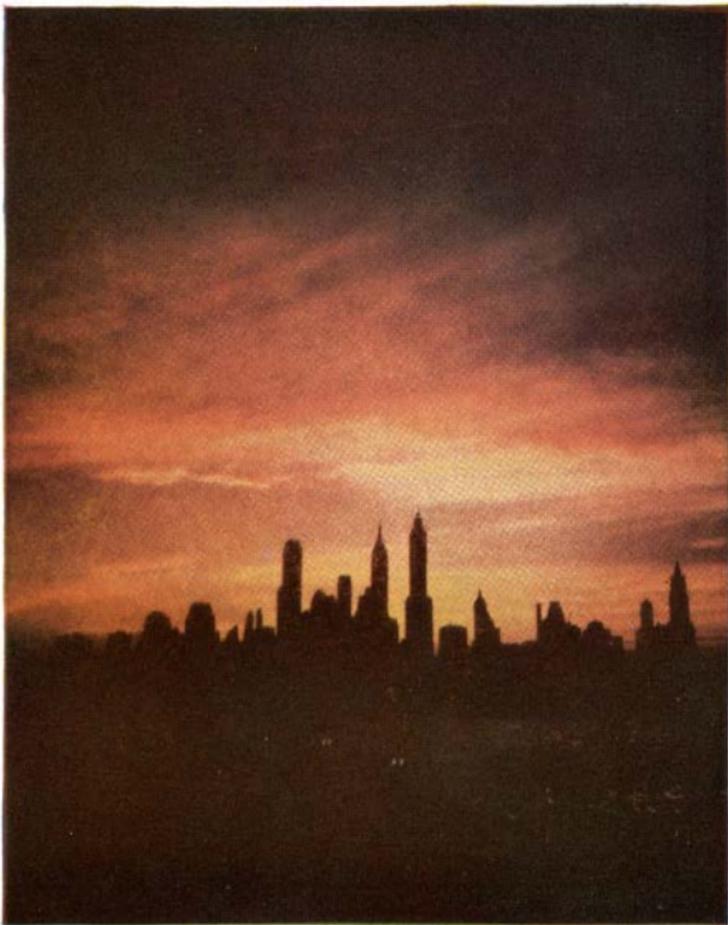




Late dusk would see the barge lights crawling southward.

A heavy rain would clear, and leave a clean, new sunset.





Each picture was a tripod time exposure (technically), a study in recognizing a coming glory of color in time to capture it (artistically), and an exciting interruption to supper (gastronomically).

THE LABORATORY

Edited by David O. Woodbury

■ DIRECTIONAL HEARING

The principal trouble with hearing devices is that the user can't tell where a sound is coming from. This often accentuates his affliction and increases his sense of loneliness. The science of restoring lost hearing has been a steady battle to improve a special application of the telephone: better microphones and receivers, tinier and more sensitive vacuum tubes, batteries that last longer and weigh less—all of them electrical advances. But now at last work is under way in the field of acoustics: experimental hearing aids that give you *two* new ears instead of one. This now means "stereophonic" hearing, the ability to tell the direction from which a sound comes and thus to identify just which person in a group is talking.

Stereo hearing requires two microphones, amplifiers, and receivers, one set for each ear. The mikes are worn one on each side of the body, feeding the sounds they pick up into a small control unit which automatically adjusts intensity to a perfect balance, so that each audio nerve receives equal stimulation. The direction-finding feature results because the sound waves on the two sides are slightly out of step if they come from an angle to the hearer. The brain then interprets this

slight jumble just as if supplied by two good ears, and locates the direction of the speaker.

Stereo hearing aids must be expertly adjusted to individual wearers, whose two ears may have different degrees of deafness. They will not work when one ear is too badly impaired. But they are expected to bring remarkable relief to thousands with moderate deafness. For the first time the wearer will actually be living within rather than on the edge of his surroundings.

■ TOOTHLESS SAW

Friction, traditional enemy of billions of wheels and shafts in everything from lawn mowers to locomotives, has been made an ally at last. Somebody has invented a toothless saw which, working by friction alone, can cut heavy armor plate like the proverbial cheese. The device is disarmingly simple, too—a smooth steel disk, whirling at terrific speed. When its dull edge is pressed against the metal to be cut such tremendous friction is developed at the point of contact that the metal boils and blows away.

The only secret of the new saw is its speed, for the whirling edge must travel as fast as 15,000 feet per minute to generate enough heat. Even so, the blade won't

melt because the surrounding air keeps it cool.

■ PAINT IT WITH GLASS

Do you want an automobile that will never look old—and never need polishing? How about a kitchen range that will seem like new after years of use? Floors with permanent glossy surfaces? Furniture that shines like silk? For years paint chemists have battled the inevitable dullness that comes from wear and dirt, scratches and acid stains, and have admitted ultimate defeat. Time and service have always beaten them—until now.

Glass varnish seems to give the answer. Some time ago chemists found out that silicon, the metallic ingredient of glass, can be teamed up with hydrogen and oxygen to form a brand new series of “organic,” rubberlike compounds, tough and elastic, but amazingly like glass itself in their ability to stand heat and corrosion. These new “silicones” played a big part in the war as flexible gaskets for searchlights, and insulation for small, incredibly powerful electric motors.

Now we are to have silicone varnishes which are so tough and permanent that three-year tests have not tired them out at all. Dunked in strong acids and alkalis, silicone-varnished panels showed no change, extremes of weather and of laboratory heat and cold did not affect them at all. Blows could not crack the surface. They could stand any temperature, from 60 below up to 575 degrees Fahrenheit. A special factory is being opened to make the new products; in a year or two you should be able to buy a car that will keep its original glossy

color for years without a stroke of polishing. You'll have a sink that can't scratch or stain with lemon juice, oven doors and bath tubs that will never chip. Your hospital will have working surfaces that won't stain with iodine or other drugs. You can have floors, too, that will be varnished when they are laid and never need varnishing again.

■ PRIVATE LIFE OF THE GERM

Transparent and microscopic in size, vast hordes of germs have crawled over the human race since its birth, killing, disabling, nearly unconquerable in many cases because even the best microscope fails to show them up. But painstaking research into the action of light as it passes through the tiny organisms on glass slides has given researchers a new technique, bringing invisible bacteria into view, with every part of their anatomy clearly defined. Stains used to do this but always killed the germs. And you can't make an intimate study of a dead bug.

The new “phase microscope,” first devised by a Dutch scientist, has been made practical in the instrument laboratories of the American Optical Company. Light waves, the workers found, were slightly altered in “phase” by passage through germ bodies, the thickness and character of their substance determining the amount of influence upon the light. By putting a small diffraction screen in the lens system, it is possible to sort out the various phases of the light, thus creating highlights and shadows that perfectly delineate the tiny structures to be studied. So now germs can be examined while alive, and

their habits and weaknesses discovered for the first time.

The phase microscope will bring tremendous advances in knowledge of plant and animal life, as well as a new tool with which the surfaces of metals can be explored. One big advantage of the new instrument is that a simple set of accessories will transform a standard microscope into the latest weapon against disease without much expense.

■ FLUORESCENT UTOPIA

If the Illuminating Engineering Society succeeds in putting over its latest discovery in street lighting, pedestrians and auto drivers will get a new lease on life in city traffic at night. Fluorescent lamps, they say, will do the trick. Even before the postwar accident rate soared, 10,000 people died every year in night auto crashes. According to engineers, the fault lies in the brilliant arc and incandescent street lights that pattern our streets with alternate glare and deep shadow. The soft, even glow of many giant fluorescents placed so that every inch of a street is equally lighted is the solution. Tests already made in Detroit, Cleveland and other cities show four great advantages: far better visibility, especially on wet pavements, low glare, longer life of lamps and significantly lower cost of lighting.

Fluorescents still offer some minor kinks: they have to be very large and they don't start easily in cold weather. But the engineering has been done. All that is needed now for this lighting millennium is the support of the city fathers who control our thousands of miles of urban streets.

■ AGILE SHIPS

Ships of the future are likely to be rudderless. They will reach destinations more quickly and more economically than those with the finest conventional steering gear. The idea for the rudderless ship was hatched just lately by Professor Frederick K. Kirsten of the University of Washington, who has invented a "cycloidal" propeller that steers as well as pushes.

The device is a flat disk set flush with the bottom of the vessel, and turned by the engines through gears. It carries a group of adjustable blades and turns at a steady speed. By altering the angle at which the blades move through the water the propeller can go from full speed ahead to full astern in a second or so, or it can push at any angle sideways, including directly athwartships. It can even cause the vessel to turn completely around without changing location.

If very successful Navy tests convince shipbuilders, we shall be shoving off for Europe on the biggest ocean liners entirely without the swarm of tugs that have snorted and struggled with thousands of ships in cluttered harbor waters. Our vessel will simply slip away from her dock by herself, turn seaward, and be off. The lack of vibration will make the trip a pleasantly different one.

The low cost of construction is to be a great advantage in the rudderless ship. There will be no heavy stern fittings, no outboard propellers or bearings. And maneuverability for ships of all sizes will be amazingly increased, thus diminishing the danger of collision in thick fogs.

FACTS OUT OF JAPAN

With no colonial tradition to speak of, and with no precedent, the American Army has undertaken to impress a strange brand of democracy on a people to whom it is alien. Darrell Berrigan, a correspondent who has witnessed this unique experiment from its beginning, is uneasy about what he has seen, and about its effects on the American soldier and the American nation itself. In '47's first Report, he brings us a stirring tale of a people—our recent enemies—grasping for an understanding of democracy. His Report brings us face to face with our future.

By Darrell Berrigan

Illustrated by Maurice Rawson

JAPAN has not yet become a colony of the United States, although some Americans out here seem to think it has.

After 18 months of living under the Potsdam Declaration and the directives of General of the Army Douglas MacArthur the Japanese have undergone change. Each month the General reports soberly that, in the preceding month, Japan and the Japanese people have moved nearer to democracy. On November 3, 1946, in an Imperial rescript to the Diet, Hirohito formally renounced divinity and presented to Japan a new constitution.

But how deeply below the surface has the New Light reached? How far have defeat, occupation, and the million other influences carried the Japanese toward real

democracy as we understand it?

When I first arrived in Japan, in December, 1945, Tokyo was a rusting field of rubbish except in the business district in front of the Emperor's palace. The streets were empty. You could see sometimes for miles across the leveled blocks where the incendiaries had set fires.

Since then the population has grown by over 4,000,000. The Ginza, Tokyo's Broadway, is lined with sidewalk stalls selling everything from hairpins to kitchen utensils. The streets are crowded with people who apparently are only window shopping. They seem to do very little buying. The prices look more like GI prices, anyway. The huge "open" or black markets, where at first wares were laid out on the muddy

ground, have now moved into expensive little wooden stalls filled with fish, seaweed, vegetables, and meat. The markets, like the streets, are jammed.

Theaters, movies, and concert halls are doing a capacity business. The schools are overcrowded with new students and young men back from the wars. They crowd the theaters for "culture" and the markets for food, selling their uniforms to pay the exorbitant prices.

The local trains, buses and street cars are still so crowded that people hang from the steps or on the cowcatchers and cling to the sides, clutching the windows. So many have been brushed off and killed that few any longer pay any attention to such incidents. Everyone's troubles are great. There is no time for anyone else's troubles.

The railway stations are a shouting, pressing mass of commuters, of urbanites going to the country for food, of tired, despondent repatriates going home. There are also the homeless, come to sleep on the platform. There are beggars, pimps, procurers, prostitutes, racketeers. And there are Americans, come to sell their PX supplies or to find a woman. Here you find men and women dying of hunger and hopelessness.

Out in the cleaner air of the wide, sunny streets of downtown Tokyo the fallen zaibatsu—the Japanese capitalist class—are having their buildings repaired by the United States Army. The average bombed-out Japanese cannot pay the rates of the profiteering contractors. Even the Government had to abandon its housing project because the miserable huts it built for its citizens

cost more than the people could pay. But the shops are going up under the strict control of the gangsters and the money is rolling in. The little man must live in a hut of burned and rusting tin salvaged from the rubble or in a dugout deserted by its rich builder.

Behind the shops, on the rolling hills of the city, the devastated land has been turned into a spotty garden. The poor and the rich have planted their few feet of land with food. The early comers harvested a crop of wheat in the rubble and now the empty places of the city are pretty thoroughly covered with crude terraces on which grow tomatoes, sweet potatoes, corn, and other vegetables. Some have even planted rice where the water system leaks enough to supply the necessary liquid.

In Kobe, Nagoya, Tokyo, and other large cities the so-called Chinese—most of them Formosans—and Koreans, many of whom cannot even speak Chinese or Korean, have attempted to control and in many cases succeeded in controlling the black markets. They do this by announcing themselves Chinese or Korean and, therefore, like other Allies in Japan, above Japanese law. The occupation has made black mar-



keteers rich and the jackals are snarling over what is left of the dying Japanese middle and upper-class pocketbook.

In the country little is changed on the surface. The villages were untouched, physically, by the war. The fields are still as green as they were. But the land is giving



out with too much production and too little fertilizer. And all clothing is getting shabby. The little village shops have empty shelves.

MacArthur and the Emperor

IN THE middle of the first year of the occupation Emperor Hirohito appeared before his people, a chinless, quivering little tool—once of the militarists and now of General of the Army MacArthur.

Hirohito walks among the people like a captured deer. This is the first time he has looked upon the faces of the unwashed and the first time, legally, the unwashed have looked upon his face. The Emperor without an empire made little impression on the grubbing, hungry people of Tokyo on his "Ah so!" tours of the broken city. It was obvious that he was afraid of the people

he was forced through circumstances and tradition to lead into a disastrous war. He inspired more pity than respect and more curiosity than veneration.

In the villages and smaller towns he was received more politely and with more veneration, although even the peasantry forgot themselves enough to look at the so-recently-divine face of the Emperor. It is here, in the conservative villages, where the forces of social and political revolution work slowly, that the former Son of Heaven finds most of his support.

The Emperor of Japan is still on his throne in Tokyo for four reasons:

First, General MacArthur keeps Hirohito because the Emperor is as useful to him as to the former rulers of Japan—to keep the people quiet, to make them obey his orders, and to prevent the riots which might make the occupation unpopular in the United States.

Some time ago I asked a civilian officer in GHQ to permit me to see a certain report written by a Japanese committee.

"I don't know about that," said the officer. "The report contains the draft of a suggested Imperial Rescript on the subject and it might be a little too early to let the Japanese people know that the Emperor doesn't see his rescripts until he signs them. SCAP (Supreme Commander Allied Powers) policy is to use the Emperor as long as we possibly can."

"How are you ever going to eliminate the people's dependence on the Emperor and the Emperor myth," I protested, "if you continue to discourage it with one hand and encourage it with the other?"

"I agree with you," the officer said, "but this policy comes from way up and I'm not going to argue with that."

Second, the ruling class, the holdovers from the war-time governments, and the upper class, want the Emperor retained with as many prerogatives as possible intact. This is because they, especially, fear the people's wrath and because, should the occupation armies leave, they might be able to use him again to hold their power.

Third, the liberal intellectuals and politicians, who want to get rid of the Tenno (Emperor) system eventually, want to retain it for the time being. They, too, fear the people. They want first to convince the people that the Emperor should go, before any action is taken truly to eliminate him. These men are afraid of the possibility of instability and chaos.

Fourth, the simple fact is that the majority of the people want the Emperor. Even city people, who are generally bored with the subject or too hungry to give it much thought, would vote for retention of the Tenno system, with, of course, his prerogatives cut considerably. The Tenno's bulwark in the city is in the kitchens of middle and lower-class homes, where the women, free a year but not yet fully realizing their freedom, hold sternly to the Emperor as a symbol of family.

In the country the older people want him also because he is the symbol of the family system, which they feel to be crumbling under them. It was the family system, the system of blind obedience to the patriarch, that supported the war and the faiths of



the militarist preachers of Japan.

The peasant youth support reforms, but they, too, seem afraid of losing the one tangible thing left of the faith their fathers gave them, the faith which the American bombers destroyed—the Emperor.

When you discuss the Tenno with the Japanese you find that there is something more than just a superficial, 80-year-old legend to be destroyed if the Tenno system and all it stands for is to go. What there is inside the Japanese that feeds his devotion to the Emperor has not been explained to me by any Japanese.

One gets, nevertheless, the impression that the Emperor is to be placed back where he was, or as near that position as possible, so that he can easily be dusted off and used as the sovereign when the time is ripe.

There is what appears to be an organized campaign to reapotheosize the Emperor. He is portrayed by his publicity agents as a fellow sufferer with the common Japanese citizen, whom he saved from worse disaster by stopping the war. He is described in the newspapers in terms that should have died with the militarists and in old court language, which

ended with the occupation, but which is now being revived. In fact, if you can believe the papers, he is back on his cloud—human, of course, but considerably above the ordinary, garden variety of homo sapiens.



And the chubby little fellows in good business suits or striped pants and cutaways, after they have expressed their total disagreement with the militarists throughout the very profitable war, will tell you confidentially that the Emperor is all that is holding the Japanese people in check. The People, it seems, would fly at the Americans if the Emperor is touched. And, as anyone can see, they will tell you, in accents achieved at Harvard or Oxford, the Emperor is a true gentleman, not like the common, vulgar Japanese. In fact, he is more like you and me. Such guff makes

an impression on many Americans. There are those who fall for the scare. These are willing to let "Charlie" stay where he is if it makes the occupation easier for us, and to hell with ideals like democracy.

There are, however, those among the Japanese who feel that the Emperor must go if Japan is to be democratized from below—that he must go now. One of these is a Buddhist priest, the head of a co-operative group.

"I would like to wipe out the old idea of a God and human beings," the Buddhist said. "The Japanese tend to rely on gods like the Tenno to make decisions for them. The Japanese had the childish idea that Japan was the country from which the sun came. What they need is world consciousness. If we don't realize that, when the occupation army leaves the Japanese people will be possessed by another dream and it will be a major tragedy."

Michio Doi, a young writer and political student, said:

"There may be many reasons for the establishment of the Tenno system, but the reason why so many people are now afraid of abolishing it must be found in a way of thinking, peculiar to the Japanese, which should be changed as soon as possible if Japan is to become a democratic country

"I believe that if you can find the reason why the occupation is going so successfully, in other words successfully keeping order in Japan, you can understand the former attitude of the people toward the Tenno system, because the occupation army is nothing but the Tenno system for the people at present."

Political Parties

AFTER more than a year of exposure to MacArthur democracy, the Japanese are still ruled by a Government and represented by a Diet predominantly conservative. Any other democratic country would label them reactionary.

In April MacArthur tried an experiment in democracy with a politically uneducated Japanese people—he called an election, with universal suffrage. The idea was that if the people elected a Government MacArthur didn't like he could always dissolve it. So the women enthusiastically left their kitchen slavery and for the first time in history cast ballots for men and women whose names they had only vaguely heard. Men dutifully left their shops and fields to cast ballots for men they had heard of but whose policies they had never heard. And out of this ignorance came a slow-moving, ignorant Diet and a reactionary, obstructionist Government. But MacArthur seems satisfied.

The Japanese people are accustomed to voting as they are told. Their political reasoning power has never been developed. There was but one policy in the old days—Dai Nippon, Great Japan. Politicians in the past were against each other, not against the established order of things. Words like democracy, fascism, communism, socialism were unknown except as epithets not quite understood. The Japanese people had never linked their own condition with elections. They had no conception of the influence an electorate can have on the policies of the central government.

At the end of the war parties were formed in Japan bearing

names imported by the Americans. The people were told to vote for the party they liked best. They did not know which party they liked best. They voted, as always, for the men for whom their local advisors (ward heelers in America) told them to vote. The majority of these men were old-line conservatives hiding behind liberal names.

When the Americans came and opened their Pandora's box of freedoms, Japanese politicians, who had only recently been working for the militarists, scrambled for labels and phrases which would prove their democratic tendencies.

Two great mass parties were formed whose very names were a deceit: the Liberals, headed by Ichiro Hatoyama, and the Progressives, who for long had no head because they couldn't find one free enough of war guilt.

Hatoyama's policy was hard to analyze. Whatever it was it was not "liberal." It is still difficult to know what the Liberal Party's policy is. Hatoyama told me that



he was against agrarian reform (one of Japan's most urgent needs), he was against labor, and in favor of rebuilding homes (his only "reform") and factories. Hatoyama announced a different policy to the Japanese press, however. It was even less definite than the one he gave me. He learned very quickly that it was best to hide his real aims in circumlocutions. He was right. His party won the greatest number of seats in the Diet.

Hatoyama was supported in the campaign by old-line politicians purged by MacArthur and working behind the scenes; by quaking zaibatsu or industrialists, big and small; and by the big gangsters who run Japan's black markets, gambling dens, labor rackets, and brothels. MacArthur, urged by critical American and British correspondents, purged Hatoyama before he could become premier.

The so-called "Progressive" Party has all the progressive in-

stincts of a sloth. It represents the more ancient reactionaries. So old were the first men of the party in the early days of its growth that they could think of no leader younger than 70.

The policy of the Progressive Party has also been impossible to find. Apparently it stands for the re-establishment of the old order with shiny new democratic labels. Out of the confusion of the early months of the occupation there developed two parties which presented the Japanese people with ideas that had not found voice in Japan in 20 years. The first is the Social-Democratic Party, which, despite the almost immediate popularity of socialism among many liberals in the country, stooped, along with the reactionary parties, to the deceit of misnomer. The party is socialist and the "Democratic" was tacked on to please the occupation authorities and possibly to win a few votes among the people who were to hear the word "de-



mocracy" many times a day for the duration of the occupation.

The formation of the Social-Democratic Party brought from the Japanese woodwork a surprising number of reborn liberals who throughout the days of oppression had kept their ideas to themselves, or who had worked as quietly as possible, or who were jailed. But its development has been retarded since its inception by a split within its ranks. The party's limits are so ill-defined that within it are genuine conservatives and equally genuine communists. The Party is really two parties, both new to Japan within the last two decades. It is a coalition of a real socialist party and a truly liberal party without its members fully realizing it. Because its members were afraid of a split, a purge of war-stained members was never carried out until MacArthur did it with a directive.

The Social-Democratic Party's policy, although not too clear,

does promise agrarian and labor reform. Popular support for the party is growing. But like most Japanese who have lost their initiative through oppression, the Social-Democratic Party is weak on leadership and direction. Its members lack courage. The "leftist" group within the party advocate pure socialism, but they know they cannot win over the right wing. Therefore, rather than split the party, they render it helpless by compromise, not with the center, but with the extreme right of the party.

Smallest, but most cohesive and articulate of Japan's new political parties is the Communist Party. Communism was "eliminated" from Japan in 1928 when the present leaders of the party, Kyuichi Tokuda, Yoshio Shiga, and Sanzo Nozaka, were jailed. Nozaka escaped to Russia. Thence, after proper indoctrination, he went to China, where he organized and indoctrinated captured Japanese in the communist areas. Shiga





and Tokuda remained in jail until MacArthur "liberated" them.

Thin, but otherwise unregenerated by their long imprisonment, Shiga and Tokuda knew Karl Marx and all the theories of peaceful and violent revolution. They set to work immediately with a sincerity and enthusiasm that won praise and attention from many who were against communism. They are extremists, however, and their preachings were too radical for the conservative Japanese people. Yet these two communists, keeping themselves just within GHQ bounds, found followers enough to make themselves heard across the length of the Japanese island chain.

Sanzo Nozaka returned to Japan around January, 1946. Quietly the little man made his presence felt. Behind the scenes he took over more of the control of the party.

Communist or not, Sanzo Nozaka is the only man with real qualities of leadership who has arisen in Japan since the occupation. His adventures in Russia and China won the imagination of the people. He was elected to the Diet by a large vote and took his seat quietly, preferring that Shiga and Tokuda do most of the talking.

So the people had voted. They had given only a small vote to the Communists because of their radi-

calism and their "connections with Russia." They gave a surprisingly large vote to the Socialists. They gave the Progressives a larger vote because they had heard the candidates' names before. And they gave the Liberals the biggest vote because they knew their names as minor bureaucrats in the old government.

The women voted for the first time. They elected to the Diet 39 women members. The large turnout of women has been described as indicative of the seriousness with which Japanese women took their new freedom. Nearer the truth, I believe, is the theory that the women turned out, as the men, because they are used to taking orders or doing things to please their superiors. MacArthur stands just above the Emperor now and he seemed to want a good turnout. This was not true of all the women of Japan. Many thousands voted because they wanted to make use, as intelligently as possible, of the gift of suffrage. However, in more recent local elections there has been little popular enthusiasm on the part of men and women for exercising the new freedom.

THE Diet met after the election, a Diet composed of men whom MacArthur said were elected by a remarkably renescent people who chose "the middle of the road." Obviously, if you look at the strongly conservative Diet today, the road MacArthur spoke of is much wider on the right side.

Japanese bureaucracy—like bureaucracy all over the world—is a system of well defined classes or, as American bureaucrats say, "levels." And such men are proud of being on certain levels and

fight to remain there, where they can look down and despise and up and adulate.

The people are afraid of a change that would involve overthrowing the bureaucrats and thus, they think, throw the country into pilotless instability. Bad as they are—the liberal Japanese will argue—the bureaucrats must be kept because there is no one to replace them.

If this is true, Japan politically is in a vicious circle out of which it cannot fight. The bureaucrats must continue to run the country and, in running it, they have the power to prevent any *real* liberals from getting a post and getting any administrative experience.

I cannot agree with General MacArthur's constantly reiterated assertion that the country is moving steadily toward democracy. The Government and its supporting Diet and Bureaus are no nearer democracy than they were when we arrived. Their "reforms" have been forced on them by the Supreme Commander and were

not the result in any case I know of individual Japanese initiative.

Step out into the country and ask any man what democracy is. He won't know, although he'll try to please you by saying something about freedom—which he, if he is very poor, does not have. Ask any worker what he thinks democracy is. He won't know either, but he will give you an answer which will be nearer than that of the countryman.

The kids will know better, however. The young men who have come from China and southeast Asia and are now out of uniform and are trying to adjust themselves to a new Japan will be able to tell you things they learned about democracy from socialists and communists in other Asiatic countries during the war. They know more than the average Japanese about democracy and the freedoms which it promises and which they want. And they intend having it or some Japanese version of it; maybe not after the next election, but as soon as possible.

The Japanese People

THE people of Japan are hungry—for food, for clothing, for leadership, for knowledge. But especially are they hungry for stability and security. The hungers of the Japanese are the hungers of the world. And satisfaction of those hungers seems as far off in Japan as it is in any of the other hungry countries of the world.

The food hunger in the cities is predominant and the search for food consumes most of the time and energy of the urbanites. But there is still enough energy left to worry SCAP, for there are few working days free of demonstra-



tors of one kind or another—mostly, of course, demonstrators for more food.

The city people are closer to the new freedoms. Their newspapers, until certain disturbing, but indefinite, interferences occurred toward the end of the first year of occupation, were at liberty to criticize pretty freely everything but GHQ, although they were lightly censored by young American officials. Fired by the new SCAP directives and by old dissatisfactions, the city workers have organized into unions and made their force felt in hundreds of ways. The unions range from those organized and controlled by the Communist Party to those organized and run by industrialists or gangsters controlling large sections of labor.

The students of the cities are talking about democracy and adopting things American in the hope that such mimicry will somehow automatically bring with it an understanding of the new ideology. The urban youth, mostly former soldiers, sailors, and airmen, are organizing or have organized groups. These groups are either sponsored by the political parties or are formed independently of the politicians. The members try to understand and adapt democracy to Japanese life.

The businessmen and small industrialists are trying to revive their businesses or their factories under the new system that is developing. They also are studying the Americans to find out just how far they can go under democracy.

Even the gangsters, who have a finger in almost every phase of city life, are "democratizing" their widespread organizations.

And the little souvenir shopkeeper, interested in the democratic pocketbook of the occupying American, is thriving on an elemental understanding of capitalistic democracy learned the first day of the occupation.

The growth of democracy can be seen in the cities among the educated citizens not actively associated with the diminishing group of disappointed militarists, dispossessed zaibatsu, dug-in bureaucrats, and middle class. But democracy is still a tender plant even in Tokyo, the source of the new ideology.

Democratic institutions which I have watched grow in the past 18 months have almost without fail turned away from democracy before they were many days old. It is apparently impossible for even the most sincere Japanese to understand that government must come from the people.

The little people themselves have not yet learned how to place legal checks on their leaders. Like many Americans since the war,



they are wont to shrug their shoulders and say, "What's the use?" Those who have risen and taken the new freedoms offered them have either gone too far or not far enough in trying to eliminate their oppressors. The Communists, for instance, carried their campaign against the reactionary government to the point of violence. Union leaders have taken from factory owners the right of management, thus violating SCAP's repeated insistence on the inviolability of private ownership. In both cases—and there are many more—the leaders have recognized the weakness of their so-called oppressors but have not understood SCAP and the length to which they would be permitted to go. This has resulted, in several cases, in GHQ's taking the side of the oppressors against the oppressed. And it has confused the little man.

In other cases, leaders of workers and other groups have been afraid of taking the initiative and of pressing their advantage. This hesitation is the result of years of government by secret police and a fear that this force has not perished—for long.

There are examples enough for the Japanese people to believe this. The police have grown more arrogant and like their old selves. The gangs of the big cities fight their battles and rob the people with the minimum of interference from the police. It is unsafe for people to walk dark streets at night. There have been reports that strikers have been threatened with violence by management's thugs, other reports of nonstrikers threatened by Communists. Newspapers are afraid to print certain stories for fear of

retaliation by men involved. The old fear is there.

The question is, how far can the people go? And how long can they hold on once they get there? Many people have asked me how long the occupation will last and say that if it doesn't last a long time—at least ten years—the old crowd will get back into power.

GHQ

MACARTHUR and his General Headquarters have moved to higher and higher levels of an ivory tower, protected at the base by a high wall of sweetness and light.

There is nothing wrong with the occupation, if you get your facts from GHQ Public Relations hand-outs or from the genial spokesmen of the various sections of SCAP. To them this is a model occupation, the people are gratefully accepting democracy, the Japanese government is co-operating wonderfully, progress is being made in every direction, and the obstructions to the growth of democracy—the militarists, the zaibatsu, and their supporters—have been eliminated or are about to be.

Actually this is not true. The idea that democracy can be imposed on a people by an organization as undemocratic as an army, whether it be American, British, or Russian, is illogical. What has happened in Japan is that one militarism has been replaced by another, more paternal, militarism. The people of Japan are used to militarism and they accept the new type with as little protest as they did the old. But democracy cannot grow freely under a military government. It must come from below, from the people, and

not from a benevolent military dictator and his subordinates.

The military considers itself a race apart from and some distance above civilians. Thus most of the important posts in the Headquarters in Tokyo are staffed by military men, most of whom have had no experience in government and know nothing about it. Under these men are sincere young men and middle-aged men trained for administrative posts and expert on all the phases of the economic, social, and political life of a country. These men are frustrated by army routine and, especially, by army distrust of the fundamental freedoms which these men are here to give to the Japanese.

General Headquarters in Tokyo is ruled by fear. Officers have been suddenly transferred after speaking out on subjects embarrassing to the occupation authorities. A newspaperman is treated as a Russian spy might be treated in GHQ offices. Even among themselves, GHQ personnel, according to the report of one, "play their cards close to the chest," trusting not even each other.

Behind their defensive walls the touchy GHQ officials are building their own unwieldy bureaucracy, taking on duties that, under the Potsdam Declaration, belong to the Japanese Government. The Lord knows Japanese bureaucracy is bad enough; the combination of the two is awful.

The military is not capable of establishing democracy in any country, Japan or America. An army, of itself, is undemocratic. There are a lot of sincere regular army officers here in Japan who would like to know how to do

things in a democratic fashion. But most of them just can't adapt themselves to the situation. The military man bases his whole idea of government on fear. This cannot be the philosophy of men who wish to establish a democratic way of life.

After the initial months of the occupation the Army relaxed. The occupation force was reduced by the redeployment program, and those soldiers left were concentrated in the larger cities. I traveled through hundreds of miles of country surrounding Tokyo in the past months without seeing an American. Villagers said the Americans had not been through there since spring. Then, in July, I began to see them again; stern-faced young men in lacquered helmets, sitting stiffly at attention riding through the countryside. I asked one group why the sudden activity. "Just to show the Jays we're still here," one said.

The military demonstrations in Tokyo have increased recently. Tanks and armored cars loaded with colorfully dressed GI's thunder through the streets, tearing up the already mutilated pavement at every opportunity. Even the Air Force, so long idle and forgotten here, took the opportunity after a year of occupation to fly formations over the principal cities of Japan. The "Jays" are getting the idea, I suppose.

But a greater fear than the "Jays" is the Russian scare that seems to be everywhere in GHQ. According to many GHQ officers, the Russians are America's next enemy in war and Japan is not a base for democracy but a base for a future war. The Communist Party or any leftist or "pink,"

American or Japanese, is a potential threat to the establishment of that base for action against Russia. The basic policy of the occupation laid down by the Far Eastern Commission in Washington requires that the Communist Party be free to propagate its theories in Japan. But the occupation authorities consider the Communist Party, rightly or wrongly, an agent of the Soviet Union and watch every move the party makes. Stories are circulated picturing the Russians as having hundreds of spies



working throughout Japan, and they may be true. But what have we got to hide from our Allies here in Japan? Plenty, it appears. It was an established policy in GHQ, I am told, to see that nothing of importance or of a controversial nature was brought up for discussion in the Four Power Advisory Council.

This fear of Russia and of communism colors the actions of the occupation authorities in many ways. Recently Japanese

union leaders have felt the pressure of American interference, because unions are, naturally, "leftist" and therefore dangerous. The MacArthur warning against demonstrations by "undisciplined minorities" was aimed at the Communist Party.

Within the GHQ family itself the Red Witch scare goes on. Men claim they have been shipped home because they are considered "reds" or "leftists." The head of the Labor Division of the Economic and Scientific Section, was recently called a "leftist" by an American police official because he would not condone the use of force against union members.

With this background of military training, personal touchiness and fear, GHQ officials are trying to turn Japan into a democracy. Fortunately they have orders from the State Department and the Far East Commission which must be carried out. These orders are translated into directives to the Japanese Government. As a form around which democracy can be built these directives have been good. Labor legislation, agrarian land reform, universal suffrage, and other reforms unheard of in Japan have been ordered. Although the government is procrastinating, the reforms are being carried out gradually. Unfortunately, however, few of the American officials in charge of their issuance and implementation have any sympathy with their inspiration. Thus the government is permitted to procrastinate indefinitely.

The chief obstruction to the implementation of the directives is the police force. Underpaid, corrupt, and untrained in the democratic practices they are supposed

to follow, the police are worse than useless as defenders of the rights of the people. Without an honest police force, our announced objectives in Japan cannot be reached.

Another mighty fear in the hearts of the military men who dominate GHQ is of riots and disorders of any kind in Japan. This threatened chaos is a Japanese-born idea. Any progressive movement in Japan at present is said to be either leftist or leading toward chaos.

The directives opened the way for a revolution in Japan, one which might have been peaceful or violent, according to the obstructions placed in its way. MacArthur's policy, wisely, is to control the revolution. But, as the people awaken to the advantages of freedom, fear of violence and chaos tightens the control until the very revolution itself is threatened.

A large question here has been how far MacArthur would permit the revolution to progress beyond the limits of American capitalistic democracy. MacArthur is a conservative American. The directives he has been forced to issue here have gone beyond the reforms a conservative would desire. Many of MacArthur's high staff members are not only conservative but reactionary. They are afraid of the political currents which they are here to direct, of freedom beyond the freedom of an American soldier, say. These men must be removed from active participation in the governing of Japan if the occupation is to be a success.

The Army must be turned into a police force, with the sole job of keeping the peace, if the Japa-

nese are to be permitted to develop the democracy envisaged by the Potsdam Declaration. The predominance of the military in all phases of our national and international life is frightening enough to an American desiring peace. If we are to do anything but re-establish militarism in Japan, the country must be placed under civilian occupation authorities and the Army and Navy delegated to the job for which they are fitted.

Mrs. Matsuharu Homma, widow of the General, gloated, "You (Americans) must be careful of the militarists now. They will ruin your country just as they ruined ours!"

Mrs. Homma was only half right. If we Americans are not careful our militarists are going to ruin her country too.

Americans, Japanese, and Armies

THE occupation of Japan, the Japanese themselves, and the American Army of Occupation have and will continue to have a lasting effect on the American citizens, in and out of the armed forces, who are charged with the task of turning Japan into a democratic nation. Armies, they tell me, are necessities. My personal feeling is that armies, if necessary, are evil in themselves and that they should be kept as far in the background as possible. But that is a personal prejudice born of my early pride in the Bill of Rights. I hate armies—American, British, Russian, Japanese, or Albanian. I hate them because they are oppressive organizations which take away individual freedom and initiative and attempt

to turn men into unthinking automatons who will, without protest, obey even orders taking their inalienable rights away from other men. I especially hate colonial armies, because they impose their will on an alien people and do it with a force and arrogance that is revolting to an American who loves his freedom and would like other peoples of the world to enjoy it with him, whatever their race, color, or religion.

For seven years I have watched colonial armies operate. I saw how the Japanese Army enslaved the Chinese, the British the Malays and Indians, the Dutch the Indonesians, and—together—the French, British, and Japanese, the Annamites. I see little difference in their philosophies; their methods only differ.

There is something undemocratic to me in the division of human beings into artificial classes, whether those classes are called general, colonel, lieutenant, or king, duke, and count. Army brass receives such special treatment here in Japan that many officers consider that they deserve it because of some human superiority and forget that it is that way because it was ordered so.

The occupation army, and thus Japan, is ruled by an oligarchy. Even civilian members of the ruling group are forced into its mold. Civilians are given ratings comparable to army ranks and allotted housing, transportation, and pleasure according to where they fit. The wives, almost by instinct, rank each other along with their husbands.

It is my fear that when such an isolated government community is set up it will be hard, when and if Japan develops into a

democracy, to break it up and ship its pieces home. Many in the oligarchy have, in the words of the GI, "never had it so good."

Another reflection of the colonial attitude is the arrogance of many high-ranking officers in their relations with the "Japs." Many of them will treat only with the highest-ranking among the Japanese, and they look upon the masses and their leaders with distaste. The term "Red" is, as I have said, applied to anyone among the Japanese mass who wants to partake of the fruits of democracy at the expense of the Harvard-educated and Oxford-educated men who oppressed them economically for so long.

And there is always the enlisted American, the GI. He has not been forgotten. The benevolent and insulting condescension of the officer toward the citizen-soldier of the modern American Army is a denial of the free and equal basis of our government. Fine theaters have been built for the GI, and beer halls for his exclusive use; there's even a roof garden and several snack bars for him here in Tokyo. But nobody asked what he wanted. Sure, he likes movies, but not every night. And once you've seen a particular movie you've seen it and you want to do something else. Then go up and sit with your girl on the roof of the theater? Sure, that's swell, but you can't dance there and you can't drink there, not even respectably. Then go to the beer hall. Yeah. Have you ever seen a GI beer hall? It's a place with tables and GI's and spilled beer and a blaring radio and more GI's. There is guzzling and guzzling until you stagger out more to get away from it than

because you've had enough fun.

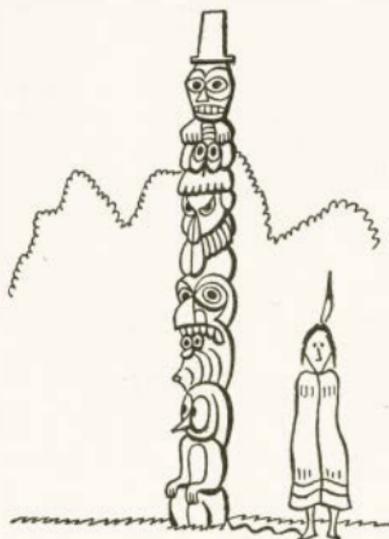
The GI, because he is a member of an underprivileged group, is forced into degradation or boredom in the cities of Japan. He is treated like a child. He is given just what he is supposed to have. He is told when to go to bed and when to get up. He is kicked off the streets at a certain hour. Thinking is discouraged. Despite a fine educational program many officers discourage enlisted men from attending classes by giving them extra work to do, or sneering at such pampering of the "fighting man." Political thought is especially discouraged. The newspaper, *Stars and Stripes*, was purged of "leftist" reporters and is now the worst and the dullest army newspaper I have ever seen.

So the average GI spends all his free time trying to run away from the army. He has very little time for running, however, for he

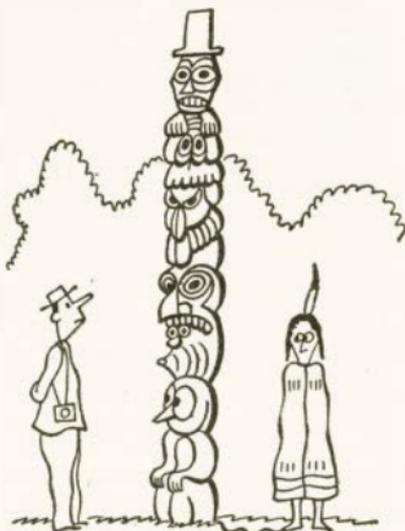
has to be off the streets at 11 o'clock. A fairly typical GI routine is to buy at fancy prices a bottle of bad Japanese whisky with a pal, go into a park to drink it, and then, with his sensibilities sufficiently blunted, pick up a prostitute.

Many of the GI's, in their flight from army routine and the army-built entertainment houses, find their pleasures in dives built by the Japanese. Here they can drink heavy beer or medicine-like whisky and dance on a crowded floor with prostitutes who have picked up enough GI slang to sound almost like someone at home—if you close your eyes and use a good deal of imagination. In these degrading holes the American soldier, who wouldn't be seen in such a place at home, finds some relief from his inner rebellion.

I have heard stupid officers say that the GI goes to those places



1.



2.

because he is just naturally that way. But I know a large number of these men and I know they would not go there if they had any decent place to go.

The young soldier wants a girl—not a Japanese prostitute, but an American girl to whom he can talk. He wants a place to which he can take her, where he can be alone with her.

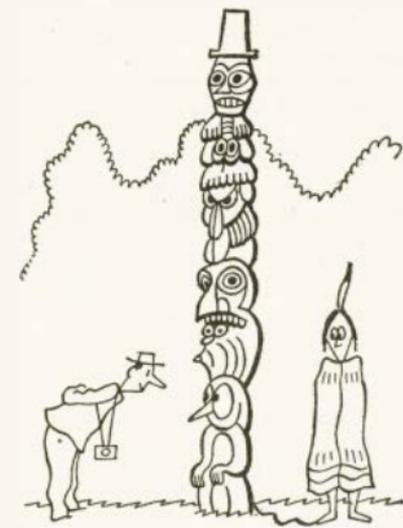
Another release for the enlisted man is occasional ill treatment of Japanese. He is treated as an inferior himself and he has to release his frustrations somewhere. The Japanese are a ready butt.

There is a simple solution to all this. The American Army, being comprised of American citizens born free and equal, can be run like the Government of the United States. At home citizens are not told when to go to bed or where they can eat or dance or drink. After work an American citizen is free of his employers.

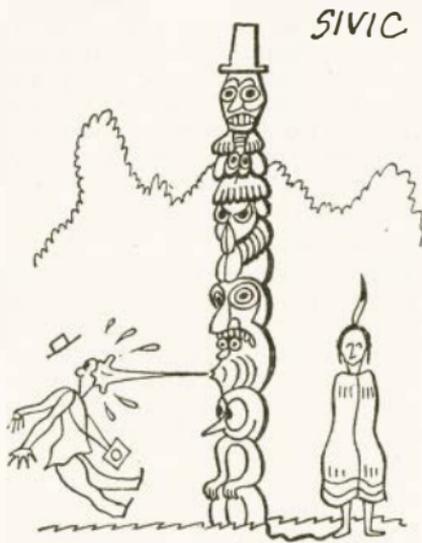
He always finds his level wherever he is living or working.

I think this could be true in the United States Army and Navy. The American soldier should be permitted to go where he wants, when he wants, after his work is finished. Some of them will go back to the dives. But the majority would be dancing with American girls at the Imperial or one of the other better hotels.

American girls like American men. GIs are American men. Month by month nice girls are going, as civilian employees, from the United States and from Canada, to Japan. If decent surroundings and decent circumstances are permitted to develop for these girls and American soldiers the meeting will be wholesome for the GI, for the young women—and for the self-respect of all Americans. Such things can be done decently where good will to do them exists.



3.



4.

Communications

■ AUTHORS, INC.

'47

Sirs:

It may amuse you to know I've just learned from Lionel Stevenson's *The Showman of Vanity Fair* that in 1840, 107 years ago, a group of struggling young artists and writers in London, headed by William Makepeace Thackeray, planned to launch a co-operative magazine, a satirical weekly, the artists and writers to own the paper jointly. John Leech and Douglas Jerrold were among the leading spirits. The first issue was already beginning to be set up when Thackeray was struck with the notion that there was some danger that each of the partners might automatically become liable for the private debts of the others. This eccentric idea somehow terrified the group and the plan was abandoned. To the best of my knowledge this is the first mention in literary history of a co-operative magazine venture—*Clifton Fadiman*.

■ PRESS CLINIC

Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild's hobby is a rather frightening reminder of how dependent are those who work with words upon those who work with type. He collects typographical errors. In this pursuit he has found even the scholarly *New York Times* announcing, no doubt at a moment when everybody was so darn excited they darn excited they could hardly talk straight,

that "An Army photo-reconnaissance plane crash-photo-reconnaissance plane today crashed in the backyard of a cotpants."

On another occasion friction was reported between "James (iDnty) oMore, the 'Corned eBef and Cabbage King'" and "iWl-liam S. Hauser, OPA enforcement attorney." iDnty oMore's restaurant had been charged with violations, of all ithngs. The *Times* probably never will live down the day "Rosella Hightower danced the waltx as only she can dance it" (though it has not been reported that anybody else ever tried), or the time it described Taylor Holmes "dressed for polio," or its mention of the Air Transport Command's "world girling flight."

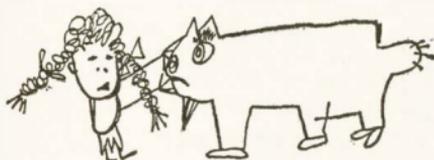
Even the *New Yorker*, that merciless critic of other people's typographical misfortunes, has not escaped Professor Fairchild's searching eye. A man named Birdwell, the *New Yorker* has it, was once asked by a Hollywood star, "Can I wear by ermine coat?" Trivial, of course, but for the sake of consistency it should have been either "my" or "erbid." On another occasion, the *New Yorker* found itself impressed by a sight one seldom sees, and one which can hardly be blamed on the linotype man. "I was impressed," went the text, "by one girl on a bicycle who, riding without hands, put her arms up to smooth back her done-up pale-blond hair."

Professor Fairchild will, from time to time, pursue his hobby in these pages, examining the vagaries, typographical and those of a more serious nature, of the American press. Even '47 will not escape his scrutiny. Professor Fairchild, a modest and co-operative man, invites the assistance of readers.

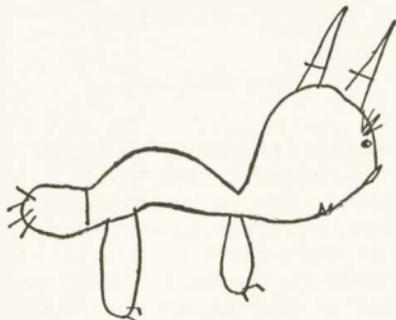
■ ANIMAL KINGDOM (REVISED)

My small daughter, Ferna, has just made her first visit to the zoo and come away with a number of startling impressions. You can look at them after you've finished weeping over the latest grocery bill.

Ferna's first impression is what she calls a Wild Pussy Cat. She claims she saw this while no one else was looking and that it barked at her until she fed it a popsicle she was carrying.



Her second impression, (drawn freehand and without a ruler, compass or even memory) is a



Sweetie Pie Goat. This goat, according to Ferna, has four legs. The Wild Pussy has only two in the drawing, but Ferna says she also has four, two being left out because they look just the same as the two that are in.

Ferna says Sweetie Pie smiled so nicely she gave him a tin box of water colors to chew on.

The final impression is a life-like study of Ferna pushing away a "hiffalotamuss" that was engaged in trying to "bite me in the ski pants."



The hiffalotamuss looks more to me like a small, but fairly dangerous piggy bank, but Ferna ought to know. She *saw* him. I didn't. If I ever see any of Ferna's animals, to tell you the truth, I will promptly take six aspirins and pray they go away.

I wish I had room to show you Ferna's impression of a midget donkey the zoo has recently acquired. By some odd quirk, it has a mustache and suspenders and looks alarmingly like me. Just a coincidence, of course. I certainly shan't encourage it. I have trouble enough teaching her that squirrels, not little girls, shell walnuts in bed.—*Robert Fontaine.*

■ MANIFESTO

Through its President, Fairfax Downey, The Society for the Reconciliation of the Common Cold With Matrimony offers the following "Code of Fair Practices for Wives Whose Husbands Have

a Cold," urging its adoption:

Don't take our temperatures and tell us that we haven't even one degree of fever so we can't be very sick.

Or telephone your girl friends that we *think* we have another cold, and they know how men who *think* they have a cold are.

Or bring us a hot-water bottle. We say they're spinach. But we can use an ice bag, or you can just put the ice in a tall glass, and we'll handle the rest.

No, we don't think it would do us any good whatever if we went out for a nice, long walk in the fresh air.

No, we don't care if we do look as if we'd lost our last friend. For the time being, we wouldn't care if we had.

No, we don't want to see the doctor. We already know by heart medical science's watchwords for the treatment of colds: (1) Get plenty of rest. (2) Drink plenty of water. (3) Cut down on your smoking. (4) Ten dollars, please.

No, we haven't turned into an old grouch who thinks only of his own health and doesn't love his wife anymore.

JUST LEAVE US BE.—*Fairfax Downey.*

■ THE CURE

*Tune in nightly, Mr. & Mrs. Listener; this is
Something new in packaged goodness, a lasting treat;*

*It is guaranteed to stop the Cry in Crisis,
Make your transcribed moment of happiness quite complete.*

Age is coming. Are you ready to outflank it?

Do you need a brand new face? A better head?

Are you waiting for GE's electric blanket

With its two controls, to warm your wife in bed?

Do you want a one-way ticket to retire

To the coziest and the quietest little nook

Within commutation distance, Mr. Buyer?

Do you want to meet the world's most honored crook?

Do you think too much of atoms or of cancer?

Is your tragedy the flatness of a drink?

Have you asked a question Fadiman can't answer?

You're sleeping badly? Need more time to think?

If you're tired of holding busts, or being clever,

Here's something that will make you hold your breath:

It costs no more. It's quick. It lasts forever.

We offer you—that new sensation—death.

—Selden Rodman

■ WHODUNITS

Eric Gwyn claims these can be solved by pure logic in 60 seconds, though there is some ground for disputing this point. Sensible readers will read the answer (page 35) several seconds before that frustrated feeling sets in.

I—CASE OF THE CHOLERIC COMMISSIONER

Jenkins, the police toxicologist, pushed open the door to the commissioner's office.

"Chief," he said, "that guy must've died of natural causes.

I've made a thorough examination and I can't find a trace of any known poison."

"Jenkins," snarled the commissioner, "you're a disgrace to the department! We've had twice as many undetected murders this year as last. And why? Because you're too dumb to spot even the crudest job of poisoning!"

Was the commissioner unjust?

II—CASE OF THE RECALCITRANT WITNESS

During the trial of a notorious war profiteer the prosecuting attorney drew a damaging admission from the defense's star witness.

"If what you just said is true," the judge sternly told the witness, "you are lying. On the other hand, if what you say is false, you are telling the truth. In either case, I am forced to fine you in contempt of court!"

What had the witness said?

Answers on page 133

■ DELIVERY WHEN

Have you seen those snappy new 1947 cars, all blue turquoise and shiny chromium, but with wooden bumpers? Delivery of the metal bumpers later, they tell me. Strikes in the plant that makes the metal polish; lockout in the nut-and-bolt factory; no freight cars anyway to ship the bumpers in, even if they were completed; no laborers to unload the cars even if they had the metal polish, nuts and bolts, freight cars. . . . Oh let's quit.

This is only one instance of a most distressing trend in the country today, this business of "no parts now, delivery later."

Let me tell you about a trip my

wife and I made last week in our new sedan. We invited our in-laws to join us, but when we piled them into the back they yelled, "No seats!" Sure enough there was a sign on the bare floor: "Delivery in a month or two."

So we had to leave the relatives behind for later delivery. No, I mean for a later trip—and my wife and I went on to visit the Fitzways at their new pre-fabricated cottage, Beaverboard Lodge.

We got high on strong Martinis (no Vermouth; delivery later) and early in the morning they poured us upstairs and piled us into the new Rest-Soft bed with a terrific *Thump!* "Sorry, no springs," Elsie Fitzway called from the door, "delivery later."

We slept soundly and I dreamed I was tossing on a wild river in a boat with no hull (delivery in 1948) and sinking fast.

I hope this situation gets straightened out soon. My wife and I are expecting a baby in a few months, and we are warning the doctors, nurses and all members of the hospital staff that we insist on a complete job with bumpers, springs, and curly hair, if it can be arranged.—*George H. Copeland.*

■ TIGHT BRITCHES

When I eventually arrived at that breathtaking age of legality, 21, and was presented with the customary gold pocket watch to make it official, I remarked to my father with a great deal of relish, "Now I am legally a man—I can do anything I want to!"

"Yes," he thoughtfully replied. "They can *hang* you for it, too!"
—*C. B. Colby.*

THE TIGERS IN OUR HOUSE

By Roy Chapman Andrews

Illustrated by Richard Erdoes

SEVERAL years ago I publicly proclaimed a love of cats in an article which I wrote. Letters poured in, some castigating me, some applauding. They demonstrated one point. Cat lovers are a class apart. People do not just *like* cats; they either love them or they dislike them, often intensely.

My public declaration led to continual discussions with dog-loving and cat-hating friends. Their chief accusations against cats fell into four classes:

Cats show no affection: People who make this point judge cats by dog standards. A cat is more choosy. It gives its loyalty slowly, and only after the recipient has proved worthy. It is true that a

cat does not exhibit violent manifestations of joy. That isn't cat nature. But I wish any skeptic could watch when my wife and I return to Pondwood Farm after even a short absence. Lord Jitters, a white Persian, is our busy cat, Poke-Poke our sleepy black Persian. When our car swings into the driveway The Lord forgets his vigil at a mole hole and Poke-Poke rushes down the steps. The Lord waves his plume, rubs against our legs. Pokie murmurs, asks to be taken up. With both paws clasped tightly about my neck, purring like a motor engine, he licks my eyelids and snuggles his head under my chin. That is their way of welcome. Meanwhile, the dogs are leaping about with frantic barks and violent body wriggings. That is their way. Of course they aren't alike. Cats are cats and dogs are dogs.

If either my wife or I is ill and has to remain in bed, The Lord cancels all the day's engagements and is in constant attendance. He greets the doctor and watches anxiously.

Cats have no distinctive personality: Nonsense. Lord Jitters is as



different from Poke-Poke as is an Eskimo from an African Negro. Lord Jitters is the most consistent aristocrat I have ever known. I have never seen him lose that dignity.

He probably would go hungry rather than push for his food. If he cannot eat in the manner befitting a gentleman he will not eat at all. He not only daintily picks but prefers the most epicurean viands. Green turtle soup is an especial favorite and for caviar he will purr ecstatically. He even enjoys a sip or two of wine. Sometimes we have the uncomfortable feeling that he is criticizing the vintage. Poke-Poke, on the other hand, gobbles his food,



will eat anything at any time, and the more of it the better.

Lord Jitters stalks into a room with the air of majesty at a formal reception. Poke-Poke scut-

les. He carries his head down like a tiger and makes no pretense at dignity. He loves to be carried. Lord Jitters cannot abide being picked up except when he is in the mood. If he is subjected to unwanted handling he shows his displeasure by low throaty protests. He is as tense as a steel spring, and leaves as soon as he can, with indignant flirts of his plume.

Cats have no feeling of loyalty: Folly! Pokie is definitely my cat. He will come to me before any other member of the family. Some years ago, he had an infection in the glands of his mouth. The dressings were painful, and no one could touch him. But if I held him in my arms he would rest quietly, during the probing.

Lord Jitters is my wife's cat. His trust in Billie is touching; if anything is wrong he runs to her like a child to its mother. During the winter I set a fox trap in the forest near my home. Lord Jitters did not come home that night. The next day I telephoned neighbors and searched the road. We were afraid that, being stone deaf, he might have been killed by a motorcar. Two friends were at our house and they suggested that we look at the fox trap. There the poor little fellow was, caught by a front paw. The moment he saw me his eyes lighted.

It hurt when I released the trap and he might have scratched. He didn't. When I gathered him in my arms, he relaxed like a tired child. Utterly exhausted, he was almost asleep by the time we reached the house. I laid him on the bed in our room. My wife was in tears. She wrapped him in a warm blanket and gave him a few spoonfuls of cream. Then I



examined his paw. He lay quietly while I pressed the bones and found that none were broken. But there were ugly cuts on both sides of his leg, made by the jaws of the trap. Obviously he had not pulled or struggled—the leaves around the trap were undisturbed. He *knew* we would come.

Jitters slept for 24 hours, only waking to whimper when the returning blood started a throbbing ache in his swollen leg. He felt very sorry for himself during his convalescence and wanted to spend every moment in Billie's arms.

After a fortnight the cuts and bruises healed sufficiently for him to move about with an exaggerated limp. He thoroughly enjoyed being a cripple and only reluctantly admitted that he was again a well man. If something interested him, he scampered off without a trace of a limp. Suddenly remembering that he had made a tactical error he would return, hobbling pitifully, and holding his foot high off the floor. At times, to our intense amusement, he forgot which leg was hurt and limped on the wrong one.

I have profound respect for Lord Jitters as an individual and devoutly wish I could live my

own life according to a code as simple and clean-cut as his. He takes his obligations to his family very seriously. Certain things he does or will not do. He is always scrupulously polite and never projects himself into undesirable situations because of mental vacillations.

Cats are too independent: This is the fourth charge against felines. Freedom to choose any course of action amounts to a fetish in the cat mind. Cat-haters call this selfishness; I maintain it is independence engendered by complete self-confidence. This independence and adaptability has enabled the cat family to survive for 60,000,000 years while other animal groups have fallen by the wayside. Even though Lord Jitters was born with a silver spoon in his mouth he could go from riches to rags and still take care of himself. He would do so, too, rather than deviate one iota from his code. Reversely, an alley cat will become a gentleman of leisure with the greatest of ease if opportunity affords.

JEALOUS as a cat is a common phrase. "Jealous as a dog," would be more accurate. Let me so much as touch one of our four dogs and the others are piling into my lap jockeying for their share of attention. Seldom will a cat behave in such a manner. They bitterly resent the intrusion of another animal in their domain, but this I believe is more because cats are fundamentally creatures of habit. If their established routine is disrupted it is regarded as a major tragedy. "Custom" is a sacred word to a cat.

Lord Jitters is as keen a sportsman as any human. I shoot grouse

and catch trout and spend hours in the forest or on a stream only for sport. Jitters does his hunting for exactly the same reason. His game is mice, chipmunks, shrews, moles and sometimes a garter snake. With his head held high so his quarry will not drag on the ground, he brings it to the house. After his skill has been sufficiently praised, he presents his catch to Poke-Poke for ultimate consumption—The Lord never eats his game. If a mouse were broiled in butter and served on toast with a cream sauce Lord Jitters might possibly find it appetizing. I wouldn't be sure.

From the living room window I watched one game for weeks. A chipmunk obviously had discovered that Jitters was deaf. So, after The Lord had chased him into a hole in the wall and sat down to watch, it would come up behind the cat chattering, frisk-



ing about and figuratively putting its fingers to its nose in derision. Once it actually touched Jitter's tail but ducked into a crevice before he could turn. Watching this game became a daily diversion. Whenever the



chipmunk saw Jitters in the yard, it danced about like a tiny monkey, daring him to catch it. The Lord never could resist the challenge. But when he saw me watching his pride was dreadfully hurt.

Eventually the little animal became too daring and careless. One day Jitters lay on the stone above the wall opening, apparently sound asleep. The chipmunk started to run across. The Lord dropped like a striking falcon.

My wife and I witnessed the proceeding from the window, much to The Lord's delight. He brought the chipmunk to the door. He was bursting with pride.

"Now laugh! I told you I'd get him."

They who do not know cats have missed an enlightening experience.

Answers

CASE OF THE CHOLERIC COMMISSIONER

I—Answer:

THE commissioner *was* unjust: if the murders were *undetected*, how could he know there were "twice as many"?

CASE OF THE RECALCITRANT WITNESS

II—Answer:

THE witness said: "I am lying."



*"They say Russia's working on it, too,
 but it'll be three years before they get it."*

The Most Forgettable Character I've Met



By Robert Fontaine

THE most forgettable character I've met was a woman whose name I cannot recall at the moment. I'll probably think of it later on. I think it was Amy Wendel, but it may have been Mrs. Karen Bolger.

Often, in the evening, when the children have gone to bed and my wife is humming and everything is quiet and conducive to reflection, I never think of Mrs. Bolger, (or Wendel) at all.

Many's the time, when my wife wasn't looking, I have thought of Sonya Blinitz, a Russian princess who was madly in love with me when I was 19. Sonya hated me with a hat on. She said: "You look revolting, disgusting and soul-destroying!" Whenever I wore a hat Sonya would sneak up behind me, tear off my hat and throw it under a passing truck. I stopped wearing hats and Sonya was lost in the 1929 Depression when she

was forced to move out of her friend's apartment and give back the fur coat.

Now and then I have thought of Mike O'Mara, a tall, handsome Irishman who was barred from a 52nd Street night club and who went to a casting agency and hired a midget to parade up and down with a miniature sandwich-board saying:

THE HOT-SPOT CLUB IS UN-
FAIR TO MIKE O'HARA

Mike explained that the insult to him was relatively small so that a full-sized picket would have been in bad taste.

Such are two memorable people in my life, yet the thoughts of them never turn my mind to Mrs. Flinch. It may have been *Flinch* instead of Bolger or Wendel.

On the other hand, I remember with clarity a Mrs. Ramspick who lived in a huge, dark house near

us when I was a boy. Mrs. Ramspick hated to see the world progress.

"If God had meant us to have electric lights he would have created us with one on the end of our nose," was the sharp and witty way she explained the darkness in her home. "The pure in heart can see in the dark," she would explain. Whenever I went to her house to sell my Boy Scout



cookies or Cub Potholders, she'd chuckle, "Black as Sin, isn't it?" However, she bought enough cookies to win me a First Class Cook's badge.

So, I recall Mrs. Ramspick very sharply, but not Mrs. Bolger. I'm almost certain it *was* Bolger, because Mrs. Bolger (if it were), said something or other or *did* something.

Funny how vague it is. It's a pity, too, because for all I know she was perhaps a brave and saintly woman. It may be she was a quiet one who went softly among her friends, helping the sick and inspiring the healthy. It is possible she was a saint of sorts, or a childless soul who adopted several orphans and brought them up to be fine citizens. It is not too much to imagine Mrs. Bolger a patient missionary, daring death and disease in cannibal country. Or, she may have been a beautiful actress.

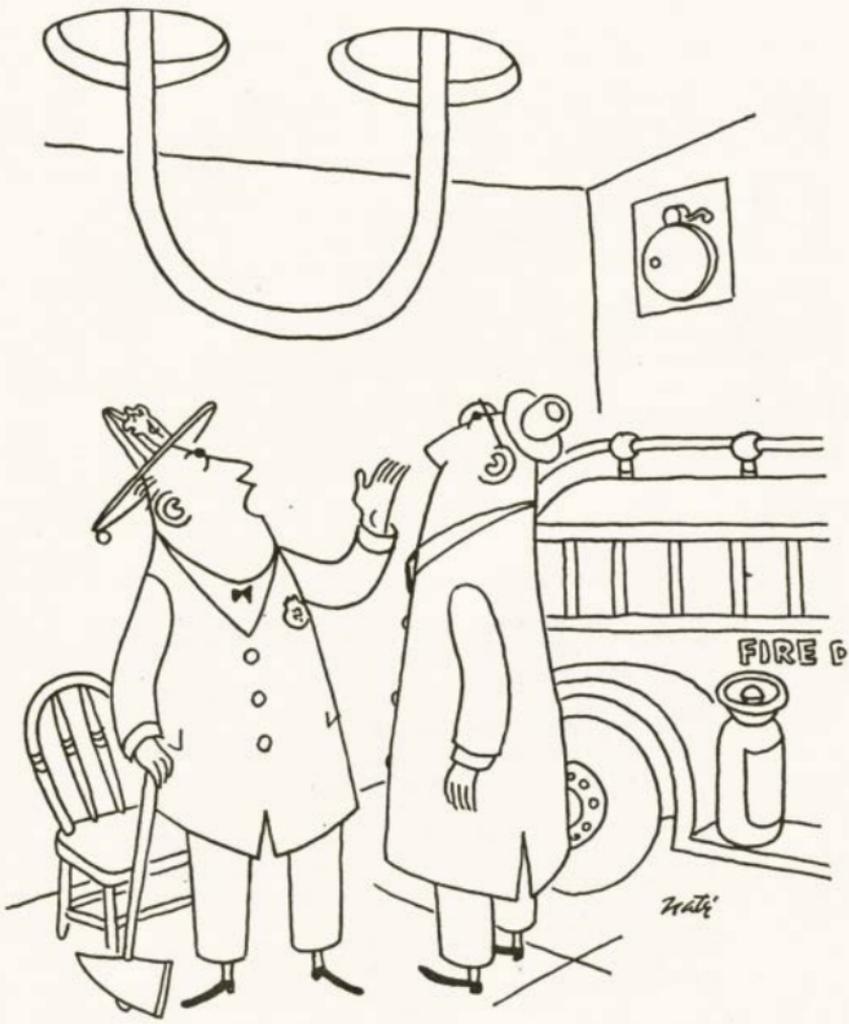
This seems most unlikely.

Ah, when I think of all the witty, wise and noble things Mrs. Bolger has probably said and which I have forgotten. Yes, when I think of all the rich, warm, human anecdotes I have forgotten, I am sore at heart. If I could but bring them to mind I bet the result would be inspiring as anything. But I can't, that's all. I can't even be sure of her name.

Oh, well, a sentimental salute, then, to Mrs. Bolger, (or Wendel or Flinch), a woman I will never remember. Would to God there were more like her.



Early to bed and rise makes a man happy.—*Benjamin Franklin.*



Walt

"That's for false alarms."

Death and Rebirth

1. WINTER'S LOVE

*THERE in the cold time of the winter's sleeping
I have crept down to the roots for the sap of dreaming:
Nourish your voice, my love, on the whisper of thoughts handled.*

*Here in the steel and stone of a made living
I have possessed the spring in a false pining:
Let down your long young hair, darling, your breasts have flowered.*

*Now in the green curve of a summer's flowing
I shall pursue the mind to the heart's hiding:
Shatter the wordy mirror, my sweet, for the thighs are blind.*

*Then in the crimson brief of the days' falling
I shall begin a dream of the year's resting:
Cover your body, my love, for a cycle long and ended.*

2. TALISMAN AGAINST DISTANCE

*WATCH tropic winter pass. It brings eternity
Within recall: as heaven's enclosed
In a lake's frozen eye through the hot distance.*

*Distance denies: not robs but sharpens. Wintry sea
Washes so dearly when opposed
By foreign wastes of seas' summer insistence.*

*This tree is not my tree, this flower is not mine.
My tree sleeps lifeless and my flower's
Safe hid in frost though spring here is inverted.*

*Distance and time prove false against remembered sign:
Northern skies' mistiness which lowers
Melting far fields that winter's always deserted.*

*Love's not less hungry now, love being far away
Once I was fed on, once nourished by,
Once that was close and warm, passion commingled.*

*Distance itself's denied: never can rob the day
Love was once mine, nor ever sigh
Deep as accomplished love now distance-singled.*

A Lyrical Sequence by Christopher La Farge

3. PRAYER

*LORD, must I learn to limp alone
Who strode in the great pace of two,
And, death's long sickness overthrown,
Life slow pursue?*

*Now medecined for the day's dull start
In work's long doctorate of needs,
The night unheals, the schismed heart
Vicarious bleeds.*

*What miracle can move once more
The urgency of waiting man
To bring a ghost athwart a door
In love's good plan?*

*Lord, give me singleness for staff,
Then from its desiccation send
Green leaves for each remembered laugh
Till journey's end.*

*Thus may I learn to creep where we
Once strode, and Lord, the staff-stirred dust
Will cover my dichotomy
In blindest trust.*

4. REBIRTH

*CRY out, cry out for the transfigured love
That being dead yet newborn may arise
As all that its dread God has made it of
Makes living image in all loving eyes.
See, he that gives shall soon his joy receive,
He that receives shall sooner passion give
Till death transmutes to the conceptive weave
That wraps all doing into warmth to live.
Cry out, cry out that death is not an end,
That love renews itself on love that's given:
Though broken heart no other heart can mend,
Yet there's new heart for every heart that's riven.
Cry out that love is the most mortal need,
And love on immortality will feed.*

*Robert St. John answers a perplexing question in a
memorable way*

Letter to Judy

THE other day I received a letter—a very simple, very short letter. It says: "Dear Mr. St. John: You don't know me, but I'm 14 years old and I'm just starting in High School. I've heard you use the word 'Liberal' a number of times. Mr. St. John, tell me, please, just what is a liberal? How can I tell one when I see him? And one more question—do you think that when I grow up I ought to be a liberal? Sincerely yours, Judy."

Here's my reply.

Dear Judy: I'm glad you are the sort of a person who asks questions. You'll not always get answers, and those you do get will seldom satisfy you. But when a person presumes to know all the answers, that person is dead—mentally and spiritually—even though the body may linger on.

But now about your questions. What is a liberal? Perhaps I can explain it best by telling you first what is *not* a liberal. You've heard of people up in New England who vote the straight Republican ticket from the day they reach their 21st birthday until they're too feeble to get to the polls. And you've heard of people in the South who were "born" Democrats. These people let a Machine do their thinking for

them. Well, politically, they are not liberals.

Neither is that friend-of-the-family, who for years whispered to your father unprintable stories about the Roosevelts, because he had such a hatred of the political philosophy of our four-time President. And that other man—you don't even remember *him*—who told similar stories about another President named Hoover. He wasn't a liberal either. Liberals are free of the shackles of any party organization. They are more interested in issues than in scandals. Politically, a liberal is free to decide which candidate for public office is likely to contribute the most toward those dreams we have for ourselves and the rest of the world.

Yes, a liberal *is* a dreamer—an idealist, a perfectionist. Don't let narrow, self-seeking people convince you that there's anything wrong about being a dreamer or an idealist. You'll hear them sneer about men like Henry Wallace and say: "Wallace? Why he's an idealist!" as if being an idealist were being blood brother to traitors and scoundrels. Remember, Judy, that Christ was an idealist. And so were Socrates, Plato, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Jefferson, and Franklin Roose-

velt, and all the other great men of history. All our great poets and artists and writers and musicians have been idealists. Our civilization has been made by dreamers. They point the way.

Being an idealist means having a dream of what life on this crazy planet of ours *could* be like, and then seeing how much of that dream in one lifetime can be translated into reality. It means reaching for the stars. Of course, you don't always capture a star. But many times, you come back with a bit of stardust in your hands.

What is a liberal? He's the man of tomorrow. He's the man who tomorrow *may* be called a conservative—if he doesn't keep progressing. It was a liberal who suggested this democracy of ours. Those men who wrote the Constitution and the Bill of Rights were liberals. And then there were men, about the time your grandfather was born, who had an idea that no human being should be the property of any other human being. People called that idea radical.

It was a liberal who conceived the idea of the Federal Reserve Banking System and the insuring of bank deposits by our government. Those were radical ideas before you were born. They were fought by bankers. But today no conservative would dare campaign against them. It was a liberal who fathered the idea of Social Security. Ask your parents how bitterly that idea was fought. But as ideas are universally accepted, the true liberal goes reaching for new stars.

Perhaps, Judy, I ought really to define a liberal for you, the way a dictionary does. This is

right out of Webster: "A liberal—one who favors greater freedom in political and religious matters. One who is not narrow in mind. One who is free from bigotry. One who is inclined to welcome new ideas and be friendly to constructive suggestions."

The liberal does *not* "follow the party line." He is always pointing out flaws in the existing system, and helping to remedy those flaws. You'll hear some people say that liberals are dangerous people. Don't believe them. A liberal really should be highly thought of by those who want to see the existing system preserved. The liberal, Mr. Roosevelt, faced chaos and disorder in 1932—a nice breeding ground for revolution by the jobless, the underprivileged, the neglected. Instead he made our democracy function better. Chaos was avoided; communism lost its chance. No, Judy, liberals aren't dangerous, except to people who have grown so old in spirit that they shudder at the thought of any change.

Let me tell you some of the things a liberal believes in. He believes in the dignity of man. He believes that circumstances of birth are not very important, no matter in what country, or on which side of the tracks. He believes that there are good people and bad of all races, all creeds, all colors. He does *not* judge a man by his labels. The liberal believes in the rights of the *common man*, and is not afraid of that expression. He doesn't believe the people should be enslaved by armies, nor by fears, nor by economic systems. He believes in freedom. He doesn't like to see idealistic documents, like the Atlantic Charter, turned into mere scraps of

paper by those who believe that 'Might is Right.'

The liberal wants for others some of the advantages he enjoys himself. He's interested in the fight for freedom of such people as the Greeks, the Indonesians, the Indians, and the Chinese. I don't think many liberals believe in empires, for all empires to date have existed by keeping native people ignorant and hungry.

Most liberals today are out working, in one way or another, for the idea of World Government—knowing with a horror in their hearts that man has invented a weapon which can bring about the destruction of all we call civilization in a matter of days. A liberal today is a man of action. His weapons are not bombs, but ideas.

Now about your last question. Should you be a liberal when you grow up? I don't think it makes much difference whether I answer that question or not. If down deep within you there is a tiny spark of good will towards

men, a little desire to make your contribution towards the world into which you were born, you'll be a liberal. You won't be able to help it.

But I must warn you that you won't always be happy if you're a liberal. People will attack you, and twist what you say. People will picture you as an enemy of the very society and system which you are trying to help improve. They'll call you names. Right now the popular 'hate word' is communist.

You may have to pay dearly for your faith. There will be times when you will almost think you're fighting alone. But that *something* deep down within you will keep you going. And you, in your small way, will help to influence the climb of man from mud to the stars. So keep your eye on those stars, Judy. And may your fingers often be covered with stardust. Sincerely yours,

—Robert St. John

This article is based on a broadcast over the NBC network.



A Tune Detective Testifies

The diatonic scale can give sweet or hot—and also litigation

By Sigmund Spaeth

Illustrated by Richard Sargent

IF YOU write a hit tune, you are almost certain to be sued for plagiarism. The average hit tune may be good for half a dozen lawsuits. Not long ago there were more than 20 complaints against *Laughing on the Outside*.

Many of the accusations of plagiarism are based upon either innocent delusions or deliberate efforts at racketeering. With only seven notes in the diatonic scale, it is a comparatively simple matter for anyone to discover groups of tones, complete phrases, often actual themes, that bear a striking resemblance to each other.

An incredible amount of time is wasted in court on the question of whether or not two melodies sound alike. They either do or they don't. But a plaintiff is generally permitted by our judges to introduce all sorts of technical arguments, finally coming down to the convenient conclusion: "If they sound alike, the music was copied. If they are different, the defendant changed the notes to disguise his copying." On that basis, no composer would ever again be allowed to write a note of music.

The composers and publishers



of a song called *Starlight* were sued by a San Francisco amateur named W. A.—“Bud”—Wilkie. The main theme of both choruses was virtually the same, but both obviously could have been derived from that old familiar song, *Violets*.

Judge Alfred C. Coxe opened the trial by remarking that they were taking a chance by bringing the case before him, as he knew nothing about music. Then came the testimony. The plaintiff had no copyright, but he was allowed a “common law copyright” on some oral evidence as to priority of composition. His song had never been published or recorded or broadcast or performed in public. There was slight chance that the composer of *Starlight*, Bernice Petkere, could have seen or heard the music—yet the decision cost the defendants close to \$10,000.

Of course, judges can generally spot the deluded exhibitionist, as well as the ambitious extortionist. A plagiarism suit is seldom successful. One famous exception was the *Dardanella* case, in which Jerome Kern was sued by Fred Fisher. Kern admitted that his bass pattern in *Kalua* was identical with that in *Dardanella*, and even when his lawyer found the inevitable parallel in the “public domain,” Kern confessed he was unfamiliar with that possible ancestor and that his *basso ostinato* may have been influenced, perhaps unconsciously, by *Dardanella*. The judge was pleased with Kern’s honesty and awarded only the technical minimum damages of \$250.

There is at least one case on record of a suing composer who proved that his original song had

actually been sung, or plugged, by the plagiarist. He won the decision. Sometimes defendants have settled even when the melodies did *not* sound alike. In the case of Puccini against *Avalon*, there was only a technical imitation of the tenor aria, *E lucevan le stelle*, in *La Tosca*. The defendants settled out of court, for a sum said to be \$25,000.

The writer of these lines has spent many unhappy hours as an “expert witness” in court, wondering why so much arrant nonsense should be taken seriously by judges, lawyers, and jurymen. But the outcome has usually approximated obvious justice.

There was the late Thornton Allen’s complaint against Walt Disney to the effect that the *Old Eli March*, in his *Intercollegiate Song Book*, had inspired *Some Day My Prince Will Come*, in the film *Snow White*. When it was clearly proved that the Disney song had been written two years before *Old Eli* appeared, Allen claimed he had submitted a manuscript to Disney before that time. Correspondence files disproved that claim. The tunes in question had no similarity that was not common to older music. Nevertheless, it was nearly a year before Judge Edward A. Conger could make up his mind that the defendants were not guilty.

There was also a suit against Joe Penner, brought by a Pittsburgh girl who had written a song called *You Nasty Man*, admittedly getting her title from Penner’s own stock expression on the air. When the same phrase appeared in another song, sponsored by Penner himself, she claimed plagiarism, even though there was no substantial similar-

ity between the two melodies or in the rest of the words.

A similar claim was made by a Los Angeles woman against Kay Kyser and RKO Pictures on songs with the common title *Chat-terbox*, appearing in the film, *That's Right, You're Wrong*. After no less than 75 examples of the same title had been found in the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers index, and no trace of melodic similarity, a California judge dismissed the case without even requiring the defense to put on its first witness.

The king of musical litigants is unquestionably Ira B. Arnstein, who has spent the greater part of his adult life in trying to prove that most of the hit songs of modern times have been stolen from him.

Arnstein is either in court or on his way to it. Recently he declared in public that 75 per cent of all the Tin Pan Alley successes were copied from him. He once picketed the offices of ASCAP, wearing a sandwich board which carried notes from his own songs, claiming that they had been stolen and that ASCAP was unfair in denying him membership.

Arnstein's biggest case was in the summer of 1939, when he sued a total of 22 defendants simultaneously, on the double charge of plagiarism and conspiracy. This included the big broadcasting networks, various organizations of song writers and publishers, a motion picture company, the leading Broadway music houses and a number of executives in the music business. The trial tied up a United States District Court for a month. Judge Conger's decision, covering over

13 typewritten pages, contained such sentences as these: "In the whole case I have been unable to find a scintilla of evidence that ASCAP or any of its members 'pirated' any one of his songs."

After every such defeat Arnstein comes back undismayed, attacking the biggest names in popular music and timing his activities with rare commercial perspicacity. Soon after Warner Brothers had announced the film biography of Cole Porter, *Night and Day*, Arnstein claimed authorship of seven of the composer's best known songs, including that of the title. The others were *Don't Fence Me In*, *Begin the Beguine*, *What is this Thing Called Love?*, *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*, *I Love You*, and *You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To*. After two weeks of incredible argument, he lost, as usual.

Common sense does occasionally make an adequate substitute for musical knowledge.



"I took that mouse out of the trap this morning."



"The Lost Weekend" dealt with a social problem, and was acceptable to censors, theaters, and an adult public too, Director Albert Lewin points out. His specialty is sin—with maturity.

Sins That Pay Their Way

*The staid moving picture colony is often shocked,
but millions say it's just art and good clean fun*

By Joseph Wechsberg

SIN pays—in Hollywood. Albert Lewin, a little man with the face of a whimsical cherub, proves this by turning taboo stories into box-office triumphs. On top of this he gets the O.K. of the Production Code censors. This has upset conservative Hollywood. There Sin is never discussed during business hours. There most motion pictures are still made on the assembly line. And most of them come out in the familiar Model T pattern: a boy—a girl—a crisis—a clinch.

Mr. Lewin does not think himself a revolutionary. But, also, he does not think that audiences are subinfantile in intelligence.

"Audiences," he says, "have been made dumb by our extravaganzas. The people on their own have good instinct. They can take any subject, provided it's presented in an adult way. *The Lost Weekend* proved this."

Lewin wrote the script, directed and co-produced W. Somerset Maugham's *The Moon and Sixpence*, which had been on the forbidden shelf for years. In this story a staid businessman walks out on his dull wife. He runs off to Montparnasse to paint and play fast with the ladies. He

winds up in Tahiti with more paintings and a native wife. All of this wasn't exactly conventional screen fare.

"You can't do it," the studios shrieked. "You'll never get by the Hays Office."

By the time Albert Lewin was through with his picture everything was all right. The painter had paid handsomely for his sins. He had caught a nice, fatal case of leprosy, to the delight of the censors. Once again the wages of sin had been death. Businessmen from coast to coast were given to understand that it doesn't pay to run out on wives and live in sin on a South Seas island with beautiful native girls. But until the painter died, on the screen, he certainly had a hell of a time. This made good film entertainment. Everybody was satisfied: the audiences, the cashiers, the censors, and Mr. Lewin.

Moral uplift followed. Mickey Walker, the former heavyweight boxer, declared that this movie was one of the chief reasons why he gave up the gloves to become a painter.

Fortified by this experience, Mr. Lewin tried Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.

Hollywood was frightened. Lewin sold the idea to M-G-M. When Lewin was through with the job, the audiences had had fun and they came home with a moral lesson. Again sin hit the jack pot.

Another Lewin picture is a screen version of Guy de Maupassant's novel to be called *The Story of Bel Ami*. It tells of a journalist who ruins five different women on his climb toward the conquest of Paris in the late '80's. Besides committing every con-



Director Albert Lewin makes sense for censors and for movie-goers when he doctors up plots.

ceivable villainy, he gets away with such choice remarks as, "No woman is worth what she costs—even if she costs nothing."

It was a tough assignment, even for Lewin, whom a press agent had nicknamed The Sin Doctor. But Lewin went to work. He began to apply his tested sin treatment. In Maupassant's novel the sinner doesn't die. He moves on cynically toward new conquests.

Lewin decided that on the screen *Bel Ami*, the leading character in the story, would have to

die. He does so, in a duel of his own provoking. This was intended to teach prospective *Bel Amis* a lesson. There were further problems. The hero's major mistress, a married woman, had to be made a widow to avoid adultery. Another young lady practicing a time-honored profession was promoted to vague respectability. She was called a dancer. Much of the story and dialogue was made ambiguous. Audiences can interpret the goings-on according to their individual tastes and sophistication.

LIKE most professional sinners Lewin is a hopelessly virtuous man. He has been married happily to the same woman for almost 30 years. He collects primitive art, reads poetry, can quote entire pages from Shakespeare.

Lewin has a theory about being virtuous. "It's always the virtuous people who are fascinated by sin—in books, on the stage, in the movies. The real sinners act."

Long before Howard Hughes' *The Outlaw*, Albert Lewin made history in film advertising. George Sanders, the hero of *The Moon and Sixpence*, was pictured with a full-blown beard declaring, "Women are strange little beasts. You can treat them like dogs. You can beat them until your arm aches—and still they love you."

The publicity experts said it was suicide. Lewin insisted. A howl of protest rose up from many women's organizations. The frightening word *boycott* was whispered. But many members sneaked away to have a look at that horrible man who was playing havoc with womanhood. Lewin had been right.

Lewin himself is the last to notice the uproar that he has caused. A few years ago his hearing went bad. He underwent the fenestration operation, but with him it was not successful. Lewin now uses a hearing aid. When people start to shout he turns the hearing aid off. Then he keeps nodding at them, not hearing a word and perfectly contented.

Another Lewin idea is what he calls the blending of screen action with music. "Action and dialogue should be co-ordinated with the original musical score—like in a Disney cartoon. The actors would say their lines and make their movements corresponding with the rhythm of music. I know it's hard to explain, but ultimately people would feel it. They don't know that Shakespeare wrote poetry, but they come home after seeing *Hamlet*, or *Henry V*, and they feel it's damn good."

His strongest convictions are about the cutting of a picture. "Shooting really only creates the raw material. If I had the money and time, I would spend a year in the cutting room, toying around with the material until I have what I consider the perfect product."

Lewin is a stickler for accuracy. He spends years on the research for a picture. When he supervised *The Good Earth*, he once took Dr. Lin Yutang to Chatsworth, California, where M-G-M had reproduced the Chinese landscape. There were rice fields with plants imported from China, imported huts and farming implements. Dr. Lin Yutang said that it looked more Chinese than China. At the moment Lewin is Hollywood's greatest authority on

Paris in the 1880's. He became authoritative in making *Bel Ami*.

Lewin was born 51 years ago in Brooklyn. He studied at New York University, and took Professor Baker's dramaturgy class at Harvard. He became so full of dramaturgy that he had to get it out of his system. He took the job of drama critic on the *Jewish Tribune*.

"I liked the salary," he remembers. "Two free seats to all first nights."

One day, in 1922, he went into a movie house where they were showing *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. It's one of the great movie classics, the story of a lunatic killer's mind.

Young Mr. Lewin was impressed. He knew at once that the movies were his destiny. He quit the theater and became a reader for Samuel Goldwyn. He worked first in New York and a year later went to Culver City. To learn, he worked as script clerk, cutter, reader, screen writer. In 1924 the Goldwyn studio became what today is the M-G-M establishment.

Always seeking new talent, Lewin brought a lot of people to Hollywood. When Herbert Stothart was riding high as a Broadway composer, Lewin lured him to the studios to remain for good.

He once spotted a talented French actor, called him to Hollywood for the French language version of *The Big House*. He then gave him his first English-speaking part as the chauffeur in *Redheaded Woman*, with Jean Harlow. This French star, Charles Boyer, parlayed that amorous opportunity into bedroom-eyed stardom. Angna Enters, Devi Dja, and others were encouraged

to come to Hollywood by Lewin.

Lewin lives with his wife and his mother in a big modern house. When the tourist launches pass by on a See the Playground of the Stars for \$1.50 tour, the guides with their megaphones always describe Lewin's house as the home of the actress who got last year's Academy Award. This irks Lewin.

His favorite recreation is a nice brisk sit in an upholstered chair. But he sometimes takes solitary walks along the beach in white shorts, wearing a gold-knobbed cane. Tourists stop him and say, "May I have your autograph, Mr. Chaplin?"

Lewin says, "Certainly," and signs the paper *Clark Gable*.

Friends suggest psychoanalysis, enemies say he ought to be locked up.

LEWIN has a love for good art. His judgment has stood serious tests. And paintings have been prominent décor in each of his recent motion pictures. In *The Moon and Sixpence*, Gauguin's alleged masterpiece is shown in a Technicolor sequence, while the balance of the motion picture was shot in black and white. People said it couldn't be done. But Lewin did it. He repeated this technique in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. He persuaded M-G-M to commission the Albright brothers to paint the canvas after which the movie is named. They delivered a gruesome portrait which was applauded by art connoisseurs. It was also thought to be a good indictment of sin.

For *Bel Ami* Lewin and his co-producer, David L. Loew, held an art contest. They wanted a

painting of the "Temptation of St. Anthony." Showing the pious hermit in the desert, tortured by satanic visions, it was to be used in the key sequence of the picture. There a virtuous woman is satanically tempted by Bel Ami. Eleven noted artists were invited to submit. Each received a \$500 entry prize. The winning picture, by Max Ernst, was awarded an additional \$2500 prize.

Albert Lewin began to collect paintings at a time when he was making \$45 a week. At that time the Lewins lived in a doll house in the Hollywood hills. A normal person would have had to stoop, but Lewin looked large in it. Perhaps because of Lewin's smallness many of his friends are big, tough, sentimental. There is Jim Tully, and there is J. Flaherty, art explorer and movie maker. There is Peter Freuchen, famous Danish explorer and writer. Lewin once came to visit Freuchen.

"It was Christmas time," Freuchen says, "and all our fishermen and sailors were singing and dancing and drinking because this is part of our Christmas fun. No one understood English, but we all had a wonderful time with Ollie Lewin. He is always happy in the company of disorderly people—probably because he is such an orderly man."

A few years ago Lewin was assigned to direct *Madame Curie*. After a few weeks of shooting he suddenly withdrew. Hollywood gossip made the best of it. Only years later would Lewin tell his friends the reason.

"I couldn't stand it any longer. I just can't get interested in virtuous people. That woman was so damned noble!"

MR. GEORGE WASHINGTON

*A profile of the great American, written
as though he were a contemporary*

By Roger Butterfield

GEORGE WASHINGTON, "The Father of His Country," Commander in Chief of the American Army during the Revolution and first President of the United States, was a man who liked to figure things out with complete mathematical exactitude. Several years after the Revolution, while he was tending his estate at Mount Vernon, Washington went to work with some scales and grain seeds and discovered that the number of red clover seeds in one pound was 71,000, of timothy 298,000, of "New River" grass 844,800, and of barley 8925. These figures were helpful to him in estimating how many pounds of seed to sow on each acre.

Washington also made minute calculations of his winnings and losses at cards. During one period from 1772 to 1775, for example, he played loo—a form of whist—63 times, losing 36 times and winning 27. The most he ever won in one game was 12 pounds and 8 shillings, while the most he lost was 7 pounds and 10 shillings. When he balanced his card game records shortly before going to

attend the first Continental Congress, he found that he was out 6 pounds, 3 shillings, and 3 pence for the three-year stretch.

Whenever Washington went hunting around Mount Vernon he came home and wrote down what he killed, where he killed it, and a brief description of the dead animal, such as whether it was a dog fox or a bitch fox. The statistics he compiled during six years from 1768 to 1774 show that he went fox hunting 155 times, got nothing 85 times, and killed 71 foxes on the other 70 trips. During the same years he shot 26 ducks in nine times out, bagged three deer in six tries, fished five times for fun, went to the theater 37 times, and attended 29 balls, six horse races, five concerts, and two barbecues.

Washington was always hopefully taking a chance in lotteries and raffles and kept a careful account of all the tickets he ever bought. He bought chances on watches, guns, silver buckles, glasses, and a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica and lost all of them. The only time he ever won

anything—a half-acre town lot—he was cheated out of it, according to his records.

While he was president, Washington walked nearly every day to a watchmaker's shop and set his watch by the most accurate time available. At his dinner time, which was 3 P. M., he would wait precisely five minutes for any late guests. Then he would go in and eat.

During his eight years in the presidency, Washington received each week very detailed reports from his superintendent at Mount Vernon, showing which of his slaves were at work on each day, which ones were reported sick or in childbirth, how much seed was being used, what crops were harvested, and production figures for butter, pork, whisky, bricks, fish, textiles, and so on. Washington pored over these long lists of figures and kept up a continuous stream of letters and instructions regarding them. Once he noted that the women assigned to sewing work were producing only six shirts a week, and that a girl named Carolina was making only five. The president wrote back that these shirkers would have to make more shirts.

"Mrs. Washington says their usual task was to make nine with shoulder straps and good sewing," he wrote. "Tell them therefore from me, that what *has* to be done, *shall* be done."

Washington carried on long and complicated experiments with manures and fertilizers at his farms, and always hoped that some day he would find a way to bring up large quantities of the rich black Potomac river mud and spread it on his land. He tried various machines, which didn't

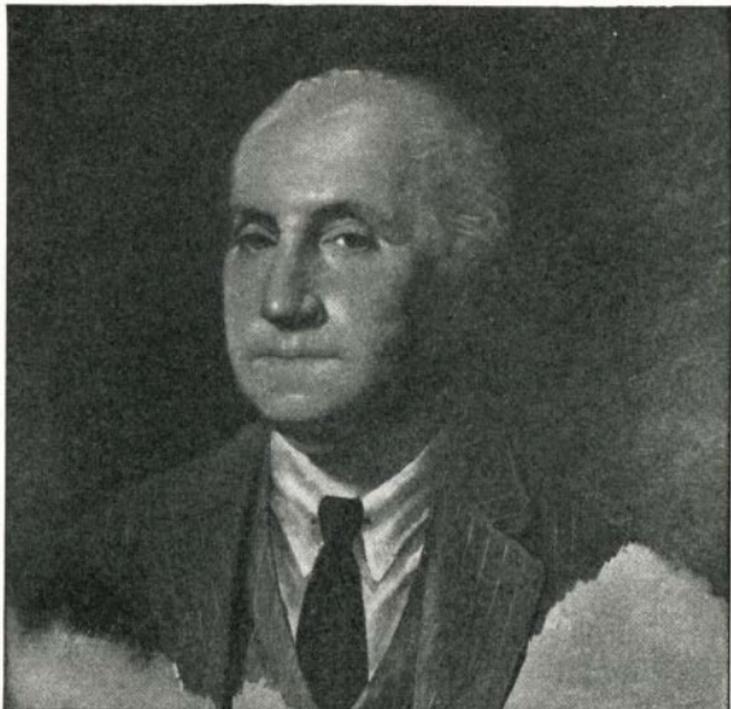
work very well, and also set his men to digging out the mud by hand. One of his favorite after-dinner toasts at Mount Vernon was "Success to the mud!"

Washington was not exactly a gay companion at all times, but he did enjoy plenty of sociable eating and drinking. Like many Virginia gentlemen of the old school he spent from one quarter to one third of his income on his cellar. His own favorite drink was Madeira, which he imported by the barrel from the island for which it was named. He rarely drank more than a pint per meal, and there is no record that he ever appeared in the least intoxicated.

When special friends visited him at Mount Vernon he sometimes sat up drinking champagne with them until almost 12 o'clock. (His usual bedtime was 9 o'clock sharp.) But he was always perfectly capable of taking a candle and lighting his guests and himself to bed.

Washington also drank brandy, punch, small beer, claret, and—when there was nothing better around—rum and water. His distillery at Mount Vernon produced excellent rye and corn whisky, but Washington never touched that kind of liquor if he could help it. When he was cooped up with his army at Valley Forge during the hard winter of 1777-78 he complained bitterly to Congress that the best he could offer his visitors was "stinking whisky" and beef without vegetables. Whisky was considered a very coarse and plebeian drink in his day.

During his presidency, Washington and his wife set the most elaborate table in America. Their



No man of his day was better dressed. If Mr. Washington had lived in '47 he would have looked about like this illustration by Gilbert Stuart and Condie Lamb.

menu for a typical large dinner included soup, roasted and boiled fish for a second course, then an assortment of roast beef, veal, ham, turkey, ducks and other fowl, then puddings, apple pie, ice cream, and jellies, then watermelon, musk melon, apples, peaches, oranges, almonds, figs and raisins, accompanied throughout by many kinds of wine and punch.

Washington's only known invention, incidentally, was the "Washington Coaster," a solid-silver table contraption that held four bottles of wine and was rolled from guest to guest.

Washington believed he should stage very lavish dinners in order to give prestige to the president's official position. His personal tastes were much less luxurious. When he was at Mount Vernon, he rose every morning around 4 o'clock and ate a light breakfast of corncakes, tea, and honey, which was his favorite sweetening. Then he rode around his farms to check the work being started that day. In very hot weather he fastened an umbrella to his saddle to shield his head from the sun. Returning to the house by 7 o'clock he ate again with his wife and guests. This

second breakfast might include ham and eggs, or fresh fish, with more corncakes, honey, and tea. Washington was especially fond of fish and had one slave who did nothing but fish for his table. While he was President and living in the north he had salted cod-fish for his dinner almost every Sunday.

His dinners at Mount Vernon consisted of a saddle of mutton, smoked ham, turkey, and other products of the estate. They were served promptly at 3 P. M. An hour or so before, all guests and visiting relations were expected to gather in the drawing room where Martha presided over an immense bowl of punch, made from lemons, sugar, spices and rum.

Mrs. Washington was quite as imposing and stern as her husband when they were in company, but when they were alone she teased him by twisting the buttons on his coat. He called her "Patsy" and she called him her "old man" or "the General."

On occasions when Washington sat around after dinner, he liked a big bowl of nuts beside him, and he kept on cracking and eating nuts all the time he wasn't standing up to drink a toast. His hands were so strong that he could crack an ordinary hazelnut or walnut between his right thumb and forefinger.

Washington danced the minuet very gracefully and was even better known for his endurance on the ballroom floor. Once he started dancing he seemed to hate to stop. At a party during the Revolution, when he was about 50 years old, he danced three hours without a break with Kitty Greene, the wife of one of his

generals. On such occasions, Washington could become playful—and even impudent—with the ladies. One night during the war he attended a dinner party at another officer's quarters in Morristown, New Jersey. After the meal the men sat around the tables exchanging toasts while the ladies went into another room. Presently one of the masculine guests went in to join the ladies, and Washington and the others went in to bring him back to the dining room. There followed a playful scuffle in the course of which a lady named Mrs. George Olney suddenly decided that George Washington was squeezing her hand too much.

"If you do not let go my hand, I will tear the hair from your head," were the words which some of the others heard her say. "For though you are a General, you are but a man!"

Mrs. Olney later denied she had said this, while Mrs. Kitty Greene insisted that she had. Their husbands almost got into a duel over which lady was telling the truth.

As president, Washington adopted a very stiff and formal attitude toward even his closest friends. He never shook hands at official receptions, but stood with his back to a fireplace and gave a short bow to each person presented to him. Once when a very good friend of his, a senator from Pennsylvania, walked in and slapped him on the shoulder, Washington froze him in his tracks with a glacial stare.

Washington deliberately acted this way because he wanted the office—and not necessarily himself—to be highly respected. He was always a fastidious dresser and while he was president he

was easily the best-dressed and most dignified-looking man in the country. His suits were velvet, with knee-length pants and he wore black or white silk stockings and silver-buckled shoes. He carried a short steel-hilted sword at his side, and powdered his long brown hair to a fashionable ash-white color, tying it at the back of his neck in a little silk bag. His presidential coach was as splendid as any king's. Its cream-colored body had venetian blinds in all the windows and the Washington coat-of-arms emblazoned on each door. The metal parts of the harness were silver-plated and engraved with the Washington family motto, *Exitus acta probat* (The end justifies the means).

This coach was drawn by six perfectly matched white horses which were rubbed down each night with a special white paste, swathed in body cloths and left to sleep on clean straw. In the morning their coats were polished to a white-satin finish, their hoofs painted black, their mouths washed, and their teeth cleaned and picked before they went out to haul the president.

WASHINGTON was not famous for saying funny things, but sometimes he got off a crack that was widely appreciated. On the night he crossed the Delaware to attack the Hessians at Trenton, he was in the same barge with his fat General of artillery, Henry Knox.

At one point the barge seemed to be sinking on one side. According to the printed version of this story Washington cried, "Shift your weight, Knox, and trim the boat!" The word-of-mouth version, which has come through gen-

erations of army men, is more bluntly Anglo-Saxon.

Washington's usual style of humor was a kind of patient and long-suffering irony when things were going badly. During the first winter his army spent at Morristown, in 1776-77, he wrote to Congress that "The men with me are too few to fight and not enough to run away with." Another time, when desertions were giving him trouble, he remarked that he would soon have to assign half the army to bring back the other half. During his presidency, when the political opposition was charging that \$800,000 was missing from the Treasury, he wrote one of his Cabinet officials:

"And pray, my good sir, what part of the \$800,000 have come to your share? As you are high in office, I hope you will not disgrace yourself in the acceptance of a paltry bribe—\$100,000 perhaps?"

Washington was a poor public speaker and ducked every speech he could. He never delivered his Farewell Address, but simply sent it to the newspapers to be printed. At his first inauguration, his hands trembled so much that he almost dropped the manuscript of his speech. While he was a member of the Virginia Legislature, Patrick Henry was making his famous "If this be treason" and "Give me liberty" speeches, and Thomas Jefferson was drawing up resolutions about the Stamp Act, the Boston Massacre, and so on. Washington sat in his place every day without saying a word. But when the British army and navy closed the port of Boston—an event comparable to the bombing of Pearl Harbor in 1941—Washington stood up and spoke one sentence: "I will raise one

thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march myself at their head for the relief of Boston."

A good many delegates considered this the most eloquent speech of the year.

A little later, when he was elected a member of the first Continental Congress at Philadelphia, Washington continued to be eloquent without saying anything. He was the only member of the Congress who came to meetings in a military uniform and wearing a sword. He sat there, day after day, all dressed to fight while other men talked and wrangled and drafted petitions to the king. When the time came to choose a commander-in-chief it was almost inevitable that Washington—who let his sword do his talking—should be elected.

John Adams, who nominated Washington for the command and was jealous of him for the rest of his life, was a bad-tempered man who said many bad-tempered things. One day, while walking past a portrait of Washington, Adams burst out peevishly, "That old woodenhead made his fortune by keeping his mouth shut!" This was distinctly unfair, for Washington had great qualities of leadership, bravery, tenacity and patriotism. But it is quite true that he let other people talk while he made up his mind and acted. His judgment, as Jefferson said, was "slow, but sure."

One reason he kept his mouth shut was undoubtedly the lifelong trouble he had with his teeth. Before he was 30 years old his front teeth were decayed and disagreeable to look at, and he suffered miserably from toothache all during the Revolution.

He carried a set of dental tools with him and used them himself when he could not locate a dentist. By the time he was president he had only one tooth left, the lower left front molar. Using this as an anchor, a dentist fitted him with a crude denture consisting of an ivory half-ring with old human teeth fastened to it by gold rivets. This was a bad fit and made his voice hollow and indistinct. Washington hung onto his last tooth as long as possible, but in 1796 it had to be pulled. He then got a much better set of false teeth made from hippopotamus ivory by John Greenwood, the most famous dentist of the time. This set had a gold-swedged base which adhered to the roof of his mouth by atmospheric pressure. It is believed to be the first such dental plate ever made.

Gilbert Stuart, who painted Washington while he was wearing his first set of false teeth, tried to make up for their bad fit by stuffing cotton around in his gums. This gave his lips and face a puffy appearance which they did not have in life. Charles Willson Peale, who painted an earlier portrait, filled his mouth with a set of soft metal dentures that weighed two pounds. Washington hated to sit for his portrait anyway, and these experiences made him hate it worse. He always wore a dull, pained expression while being painted.

Despite his powerful six-foot, two-inch frame and great physical strength, Washington was sick during much of his life, suffering from malaria, dysentery, ague, smallpox, anthrax, and cancer, among other things. On the day of Braddock's famous battle in western Pennsylvania,

Washington was so sick he had to be carried to the front in a covered wagon.

During the seven years of the Revolution, Washington luckily escaped any serious illness, though he often slept on the ground or spent all night in the saddle. His hearing and eyesight were both weak while he was president. He wore glasses almost all the time, but took them off whenever his picture was painted.

On December 12, 1799, Washington went out as usual to ride around his five farms at Mount Vernon, and was caught in a severe storm of snow, hail, and cold rain. His secretary saw that his skin was wet and there was snow hanging in his hair when he came in. But his 3 o'clock dinner was waiting for him and he refused to change to dry clothes before he ate. The next day he came down with a bad sore throat but treated it lightly and would not send for a doctor. "Let it go as it

came," he said, which was his customary remark when he caught a cold.

Toward morning on December 14 he was very ill with fever and could scarcely swallow or breathe. He ordered an overseer named Albin Rawlins to draw a half pint of blood from his veins. This was then considered a good remedy for almost any disease. When the doctors came that day they prescribed two more pretty copious bleedings, and finally a fourth one which took about 32 ounces, or a whole quart. It was this continual bleeding which weakened Washington's resistance to the throat infection and finally killed him on the evening of December 14.

Toward the end, after he said good-by to his wife and household, Washington took hold of his own wrist and held a finger over his pulse. This effort to count his own fading heartbeat was his last conscious act.



Other People

■ INSOMNIAC

People who reach the age of 60 have spent perhaps 20 years of that time asleep. Active men, who sometimes begrudge the waste of so much time, have often wondered how much sleep is really necessary. But the only person who ever believed he could get along without any at all was a young man who presented himself some years ago to Drs. S. E. Katz and Carney Landis at the New York State Psychiatric Institute. We shall call him John Smith.

"Several times," said Smith, "I have gone four or five days without sleep. I believe it is unnecessary—a lazy habit people invented to keep from thinking." He offered to try it again, for the benefit of science.

The doctors bought him a night watchman's clock and key. He had to turn the key every ten minutes, to prove that he was awake. He thought that if he could go a week without sleeping he would get a second breath and be able to go on indefinitely.

He lasted 231 hours. During this time he slept a total of five and one half hours. All his naps were involuntary, and the longest was an hour and ten minutes.

By the sixth day Smith began to show the effects of his sleeplessness. When asked what street corner he was on, he thought he was four blocks away. He mistook

a desk for a drinking fountain. He rose suddenly and walked down the hospital corridor, trying every door as he passed.

As his nerves became more and more frayed, Smith decided that one of the doctors was persecuting him. "His protests and misinterpretations of motives and conduct became increasingly marked, to an extent which made him more and more unmanageable, and occupied more and more time and attention of all individuals connected with the experiment."

The sleepless Mr. Smith got so unruly they had to cut the experiment short and place him under medical treatment nine hours before the end of the tenth day.—*William Miller.*

■ PRACTICE AND THEORY

What happened to Charlie Davis, when he was a student at the Army's great Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, shouldn't happen to a rookie.

Lieutenant Colonel Charles W. Davis of Montgomery, Alabama was an infantry officer during the war. Out on Guadalcanal, during the height of the fighting on January 12, 1943, Davis volunteered to carry orders to the leading companies of his battalion. To reach them he had to creep and crawl through murderous Jap machine gun fire. But Davis delivered his messages and next day

again volunteered for another dangerous task, this time to lead an assault against a strong enemy position. "Following his leadership," said the War Department afterwards, "American troops seized the hill and broke enemy resistance in that quarter." For his valor Charlie Davis received the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Thus honored, Davis arrived several months later at the Command and General Staff School to study military tactics in the classroom. One of the problems that he was called upon to solve concerned an infantry assault on an enemy position. For five days



the School's instructors told how such an attack should be made. On the sixth day there was a three-hour written exam. Davis came out of the test looking glum. "The action described in the test was the same one I fought through on Guadalcanal. Now the way I fought that action isn't the way the School teaches . . ."

When the exams were handed back, most of the class received "Satisfactory." But Davis—the only man in the School to have actually eye-witnessed the action—got an "Unsatisfactory." At Fort Leavenworth they are still chuckling over that one. The School's explanation, which is

logical, is that the Medal of Honor is awarded for personal valor and has no direct relationship to tactical decisions in battle.—*Julian Bach, Jr.*

■ I HAVE BEEN SELECTED

From time to time certain people who are complete strangers to me select me from the great mass of American people for some kind of special consideration. *Harper's* not long ago selected me to be specially honored in being allowed to subscribe to *Harper's*. And a bond house has notified me that I have been selected for its confidential list.

Though I do not subscribe to *Harper's*, have never bought a bond, these things please me. They make me believe that *Harper's* and the bond company studied my past and my prospects, and decided that I had something to distinguish me from the common herd.

But at times I wonder about the procedure by which I am selected. I have just received a letter from the executive director of an air conditioning company in Ohio.

"Right now we are urgently seeking men with the necessary qualifications for training in air conditioning and refrigeration," the letter read, "and your name has been selected."

At first I thought there must have been some mistake. I had no idea I was a man with the necessary qualifications. Of course I'm writing to the executive director right away. If a man has special qualifications he's foolish if he doesn't use them.

"Lessons will come directly to you from the most distinguished instructors in air conditioning

and refrigeration," the letter says, "if you act promptly. Just sign the enclosed slip and return it to us with your check."

Mary won't be able to buy that spring coat, I'm afraid, but I guess she won't need it. We can't go out much if I'm going to be studying.—*Hart Stilwell.*

■ EPISTLE

'47

Sirs:

I have your suggestion that I might do something for our magazine. I suppose I should have warned you that I am one of those writers who only write when it's too wet to go out and there's nobody home to talk to. After a month rife with births, deaths, love, marriages, returning warriors and the like I have only just got myself emotionally cleaned up enough to consider getting down to business.

As I consider the notion of commenting on my kind, my mind is a flurry of disconnected and utterly inconsequential odds and ends. I think, for example of the young thing, earnest with cocktails, announcing with a toss of her curls that personally, she was sick and tired of being sorry for the Pope. Of the late General Stilwell, perhaps the best-covered general in the War, turning on a platoon of war correspondents

wearily trudging after him with, "For gawd sakes, gentlemen, I'm only going to the bathroom!"

People are slothful, of course. On a recent motor trip I came across a large forest fire on both sides of the road. I carefully noted the mileage and raced to the next farmhouse. A middle-aged man came out. Said I, "I want to report a forest fire." Said he, "Where?" I told him, precisely. He looked thoughtful, wet one of his fingers and held it up to the wind. "Thanks," he said, "but I don't reckon it'll reach here."

Lots of people are kind and some are valiant. An item in a Chicago newspaper brought in \$15,000 in small contributions for a boy's education because it had been his mother's life ambition that he go to college. She was a switchboard operator. During the fire at the Hotel LaSalle in Chicago she warned guests until the last minute and died at her board.

You see how it is. Clearly, I am light-minded, unobservant, and have not been around as much as is natural for my age. Even our pets, if you care, are hopelessly conventional.

One of these days I'll get organized and send along something besides an extended apology.

Yrs,

I.R.E.A.



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'47

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●

Mr. Washington as a contemporary, an interpretation by Roger Butterfield — see pages 151-157

