

KEM

A.N.C.

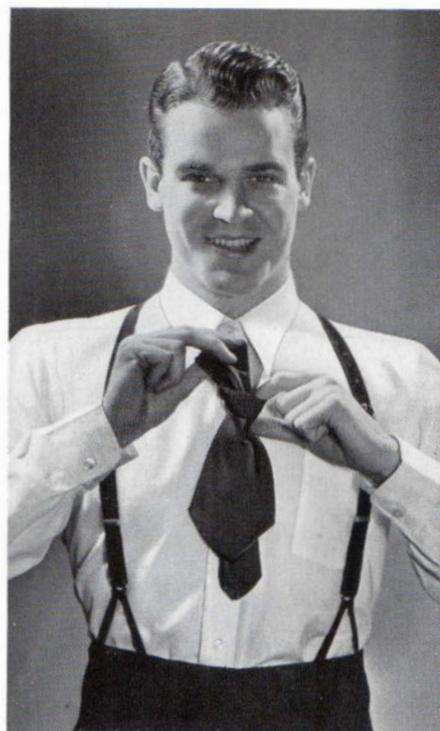


M A Y 5 T H
VOL. I. NO. 3 1938

A CARGO OF INNOCENCE

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HOW TO PUT A TIE TO BED



1 No matter how much or how little you pay for a tie, you can make it last longer by treating it right at bedtime. Begin the untying act *gently*—first slipping the knot down a few inches.

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A pen with an ordinary point may suit you to a "T" the first time you try it out. But as you use it, something happens. The point seems to change. The pen no longer seems to write with its original sweetness and "feel." Read below how the new Wahl-Eversharp pen, because of its "Self-Fitting" point, enables you to avoid this annoying experience.

Choose the only pen you can be sure to keep on liking!

IT IS common knowledge that a fountain pen will be fickle—its point seems to change after you've used it a while.

But the new Wahl-Eversharp pen will feel as if it were made for your hand alone as long as you own it—that's the great advantage its "Self-Fitting" point gives you!



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This amazing new point actually places in the hand of every pen-user a pen that can be self-fitted to regulate the flow of ink and the flexibility of the point.

See this new pen at your dealer's. Set its point perfectly to your way of writing—and get a new idea of writing smoothness! Then buy it—and the pen you *own* will be the pen you bought—as long as you use it!



Guaranteed to keep your hand happy!

This new pen is guaranteed to *stay* perfect. Gold Seal

Wahl-Eversharp pens (\$7.50 to \$10.75) are guaranteed for the life of the owner except against loss or wilful damage, and subject only to a 35c servicing charge to cover handling cost, postage, and insurance.



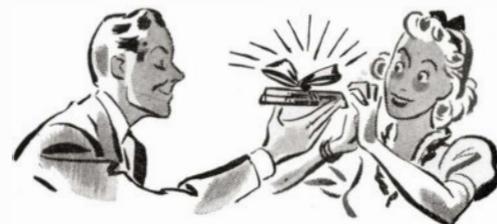
Another great feature —the Safety Ink Shut-Off!

You can get Wahl-Eversharp pens with the famed Safety Ink Shut-Off* (\$8.75 and \$10.75)—an exclusive Wahl-Eversharp feature. No other pen has it!

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And you can choose your Wahl-Eversharp with either lever or vacuum fill. Both come in the beautiful Doric design—hold more ink—show when to refill.



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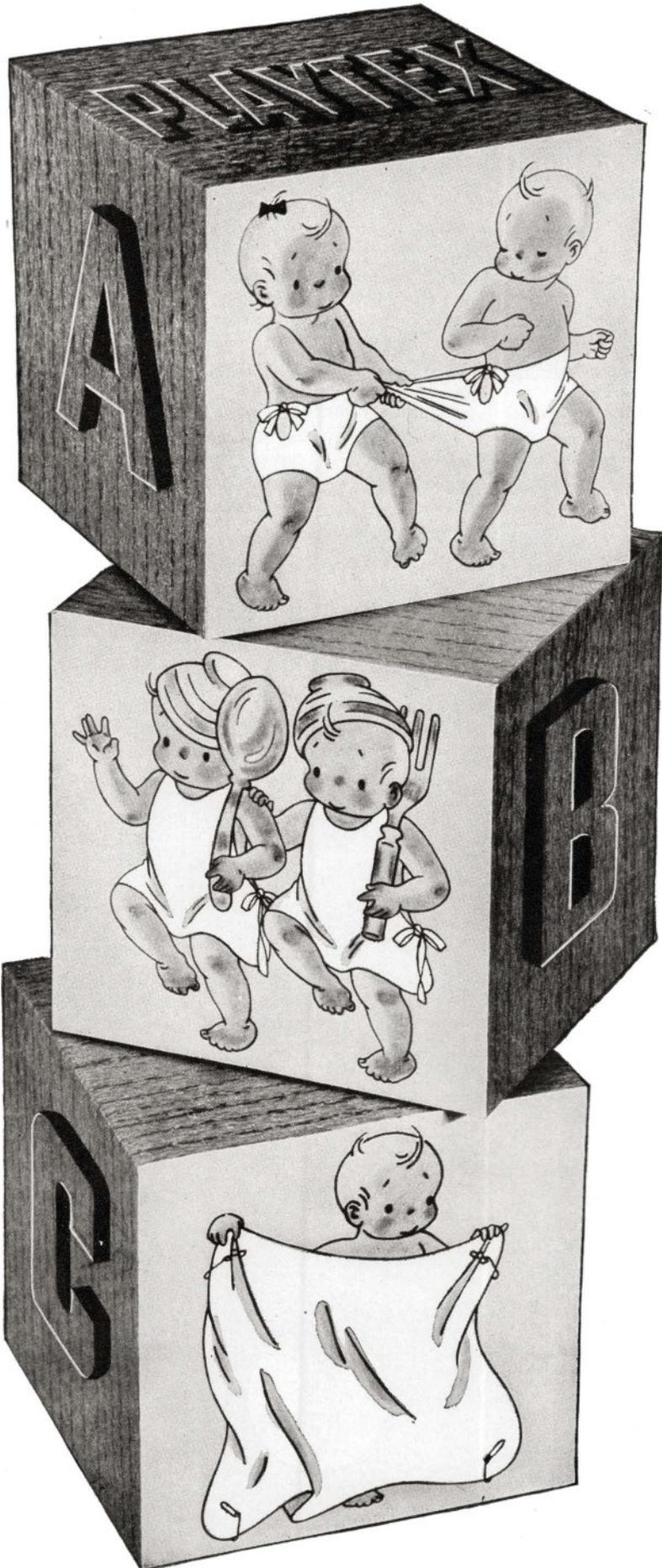
The new Wahl-Eversharp pen is a grand gift pen—the *one* pen you can give with the assurance that the one who receives it can "set" it perfectly to his or her way of writing. There are Wahl-Eversharp pens from \$2.75 up. Pencils to match, \$1.25 to \$6. Prices slightly higher in Canada. The Wahl Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

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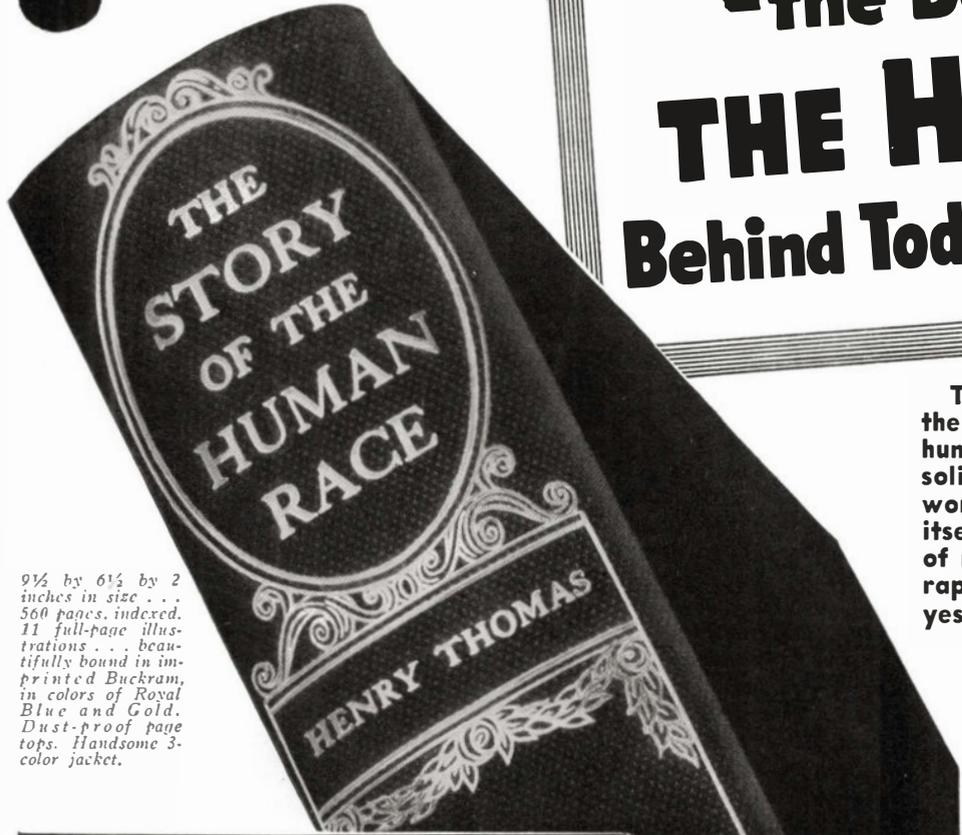
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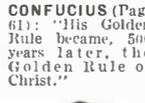
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	Alexander the Great Epicurus Hannibal Cato Caesar Jesus Nero		BISMARCK (461): "Inaugurated the reign of the crimson fist; swept away generations of progress in a tempest of blood."
	Marcus Aurelius Constantine the Great Mohammed Charlemagne Peter the Hermit St. Francis of Assisi Dante		LEONARDO DA VINCI (Page 303): "Every once in a while Nature tires of experimentation, creates a real man. Leonardo was such a man."
	Marco Polo Petrarch Johannes Huss John Ball Joan of Arc Torquemada Columbus Leonardo da Vinci Martin Luther Machiavelli Shakespeare Louis XIV George Fox Spinoza		GANDHI (Page 523): "Perhaps the greatest military genius in history; taught the world how to win battles without bloodshed."
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KEN

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TRANS-ATLANTIC KEN

BY CLAUD COCKBURN

GEORGE VI and his queen being groomed for a much bigger political role than any they have played thus far. It's possibly the biggest role played by a British monarch since George V aided his personal friend MacDonald to form the national government in 1931. Intensive slumming tours in the working class districts, inspection of housing projects, and visits to munitions factories, a round which began early in March and is coming to a climax with the opening of the Glasgow Empire Exhibition, may be intended by the Palace publicity staff to build up for George VI the type of public appeal formerly monopolized by Edward and then lost by Edward due, above all, to his Nazi connections. That publicity glamour has never been recovered by him and has not as yet been picked up by the present rulers.

Between April 26, the budget day, and the end of next month it will certainly be necessary for Chamberlain to announce most important decisions regarding "adjustment" of the British people to a war basis. It is essential to enthuse the British public so as to make possible the introduction of preliminary steps to a "national service" in industry. Also the introduction of some form of general military training. Open support of the King—and possibly through a special message to Chamberlain—will be invaluable in putting this over. This support has already been partially prepared through the King's participation in the "National Fitness Campaign," though that was slightly marred by the unkind newspaper publicity calling attention to the proportion of bald heads and paunches at the keynote dinner of the National Fitness Organization.

A lavatory to be used by dogs during air raids has been provided in "London's Luxury Funkhole" under Bentinck Close, apartment house block on Avenue Road, Regents Park. Rents average \$3,000 annually for an apartment. The building is especially constructed for air-raid resistance with floors containing a foot of solid concrete as a "breaker" for the force of the bomb. The shelter is in a cellar constructed by Carrier Engineering Company which owns the British rights and patents on an anti-gas air filtration device used in the famous French Maginot Line. In view of the dog-loving character of the British upper classes, this part of the shelter has been set aside with special chemical destruction devices so that dogs may carry out their natural functions without molesting the human occupants.

"The human element" of British rearmament is still the greatest question hanging over current cabinet discussions and calculations of military

men of Great Britain and Europe. The secret nightmare of Hoare-Belisha and his new army council is the thought that Britain is too badly split politically to enable an "effective mobilization of national effort." The fear is that even if trade union leaders sign on the dotted line, promising co-operation, their rank and file will not respond either industrially or militarily, due to public dislike of Chamberlain's undemocratic policy in abandoning the League of Nations, collective security, and Spain. An important figure acting occasionally as an intermediary between the army council and the labor party leaders in this issue is the near-pacifist and anti-fascist, Captain Liddell Hart, military council of the *London Times*.

Hungry children in Northumberland, England, refused to eat eggs offered them by relief workers because, having lived all their lives in this district, a distressed area of northeastern Britain, they did not know these hard, whitish objects were edible.

The British Intelligence Service has reported to the government on the existence of a secret treaty between Germany, Poland, and Hungary in which they agree to a joint division of Czechoslovakia. This makes nonsense of most British efforts to get Czechs to make limited concessions to the Nazis, since the Nazis are unwilling to permit the continued existence of Czechoslovakia at all on any terms, due to conditions mentioned in the secret treaty. It is assumed that the first serious "incident" relating to Czech minorities will occur in the Polish rather than in the German section of Czechoslovakia. The reason: if Poland on the basis of this secret treaty is the first to make drastic demands on the Czechs, the French will be immediately embarrassed, because France has treaties with Poland as well as with Czechoslovakia. It is calculated that this embarrassment may cause the necessary and fatal delay in French action.

More than 200 innocent looking country innkeepers are listed by the French secret police as being far-from-innocent advance guards of the Nazis' most dangerous expansionist thrust—namely, into Alsace-Lorraine. These inns, kept by hired men of the Nazis, act as meeting places for all disgruntled elements of the countryside, also, it is strongly suspected, as potential arms dumps similar to those discovered elsewhere in the investigation of the *Cagoulard* conspiracy. Hitler has already conveyed to the French government, via Flandin, a threat to make trouble in Alsace-Lorraine in the event the French prove unwilling to back down in their resistance to his ambitions in eastern Europe or if they attempt seriously to aid Loyalist Spain. Watch Alsace-

Lorraine. It's regarded by the French General Staff as the equal, as a dangerpoint, to Morocco. The reason why this push may be intensified sooner than purely political considerations suggest is the belief—already aired in German military technical discussions—that this is the best available means to circumvent the Maginot Line.

"Winged Infantry," as one of the gravest dangers to fascist states, is being deeply discussed in Berlin this month following a lecture to the staff officers in Leipzig six weeks ago and subsequent articles in the German technical military press. It is pointed out that the Russians have enormously developed their "Winged Infantry of the People," having whole regiments ready to parachute down out of the clouds behind the fascist lines. Originally regarded as a stunt, then as a possibly serious element of military surprise tactics, it is now regarded by the Nazi General Staff as not merely a military threat but as a possible means of establishing in wartime effective and highly explosive contact between the anti-fascist fighting lines and the democratic elements within the fascist state. This apparently exaggerated attention paid to "Winged Infantry" by serious German technicians is significant as a tip-off on their own estimates of internal German staying power, once war breaks out.

The annual advertising income of the London morning dailies from football pools is \$3,750,000. That's the only figure relating to football pools so far undiscussed by those London morning dailies.

As an expanding city London appears to be achieving perpetual motion with development of the use of the contents of all London's dustbins as material for filling in the marshland near the mouth of the Thames, after covering with topsoil these lands will be used for the building of estates, factories, etc. Contracts for this waste removal are held by a small group of contractors owning riverside wharfs. The amount paid them for transportation this year is over \$5,000,000. That's an extraordinarily high price.

Big business man Neville Chamberlain's most important speeches will be written in the future by a miner's son from South Wales if "The Friends of the Third Reich," centering then around Lord Astor's house. Cliveden Manor, are successful in their agitation to get Chamberlain to take on Tom Jones. Baldwin's former secretary and a strong German sympathizer. as his private adviser and speechwriter extraordinary. Tom Jones, as Secretary of The Pilgrim Trust, thus has a double (German and American) connection with the Cliveden set. In view of Baldwin's unexampled success in persuading the country to believe in the "simple democratic" character of his most reactionary policies, the Tory bosses and conscriptionists believe Tom Jones is what the doctor ordered to veneer the excessively openly reac-

tionary Chamberlain.

The personnel of the reorganized cabinet planned by Chamberlain after the budget is settled includes Churchill, Inskip, Halifax, perhaps Eden, and Ernest Bevin, leader of the Transport Workers' Union. Last two uncertain. Eden declares "Chamberlain is making things very difficult for me," meaning that Eden is unable to accept lower office than Foreign Office, therefore if the Chamberlain policy that brought about Eden's resignation is not changed he must get the chancellorship of the exchequer—a claim regarded as absolutely inadmissible by the majority of the Tories, although Tory election agents state that Eden's presence is worth a minimum of 2,000 votes in every constituency.

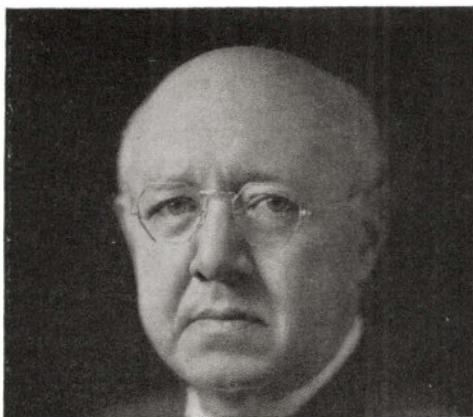
Among the gravest, most significant utterings of the month are the threats to France as "the center of the bolshevist menace" uttered by the bellicose *Gazetta del Popolo* and Leon Jouhaux's warning that the provocative attitude of the French right wing extremists is producing a situation similar to that of February 6, 1934, when the fascists attempted to storm the Chamber of Deputies. The smuggling of arms into France out of the fascist countries, halted by the former government, is now reliably reported to be heavily on the increase.

An inter-departmental row with international complications is currently raging between the Home office and the Foreign office. The question is, what's to be done with the mounting pile of evidence of undercover Nazi activities in Great Britain. It is likely that this quarrel will break out into the open within a month. The War office is backing the Home office in its demands for action, but they are blocked by the unwillingness of the Foreign office to do anything that will offend the German government. The Foreign office is interested in "appeasement." When Correspondent Gedye of the *New York Times* and *London Daily Telegraph* was expelled from Austria, the Home office begged the Foreign office to take this as an opportunity to expel two well-known Nazi agents, currently masquerading as journalists, from England. They suggested that this act be represented as purely a reprisal for the Gedye expulsion, without any mention of the other activities of the two persons concerned. Lord Halifax refused to comply with this suggestion; the story allowed to leak through to the newspapers was that Halifax was unwilling to "take reprisals." The real situation was suppressed, but in view of the mounting evidence of Nazi activity, brought to a head by the compulsory registration with their consuls of all Germans in England, and by the revelations in the Belgian parliament of Goebbels' financial activities in England, it is unlikely that the lid can be kept on much longer. In these circumstances, both sides are anxiously watching for possible results from Hoover's investigations of the American Nazi spy case.

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DESIGNED BY SUCCESSFUL ENGINEERS TO MEET THESE RIGID SPECIFICATIONS

- 1—Must shave as close as the finest blade razor.
- 2—Must do so the first time used—no "breaking-in" or tuitional period.
- 3—Must not irritate even the most delicate skin.
- 4—Must be sturdy, easy to clean—and must not "spray" whisker-dust.
- 5—Must shave fast—from the beginning.

A CHALLENGE! Unless you say your Roto-Shaver meets all five of these conditions on your face in your hands, return it in five days and your money will be refunded.

HERE for the first time, an electric shaver is being offered to you by a firm that discards hypnotic adjectives and lets its product do the selling. Two years ago, when I decided to enter the electric shaver field, I laid out the specifications listed above. Then with a group of engineers associated with me, I built a shaver to fit them. Roto-Shaver is the result—and it fully attains every objective set for it.

Without enlisting the aid of anything else—without blade, brush, lather or water—Roto-Shaver will shave you clean and fast and without irritation—from the first day you use it. And it will continue to do so—for it's self-adjusting, sturdily and simply constructed, soundly engineered.

But I don't expect you to believe these claims—because they've been made too often. On the other hand, this has never been said before: so confident am I that Roto-Shaver will fulfill my promises that I am prepared to send you one on a 5-day money-back trial basis. Order a Roto-Shaver via the coupon—and if, within five days you return it for any reason whatever, I will refund your money in full, without hesitation or quibbling. Yes, the Roto-Shaver is priced a little higher—but it's two shavers in one and worth it. And it will convince you of the fact that it fulfills our promises if you will give it a chance. Would you like to try one?

F. E. Moskovich

F. E. MOSKOVICS, President
Roto-Shaver Incorporated

NO LONG TRAINING PERIOD—5 DAYS OF PERFECT SHAVING OR MONEY BACK—Roto-Shaver shaves perfectly from the beginning. All it asks is five days to prove itself. Use it for this period—and unless it wins your complete approval, return it and your money will be refunded instantly.

ROTO-SHAVER!

\$18⁷⁵

WITH TWO HEADS
A Shaving Head For HIM—
A Depilator Head For HER...
Instantly Interchangeable

WHAT? SHAVE WITH THAT! Roto-Shaver may look like the craziest shaver idea yet—but one shave and you'll be crazy about it! Wait until your face gets next to that smooth, cool head. It can't let the skin through—it can't irritate. And as for the shaving action, Roto-Shaver's inner blades engage, by controlled, centrifugal motion, each aperture in the plate 28,000 times a minute—a total of seventeen million shearing actions a minute. Try it—that's all we ask.

ROTO-SHAVER INC. 17 EAST 45TH STREET NEW YORK, NEW YORK
I am willing to try your Roto-Shaver. Please send me one with the understanding that I will return it if it does not meet all five of the conditions listed on this page—in my hands on my face. You will remit my money in full if I return the Shaver within five days.
 I enclose remittance for \$18.75. Please send my Roto-Shaver C. O. D.

Name Address
City State

Use the Coupon

KEN PARTICLES

BY LAWRENCE MARTIN

. . . **NEW NAME:** Schuschnigg out, Brauchitsch in. Hitler's Austrian burglary brings to fore another ironfist, Brauchitsch, new chief Imperial German Army Staff, and key bully of Austro-German setup. (Pic on Pg. 45.) . . . **BRITISH BACK-DOWN:** Scheduled imperial crowning of George VI in India in autumn called off because of war fear. . . . **SPIES:** War and Navy dept. employes sure incoming communications to them are being watched since East Coast spy scare. . . . **DOPE:** Jap conquest of China means opium habit will be fastened upon millions. Chinese govt. has made rapid strides toward control of traffic in spite of protected Jap smuggling, but this work and more will be undone. Will probably mean increased smuggling into U. S. Already opium sales in newly acquired Chinese territory and in other countries are being pushed by Japan as means of raising war funds—and also of sapping vitality and morale of Chinese. (Pix on Pgs. 40-44.) . . . **IRONY:** Mari Sandoz, the novelist, is allergic to ink; typewriter ribbons make her ill. . . . **PLANES:** Air traffic situation in snarl as new and projected super-airliners find old runways inadequate (4500 linear feet of wide pavement is minimum), and many cities in poor financial condition to undertake improvements in airports rapidly becoming obsolete. Inevitable result: industry will clamor for national program of development, because not one of 738 municipal airports is self-supporting, and federal govt., which has already spent millions for beacons, radio broadcasting, and other aids, more millions in mail subsidies, will be permanently in the air business. More than 70 million dollars already spent on WPA work on 940 airports. . . . **MORGUE:** Auto accident death rate highest in Solid South, reckoning per gal. gas consumed. Odd fact: rural accidents are rapidly increasing. . . . **MERCHANT OF DEATH:** As nations hit new high in naval armament expenditure, Sir George Thurston, rated internationally as greatest designer of fighting ships, is in bankruptcy. . . . **OLD FAITHFUL:** Secretary of Agric. Wallace once tried to live on corn diet; then tried peanut diet; is still a vegetarian. . . . **STRANGE COMPANY:** Farley doesn't smoke or drink. Neither does Hitler. Nor Glenn L. Martin, de Valera, nor Will Hays. . . . **REVENGE?** Late Brig-Gen. Crozier, authored book *The Men I Killed*, admitting officers shot own men. British War Office ("My word, this isn't cricket!") disallowed pension; now friends are asking charity for Widow Crozier. . . . **MALE**

MARCEL: Beauty shops for men will be commonplace by 1940. . . . **THAT MIDDLE WAY:** Trailers so numerous in Sweden, hotel keepers are lobbying for law to tax pavement competition. . . . **BOMB-PROOF BASTION:** Old castle across road from British royal residence, Windsor, being remodeled with gas and bomb-proof cellars at cost of five million by N. Y. architect, who won't tell client's name. . . . **I.Q.:** Twice as many men as women leave things behind in hotels. . . . **AUSTRIA:** Lloyd George reveals in Memoirs that Gen. Sir Wm. Robertson and Lord Balfour secretly advised Ministry to insist on incorporation of Austria into Germany as part peace terms 1918. . . . **ANCIENTS:** Living retired in U. S. is ex-president of Assyrians (you thought they were extinct?) who were betrayed by British after World War, massacred wholesale by Turks. . . . **GENIUS:** Einstein a pushover for ice cream cones, buys them at drug stores, eats them walking on street. . . . **ANOTHER:** Jos. D. McGoldrick, Ph.D., PBK, Comptroller of N. Y., knows all American-National batting, pitching, fielding records by heart. . . . **CANS:** Twelve billion tins used annually by industry that requires more steel than building or railroads; only customer that outranks it is auto industry. In U. S., 100 cans for every man, woman, child. But fiber container is making inroads, threatens future. . . . **POETIC JUSTICE:** Tennyson wrote snootily, "Better 50 years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." Cathay pretty lively spot right now, but last 50 years of Europe has been no honey, and as for next 50 years? . . . **KINGPAWN:** Prince Christopher (Greece) has dashed off memoirs, revealing he has been asked at various times to be king of Portugal, Lithuania, and Albania, all in minor league. Turned them down, knowing job too well from inside. Papa, George I, was assassinated; brother twice exiled; and dearest pal, Manuel of Portugal, badly roughed up. . . . **DOMESTIC CRISIS:** Part reason British cabinet has been in muddle is that servant problem has been dumped into its lap. Working class daughters no longer interested in slavey jobs in middle class households, demanding as *quid pro quo*, uncensored private affairs and no isolation in basement. . . . **TEMPERAMENTS:** Paderewski once developed horror of pianos, had to stop performing. Lord Beaverbrook can't sleep unless his feet point south, hotels always having to rearrange his bedroom. . . . **RED LUCK:** U.S.S.R. has uncovered rich helium resources, another reason Hitler won't like Stalin. . . . **BIG BROTHER:**

U. S. Good Neighbor policy has failed to earn dividends from Rio Grande to Strait of Magellan; watch for change of front. . . . **WHEN U. S. WAS JAPPY:** When Perry called on Japs in 1854 with letter from President to Mikado, he said Americans are a fine people, want to be friends with Japs, but if Japs won't play, look out! . . . **LABOR NOTE:** Organized labor keeping eye on Boake Carter, whose anti-labor remarks have earned him effective boycott which is shunting him from product to product. . . . **SKI BOOM:** Winter before last fooled ski-wear biz with practically snowless weather but they made up for it last winter with loads of gaudy apparel. In 7 years skiing climbed from minor sport to a seven million wearing apparel biz. What sport will be boomed next to sell sweaters, pants, socks, caps? . . . **STRATEGY:** Kemal Atatürk is bound to win Alexandretta Sanjaq plebescite even if he unbalances Turkish budget with traveling expenses. Hundreds of Turks are being sent into the area to vote in the coming election. . . . **ARMOR:** Bad weather couldn't keep crowds away from corset mfrs big N. Y. spring display; more & bigger orders reported; new lines, new fabrics introduced. "Marked spirit optimism pervaded market"—meaning more women will take to elastic armor 1938, presenting neat feminine pkg characterized by elongated waistline, high bust, very flat abdomen. . . . **JOBS:** That growling you hear is complaint of upper circles of swivelchair men and superdrummers in a hundred trades and industries at wholesale firings, rehiring, and swaps rivaled only by periodical dept. store purges and Hearst. Situation is reducing many offices to chaos. . . . **PRESS:** In a certain large city, liquor price war made front pages, and magazine *Food Industries* asks why newspapers silent when nationally advertised brands of food wage price wars? . . . **AIR FUTURE:** John Geisse, chief power plant section U. S. Bureau Air Commerce, says airplane engine now in use is Rube Goldberg makeshift; radical new developments coming, among them Diesel engine. . . . **HEALTH:** Medicine men prophesying that family doctor must go, place to be taken by "Medical Co-ordinator," whose job will be to conserve health and co-ordinate work of physicians practicing special branches of medicine. . . . **STANDARD KITCHEN:** According to houseware entrepreneurs, standard kitchen should consist of 63 items, 85 separate pieces, making kitchen as complicated as freight locomotive. . . . **JOBS:** Looking over 43,502 clerical jobs in N. Y. City, curious investigators discovered two paid over \$300 a wk, two under \$10. Great bulk, or 31,531, between \$35 and \$15. . . . **WORSE JOBS:** In Georgia's statewide convict labor system many prisoners still shackled, rotten living conditions, inadequate medical care.

Large proportion of prisoners are 24 or under. Interesting report by U. S. Dept. Labor says: "Under Georgia's present system all county camps must attempt to make profit from labor of prisoners if they wish to avoid increasing local taxes." . . . **RELIEF:** Coal mines are mechanizing at great rate to cut costs; will lead to fewer miners. Govt will have to step in, care for more people, the federal budget will be still more unbalanced, more people will be unable to buy coal they need, the general purchasing power will decline a little more, throwing others out of work. If you can find inside cause or ultimate beyond of this process you have a big article for Ken. . . . **LAW:** 24% or 1800 of the 7500 members of state legislatures are lawyers. That is still too many. In 32 state legislatures that met in the year, 38,843 bills were introduced. 12,765 passed. That is still too many. . . . **INTERNATIONALIST:** Ford will spend more than half million dollars advtg in Great Britain this year, by periodicals, posters, direct mail, publicity films. Five new films produced, touring country in 30 units, plus shorts in regular cinemas. Last yr more than 400,000 saw Ford films. Only medium unsullied is radio, which under govt control carries no advtg. . . . **BUSINESS:** is going academic with charts, graphs, statistics, prognostications, "case methods" of study. "Clinics" on how to get the biz and why we didn't get the biz. "Institutes," "Academies," and "Guilds." Example of last-named is Housing Guild (Johns-Manville) which goes in for "package" selling of housing materials-services, co-ordinating carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers, electricians, plasterers, contractors, lumberyard men. Field marshal is lumberman; objective of this organization is couple that needs a home. This routine helps Tommy Manville maintain whatever it is he maintains. . . . **BRAINTRUST:** What ever happened to World Supreme Court of Knowledge that was being drummed up at Harvard Tercentenary? . . . **INCOME:** Food men say farm income will be larger than urban this year. Wallace said farm income would be smaller this year than last. Draw your own moral. . . . **GRUB:** Consumers will be egged this spring. Success of nationwide campaign last fall to increase egg eating spurs Natl. Poultry Producers Federation in cahoots with Amer. poultry industries to put on new drive. Eggs will be talked thru 25 million copies of 8,000 newspapers, 45 million handbills, 9 million news sheets, radio, posters, displays, recipes, sales bulletins and personal come-ons. Better give the hens a break. . . . **"PIGS SOAR":** Paper industry reporting that old rope market is quiet, bagging is very light, but waste paper is firm for higher grades such as envelope cuttings and ledgers; lower grades poor, with little demand for old newspapers. Twine situation in a tangle.



answers

*How is Irish American used?
How is it liked best? We give you
here excerpts from a few "fan
letters" chosen at random:*

The Perfect Manhattan



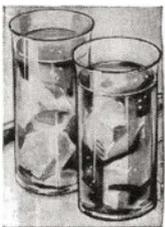
"... only one thing I can complain about: I can't keep a bottle of Irish American very long, unless I keep it under lock and key. My friends are terribly spoiled—ever since I first served a round of Manhattans made with Irish American, they set up a terrible din if I bring out any other whiskey. True, it costs a dollar less than the Scotch I used to serve, but I wish I could keep some on hand for myself."

A Great Old Fashioned

"I just took it for granted it would taste like Irish whiskey, but I find I was *all wrong*. It has a flavor that's individual, but reminds me a lot of a fine Canadian whiskey. We like it in Old Fashioneds, and with soda or straight I don't think it can be equalled anywhere. You fellows are causing a regular revolution in our drinking customs here."



In Highballs



"... I kept after the steward until he began serving it in our Club bar, and I've come to be considered quite a whiskey expert, as a result. Our Scotch specialists like it because it has the lightness they insist upon, and the Canadian drinkers

say it tastes familiar, only *better!* I guess we're 'one big happy family' now, all cheering for Irish American."

Straight



"It seems to me no two of my friends agree on how to drink whiskey. Some go for Manhattans, and some have a yen for Old Fashioneds, and some want it with fizz-water. I personally drink it straight, like a liqueur whiskey. But there's one thing we *all* agree on... since Irish American first came to this town, it has won and *held* its customers by its delightful flavor."

WILLIAM JAMESON & COMPANY, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

Its TASTE?

Arrestingly different, distinctly individual. Definitely not Irish. An original product possessing a lightness characteristic of Scotch, and a flavor much like fine Canadian whiskies.

**Irish American costs about one dollar per bottle less than standard Scotches in your community.*

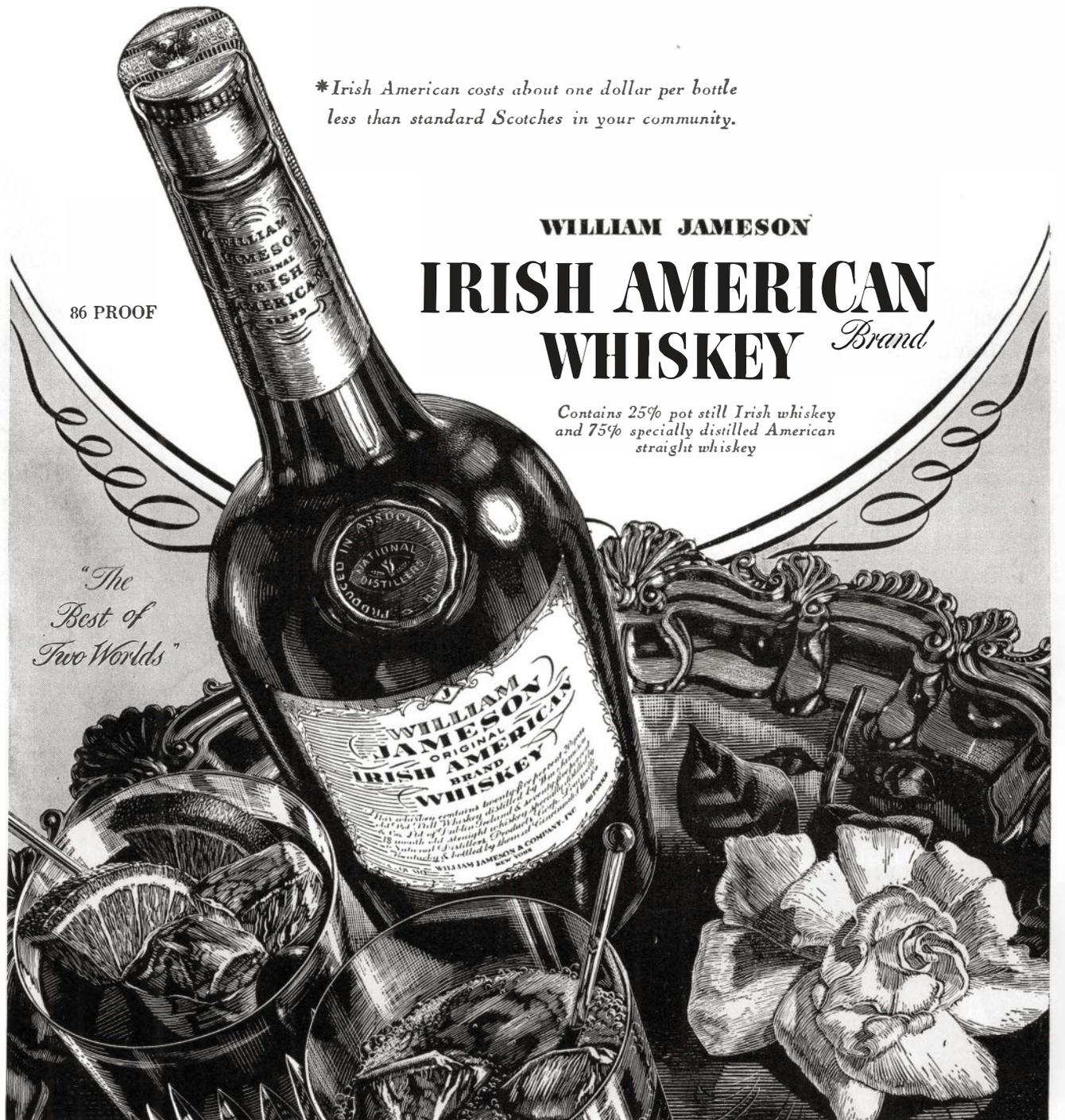
86 PROOF

WILLIAM JAMESON

IRISH AMERICAN WHISKEY *Brand*

Contains 25% pot still Irish whiskey and 75% specially distilled American straight whiskey

"The Best of Two Worlds"



WANT TO HIGH-HAT THE HIGHWAY?

HAVE YOU EVER looked at the world from behind the wheel of a new LaSalle V-8?

If you haven't, there's a treat in store for you—and no fooling.

It's a difficult thing to make clear—but a LaSalle does actually "set you up." So many owners have told us so that there can be no doubt about it.

You get a lift to your spirits the minute you take charge of this good-looking, power-packed creation from the hands of Cadillac craftsmen. Even before the engine starts, you sense that you're pretty much master of time and space.

And once LaSalle goes into action, you wouldn't trade places with anybody.

No longer do you believe the old axiom that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. The shortest distance to *anywhere* is when you make it in a LaSalle!

The great V-type eight-cylinder engine delivers its power almost with the ease of gravity itself. You only know that you pick up speed when you step on the throttle. Where the power comes from could well be a secret.

And it isn't just *power*. It's power *under control!*

The big hydraulic brakes are always



A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

in complete command. At the slightest pressure, the car settles down to a quick, smooth stop.

The steering wheel does *exactly* what you ask it to. You **KNOW** where you're *headed* when you look down the hood of a LaSalle.

And the road-balance is almost uncanny. The car seems all but glued to the highway. It holds its course like the rabbit at a dog track.

It's difficult, of course, to tell you why all these things happen in a LaSalle. The car is just designed and built that way. It's the thing that makes a car

by Cadillac so impossible to imitate.

But here's something we **CAN** tell you: if you have been paying above a thousand dollars for your motor cars, you're entitled to a LaSalle. So why not *get* a LaSalle?

It's a lot of fun to high-hat the highway—and you'll find it out before you've driven a hundred miles!

REMEMBER—LaSalle is actually lower in price than certain models of even other motor cars. So—before you spend above \$1,000 for a motor car, you owe it to yourself to—LOOK AT LASALLE!

LOOK AT LASALLE!

V-8 125-HORSEPOWER CADILLAC ENGINE

A CARGO OF INNOCENCE

The homely humanity of British sailors in caring for Spanish refugee orphan children, touching by contrast to the bestial fury of those who orphaned them, affords one of the very few pleasant stories to come out of the Spanish holocaust. And in the case of three of the thirty-five children on the voyage of H. M. S. *Tremendous* from the Bay of Biscay to Portland there was an inside story in every sense of the term. It was a funny week that ship put in, and an odd job for His Majesty's Navy.

BY LAURENCE KIRK

THE *Tremendous* was one of the very latest of the T-type destroyers. She had a displacement of 1,400 tons, a speed of 38 knots, and with her six torpedo tubes, her four 4.7 inch guns as well as three of the newest hush-hush anti-aircraft quick-firers, she was expected when it came to a scrap to give a pretty good account of herself against anything on, under or above the seas.

As it happened, she turned out to be quite well equipped for other emergencies for which she was less technically prepared.

In the early summer of 1937, the *Tremendous* was first ordered to the north coast of Spain. The orgy of hate there was represented by a pillar of fire by night and a pillar of smoke by day, as well as by a vague rumbling at all times.

Of course there were lighter moments. "Hammertoes," the ship's carpenter, made a book on the first British ship to break the blockade, and the betting amongst the ratings was heavy. "Potato Jones" was hot favorite at 7 to 4 with the other two Joneses in close pursuit at threes. The outsider who eventually won the race at 15 to 1 brought a nice little packet to the three Cardiff men who had backed her.

After that there was a lull again. The pillar of fire by night and the pillar of smoke by day went on in the distant tortured countryside, and the rumbling was more continuous than ever.

Then a wireless message was brought to the Commander on the bridge.

STAND BY TO ESCORT FRENCH
TRAWLER ARGONNE WITH CARGO
SPANISH REFUGEES.

Forty-eight hours later this was followed by another wireless message:

FRENCH TRAWLER DELAYED.
STAND BY TO RECEIVE FORTY-
TWO REFUGEES IN TREMENDOUS.

And shortly afterwards this was succeeded by yet a third:

TRANSHIPMENT REFUGEES WILL
TAKE PLACE POINT E-N-E OF SO-
MORROSTRO. TIME DAWN MAY
SEVENTEENTH.

As this final message was received at eleven p.m. on the sixteenth of May, there was not much time to wonder how a cargo of 42 refugees was to be stowed away in the cramped space of the destroyer. Long before dawn the next morning the *Tremendous* was at the appointed place with all her guns ready for action in case

there were any attempt at interference. Fortunately the sea was like a millpond, and presently two fishing boats with brown sails came creeping silently out of the mist that was spread over it like a thick counterpane. In a few moments they were alongside, and the Commander noted with satisfaction how well the Basques handled their craft. He noted also with a much more critical eye how quietly and efficiently his own men were performing their duties; then finally he turned as a messenger ran up to the bridge.

"Mr. Canning's compliments, sir. Copy of the list of refugees."

The Commander took the list, dismissed the messenger, and gave it a casual glance. His eyes then opened rather wide as he read the first few lines, for this was how the list began:

"1. José Ramón Esquerria. Aged 7 months. Orphan.

2. Maria Dolores Carrión. Aged 1 year 2 months. Orphan.

3. Manolo Juan Uscavilla. Aged 11 months. Orphan."

In a dazed way the Commander looked up, and he then saw what was happening down below. Baby after baby was being handed on board, checked by the boatswain, and delivered with the utmost solemnity into the arms of one of the Able-Seamen who were drawn up in line. The young blue-eyed Lieutenant in charge cast an agonized glance up at the bridge from time to time, as though he were expecting some thunderbolt to fall. But there were no thunderbolts at that hour. The Commander was too dazed to find his voice. With a white face he was now counting the babies as they came on board. Nineteen, he counted, and 20, 21 and 22. Then at last the long procession ended. The Lieutenant gave an order, and the men marched off down the deck.

After that a short sorry procession of women came up the gangway: there were 10 of them altogether, just bundles of rags and misery, and all except 3 had babies in their arms, too. Finally, to bring up the end of this strange invasion, came four nuns in their voluminous robes, with downcast eyes and clasped hands.

The Commander on the bridge just stared and stared. If a herd of locusts had descended on his ship and started to eat the brasswork and the 4.7-inch guns, he couldn't have been more bewildered. Then after a time he began to notice specific details in the general unshipworthy picture. As he watched, one of the elder children broke away from his temporary nurse, tripped on the deck and instantly set up a full-throated Latin yowl. This was the signal for most of the other children to begin. From end to end the ship became one lusty lament. In the midst of them, concerned only with more spiritual things, the four nuns were grouped round the torpedo tubes amidships, on their knees, praying and making the Sign of the Cross. That was bad

enough. The Commander was a staunch and violent Protestant. But what finally broke him down was something else. Behind the nuns three little boys were standing in a row and, in that free and easy way that foreign children have, making water in his gun-wales.

Livid now, the Commander turned to the seaman on duty beside him.

"Where are my officers," he demanded. "Send Mr. Canning to see me at once."

"Yes, sir."

The Commander stood rocking from side to side with indignation, then equally suddenly he canceled the order. Better have breakfast first, he thought to himself; if I say anything before breakfast I may regret it. So he called his servant.

"Johnson, my coffee and eggs! At once!"

The coffee was soothing, and he decided to have a talk with his Chief Petty Officer before he summoned Mr. Canning and the others.

He was still sitting at table when John Huggins came in and saluted.

"Good morning, Huggins." The Commander always said good morning whatever kind of a rasper he might have to follow.

"Good morning, sir."

The Commander's tone then became as hard and polished as the brasswork on the deck.

"What's going on, Huggins? Am I to have nuns praying all over my ship?"

Huggins was standing with his chest inflated, making his uniform look very tight.

"No, sir," he said.

"But I saw them myself!"

"Yes, sir. But it won't 'appen again, sir. They've gorn, sir."

"Gone!"

"Yes, sir. They wasn't on the list, sir. So they went back in the fishing boats. I 'ear they've got a lot more children on shore."

"But—but who's to look after these children on board?"

"Looks to me as though we was, sir."

The Commander turned helplessly from him and picked up the list.

"H'm, well, I suppose we'll have to do our best. You've checked the list?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Canning 'ad labels tied on them all as they came on board."

"Good. And are they all present and correct?"

"Well, yes and no, sir."

"How do you mean—'yes and no'?"

Well, sir . . ."

"Go on—go on!"

"Three of the children, Perez, Cheverra and Escarmota, ain't exactly born yet, sir."

"What!"

"No, sir."

"But, my God, Huggins, we can't have children born on this ship!"

"No, sir; but if that datted French trawler don't arrive soon, sir, it's my opinion you will 'ave, sir."

The Commander passed a hand diz-

ily over his forehead. Huggins still stood at attention.

"Any more orders this morning, sir?"

"No, no," the Commander said wearily, "that will be enough."

All that morning the ether vibrated with agonized messages from the *Tremendous*. The first ran as follows:

HAVE TAKEN ON BOARD TEN WOMEN AND THIRTY-TWO BABIES.

WHAT AM I TO DO WITH THEM?

To this from the flagship, at a safe, comfortable distance near Vigo, came the unfeeling answer:

AWAIT FRENCH TRAWLER AND FEED THEM. PRESUME YOU HAVE ADEQUATE STORES CONDENSED MILK. RUM RATION NOT RECOMMENDED.

The *Tremendous* then answered with a more urgent appeal:

REFUGEES INCLUDE THREE WOMEN LIABLE GIVE BIRTH ANY MOMENT. PLEASE SEND MEDICAL ASSISTANCE.

To this the reply was a little more helpful:

ADEQUATE NURSING STAFF ON FRENCH TRAWLER. AWAIT FURTHER ORDERS.

The Commander contained himself for two hours after the receipt of this, while the look-out scanned the horizon anxiously for the relief ship; but soon another message was being tapped out to the Admiral:

SITUATION BECOMING SERIOUS. WHEN MAY FRENCH TRAWLER BE EXPECTED?

An hour later came the answer:

FRENCH TRAWLER SHOULD ARRIVE WITHIN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS. POSTPONE DELIVERY IF POSSIBLE.

The Commander then realized that no help was forthcoming from the flagship, and that he must trust to luck. The bridge and his own quarters seemed to be the only part of the ship not flooded with squalling infants, and as he had always been rather frightened of babies, even nice clean ones in prams, he was reluctant to leave this one stronghold. However, during the afternoon he forced himself to take a walk round and make an unofficial inspection. Various strange sights met his eyes: Able-Seaman MacIlroy standing to attention and trying to salute with a baby tucked under each arm; a woman with no expression whatsoever, mechanically hunting for lice in the rags of the child at her breast; a girl aged three firmly clutching her brother, aged two, and trying to pretend that she wasn't frightened at this strange iron world where strange men spoke a strange language; and finally, Able-Seaman Farrier doing his best to comfort a misery-soaked woman refugee. "Ere!" he was saying rather loudly, "supposing I got you a nice cup of tea. That'll make you feel better in no time."

The woman just gazed at him uncomprehendingly with glazed eyes, and the Commander stepped over a crawling infant and walked on.

All the women seemed to have that same glazed, hopeless look, and the children's large brown eyes were far too big for their pinched faces. The Commander passed on, saying nothing, quite unbending; but when he went back to the bridge he burst out passionately to the seaman on duty:

"God, how I hate all people who start fighting!"

The seaman said "Yes, sir," in exactly the same tone of voice as he said "Yes, sir," to everything else the Commander said.

After that, the Commander sent for Chief Petty Officer Huggins again.

"Huggins."

"Yes, sir?"

"What about quarters for these women?"

"They'll 'ave the men's quarters, sir. The men will sleep on deck."

"And the—er—the other three?"

"The officers 'ave turned out for them, sir."

"Good. And now about these children. They're filthy dirty, Huggins."

"Yes, sir."

"They must be washed and looked after."

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, then, I'll put the married men in charge. Order a parade of all the married men at once."

"Very good, sir."

Huggins saluted and withdrew, and within a very short space of time the Commander was inspecting the married men who were all drawn up in line, while Chief Petty Officer Huggins allotted two babies and a tin bathtub to each of them and gave them instructions.

During the next 24 hours the children were subjected to a strange mixture of naval and nursery discipline. The great moment of the day was the bath parade at six o'clock when all the tubs were placed in a row on deck and filled with warm water. A whistle blew and the married men marched up with a baby under each arm. Another whistle and the babies were undressed. Yet another whistle and the washing began. The first immersion was the signal for an outbreak of community yelling; but that was soon stilled, and the Commander who was watching with intense interest from the bridge was gratified to see that some of the children were actually laughing. He had been wondering whether any of those children could laugh.

Apart from this formal parade, a play-pen was built just aft of the torpedo tubes amidships, and the married men took their watches there instead of in their usual stations. Finally, the filthy rags which the children came on board in were gradually discarded, and many of them were now fitted out in strange bits of old naval uniforms. The Commander noticed one round-eyed child in a curious garment which seemed to have been made out of the elderly pyjamas which he himself intended to wear the next week; but he didn't say anything about this.

There were other more serious matters to attend to. All that night there was a series of messages to the Commander from the ship's carpenter who was in charge of the delivery room by virtue of being married to a midwife, and from the Commander to the flagship at Vigo. The news at first from both quarters was reassuring:

FRENCH TRAWLER READY TO LEAVE BAYONNE WITHIN FEW HOURS . . . FRENCH TRAWLER BRINGING MEDICAL ASSISTANCE . . . FRENCH TRAWLER NOW LEAVING HARBOR . . .

And the news from below was still unalarming. As the blue-eyed Lieutenant unfortunately expressed it: "All three women were holding their own."

All through the night the race continued. Then at dawn the Sub-Lieutenant came on duty on the bridge with a very green face. It was so green that the Commander remarked on it.

"Surely you're not feeling seasick in this dear^l calm, Mr. Morton!"

"No, sir."

"Are you ill? Do you want to go sick?"

"No, sir."

The Commander gave him another sharp glance, then went on firmly:

"Come on, Mr. Morton. What is it? What's happened?"

The Sub-Lieutenant turned his green, miserable face toward him. But before he had time to say anything, a messenger appeared up the companion-way.

"Mr. Canning's compliments, sir. Perez given birth to a boy. Mother and child both doing well."

The Commander leaned against the deck-house in relief. But almost immediately there was another message from the wireless-room this time:

FRENCH TRAWLER GONE AGROUND OFF BAYONNE. REGRET NO FURTHER ASSISTANCE POSSIBLE. IF VERY URGENT PROCEED BORDEAUX DISEMBARK PREGNANT WOMEN. OTHERWISE PROCEED DIRECT PORTLAND WITH ALL REFUGEES. GOOD LUCK.

The whole ship was already ringing with orders to steam at full speed for Bordeaux when yet another messenger appeared on the bridge.

"Mr. Canning's compliments, sir. Cheverra given birth to a girl. Mother and child both doing well."

As it happened, these two women, utterly worn and exhausted as they were, had summoned up some hidden store of energy for their ordeal, and then having performed it, sunk back apathetically into a complete torpor of spirit. The ease and simplicity with which it happened was nearly the Commander's undoing. He was beginning to think that a lot of unnecessary fuss was made about this business of bearing children. It seemed to him that His Majesty's Navy handled this affair, like most others, much better. Besides he had never been a man to leave any job

half done, and he was now so overconfident that he imagined that his ship and his men were capable of dealing with any emergency. So, after a hurried consultation with Chief Petty Officer Huggins and the ship's carpenter, the orders were changed and the *Tremendous* sailed direct for Portland.

For the first day everything went well. The sun was shining and the sea was like glass. The children had taken with delight to the play-pen and the bathing parade, and even some of the adult refugees were beginning to show some faint willingness to live. Then at eight bells on the second day, the labor of the third woman Escarmota began. This time it was a very different affair from the other two.

For sixteen hours it went on. The whole ship's company knew that if only they had gone to Bordeaux it would have been all right. It was actually as if the ship's honor were involved in the saving of both of them; and the whole hundred and twenty-five officers and men, except when they were actually on duty, paced up and down the deck with their hands behind their backs, like one agitated husband.

For a long time a series of distressing messages had been coming at more and more frequent intervals from the ship's carpenter. Then at last after a sleepless night a messenger came rushing up the steps to the bridge.

"It's all right, sir, it's all right!" he cried. Then he remembered himself. "Beg pardon, sir. Mr. Canning's compliments, sir. Escarmota given birth to a boy. Mother and child both doing well."

The Commander had full control of himself again. He never flickered an eyelid.

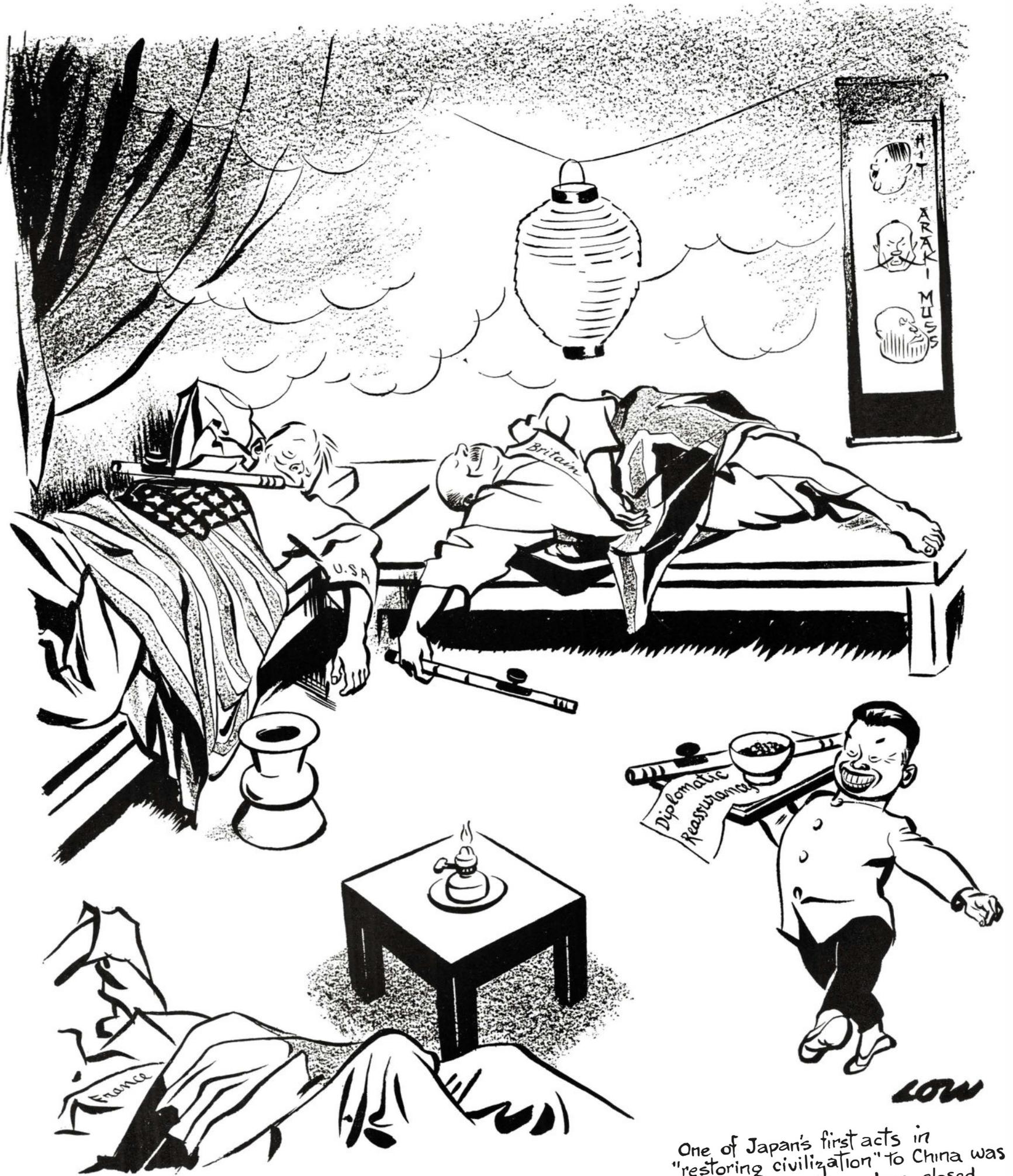
"My compliments to Mr. Canning," he replied, "and ask him to issue a special rum ration to the whole ship's company."

THE entry into Weymouth Harbor was a triumph. Half the Home Fleet was concentrated there, and the story had already gone round: bugles sounded and signals of congratulation were run up as the *Tremendous* passed. The Commander was satisfied with his week's work; he had been given a job to do and he had done it without assistance and without loss, and as he passed the Admiral's flagship, he had his whole ragged cargo of children, still labeled, standing at the salute in front of the ship's company.

Later when he had heard the full story, the Admiral, egged on by his wife, it is true, wrote quite seriously to the Admiralty, suggesting that the names Perez, Cheverra and Escarmota should be permanently included in the *Tremendous's* Battle Honors.

This request the Lords Commissioners somewhat abruptly refused: in which decision some people still think they were quite wrong.

(Pictures on Pages 46-48)



DRAWN FOR KEN IN ENGLAND BY DAVID LOW, MARCH 1938

One of Japan's first acts in "restoring civilization" to China was to reopen the opium dens closed by the so-called "bandit Reds."

EASTERN OPIUM DEN.

BLINDMAN'S BUFF WITH BULLETS

As anti-aircraft guns keep planes high in the sky, bombers become less accurate, require larger targets. Except in power-dives, they can't hit anything smaller than a city. The Japanese who power-dived over a white gunboat on the Yangtze couldn't have more than a rushing instant to glimpse the awning-like deck-mark which he later learned was an American flag. In such doubt, the flyer drops his bombs and gets identification afterward.

BY GUY HICKOK

You are Japanese Flight Lt. Wanatabe on patrol with three light bombers 7,000 feet above the Yangtze.

A mile and a third below, like a sleeping snake stretched and coiled in the mud, lies the river. And though your speed-indicator reads 250 miles an hour you seem, at this height, to hang almost motionless in the sky.

A slanting, thin smudge drifting in the light wind is the smoke of Nanking, burning, a little behind and to the left. You know that thousands of your infantry brothers are slogging through the mud below. You came up from near Shanghai in less than an hour. The infantry took three months.

The observer's voice crackles in your headpiece. You bank to the left for a better look at the river. Then you see three small objects on the water, and a fourth; they look like three black plant lice and a white one, motionless on a vine. You know, from having seen such forms at lower altitudes, that they are river boats. The black ones, long and slim, must be tankers; and the white one is probably a gunboat.

Tankers! That means gas and oil, hundreds of thousands of gallons of it, for the wicked Chinese. It can't be for the Japanese, for this is 20 miles above Nanking and the Japanese have not yet passed the city.

Tankers for the enemy! If you can sink those—a citation, perhaps a

medal, maybe a captaincy.

But the gunboat. . . . Whose gunboat? You have read your little book and you know that China has some 50 of these scattered about. They used to chase pirates along the coast. The Americans keep 7 in their river patrol and 5 more elsewhere; and the British and French have their own gunboat fleets to guard shipping in the river.

These white foreigners. They've been in the way ever since this thing began.

The tankers are certainly war supplies for the Chinese, and legitimate targets. It would be treason to ignore them. You swing over the black specks and let go a brace of bombs, banking to see where they land. Not likely to make a direct hit at such a height, you realize. From an altitude of more than a mile, while tearing the air at 360 feet a second, you might hit a target as big as a city; but not those four little plant lice. A man with a rifle would have as good a chance, shooting at sparrows from a racing automobile.

Little blossoms of black smoke and white spray show that you missed. Enough of that, you will dive on them. You give the signal and start down in a power-dive.

Dive-bombing is a relatively new trick in your trade. The Americans for a while thought it was their secret; but in reality every air force in the world was practicing it. This is a

chance to try it on a real target and you feel pretty big about it. You will try for the gunboat first, since it may have anti-aircraft guns. You are to get the white object in the field of your telescopic bomb-sights and hold it there as you dive; and when you have a good "bead," let go the bombs and zoom up for another try.

It is not too easy to keep a small object in the field of a pair of glasses when you are standing still on the ground; and you are now falling earthward at five miles a minute, at some 440 feet a second. Wind resistance tears at your struts, shaking the whole plane. Air currents tug this way, that way. The engine is pulling you down faster than a stone would fall; and you can feel pressure in your head and water in your eyes.

The white of the gunboat sweeps into the field of the sights and out on the other side. You bring it back. It escapes again. You must hold it next time or you will have to zoom up without dropping any bombs. You don't want to go head on into the target, the way Koki plunged after his bomb into the Nanking power plant.

There . . . You've got it. You trip the trigger and flatten out, the break in your momentum pulling all the blood out of your head and feeling as if it were pulling your lungs and stomach out through the floor of the plane. You spiral up, staring down now and then to see if you hit the target; but you have to look sharp. The other two planes are also spiraling up for another try; and you don't want a collision.

You missed.

You head down again, straining to get that white thing in the center of the field and hold it there. You get it. It starts to slip. You hold it a second trying to keep your tail from swinging. You let go; and climb again. You wonder how often you can do this without getting a hernia.

Either you or one of the others must have hit the gunboat. For the first time she seems to be moving a little.

She is pointing toward the bank . . . probably sinking and trying to get to shallow water. You'll go after the tankers now. You are getting the hang of holding the target in the field; and anyway, there are three of the tankers. If one of them slips out you may catch another.

You dive and climb; and dive and climb. Once you catch a flash of blue figures moving on a black deck, as you trip the trigger. That means Chinese coolies. Chinese without a doubt.

As you flatten out after letting go your last brace of bombs you soar over the white craft again, now away out of the channel, though not yet very near the shore. You have time for only a glance.

Is that something painted on her deck, or on an awning? You see something that looks like streaks and a dot of black or blue; but the sun reflects from it and dazzles you; and it is gone so quickly you can't be sure. You spiral up and circle until

the other planes are in formation, then head down river toward the landing field, wishing you could double your speed.

What a report you will have! You circle, bank, turn into the wind, cut the engine and coast in, cursing the bumps of what was a few weeks ago a collection of little one acre Chinese farms.

You roll up to the line and leave the machine to the mechanics, while you walk as importantly as you can to the mud farmhouse in which you are billeted, to write your report.

No boasting now! Name, numbers of the machines, their pilots, their observers, nature of your mission. Time of departure, a sentence for the flight as far as Nanking, then the sighting of the river craft, their precise location.

An extra sentence to say that the tankers were undoubtedly war supplies going up toward the new Chinese capital at Hankow, the number of dives, the number of bombs dropped, a guess at the number of hits, the appearance of the river boats as you left, the return to the field, checking in of the planes.

You read it over, carry it to the post of command, hand it in; and saunter out to watch for other returning squadrons.

You wonder if any will have a better report than yours.

"Lieutenant Wanatabe." It's an orderly. "The Colonel wants to see you immediately."

Ah! He has read the report already. He will put his hand on your shoulder and tell you the Emperor will be grateful. You straighten your tunic, square your five feet two; and walk expressionlessly into the presence of your superior.

The Colonel is not smiling. He fidgets. You see sweat on his forehead. An orderly is chattering at the telephone asking someone at Shanghai, a very important someone apparently, to please condescend to wait.

An American gunboat? A gunboat packed with American diplomats and journalists? The one boat in all China that you should have left alone! You have outraged the Americans! You have humiliated the Army! You have distressed the Emperor! You are grounded, pending investigation.

Now you know how those Chinese pilots must have felt last August 14 when they killed 3 Americans and 1000 of their own people by mistake back at Shanghai. You know the chagrin of those other Chinese pilots when they found that they had bombed the *President Hoover* instead of a Japanese liner. You know the shame of your brother Nipponese pilot, the burning humiliation he must have suffered when he reported that he had shot up the motor car of some Chinese official fleeing from Nanking to Shanghai. He thought he might have caught Chiang Kai-shek himself, which would have made him the greatest hero modern Japan had known; only to learn that he had machine-gunned the British Ambas-

sador. You wish the important people in aviation would find a way of arranging bombing so that you could know what you were doing.

You are one of Mussolini's bomber-pilots helping General Franco save civilization in Spain. You pull your big plane up off the pleasant island of Majorca with five others, all loaded with 550-pound bombs, the heaviest in current use anywhere. You climb so high that half an hour later no one on the ground can either hear or see you. By that time you are over Barcelona, where the wicked Reds are destroying the civilization you are trying to save.

If you go down with your motors roaring in a power-dive they will hear you and the anti-aircraft guns will begin to bark; but you have new tactics to try today.

This is an easy target, not at all like plant lice on a vine. Barcelona is the target. You can't miss Barcelona. It sprawls for miles. You can hit a city; you can even choose what part to hit.

At the flight commander's signal you all cut your motors and let gravitation pull you down—silently. You let everything go; and as you soar out to sea enormous black clouds mushroom over the patchwork of city blocks. Good enough for the Reds! Children? They would only grow up to be more Reds. You can't miss a city.

You can't? A few days later you are up with 15 planes bound, this time, not for Barcelona but for Puigcerda, Spanish town high in the Pyrenees, near Andorra.

You are to let the whole town have it, for it is the rail-head, the last town in Spain on the line over the mountains by which the Reds are bringing in supplies. You are to cut the railroad, too.

It is windy in the high Pyrenees. Even the big bombers are tossed about. When you get back to your base you hear that all of your bombs missed.

They missed Puigcerda. They missed the railroad. They missed the whole of Spain; and fell in France.

Well, it was windy. But it is humiliating, when you are trying to perfect your bombing technique, to find that you have missed the country the war is in. If it goes on this way, someday you will bomb the wrong planet.

Hit or miss, your comrades are doing plenty of bombing. The Colonel back at the base has a report from Rome which relates that in ten days Italy's volunteers have saved civilization by showering Spain and neighboring countries with 600,000 pounds of bombs. It is tough though, not to know whom or what you hit with any of those 600,000 pounds.

Now two years ago when you scattered them over Ethiopia it was easier, for the Ethiopians had no anti-aircraft guns and you could work close to the ground. You remember those splendid February days when fleeing blacks packed the defiles by

the River Zamora for four days and nights, and you and your comrades hashed the savages with 792,000 pounds of explosives. The infantry, coming along later, estimated the number of shredded Ethiopians at 20,000.

Some of course got through the defiles; but you had a treat for them that made them wish they had died with the others. You sprayed mustard gas in the long grass by the river and across the paths they had to follow.

"As the Abyssinians fought in bare feet and were poorly clad, and as the animals were fed on the grass, the moral effect can be conjectured," wrote the reserved British military observer* who followed your infantry. You knew what he meant, pus-filled blisters in the mouths and throats and stomachs of the mules, more pus-filled blisters making burning leggings for the men.

With all other flying men you regret that in spite of the magnificent "efficiency" of the explosives you use the method of using them is still as primitive as blind Sampson's pulling down of a temple on the heads of a multitude in order to avenge himself on a few who oppressed him.

You and your brother officers, in all air forces, dislike to discuss bombing in the hearing of civilians. You maintain a conspiracy of professional silence on the subject unless you happened to be especially privileged, like Vittorio, son of the Duce. Then you talk too much.

Publicity on the subject of bombing planes in the lay press is limited to exultant descriptions of their speed, cruising range, and ability to defend themselves against the attacks of other planes. Discretion veils the fact that the faster the bomber the more erratic its aim.

Only rarely, some officer like U. S. Air Corp Chief Maj. Gen. Oscar Westover regrets cautiously in print that a bomber is "not like a captive balloon or a slow-moving blimp"; or a Lt. Gen. N. N. Golovine, writing a book on "Air Strategy," timidly bewails the fact that "visibility in the air from a fast bomber is very limited."

To these meager admissions a French specialist writing in France's *Revue de l'Armée de l'Air* adds the confession that "efficiency is less, at high altitudes," regretting plaintively that "anti-aircraft artillery now has an astounding efficiency up to 11,400 feet, with the target (an airplane) black against a white sky."

Though American fliers are shy on confessing, American anti-aircraft artillerymen are strong on boasting; and raise the Frenchman's ante from 11,400 to 25,000 feet, more than doubling the altitude at which "efficiency is less," probably more than doubling the inefficiency in aiming, though decreasing no whit the destructive power of bombs which cannot be aimed.

Unfortunately the inevitability of

* Wing Commander H. P. Lloyd, in the *Royal Air Force Quarterly*.



"Better make it snappy. I'm about to start a new one."

wholesale butchery when bombs are used over cities escapes the general civilian public, which is inclined to believe that such slaughter is wholly intentional and could be avoided if the bombing pilots were a little more scrupulous.

Civilians will not be fully aware that the bombers of any country, their own included, must, if they fly at all, play a game of unbelievably murderous blindman's buff, because speed and altitude make it impossible to choose their targets efficiently, speed, altitude add vibration, wind-drift and the primitive method of dumping the bombs (a modified form of pitching them overboard) and it is impossible to hit a given target. That's why cities are favorite objectives. If a city is large enough, it can't be missed. Cities are full of people. A few may be soldiers on leave. Hence the "military objective."

One French battalion commander reported that for six full days, and nights, while in trenches west of the famous Fort Vaux, nearly half of the shells exploding among his men were from French batteries firing short.

Signal rockets sent up to notify the artillerymen that they were firing short had no effect. The battalion, which went into line with 1,200 men, came out with 450; and when, from secondary trenches, the survivors looked back toward the front they saw signal rockets like their own along the whole horizon, indicating that everywhere before Verdun French shells were killing Frenchmen.

No American officer has thus publicly cleared his conscience. Probably no officer will, though in private conversation a few will admit that in every advance a percentage of casualties inevitably results from our own artillery. One officer confided to this writer that an advance in which not more than 10% of the casualties are of this type is a good advance.

"You see, if a rolling barrage is far enough ahead of advancing troops to miss them all, it gives the enemy time to come out of his dug-outs and man his machine guns," he said, an explanation not entirely satisfactory to a civilian mind, or to the minds of the infantrymen who make the advance.

Sidelight on another type of accidental and purposeless slaughter flashes in a story told (privately) by one of the A. E. F. officers commanding in the battle of Soissons. At the conclusion of the battle a machine-gun sergeant asked this officer:

"Who were those babies in red hats?"

"Those? Those were our allies, French colonials, on our left."

"I didn't know that," apologized the sergeant. "They were the only troops I saw; and I got a lot of them."

Of course it might have been the other way around; then it would not have been funny.

A MEASURE OF RECOVERY

The "wealthiest city per capita in the world" had some ugly moments five years ago when its hungriest inhabitants threatened direct action. But since then six of its 140,000 have become millionaires and 30,000 have gone on relief. And meanwhile the universal war-thirst has whetted the craving for oil, of which Tulsa produces 40% of the world's supply, so the oil business is wonderful for some of the people there, if not for the high school girls who haven't got the \$1.35 for a required cook book to tell them how to cook the food they haven't got.

BY JOHN L. SPIVAK

IF IT were not for Mildred Chance and her \$1.35 cook book I could write a saga of industrial success and recovery from the depression about Tulsa, Oklahoma. Oil men with whom I talked had told me tales of mechanical and business ingenuity and Horatio Alger stories of fortunes pumped from the gas and oil wells that dot the land. They took pride in telling how problem after problem was solved in the efforts to continue getting profits from the liquid, black gold they drew from the bowels of the rolling Oklahoma plains.

But there were no immediate profits in the 17-year-old Central High School junior in the "oil center of the world" so I found her one Sunday morning sitting on the cement steps leading up to the one-story wooden house at 1040 N. Trenton Street, her chin resting in the palm of a hand and staring broodingly at the two thin lines of railroad track at the foot of the street. My attention was attracted to her because she was barefooted. The broad toes of her feet protruded from her brown slacks

with their colorful, yellow and orange rings around the bottom, and as I approached closer I noticed an odd touch of cynicism on her pleasant face and a strange solemnity in the deep, dark eyes under the hair tinged with auburn.

It was unusual to find a grown young lady barefooted and when we got to talking I learned that she had a pair of shoes but even the cheapest kind are too hard to get to waste by wearing them around the house, and the look in her eyes was caused by her teacher again reminding her to get the required cook book for her cooking class.

The book cost \$1.35 and Mildred could not understand what good it would do even if the family could scrape up \$1.35 to get a book telling how to prepare food the family couldn't get.

I had wandered to the north side of the town from the center of the spotlessly clean city with its broad and spacious streets, towering office and bank buildings and stores displaying clothes comparable with the

best of Fifth Avenue's shops. The very appearance of Tulsa's business section breathes affluence and success, and even that part of the town where Mildred lived is not a slum area.

The poor live in comparatively substantial homes, with a touch of lawn in front of them and a backyard where they can raise a few vegetables.

"Doesn't your father do any kind of work—federal relief projects or something like that?" I asked. "He's a war veteran, you said, and veterans are supposed to get the preference."

"The government is like business," she said with the wisdom of her 17 years. "When they don't need you they forget about you. The W.P.A. gave Daddy a job but they laid him off. The government hasn't any money, they say."

"Then how do you live?"

"Oh, Daddy finally got a job at the County Farm. He's 53 and he says nobody wants a man over 50 so he works at the County Farm for two dollars a day if it doesn't rain. But now they're talking of laying him off and Daddy's worried because he does get a good dinner there at noon and that sort of keeps him going."

"Doesn't he eat breakfast?" I asked, a little uncertain as to just what she meant.

"Oh, sure," she said quietly. "He has some of the baby's Karo with bread and coffee. He dips the bread in it but he doesn't like to eat much because Shirley—she's only five months old—needs it for her feedings. Then there are the other kids. There's six of us so Daddy doesn't eat much for breakfast but waits for the dinner at the County Farm. But if he's laid off—"

She shrugged her shoulders and bit her finger nails nervously. There was an acceptance of conditions about the way she told me these things, the attitude of a person who had never known anything else. She was a depression child and was coming of age in this city which wrote a saga of industrial success, with memories only of poverty, the counting of pennies when they had them, of being late to school when the W.P.A. laid her father off and they had to get up when it was still dark to peddle bread from house to house to get money enough for breakfast; and that awful day shortly after Shirley came and the water company threatened to cut off their water if they didn't pay the 75c due on the monthly bill.

"If they cut the water off, that's not so good when there's a baby in the house, you know," she explained gravely.

As I listened, sitting beside her on the cement steps, I thought of what the United Family Service Association had told me, that in this city which has made such extraordinary progress in industry, there are more than 30,000 out of a total population of a little over 140,000 who are totally dependent upon county or fed-

eral relief for their bread. The development of Tulsa since oil was discovered is a miniature picture of the development of the United States from a sparsely settled agricultural country into a highly industrialized one.

The frontier town of a little over 1000 inhabitants on a prairie where a few Cherokee Indians and gun-totin' bad men roamed but a short three decades ago, was transformed into the throbbing pulse of a country whose machines needed Oklahoma's gas and oil.

Today, the old Indian town of Talsi points proudly to having more oil companies than any other city, which produce 60% of the country's oil. 40% of the world's oil and control two-thirds of the nation's natural gas supply.

The men who developed this industry have built themselves a thousand beautiful homes in the southeast section of the city, ranging in price from \$25,000 to \$600,000; and among the residents are 41 millionaires, six of whom made their money during the depression which threw Grover Chance out of his job along with every fourth employable person in the city.

When I was in Tulsa at the depth of the depression it advertised itself as "the wealthiest city per capita in the world" and the relief agencies were unable to take care of all the applicants. Just how many were unemployed no one knew, for not everyone who couldn't get a job applied for aid.

Some still had their savings. others had friends, relatives or found an odd job occasionally but they were desperate for food and actually planned to seize the city by force of arms to get something to eat for themselves and their families.

It was those who once had had something and lost it, like the small business man and home owner, who took the first threatening steps.

Home after home had been foreclosed until it seemed that the economic catastrophe which was sweeping the country would wipe out everything they had built up.

Foreclosures of homes became a new industry so they cleaned and oiled their rifles and pistols, marched on the sheriff's office and advised him in simple, Anglo-Saxon words that it would be unhealthy to foreclose on any more homes. The sheriff, who knew them and their heritage of the gun, apparently concluded that the law was the law and he had to uphold it but there was nothing in the statute books that said he had to be in such a hell of a hurry about it, for pending foreclosures were shoved back on the calendar until the tense situation abated with the appearance of government aid.

The unemployed and those who

had already lost their homes and businesses were adrift without seeing food in sight and laid their own desperate plans to seize the city's food supply.

There was no thought of revolution in their minds. What they wanted was food and if they couldn't work for it or get it as charity, then they intended to take it at the point of guns.

Business, banking and city officials hastily collected a fund to feed and devise temporary work projects for them and the hungry were taken care of until government money began to flow and they were assured of food.

Today, though "relief is not a great deal less than at the depth of the depression," as the Family Service told me, I heard nothing which might even suggest thoughts of direct action by the unemployed and those on relief.

Even the average allowance of \$2.50 a week for a family of four or five is accepted as at least something to prevent actual starvation, especially since many of them can supplement it by an occasional odd job like cleaning yards or mowing lawns.

Actually, this fourth of Tulsa's population which is still on relief is worse off than at the depth of the depression because relief money has not increased but living costs have and their dollar buys about a third less in the market.

I found the unemployed rather apathetic. The hope they had once had of finding jobs again is waning with the years but the desperate tension of a few years ago, caused by not knowing where their next meal was coming from, is gone. The county and the government are taking care of them after a fashion and though they are not better off than they were

at the depth of the depression, the unemployed told me repeatedly that they felt Roosevelt was at least trying to do something and that if he couldn't find work for them, he would at least see

to it that they didn't starve.

When I'd ask what they would do if the government dropped relief work to an even greater extent than at present, their faces would cloud at the thought and then they'd smile.

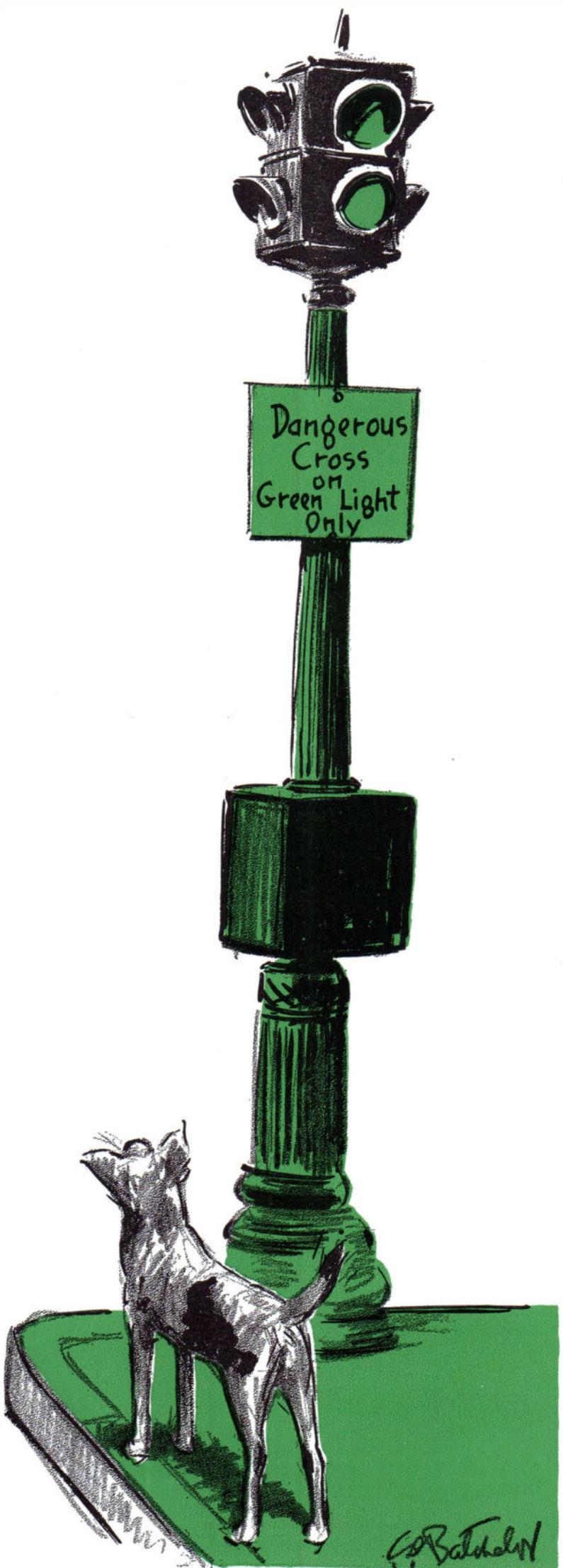
"Roosevelt won't let them," they'd say with the faith of a child feeling secure in the protection of his father.

"But suppose he's forced to it by a rebellious Congress?"

"Then we'll give him another Congress," they'd say simply.

Most unemployed persons become "common labor" when they need any kind of a job and the W.P.A. sets the wages for "common labor." Employers will pay as much as the government pays on relief projects but no more, and if the W.P.A. curtailing program throws many more upon

Tulsa, Okla.	
Recovery	30%
Unemployment	Decreased
Relief	Slight Decrease
Prospects	Drop
People's Attitude.....
.....	Waning Optimism



Remember He's Illiterate—A Guy That Just Can't Read



Bergdoll Reads the News

the already overflowing unemployed market, the wage scales will be further depressed. And the government is doing just that and a little more.

When too many employers insist that they cannot meet the W.P.A. relief wage scales as the farmers insisted when they wanted help to pick their crop, the government promptly shut down the three biggest work projects in the county to force relief workers to accept the lowered wages the farmers were willing to pay or else face starvation.

"Does this procedure tend to lower the general wage level?" I asked the W.P.A. director when he told me about closing down the works project.

"I guess so," he smiled wryly, "but we had to stop the farmers from getting sore at us. There was a lot of political pressure and then, we'd already cut our relief load in half. We simply haven't the money to take care of all of them, and private industry does not seem able to absorb them, especially the men of 50 and the youngsters coming of working age."

"We can't take care of all the applicants," the Family Service told me. "We had all we could do when the government carried a full relief load but now that they are cutting it the people are simply being dumped onto the county welfare or our laps, and we just haven't the money to take care of them."

"Then how do they live?"

"They don't," the relief agencies agreed. "Sometimes they get a job and earn an extra dollar or two mowing a lawn or the woman of the house does some washing for a neighbor or cares for somebody's children."

But, while relief applicants have not decreased much, the oil industry upon which Tulsa's life depends, has far surpassed its 1929 peak both in volume of business and profits. When American industry, in the depths of the depression, got a shot of adrenalin in the form of government money, oil was among the first to feel the throb of reawakening life and by 1937 the progressive rise of petroleum out of the depths had made it soar 20% above its 1929 peak.

"The volume of business and the profits have been very satisfactory," oil men told me, with pleased expressions. "And we are preparing for an even bigger volume." And the year 1935 which saw oil pass its 1929 peak also saw the number of applicants for relief go three times the number it was at in 1933.

There is no question but that the oil industry came out of the depression with bands playing and colors flying and while six of Tulsa's population rode gaily into the million dollar class, 30,000 skidded into the lap of charity.

As the oil industry recovered, oil and refinery workers, too, made big gains in their wage scales, recovering almost all of their depression losses, despite the rise in living costs, and reducing

their working hours from a 48 to a 36 hour week.

The old A. F. of L. International Association of Oil Field, Gas Well and Refinery Workers of America, which had done little or nothing for its members, was supplanted by the C. I. O. Oil Workers International Union and under its aggressive organization drive, and aided by the Wagner Act, they made swift progress. Today, oil and refinery workers are among the highest paid in any industry in the country. Even the A. F. of L. craft unions in the city, carried forward by the C. I. O. surge, launched a drive and built up a fairly strong labor group with gains in membership, wages and hours.

Despite these gains for organized labor, the overwhelming proportion of the population is unorganized. Tulsa is primarily a white collar city attending to the office work of the petroleum industry and this class of workers has not been entirely reabsorbed by private industry and those who are working and got raises have seen these raises wiped out by the rise in living costs.

Since it is the buying power of the white collar population which is the backbone of Tulsa's retail trade and this buying power has not been increased and the unemployed population is still enormous, retail business recovery lags far behind oil.

The most optimistic estimates which I was able to get from business men, storekeepers and bankers placed the general and retail business recovery at about 30% above the depth of the depression.

W. A. Rayson, secretary of the Retail Merchants Association who also estimated retail recovery at about this percentage added, "It is a disappointment. We don't understand it. The oil industry is doing fine yet Tulsa's life depends upon oil and yet we're not doing so well. We don't understand it but for some reason it's that way."

As near as I could judge, retail recovery upon which the middle-class business man depends, has reached the peak possible for it unless the buying power of this enormous white collar population is increased and those on relief get a greater allowance to spend; and I could find no indication of this happening.

In fact, with the W.P.A. curtailing expenditures, the indications point to a drop.

The tendency in this oil center of the world, as near as I could see, is towards depressing the living standards of a large proportion of the population, and while the oil industry climbs upward to a greater volume of business and profits, children like Mildred Chance brood over the threat of having the water supply cut off because the family can't pay a 75c water bill.

"Are you any better off than you were three or four years ago?" I asked her.

"Oh, sure," she said. "We got a wood burning stove now."

She saw the puzzled look on my face and explained, "We used to have a coal oil stove but it blew up on me. Cut me right here on my thumb, where this scar is. Had to go to a doctor every other day for three weeks. Then we got a wood burning stove and that's sure a lot better."

"I imagine so, but I mean does your father get any more money than he used to?"

"Of course not," she said with a faint smile. "How could he? He hasn't worked 'cept on and off for seven years. Why do you ask me all these questions? Are you from the Family Service?"

"No; I'm merely trying to find out what's happened to the country and the people since the depression."

"Oh. Well, we still got it. There are plenty who still got it."

"But you look well physically. I mean you don't look starved. Were you ever actually hungry?"

She puckered her brows in thought and shook her head.

"No, not actually hungry. We always managed to get some bread and potatoes but we don't lack much of being hungry most of the time. But when Daddy has a job and gets his pay check we usually get a good dinner that night."

She smiled up at me and added, "We sort of look forward to it. It's like Sunday."

Throughout the two hours we talked she answered my questions simply, without any resentment against the poverty she had known since she was nine.

She had grown up during the depression, and like the other depression children with whom I talked, accepted it as an almost natural state of things that there are three classes of people in the United States: the very rich who build themselves beautiful homes and have all sorts of food and can eat all they want of it; those who work for them and consequently do not have to worry when the rent falls due or the postman brings the gas, electricity and water bills; and those who cannot find work anywhere and have to file charity application cards and use relief money given for food to buy school textbooks to learn how to prepare food they haven't got.

When I talked with her she had not yet got her cook book. But I learned that there are some advantages in a cooking course besides getting the school credits. The school supplies the material for cooking and when all you have for breakfast is bread dipped in Karo and a cup of coffee you sort of look forward to the cooking period because maybe on that day the school will teach you how to prepare something you can eat while pretending to taste it. The trouble is that they usually teach you how to can apricot pears or make pineapple preserves. You can't eat much of that without bread and they won't let you take it home with you without paying for it.

"Do they ever teach you how to prepare meat dishes?"

"Oh, no," she said. "Meat is very expensive and all the relief children would just eat it all up. There's a lot of them in school, you know."

She smiled and added, "The poor couldn't afford to cook like they cook up there, anyway."

"Well," I said, "maybe things'll be better after you graduate and get a good job. And when you get married maybe all this knowledge about cooking and all that will come in handy."

"Oh, yeah?" she said with a disbelieving shrug of her shoulders. "They've been a-preachin' into us that you couldn't get a job unless you had a Central High education. And in Central High they've been a-preachin' you couldn't get a job unless you had a college education. And if you go to college and graduate, then you finally find out you can't get a job. I know. I've talked with 'em. They get a college degree and then stand in line hoping to get a job as clerk in a grocery store."

We were silent for a moment, watching two small children playing across the street in the junk pile.

"So what will happen to you when you grow up?"

"That's what I'd like to know," she said wistfully.

She bit her finger nails again and stared absently at her bare toes showing under the gay rings around the bottom of her slacks.

"You can't get a job," she said in a low tone, her mind apparently still on what they had been a-preachin' into them in school, "and if you do you don't make enough to live on it. Boys don't want to ask you to marry them because they can't make a living—"

She looked up at me with her deep, dark eyes, a faint cynical smile reappearing on her lips.

"So where do we go from here?" she said.

The poignancy of the question couldn't be answered with economic dissertations and theories and while I was trying to think of what to say, words suddenly flowed from her in a swift torrent as if all the suppressed emotions had overflowed and her heart had opened up and it wasn't the words so much which sent a chill down my spine as the quiet mockery with which she uttered them:

"Get married and file an application card for relief? And then worry if you got enough Karo for the baby's feedings? Or maybe bring it up to peddle bread so you can eat breakfast? Or maybe save my cook book to show my kids what other people eat—"

She stopped as suddenly as she had begun and clasped her hands around her knees staring down at her bare feet with that faint touch of cynicism frozen on her lips.

"So what can you do?" I asked finally.

"I wish I knew," she said, shaking her head and slowly rocking back and forth. "I wish I knew."

NOTES ON LIFE OR DEATH

Doubters of this nation's ability to support its population will hear with mixed feelings these reports from the health front.

BY PAUL DE KRUIF

A NEW FIGHT FOR LIFE? . . . Should the Government Re-organization Bill become law, U. S. Public Health Service will probably become part of proposed new Department of Public Welfare, with a Secretary hot for development of national death fighting—leading to expansion of fight against preventable disease and death hitherto undreamed-of by nation's healthmen. Defeat of this measure may stymie these plans indefinitely. FATHER COUGHLIN, DOROTHY THOMPSON, and all other fighters of absurd dictator bogeyman please note: *your triumph will be triumph for death.* AMERICAN CITIZENS PLEASE NOTE: your defenders against strawman dictator are delaying fight for life for millions now needlessly dying.

MERELY ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE! . . . This was contemptuous retort of wealthy northern businessman to Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace who had just informed businessman of dramatic decrease during past 6 years in pellagra death rate in south . . . Businessman said THIS MERELY MEANT SAVING OF MORE HUMAN LIVES . . . said there were already too many human beings in proportion to soil and other natural resources of south . . . LITMUS PAPER TEST TO FIND UNDERCOVER FASCISTS: anybody doubting that life is good and that it is profitless to fight for it. SAFER OPERATIONS . . . It has been serious question whether, in some U. S. hospitals operations have saved more people than they have injured or killed . . . One of principal causes of operative mortality infection in spite advanced aseptic technique, rubber gloves, perfectly sterilized instruments, et cetera. Now discovered much of this death lurks in air of operating rooms . . . Westinghouse Electric Co. scientists discover air-purifying ultra-violet rays reducing infection rate of operations from 4 to less than 0.5% . . . of big drastic operations like de-ribbing (for tuberculosis) from 30% to 3%! . . . Marvelous triumph of science . . . Query: HOW MANY HOSPITALS CAN AFFORD TO INSTALL THIS NEW LIFE-SAVING SCIENCE? Query for fascists: *Should we save these lives?*

DOWN WITH PNEUMONIA! . . . recent stunning development of anti-

pneumonia serums which if universally put into use would cut down pneumonia death to between $\frac{1}{3}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ present death rate . . . For encouragement of all death-lovers this news: there is almost nationwide lack (except in few progressive states) of laboratories where rapidfire diagnosis can be made to find just which type pneumonia serum needed . . . Further encouragement for all believing there are now too many Americans: this serum treatment very expensive and as yet few states have made new serum treatment not only free but accessible to pneumonia sufferers.

OPPOSE EXTENSION OF ALL GOVERNMENT POWERS IN FOOD AND DRUG CONTROL . . . This should be slogan of all life-haters . . . Lack of regulatory power by food and drug administration was direct cause of death of more than 75 persons last year who were being treated with phoney remedy which used deadly poisonous solvent for sulfanilamide . . . From Orlando, Florida, comes encouraging news of 6 women killed by contaminated cancer remedy . . . Further restriction of government regulatory powers might result in widespread sophistication of widely-used household remedies aiding in depopulation now demanded by ignorant fraidy-cats now alarmed that soil and resources of America cannot support its present population . . .

TIP TO PROUD FATHERS . . . Should your wife be suffering from childbed fever which so frequently mars blessed events in America, ask your wife's doctor if he has thought of sulfanilamide?

TIP TO ROMANTICS . . . It has NOT been clearly established that a couple of sulfanilamide pills—taken prophylactically—will prevent gonorrhoea . . . Because of possible individual idiosyncrasy, all medication not under direct supervision of competent physician is dangerous.

TRIUMPH FOR LIFE . . . 1936 Detroit realizing it cost city millions of dollars yearly to maintain tuberculosis, as economy measure appropriated additional \$1,000,000 for 5-year T B fight . . . This year, *on ground of economy (!!!)* Mayor Reading proposed serious slash in this budget . . . He was unanimously overruled by city council.



DRAWN FOR KEN IN ENGLAND BY DAVID LOW, MARCH 1938

"LET US BE



REALISTS"

BOMB IN A PAIL OF WATER

Leon Trotsky detonating in a suburb of Mexico city, maintains there is only one Marx, and Trotsky is his prophet. Trotskyism holds that a united front of liberals against fascism is futile. Nor could Trotskyism ever be reconciled with Napoleonic Stalinism. Yet Trotskyites would enlist with the U.S.S.R. in a war against Germany or Italy. In the democratic hesitation-waltz step, the fascist goosetstep, the soviet lockstep, everybody's out of step, it seems, but Trotsky.

BY ALVIN M. JOSEPHY, JR.

NUMBER 127 on the Avenida Londres is a blue-tinted high wall in an out-of-the-way suburb of Mexico City. The wall gate is constantly watched by two police in a special booth on the street corner. The man living behind the blue-tinted wall is a guest of the Government, the police are responsible for his safety. They watch while the gate gives way to a tiny crack; a young man looks out. He lets the visitor in, quickly barring the door again. Across the street, the policemen ease back to sleep.

The young man who opened the gate leads the interviewer through a garden and into the dining room of a low, rambling house. He says hardly a word.

A New Yorker in birth and speech, he is one of two secretaries on the premises—both employed by Leon Trotsky and evidently maintained by the meager funds which Trotsky gets from his writings and from the contributions of loyal, world-scattered followers. The other secretary makes her appearance a moment later.

There is a surprising similarity between the two, though one is a man and the other a woman. Both wear the severely-disciplined look of believers trained to scurry at the command of a master.

After a brief questioning, they go. Once, not long ago, this room was

used by Mexico's master muralist, Diego Rivera, and his family. Now, though the house still belongs to Rivera, it is used by Trotsky alone. He and Rivera no longer speak to each other, though one is host and the other guest.

When Trotsky, expelled from Norway, first came to Mexico City, Rivera was glad to offer him his home as a temporary resting place. Publicity at the time was cheap, and Rivera got his full share. Gradually, as Trotsky stayed on, the two great and egotistical minds bumped, and Rivera finally moved away to another one of his houses.

Trotsky, left alone, went into his customary state of hiding, barring himself behind mysteriously-turning locks and New York secretaries. One feature characterized this particular instance of hide-and-seek, however, and that was the hearty reception Trotsky now extended for the first time to foreign correspondents.

This eagerness to see reporters—and reporters alone—was due to the fact that Trotsky needed their services as messenger boys to the people of the world.

Backed against the wall by Stalin sympathizers, his only means of defending himself was by being interviewed and having his statements correctly quoted in the international press.

Gradually this also dawned on cable editors, and as they realized that Trotsky was using them as mere conveyors of the one thing he had to say—"I am opposed to Stalin, but I did not plot"—the exile, directly quoted, became of less and less importance as a news source. When the editors attempted to doctor his quotations or make news where there was none, Trotsky in turn found fault, and within a few weeks, the locks behind his gate snapped shut, excluding practically every permanent foreign correspondent in Mexico—among them Jack Starr-Hunt of the *New York Herald Tribune* and Frank Kluckhohn of the *New York Times*.

In Mexico City, one picks up the inside story of Trotsky's invitation to Mexico. President Cardenas and Josef Stalin had had a behind-the-scenes tiff, occasioned by a request from Stalin, that Mexico, having finally offered the Soviets recognition, should also hold forth an apology for its long delay. This piqued Cardenas who, to spite Stalin, invited in as a guest of the Government a man with whom in the ordinary course of business and politics he would never have had any traffic.

Since then, Trotsky has become more than ever a figure of dispute, and Trotskyism has become a household term for anything that is opposed to anything else. What is Trotsky? Is he fascist, communist or just plain mad? Has he plotted? If so, how? With whom?

A door suddenly opens and there is Trotsky himself. A tall, grey-haired, squinty-eyed man, he bends slightly forward and glares quizzically at his interviewer. Then, with one hand in an upper vest pocket, he comes slowly forward, shakes hands and sits stiffly down at the table. The next instant an unseen hand has shut the door.

In the conversation that follows, five characteristics appear in the present-day Trotsky. Quickly and briefly put, he appears helpless, vain, sincere, impractical and muddled. Watching him from across the table, as he sits almost stiffly erect, hands folded before him, one can "feel" the helplessness of the man, attacked from all sides and cut at the same time from all means of defense. It is obvious all through the interview that he is twisted internally by a persecution complex and racked by a search for help in a struggle which gradually, it seems, he is beginning to believe lost.

Despite popular belief, Trotsky does not impress one as having a dictatorial complex founded on any thirst for personal power. His vanity is in the swollen conviction that *his* social, economic and political opinions are right, and everyone else's wrong.

There is no doubt about Trotsky's sincerity in this regard. In his very pronounced accent, but with the use of a large English vocabulary, he pounds over time and again, the

unmistakable impression that he is for his opinions only because he thinks they are Karl Marx's and are therefore right. This, in reality, is the key to Trotsky—his *sincere* belief that he and he alone is the last genuine follower of Karl Marx.

According to him Stalin and the other communists have "sold out" Marx by compromising with capitalism and capitalist governments.

In claiming he is the last true disciple of Marx, however, and in advancing his own analyses and opinions, Trotsky gives evidence of having become muddled or warped by his bitter personal feud with Stalin. His comments and deductions are, on the surface at least, impractical, contradictory or completely *unMarxian!*

Question: "What do you think will be the outcome of the Spanish Civil War?"

He immediately launches into a tirade against the Loyalist government for its failure to bring a complete social revolution.

"If the Civil War is prolonged for a lengthy period, in face of the growing indifference of the national masses, it can end in the demoralization of both warring camps and in a compromise of the tops of the generals, with the aim of establishing a joint military dictatorship," he says.

"Without social revolution, the victory of fascism or a semi-fascist militarism in Spain is completely unavoidable, regardless of the outcome of the military operations."

Trotsky is not following in Marx's footsteps when he says "in face of the growing indifference of the national masses." To a Marxian, indifference in time of conflict grows less and less rather than more.

Question: "Do you consider that there is any legal or moral basis for the Italian and German interference on the side of the Rebels?"

He answers: "I do not understand how, in general, one can speak about some sort of 'legal' or 'moral' basis for the Italian and German intervention in Spain! The actual 'basis' for the fascist intervention is: the perfidious-expectant policy of Great Britain, the cowardly-impotent politics of France and the slavish dependence of the politics of Stalin on London and Paris. There were sufficient incidents to convince the governments of Berlin and Rome that speeches about an international struggle of democracy against fascism are the purest charlatany. Actually, the struggle is being led for strategical positions in the Mediterranean Sea and for Spanish raw materials."

Question: "Would you consider that there is any legal or moral basis for English, French or Russian interference on the side of the Loyalists?"

"Of course, England, France or the U.S.S.R. had incomparably greater 'legal' bases for rendering help to the legal Spanish government than had Mussolini and Hitler for rendering help to the insurgent general. But, as we said before, the roles of the

greater powers are not in the minutest degree based upon moral or juridical principles. The Soviet bureaucracy wants, upon the back of the Spanish people, to win the confidence of the French and English bourgeoisie. Military help on the part of the U.S.S.R. was therefore earlier conditioned by the pledge of the Spanish government to enter into open struggle against the revolutionary workers and peasants. The G.P.U. transported its apparatus upon Spanish soil for the extermination of all defenders of proletarian revolution. The murder of the anarchist Durruti, of Andres Nin and other leaders of the POUM, who, it may be said in passing, had nothing in common with Trotskyism, were organized by the Soviet agents of the G.P.U., under the leadership of the Consul Antonov Ovseenko, upon the direct instructions from Moscow. Stalin says to London and Paris: "You can depend upon me."

How does Trotsky know all about the murders of Durruti, Nin and the others?

Trotsky replies that he has definite proof. From Barcelona? Yes. He refuses to bring it out, but, "You print what I have said," he says, "and if you are sued, I will produce the proof."

To get such proof, Trotsky must be in communication with sympathetic agents located in key spots, and therefore still in a position to conduct international intrigue, or to "plot."

Question: "Turning to Germany and Italy, do you believe that there is great likelihood of long fascist regimes in those two countries?"

He answers: "The fascist regimes arose, first of all, in those countries where social contradictions reached an especial acuteness. Fascism suppressed these contradictions but did not eliminate them. Sooner or later they will come to the fore. The biggest help to fascism, I repeat, is the present Comintern, which paralyzes the working masses by the most monstrous tactical zig-zags, upon the command from Moscow, and systematically demoralizes the international revolutionary vanguard, curing the workers' leaders of the habit of thinking, or simply buying them. The rebirth of a real revolutionary international, independent both from bourgeois governments and from the reactionary Moscow diplomacy, will quickly bring to the working masses confidence in themselves and will awaken the revolutionary movement in Germany and Italy. In the event of world war, the fascist governments, in the first period, will be able to demonstrate their superiority over their enemies, but the inner social contradictions will assume, in Germany and Italy, shorn as they are of raw materials and provisions, an unheard-of sharpness. The war will overthrow many regimes. But its first victims will be, and one can say with assurance, the regimes of Mussolini and Hitler. In its stead can come only the political rule of the working class

and the socialist reconstruction of society."

From this answer it is fairly obvious that, on the surface at least, Trotsky is no fascist and scarcely could be accused of entering into alliance with either Hitler or Mussolini or both.

Question: "In the face of fascist strength throughout the world, don't you believe in a united front of all liberal groups? And aren't you willing to co-operate in such a united front aiming at the destruction of world fascism?"

After long consideration, Trotsky replies, "I do not for a moment believe in the possibility and effectiveness of the 'liberal groups' in the fight against fascism. The experience of Italy, Germany, Austria and other countries proves that 'liberal groups' are completely impotent in the fight against fascism. One can fight against fascism only on the basis of a real, serious, revolutionary program capable of rallying not only the proletariat but the oppressed masses of petty bourgeoisie."

"Insofar as 'liberal groups' are the opponents of a revolutionary program, insofar as they are capable only of paralyzing the initiative of the masses and of pushing them into the camp of fascism. The formula of 'anti-fascism' is very convenient for juggling by the gentlemen deputies, professors, journalists and purely salon chatterboxes. The bare formula of 'anti-fascism' does not say anything concrete to the worker, unemployed, poor peasant, ruined farmer or bankrupt petty merchant, in general, the overwhelming majority of the population. The uproar of every kind of 'anti-fascist' parades, banquets, coalitions, etc., is capable only of sowing illusions and facilitating the work of reaction. Only millions and tens of millions of the toiling, oppressed and exploited are capable of wiping off the face of the earth the Egyptian plague of fascism."

Marx, it will be remembered, often urged unity of all those against reaction. Then after reaction is defeated, difference among the "liberals" can be thrashed out. Furthermore, it would seem Trotsky has forgotten that "anti-fascist united fronts" only gained strength after the Italian, German and Austrian fascist dictatorships were set up.

Question: "If Russia were to lead a united front against world fascism and make war on Germany and Italy, would you be willing to co-operate in that struggle and throw your support behind Stalin?"

Trotsky purses his lips and thinks. After a moment, he nods. "If the U.S.S.R. were in a war with a fascist government, then all my partisans, and in general all real revolutionaries, would, in that war, support with all their strength the U.S.S.R. and the Red Army in spite of the Stalinist dictatorship. Thus, in August, 1917, the bolsheviks fought in the front ranks against the revolt of the re-



actionary general Kornilov, *in spite of* the existence of the Kerensky government."

Question: "Do you ever expect to make peace with Stalin, or is such a thing beyond the realm of possibility?"

He answers: "Stalin is the leader of the privileged bureaucracy and the new aristocratic upstarts and because of that, on the international arena, projects himself as a purely reactionary factor. There can be no talk about my reconciliation with such politics and with one who brings them about."

Thus, he is opposed to Stalin and to Stalin's politics. He is likewise opposed to fascism. Thirdly, he is opposed to a united front against fascism. *But*—he is not opposed to a united front, in war, with his bitterest enemy against fascism!

It becomes difficult to keep the Trotskyist line straight.

Question: "What reforms or changes would you enact if you returned to Russia and received the necessary authority?"

"The question," he answers, "is not about me personally but about that program which the working masses of the U.S.S.R. have to realize and no doubt will realize after the overthrow of the present Bonapartist dictatorship. The most important reforms, according to my opinion, are these: the establishment of the widest Soviet democracy and the legalization of the struggle of the parties; the liquidation of the never-changing bureaucratic caste by electing all functionaries; the mapping out of all economic plans with the direct participation of the population itself and in its interests; the elimination of the crying and insulting gaps of inequality; the liquidation of ranks, orders and all other distinctions of the new Soviet nobility; a radical change of the external politics in the spirit of principled internationalism. And one of the incidental but important measures I consider to be a public and open revision of the last trials, rehabilitation of the innocent, severe punishments for the organizers of the frame-ups."

Trotsky now stirs. He begins to rise. The interview is reaching its close. "One more question. Would you like to return to Russia?"

He smiles faintly. "I cannot put that question on purely sentimental grounds. All depends on political conditions. I do not doubt that the working masses of the U.S.S.R. will overthrow the tyrannical dictatorship of the demoralized bureaucracy. Of course, I am ready to participate in such a struggle of liberation."

Now he rises, adding slowly, "I am even ready to aid the Spanish people in their struggle. Should the workers and peasants see the treachery of the Negrin government and rise up against it, I should be glad to lend them what support I can. If the *POUM* or the Anarchists, now underground, should ask me to lead them, I should go to Spain tomorrow."

(Pictures on Pages 53-56)

A NUT BETWEEN CRACKERS

Germans in Czechoslovakia have state-supported schools in their own language, state subsidies for German art and music. Nazi Henleinists are allowed to publish seditious newspapers. What more, the Czech asks, can you do for a minority people? The Nazis kick that the Sudeten-Germans are denied their proportionate share of jobs and government contracts. Tragically, the Czechs know that doctored statistics and faked wrongs are being collected to excuse Hitler's march on Prague. Twice, already, the German army has occupied new-built barracks on the border, poised planes in new hangars, maneuvered men on roads built to the point of invasion.

BY CECIL B. BROWN

THE Czechoslovak walks as gingerly as a tight-rope artist high above the sawdust ring of war.

Germany may trip him. The net of Russia, France and England may save him. He can't rely on the good will or good intentions of anyone.

The specter of imminent plunge stares at him from the mirror while he shaves. It perches on his plate as he eats. It dances on his lathe at the factory. It flits around the parlor lamp in the evening. Yet, all he wants so desperately is to think only of such matters as more money at the factory, physical education and the new books. You are able to talk to a Czech about unemployment, about the new writers, about café life, about his estimate of America for less than two minutes. Then he is talking Germany.

Everyone knows that Konrad Hen-

lein and his Sudeten Deutsch (Nazi) party are the root of the potential civil war in Czechoslovakia. At the proper time Germany will create the crucial incident that may send the Reichswehr streaming toward Prague. Twice, now, it has almost done so.

The Czechoslovak fears one side of the nut cracker will press from Germany, the other from Italy and Austria, crushing out of him his hard-won, precious and supersensitive liberty. For the Czechoslovak is at the crossroads of Europe. He is in the way of the "have nots." He is in the middle of the road from Berlin to Bagdad. He is the fulcrum of the Transversal Eurasian axis. He is the bump in the projected boulevard from Berlin to the Ukranian wheat fields and Rumanian oil.

Germany considers the Czech fron-

tier the western boundary of Russia. If and when the Soviets meet Germany, his country is to be a Belgium.

Poland to the north, Rumania, Jugoslavia and Hungary to the southeast, he knows, are constantly swinging away from democracy and toward authoritarianism; from Czechoslovakia's friends toward her enemies.

His protections are few: soldiers, fortifications, resources, a Soviet security pact, friendship of France, England and America. And he has President Eduard Benes, "a little giant with a sling of reason, standing up against the raging giant of Goliath."

And tragically, his country, fully as much as Austria but with less reason, is susceptible to the Nazi claim that Berlin has the right to interfere in the internal affairs of another country. For the Sudeten Deutsch has been bought, propagandized, and convinced into believing that his chance for life rests with Berlin, and not Prague. He tells you that Hitler will bring his dreams true; Benes, never.

The German press says: "From Berlin it must be declared that Germans in the Sudeten land know that they have behind them a great and strong people, which regards every blow against the Sudeten as a blow against itself."

Taking his cue from such authority, Henlein, imitating Hitler's gestures and mannerisms, speaks with the resounding roar of 66 million Nazis across the border.

Germany floods her press with tales of Czechoslovakian atrocities. She paints Czechoslovakia as another Russia, teeming with Soviet airfields. Soviet airplanes. Soviet generals and Soviet concentrations from one border to the other.

Meanwhile, the Sudeten Deutsch freely reads his copy of *Die Zeit*, which is his party's official paper and the unofficial Prague organ of the German Foreign Office. It is also, incidentally, as seditious a newspaper as is allowed to exist in any country, save the United States.

In it, he reads how the Czechoslovakian police beat him up for being a Nazi. Never touched. He smiles.

A small merchant in Tabor sees that ancient Moravian town being turned into a fortress, with more barracks, soldiers and maneuvers than at any time since the war. "Why," he demands, "is Germany so concerned about its minorities in our country? They have been tied to the Slovaks for 700 years. Why doesn't Hitler look after the 250,000 pure Germanic Austrians of the South Tyrol, now under Italian rule?"

A steady-working munitions factory hand in Brno exclaims:

"Why does Germany claim that we arm against her? She knows that we didn't begin to fortify our frontiers until she started yelling about colonies."

And Czechoslovakia has fortified with a vengeance. Twenty-four moun-

tain passes connect her with Germany and each one is well prepared. Frontier fortifications so far have cost 400 million dollars.

A middle-aged café habitué in Prague answers Germany's charge that the Czechoslovakian-Russian pact is aggressive.

"They are well aware," he snorts. "that that pact was made a year after the Nazis came into power and started to rearm. We're not aggressive and never have been."

A Czechoslovakian newspaper man in Prague, who wants to be friendly with everyone, says:

"Weren't we the first Allied nation to send an official representative to Germany after the World War?"

For a nation so new, so hodge-podged with races, so diverse geographically, you find a remarkable cohesion of views and an American faith in democracy. The Czechoslovak, be he Slav, Czech, Magyar, Pole, Carpathian-Ruthenian, or anti-Nazi German, will not give up a foot of his land without a fight. You ask dozens of people the same question:

"If it was a choice between giving up to Germany a two-mile strip of land or going to war tomorrow, what would your country do?"

You get the same answer:

"We would fight for one inch of land!"

He says it ringingly, confidently, even though he knows that any armed clash between Czechoslovakia and Germany would let loose a probable European war.

As Karl Capek, their most famous writer, says, "there is no more pathetic event in the history of modern civilization than the rise of this energetic country."

A hundred years ago there were no books printed in the Czech language. Now the Czechoslovakian considers his country, fourteenth in size and ninth in population in Europe, technically and economically the strongest of central powers.

From north to south his country isn't much broader than Belgium or Holland. From west to east, though, it is as long as France from Calais to the Pyrenees, as Italy from the Alps to the Gulf of Taranto. In the west he has smoke-palmed cities like Youngstown and in the east he needs a gun to fight off bears.

The glass-blower in Prague, the shoe-worker in Brno, the herder in the High Tatras, the masseuse at the Carlsbad spa have gone through dangerous political and social crises and survived them — without revolution.

He's been plunked down in the line of march of invaders for centuries. Even the Turks and Tartars ran over him. He was the neglected duckling of the Austro-Hungarian Empire until Dr. Thomas Masaryk, almost alone, forged a Republic with some names scribbled on the Treaties of Versailles, St. Germain and Trianon.

The Czechoslovak will admit many mistakes have been made in handling the German minorities. He won't admit there is discrimination—but there

is. Part of it is necessary, some of it is rank stupidity, the rest is petty officiousness.

The Sudeten Deutsch, who take their name from the Sudete Mountains, represent 75 to 80% of the three and a half million Bohemian Germans. The other 20% are anti-Nazi and bitterly resent the Henlein tactics. They are divided into the German Christian party, which is like the former liberal party in Germany; the Social Democrats, similar to the Labor Party in England, and the Agrarians, the farmers' party.

No one thinks the day will come when you can walk into the headquarters of the communist party in Nazi Berlin.

In Prague you stroll into the "Brown House," the Sudeten Deutsch headquarters, with no more restraint than you enter the communist offices in New York. And the Czechoslovakian loathes the Nazi fully as much as the Nazi hates the communist.

You are met with Heils, but not "Heil Hitlers." Though when you watch the lips of the greeter you see them form the name of the Fuehrer. Outside of the greeting, his only permitted mark as a Nazi is the white wool stockings he wears with his habitual costume-riding breeches.

He is outraged at any suggestion that money comes from Germany. "They haven't enough money for raw materials." Where do the Henleinists get their money? "Why, from dues from our members; 600,000 pay three crowns a month, each."

He freely admits he is a part of the European Nazi scheme. He claims that every Sudeten Deutsch wants an alliance with Germany "as of today because of the way we are treated here."

What's wrong with the way he is treated? He has statistics all ready. In certain Bohemian districts there are 2,631,663 Germans and 486,257 Czechoslovaks. He is right about that. "In other words," he exclaims, "84.5% of the people are Germans and only 15.5 are Czechs and yet we are ruled by 15% of the people."

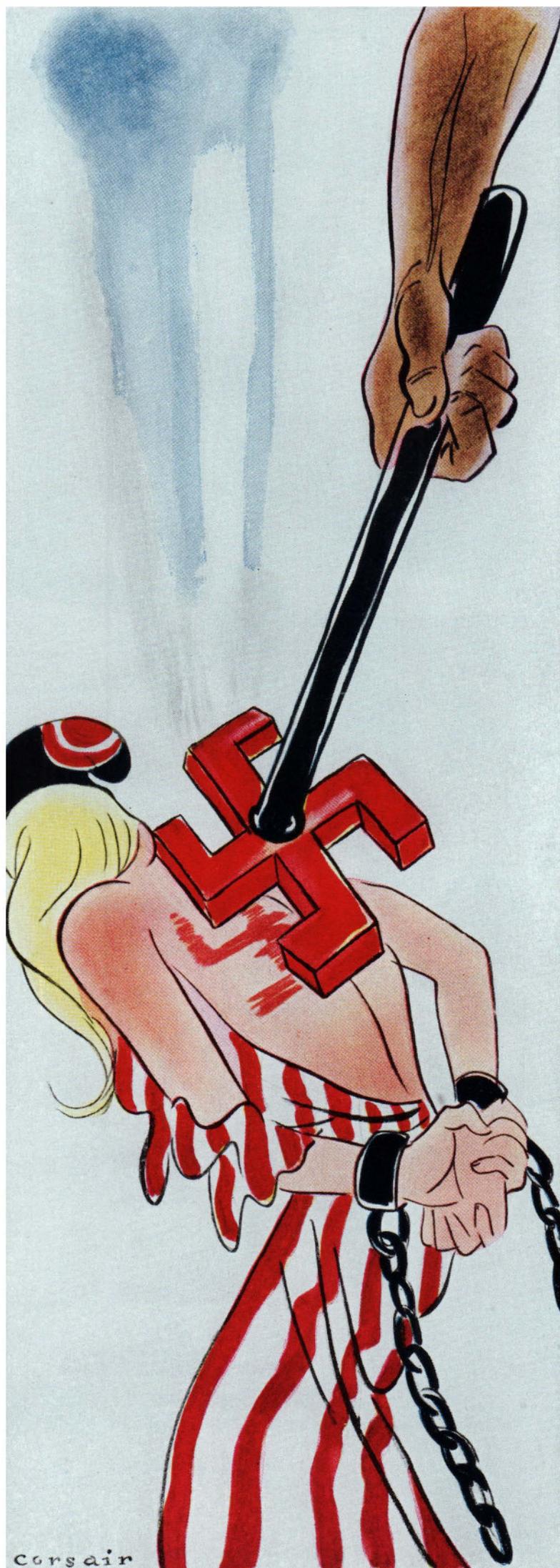
And, he adds, in those same districts in 1937, 64 German firms were given public works contracts, 16% of the total, while 332 Czechoslovak firms, got the other 84% of the government contracts. Naturally, you want to know where he got those figures and he says from the *Henleinverlag*.

What you find in the Ministry of Public Works is that in 1937 of about 350 public works contracts, about 150 went to German firms.

"We want," the Henleinist says, "complete right to rule ourselves, to have our own government, our own schools, our own workmen in our own factories."

He tells you quite accurately that the Germans form 22% of the district population and yet 50% are without work. German firms employ Germans if they can, but there are more Czech-owned factories so more Czechs get jobs.

"All right," you say to him. "if you set up autonomy in any section, there are bound to be at least



Galley Slave Austria



Obviously Suicide

those 15% of Czechoslovaks. What happens to them?"

"Oh, them," you are told. "They become a minority people."

Ring around the rosie, a pocket full of posey.

The Sudeten Deutsch farmer, surrounded by Czech neighbors, tells you how the government took 862,000 hectares of land away from his group. "They just took it!" he shouts.

They did, too. A government official will tell you it was necessary to distribute the land into smaller units to build up a strong central farming class. "It so happened," he says, "that this was to the disadvantage of the Germans and Magyars because they owned the land. But it was in districts most heavily populated by the Czechs."

The Sudeten Deutsch industrial worker has a stronger tale of woe. With not enough jobs to go around, he is the last to be employed. "They think," he says, "that because I belong to the Sudeten Deutsch I am not loyal."

But how loyal is he? He belongs to a party that is seditious in aim, unquestionably supplied with Nazi funds, wholeheartedly supported by official nazism, and bolstered by the Nazi press on the slightest pretext.

Nor does any Czechoslovakian forget last fall when police clashed with Nazis at Teplitz-Schoenau, how the Nazis demonstrated that they might use just such an incident for an armed invasion. Berlin unleashed a barrage of invective which the Nazis have not yet been able to equal in bitterness.

It was an actuality that German troops massed at the Czechoslovak frontier in 1936, moved along roads built for just that purpose, brought airplanes to newly-built hangars, housed the troops in newly-built barracks.

"They just weren't quite ready yet," the Czechoslovak says knowingly.

The German in Czechoslovakia has his free press, the right of free assembly, right of free speech—in violent contrast to Germany. He has his own university, two colleges of technology, 90 secondary schools, 198 technical schools, 447 upper elementary schools and 3,298 elementary schools. He has a great number of cultural institutions, societies and periodicals. His periodicals rave against the government without being suppressed, except on rare occasions.

There is one Czechoslovakian school for 127 Czech children and one German school for every 115 German children.

The three German colleges in Czechoslovakia exist solely by means of state funds. The German conservatory of music, the German art academy and the German theatres receive regular contributions from the state.

In the upper house of the Chamber the Sudeten Deutsch has 44 out of 300 members and in the Senate he has 23 out of 150 members. He far outweighs the anti-Nazi Germans in numbers, representation and influence. He speaks his own language on the

floors of the Chamber. There are 65,000 Germans in government jobs. Some government bureaus, though, have fewer Germans than the population warrants.

The Berlin press recently declared that the Czechs have closed 39 out of 42 German schools in the Hlučín section, despite the fact that "80% of the people claim to be Germans."

As a matter of fact, the Prussian government statistics in 1905 found there were 5,203 Germans and 37,867 Moravians in Hlučín. The Czechoslovakian statistics in 1921 recorded the same proportion.

Before the war the Prussian government did not provide a single Czech school for these 37,867 Moravians. The Czech government has given them schools, while keeping on the German schools which were in existence since Prussian days.

Is Germany doing better by its non-Semitic minorities?

In Czechoslovakia there are 700,000 Magyars. They have seven secondary and 835 elementary schools.

In Germany there are a million Poles and Masurians and they have one secondary and 69 elementary schools.

Czechoslovakia has shown it is not afraid to grant local autonomy. Carpathian Ruthenia, in the easternmost portion of the Republic, is now going through the stages of autonomy. It will soon have its own Diet.

The government has spent and is spending millions of crowns on social welfare, hygiene and housing, schools, in this region even though it will be an independent state.

But there are different kinds of local autonomies. Many a German-Czechoslovak mother worries about the type of government Henlein might develop. His party seems to resemble Hitler's down to the lowest details. She remembers all too vividly the arrest of Heinz Rutha, who was Henlein's right-hand man, on charges of homosexuality. She feels she was right in trying to keep her headstrong son out of the League of Comrades, the Sudetenites junior organization.

And there is the case of Anton Gruenes, a leader of the Sudeten, manager of the Creditanstalt der Deutscher Bank. He frequently made trips abroad to explain the plight of the Bohemian Germans. Henlein described him as "our traveling lecturer on sobriety, honor and morals."

Recently, on the day before he was to leave for London, he was arrested for embezzlement.

Henlein started his party on solid ground: to better the condition of the working man. Now many a Sudeten Deutsch will tell you that Henlein schemes with the German employers of North Bohemia to find jobs for the Sudeten Deutsch—but at the lowest possible wages.

Germans trying to get jobs are met with "peaceful persuasion" and forced to join the Nazis. The party grows.

And the Czechoslovak-in-the-street plaintively, wearily asks:

"What do you do with a people who can't be satisfied?"



CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

CHAMBERLAIN, THE BOUNDING BUNNY OF EUROPE

Why does the bounding bunny run away from the hounds of fascism? Is the rabbit timid? No the rabbit is tin. And while he appears to be running away from the hounds actually he is only leading them on. Then the race is fixed? Of course. Who moves the tin rabbit? Oh, people. What kind of people? Nice people, people you'd like. People who'd rather be Right than British? Yes, like Lady Astor and Montagu Norman and Sir Henri Deterding. My, that's pretty confusing, isn't it? It is, unless you know that it's meant to be. And where's the British lion? Caged, and sound asleep, like most of us.



CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

STALIN, THE MAN WHO THINKS LIKE A BEAR

In other words, he doesn't know his own strength. With all Siberia into which to sequester his enemies, he has chosen instead to make a Roman holiday of their executions, making himself no less hated than Hitler. He has given every indication of perpetuating both the personal dictatorship and the terror that were to be temporary expedients had Lenin lived. Unlike Lenin, too, he has put himself above the party, thus he has nullified Litvinov's excellent attempts to make Russia a rallying force of the democracies against fascism, for by his boss rule, he has left but a Chinaman's choice between himself and the other Caesars.

NO WAR IN THE WORLD

The formal state of war has been successfully abolished by the forty-eight nations who signed the Kellogg pact renouncing war as an instrument of national policy. Instead, the Japanese invented conquest-in-self-defense, the Italians invented establishment-of-order, but the Germans, always great creators of synthetic substitutes, developed the best non-war going: the cold putsch. By this means, Germans living in any other country are made Nazis, they then infiltrate and Nazify their local government, and finally coldly take over. This worked in free Danzig, would have worked in independent Austria. It is at work in Czechoslovakia. Millions of Germans in the United States are also considered part of the Fatherland. Nice nations cannot resist unless formal war is declared.

BY RAYMOND GRAM SWING

UP to the moment these words were set in type the Kellogg Pact has not been violated. The 48 nations who have renounced war as an instrument of national policy have kept their word.

Only one government faltered. Paraguay, in the Chaco dispute, did declare a state of war. Then, overcome by tardy discretion, it withdrew the

declaration a few days later.

The war in China is not war, it is action taken in self-defense. The war in Spain is not war, it is a civil war. The war that drove Haile Selassie from the throne of Judah was not war, it was the suppression of disorder in self-defense.

To plain people, war is war. But plain people are mistaken. What they

really are trying to say is that warfare is war, which it isn't. For war is a legal term. Legal war has been abolished, with only two exceptions. A nation may defend itself against an aggressor who uses war as an instrument of national policy. A group of nations may take collective action against such an aggressor. The renunciation of war did not include the renunciation of national policies, so new instruments have had to be invented for furthering national policies.

Japan, in the conquest of Manchuria, was the pioneer inventor, but perhaps because the Japanese are great imitators rather than originators, the invention was clumsy. It was called conquest in self-defense. The Japanese later found that this fooled nobody. The United States and the League of Nations denounced the Manchurian conquest and refused to recognize it. The only useful feature of the Japanese invention is the puppet government, which resembles government by the home folks, but is disguised rule by foreigners. This has been set up in Manchukuo and Hopei, and is planned by Japan for all China.

Mussolini fumbled with the Japanese invention (minus the puppet government), in conquering Ethiopia. He modified the formula somewhat, putting less emphasis on self-defense and more on establishing "order."

It is the Germans who have shown real resourcefulness in meeting this problem. Inventing a substitute—the famous "Ersatz" of modern German civilization—is what Germans do best.

They have invented an ingenious substitute for war, one which suits all their purposes in gaining control over racial Germans in nearby countries. This is called the Cold Putsch.

The word Putsch is German, and its most common synonym is another foreign word, *coup d'état*. Curiously, there is no English word for it. We say "revolution," which is a much grander affair, involving action by much greater numbers than a Putsch or *coup d'état*. We try to reduce the size of the word in the phrase "palace revolution." But the description is inaccurate in most instances. So English-speaking people have to say Putsch or *coup d'état*.

A "cold" Putsch is the opposite of a "hot" one. It is seizure of power without violence. And it was invented after the failure of the last "hot" Putsch in Austria, when Dollfuss was assassinated, and Mussolini mobilized on the Austrian frontier. This experience taught the Germans a lesson. Impetuous and impatient though they were, they found they were living in a world where subtlety was called for. They set to work perfecting the cold Putsch.

This is also called the "Trojan Horse" technique, but the description is inaccurate. The Greeks sent their own fighters into Troy, hiding inside the wooden horse. The essence of the "cold" Putsch is that power is seized by the nationals within the besieged city. In the case of Troy, it would have to be by Trojans them-

selves, friendly to Greece.

The first and wholly successful application of the cold Putsch was in Danzig. This is famous as a "free city," governed under the supervision of the League of Nations. It also is self-governing as to local problems. The Germans for years wanted to wrest Danzig from the League, but its status was fixed, and violence might have caused war with Poland, which has rights in Danzig, or it might even have set League sanctions into motion. At last recognizing that they could not change the formal status of Danzig, the Germans faced the facts. What they wanted was control of the city.

Why go to Geneva for that? Why not capture the local Germans? So they went to work on the local population with all the power of Nazi propaganda. Election after election showed Nazi gains, until finally the Nazis captured the city. And having done so they could legislate everything their own way, even to restrictions on Jews, and they could drive minorities out of any participation in city government, which they did. Now the League possesses Danzig on paper, and on paper it still is a free city. But Danzig is ruled by local Nazis who take orders from Berlin.

Austria was to have offered the model operation of the cold Putsch technique, but became instead victim of the swiftest and boldest annexation in ancient and modern history. In that there was no Austrian resistance, violence was not necessary and it was a cold Putsch. But it was not the tediously subtle and studied process which the Nazis originally intended.

This process is worth examining, even if it was not applied. An Austrian Nazi was to have been appointed Minister of the Interior. Hitler in person forced the Austrian chancellor to accept him, threatening to fight if he refused. Since Italy was not ready to mobilize, and France and Great Britain had already washed their hands of responsibility for Austria, the Austrian chancellor had to submit. He was, of course, given a promise that Austrian "independence" was to be respected.

The Minister of the Interior in most European governments controls the police and local administrations. So he can decide what constitutes law and order. If he is a Nazi, he permits any Nazi activity, such as bulldozing local citizens. Any anti-Nazi activity, particularly from working men who used to be socialists, is sternly suppressed. In a few weeks the Nazis would be able to "convert" the population, much as the heathen rulers who made peace with Rome "converted" their entire nations to Christianity.

With full control of Austria from within, the Nazis could have passed any economic and racial measures they pleased, and have brought Vienna under the thumb of Berlin as they had brought Danzig. But it would have taken time, months, perhaps even a year or two.

But Schuschnigg, the Austrian chan-

corsair



"Hold your breath, everybody!"

cellor, enraged Hitler with his plan for a plebiscite and the Fuehrer heard the inner command, either of his "voices" or his throbbing anger, and seized Austria. He defied his ally Mussolini, he infuriated the world. But he swallowed Austria in a gulp.

This conquest might have provoked a war but not so the original plan.

The only weapon against Nazi propaganda is anti-Nazi propaganda. And this the Austrian government would have been too weak to conduct.

THE cold Putsch is to be used next in Czechoslovakia. Here the object is not to capture the state from within, but only to bring its 3,000,000 Germans under control of Berlin. This is to be effected in two stages. The first is to gain equality for Germans within the Czechoslovakian state, which is now in full swing. This will permit the entry of Germans into the civil service, give them control over their own schools, and finally bring them representation in the cabinet.

These are such reasonable demands that no resistance against them can be put by the Czechs. Their own friends in Paris and London are urging them to yield, arguing that the appeasement of their German citizens will be the best answer to Nazi intrigue.

The next stage will be the demand for self-government for the liberated Germans. The slogan will be federation. Czechoslovakia is like Switzerland, a nation of several races. Switzerland has long been the textbook model of applied federation, the Germans, French and Italians enjoying self-government in all matters excepting the federation itself. The demand will be to give similar autonomy to the Slovaks, Germans and Hungarians in Czechoslovakia, as well as the Czechs.

If this is granted, the self-governing Germans will be forthwith ruled by Nazis, who take orders from Berlin, for the Germans already are under the domination of Henlein and his Nazi party.

The cold Putsch is a brand new invention. Danzig was captured in 1937, Austria early in 1938, Czechoslovakia is on the way.

It then can be applied progressively to all regions where racial Germans are outside the frontiers of their racial Fatherland. And by this device the 10,000,000 Germans in other European countries can become a realistic if not a formalistic unity. This would create a new map of Europe; it would be the peaceful revision of treaties for which Germany has clamored.

The cold Putsch is the neatest of the new inventions. But it is small potatoes beside another new device, the international civil war. This is the most successful evasion of the Kellogg Pact yet invented. In an international civil war, all the weapons and scope of old-fashioned war can be used, which means that national

policy can be pursued on a grand scale.

In Spain, and presumably in other countries where it may be used, the method is to send help as volunteers and to justify it as a fight against communism. Since communism is something which even communists can't define without near-civil war, the interventionist has no problem in writing his own ticket. It comes down to anyone being a communist who is not a fascist. The "volunteers" in Spain sent by Mussolini number around 125,000 infantrymen, 1,500 airplanes and thousands of technicians and staff officers. This is one of the large wars of a century.

The cold Putsch is a good way to revise frontiers along racial lines, but as a power factor it is not a patch on the international civil war. This can be used the world over, no matter what the racial distribution may be. If France falls to fighting, as it nearly did after the riots of February 1935, intervention would be in order. Mussolini and Hitler could assure support to French fascists, of whom there already are plenty, and so gain control over France and over the continent of Europe.

INTERNATIONAL civil war would be just as effective in sparsely settled countries possessing untold natural resources. And in the end, a puppet government could be set up, which satisfied the formality of being self government. In this way Latin-America looks like a happy hunting ground for aggressive European countries throughout the twentieth century. The beauty of the invention is that it would not constitute a legal infringement of the Monroe Doctrine.

Both the cold Putsch and the international civil war need preparation. Characteristic of the new world created by the Kellogg Pact, is intensified foreign propaganda. Local Germans have to become Nazis in Danzig, Austria, and Czechoslovakia before they can be attached to Berlin. The world has to be given an anti-communist reflex if it is to tolerate international civil war. That makes essential a consistent, steady stream of fascist propaganda, which already is flowing to all corners of the world. This is directed against democracy as well as communism, for its purpose is two-fold. It is to encourage backward countries, as in Latin America, not to model themselves on the democratic pattern, and it still must play on democratic antipathies against communism.

This propaganda has been highly successful in the case of Spain, which suggests that it will be as successful in its next application. The anti-communist prejudices of British and French upper and middle classes gave Italy and Germany a full year to send materials and men into Spain. In vain the Spanish government has produced the statistics of the Popular Front, and its roster of office-holders, both showing the preponderance of non-communist membership. No matter,

the cry of communist re-echoes long after it is proved to be untrue.

Communist Russia began the post-war period with a great international conspiracy, the Comintern, which set out to capture labor support the world over.

But the Third International, as it was called, made a botch of its affairs in Europe, with striking failures in Hungary and Germany, and nearly total ineffectiveness in France and Britain. It then changed its tactics, trying to capture existing labor movements from within. And when fascism appeared in Germany, it abandoned the fight against democracy, and devoted its energies to promoting the idea of the Popular Front against the new menace.

Fascism has considerably improved on Comintern methods, and promises to make the next 10 or 20 years the most active time of propaganda in history.

Germany started things going by announcing that all racial Germans are part of the Fatherland. This stepping up of nationalism into racialism has great possibilities. It at once interests the United States with its millions of racial Germans. The same doctrine applied to the 15,000,000 Italians in Brazil, or the millions in this country, would give the fascists a nucleus on this side of the ocean with which much could be done.

Radio already is the mainstay of fascist propaganda. Germany, with its eight 50 k.w. short wave stations, already can reach any corner of the world it wishes with special programs in any language. Italy with its broadcasts in Arabic from its Bari station has demonstrated that radio broadcasts are as much a power in the modern world as dreadnaughts or airplanes. The Germans are adding to their stations in number and power, and Italy is building two of the strongest short wave transmitters in the world.

The democracies, too, are waking up to the need of self-defense. The British Broadcasting Corporation is broadcasting news in six languages, and the United States government is considering entering this field.

But this is only a beginning, for radio itself is still in its infancy. The dissemination of the idea is the essential factor in all modern government. It used to be thought essential only for democracies. The fascists have found that without it they cannot expand, and they need to expand to live.

THIS is the world since the Kellogg Pact. Legal war has been abolished, and the wars that would be legal are not being fought. Collective war has been repudiated by the United States, first of all, and now by Great Britain. Without these two, the only defense against anarchy is out of commission. Now the world belongs to the best propagandist, and the masters of the cold Putsch and the international civil war.

LOS ANGELES SPORTING GIRL

A prostitute, intrigued by the monotony of her customers' questions, talks straight about her job. The hours, earnings, hazards, pleasures, advantages, drawbacks, opportunities for promotion, etc. The nationwide veneer of publicity has increased caution without reducing trade. The idea that the life of shame makes outcasts is an exploded notion. Away from work, virtue is their relaxation, their modest dress and decorous behavior almost a give away. They go into the career from choice, the only actual white slavery being the occupations that are the available alternatives. As for competition, the only serious kind is amateur.

BY PEARL THOMPSON

FOR five years I have been a "sporting girl." Some vulgar people call me by another name, but that is a name that any respectable prostitute dislikes.

Working at this racket I've learned a great deal about life, for instance, I've found out how basically stereotyped men are. Truck drivers, bankers, lawyers, newspaper men, politicians, cops and even an occasional reformer; all have the same batch of questions.

How long have you been in this game? How do you like it? How much do you make? What did you used to do? When are you going to quit? These questions inspired me to write the answers.

How do I like it? I don't! But it's better than standing eight hours behind the yardage counter of the 5th St. Store, getting flat-footed and sway-backed. Three times as much money and half as much work—and not so hard on my feet.

Get a kick out of it? Sure—why not? That is, at least once or twice a day. It all depends on the customer. With some people you just naturally click. However, if we take our work seriously we pretend we like it—a clientele is the thing. Our simulated enjoyment flatters a man's ego and brings half of them back. Regular customers come about once a week, and it's the regulars we want. If it's a frowsy guy with buck teeth and B.O. we hustle him through as fast as we can and hope never to see him again. Occasionally they come in pairs, two pals take the same girl or two girls and two men in the same room. That's really a wild party and calls for double money.

What did I or any other prostitute used to do? Well—most of us finished high school, we got a job; soda jerker, usherette, drive-in-joint, clerk, factory worker; any one of a million such foul slave jobs. Maybe we gave away a little free, or maybe we just

let the Boss paw a bit. Sooner or later we began to figure that 15 minutes for two bucks is better pay than we were getting. We just located a House and applied for a job.

There are two types of Houses. The "ringer" and the "independent." I work in a "ringer." The casual customer can't tell one from the other, but there is a lot of difference. A "ringer" House is one that belongs to a ring or chain, with a central office, like a chain store. Girls are registered at the office, according to age, complexion, measurements and years of experience. This is all done in code in case anything slips. Most of us never know where the central office is, though we can guess. The Madame who operates the House handles the card index and keeps Headquarters posted as to our popularity and tests. Ringer Houses are sanitary, at least much more so than the pick-ups that "wise guys" take off the streets, dance halls and even in more respectable places. We examine our men carefully, we disinfect them, we have a G.C. test once a week and a Wassermann once a month. It costs us plenty to get cured so we try to keep well. I've known girls to work ten years without a trace. I've never had a sign of a "positive" so far. We have to show our certificate of health to the Madame or lose our job. The customer can always see it if he wants to. The tests cost us \$3.00 and \$5.00, respectively, but it is worth it. Tests are usually made by reputable M.D.'s, high up in society. They like easy money, too. We go to their office, usually by appointment to avoid wasting time sitting in the reception room. Ringer Houses get a 12-hour advance tip before any raid—this is a big help and worth the 50% split each girl pays out of her earnings.

The independent House is opposite in every respect. Here the girl gets what she can, takes anybody that comes along, looks after her own health and in a semi-conscientious manner and gets slung in jail about four times a year. I've only been in jail once in five years and that one time caused me to dislike jails. The only value an independent has over a ringer is that in the independent you can quit any time you want. In a ringer you keep working until you go into another line or get married or sick.

Professionals seldom hint for tips. A man likes to know how much a commodity is going to cost him before he makes a purchase.

However, some tipping is always done by grateful men who appreciate the artistry of services rendered in a professional manner. In a good House with 10 to 15 customers per day per girl it is not uncommon to gather up five extra dollars. This is handy because it covers our laundry bill and payment for two meals per day. Half of the regular \$2.00 fee goes to the House to pay for the well-known protection. This goes into a pot for the Big Guns with the false front. They really clean up, not only off us, but the taxpayers, for they usually are



The Last Grab

in some sort of political job, too. The periodic roar in the newspapers about the awful vice conditions gives us a dry laugh for the chances are the guy who gets the credit for starting the investigation and closing up the town, is one of the boys who is in on the pay-off. The thing that crimps us the worst is the Grand Jury, evidently the Big Guns are afraid of that bunch, for when they go into session, we usually get an order to close up shop. We then go "on call" for private parties.

Maybe that 10 to 15 customers per day seems like an abnormal life. It is. About as abnormal as being an old maid, only in the opposite way. We get cynical, but we don't get sour.

It's an 8-hour shift with most of the business from 3 p. m. to 11 p. m. A girl knows how she rates according to her shift. The old girls from 11 p. m. to 7 a. m. really take a beating. Too often these hours include the drunks and riff-raff. They turn down the worst ones. No use in taking a drunk. Half the time he's impotent, abusive and usually wants something that delays the works. About half the customers have had something to drink, just enough to do the thing they have been wanting to do for a long time. Most of the girls leave it alone; they know that as a rule booze doesn't agree with anybody for very long. Saturdays and holidays are the busiest days. Usually one or two extras are put on to handle the patronage adequately. Monday is the dull day—often one girl doing the tricks that it took five to do on Saturday.

A House is always an innocent enough looking place from the outside. A landlady, usually a Negress, answers the bell and knows with remarkable acumen whether it's a customer or just a yokel that is really looking for a room. If the latter, she says there are no rooms left. If she senses a customer she says, "Who do you want to see?" If he names someone, or just says, "Let's see what you've got," she ushers him into a sitting room and tells him she will send in all the girls that are not busy. They come in gowned in lounging pajamas or semi-evening dresses. The girl selected takes him to her room. Here she examines him for disease and if satisfied, washes him with disinfectant.

After all, my profession is fundamentally and biologically essential. A girl that knows her tricks can change a man from a lion to a lamb in five minutes and as such is a valuable crime preventer. The maladjusted reformers never seem to know that.

Some girls are much more successful in their profession than others. It is the same old formula; take an interest in your work, put all you've got into it, have a pleasing personality, be generous and try to do what your customers ask you to do. Skinny girls and fat girls take the leavings. Bleached blondes get left too. I really believe brunettes have a slight edge over blondes, but after all, that's only my opinion, because I'm a brunette. Being perfectly natural with your customer is the best way to get him

to repeat. Don't rush him, visit a little, but don't ask him his business. You can ask him if he's in town long as a starter, then he'll frequently go on from there.

Sometimes men want to take us home after work, but we don't go for this. for two reasons. One, we wouldn't want the boy friend to get sore. Yes, we have boy friends. Sometimes he helps us get customers, sometimes he's a person we really like or regularly enjoy parties with. Another reason is that we try and live in a good part of town far enough away from our work to really be away—we don't want to be bothered when we are not open for business.

The average age of the customer is from 30 to 40, perhaps most of them married. Most of the latter have been sent us by their dumb stingy wives. Men don't know how to pick a wife. An ex-prostitute makes a good wife. She makes it her job to be a *real* wife and she holds her man too—yes, she can also cook. I hope to marry in the next year or two. About one-half of us do and many times to a customer. We are loyal wives too. If we marry a non-customer, obviously we only tell him what we think is best for him to hear.

About the same number of boys in their early twenties come as men in their early fifties. Of the two, I prefer the young ones—less work.

Once I got a reformer, He wanted me to kneel and pray with him before we did anything. I told him I'd just lie on the bed and close my eyes while he prayed. that maybe my prayers would gum up the works. Well, it was quite a prayer. He sort of made a goddess out of me. I remember reading about an early religion like that. I suspect that a lot of reformers who are always raving about us are doing so because they want to be with us.

The nation-wide publicity on venereal diseases has made all patrons and employees more cautious, but I don't believe it has reduced business appreciably. The publicity has increased sanitation. After all, the commodity we have to offer is highly in demand. Of course what men think is "free stuff" is our greatest competition but as long as the urge to reproduce is equal to the urge to live there will be customers. Men and women risk more for sex satisfaction than they do for anything else. Some male animals persist in the pursuit of the thrill even when they know that death is the result. Wonder if a male black widow spider thinks it was worth it?

This life of shame gag is all stuff and nonsense. We don't consider ourselves outcasts. Why should we? On days off we mingle with anybody, often travel in a better society than before, simply because we have better clothes. About four times a year I go to church. I have women friends who think I'm a secretary—and as for secretaries—well—what is the difference between selling yourself

for \$2.00 cash from selling yourself for an 89c pair of silk stockings?

We all take four to seven days off a month. If a girl is smart she takes a couple of months off besides this or manages to play a man for a trip somewhere. Variety and rest is the point. When away from work, we dress very modestly, in fact, our decorum is almost a give away. Namely, virtue is our relaxation.

Once the Chief phoned me if I wanted to be a member of a party of six girls to go on a week-end cruise on a millionaire's yacht. The pay was to be \$100.00 plus food. I took it. It was hard earned money. I'll take the rough and tumble truck driver in preference to a half-drunk spoiled and discourteous play-boy any time. It took me a week to recuperate from that experience.

Some girls work from a call house. That is a customary start. They usually have a day job, as a waitress or usherette or drive-in-joint or movie extra with their phone number listed for any call from headquarters to go to an apartment for an hour or so. Usually this brings in three to five dollars but it's unsteady and tiresome after your other work.

A banker and a loan shark customer of mine persist in asking me if I've saved any money so I'll tell you the answer. In five years I've owned two cars—low priced ones; bought plenty of good clothes; own a lot at Lake Arrowhead and have a little over \$2,400 in the savings bank. Besides this I've been all up and down the Pacific Coast, including trips to Salt Lake, Denver and Honolulu. If I had stayed at the 5th Street Store I'd have gotten about one trip to 'Frisco in a second-class bus. Yes, virtue is its own reward!

My girl associates are, in a feminine sense, the most honest women I have ever worked with. All of the trickery, deceptiveness, double dealing and hypocrisy that is the average woman's attitude toward other women is gone.

As for white slavery. Tommyrot! We all go into it from choice. Have you ever walked through a garment factory that employs a lot of wretched women? That's white slavery. Admire the virtuous women employed there, they wouldn't sell their bodies, would they? Look at their faces and figures and you'll see why not. The loud-spoken virtuous woman condemner of our profession, is usually a cold, homely, flat chested, masculine, box-car female who prattles about her virtue for the simple reason that she would starve to death in a four-bit House. Do I sound bitter? Well, maybe so. That time I was in jail I had four old hatchet-faced hens visit me. First they stared at me like I was a mad dog, then they called me a lot of names. Not cuss words. Worse than that. What could I do? Nothing, but stare back and listen. I half suspect they were jealous—nothing else could make a woman so mad.

Once I mingled in with a convention, not a Legion Convention, don't get me wrong. I knew what it was all right, but I'm not mentioning it here. No use of casting any aspersions upon what is considered a noble and high grade calling. I just sat in the lobby of the hotel and watched the big-wigs mill around. Then I saw one of my regular customers. Right away I saw that he was a Big Shot, not only in this town but in a lot of towns. Men were slapping him on the back and giving him the old Rah, Rah. You know the stuff they hand you when you are the King Pooh-Pooh. I knew if I moved I would be noticed. Well, I didn't want to embarrass him or have him think I had trailed him, so I just sat and pretended to be asleep with one eye open.

In a little while they all went into a big assembly room. There were some women in the crowd, "respectable ones I suppose," so I also strolled in. There were short speeches and general palaver, all a build-up for the main speech of the evening. And who do you think it was? My boy friend! And his topic? "A Clean City." He was down on everything that was bad, he was in favor of cleaning up the city, casting out the racketeers, taking corruption out of politics, conducting a thorough investigation of supposed vice conditions existent in the city. He made an awful public roar against everything he privately stood for and got a big hand when he sat down.

Do you wonder that I'm a cynic?

I'd heard about such people, but didn't believe it was possible for anyone to be such a liar and double-crosser. I felt like getting up and making a speech of my own, but knew I'd only be thrown in the jug as a public nuisance so figured on waiting until his regular night for visiting me. I planned on giving him a good verbal scorching but by the time he showed up I had cooled off in that respect so I just kidded him about his speech, we laughed about it, and he gave me a ten-buck tip because I had done the kidding in the right way at the right time.

A lawyer customer of mine took me out to his house a few times. Once his wife came home unexpectedly. He introduced me as a client of his. If she hadn't been such a horsy woman I might have added, "Your husband is also a client of mine," but I could see that I was really doing them both a favor. Odd the women some men marry! During dinner his wife commented upon how proud she was of him because of his legal progress, clean politics, chairman of the Anti-Vice League and all that. I told her that knowing her husband was more of a thrill than I could possibly convey to her.

Well, it's a great life, everyone should like their work. I like mine better than anything else I've ever done. Some of my men say I'm just naturally built for this job—of course that helps.

HOW HITLER CONQUERED ENGLAND

Chamberlain and Halifax are puppets on the strings that are jiggled by the Cliveden set at each nod and wink from Ribbentrop. The Cliveden roost is ruled by Nancy Astor and her Germanophile husband. Conquest of this tight little band of Tories has given Hitler a free hand and put velvet paws on the British Lion. The Cliveden gang held Chamberlain back from a general election, they are trying to force France into fascism by a financial squeeze play, they cheered Eden's resignation, celebrated Austria's absorption, abandoned Czechoslovakia—in short, they are running England, God only knows where and for how long.

BY LADISLAS FARAGO

FOR the first time since 1066 when William the Conqueror landed his troops in England, Britain's Government has bent to the dictation of a foreign statesman. Hitler, using a small group of British politicians, industrialists and financiers gathered around Viscount Astor at Cliveden Manor, has forced England to step down from the European political platform. Through the mediation of the Astor group Hitler has secured a pledge from England not to upset his imperialistic plans and to remain an idle onlooker while he makes all the independent states of Central Europe vassals of a Greater Germany.

This marks the culmination of a five-year campaign conducted by Joachim von Ribbentrop on Hitler's behalf in English diplomatic drawing rooms and business headquarters. The German diplomat has succeeded in winning over to his side the most influential British aristocrats of birth

and money thus gaining a decisive influence in the final shaping of Britain's foreign policy on the European Continent.

Six months ago peewits in diplomatic salons and political Peeping Toms were amazed at the sudden turn in Britain's foreign policy. It was then that Downing Street left the path of democracy and collective security, and became the yes-man of the dictators. Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain announced his "realistic policy" which gave rise to varied rumors. Opposition groups accused the Astor group of influencing the Prime Minister on behalf of Hitler and British financiers of giving financial support to Germany's ebbing treasury. These rumors are contradicted in frantic full page advertisements which frequently appear in London newspapers.

The last of these queer ads was run by England's largest milk distrib-

uting company, the United Dairies, when it noticed that persistent rumors were keeping customers away from their milky products. In spite of these public denials rumors keep cropping up. Anti-Nazi Englishmen are convinced, since many of the business houses accused of contributing large sums to Germany, fail to make denials. Lever Brothers, manufacturers of world famous soapy products, the Morris Motors, makers of cheap motor-cars and expensive anti-aircraft guns, the Dunlop Rubber Company, the Shell Oil group, several City bankers and even individual directors of the Bank of England are mentioned among Germany's financial supporters who failed to deny the accusation.

An organization sponsored for "better understanding" with Nazi Germany was given free space in the Business capitol of Lord Leverhulme, governor of Lever Brothers—Unilever House on Queen Victoria Embankment. This organization, called the "Anglo-German Fellowship," is almost as exclusive as the Cowes Yacht Squadron. In Unilever House a carefully select group of British financiers and industrialists meet at secretive gatherings trying to find a way to make the stable manners of Herr Hitler acceptable to British plutocrats.

Evelyn Wright, secretary of the Fellowship, declared: "It is not numbers that matter. We want *names*, otherwise how can we have any influence with the Government or the Foreign Office?" In the two and a half years of its existence this Fellowship has added the names of the most influential tycoons of the City of London to its membership. In the palatial clubrooms in the Metropole Hotel, or at the round table in Unilever House's main conference hall men like Andrew Agnew, representing the Shell Oil group, Lord Barnby, director of Lloyds Bank, Sir Josiah Stamp, chairman of LMS railway and a director of the Bank of England, F. D. D'Arcy Cooper, head of Unilever, Viscount Esher, formerly with the War Office, F. C. Tiarks, head of bankers J. Henry Schroeder, Lord MacGowan, head of Imperial Chemical Industries, Sir Robert Kindersley, chairman of bankers Lazard Brothers & Co. and a director of the Bank of England, Arthur Guinness, partner in bankers Guinness, Mahon & Co. and many other executives of England's mightiest business houses are regularly assembled.

In 1936, shortly after Ambassador Joachim von Ribbentrop had organized this group, a delegation of its members journeyed to Berlin. It consisted of Lord Mount Temple, the Fellowship's chairman, and members Guinness and Tiarks. After conferring with Number Two Nazi Herman Wilhelm Goering and Ambassador Ribbentrop the delegation returned to London with orders and instructions from Nazi bosses. Since then the frantic cheers which ring through Germany whenever Hitler moves find echoes in

this exclusive British organization. Today the Fellowship is one of the outlets into which Ribbentrop plugs his wires whenever he wishes to establish contact with the forces which co-operate in making Britain's foreign policy.

Members arranged for a visit of the British Legion to Berlin, and paved the way for the German ex-service men to return this visit.

They succeeded in persuading British bankers to grant generous loans to Germany. With the money received from English sources Hitler bought English planes and the licenses to manufacture these planes in Germany. Some of the most coveted military inventions of Armstrong Vickers were also purchased with this money while Britain was still sticking to her disarmament program. When the British Government finally decided to follow suit and embarked on feverish rearmament, they forbade the sale of these inventions abroad. It was too late. Most of them were already in Germany's possession, and in many cases considerably improved by the Berlin War Ministry.

Through the British branch of the House of Schroeder, the head of which, F. C. Tiarks, is one of the Fellowship's leading members, the Fellowship launched a plan to support German finances with a barter agreement. The negotiations were conducted in secret, behind the closed doors of Unilever House, yet they leaked out prematurely. The public indignation that followed the disclosure forced the Government to reject the plan shortly before it was put into working order.

Co-ordinator of the Fellowship's manyfold activities on behalf of Germany, is Lord Mount Temple, its chairman. Mount Temple was driven into Hitler's camp through political setbacks. He was Under Secretary of War, and later Minister of Transport in various British cabinets, but since 1932 there has been no seat on the English political platform for this ambitious aristocrat.

In the chair of the Fellowship Lord Mount Temple works hard to make good a faux pas of his private life. His first wife was the only child of the immensely wealthy German-Jewish banker Sir Ernest Cassel. His two daughters (one of them, Lady Louis Mountbatten, is related to the British Royal Family by marriage), would be unacceptable in the Court of Hitler, being 50% non-Aryans. Nevertheless Mount Temple's offer to lead the Fellowship was gladly accepted by Ribbentrop and the former Colonel Ashley became the first dove to bring Hitler's olive-branch to British aristocracy of birth and money.

Today Mount Temple is superseded by more influential personalities, and pro-German and anti-German inclinations dangerously divide the City of London. The opinion of these two opposing groups is carried into Downing Street while the little men have to look on from the street. Both groups harass the Prime Minister

with demands and advice. Whenever Hitler's latest action demands a declaration of policy from the Premier, his house is besieged by representatives of these groups. Until now he navigated between conflicting tendencies, but he has finally decided to take the course of the group concentrated in the Fellowship.

While Germany's financial interests are sponsored and safeguarded by members of the Anglo-German Fellowship, the political lead is in the hands of the Astors and the Marquess of Londonderry. Lord Londonderry owns huge mines and endless estates. Fear that he might lose this foothold should a more liberal government introduce agrarian reform and nationalization of mines into the British Isles, made him a desperate foe of bolshevism and a friend of Nazism. Labor conditions in the Londonderry mines and collieries are the most backward and observers insist that if ever Bolshevism should succeed in England, it would have its start in the Londonderry mines, where British workers and miners sweat under inhuman conditions.

When Ribbentrop first came to England, the Marquess of Londonderry immediately became his chaperon. The German envoy spent more time in the palatial Londonderry House in Park Lane than in his own embassy. Here he was introduced to the men who determine political life in England. At week-ends, at one of Londonderry's three castles, Ribbentrop met almost every member of the Cabinet and the House of Lords who were invited to participate in rounds of golf. The German diplomat prefers politics to golf. Thus these Londonderry week-ends became exclusively political gatherings where the pro-German policy of the British aristocracy was forged, and the concentrated attack on the Government was plotted.

Londonderry's pro-German activities were in embarrassing contrast to his own position in the Cabinet. He was Secretary of Air, holding a key position in the Government. His Germanophile tendencies misguided him and he made a serious mistake. Londonderry failed to inform his Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, of the menacing growth of the German Air Force, and when the actual strength was revealed to the Premier by well-informed members of the Commons, the amazed Baldwin dropped his Air Secretary.

Baldwin and the British public were furious about what some critics called "treason"—and Ribbentrop had to look around for new friends. He found them in Cliveden Manor, the country seat of Viscount and Viscountess Astor.

With the Astors pro-German feelings are family tradition. They stem from a small town in Southern Germany, where numerous Astors still live. The British branch of the family is especially proud of their German origin and willingly helped Ribbentrop in winning Downing Street over

to Hitler's side.

Ribbentrop had to bide his time. Even with the help of the powerful Astors, the German Ambassador failed to achieve much while Baldwin was in power. England's Elder Statesman confined his office to safeguarding the general political line of the National Government. His ministers had wide autonomy and Baldwin rejected the attempted influence of Ribbentrop's British friends. Foreign policy was made by the Foreign Secretary, and the men who ruled the Foreign Office. (See KEN, April 7.)

The gulf between Baldwin and the Londonderry set was so deep that the Marquess canceled his usual lavish party which for decades had celebrated the opening of Parliament. Thus the resignation of Baldwin was a happy event for Ribbentrop. The new Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain soon proved to be a more willing listener to suggestions that came from Wilhelmstrasse via Cliveden. Last year Londonderry was again in a mood to celebrate the opening of Parliament. In spite of a painful attack of his famous gout, the Prime Minister attended and spent the evening with Ribbentrop and Italian Ambassador Dino Grandi. The Cliveden set rejoiced.

An important guest at week-end gatherings in Viscount Astor's house is Captain David Margesson, the Conservative's Chief Whip. He is the link between Government and the unofficial cabinet at Cliveden Manor. When Anthony Eden clashed with Chamberlain and handed in his resignation, Margesson was the only man informed. He carried the good news to Cliveden and in the turmoil that followed the Astor set succeeded in getting their own man, Lord Halifax, into Eden's empty chair.

At the beginning of his Premiership, Chamberlain sneered at the week-end gatherings at Cliveden. But he finally became a guest himself. With the Prime Minister in their midst, the pro-German set approached its aim.

The conquest of the Astors brought Ribbentrop that which he had desperately striven for since the advent of Hitler: a pro-German outlet in the hostile British press. Viscount Astor and his American wife, Nancy Langhorne, are owners of the *London Observer*, a very influential mouthpiece of the Conservatives. The Viscount's younger brother, Major John Jacob Astor, is chairman of the *London Times*, the Thunderer, whose voice has long been considered England's own.

When Northcliffe left the *Times*, the paper became the official conveyer of the Government's opinion. To safeguard its policy, a secret board of trustees was created. Adherents of a free press were alarmed when they learned of the existence of this censoring body—therefore the *Times* and official circles denied its existence. Yet Fleet Street was not satisfied with the denials and even messenger boys in London editorial offices know of the

activities of this board which consists of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Chief Justice Hewart, Major Astor and *Times* editor Geoffrey Dawson.

The editorials of the *Times* reverse the practice of ghost writing. The men who actually write the editorials are well-known London journalists, yet nobody knows whose voice these journalists step up. In time of national emergency, a serious strike, a difficult foreign question or Imperial problem, the secret board of trustees is summoned to the red brick building of the *Times* on Printing House Square. On several occasions England's venerable Archbishop and her Lord Chief Justice condescend to journalism and write the editorials themselves.

Major Astor succeeded in convincing his trustees of Hitler's cause. He always violently advocates Germany's own standpoint and it is only natural that his editor Dawson follows his boss' suit. When the *Times'* Berlin Correspondent, Norman Ebbutt, was expelled from Germany because he reported the unadulterated truth about the Hitler regime, Major Astor did not lay the blame to Hitler's inquisitorial press laws. A member of the exclusive Press Club quoted Major Astor: "It was all Ebbutt's own fault. He was unfriendly in his dispatches, and generally hostile to the Hitler regime."

In accordance with Major Astor's policy the *Times* is usually pro-German and heroically swallows Hitler's most amazing actions. When the German move is too dangerous to defend in *Times* editorials, the German point of view is aired in letters to the Editor, inspired at Cliveden and gladly published by Geoffrey Dawson.

The *Times'* most frequent letter-writer on behalf of Germany and one of the pillars of Cliveden Manor is millionaire, bachelor, imperialist Marquess of Lothian. The 56-year-old Marquess used to be in the South African administration where *Times* editor Dawson was his colleague. A level-headed and uncompromising supporter of Germany, he has the same motivation that made Londonderry a Nazi. He owns some 28,000 acres of good English land in Norfolk, and hates the idea of losing it should a left Government distribute half of England, at present owned by less than 7,000 privileged people, to the 45 millions who now share the other, smaller half.

The Marquess of Lothian is not in the limelight. The public does not know him and nothing is known of his subversive activities. The less they know him the more effective his work is. As secretary of the Rhodes Trust he is able to render valuable support to Germany. The Trust awards two scholarships annually to young Germans selected by Ribbentrop. Coming from the Colonial administration, he is the virtual leader of the yet weak, but constantly growing "Colonies for Germany" movement in Britain.

Week-ends all these political forces meet in the Buckinghamshire mansion of Viscount Astor, at Cliveden. The

life of the party is not taciturn Viscount Astor, who learned to despise the League of Nations when he was Britain's delegate in 1931—but his American born lady, the former Nancy Witcher Langhorne. The Virginia woman married Waldorf Astor in 1906 after obtaining a divorce from Robert Gould Shaw. On her second marriage Nancy Langhorne settled successfully in England and in English politics. She has been Plymouth's representative in the Commons since 1919 when her husband, until then M.P. for Plymouth, came into the title of the first Viscount of Hever Castle.

She brought into the calm and caution of British political life the restless vivacity of a Southern Belle, and in fact it is she who manipulates the strings which make of the British cabinet of Neville Chamberlain marionettes performing a Punch and Judy show. She is a cosmopolitan, and admitted it in her book *My Two Countries*. To her two countries, the United States and England, she now added a third one: Germany.

To Cliveden travels Neville Chamberlain. Baldwin is retired, and his retirement is final. Instead of the cautious, wise democratic influence of the first Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, the ghosts of Cliveden determine Chamberlain's political outlook. After allowing Hitler to ramble through Central Europe without resistance, just as the Astor set wanted him to do, Britain learned that her Prime Minister is guided by spiritual messages coming from distant Wilhelmstrasse and interpreted by the mediums of Cliveden.

Over the fate of Czechoslovakia Chamberlain deliberated for several days. The ghosts of Cliveden were quicker in their decision. To them Czechoslovakia is an ally of Russia, therefore Czechoslovakia must disappear. Chamberlain again bent to the will of Cliveden and abandoned the tiny Republic created by David Lloyd George, the premier whom the Marquess of Lothian served as secretary when England was at war against the Kaiser's Germany.

Cliveden's latest victory was withholding Chamberlain from general elections. The Prime Minister was inclined to ask the nation's opinion on the Government's German policy. Nancy Astor opposed this step. She knows that general elections are always dangerous. They might prove that English public opinion does not believe in the spiritual messages of the ghosts of Cliveden.

"The Nation's Nancy"—as Lady Astor is called in less respectable English circles—works for time. Time for Hitler. Her set rejoiced when Eden resigned, celebrated as Hitler invaded Austria, pulled for Franco's final victory, and has paved the Fuehrer's way into Czechoslovakia and Central Europe,—until the final goal is achieved and communism is destroyed. The Austrian corporal who rules Germany, the American woman who rules the will of Britain's Prime Minister, two foreigners meet on foreign soil. And Britain loses her lead.



"Say, uncle—like a good little boy"



Pleasant Dreams

THE CARDINAL PICKS A WINNER

Cardinal Hayes doesn't believe Franco would murder children. The Cardinal himself wouldn't. But other churchmen say nothing, raising rigid right arms. Meaning might makes right?

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

THESE are two pictures and a newspaper clipping with this article. Take the picture of the children first. In the bombing of Barcelona on Saint Patrick's Day there were 118 children killed along with 245 women and 512 men. That makes a total of 875 dead.

If you haven't yet looked at the picture you can make an experiment and see how little such figures mean. They don't mean much, do they? You don't get much of a sensation from reading them, and then, people have forgotten about that war now anyway.

All right; now look at the picture. Then remember that the picture shows only a few of the 118 children that the fascists' planes killed. We won't have any pictures of the men and women. Perhaps it is all right to kill men and women and maybe their politics were wrong too. The prosecution for murder, if there was any prosecution for this kind of murder, and there is not, rests on the case of the 118 dead children. Take as good a look at them as you can stand.

Now comes the clipping. It is from the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune* and reads "Cardinal defends Franco. New York, March 24, in his first formal press conference in seven years, Patrick Cardinal Hayes said today that he is praying for a victory for General Franco's forces in Spain because the 'Loyalists are controlled by radicals and communists.' Asked about the recent Barcelona air bombardments, the Catholic leader said he didn't know the facts, but didn't believe that 'Franco would do such a thing.' He predicted an early victory for the Insurgent forces."

Now somebody dropped the bombs that killed those 118 children. The Cardinal says he is sure it wasn't Franco. So that is okay with me. It wasn't Franco. Franco wouldn't do anything like that. We have it on the Cardinal's authority.

Then, too, we know Franco didn't drop the bombs because he doesn't fly and is a General. The Cardinal is certainly right. Franco didn't drop the bombs that killed these children.

We also know the Cardinal didn't

do it either. He doesn't fly and he lives in New York. No one can ever tell me that the Cardinal had anything to do with the dropping of those bombs that killed the children of Barcelona any more than anyone can ever tell the Cardinal that Franco had anything to do with it. But someone, somewhere, is responsible when murder is ordered done.

Someone gave the order to bomb Barcelona. Someone has given that order many times. If it wasn't General Franco who ordered the bombing it was someone either under him or over him. There is no Spanish authority higher than him on the Nationalist side so if the order came from someone over him it must have come from his German or Italian advisers.

Now look at the other picture. I recognize the main doorway of the cathedral very easily. It is a very beautiful cathedral and the last time I saw it was looking back from the top of a hill in Galicia and I believe I love it more and that it means more to me than any other building in the world. So I recognize even a little piece of it. I recognize General Aranda and General Davila from their photographs and I recognize the salute they are giving. It is the salute of the old regular Spanish army. What I don't recognize is the salute that is being given by the Bishop of Lugo, the Archbishop of Santiago, the Canon of Santiago, and the Bishop of Madrid.

Is that the fascist salute that they are giving? Is that the salute of the Nazis and the Italian fascists? The army officers aren't saluting in that style. If they are giving the fascist salute I refuse to believe it. Maybe the photograph is faked.

Maybe there isn't any moral to these pictures. But the children of Barcelona are dead as you can see from the picture and millions of other people will die long before it is their time to die because of the policy of might makes right that that strange outstretched arm salute stands for. So I don't believe the people shown making it in the photograph can really be making it. I would rather prefer to think that the photograph was faked.

(Pictures on page 39)



(top) **WHAT FRANCO WOULDN'T DO**
 The Cardinal Picks a Winner Page 38

SALUTE OF THE CHURCHMEN
 The Cardinal Picks a Winner Page 38



OPIUM IN THE RAW
Ken Particles Page 10



OPIUM THE END-PRODUCT

Ken Particles Page 10





PRISON FOR ADDICTION



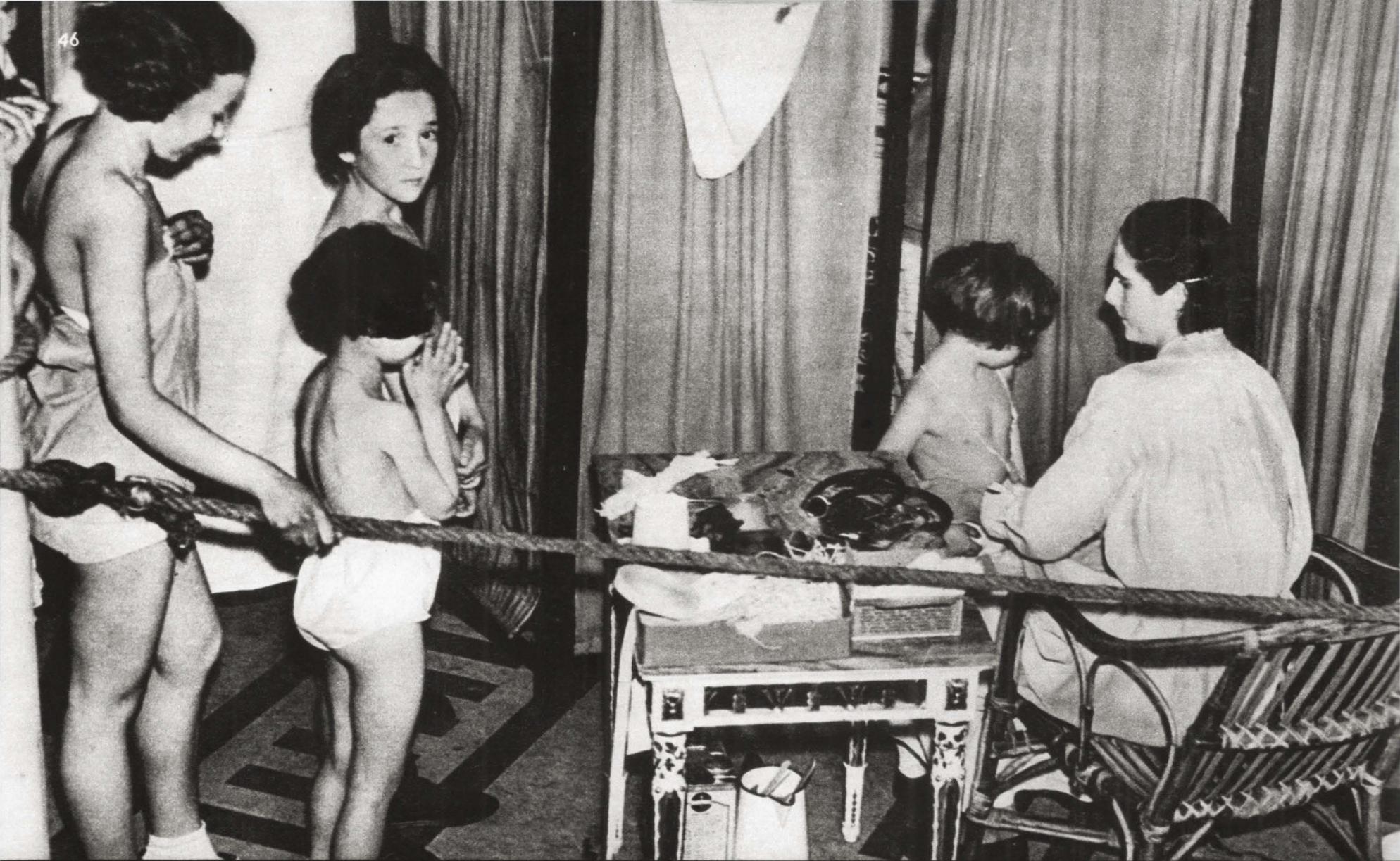
(top) **PRISON FOR CURABLE ADDICTS**
Ken Particles Page 10

EXECUTION FOR HOPELESS ADDICTS
Ken Particles Page 10



CHIEF OF STAFF BRAUCHITSCH

Ken Particles Page 10



SPANISH ORPHANS IN ENGLAND



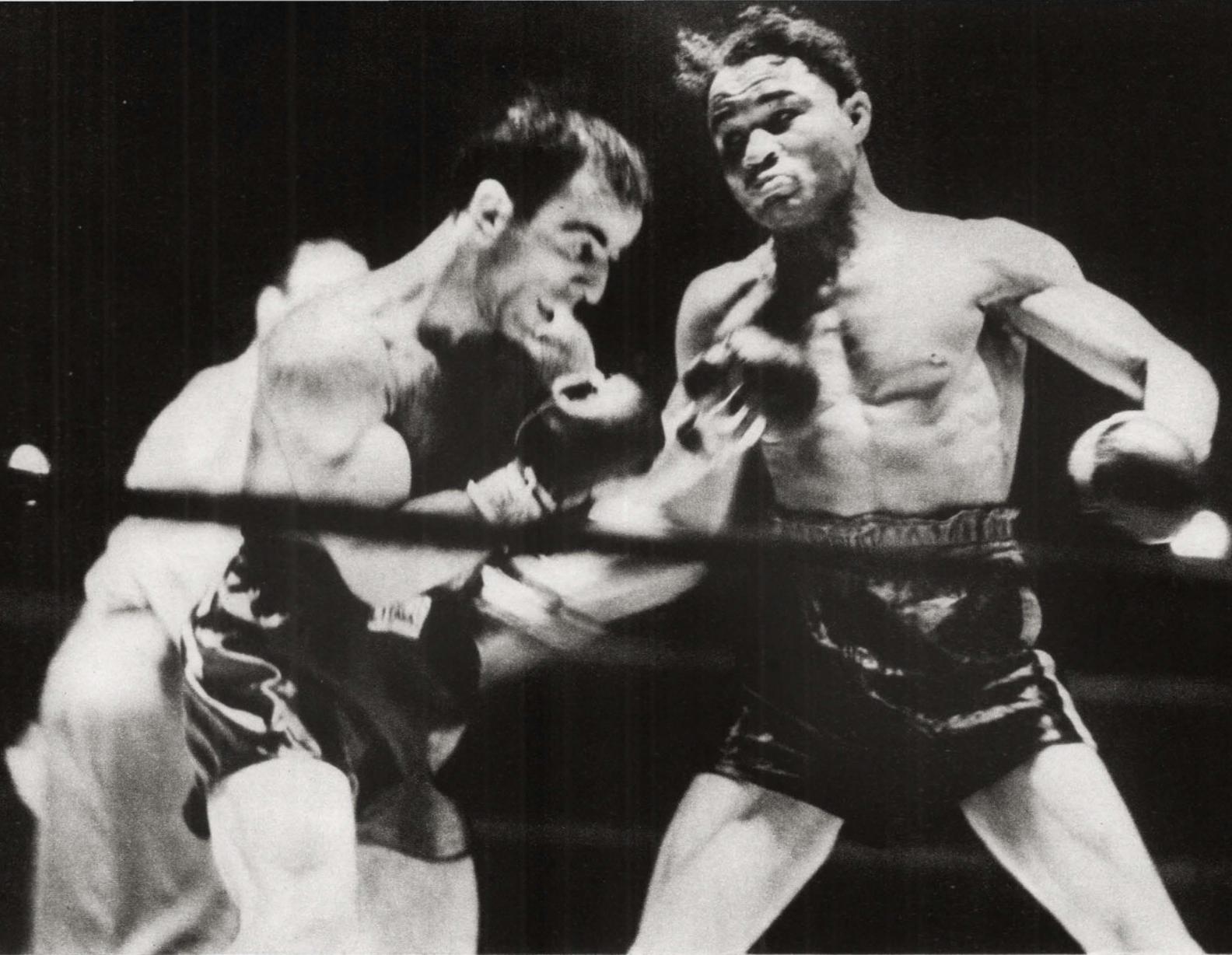
FROM THAT TO THIS

A Cargo of Innocence Page 13



CHILD REFUGEES FROM BILBAO

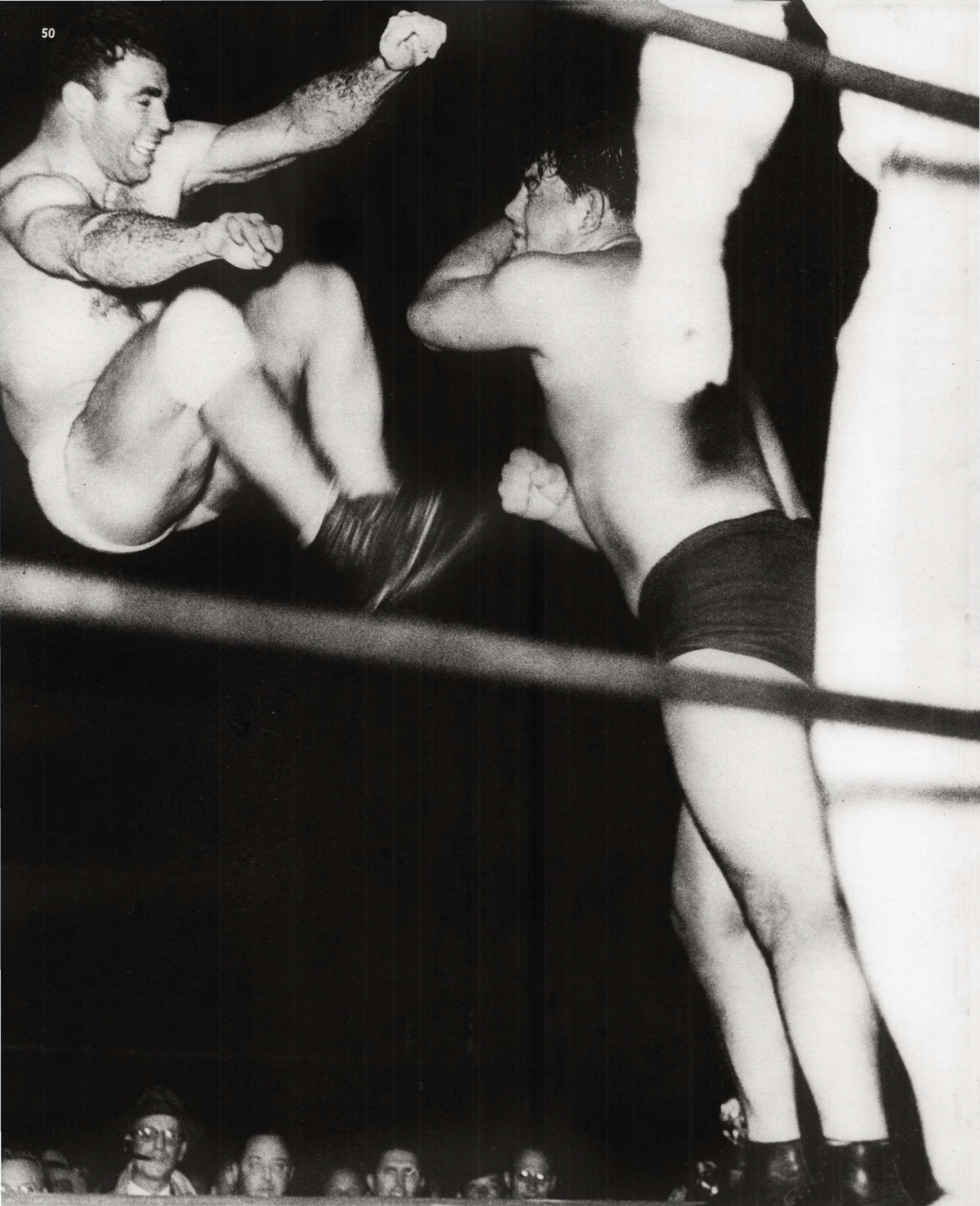
A Cargo of Innocence Page 13



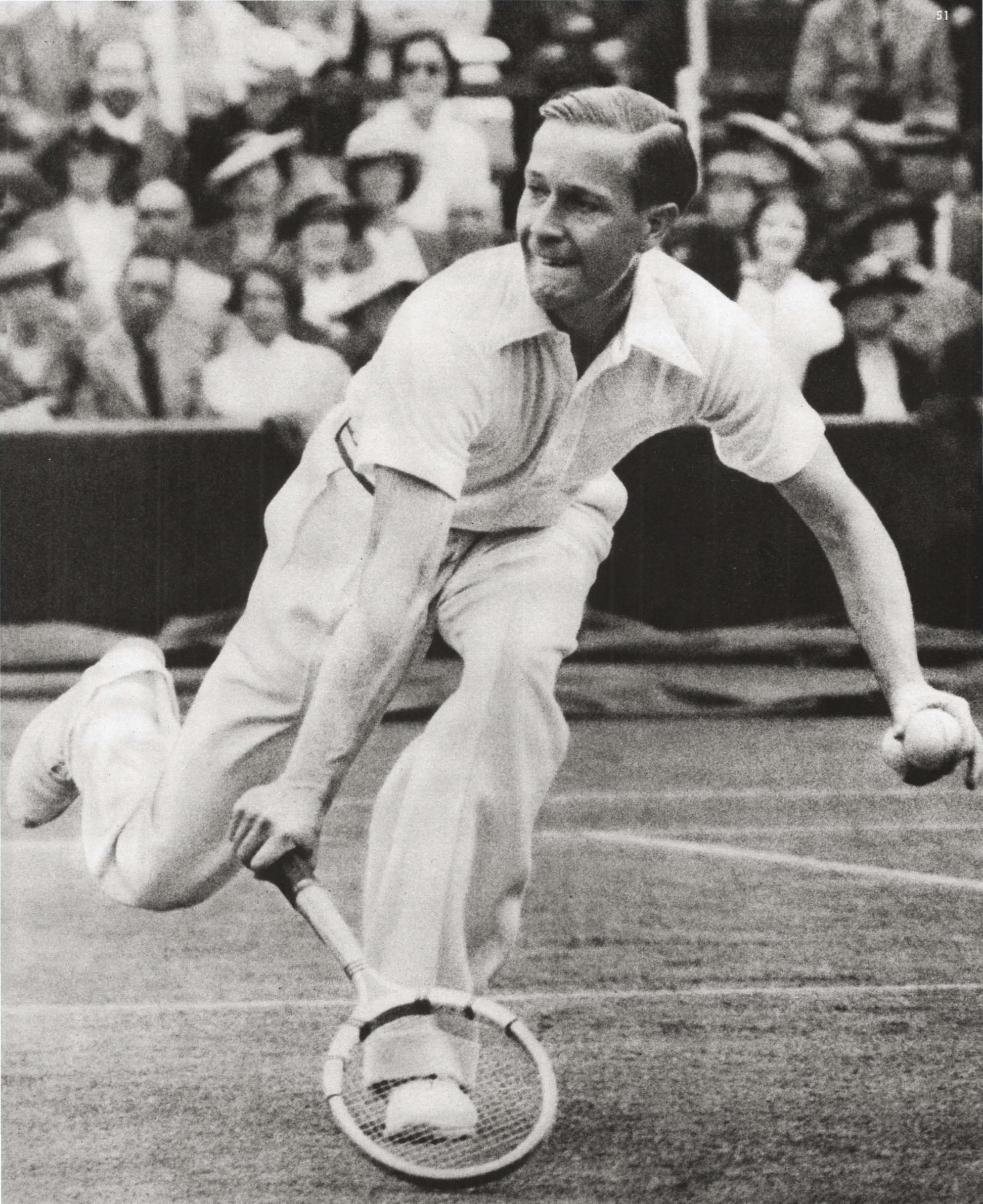
(top) **HENRY ARMSTRONG, HAY-MAKING**
The Ken Stop-Watch Page 100



DIRT TRACK CRACK-UP
The Ken Stop-Watch Page 100



JUMPING JOE SAVOLDI
The Ken Stop-Watch Page 100



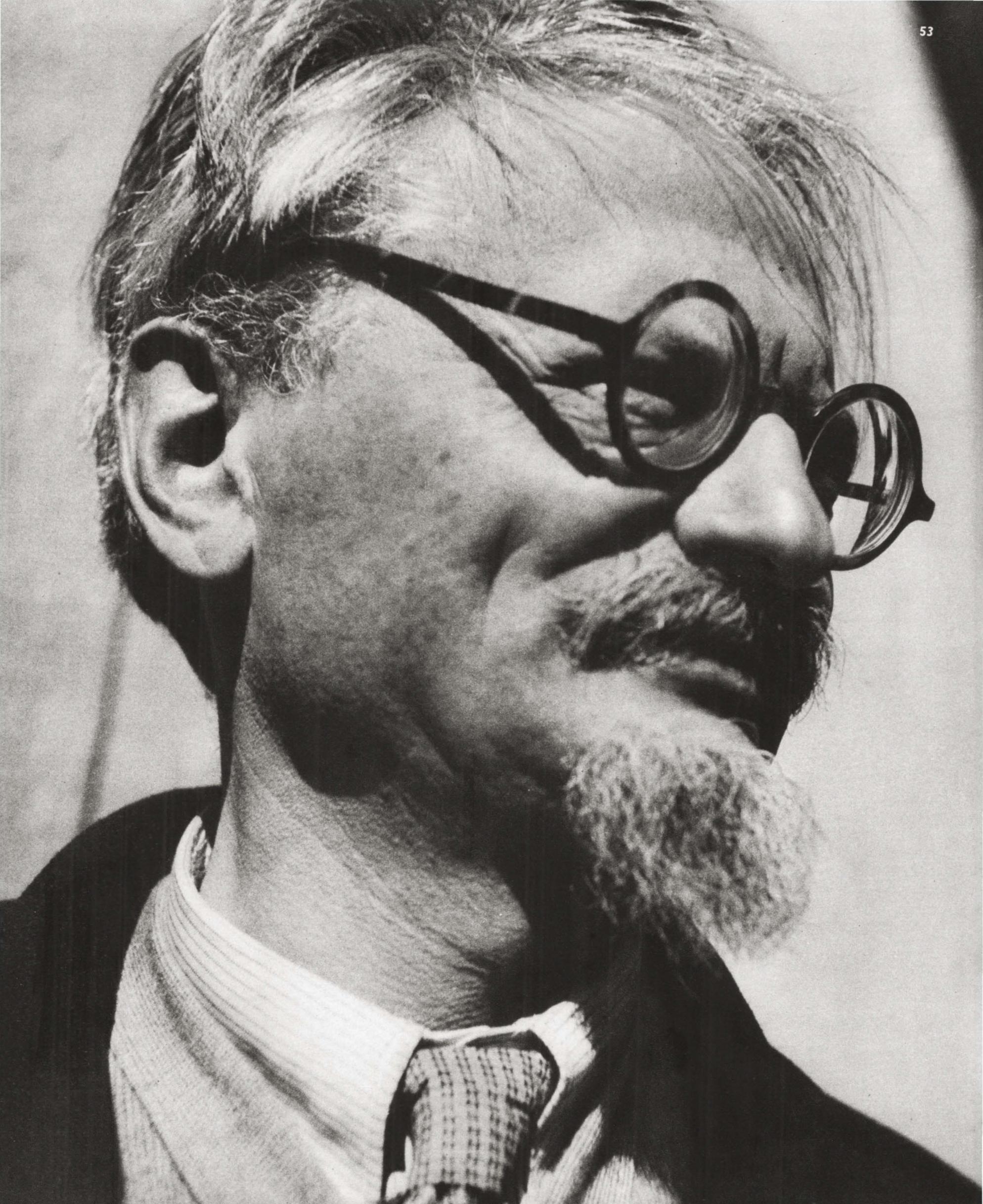
BARON VON CRAMM

The Ken Stop-Watch Page 100



SIDEWALK DIAMOND TRADER

Inside New York Page 102



TROTSKY: A CLOSEUP

Bomb in a Pall of Water Page 24



This rare and previously unpublished photograph is one of the few showing Trotsky and Stalin together. The figure to the left of Stalin, incidentally, is Kamenev, whom he recently purged.



TROTSKY WITH STALIN (EXTREME RIGHT)

Bomb in a Pail of Water Page 24



TROTSKY IN MEXICO CITY
Bomb In a Pall of Water Page 24



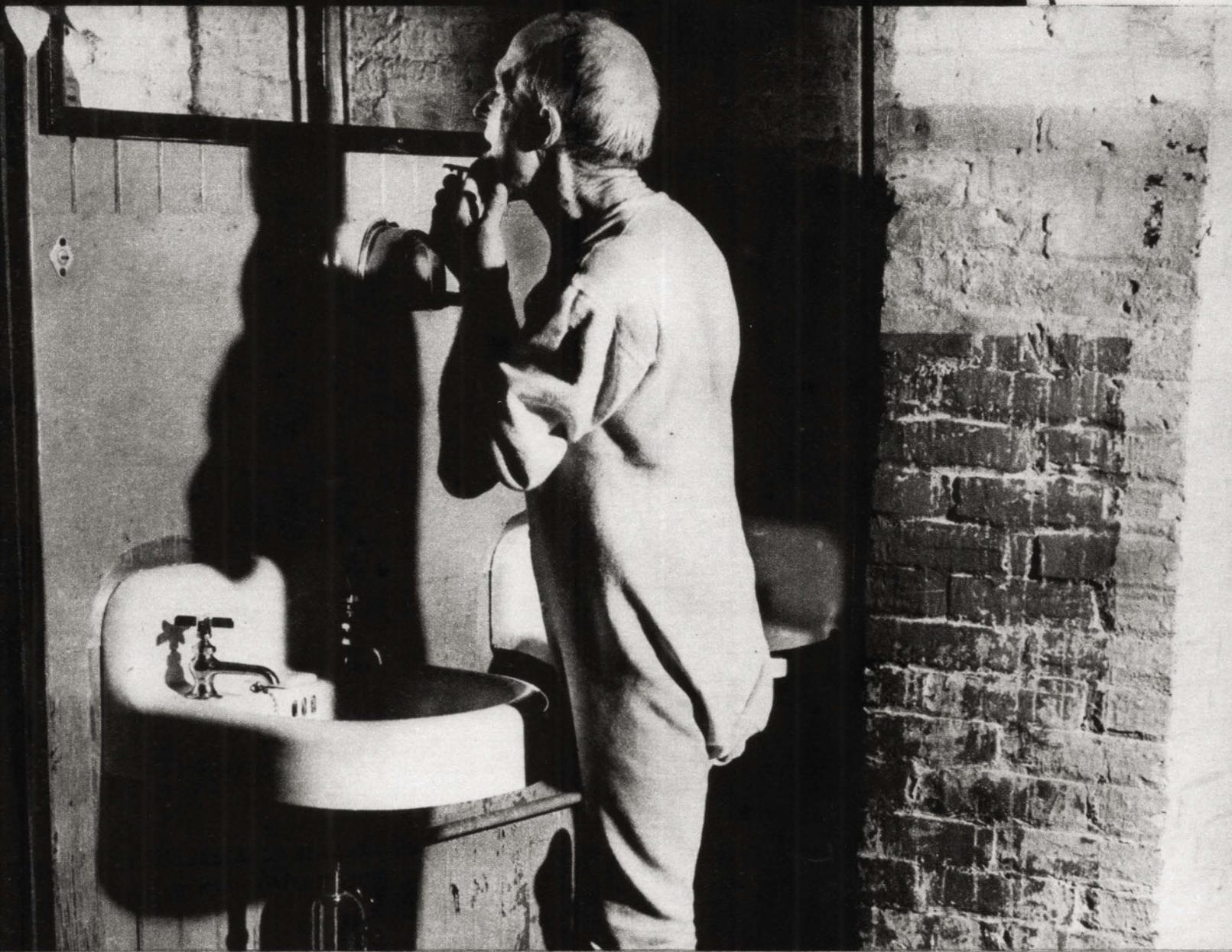
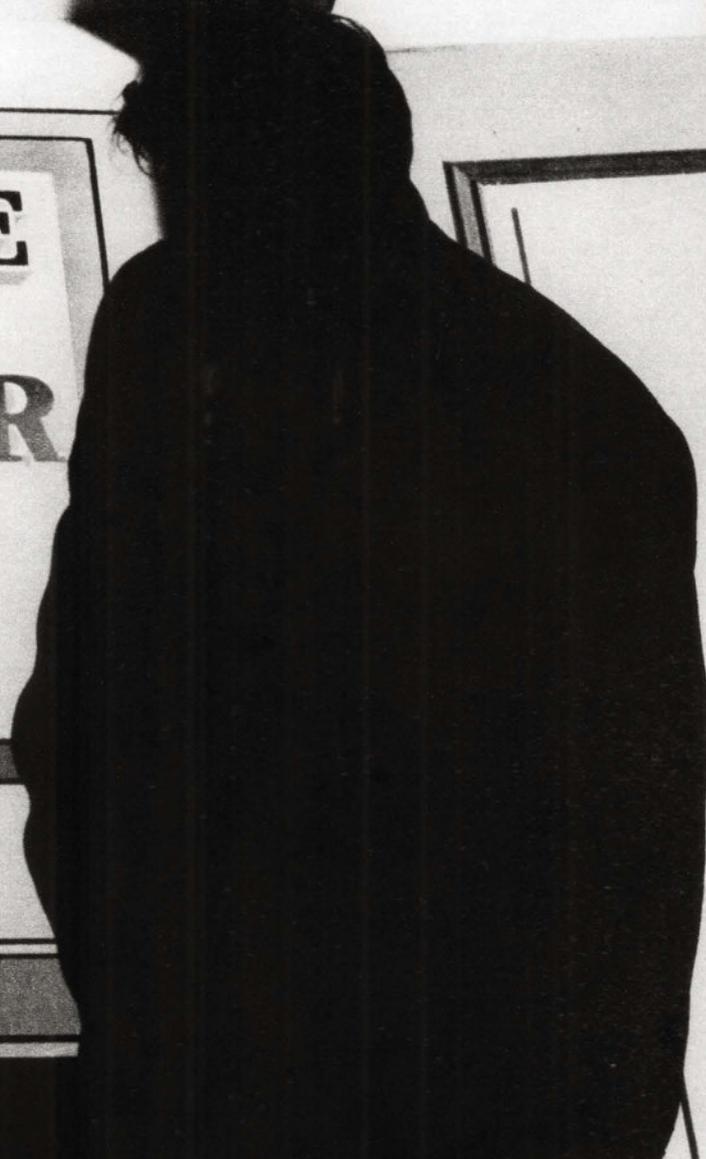
AFTER WALKING THE BOWERY

Inside New York Page 102

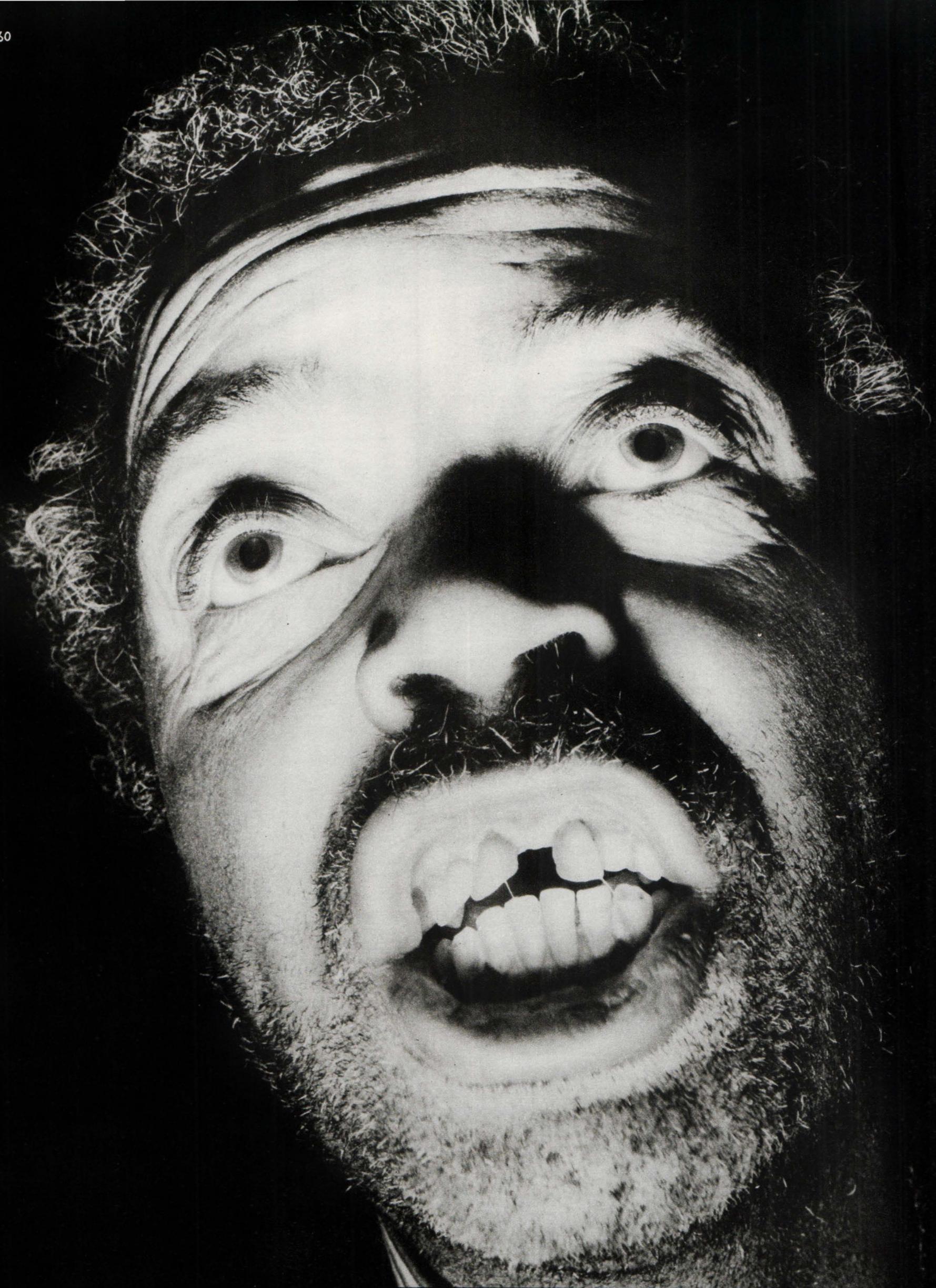


LIFE ON THE BOWERY
Inside New York Page 102

**WRITE
TO
MOTHER
TO
DAY**

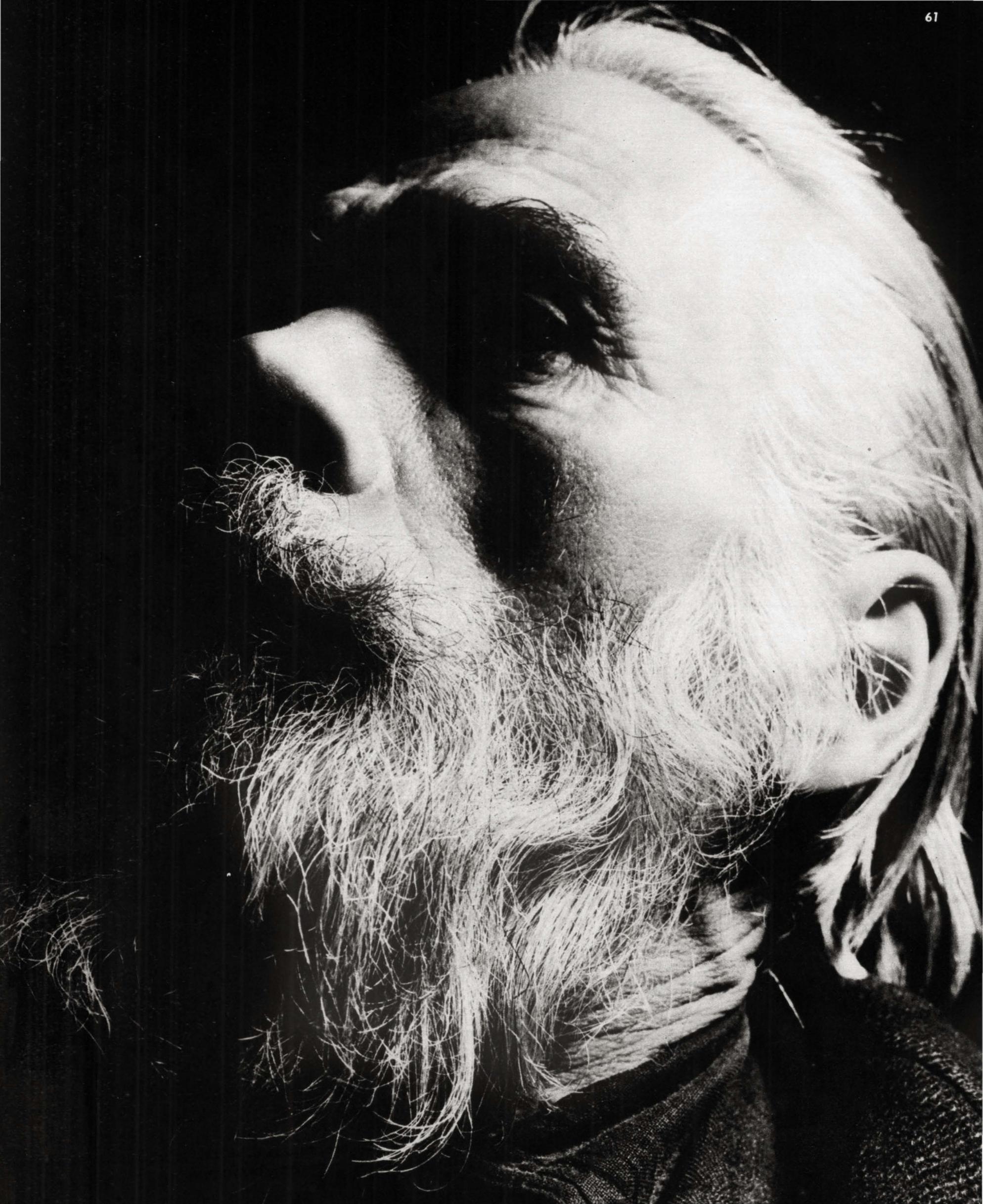


LIFE ON THE BOWERY
Inside New York Page 102



BOWERY MISSION: HALLELUJAH!

Inside New York Page 102



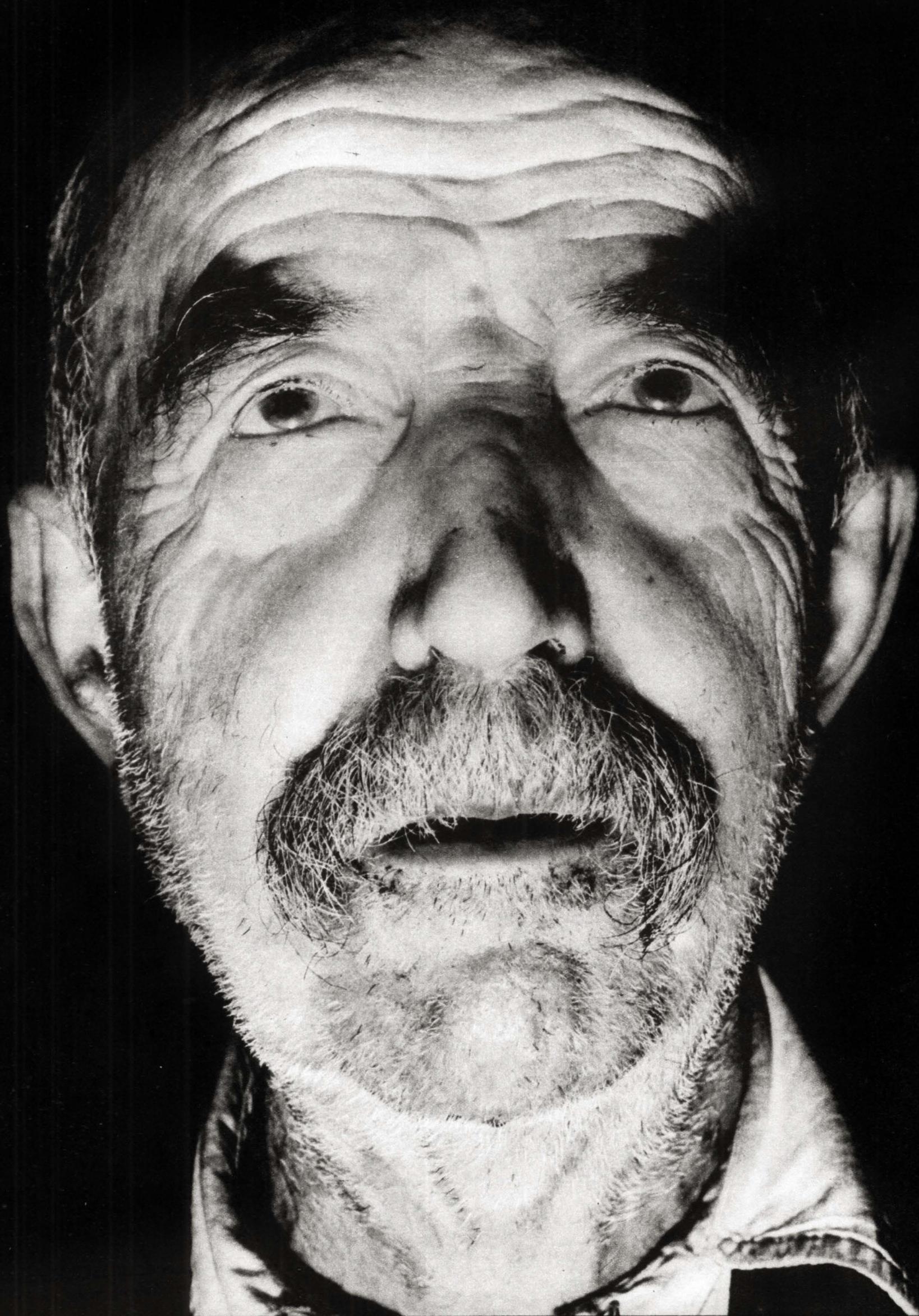
BOWERY MISSION: FAITH

Inside New York Page 102



BOWERY MISSION: HYMN

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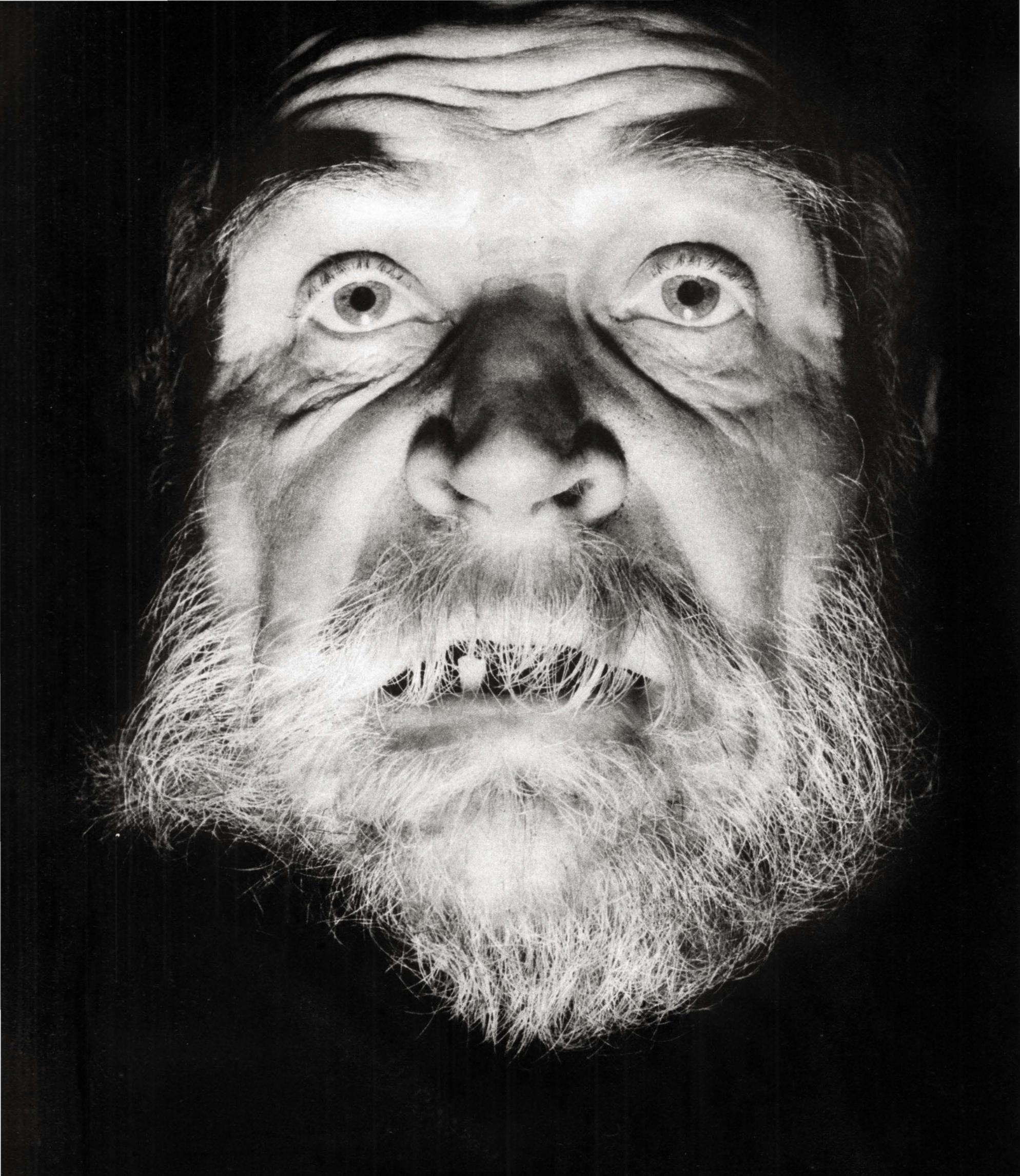
BOWERY MISSION: REDEMPTION

Inside New York Page 102



BOWERY MISSION: PRODIGAL

Inside New York Page 102

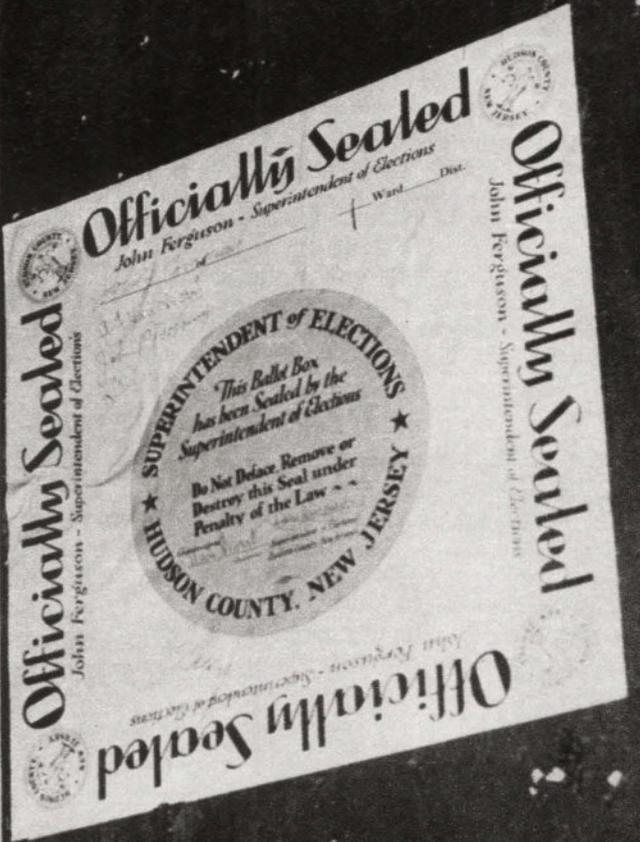


BOWERY MISSION: GOSPEL TRUTH
Inside New York Page 102



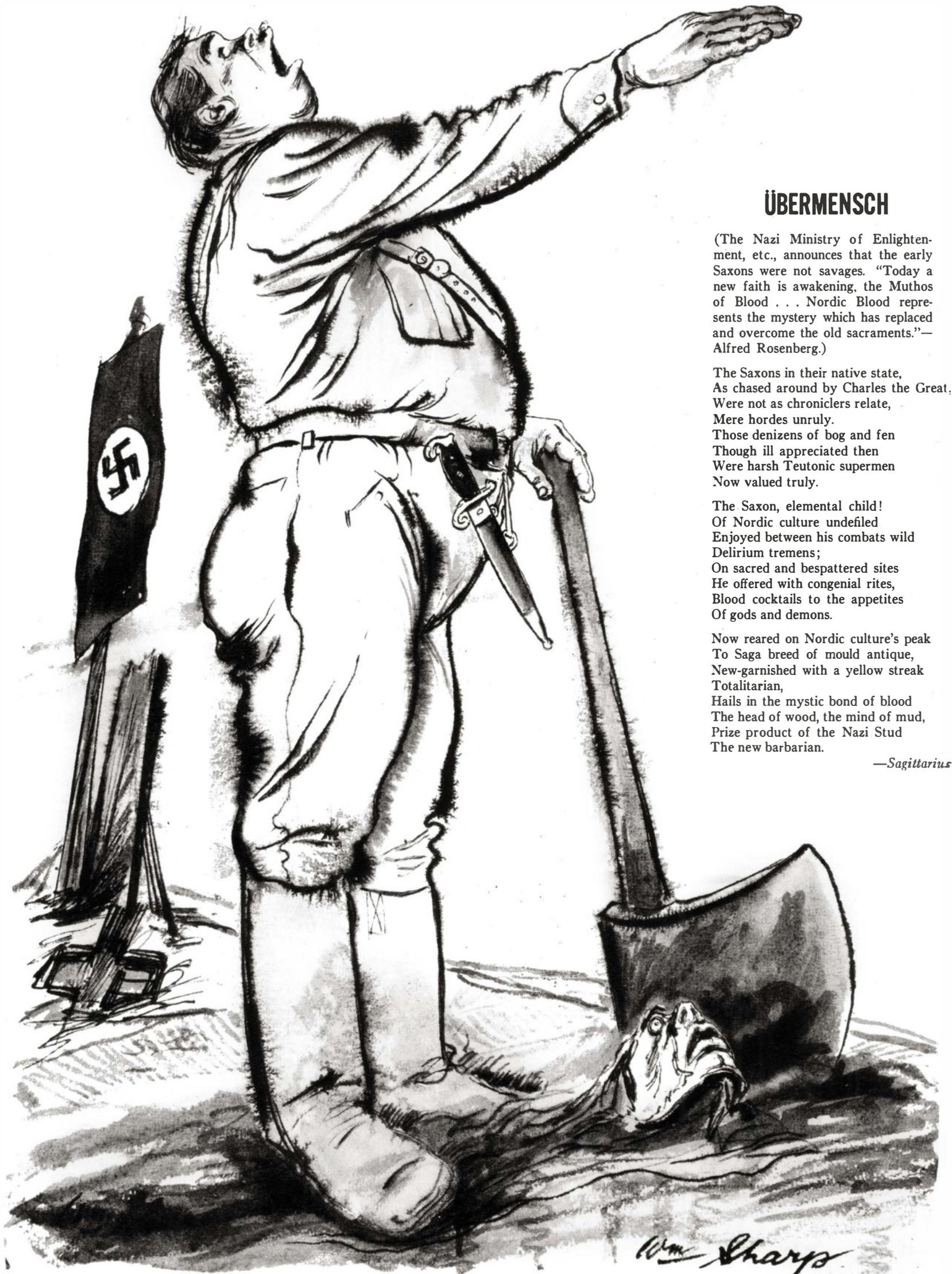
"I AM THE LAW" HAGUE

New Jersey Under the Terror Page 69



(top) **SEALED BY BOSS HAGUE**
New Jersey Under the Terror Page 69

A LITTLE HOME IN JERSEY CITY
New Jersey Under the Terror Page 69



ÜBERMENSCH

(The Nazi Ministry of Enlightenment, etc., announces that the early Saxons were not savages. "Today a new faith is awakening, the Muthos of Blood . . . Nordic Blood represents the mystery which has replaced and overcome the old sacraments."—Alfred Rosenberg.)

The Saxons in their native state,
As chased around by Charles the Great,
Were not as chroniclers relate,
Mere hordes unruly.
Those denizens of bog and fen
Though ill appreciated then
Were harsh Teutonic supermen
Now valued truly.

The Saxon, elemental child!
Of Nordic culture undefiled
Enjoyed between his combats wild
Delirium tremens;
On sacred and bespattered sites
He offered with congenial rites,
Blood cocktails to the appetites
Of gods and demons.

Now reared on Nordic culture's peak
To Saga breed of mould antique,
New-garnished with a yellow streak
Totalitarian,
Hails in the mystic bond of blood
The head of wood, the mind of mud,
Prize product of the Nazi Stud
The new barbarian.

—Sagittarius

Wm. Sharp

NEW JERSEY UNDER THE TERROR

Jersey City under boss Hague is a foreign country where people are afraid to answer the phone, afraid to talk even behind locked doors, where a housewife coming out of a grocery may be stopped by a policeman, and have her packages searched. Taxes are so high people avoid owning homes. Business men daren't be suspected of opposition to the machine, for fear of boycott reprisals, or of having their store-buildings condemned. No spot in America is so submerged in terror. After 25 years of rule, Hague's only open opponents are dummy candidates set up by his own party.

BY LEANE ZUGSMITH

I DON'T know how you're going to get any business man in Jersey City to talk to you, unless he's ready to go into bankruptcy." A municipal employe of a Hudson County city said this to me, in Manhattan, where he had agreed to talk to me, provided I would not use his name or that of the city in which he worked.

He knew a great deal about Hudson County and as much about the Frank Hague organization. But he was wrong about the business man, although the first one I talked to, confirmed his sentiments.

"You're on a fruitless, futile mission," this Jersey City real estate dealer and owner told me. "You won't get business men to talk, because Jersey City, believe it or not, is a community where sheer cowardice is the order of the day, every day, every year. It's been going on for 25 years and, if something doesn't happen, it may go on for 25 more years. However," he added, "if you can guarantee immunity to some doctors

and lawyers, you may get them to talk to you."

"If you'll talk to me, because you trust me not to mention your name, why shouldn't I find others?" I said.

He gestured toward the man who had brought us together, saying that he was one of his few friends in the city. "My wife and I have no friends left," he said. "Even men who went to college with me don't speak to us any longer." This Irish-American intellectual whose eloquence and understanding made him a brilliant companion had reared his family in Jersey City; his parents had invested in Jersey City real estate. But his sin was that he had criticized the Hague administration. "City, county and state," he said, "Hague dominates them all."

I was not trying to dig up facts for or against the Hague administration; I merely wanted to talk to a representative cross-section of the people and to hear from them what they frankly thought of the local government. Still

he shook his head. "There's nothing wrong with the people at heart," he said. "The majority of the people despise him, but they're entirely governed by the awful fear of saying or doing anything antagonistic to the ruling authorities."

We talked a long time perhaps because, unlike many of the others I listened to, he really trusted me to protect him. "This administration is worse than Huey Long's," he told me, "because it costs more." When I got up to leave, he said, with genuine sorrow: "The population has decreased in the last 8 years, I know, whether the census figures show it or not. He's driven everything out of town but Colgate's and Continental Can. Lorillard's gone; Endicott-Johnson. The A. & P. finally cleared out." Then he added: "It's a terrible thing to say, but I'm glad my father's no longer alive. It would break his heart to see what's happened in Jersey City."

The municipal employe told me that the reason I would get no Jersey City business men to talk to me was because "reprisals come to everybody who disagrees with Hague. When he said 'I am the law,' he is the law."

I asked him what the nature of the reprisals would be and he answered: "The first thing they do is to reach your family. Almost every one has a relative on the pay roll. He's threatened with his job. And all you'd have to do would be to criticize the administration."

He told me how taxes could be raised, properties condemned, arrests made. When he suggested the names of certain Hudson County residents who could confirm his stories, if they would, he advised me not to say too much over the telephone because nobody knew when his phone was tapped.

Eventually I reached business men who would talk to me, and professional men and housewives and workers and homeowners. In each instance, I had to be certified as honorable by someone whom they trusted. Not one would see me unless he had been convinced that his name would not appear in connection with his statements. Many of them refused to see me, unable to believe that I would really protect them. One grocer told the housewife who had been trading with him for five years. "I couldn't talk to her. There are too many spies around." She tried to reassure him, telling him that I didn't live in the state, that she was an old friend of mine. "I couldn't take the chance," he said. "If it got back to Hague, where would I be?"

By way of the Hudson tube, it takes less than 20 minutes to get to Journal Square in Jersey City from my home in Manhattan. You travel a few miles underground, then under the Hudson River, a few more miles underground and you're there. It literally has the feel of a different country. The first few times I went to Jersey City, friends met me at the

tube station; when I was ready to leave they escorted me back. I wasn't there to organize for the C.I.O. or to speak against the mayor or to do any of the things that are "bad" in Jersey City. But they knew of the misapplications of the Disorderly Persons' Act and how it has been used not only to break strikes, but to harass any one, resident or non-resident, whom a policeman may want to stop on the street.

A lawyer told me that the purpose of these indiscriminate arrests, in which some of these victims have even been denied right of counsel, was to build up a precedent so that it does not appear that only people in opposition to Hague are arrested. This lawyer, out of nearly 40 persons who were finally persuaded to talk to me, was the only one willing to have his name printed, if it was necessary. Yet he spoke guardedly over his telephone, and he locked the door of his office while we sat talking.

The second business man I saw backed away after I had identified myself. "No, no, I haven't anything to say to you," he said. "Your coming in here and asking me, it's like coming to a Jew in Nuremberg and asking him what he thinks of Hitler."

"I promised not to use your name," I said. "A. talked to you and told you I'd protect you."

"People like me, we can't tell you, we'll be ruined. He'll ruin us. I must have said something already where I shouldn't."

After I had partially reassured him, he said: "Yes, I know, but if you just said the part of town I'm in, they'd trace it back to me."

"What could they do?"

"A boycott, everything. They can do everything. Find something wrong with the building you're in. If you just let out one word about him, you're ruined. I know of a baker whose father had the bakery before him. Around election time, someone in the bakery heard him say something; in a couple of months, he was put out of business." Then he said curtly: "That's all."

The door had opened. I waited while a girl called for some powders for her father and reported on his condition. After she had gone, he didn't open his mouth for a few minutes. Then he said:

"He's ruined the drug business. The Center (The Medical Center) is all politics. People who can well afford to pay for their drugs get them free. While my taxes pay for the Center." He was becoming angry, thinking of it, and he blurted out:

"I know a lot of his friends, they're against him, his own friends, but they can't open their mouths."

Now he looked at me with suspicion. "My name is out, my address is out. Don't even say the part of town I'm in. If I worked or had a business in Manhattan and just lived here, I'd say what I wanted. Only I wouldn't live here, if that was the case."

By that time I was going about the

city alone. But I was being careful never to approach a stranger to find out how to get to an address and never to carry more than one Jersey City name in my pocketbook. If anything happened to me, I thought that the least I could do would be not to involve people who lived there.

When a Greek restaurant owner told me that he never had to go down on his knees for anybody in Jersey City I thought, good, now I'm going to get a contrast. He told me he never was forced to buy tickets to raise money for local political clubs and that he had no fear of having his milk license taken away for becoming too outspoken, because he had so many friends in the organization. He didn't want his name used, although he had no complaints, except one:

"I'd like to see a change," he said. "I'd like to see this a place where people wouldn't be afraid to talk, where whenever you brought up the subject of a change in the administration, people wouldn't say 'sh' and try to change the subject."

"Is that the way it is here?"

He nodded vigorously. "This is worse than Italy," he said. "It's worse than my native Greece where, you know, they've got a government like Italy—fascist. They only think it's bad over there, because they haven't lived in Jersey City."

I began to search for someone who liked Jersey City and the fashion in which it was governed. And out of almost 40 men and women whom I interviewed, I found one such person, a young Italian girl who acts as secretary to her father in his steel and iron business. She said that people want a leader and that Hague is a fair leader. "Hague's been absolutely right on the C.I.O.," she said. "He isn't against organized labor but he is against outsiders coming in to disrupt the city. I believe in a union among the men in the plant, no outside union, then there are no quarrels or strikes."

She didn't want her name mentioned because, she said, "people would want to contact me, maybe." She said: "A lot of people talk about being intimidated about voting."

"Yes, I've heard that."

"I've never been approached by any one, and I vote on the other side."

I voiced surprise that she should vote Republican if she admired Hague. But she explained that she only voted Republican nationally; locally, she voted Democratic.

"Hague has been kind and good to the poor people of Jersey City," she said, "more than any mayor I know of. And there's fine police protection here. The leaders of the C.I.O. are trying to tell the people of Jersey City that they are wrong. I resent that."

The police department was mentioned with more moderate admiration by an electrician who, no longer attached to a steady job, does handyman work around a residential neighborhood.

"Hague-ee don't bother me," he said. "In one sense, he don't. I know his methods and I don't ask him for nothing. I'm independent. I never ask for nothing. I feel as though I would never want to be obligated to any one of this city, even though I'm paying for it. We have owned our house for 40 years. In 1900, the taxes amounted to \$60.60; last year, they amounted to \$243.65."

When I asked him if he felt that he received sufficient services from the city to account for that increase, he looked thoughtful. "For instance, we got a motorized fire department now, increases in the schools. We must be up to 31; 31 was the last one I heard of. When I went to school, I remember 28 was built."

"When did you go to school?"

"Let me see—" he smiled—"I got to figure it back. Yes, that was 1908. Then, we've got a big police department, the most expensive in the country, for a city size of this one. Maybe it's overdone. The best-paid policemen and firemen are in Jersey City—of course, they're on reduced pay now."

He began to warm up to his subject. "Hague-ee don't bother me," he repeated. "Except I think Hague-ee's been in so darned long, a guy ought to get out and give another fellow a chance. If there's ice cream to be dished out, someone else ought to get it after a while. For instance, in this town, if you want a job, you pay it to nobody knows who, but you pay it. A lot of people know about his methods but they're afraid to say it out to their intimate friends, what they think."

"Do you?" I interrupted.

"I'm not the criticizing type," he said. "I know people who are, but I'm not. Except, for instance, myself, I wouldn't go to any one of the committee men for the smallest favor. In Jersey City, it's a most peculiar thing, you have no voice as an individual in this city. For a favor, I would have to go to the head of my club or to a committee man."

Again I interrupted him. "What kind of favor?"

"I don't ask for nothing," he said, "because there's too much politics everywhere. You go to the hospital and anything that's done for you, it's: If it wasn't for Frank Hague, you wouldn't have it done."

He was becoming agitated. "I'm supposed to have all my teeth pulled out," he said loudly, "but I'd rather leave them in and have the pus run all through my system than go to the hospital. We're paying for it, not only we're paying for it, but—in my candid opinion, everywhere, it's too much politics, and that goes for the hospital, too."

There are other hospitals in Jersey City; but *the* hospital is the tremendous Medical Center. Taxpayers paid for it, but they've never been able to find out how much it really cost. One dentist who talked to me seemed relieved that Hague did not control the dental society as he does the med-

ical society. "Everyone in the medical profession is dying to talk," he said, "but they're afraid. Every dentist and physician is dependent on pay roll employes for his business."

"How do you feel about talking?"

"All right. If you don't mention my name. They could boycott me if they found out I was telling you this. Or they could start exercising the Personal Property tax. They only apply it to people in the opposition."

He told me that 90% of the dentists in Jersey City had to insist upon cash payments instead of allowing patients to run up bills. He said he would never own a house in Jersey City, nobody would, because of taxes. He told a story about a frame-up against a physician who had criticized Hague. He told me that Hague's crusade against the C.I.O. was not a new development, that his anti-labor policy dated way back.

I asked him how he voted and he said that he voted against Hague and was certain that the organization knew it. "No one here is too unimportant not to be watched," he said. "I know a cafeteria where lawyers on the pay roll eat lunch. There's a stool pigeon for the administration at each table. Now, I'll tell you how they know who votes against the administration, and without opening the ballots. The platforms on which you mark ballots are made of very soft wood, soft pine, I guess, and you're given an exceptionally hard lead pencil. When you make your X, they can tell from the impression on the wood, what column it's in."

After talking to the dentist, I wanted to see a doctor. I saw a doctor's wife, instead. She had come to Jersey City from New York, several years back, and she had never been sufficiently interested in politics to cast a vote, until one of her neighbors told her that in Jersey City, if she didn't vote, someone would vote for her. "I decided I might as well have the privilege of voting against him," she said. "Someone who's been in power 20 years, it's time he stepped out."

A lot of them talked that way. I wanted to find if that was all that concerned her. She told me that she had become resentful at the administration's interference with civil liberties during the seamen's strike last year. Now, since she may have been heard to voice sympathy for the C. I.O., she is suspicious of telephone calls from strangers. "My husband would never be appointed to the staff of the Center," she told me. "Perhaps they could boycott him and ruin his practice, because I've spoken out my mind about Hague."

She and her husband and child live in a comfortable house in a pleasant residential neighborhood—for Jersey City. But they didn't own their home. "Nobody wants to own a home here," she said. "It costs too much to operate because of taxes. And if you're heard to criticize the administration, your assessments would go up."

She picked up the baby who was

trying to win her mother's attention. "I don't know what I'm going to do about sending her to school when she's old enough to go. The school system is so poor. The one decent school is too far away for her. The schools here are mostly wooden buildings—some of them still have out-houses—and I don't feel that the fire department is adequate. Look what happened in the Plaza Hotel fire last month. People in the street had to help the guests get out and they didn't save them all. That's why I don't like living in a frame house; but most of the houses in Jersey City are made of wood."

Nevertheless, inside her frame house, with the sun streaming through the windows, it seemed very pleasant. It seemed harder there to believe the stories I had heard about being stopped on the street, arrested. I told her I was beginning to wonder if I had been fed bogey-man stories. She told me she sometimes felt uneasy on the street, herself. "It's all right when I'm in the car with my husband," she said, "but last week I had to take some X-ray plates to New York and I was afraid a policeman would stop me before I got to the tube and make me show him what was in the package."

"You mean, right now, because of the drive against the C.I.O., everyone may be under suspicion of carrying leaflets?"

"It dates long before that," she answered. "My husband has a patient who was stopped by a policeman on the street here, several years ago. The policeman wanted to see what was in his brief case. He didn't have anything in it but some private papers and he wouldn't show them on principle. He was arrested and beaten up, not very badly, but it left bad psychological effects on him. I have another friend," she added, "who's been stopped by policemen several times in the past few years. He says that it's the legal right of policemen to stop anyone, and if you're innocent, you can always prove it."

"Maybe that's true." I said. I didn't know.

"Maybe. But it gives me an uncomfortable feeling to think that I can't even go to a store and buy something and carry it home, without the possibility of a policeman asking me to show what's in it."

I managed to find someone who could arrange an interview for me with a Jersey City schoolteacher. Sitting with me in a room whose door had thoughtfully been locked, she said her principal always reminded her, "The administration is very powerful and it will be here for a long time." The kids in her classes reminded her of it, too. You ask them: "Who is the governor of New Jersey?" and they answer: "Hague." "Who is the president of the United States?" Answer: "Hague." "What do you mean by democracy?" "Democracy is a Democrat like Mayor Hague." She told me about the cuts that have eaten up teachers' salaries and about the

waivers they have been compelled to sign so that the pay cuts appear to be voluntary salary returns to the city. She told me of the steam-rollered teachers' association meetings, where the group of teachers who demurred at continuing to sign waivers, had been defeated.

"You go to bed feeling tense," she concluded. "You wonder: how long can this go on?"

Before I left, she asked me to go through my notes to cut out any incident that could be traced to her.

Another lawyer who agreed to talk to me said, "they could retaliate against me. I would meet all kinds of obstacles in the courts and county agencies. They'd hold me up, take advantage of every little technicality, such as filing a paper late."

He had been a deputy superintendent for the Republican party during the past two elections. "Not that the local Republican party really offers any opposition," he said. "It's financed by the Democrats. They have to pay people, party hacks, to run for the opposition. And, anyway, the votes aren't counted. There is a tremendous registry list of the dead. The same people vote two or three times."

In the last election, he said he didn't try to stop repeaters after a certain point because he knew his skull might be broken and there would be no redress for him. "I learned that lesson in 1929, I was younger then." As a deputy controller, he had tried to get the police officer present to arrest men attacking him for challenging a repeater. Instead, he had been arrested for "interfering with elections."

He wanted to tell me of the way in which the bar association was controlled by Hague, but he also wanted to eat lunch. It took him a long time to think of a place where we could talk, without being overheard.

One of the ways Jersey City administers the "law" was described to me by an A. F. of L. man, a truck driver, who also scouted the notion that Hague's anti-labor policy was of recent origin or directed principally against the C.I.O. "Clubs is trumps here," he kept repeating. He told me of a strike that had been voted, several years ago, against a certain garage in which he had worked. The officers of his union were taken to the police station, held five or six hours and informed by Harry Walsh (now Chief of Police of Jersey City) that there would be no increase in wages and that there would be no strike. The men went out, anyway. The police instructed them to keep at a distance of 200 feet from the garage. "We used to go to a restaurant to eat," he said. "It was 300 feet away from the garage. One day, Walsh comes in and he sticks his finger into the cup of coffee of the fellow nearest him. He says, 'It's cold. Get out, all of you. This is a meeting. Don't let me catch a one of you in here, unless your coffee's hot.' That's what he said"—the truck driver nodded—"and don't forget it. Clubs is trumps in Jersey City."

I purposefully did not seek out the individuals who had been reckless enough to invite direct reprisals, I spoke chiefly to men and women who had not themselves suffered yet for their views. One storekeeper complained about taxes and the rest of the time he dwelt on the trouble he might get into, for having talked to me. He told me about the boycott that had been directed against a clothing merchant in town. Beyond that, he said nothing. Yet before I left his store, he said anxiously: "Please don't even say the kind of business I'm in. Just say I'm a storekeeper, that might be anything, and it couldn't be traced back to me." He held up a warning forefinger. "Don't mention the street I'm on, either. They might find out, and it would do me a lot of damage."

A salesgirl in an entirely different part of Jersey City was even more worried. She broke off talking to me, after a few minutes, to say: "Say, if my father knew I was here, talking like this, he would sock me." She, too, told me that the street she lived on was still cobbled. "Another thing, and I think it's terrible, is the garbage system. The street cleaners always come before the garbage men. The streets nauseate you."

Then, cautiously looking around the empty room, she said in a low voice: "If I was to be heard mentioning the C.I.O., merely speaking, not being for or against, well—you can't do it. I don't see why you have to be afraid. It's a free country, isn't it? Still, if you talk, they can make it mean for you on the job." After saying that, she tried to end the interview. "I've been very bold," she said anxiously. Her last words, in a whisper, at the door, were: "If you use my name or say what kind of store I work in, I'll come over to New York and scalp you."

The second and last time I sat, talking freely in a public place in Jersey City, was the day I listened to a local newspaper man. "I know where it's all right to talk and where it isn't," he said. He couldn't think of more than three places.

Here he felt free to say: "Hague keeps everyone under his thumb. One method's all his false arrests. Ordinary citizens are arrested all the time here. You're walking on the street and one or more cops come up to you. 'Where do you live?' 'Why?' 'Well we just want to know what you're doing around here. When you tell them you live here in town, they ask you if you have any means of identification on you. If you haven't, you might be taken to the station, or they might just search you on the public highway. If you're taken to the station you might get a thorough going-over." He then cited the case of a local newspaper man, but later asked me to leave it out, since repeating the story might involve him.

"I'm anxious to get out of here," he said. "Hague's been piling the debt on, until it's just about hopeless."



Funny They Can't See Hague Over in Jersey City

Another property-owner, who asked me not to mention his line of business, was more eloquent about the burdensome tax rate. He described himself as "one of those old relics that Herbie Hoover called a rugged individualist."

"I've seen this coming for a quarter of a century, since that grafter first came in," he said. "He was going to save Jersey City then; now he's going to save America. If he does, God help us."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"Property here is over-rated and over-assessed. You pay 8% interest. And you can't meet your tax payments, even, unless you can rent out your properties. Now I can only rent halls to societies and groups approved by Hague. That's absolutely so. He tells you plainly."

"How do you feel about that?"

"I can't figure out how America the free and the land of the brave could manufacture anything like this," he cried out. "It isn't just Hague, though. I never saw a giant weed grow up all alone, they're always a lot of little weeds around. If you and I were all honest, we couldn't grow weeds like this. We steal a penny, he steals a dollar. One fellow steals Teapot Dome—it's like small-pox. Huey Long in Louisiana, Hague in New Jersey—that's the curse of America. I'm afraid America will lose its freedom."

It took him a little time to quiet down and then he said sadly: "I had wonderful dreams of this city." He snorted. "Now it's a wonderful place to sleep in. It's quiet, it's a thousand miles from New York. Now, here's where the fun comes in. If you come over here as a diseased person, we'll take care of you. We have a wonderful hospital, how we'll ever pay for it, I don't know. Or if you come in as an insane person, we're well supplied with insane asylums. But if you want to come in to make a living, there's the rub—ah, ha, then you're a red. What we need is one thing more: a morgue. There are thousands of people walking around here, dead, and they don't know it." He halted and looked intently at me. "I'm not afraid. I just don't want to jeopardize the other people who are dependent on me. So you be prudent."

I promised him again.

"Here's the entire philosophy, so far as Jersey City is concerned. Let me tell you this story," he went on. "Several years ago I went to the city of Philadelphia, on a cold slushy day. I saw a big mob on the street. Usually I keep away from mobs, I've seen too much of Hague mobs. But here were men, women and children, standing in the slush, in front of an undertaker's window. I'd see them go up to the window and come away, laughing. So I went up to the window. In it was a fine satin-lined casket containing a beautiful stiff—pardon the language. There was a sign on the casket, reading: 'Why walk around

half-dead, when I can bury you as you are for \$39.75 complete?'

"Now, if we could import 50 of those undertakers to make a decent job of it here, we could start to rehabilitate Jersey City.

"The city's dead and it didn't know it was sick," he said again. "Read your history of our country and why we went to bat against King

George. You'd read that we did it because we wanted to abolish taxation without representation. Well taxation without representation is here."

And the last person I saw, a housewife, said: "Do you really think you found out what it's like? I don't think you could. An outsider couldn't, you'd never know from the outside what it feels like to live under this."

(Pictures on Pages 66-67)

HELLI WAS A LADY, ALAS

An aging virgin, daughter of a patriotic Greek family, was secretary to dictator Metaxas. She fell in love with a young Finn, became involved in an international spy-intrigue which sounds like the fiction of her famous novelist-brother, Constantine Rodocanachi. The charming Finn, a GPU spy, wheedled information about Dictator Metaxas' secret plans to ditch the democratic combine for the fascist axis. The information went to Litvinov, to Eden. The Finn got caught by the Greeks. Helli got jailed on an island, and dictator Metaxas went right ahead to double-cross the democracies by recognizing the Italian conquest of Ethiopia.

BY SEYMOUR TODD

HELLI RODOCANACHI is going to die in prison, unloved. She is going to die unless someone gets her out, and since Greece has no Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, no agitators for justice, there will be no one to get her out. East of Malta people don't do things where there's nothing to be gained. From men you get money, from women you get money and sex, too, if convenient; that's the practice of the Levant.

Most of the women clerks in the

Greek governmental bureaus have black mustaches. They are not soft, fuzzy ornaments but real mustaches, black, sleek and combed downward. They are the culminating stage of an iron sequence, a bitter Near Eastern *Boy Meets Girl* that runs: Boy Guesses Girl Has No Dowry, Boy Avoids Girl, Girl Gets Government Job, Boy Becomes Sure Girl Has No Dowry, Girl Gets Fat, Boy Marries Another Girl Who Has Dowry, Government Girl Grows Mustache.

After that last stage imagine years

and years of penmanship and secretarial work in drafty old buildings pitted by the bullet-marks of the last Greek revolution, an endless procession of cabinet ministers coming in and filing out, and finally death, death in which the corpse of the fat virgin will have her mustache eventually shaved off.

Helli Rodocanachi hated this sequence. Though plump, even at 37 she had no mustache. She came of a proud old Byzantine family, was related to the saturnine Greek playwright, Constantine Rodocanachi, who in January, 1938, became the first modern Greek author to be honored by the American public when his brilliant novel *Forever Ulysses* was selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club. Had she been wealthier, she would have been married, had she been a man she would have been an adventurer. Perhaps Helli Rodocanachi was the first virgin spy in history.

Greece is a dictatorship. The dictator is General John Metaxas, the bespectacled military genius who stepped to the country's head in 1936 when King George II, Great Britain's friend, felt his throne insecure and decided to forget his promises to uphold democracy.

Helli worked not far from the Division of Treaties in the Foreign Office. She was an ordinary secretary. But she knew the men who had run the Greek government. She knew what they were thinking, in that curious psychic divination that one comes to possess through working among the rustling papers, indirect glances, and covert words of the diplomatic atmosphere. But she never said anything, and Metaxas, the dictator who looks like a high school algebra teacher and thinks like a Machiavelli, never hesitated to entrust his correspondence to her. She was safe, like the cleaning women in a dormitory of a men's college, because she was ugly.

Yet it was through the heart that Helli became a spy.

Greece has two foreign policies: a best, and a second-best. The best is to play ball with England, because of Lord Byron, auld lang syne, and the fact that the British own 70% of the country's foreign debts, in arrears since 1896. This means playing ball also with France. Both countries, although imperialisms, have democratic governments whose faces they turn appealingly to America. Greece, though a dictatorship, still calls herself *demokratia*, the very origin of the word democracy.

But Greece has another policy, too, the second-best one. That involves playing ball with the Rome-Berlin axis, the Hitler-Mussolini partnership.

The Greeks are bargainers. They believe in playing both ends against the middle. To Greece only a profitable foreign policy, whether or not it is a moral one, is worth trying. Helli Rodocanachi, who had been watching the share of profit pursued by the hounds of protocol through

the Foreign Office for many years, knew her way around in both Greece's foreign policies.

Prospects for the number one policy looked fine until 1935. Then Mussolini and Hitler began to take tricks in the game, the first being Ethiopia. Now, Greece belonged to the Balkan Entente, along with three other eastern Mediterranean powers: Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Turkey. These nations were bound together against "any act of aggression against a Balkan nation." The whole idea of the Balkan Entente had been fathered by England and France: four Balkan monkeys to pull the Versailles chestnuts out of the two-way fires of fascism, which at that time had not even united. The Balkan Four had been enlisted by the League in the sanctions against Italy. They began to waver.

Venizelos stood up and said "No! We shall not sell ourselves out to either gang of brutes! We shall defend our fellow Balkan nations, but we shall not leave the Balkans to fight the battles of the great powers for them. Balkan ground we shall defend, but not Great Britain versus Italy in Egypt, not France against Germany in Morocco, never!"

Helli thrilled! This was a thought for the Rodocanachis: the Balkans for the Balkan peoples! But she quickly became silent. The Foreign Office, since Venizelos was out of power, was entirely anti-Venizelist.

No one noticed her, she thought—but someone had. And that someone was the Soviet chargé d'affaires in Athens, little Mr. Alexander Bramine. This was a time when the new Stalinist policy of co-operation with England and France was being hatched in the Kremlin.

Venizelos died, and even before he died, the King had reversed the "old man's" pro-Italian policy. Greece was with France and England against Benito Mussolini and Adolf Hitler. With England, France and Russia together Greece's "best" foreign policy looked better than ever.

But then Metaxas, at King George's invitation, took over the dictatorship. And Metaxas, trained in the Prussian school of arms and known there as "der kleine Moltke," quietly took out the "second-best" policy of his old enemy Venizelos, looked upon it, and saw that fascism was a better friend than democracy.

Only Helli, who worked close to Metaxas in the Foreign Office, knew this. The King was pro-British. Metaxas had been placed in power by the King, and nothing of the drift into the fascist camp was publicly known.

But Metaxas, who was supplying the Greek government with artillery from the Krupp works, which only German shells would fit, knew where he was going to send the government in case of a conflict.

At this point there appeared in Athens last summer, quite unexpectedly, a handsome Scandinavian. He might have been an archeologist. He was young, he was blond, he had

plenty of money. When he sat in the coffeehouse by the Grande Bretagne that are called the Dardanelles because no one can take a reputation through them without it undergoing a crossfire barrage of smart and spiteful wit, there was many a black-haired, chic Electra that waited for his eye to catch hers. But the young Finn did not seem to be interested in girls. He sat alone, and only gently raised his eyes as the diplomats coming down from the Foreign Office passed by.

The first time that Helli passed the young man did not appear to notice her.

The second time he arose, very quietly, and followed her. Before they were out of Constitution Square he had caught up with her; before they reached the Pillars of Zeus, they had chosen a coffeehouse for themselves.

It had been 15 years since any man had spoken to Helli as a woman. Helli was not beautiful, she knew that. But she also knew that there was a time in the lives of young men when they needed a woman that was a little older, a woman to confide in.

And that was all he did, he confided in her.

His name was Johannes Horny. He made her guess his nationality, and was pleased when she hit it right the second time. She thought that anyone so charming must be a Swede, she said, and when he shook his head, she said she thought he was a Finn. He bowed.

He was lonely, it seemed. He had come to Greece to see the antiquities. Money, of course, he had. But no interest in life any more.

"But how foolish!" said Helli, with the vivacity of the Greek. "You simply do not realize what is going on around you."

"But after all, what is there of importance?" said the sad young man.

"Why, a whole world of things!" said Helli. "Don't you find the newspapers fascinating, with their talk of alliances and wars and revolutions and treaties and—all that?"

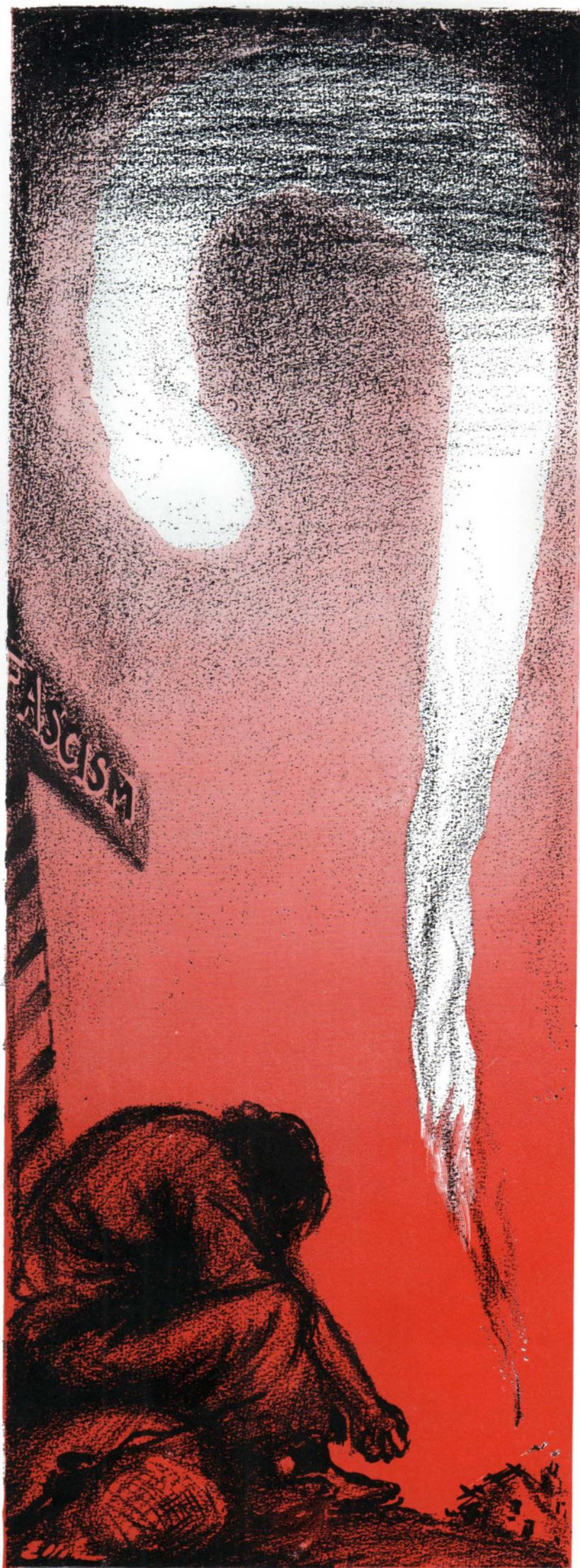
He shook his head.

Her spirit was challenged. She had never known a grown man that was disinterested in politics; she became his teacher. Since he was a foreigner and so young, she surely was permitted to step a little out of her character of a sworn governmental employee and talk to him. She would teach him to see, as a man should, *politically*.

She did not know that she had already fallen in love with him.

With strangely sensitive understanding he suggested that it might be harmful to her to be seen in the smart coffeehouses of the Dardanelles with him. They found a little coffeehouse in Hermes Square.

They began taking excursions together, to the lovely temple at Sounion, to Marathon, to Olympia and to Delphi above the plain of olive trees. She educated him in politics, and he,



Lost Horizon—Whither?

the northerner, educated her, the Greek Caryatide, in love.

Immediately everything she did seemed to take on a tremendous importance for him. He was particularly interested in her whole business day at the Foreign Office. He would ask her what she had had for luncheon, as if that could be important, and in the same breath what minister, French, British, Danish, or whatever, had called at the Foreign Office that day. And which diplomats did she know best?

To try whether he was becoming a man in his understanding of politics, she would set him little conundrums. "Why had the German minister called in a fury yesterday and in sweetness and light today? Guess, Johannes?"

Of course poor stupid Johannes Horny could not tell Helli, and so Helli would have to tell him. She made a discovery about herself, too: she was a better-looking woman than she had been before she met him.

The dusty summer came to Greece. They went swimming together, not at smart Glyfada with its beach cottages and speedy lean girls, but at a little beach out near Marathon.

"Now they are going to have a conference at Nyon," he read aloud to her one afternoon as they sat high in the shadow of the little pine tree. "Tell me what this one is about."

She told him that it was to decide whether there would be a cordon of neutral battleships around Spain. England, as usual, was the moving spirit behind the conference.

"Too bad Metaxas isn't going to Nyon," he said. "Then we could go climb Olympus that weekend."

"He's got more important things than the Spanish blockade," said Helli.

What was so important? Hadn't she told him only yesterday that nothing in the whole world was more important in principle than the Spanish war.

Helli sighed; he was such a delightfully stupid pupil. And then she told him.

When big countries have their attentions on big conferences, then little countries get their work done, she said. And Greece had important work to do.

"Well, what?" Johannes wanted to know.

She put her finger to her lips.

"You're teasing me," he said. "All right, don't tell me."

At that, of course, she had to.

Very secretly and very quietly, while preserving all appearances of friendship for the England-France-Russia combination, Metaxas was making his first move to take Greece out of that friendship. By the back door.

Johannes looked more puzzled than ever. Helli held his hands in hers. Her voice went down to a whisper.

London, Paris and Moscow were counting upon Greece to fight for them in the Mediterranean if it came to a showdown with the fascist powers.

The instrument to be used was the Balkan Pact; all the four little powers were expected to stick together. Did Johannes understand that far?

Yes, Johannes did.

But Metaxas had another idea. There was already a treaty of mutual defense between Turkey and Greece. And so he had made a stroke of beautiful Greek diplomacy. He had agreed with Turkey that if the great powers summoned these two powers to fight at the side of Yugoslavia and Rumania against Italy and Germany, Greece would refuse. But she would not refuse alone. Turkey would refuse, too. The argument used would be the clause in the Balkan Pact which frees the members from any obligation to fight outside the Balkans. On that rock would split the little alliance, and England, France and Russia, if they wanted Balkan allies, would have to start in all over again to woo the four little powers.

The blue eyes of Johannes began to clear a little. "How do you know this agreement has been made with Turkey?" he asked. "You haven't seen it, have you?"

"Of course I have," said Helli calmly.

"But is that exactly what it says?" murmured Johannes. "Tell me exactly what it says."

She told him.

THE next day, when Helli walked down to the coffeehouse in Hermes Square, Johannes Horny was not there.

She waited for him until the pillars of the Parthenon were grey and the stony flanks of Hymettos had turned purple. Then she went to his hotel.

He had left Greece, they said.

And then things began to happen, things far off.

At Nyon, the cables said. M. Maxim Litvinov had had an unannounced long conference with Anthony Eden. A curious report said that this interview did not concern the Spanish problem. It appeared, according to persistent gossip, Mr. Litvinov and Mr. Eden were worried about something seemingly totally tranquil at the moment; the state of the Balkan Pact.

Meanwhile, Helli made a mistake.

She called the Athenian police, who have control of the arrival and departure of foreigners. Was Johannes Horny still in Greece? Yes. At that her heart leaped up. Surely, he would still come to her.

But he did not come to her. To the little apartment that she rented on *odos Omerou*, Homer Street, it was the secret police that came that evening. They had traced the call. They took her away.

Had she been in the Foreign Office the next day she would have been able to see the British Minister call and express his gratification that the Greek secret police, thanks to the information his government had turned over to them, had been able to apprehend the dangerous female spy that had been working at the very right

arm of Mr. Metaxas himself. Mr. Eden—yes, indeed, actually Mr. Eden—had been able to put the Greek government on the trail of the traitor living in its very brain. Pity, wasn't it, that such a fine old family as the Rodocanachis should harbor such a creature?

But Helli knew nothing of this. She was in a cell without even a window.

Had she still been in the Foreign Office she might have been curious, too, over the visit of Mr. Alexander Bramine, the Soviet chargé d'affaires. She would have been shaken if she could have heard the name that had passed the lips of Mr. Bramine.

Mr. Bramine had been asked, in fact, by the Greek government to explain why the Soviet Russian government had been employing a spy in Athens in the person of the handsome Finn Johannes Horny. And he could not answer. But there was a way that the Greek secret police could make Johannes Horny himself tell, because they had him in the military prison of the War Ministry.

That method was to put him in a cell with an electric bulb that burned day and night and simply eliminate all other furniture and nourishment. After a while, without a trace of violence on him anywhere, Johannes Horny was prepared to explain his errand.

The Kremlin had known, before France and England, that something was happening to the Balkan Pact. Johannes Horny was sent to Greece to find out what it was. That was all he would say. It was enough.

Helli's love affair, bowling around the foreign offices of a dozen capitals like a cannonball on the loose, had yet two catastrophes to cause.

Ismet Inonu, for years the intimate friend of Kemal Ataturk, and premier of the monocyclic Turkish cabinet, was suddenly removed. The most that the foreign correspondents in Istanbul could find out was that it was something connected with the fact that Ismet was pro-fascist and Kemal, though a dictator himself, pro-democratic.

Ismet had quarreled with Kemal over the Greek proposal to go over to the fascists, and it cost Ismet his post.

There was another thing Helli and Johannes did not find out until later, and that was about Mr. Alexander Bramine of the Soviet legation.

It seems that the Kremlin did not like very well Mr. Bramine's handling of Soviet interests in the case of Johannes Horny. In the opinion of the leading offices of GPU, it should have been possible for Mr. Bramine (once he had received from Johannes Horny the information that he transmitted to Mr. Litvinov) to get Horny out of the country. It was ineptitude of the gravest sort in a chargé d'affaires to have allowed its spy to be caught, the Kremlin concluded. Was it not possible, indeed, that there had been something more than chance in Mr. Bramine's allowing the GPU spy to fall into the hands of the secret police of so tiny

and weak a power as Greece, and then not to have got him free before he confessed? It was not only a diplomatic mistake; it was an anti-Soviet blunder. It looked like the act of a Trotskyist.

The Sovtorgflot, the Soviet mercantile marine, has ships that call every two weeks at Piraeus. Mr. Bramine, the next time a Soviet vessel called, was invited to take luncheon, for the pleasure of the thing, on Soviet soil—the captain's cabin.

He almost did so. Then he decided that he would quietly, without any fuss, not only avoid all Soviet ships and Soviet soil, but even the Soviet legation in Athens.

Mr. Bramine went to Paris and made his confession of the fear of the firing squad before the Committee for the Protection of Political Prisoners. The North American Newspaper Alliance spread his fears to the world and gave him a little pocket money, and Mr. Bramine became the first of the series of Soviet diplomats who loudly resigned as a kind of extra-territorial contrapunto to the sound of the one bullet executions in the political prison of Moscow.

That was in December. The Foreign Office on Queen Sophia Boulevard allowed three months to pass before holding the military trial of Helli Rodocanachi and Johannes Horny. Perhaps you read about it in the Associated Press dispatch from Athens dated March 5, but you ought to keep in mind, if you did, that there are no correspondents in Athens now of the American kind that thumb their noses to a dictatorship. Why? Because none of the American press services pay enough money to furnish cigarettes.

So that all the newspapers told you was that Helli was found guilty of giving the contents of "confidential documents" to the agent of "an unnamed foreign power." Helli got five years on Anaphi (which happens to be most waterless of the southern Cyclades, a place, ironically enough, where communists are sent; they probably thought of her as pro-Russian in the Foreign Office, though she was only pro-Finn) and Horny, your paper will tell you, received a seven-year prison term.

So Helli Rodocanachi is down on Anaphi now. The communists themselves will probably call her a traitor, because the Rodocanachis have always been terribly patriotic Greeks and Helli is now probably insisting on Greek nationalism against Marxian internationalism.

On a Greek island you don't die of being either a nationalist or a Marxian, or even of drinking rainwater. The case of Helli Rodocanachi may decide only one question about life, and death. It is the question whether a heart can break.

For you may have read a dispatch from Ankara saying that the four powers of the Balkan Entente had decided to thumb their noses at the League, and had recognized the Italian Empire, meaning Ethiopia.

B. O. BEFORE BEAUTY

Studios, uninsured against the fickleness of public favor, do their best. But exhibitors would rather have their worst, vastly preferring one lone cowboy to a bevy of glamor girls, always excepting Miss Shirley Temple.

BY NANETTE KUTNER

THE *Motion Picture Herald*, film trade magazine, publishes weekly a column written by those unfortunate gentlemen who manage your neighborhood theaters. The column has an "I've been robbed!" tang which serves as sufficient warning to fellow exhibitors.

The modest column is entitled, appropriately enough, "What The Picture Did For Me."

Take *The Life of Emile Zola*. In spite of its winning the Critics' Award, L. R. Creason, Palace Theatre, Eufaula, Oklahoma, found just cause to say, "I did not gross expenses by twenty dollars. Should be sold to schools and run as a benefit picture . . ."

So much for Mr. Zola.

Although its own company advertised *The Good Earth* as "our supreme screen triumph." Gladys E. McAdele, Owl Theatre, Kansas, asserts . . . "after seven years of depression, repression, drought, dust storms and grasshoppers, people want something more cheerful. Another one like this and Michael (he's my dog) and I will be in the bread line . . ."

Sometimes the criticisms have a lonely heart appeal such as the one W. B. Brenner, Cozy Theatre, Winchester, Indiana, furnishes on "Behind The Mike." ". . . This was made for operators who delight to work late at night because it is a house emptier."

The same kind of frank, brief and pathetic touch can be detected in a review of *Gay Desperado*. It starred the Metropolitan's Nino Martini, but . . . "Had we depended upon the picture alone for drawing power, we would have been very lonesome."

High, Wide and Handsome, dramatic musical extravaganza, drew the bird from C. T. Cooney, Jr., Waldo Theatre, Waldoboro, Maine: "We expected to die at the box office, but we did not expect to die such a painful death. It is a noisy, brawling film with an appalling lack of story interest and the entire 'mean' mob of horse-whippers plus skinny Randolph Scott and his oily heroes could have been put to flight by Hopalong Cassidy."

In another issue Mr. Cooney de-

livers his all to *She Married an Artist*. . . "This picture did not even gross the news and comedy rental for the first night. The second night I stayed under a down puff and prayed for sleep to release me from a world inhabited with men who can look you straight in the eye after selling a film like that. Mind you, it is not the worst film I ever saw (my brother at fifteen filmed the back of our garage with an eight-millimeter camera, his hand over the lens) but it certainly is one of the poorest pictures that make any pretense at being anything."

Mr. Cooney goes on, for he is not a person to be awed by the star system. "I am sorry I saw some of the picture for I'm now frankly worried about John Boles, but I calm myself by saying, 'John Boles knows how awful he was in that picture, he must know, he is flesh and blood.' Then I worry about finished actress Helen Westley. If she and I could sit together before the fire and hum lullabies, maybe we could both forget it . . ."

Mr. Cooney has company. Other brave souls fail to care about how the stars might feel. The great Garbo's *Conquest* drew . . . "a super-colossal magnifico, but a dog at the box office." Miss Dietrich's *Angel* won . . . "A picture like this is a punishment that should not be inflicted on the public."

But my favorite was the two-line review for *The Bride Wore Red*, submitted by Mervin Owens, Kerr Theatre, Davis, Oklahoma. Just a few pages away from Mr. Owens was an ad telling us how Joan Crawford played the part of "a poor girl who owned the world." I wonder how the copy writers felt when they read what Mr. Owens wrote? It was simply, "Why don't they forget Joan Crawford? I starve every time she hits town."

Oh, yes, favorable reviews are there, but they are not reassuring, not if the box office is your I. Q. I now quote J. E. Stocker, Myrtle Theatre, Detroit, Michigan, concerning *Tarzan Escapes*. . . "This doubled with *Public Cowboy No. 1* almost gave us Shirley Temple business which means almost tops!"



Isolation

THE VANISHING BAR

When \$200,000 worth of litigation costs an association member only \$15, lawyers are up in arms. The Bar rushes in to prevent natural progress in the practice of law. Its chief weapon is the hide-bound rule that corporations cannot act as attorneys. This is applied against automobile clubs, against collection agencies, against not-for-profit taxpayers associations. Even in states where laws expressly permit such organizations to practice law for the benefit of the public, lawyers find judges who will reverse the law. As most legislators, all judges, are lawyers, the public is faced with a tough struggle in getting lawyers to modernize their methods.

BY ROGER SHERMAN HOAR

IF the Supreme Court of any state were composed entirely of blacksmiths, we could well picture that august body, at the behest of the State Blacksmiths Association, solemnly decreeing that it is distinctly against the public interest—and a violation of that personal relationship which ought always to exist between blacksmiths and their patrons—for corporations to practice blacksmithy. Whereupon the clock would be set back 30 years at least, and all drop-forging companies would be summarily put out of business.

But, as Supreme Courts—so far as I know—are composed exclusively of lawyers, the legal profession alone is singled out for this unique degree of protection. In the interests, of course, of the dear public.

The other day in the law library of the Bar Association of one of our largest cities, I ran across a friend hard at work. His table was piled high with the statutes of many states. He told me that a client, engaged in selling goods by conditional sale in practically every state of the Union, had employed him to compile an abstract of the laws on that subject in the 49 different jurisdictions into which this country is subdivided.

"But," I exclaimed, surprised, "don't you know that there are three different loose-leaf services, to which your client could subscribe, any one of which would give him this material already digested, and much more accurately than any lawyer could possibly do?"

Neither he nor his client knew of

this. So—as I happened to be a subscriber to one of these services—I offered to check my friend's report for him. He had made glaring errors as to practically every state; yet these were errors which the most expert lawyer might well have made.

Finally, with the aid of the loose-leaf compilation, the report was put into shape. My friend, a "leader of the Bar," collected a \$500 fee for the job. His client could have had this job much more satisfactorily performed by paying about \$45 to any one of these corporation services. Many clients *are* paying the \$45, instead of the \$500. Small wonder then that the legal profession objects to corporations practicing law!

EVEN before these corporation services came into the picture, the efficiency of the practice of the law in America had been greatly increased by the organization of the huge law firms found in our big cities. These firms turn out law-cases like Ford cars. Years ago, when I was a clerk in such a firm, a poor carpenter came to me to probate his sister's estate. We handled such matters in batches of 30 or 40, thus minimizing expense, and assuring a more efficient degree of attention than any lone practitioner would have been capable of giving.

To my surprise, the carpenter came in to see me in person about the bill; and there was a queer glint in his eye, which I couldn't quite interpret. So I asked him what was the matter with the bill.

"Nothing," said he, grinning. "Absolutely nothing. But I was over at a friend's the other night, and he asked me who was handling sister's estate. When I told him the name of your firm—the biggest and best in the city—he whistled and said, 'You fool! Why, I could have referred you to a lawyer who could have done a good-enough job, and wouldn't have charged you over a hundred dollars!'" We had done a perfect job for thirty-five.

THE step from the individual practitioner to the big law-firm, introduced considerable progress into the practice of law. But this advance was nothing compared with the next step, from the big firm to the law-practicing corporations!

Law is rapidly becoming a highly specialized subject. The loose-leaf services on taxation, corporation law, federal legislation, conditional sales, etc., furnish accurate information at a price with which no individual lawyer or even big firm could possibly compete.

If an Illinois concern wishes to incorporate in Delaware, or secure a license to do business in Oklahoma, does it hire a lawyer? Not if it is wise! Rather it employs one of the incorporating companies, who make a specialty of that sort of thing.

If a corporation wishes to so order its accounts as to minimize taxation, does it consult a lawyer? No! It calls

in one of the tax-expert corporations, which has a corps of Certified Public Accountants, ex tax officials, and legal talent, all specialists in the subject.

And so on. Accident-insurance companies defend automobile damage suits. Title-guaranty companies clear up flaws in titles. Taxpayers' associations handle appeals from unjust assessments. Merchants submit distant collections to Dun & Bradstreet, or to some credit association, instead of trusting to some distant attorney picked at random.

But do not think that the members of the Bar are taking this lying down. For here is something much more important to the legal profession than purging their own ranks of vicious practices. Just as the weavers were certain that a machine couldn't make cloth, so the lawyers are sure that a corporation can't practice law. Why, it's illegal, they cry, taking up hammers to break the machine. In the past five years there has been more activity, looking to the suppression of this illegal practice of the law, than in the whole preceding century. Illegal practice was one of the major subjects up for consideration before the 1934 convention of the American Bar Association. That organization has just published a "Handbook" on the subject. And in many states the Bar associations, not satisfied with the cooperation which the Courts have been giving in the suppression of illegal practice, have inaugurated movements looking toward what they call an "integrated Bar," i.e., legislation compelling all lawyers to join the Association, and then giving to the Bar Association full power to regulate the practice of the law.

The latest phase of this movement is a concerted drive by lawyers throughout the country to suppress the conciliation committees of chambers of commerce. For obviously, if businessmen can be induced to settle their differences out of court, there will be less litigation for the lawyers to handle.

If you want an amusing and instructive experience, get into a conversation with a member of the Complaint Committee of your local Bar Association, on the subject of corporate practice of the law. He will begin with sanctimonious platitudes about the essential personal relationship between lawyer and client, and the duty of the Bar to protect the dear public from inexpert advice. Let him talk. If given enough rope, he will sooner or later disclose the real animus of this "wailing at the bar," by blurting out: "And how can we lawyers live if corporations are permitted to furnish this service at so much less than a reasonable legal fee!"

In order to win popular support to the movement, a pretense must be made that the chief interest of the Bar is to protect the public. In their trade magazines, lawyers make no bones about this attitude. An official article in the *Bulletin of the State*

Bar of Wisconsin for October, 1934, says:

"It is most salutary to emphasize the interest of the public in the unauthorized practice of the law. Too often the emphasis has been placed upon the more or less selfish interest of the bar itself,—a position relatively of lesser importance and *one not calculated to win popular support.*"

"Integration of the Bar" may seem hardly necessary, as the courts, in most cases, help lawyers hold back progress. But there have been some Courts which, though composed of brother lawyers, placed public interest ahead of professional interest.

The "Handbook" of the American Bar Association, already referred to, lists 14 cases in which collection-agencies were held to have practiced law illegally, in spite of the fact that in 12 of these instances the agency hired a regular attorney to do the actual collecting. Two courts, however, had the courage to hold that running a collection agency was *not* practicing law.

It is interesting to note, in passing, just how these cases got into the Courts. Some smart customers, after getting their bills collected by agencies, turned around and refused to pay for this service, and successfully resisted any attempt to collect by suit, the defense being the illegality of the services. In other cases, a Bar Association, or a group of individual attorneys whose profits had been cut into by this "unfair competition," brought proceedings to enjoin or dissolve the offending corporation. In one such suit the Supreme Court of Ohio frankly said:

"The practice of law is a valuable property right which will be protected by injunction."

It should be remembered that these are merely the cases which have reached the high courts. For each of such, there were undoubtedly scores more, which were never appealed.

In 7 instances, tax experts were held to be illegally practicing law, even though in at least 4 of these cases the expert worked through an attorney. But one court had the courage to hold the opposite.

Eight instances, with none contra, are listed of corporations put out of business for rendering general legal services for a fixed fee. The fact that the actual legal work was done by members of the Bar hired by the corporation, in at least 6 of these 8 cases, shows clearly that the real object of the Bar Association who did the prosecuting, and of the Judges who made the findings, was merely to prevent the lowering of legal fees to a reasonable basis. That can scarcely be called protection of the public!

There is a remarkable Illinois case around an association of taxpayers, incorporated not-for-profit. This organization charged its members only 1% of their tax assessment plus a legal fee of from 5 to 10 dollars. Nine test cases were brought. The Court, in putting the association out of busi-

ness and fining it heavily for practicing law, emphasized the following facts:

"A reasonable charge to one individual had he brought the 9 legal actions in respect to taxes on his real estate and had he himself borne all the attorneys' fees and other expenses would have been \$200,000. The average fee paid for membership and representation as to real estate by each of the 4,800 persons who joined the association and listed their property with it in respect to the 1929 taxes was \$14.50. The average fee paid for membership and representation as to real estate by each of the 23,000 persons who joined the association and listed their properties with it in respect to the 1930 taxes was \$15.50."

In other words, the real crime committed by this incorporated association was the furnishing of \$200,000 worth of legal services for only \$15. How can the Bar live, if such outrages are permitted. Why, that organization's membership grew from 4,800 to 23,000 in one year!

Protective associations like this have been a particular thorn in the flesh of the regular practitioners. The "Handbook" lists 3 such concerns, put out of business by proceedings instigated by individual lawyer-competitors. I cannot emphasize too strongly the fact that so many of the adjudicated instances of suppression of corporate practice of the law, were instituted by individual lawyers, groups of lawyers, and Bar Associations, for the purpose of protecting themselves against a competition which they were unable to meet.

The most outrageous case was that of "The Association of Real Estate Taxpayers of Illinois" (354 Ill. 102; 187 N.E. 823). The Illinois Legislature, duly elected representatives of the people of Illinois, had recognized the opportunity for public service which associations like this could render, and accordingly had specifically exempted them from the general rule that prohibits corporations from practicing law. Their statute said (Chap. 32, Sec. 415):

"Nothing contained in this act shall . . . apply to . . . corporations organized not for pecuniary profit."

The Association of Real Estate Taxpayers, incorporated not for profit, was doing something which the statutes of their state expressly permitted. But the Court simply told the legislature where to get off:

"The legislature cannot exempt any person, legal or natural, from prosecution for contempt for engaging in the practice of law . . . It is well settled that no corporation can be licensed to practice law. The fact that the respondent was a corporation organized not for profit does not vary the rule." (Page 826.)

Accordingly the Taxpayers' Association, which had acted in entirely good faith, in reliance on an express act of the legislature, and which had been rendering a valuable public service for an absurdly low fee, was put out of business and fined \$2,500.



The Beginning of Another Boom?—After the Boom, What?



"Judgment for the plaintiff, the law be hanged! Next case!"

Banks have been an especial target of the Bar. The "Handbook" lists 9 adjudicated instances in which banks were stopped from assisting their customers in legal matters incidental to their banking, although in at least 7 of these 9 cases, the actual work was done by attorneys hired by the bank. In one extreme case (*State ex rel. Miller v. St. Louis Union Tr. Co.*, 74 S.W. (2d) 348, 356), the bank was enjoined from even assisting the customer's own attorney in drafting wills in which the bank was to be named as executor or trustee! For, of course, such assistance might result in the papers being correctly drawn, and this would reduce litigation.

Title guaranty and abstract companies have fared a bit better. There are 5 adjudicated cases in which such companies have been enjoined from, or fined for, assisting customers in clearing up title tangles. But in 4 instances, the Court held such services to be clearly incidental to their business of examining and insuring titles.

In an Ohio case (*Dworken v. Guaranty Title Co.*, 37 Oh. Law Rep. 79) the judges told off the lawmakers again. Two of the 3 judges held that the legislature had no power to grant corporations the right to give opinions on real estate titles. This business being exclusively reserved to the Bar!

Automobile Associations have also been stopped by the Bar from protecting the interests of their members. There are 4 such adjudicated cases, in one of which the Illinois Court, at the request of the Chicago Bar Association, again disregarded an express legislative approval of law-practice by such organizations, and fined the Motorists Association of Illinois \$1,000. (354 Ill. 595; 188 N.E. 827).

The "Handbook" lists only one case of an attack on corporate organization companies, doubtless due to the fact that such concerns are quite generally recognized as a blessing, not only to harassed incorporators, but also even to non-specializing members of the Bar. But, in that one case, a lawyer was subjected to disbarment proceedings, and was censured by the Court, for merely having had such a concern as his client. Lawyers must not give aid and comfort to the enemy!

One of the most effective ways in which the Courts strike at the corporation competitors of the Bar, is by penalizing the *clients* of these corporations. A member of the dear public, whom the Courts are supposed to protect, will in good faith employ such a corporation to represent him in some litigation. If the other side wins, the other side keeps quiet, and the decision stands. But, if the other side loses, it immediately applies to the Court to quash the entire proceedings, on the ground that they were brought illegally by a corpora-

tion not entitled to practice law. And the Court usually accedes to this request. Many such instances are listed in the "Handbook" of the American Bar Association. Innocent litigants must be punished, to teach them not to employ competitors of the lawyers' ring!

But there was one time when the lawyers got a taste of their own medicine. Note the California Superior Court case of *State Bar v. Security Bank*, 9 L.A. Bar Bull. 181. The Security Bank was assisting its customers to draw certain simple papers, so the California Bar Association brought injunction proceedings to put a stop to this "illegal practice of law." In the course of the arguments, the Bar brought out the principle of law that a legal proceeding instituted by a corporation, acting as attorney, was void.

"Aha!" said the Bank. "What is sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander. If what you say is true, then your proceeding against us is void. For your own Bar Association is incorporated!"

And the Court so held, dismissing the proceedings.

BUT the situation unfortunately cannot be met with mere citation of one or two humorous instances in which the overzealous Bar has been hoisted by its own petard. The legal profession is solidly entrenched, and is fighting against progress, with its back to the wall.

In this fight, the lawyers have an advantage not possessed by any other profession. Doctors, dentists, plumbers, optometrists, electricians, chiropractors, realtors, etc., have to depend on selling their case to the legislators—the representatives of the people. But the Bar, after getting all the protection which they can wrangle out of the legislature (and even here they have the advantage that a large proportion of legislators are lawyers), can then turn to the Courts, who are 100% their own buddies, and can secure protection against competition by getting progressive laws voided as in the two Illinois cases and the Ohio case discussed above.

The public must elect Judges who are more concerned in advancing the law, than they are in preserving the fees of the legal profession. It must also watch out for the legislation which the Bar Associations are attempting to put through, the integrated Bar and other such devices, in order to cinch their monopoly.

If the people are not alert in this connection, the legal profession will plunge the law back into the log cabin era, from which it is just emerging.

It would even be well to attempt to secure blanket legislation to permit the corporate practice of the law, and then secure the election of Judges who have a decent respect for popular welfare and popular wishes, and will enforce such legislation even if it at first hurts the pocketbooks of their law school classmates.

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Last Stand in Spain

THE NAZI PROPAGANDA INDUSTRY

Armament is the first industry, propaganda the second. But the propagandizers prepare the way for the soldiers. Thousands of radios are distributed free to Germans from Finnmark to Brazil, that they may listen to Goebbels' programs. Movies are made in Spanish, exported to Franco and to South America. Newspapers in Rumania and Hungary, openly Nazi-supported, fly the swastika. Children join sports clubs and find they have become Nazis. The whispering campaign, however, is one of the most effectively used mediums. For like smart advertisingmen, the Nazis know that the most nonsensical slogan, when persistently repeated, will take effect. So they whisper, "Blood knows no international frontiers."

BY HENRY C. WOLFE

IN A VILLAGE on the Gulf of Finland a score of people are seated round a radio. Nominally citizens of Estonia, they actually are Nazis, located near the Soviet frontier. They have come together in the home of their local fuehrer to hear the broadcast from the National Socialist Fatherland.

"Here in Central Europe are eighty million Germans living in a confined space and geographically disunited. Today, we are on the threshold of new undertakings, for our people's territory is too small!" Adolf Hitler speaking. The Nazi dictator is orating before cheering thou-

sands of Nazis at Augsburg. but his words are slanted for millions of Teutons beyond the "bleeding frontiers" of the Third Reich.

As the phillipic from Augsburg thunders to a close, the radio listeners leap to their feet and shout in unison: "Sieg Heil! One people, one Reich! Heil Hitler!" Young Brown Shirts in Berlin could not deliver a smoother reaction.

The radio which has brought the Augsburg program to these Baltic Nazis is one of thousands of radios distributed free by the Ministry of Propaganda in Berlin to "reliable" people who live on the other side of

the "bleeding frontiers" which encompass Adolf Hitler's Germany.

The gathering in Estonia is duplicated in Denmark, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Rumania, Jugoslavia, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland—yes, even in Holland and Belgium. It was many times duplicated in Austria. Wherever there are Teutonic minorities, the work of Nazi propaganda goes intensely forward. Even in peaceful and progressive Denmark Teutonic citizens line up with Hitler alongside Saxons in Rumania, Sudeten Deutsch in Czechoslovakia, Swabians in Hungary and the German groups scattered from the vicinity of Leningrad in the north to the confluence of the Danube and the Sava at Belgrade in the south.

In Hitlerite Germany propaganda is an industry second in importance only to the armaments manufacture. Indeed, it is just as much a part of Germany's preparation for war as is the manufacture of heavy artillery or bombing planes. Long before the Reich's armies cross a frontier, however, the versatile Nazifiers of the propaganda department have carried their offensive into foreign territory. The Propaganda Ministry is "co-ordinated" with the army, the Four-Year Plan and the ubiquitous Gestapo (Secret Police).

Herr Dr. Joseph Goebbels, the Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment, is not handicapped by a little thing like ethics. He operates his department on the basis that success is the only earthly criterion of right and wrong! Only results count.

In the days before the World War, German propaganda was inept and limited. Pan-German professors went abroad and delivered academic lectures; transparent news stories were supplied to the world press. Goebbels has replaced the dull pedantic brochures of other days with radio and editorial broadsides venomous with hatred and explosive with emotional incitement. Cartoons screaming their vulgarity vie with the spoken word.

The Nazis use six principal methods to spread their propaganda: the radio, moving pictures, subsidized or "co-ordinated" newspapers, trade and boycott weapons, athletics, and "whisper" propaganda. Millions of pamphlets are printed and distributed, of course, but they are merely an auxiliary used to supplement the other branches of propaganda warfare.

Sitting in front of a radio in the Lithuanian coast city of Memel, I listened to a Nazi "news" broadcast from Königsberg. It was a violent tirade not only against the Lithuanians, but also against the non-Nazi portion of the local German population. Indeed, the hatred and invective directed against the Teutons who refused to bow to the swastika was far greater than the hostility against the Lithuanians. But the climax of the abuse was reserved for the gentle

little man who sat near me listening to this diatribe.

The voice from Königsberg denounced him as the "most hated man in Memelland!" The radio was being used to stir up the Memel Teutons against this Jewish editor. Yet he had served four years in the German infantry during the war. For acts of personal bravery against Germany's enemies, he was decorated on two occasions with the Iron Cross. But two heinous crimes stood against him. By politics he was a Social Democrat, by birth he was a Jew. So destroy him!

These radio explosions do more than extol the glories of Hitler's Third Reich; they arouse the hatred of the minorities against the majorities under which the Teutonic colonies live. The alluring promise is held out to them that they will become part of the ruling class of a great Pan-German empire that Hitler is building—an empire in which the present Teutonic minorities will become part of the dominant majority.

These broadcasts call down the wrath of Herr Rosenberg's pagan gods on the *Untermenschen* (sub-humans), those "alien bloodsuckers fattening off the fat of the land." Many of these *Untermenschen* (a term usually aimed at the Jews) are compelled to live in penury and squalor several levels below that of people on relief in this country. They are the straw men whom Dr. Goebbels and his enormous propaganda organization engage in battle daily.

Not infrequently Nazi propaganda receives powerful support from unexpected quarters. Last August 18th, for example, Patriarch Miron Cristea, head of the Rumanian Orthodox Church, made a press attack on the Jews. "One feels like crying with pity for the good Rumanian nation," lamented his Beatitude, "whose very marrow has been sucked from its bones by the Jews." It may not be without significance that 37 days later the *London Times* reported that Herr Hitler had decorated the Patriarch. And five months later his Beatitude became Prime Minister of the Kingdom.

Though not so important as the radio, the moving picture provides an important field of Nazi propaganda. Every film that is made in the Third Reich must conform to the propaganda standards set up by Herr Dr. Goebbels. While American sound films are produced in the principal European languages, it is hardly profitable to provide dialogue, for example, in Lettish or Estonian. This gives the Nazis a big break. For most people in such Baltic cities as Riga, Tallinn, Libau, Windau and Parnu understand German. Hence the successful penetration of Nazi film propaganda in these Baltic lands.

The disappearance of French films from Insurgent Spain has given the Reich's film industry an opportunity to grab this market. Financed by the Government, German moving picture

companies have no worries about expenses. The Hispano Film Corporation is making *The Barber of Seville* with Spanish actors. The UFA company is making *Andalusian Nights*, another play for Spanish tastes that will spread German propaganda. But Germany's interest in Spanish-speaking countries does not end at the southern tip of the Iberian Peninsula. Indeed, it only begins there. For Hitler is looking hungrily at the rich South and Central American markets for all branches of his export trade. The Third Reich's moving pictures and radio broadcasts are making a tremendous effort to capture this vast territory.

Bribing European editors is almost as old a pastime as the newspaper industry. But while other governments are bribing a venal news sheet here and there, the Reich has gone into the market and bought them by the score. (Honest) Ion Milhalache, a former Rumanian Cabinet Minister, told me that there are between 50 and 60 newspapers in Rumania entirely subsidized by the German Government. If you happen to go to Bucharest, walk along the Strada Constatin Mille and look at the front of the *Porunca Vremii* building. A Nazi flag flies defiantly over the doorway, silent evidence of that newspaper's loyalty. The *Tara Noastra* flaunts the swastika at the top of page one. There are dozens of other Nazi journals in Rumania.

Long before Hitler marched his army across the Austrian frontier, Austria was plagued with underground Nazi newspapers like the *Welder, Oesterreichischer Beobachter*, the *Volksruf*. Material was supplied them by Colonel Ulrich Fleischauer's "Weltdienst," an anti-Semitic propaganda service of tremendous dimensions. And, of course, Hitler's Pan-German appeals for Austro-German union, and the usual run-of-mine Nazi exhortations were fed to the Austrian press *ad nauseum*.

But if you would see Nazi propaganda in the full flower of its vulgarity and violence, go to Hungary. Dr. Tibor Eckhardt, President of the Small Farmers' Party, and one of the greatest living Magyars, told me: "There are 39 Nazi newspapers and other publications in this country which shower abuse on Hungary and the Hungarians and stir up disorder." On a visit to the Arrow-Cross (Nazi) headquarters in Budapest, I saw a large cartoon of Dr. Eckhardt on the wall. On one foot he wore a white spat, on the other foot an old boot, and on his head a six-pointed star. The white spat referred to his aristocratic background, the old boot to his leadership of the Peasant Party; the six-pointed star was supposed to damn him as a Jew, or at least as a friend of Jews. It so happens that he is a Roman Catholic.

Hitler's department of economics, working in close conjunction with Herr Goebbels, ties foreign trade and propaganda into a tight net that holds

several small countries in the grasp of the Nazi octopus. When the Reich imports bacon from Denmark, poultry from Latvia, oil from Rumania, wheat from Hungary, ore from Jugoslavia, geese from Lithuania, tobacco from Bulgaria, olive oil from Greece, and wool from Turkey, every exporter of these commodities comes under the influence of Nazi propaganda. Raw materials producers bring pressure on their respective governments to buy Germany's exports—searchlights, tanks, artillery and chemicals. When a small state like Bulgaria finds that 41% of its exports are taken by Germany, any political clash between Berlin and Sofia would endanger the entire economy of the little kingdom. Consequently, Hitler demands a line of foreign policy that "co-ordinates" with his own.

But there are other methods of Nazi economic penetration not connected with international trade. There is the local boycott. A small storekeeper in the Bohemian town of Eger, for example, is a devout Catholic. He does not subscribe to the Wotan worship of Dr. Rosenberg, "spiritual leader" of the Third Reich, and does not want his children to become young Siegfrieds. He belongs to the local branch of the German Christian Social Party, a non-Nazi group who desire nothing so much as to be let alone and allowed to live in peace. But this poor fellow finds he is too much left alone. When he refuses to join the local Nazi organization, he finds his store boycotted, his wife ostracized, his children subjected to physical violence, his means of earning a living suddenly swept away.

Across the street is a young lawyer, a member of the German Social Democratic party. Like his neighbor, he was born in Eger, and is a citizen of Czechoslovakia. He receives a call from the local Nazis. They tell him that if he wishes to keep his clients and his health, he will immediately sever his relations with the Social Democrats and join the Henlein (Nazi) organization. Being a somewhat stubborn young man, the lawyer refuses to submit to this blackmail. His former clients are browbeaten into ostracizing him. Rather than starve in Eger he closes his law office there and goes somewhere else. But wherever he goes in Central Europe he is likely to find the heavy hand of nazism following him.

Teutonic youth, wherever there are Germanic colonies, is the special target of Nazi propaganda. It is Hitler's ambition to line up these young men and women in the ranks of the swastika. Jobless young men offer an easy conquest for Nazi emissaries. They fall for the promises of work and social standing dangled before them by Hitler's agents. In Memel, in Bohemia, in Transylvania it is they who form the advance guard of the Nazi drive to the east. They did in Austria.

But there is an even more subtle method of reaching the boys and

girls of the Teutonic minorities. By herding them into athletic leagues, the young Teutons become part of the vast Nazi propaganda network that enmeshes Central Europe. They listen eagerly to the radio harangues of Count Schulenburg, director of the foreign section of the Reich Athletic league, who tells them: "The particular bond with the homeland is the Reich sports insignia, which our foreign Germans can obtain. Naturally, this German emblem of honor for physical capacity is given only to men and women who have become closer spiritually and intellectually to the *New Germany*." In other words, if the boys and girls want to win the sports insignia they must sign up as Nazis.

Among Dr. Goebbels' outstanding accomplishments is perfection of the Charley McCarthy technique. He has adapted it to the international scene with dramatic effects. Herr Gustav May, a Sudeten Deutsch member of the Czechoslovak Parliament, rises from his seat, faces his Czech colleagues and delivers this ultimatum: "Go on persecuting us as you like. But be prepared to accept the consequences!" He appears to be addressing the members of the chamber; actually he is orating to the world. For even before this Bohemian ventriloquist got up to speak, Berlin newspapers were on the presses carrying his exact words. Hitler and Goebbels have similar stooges all over Central Europe. Their well-timed little acts are part of the grand melodrama of Nazi world politics.

The ophidian Herr Julius Streicher and his "racial experts" turn out masterpieces of literature (for children) like the *Anti-Semitic Mother Goose*. Other Nazi propagandists produce that work of art known as the *Nazi Catechism*. One of the latter distributed in Austria, for example, went this way: "Does the Fuehrer desire our struggle (against Schuschnigg) to cease?"

"Certainly not."

"Has the Fuehrer any interest that peace and order should prevail under the Schuschnigg knout?"

"Not the slightest."

"Shall we don kid gloves, regard Schuschnigg as an honorable person and express loyalty to him?"

"No! Until every trace of him and his system has vanished, every reference to Austria's German mission is bitter irony." And so on and on.

Perhaps the most effective of all the Nazi propaganda methods is "whisper" propaganda. "Democracies talk; Hitler acts!" is a typical Nazi "whisper" slogan. Passed by word of mouth, a rumor quickly spreads throughout Prague, Budapest or Bucharest. The purpose is to undermine confidence in the government, to influence the wavering elements to join the victorious swastika battalions. "Hitler is coming! Heads will roll!" the Austrian Nazis warned their opponents. Timid Austrians remembering what happened to the anti-Nazis

in Germany, were moved by the threat inherent in such a "whisper" slogan. "Schuschnigg is being betrayed by his own cabinet," was another "whisper" passed from mouth to mouth in Vienna's myriad coffee houses. It was part of the successful Nazi offensive against Austria.

"*Es kommt der Tag!* (The day will come!)" Henlein's followers growl to their non-Nazi fellow Germans in Bohemia. "Blood knows no national frontiers!" is another Nazi slogan that reverberates from the Baltic to the Black Sea and the Adriatic. Hitler and Goebbels operate their propaganda on the proposition that trenchant slogans repeated thousands of times drive home certain convictions in the minds of their propaganda targets. No matter how unreasonable the statement, if it is propagated with determination and patience, it will accomplish its purpose. Consequently, in one country after another we encounter this Nazi formula: "If you would destroy communism, you must first exterminate the Jew!" Politicians on the make in Rumania, Hungary and other countries take up the anti-Semitic cry and use it as their personal bid for profit and power.

The cry, "*Deutschland kämpft für Europa!* (Germany fights for Europe!)" is Hitler's bid for anti-communist support in the western democracies. His claim receives a sympathetic hearing in certain rightist circles in France. It delights the die-hard Tory elements in Britain. It is the motivating propaganda of the Fascintern, that string of fascist states extending from Franco Spain to Japan.

The common denominator of Nazi propaganda is violent anti-Semitism. Every opportunity is seized upon to make the Jewish fraction of the population the scapegoat for all the ills that befall the country, be the latter actually due to the war, the weather, governmental incompetence, or general world conditions. When tariff barriers set up by governments striving for economic self-sufficiency dam the arteries of trade and prevent the normal outflow of exports, impoverished peasants are told that the Jew is at the bottom of his troubles. When purchasing power disappears and the merchant cannot sell his goods, it is the Jewish capitalist. When employers have no market for their wares and cannot afford to hire labor, the Jewish communist is at work, undermining the capitalistic system. Economic and social chaos in Central Europe make fertile soil for this Nazi propaganda of racial hatred. Hitler's agents can inflame the unemployed, the ignorant, the superstitious.

Nazi propaganda has attained its goal in two states so far, Danzig and Austria. Both are now Nazi totalitarian areas under control of Berlin. It is hardly likely that the Fuehrer's propagandists will rest on their laurels at this stage of the Pan-German program.

REPORT ON IZZY THE ITZEL

The prototype of the movie version of a back-talking sports photographer is Izzy Kaplan of the *Daily Mirror*, the one man who knows how to take a baseball player's practical joke. He can even turn same to profit. He'll let a prize fighter get a laugh by cementing him to his bed, so long as he gets a new suit out of the gag. Izzy is famous for biting Carnera's leg, for telling Queen Marie to cross her legs, for asking after the Cardinal's children. And for getting pictures.

BY JACK MILEY

HE is a blue-eyed, baldish and broad-beamed little man who is the spitting image of Harry Hershfield's old comic cartoon character, Abe Kabibble. He has a rusty derby hat jammed down over his crumpled ears, his belt buckle never quite meets his vest and the knees of his pants look as if he is getting ready to jump. His pockets are jammed with flashlight bulbs and plate-holders and his pudgy paws clutch a big, black box that seems to have the Lick observatory lens as a nozzle. He is America's screwiest and most spectacular sports photographer—Izzy (Itzel the Herring) Kaplan, of the *New York Daily Mirror*.

More than 20 years ago Izzy legged it out of Russia just a jump ahead of a pogrom. Since then nearly everything has happened to him. He made a fortune in his own picture syndicate and blew the bankroll courting a Hollywood movie queen, Jack Dempsey has knocked him silly, Queen Marie of Rumania kissed his perspiring pan and pronounced him her favorite photographer. Babe Ruth nearly beheaded him with a bat. Glenn Cunningham sank his spiked shoes in Izzy's instep for getting in his way when the Kansas Clipper was trying to set a new mile record.

Jimmy Walker wouldn't pose for a picture when he was Mayor of New York unless Kaplan was there to click

his camera. An Italian Cardinal, in the United States for Chicago's Eucharistic Congress, threatened to have Izzy fired for asking him impertinent questions. Postmaster Jim Farley offered to make Kaplan the official *New Deal* portraitist. Sally Rand stood with Izzy as nude as herself behind an ostrich fan in a Broadway theatre. Kaplan once got the heave-o from the Garden for sprinkling carpet tacks at a six-day bike race, because he wanted a few exclusive shots of some spills.

Tex Rickard, to shift some responsibility to other shoulders, put Izzy in charge of the pix-clickers at the second Dempsey-Tunney fight, and Kaplan made almost as much dough as the gladiators by charging all the rival photogs \$50 a head to work from a ringside platform. Kaplan owned the first portable radio in Miami—"Mee-ah-mee," he calls it—which he purloined from a brothel.

Izzy has a Delancey St. twang that makes Lou Holtz sound like an Oxford don. His favorite expression is, "what's all about it?" When Queen Marie made her testimonial-grabbing junket to our shores some years ago, governmental, state and city dignitaries prostrated themselves before her. Grover Whalen, the gardenia of the law—he was then New York police commissioner—led the salaaming on the boat deck of the royal barge.

Then Izzy blustered up and in rich Rivington St. accents threw the grovelers into a faint by ordering Her Highness:

"Move h'over and cross de lags, Qveenie, I vant some hot stoff—you know, like dem Hollywood hotsies!"

That endeared him to Marie. She ignored her silk-hatted, stiff-necked greeters and gave Rodman Wana-maker the chill. She devoted all her attentions to "that quaint American," Kaplan, and before the ship docked Izzy was calling her "Babe!" The Queen was so charmed by this roly-poly rowdy that his paper, at her specific request, was obliged to assign him to her nation-wide tour. "A rag-lar dame!" Izzy enthused as Marie departed for home. "She wants I should weesit her in her palace—but vat the hall—they prob'ly don't speak English there!"

Around the baseball and fight camps, Izzy is the butt of the practical jokers, but he usually makes these jibes show a profit. Pete the Fox Reilly and his boxer, Jack Delaney, made Kaplan's life miserable when Delaney was training up in the Connecticut wilds some years ago. One night they poured two gallons of liquid cement on an army cot. They flopped Izzy onto the cot, clothes and all, and left him there all night. Next day they had to chop the cot off Izzy's spinal column with a pick axe. But Kaplan laughed last. He wheedled them into giving him \$100 for a new suit. "The old one cost me \$18," he later admitted.

That afternoon Kaplan turned another swift dollar. He was making some pictures of Delaney on a golf course. Jack, claiming he was a trick-shot artist induced Izzy to loan him his watch for a tee. The ticker went further than the ball when the fighter smacked it. Mainspring and pinions flew through the air and the case never was found.

Kaplan cried as though his heart would break. Great, salty tears streaked down the wrinkles of his twisted fat face. He flung himself on the ground. Members came rushing from the clubhouse. Delaney and Reilly were in a spot as they sought to placate their sobbing victim. "Anything, anything you want, Izzy!" they pleaded, "but for God's sake, shut up—these people think we slugged you and we'll get thrown to hell out of here!"

Izzy sat up and told his story. The watch Delaney had destroyed was an old family heirloom. His father had given it to him when he was a boy in Petrograd. Money couldn't replace it, etc. Delaney agreed to take him to Tiffany's and select a substitute when they got to New York. Kaplan chose a \$250, wafer-thin, platinum number. Again Izzy admitted to a pal, "The watch Delaney smashed was a dollar Ingersoll—I'm no chomp, huh?"

But the Delaney-Reilly duo did top Izzy with the fake murder rap. They were returning from a New England roadhouse and Kaplan was asleep in the rear of their car when they crashed into a pole. Izzy didn't

waken and they left him snoring in the wreckage. Back in town, they got a brilliant idea. They knew all the cops and county officials. The rest was a breeze.

They had the bewildered Izzy arrested by a couple of constables. He was told he had killed a man with his reckless driving. They marched him to the morgue and showed him the remains of some poor, unidentified stiff who had been found beside a railroad track. Then they hustled him to the bastille and gave him one of those Hollywood third degrees—with glaring lights, shouted questions and all the trimmings. They made him sign some paper they wouldn't let him read and tossed him into a cell. Next morning he was dragged before a phony judge who sentenced him, "to hang by the neck in Wethersfield prison until dead!"

Izzy collapsed. Bailiffs reminded him that the bandit, Gerald Chapman, had died in Wethersfield. He had had a world of legal talent, but couldn't beat the rap. Then Reilly appeared. "I know some politicians," he whispered. "I'll try to fix it." Pete did, and Izzy was sprung, with a stern warning to leave town immediately. Nobody has ever been able to convince Kaplan he was hoaxed.

Izzy got himself in more trouble than a termite on Charlie McCarthy when he backed a visiting Italian Cardinal against the rail of the S.S. Rex and loudly demanded that the Papal prelate send below decks for the wife and kiddies so he could make a family group picture.

When Bill Terry of the Giants wouldn't let Kaplan make action shots of Weintraub, his new outfielder just before game-time, Izzy denounced Terry as a Jew-hater. This is a serious accusation in New York. Ben Chapman of the Washington Senators can tell you that. They chased Ben off the Yankees and it cost him a share of his series dough when Chapman turned on a bunch of bleacherites in the Stadium who had been heckling him and took pot shots at their nationalities.

Izzy doesn't know much about baseball, so Ruth, Gehrig and others crossed him up at the Yankee camp in St. Petersburg one spring and gave him the business. He shipped north a sheaf of exclusive shots that had the Babe batting right-handed, showed Gehrig in the pitcher's box and depicted Crossetti and Lazzeri playing the outfield.

Izzy is the only man who ever bit Primo Carnera. Primo handed Izzy a loaded cigar at a training camp. The cigar exploded in his puss. He dropped his camera, climbed through the ropes and sank his fangs in the Italian's left leg.

The press photographers have a poem dedicated to Izzy, which begins as follows:

"Whose Izzy is he?

"Is he yours or is he!"

The mad moujik from Minsk is all America's.



"Mein Gott! You have good marks in Alchemy, Norse Mythology, and Gas Mask Department, but you flunked your course in Current Atrocities!"

FABLE OF THE SILENT MONKEY

The Monkey and the Angel and a Little Devil made a pact whereby, as they observed the world from their vantage point, they would see no evil, hear no evil, and speak no evil. So they didn't see it and they didn't hear it and they were careful not to mention it. Yet it came to pass in such a way that for all their precautions they couldn't help noticing it. For the world had a sickening stench.

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

ONCE upon a time there was a Monkey who fell into strange company.

On a sunny afternoon in spring he was climbing about in the treetops. There floated down out of the blue sky a pleasant-looking Angel with white wings. And almost at the same moment there emerged, from the jungle-green depths of foliage below, a black-faced but polite Little Devil. So there in the enormous heights of the forest treetops stood the Angel, the Little Devil and the Monkey—looking at one another and hardly knowing what to say.

The Angel was the first to recover his composure. "Well," he said in silvery tones, "this is an odd meeting for the three of us. But very pleasant."

"Indeed yes," said the Little Devil throatily. "May we enjoy the hospitality of your tree for a while, Mr. Monkey?"

The Monkey was so surprised by his callers that all he could do was nod pleasantly and motion the Angel and the Little Devil to seats on the bough which extended out from the trunk of the tree and afforded a magnificent view over miles of jungle that stretched away toward the mountains.

"I think," said the Angel cheerily, swinging his legs and folding his wings, "that we three ought to become friends."

"I would go farther than that," said the Little Devil amiably. "I think we should become boon companions, and

put our heads together for the improvement of the world."

The Monkey was so surprised by this suggestion that he could merely nod his head in silence.

"I completely agree with you," said the Angel. "It is a splendid idea. Now, how shall we begin?"

"Let us begin by considering man," said the Little Devil.

"A sad subject," said the Angel.

"Not at all! All we need to do, in considering man, is to adopt an ancient adage which I once heard on earth. It was uttered by a profound Chinese sage in one of his inspired moments. It was—'Hear no evil. Speak no evil. See no evil.' If we will carefully follow those precepts, we shall get on nicely."

The Angel smiled amiably. "My friend, as I contemplate man I see nothing but evil. So—since we three are to be friends—I will be the one who will see no evil. I will put my hands over my eyes, and keep them there. And you, Mr. Devil, why do you not put your hands over your ears and hear no evil? And you, Mr. Monkey, since you seem to be a rather silent person—why do you not put your hand over your lips and speak no evil? Then perhaps we shall make progress."

"Excellent!" said the Little Devil. The Monkey smiled in agreement and put his hand over his lips.

There they sat on the great bough—the Angel covering his eyes, the Little Devil covering his ears and the Monkey covering his mouth—a per-

fect triune image of that virtue and wisdom recommended by the Asian sages.

After a while the Angel, smiling, said in a low tender voice:

"I look down from this high place in the treetops where we three friends sit together—and all that I see is good!"

The Small Devil grinned. "Perhaps that is because you have your hands over your eyes!"

"It may be that I am happier so. But tell me what you see, Mr. Devil."

"I see my dearest allies in control of the world," said this Devil and gave a giggle. "I see my most ancient ally, the Love of Power, on the throne of every land in the human world. So I am very happy. The only thing that discourages me is that, though I think Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt has drunk steadily of the intoxicating brew of power, still he does permit people to make fun of him without taking them out and shooting them. That liberalism discourages me in my professional activities."

"What do you think of all this, Mr. Monkey?" enquired the Angel politely. The Monkey was bewildered by such intellectual conversation, and was unable to reply.

"Well," the Angel went on, "I close my eyes and I dream. It is my belief that these creatures which we see on the earth beneath our tree are slowly but surely moving toward a finer appreciation of their great destiny. Decade after decade they take a step, a long step, toward their superb goal. They grow kinder, wiser, more compassionate with each century. Am I not right, my beloved friend Mr. Monkey?"

The Monkey's hands were over his lips, so he remained silent. The Small Devil smiled.

"Mr. Angel," he said in a polite manner, "permit me to suggest that you may be mistaken."

"But I believe in progress!" said the Angel cheerfully.

"So do I," said the Small Devil. "Progress in nice symmetrical circles, from the Stone Age to the Battleship Age, from the Laws of Hammurabi to the Laws of Hitler, from the Conquest of Carthage to the Conquest of Ethiopia. What do you think, Mr. Monkey?"

The Monkey remained silent.

"But seriously," said the Angel turning to the Small Devil, "you are not a pessimist, are you? You do believe, don't you, that, as Tennyson said, there is 'some far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves?'"

"If you are starting to quote, I can quote too," said the Small Devil. "I was recently reading Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's History of Europe—and in his impressive preface to this learned work he says, that though some students have been able to find a mean-

ing in history, a philosophy of history, this kind of knowledge has been denied him; he can find no such significance in the long tale of man's conflicts."

The Angel's face became sorrowful. He shook his head, and turned to the Monkey, and spoke in eloquent lyric tones.—

"Mr. Monkey, I hope you will agree with me when I state my faith. I profoundly believe that this pathetic creature, Man, who has fought his way through the difficulties of the Ice Age, and through the ages of his early savagery and superstition, is destined to achieve an immortal goal. His grasp of the means of existence is now almost complete. He is aware that the days of his struggle against material difficulties are almost ended. He is learning that kindness and cooperation are the guides to his future: the day of universal brotherhood is at hand. He is released from his cruel and slavish past, and the horizons of his hope have no bounds. I beg you to see with me eye to eye; I beg you to perceive that a new day has dawned. Security, peace, freedom, the enjoyment of beauty and of philosophic conversation—all these things lie ahead. There is a limitless sea of golden isles for man's exploration—a sea of the spirit. Has man lost his hope and courage? Have the days of the great adventurers ended? No! A thousand times, no!"

The Monkey remained silent and meditative.

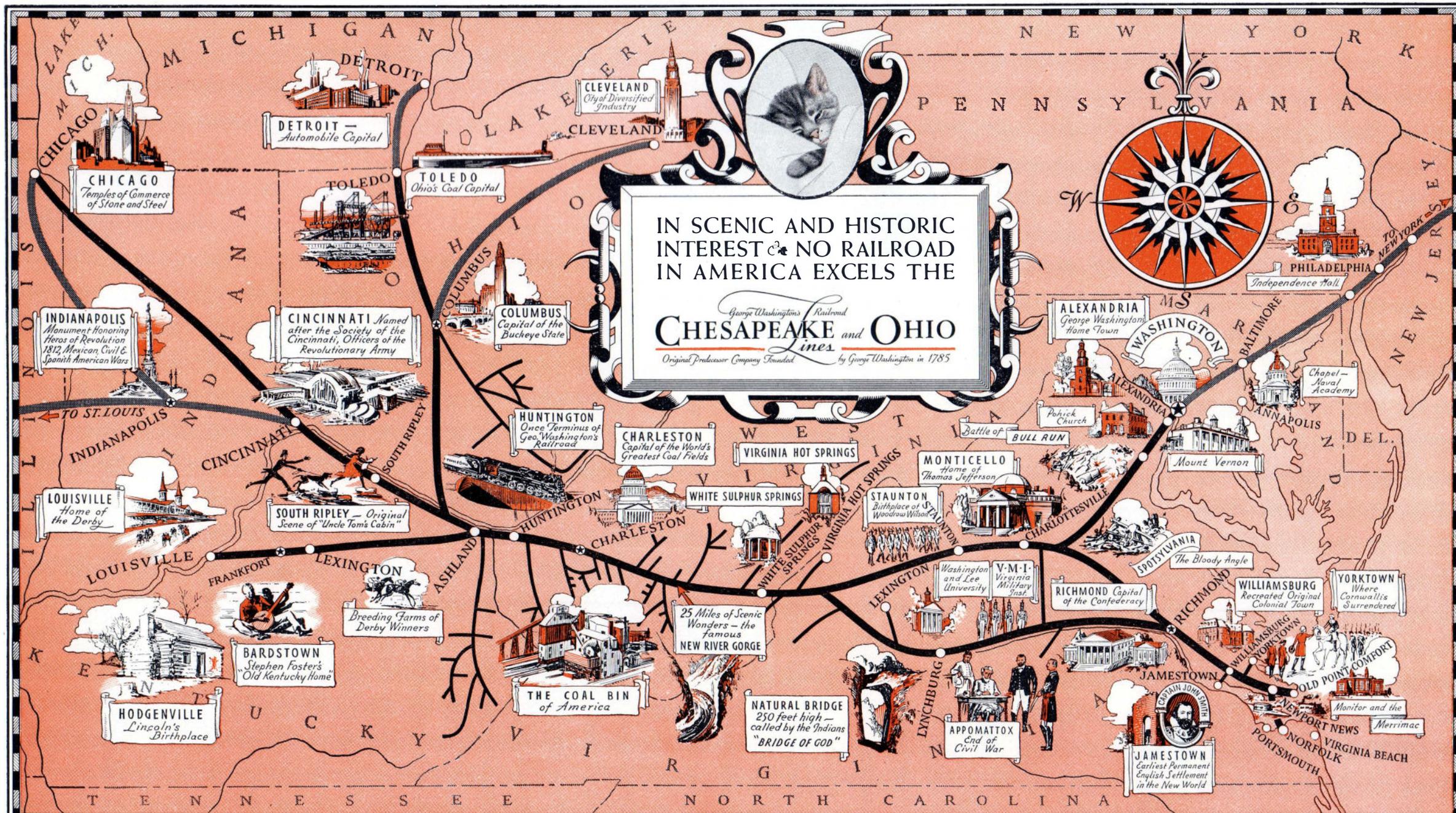
At this moment an uproar broke out on the earth below their lofty treetop. Enormous guns began shaking the air with insane tornadoes of sound. The trunk of the tree trembled as shock after shock tore the branches with the massive fury of force. Bombs from airplanes fell and exploded, shaking the foundations of the world. Shrieks of the wounded and the dying rose like agonizing flames.

And then there began to drift up through the branches a vapor. It was the unmistakable and revolting stench of poison chlorine-gas.

The Small Devil smiled. "Mr. Angel," he said, "one thing we forgot to think of when we made our compact to improve the world by seeing no evil, hearing no evil, speaking no evil. We forgot to agree to *smell* no evil. And I smell plenty, just now! So if you will kindly pardon me, I am obliged to abandon our admirable project; since I, for one, find it necessary to remove my hands from my ears so that I can hold my nose."

"I fear that I must do the same," said the Angel, weeping.

The Monkey also removed his hands from his lips and held his nose. So the three friends sat there on the bough, seeing and hearing and speaking plenty of evil, and holding their noses.



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WHERE LEPROSY BREEDS

The Hawaiian lepers' island of Molokai is an unsanitary pesthole of infection. Father Damien and like martyrs bring pity-publicity, and bands to play, while garbage continues to be dumped on the beach, and no sewers are laid. Lepers handle mail that goes out over the world; visitors come and go—perhaps carrying the disease. Patients in need of sanitarium food live on a bare subsistence diet.

LEPROSY is known in almost every country in the world in an endemic state but once it lets go as an epidemic it is no respecter of climes or persons. A king of England once had it and one-third of his subjects were stricken. A man who was found to be a leper then was pronounced legally dead and, as a sort of ecclesiastical amen, a leper's mass was read over him and dirt thrown in his face to let him know that as far as the state and church were concerned he had gone to his reward. His wife was his widow and his heirs were free to start fighting over his estate while he was outside the walls of the city begging alms in a bucket attached to a pole long enough to reach from his world into the other. He was given a rattle and made to use it (on the threat of physical death, as opposed to social), so that well people might be warned of his approach.

The only rattles modern lepers have are typewriters in the hands of those over whom they have no control, and these rattles seem to work only at the inspiration of the two most publicized, and least useful, by-products of leprosy: martyrs and chaulmoogra oil.

If we could become as frightened of leprosy as certain dentifrice manufacturers have us frightened of pyorrhea we could eliminate the disease.

For leprosy, like the teachings of Marx, thrives on poverty and inhumane living conditions. It breeds and spreads in areas where unsanitary conditions are the rule and malnutrition is hardly an exception, but once it gets under way it loses all class-consciousness. The lepers in America

present a perfect cross-section of society, but the lepra bacilli worked upward from the slums.

Each leper infects at least one well person, and besides those in Hawaii there are over 600 known cases in the United States, with New York, California, Texas and Louisiana contributing the largest number.

Presume that you are the average leper. That will put you about midway in our social scheme and somewhere around your 25th year you will expose yourself. Probably you will inhale the bacilli, for like the T.B. which in more than one way it resembles, it is generally conceded to be air borne. After your exposure you will go on about your business as usual for the next six years, for the bug takes that time to incubate. In your 30th or 31st year you will notice a loss of sensation in your extremities and then deadened spots of flesh will begin to appear on your face—probably on the bridge of the nose.

Your doctor will know what it is at once.

Then, if you carry the same misinformation as most Americans, you will expect to go into exile on the island of Molokai. You won't. The lepers of the American mainland go to the Federal Leprosarium at Carvill, Louisiana.

You won't have to bid farewell to your family and friends forever, either, for they can come and see you when they wish, under such hygienic conditions that there is little chance of their exposing themselves to the disease or carrying it. There is even a small, but increasingly good chance that you may be paroled as an ar-

rested case. Carvill is doing better in this respect all the time.

Your life expectancy when you get to Carvill will be about 15 years and the treatment you receive will, for the most part, be exactly that which is given a tubercular, plenty of good, nourishing food in scrupulously sanitary surroundings. There will be massages and manipulation and increased manual therapy.

(Incidentally, chances are 3 to 1 you will be male, a fact that authorities on the disease account for by the habits of the sex and the way he travels.)

The entire population of our country contributes less than twice as many lepers as the Territory of Hawaii where, for 65 years, a dollar per head per annum has been spent fighting the disease. The result of this expenditure, according to a British authority, is less than should be expected with the normal advance of civilization. On the strength of that statement it seems logical to inquire whether or not civilization has had a normal advance at Kalaupapa Leper Settlement on Molokai.

Where precautions are rigidly enforced leprosy is in no danger of spreading. Isolated from what seems an immediate danger these precautions are relaxed and an uncontrolled settlement, no matter how remote, is a menace. Molokai is just that, unless doctors who have worked there, and official reports, are wrong.

Perhaps some letter you received today rode in a mail bag along with an unfumigated letter from a leper on Molokai, destined for some movie star or even to the offices of the chief executive of the United States. It easily could have. If you complain to the Territorial Board of Hospitals and Settlements they will tell you that there is a regulation requiring that all mail be disinfected. All the Board has forgotten is that there is no equipment for carrying out the order, at least none that a doctor who was employed there for several months could find. He further stated that even if the letter were written by a staff member it would be touched by a leper before it left the place.

This, however, is but a small phase of existing conditions — conditions that have existed ever since the place was brought into being by a king who is said to have selected his lady of the evening by holding to one end of a ball of twine and throwing it at random in his court. It is conceivable that even he would have rather had leprous ladies out of range.

When the famous martyr Father Damien arrived at Kalaupapa the lepers, forsaken by humanity, and without enough food to live on, were in the midst of a drunken party. *Ti* root, the source of the potent Hawaiian *oke*, was plentiful and a couple of rude stills were going full blast while, stripped for action, the leprous revelers gamboled about the 8000 acres of world left to them.

Damien, with the germ probably already incubating within him, so-

bered the ungodly bunch up and succeeded in getting them a little more food and a six dollar-a-year allowance for clothes. While he did improve housing, and got a better water supply, the priest seems to have been indifferent to even the rudiments of hygiene and Stevenson, who came to his defence when his morals were attacked by a jealous Protestant bishop, had to admit that the good father was a "dirty man."

What most people don't know is that Damien, until he had been there some time, was under no obligation to stay at the place and that all during his stay others were free to go and come. Several priests came to help Damien but when they couldn't stand the man they left. It was almost as though a hatchery for leprosy had been set aside, and a method provided for its spread.

Before Damien died another man came to the settlement, a self inflicted exile, to do penance for a life of sin he claimed to have led. He was a lay brother by the name of Dutton and his personal cleanliness enabled him to live out a more than average life span without becoming diseased. It can't be denied that he, too, did a lot to better conditions on Molokai but the point is that martyrs attract more attention to themselves than to the thing for which they sacrifice their lives.

Dutton's last years were marked by such accomplishments as getting Teddy Roosevelt to arrange to have the Battle Fleet drive by the settlement so that the malnourished lepers could watch a few thousand dollars go up in smoke. He also collected instruments for a lepers' band but he wouldn't allow them to be played until the U. S. annexed Hawaii and they could start out on the *Star Spangled Banner*.

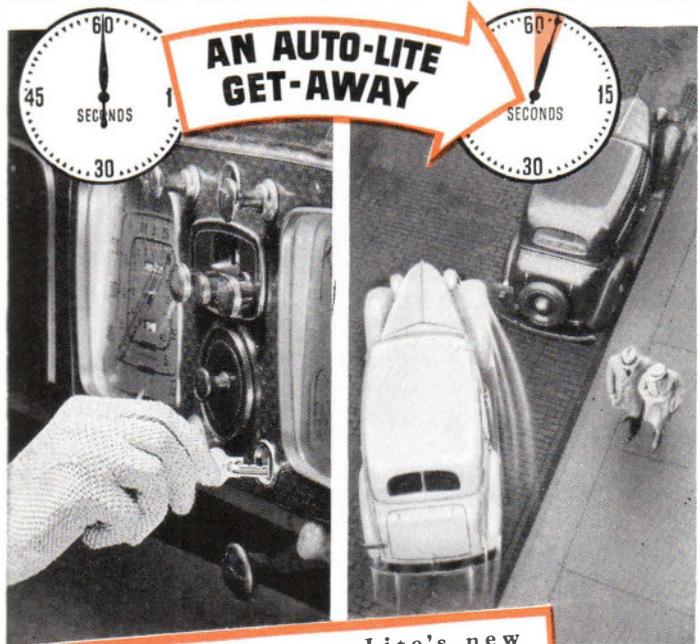
While antics such as these received widespread publicity, science has, for the most part, come and gone unannounced. Too, the sort of noise that has emanated from the place has caused most of the power to be placed in the hands of laymen.

The head physician, at the settlement now, allowed himself to be quoted to the effect that science knows little more about leprosy than it did in Biblical times. Even if that were true he neglected to say that science does know what sanitation and hygiene are and that they are proven eradicators of disease.

In a little over a year four young doctors accepted positions at the settlement and, in spite of excellent salaries, felt constrained to leave in despair and disgust. Sanitary conditions were so bad and precautionary measures so lax that one doctor stayed just long enough to have a horse saddled so that he might escape through the pass and catch the return boat on the other side of the island. The cautious physician probably doesn't know yet that a leper saddled the horse for him.

The exposition of conditions such as exist on Molokai isn't an attack on

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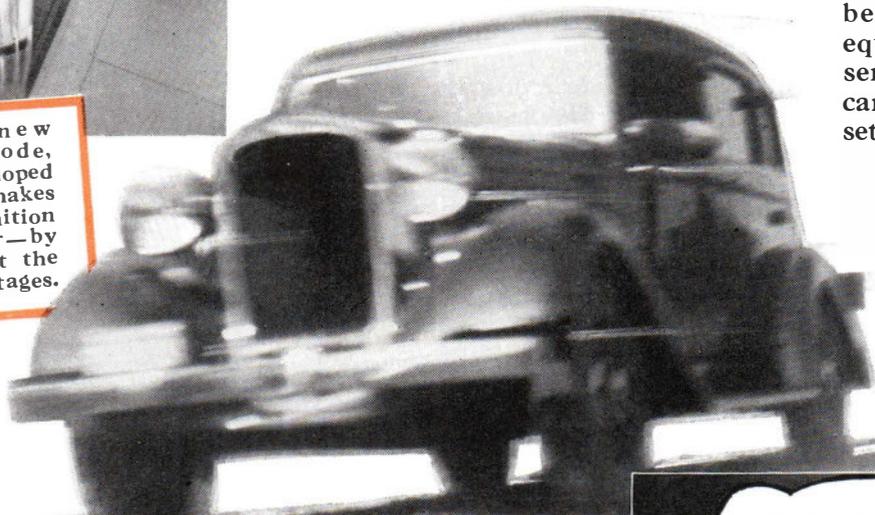
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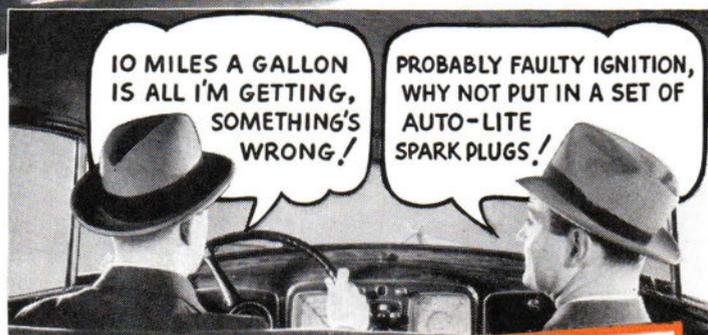
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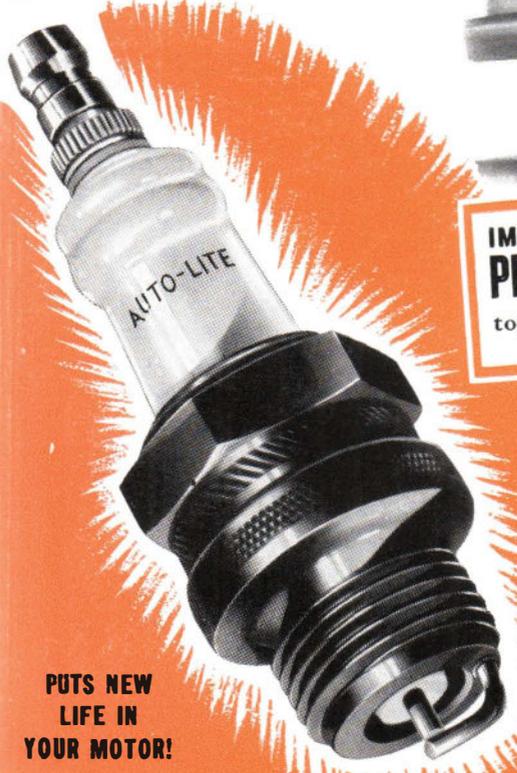
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any giver. set of authorities but it should serve to prove that anything as dangerous as leprosy should be under the direct surveillance of the Federal Government and under the scrutiny of the public eye. Here is what happens when it isn't:

Kalaupapa Leper Settlement is situated on the least desirable portion of the island of Molokai. Physically it is cut off from the rest of the island by tall cliffs, which have only a narrow trail over them, but it is readily accessible by boat and plane.

The Settlement, without going into too much detail, is made up of scattered cottages where the married lepers live, unsterilized and free to breed children certain to be orphans. For the single lepers and the helpless there are several homes, given at one time and another by philanthropic islanders, and now supported by the Territory. All except one of these are antiquated and that one is improperly designed for contagious disease use. The only modern buildings are the least useful, from a medical standpoint, a store and post office.

The 427 lepers have full civil rights and the politicians arrive every election time with hula troops and orchestras to collect the votes of these people as well as those of the staff of 62. Patients and well people mingle at will and the well people are then allowed to visit Honolulu, in spite of the fact that one of the Board's own physicians has said that it is not safe for a well person to go near the place.

The same boats and planes that are ridden by these possible carriers serve all of the other islands in the Hawaiian group and are for public use.

The patients sent to Molokai are presumed to be incurable and have already undergone a long period of treatment and observation at the Kalihi Leper Hospital in Honolulu, which is run in conjunction with the Federal Government. Their presumed incurability may account for the treatment these unfortunates receive on Molokai.

Here is the food allowance of an incurable leper—he isn't on relief, mind you, and he is suffering from a disease which, if it is to be combated, requires nourishing food:

One pound of meat a day
75c poi or rice a week
75c groceries.

This is for each member of a family living in cottages and, presumably it is supposed to buy milk, eggs and butter. Each person is also allowed \$25 a year in clothing.

An official, but confidential, report supplied the following information about the diet of 46 patients in one of the homes. Breakfast consists of cereal (dry), bread or toast, occasionally hot cakes, fruit, coffee, and eggs on Sunday only. Once in a great while there may be ham or bacon. Lunch and dinner consist of beef on one day and pork on two; on the other four days of the week the supply of canned food regulates the diet.

Poi and rice fill out these meals and the fresh vegetable supply for a week is barely enough for one meal. There are no salads and the most disingenuous part of this report says that there is milk enough for one meal a day except Saturday and Sunday, if the other home from which this milk comes has any left over. If the milk ever did reach the home this official inventory of tableware supplies for 46 people leads one to wonder how it would be served:

dinner plates	31
cups, agate	13
cups, porcelain	15
saucers	1
water tumblers	0
serving ladles	0
forks, dinner	3
soup plates	7
tablespoons	26
dessert spoons	22
knives	0

Another interesting item in this report is that poi, a food which must be mixed by hand, is prepared by lepers. It is needless to point out that the place has no dietitian.

The food seems to supply what the lepra bacilli needs, to exist in the manner to which it is accustomed.

The same doctor who made the above report also makes it clear that every convenience is afforded the bacilli and it is free to expand at will. Food for well people is handled by lepers and the physician reports having seen lepers, with diseased throats, expectorating on a wet dock where open cases of foodstuff were being sorted. Some of this food was destined for the staff.

A young doctor who resigned said, in a statement giving his reasons, that "cesspools are overflowing and shallow, the breeding places of flies and mosquitoes. There is no proper sewage disposal plant and there is no garbage disposal. The garbage is heaped in a huge pile near the seashore."

This doctor resigned. He won't know until 1942 whether he is a leper or not. One Japanese gardener who took employment at the place couldn't stand the suspense and suicided.

The leprosy rate for Hawaii when compared to that of the rest of the United States could be taken as an indictment, but perhaps it is wrong on the strength of that to accuse Hawaii of laxity. It cannot be denied, though, that with living standards momentarily on the decrease everywhere we need to be more cautious of diseases that spread upward from the slums.

When bomb-laden planes flew over Molokai, on their way to bombard the lava flow that threatened Hilo, a Government physician said that they could do more good by dropping their deadly load on Kalaupapa. At any rate it would be interesting to learn whether or not Hawaii's incredibly high leprosy rate wouldn't decrease if all lepers were sent to Carvill and Kalaupapa, itself, became a martyr to civilization.

A NATION OF BABES IN ARMS

Spoon-fed by the press, breast-fed by the radio, all we know is what "public policy" lets them tell us. And public policy makes drooling infants of us all. It gives us soothing syrup from a Dr. Fishbein while snatching away the paregoric acid of a Gen. Johnson. It puts prohibition on television, it postpones scientific progress to protect somebody's profits. It reduces our traditional liberty to the right to listen to what somebody thinks is good for us. By whom, and why, and for how long, are we being kept in swaddling clothes?

BY TIFFANY THAYER

NOT MANY of my generation realize that they are being treated like children. Most of them feel quite grown up with their pretty toys—a music box that plays, between commercials, and a rattle that carries them from gasoline station to gasoline station, and picture books—tabloid size—and a magic lantern which shows beautiful clowns jumping around and making noises, and a kite that soars faster than the wind!—except when something goes wrong with it. Most of my generation has become so fond of its playthings that it has not been aware of its mental age, carefully maintained at adolescence.

For a long time, my own swaddling clothes tangled around my ankles so that I had great difficulty in learning to walk.

Who wants to walk, anyway, with a nice shiny rattle to ride in? For a long time, the music box played so loud and so constantly that I had the devil's own time learning to talk

—and now that I have learned the music box is still playing so that my words are not likely to be heard.

But, if my mother, Democracy, and my father, Civilization, wished to keep me in sweet and naïve innocence through my entire life, it was a mistake to teach me to read; because I can't read without thinking. I even think when I listen to the radio which is quite a feat in itself.

When I read about a "lie-detector" being invented I am very curious and when the picture of that electrical appliance shows how it is strapped on the wrist—I remember that "electrodes" are thus applied to the ankles of condemned men in the electric chair—a dangerous toy against which I have been warned.

When I read in one issue of the *New York World-Telegram* that this lie-detector has been applied to a Negro named Major Green, accused of murder, and that it has "failed" to prove him guilty—and then read a "correction" of that statement in an-

other issue of the paper which goes on to say that the test has "helped corroborate" the suspicion of the police—I wonder who has advised the *World-Telegram* to change its story. When the Negro goes to the electric chair I begin to worry.

Nor are my childish fears abated when a New Jersey constable, convicted of extortion, voluntarily submits to this test in an effort to gain a new trial. Even when the judge rules that the results of the test will "not be conclusive" I continue to tremble—because a single act of legislation in this land where laws are stamped out like bottle-tops can admit these mechanical findings as evidence and thus place in the hands of any ruling power the means to a terroristic Inquisition. The test of the constable showed that his protestations of innocence were lies. He was sentenced to from 1 to 3 years in the penitentiary.

The newspaper description of the test reveals its absurdity, but absurdity is no guarantee of protection from its horrors. The victim of this new toy is attached to it so that his reactions are recorded by a red ink line which wavers at a moderate rate while innocuous questions are asked but jumps immoderately when a query pertinent to guilt or innocence is put to him. Obviously, any change in heart, blood, nerves or brain which might cause the line to jump could as well be attributed to alarm at recognition of the danger in that question as to the reaction of a guilty conscience. Father Summers, the inventor, says that these tests have agreed perfectly with 49 previous cases, and I, for one, suspect that they will agree with every other "case" in which the instrument is used. Babe that I am, I ask in all simplicity how anyone is ever going to be proved innocent by the machine.

To be sure, the danger is not imminent, and I am less afraid of lie-detectors than I am of a "free" press which changes its mind so easily or gets its facts wrong so often.

When a Greek freighter loaded with scrap-iron leaves the United States, even though the ship's papers give its destination as Rotterdam, this baby does not believe the metal is going to be made into wooden shoes. When such a ship sinks off Cape Hatteras, I am reminded of labor trouble among seamen all around our shores for a number of years and I recall that some laborers are opposed to sending scrap-iron abroad—even to Holland. I am reminded that sailors have hair on their chests and fat girls tattooed on their arms and that some of them are quite capable of scuttling a ship.

When I read in the papers that one of the seamen had to threaten the radio operator with a knife to force him to despatch an S O S because the captain would not give the order, I begin to detect an odor. And my nostrils are more offended than ever when I read that the radio operator

—as chance would have it—went down with the ship, and that the man who said he held the knife has been misquoted. The knife was in his hand "innocently" and not mutinously at all.

Reading that retraction prepares me for another. Although apparently incensed at the time because the National Broadcasting Company would not let him talk about syphilis over WJZ, General Hugh S. Johnson takes it all back. He isn't angry any more and that was not censorship of the air because NBC put Dr. Morris Fishbein on instead of General Johnson and the doctor talked about syphilis. Then this child recalls that General Johnson sometimes speaks disconcerting truths, but that Dr. Morris Fishbein is the chief alibi artist for the American Medical Association. This child recalls that as editor of the *American Medical Journal*, Dr. Fishbein has just finished one of the toughest jobs of his entire career in saving the composite face of his colleagues in the sulphanilamide scandal at the expense of the reputation of a single drug house who manufactured a product said to have taken between 73 and 93 lives. With all the laws we have in this country, this fledgling notes that there was none on the books equal to the task of prosecuting the drug house in open court. It's all done with *Mirrors!* With *Mirrors and Bulletins* and *Timeses* and *Tribunes*—the almost "free" picture books the children of my generation have been given to keep us amused and quiet.

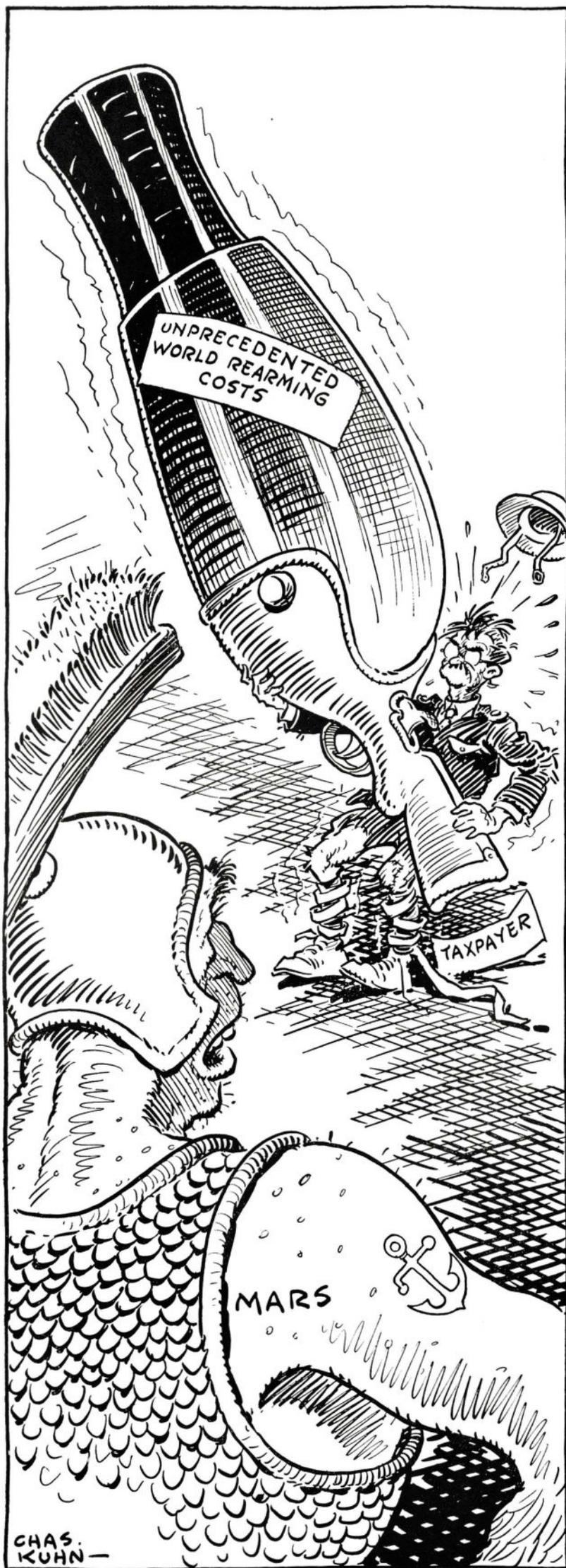
Dr. Fishbein spoke about syphilis, but you can bet he did not quote John A. Kingsbury, former director of the Milbank Memorial Fund, who accused "medical politicians and merchants in medicine who control the destinies of organized medicine in the United States" of direct responsibility for the slowness of progress in combating that disease.

No retraction of that statement has been printed, to my knowledge, but it may be that Dr. Kingsbury was crazed by drinking sea water. That was what the picture books said about one sailor who bit the captain's nose in the scrap-iron ship sinking. The biter "disappeared in the water (with the radio operator) after attacking the captain and members of the crew clinging to a cargo boom." Do any of the other children wonder with me if that man was not fighting for his life? Sailors are not psychiatrists nor are they judges, but they found it expedient to declare that fellow mad.

That recalls a similar verdict rendered out of hand from London on Armistice Day. A "madman" cried: "All this is hypocrisy—you're deliberately preparing for war!" as King George posed silently at the cenotaph. When I read that I scanned every syllable of the story to learn why the man was called "mad" and it seems that his lunacy is alleged on the strength of a similar outburst



"He Thinks He's Napoleon!"



"Should-dah Arms!!!"

once before—that time in Parliament. What other inspired truth he uttered on the previous occasion is not in any of the local A B C books or daily Mother Gooses. It is simply said the man had been confined in an asylum for speaking out of turn. This baby expects nothing less if he should by some miracle achieve publication for this little word exercise.

Mother Democracy! Father Civilization! I want a steak and a pair of pants! You can have your pretty kite that has smashed the brains out of thousands of gullible youngsters like me in the sacred name of Progress. I don't like your secret reports after such accidents. I don't like the publicity you give safety devices for planes and radio beams that do not work. I don't like and I don't believe the propaganda you dole out as news of scientific advancement. I am old enough to be told what is going on. I am old enough to know that what you call "progress" is just another way for someone to make money—no matter how many of us they kill doing it. I am old enough to know that war is not the only means of getting killed on the wings of deliberately instilled prejudices. There's "advancement," too. I know that. It's been in all the papers. Men and women who give their lives for aviation are martyr-heroes to a Forward Step in Man's Climb Upward. Any Forward Step is worth many lives—but not many dollars, I guess, because—in my babyish way—I should think "television" would be a Forward Step. Is that arrested development in me? Because that is a new toy we are not permitted to have. Unless I cannot read or smell or see, "television" has been a mechanically practical reality for a number of years, but it is being purposely withheld because somebody is afraid to release it, because too many millions of dollars are at stake, in automobiles, in gasoline, in theatres and other real estate, in Hollywood, in newspapers and in advertising.

Do you think H. H. Beverage, president of the Institute of Radio Engineers and Manufacturers' Association, fools me when he says that we can't have television because receiving sets would cost too much? He doesn't. And neither does all that hokum they release to the newspapers as "news" every week. I know that not even employees of R C A and A T and T can get through the sacred portals of the laboratories without a blindfold and a pass signed by someone near the Throne. What is really holding it up? Are the owners of all those patents afraid of it too? Afraid of the economic consequences? Do you think it might be against "Public Policy" to release television?

I am old enough to be told about Public Policy now, too. I know about Santa Claus and the Easter Rabbit and sex. What is Public Policy? Who administers it and by what right? What law covers that? What man or what body of men determines what Public Policy shall be?

Federal Judge Charles G. Briggie in Chicago ruled that widows should not be given their husbands' insurance money if they murdered their husbands. He made that decree "as a matter of public policy." Is it for Federal Judges, then, to establish Public Policy? Is that in the Constitution?

Speaking of judges and the Constitution recalls that Mr. Charles Evans Hughes "relinquished" an honorary membership in the American Press Society, November 16. Was that a measure of Public Policy? Do you suppose there is going to be a war between the press and the radio to decide which is to control the mental age of all us children?—which is to dish out the pap?—which is to get the bulk of the gravy? Maybe the Chief Justice was cleaning the skirt of his robes so that when the issue comes before him he can vote against President Roosevelt's fireside music box without being accused of bias.

I'm pretty young to be worrying about things like this, and—of course—I don't know anything about the inside workings of government; how could I? All the spelling and grammar lessons I have had came out of newspapers or the radio. All I know is what they are permitted to tell me. But they don't tell it all, Mother. They only tell enough to keep me a good little soldier in time of war and a customer for airplane tickets in time of peace.

When the Federal Communications Commission in Washington told or asked or ordered or suggested—as only a Federal Commission can—that The National Wireless Power and Light Corporation of Greenwich, Conn., postpone its "demonstration of the feasibility of the use of transmission of electric power and light by wireless"—was that in the interests of Public Policy? Who is the Federal Communications Commission? By what right do they interfere with such a "demonstration"? It would raise merry hell with the Public Utilities as they are now organized if that came out, wouldn't it, Mother? Do you suppose the Public Policy of the Federal Communications Commission is holding off wireless transmission of power and light until the Right People can protect their investments?

Professor Earnest A. Hooton of Harvard has been delivering speeches for months on the subject of a "biological purge" and he has written a book called *Apes, Men and Morons* which emphasizes the right of educators and scientists to determine Public Policy.

Out in Beloit, Kansas, near Topeka, they sterilize girls for talking back to the authorities of the State Industrial School, by allegation of the girls, of course, you wouldn't expect the authorities to tell on themselves!

In Emmett County, Iowa, according to charges by the C. I. O., youths of 16 and 20 years had to consent to sterilization before "relief" was given their "poverty-stricken" parents.

The papers are full of the demand for more psychiatry in public institutions and for the finger-printing of all psychotics. Deputy Chief Inspector of Police John J. O'Connell, New York City, advocates finger-printing every mother's son of us! Where are my pants!?!

I'm going to get out of this if I can. A lot of college professors, financed in part by the Good Will Fund of the late Edward A. Filene, have organized what they call the Institute for Propaganda Analysis. On its face, that is a ray of hope for us kids. The false whiskers are going to be torn off all the bogey-mans, and the darkness of the Black Chamber and all other official closets is going to be dispelled in the light of reason—until one goes into it a bit—as this one did. Then it becomes clear that the Institute for Propaganda Analysis is merely a new form of propaganda, and, which is worse, a form of it in which the professors themselves have implicit faith. Their panaceas are "education and science"—the same two terrors which sterilize the unwilling and confine plain-spoken Englishmen to Bedlams; the same two horrors which have given us the lie-detector, the airplane, and the fire-side music box which will become a magic lantern and a picture book as well just as soon as Public Policy will permit it.

All the 35 years of my childhood I have fought shy of communism because its basic principle of equality is so palpably false, but I had rather be a communist than a perennial, drooling infant. I want meat: the meat of fact unadorned. I want to know what is going on in this world even if I am powerless to stop it.

When I read that Ferdinand Louis Kerrin, a Laborite from Britain, has given the Columbia Broadcasting System 48 hours in which to consider his speech and that it is not returned to him until 10 minutes before he goes on the air and that then it has had its guts removed—I don't believe the retraction. I know—as certainly as a mortal may know anything—that Mr. Kerrin's remarks have been censored no matter what C B S says later.

But—I am old enough to know that these stories are printed in newspapers, natural enemy of radio, and that the first blast is intended to impress the jury, the retraction is only a bow of mock courtesy to the bench.

On the other hand, I have outgrown the puerility which takes solace from such copy-book maxims as this:

BUSINESS UPTREND HERE LAST MONTH

"The biggest gains last month over September were recorded in building construction, newspaper advertising and department store sales."

Mother! Where would the newspapers be without advertising—and department store sales?

"The same place radio would be, my son. Now, hush-a-bye back to sleep, you lamb!"

MEMORANDA FOR A DICTATOR

Any one of these various methods of twentieth century torture would be perfectly satisfactory to accomplish slow death, obtain confessions, disseminate terror. Cuelga (testicular or mammary suspension) is especially recommended. To stimulate the imaginations and obviate the boredom of officers charged with this work of persuasion, it is well to have a selection of combinations, such as the refinements here noted. Men for this work are very important in a dictatorship and they are not easy to find in any country. In fact, if these notes could be wired for sound of the victims' voices, it would be hard to find more than four men, Stalin, Mussolini, Hitler and of course Franco, who could read them through.

BY THOMAS ROURKE

THE FIRST MAN was dead after 200 blows but his sentence was a thousand and he got them all. After 50 his back was clean of flesh from the neck down, the clavicles, the scapula, the spine and ribs and hip bones showing white through the blobs of red jelly. The shreds that flew from the swinging club spattered about the concrete floor till it was slimy.

They began at nine o'clock on Sunday morning and it was eleven o'clock on Tuesday when they had finished. It took all that time—two and a half days. There were 74 men beaten, one at a time, and a thousand strokes takes over a half-hour, counting two seconds to a stroke. Some of them only got 50, otherwise it would have taken all week. By five o'clock on Sunday and Monday afternoons all

the soldiers of the platoon were exhausted so Colonel Torres called it a day, leaving things just as they were—the dead ones in a pile in a corner, the unconscious ones lying about on the slimy floor. The flies were there in swarms and all the buzzards of the coast circled low over the old customs house, darkening the sky, shutting out the brilliant sunlight.

They used a piece of mangrove root about a yard long and an inch in diameter and after a hundred blows the fibers were all opened up like the end of a broom, so Torres detailed a squad to maintain a constant supply of good ones cut from the thickets along the shores. Twelve men died during the beating, 12 more died shortly after and of the survivors who went to prison, 7 were alive a year later.

The batch of political prisoners had arrived on Thursday afternoon, consigned to Colonel Alejandro Torres, Commandante of the Cuartel at Guanta. It was Friday evening when one of them, a sniveling old fellow, came to Torres, begging for his freedom, offering to tell about a plot that was brewing among his companions—a plot to overpower the guards and get away in a fishing boat that lay at the dock. Torres got his telegram off to the dictator on Saturday morning and the answer came back before nightfall of the same day. *Castiguelos severamente*. Beat them. All of them. Fifty to a thousand strokes, according to their apparent importance in the rumored plot. At nine o'clock the following morning Colonel Torres had his platoon ready to begin and on Tuesday it was all over. The whole affair hadn't taken very long, really.

There had been no investigation into the charges at all. Always act on suspicion. That was one of the Generalissimo's first rules.

The most appealing feature of his system was that it relied solely upon simple terrorism, not upon the support of a deluded people, thereby eliminating the necessity for that constant speech-making which proves so irksome and so demanding of time and energy that might otherwise be devoted to the full enjoyment of the status of number one man.

His basic principle of terrorism was simple enough but in the application of it, he employed methods that were marvels of refined complication. Some of them. Some of them were as simple as a bludgeoned skull.

Of the thousands who went into his prisons, about 20% died each year. But the common practice was to release them just when the signs of death were unmistakable upon them; so, if we take in the number of deaths that occurred among released prisoners within a year, the figure reaches 75%. That is an average, of course, against the number of persons sent to prison each year. There were those who died within a few days and there were others, persistent beggars, who never did die. But usually, when the conditions of the prison—no sanitation, no medicine, nakedness, darkness, germs and insects—failed to accomplish the desired purpose, small doses of arsenic put in the food over a period of time got results. *Las goticas blancas*, they called them. "The little white drops." The political prisoners wore leg-irons in the form of bars, weighing up to 75 pounds, fastened to both ankles, making any sort of movement almost impossible. For some, there was a variation of the "grillo" called a "persogo"—a leg-iron designed to fit two men together—and quite a few lived many years bound this way, one to the other, day and night, in the constant darkness of a cell. But most of them died quickly.

The prisons might be called his ordinary or run-of-mine methods of torture. For special occasions, when confessions were desired or when some



**HAPPY BIRTHDAY, JUNIOR!
YOU'RE A BIG BOY OF FIVE TODAY!**

**With shiny new
saber and gun,**



**He has all the
kids on the run.**



It's easy to see,



He'll grow up to be



**A gangster or colonel.
What fun!**

particularly flagrant demonstration against his government occurred, the Generalissimo had "methods of true severity," to use his own description.

Besides flogging, there were three other principal systems—the *cuelga*, the *tortol* and the *cepo*, and there were variations of each. The *cuelga* was the most widely used. The word means "hanging" and this method, as applied to men, consisted in hanging by the testes, and to women, in hanging by meat-hooks run through the breasts. Two women servants of the Palace household were served this way when the Generalissimo's brother was found in his bed one morning dead from 27 stab wounds. On that occasion 50 odd persons, men and women, were tortured in various ways in order to obtain confessions, even though every one in the country knew that the Generalissimo's own son was responsible for the crime. But they got plenty of confessions to spread over the front pages of the newspapers.

Of all the hundreds of men who were hung up by their testes, the mass hanging, when 14 were subjected to the *cuelga* in one lot, was most worthy of attention. There had been a plot suspected among the young officers of one of the garrisons of the capital city, and the Generalissimo acted as usual with rapidity and on suspicion alone. The affair took place in the patio of a house called "Villa Zoila," the residence of a former president of the Republic, a property then belonging to the Generalissimo.

Of the 14, five were under 20 years of age. One was a boy of 14 who was under suspicion merely because he was a brother of a suspected officer. Some of the 14 died during the process. Most of the others died shortly afterward. One of them was hung up 11 times. Each time he fainted and was brought to consciousness with cold water, only to be hung up again. The operators kept up a continual chorus, "Sing! Sing! you bastard! Tell what you know!" He didn't sing and he lived through it. He is still alive, a comparatively young man. He had been married a short while before this affair but he has no children, of course.

When they hung up young Subteniente Pedro Betancourt-Grillet, when his body made a great swing in the air as they pulled on the ropes fixed about his scrotum, the pain was so great that he put his finger into his mouth and bit it off cleanly at the second joint.

The Generalissimo had a story about a certain *cuelga* which he took delight in telling to his friends. The victim was a middle-aged, educated and dignified gentleman who had vainly sought to raise an army and overthrow the dictator. Nearly everyone has probably seen how, with animals, sudden death or great pain sometimes causes a loss of bladder control. Well, it sometimes works the same way with men. When his body gave that characteristic whirl in the

air, the feet flying upward, the head going down suddenly, it caused a constriction of his bladder. Telling about it, the Generalissimo used to say, grinning, "It all went right into his face. Into his own face, because of the position he was in. You understand the position he was in? He was like this—" and he would demonstrate with his two fingers apart, held upward.

The *cepo* was one of his most popular methods of torture and the most ingeniously devised and there are only a few victims who ever lived to tell about it. But some of them have testified how the *cepo* worked. The victim, naked, was put on the floor in a squatting position, his knees up close to his chin. His wrists were bound under his knees and one end of the rope was tied about his neck so that there was no slack. Through his elbows and under his knees a rifle was inserted so that the ends protruded equally on either side. On these ends, two or four soldiers stood and jumped up and down until the victim "sang." The strain on the upper vertebrae and on the abdomen produced insanity and rupturing of the abdominal walls.

The *tortol* was a much simpler device. A knotted rope was placed around the victim's forehead and then a stick was inserted through the slack and twisted like a tourniquet, forcing the knots into the skull. This method was used once on a young boy whose father was suspected of something or other. A second *tortol* was put into his mouth at the same time. He went crazy and died.

A variation of the *tortol* was used on a delivery boy for a drug store, who was passing the town house of a wealthy friend and business associate of the Generalissimo when a bomb exploded in the front room of the house and the boy fell, wounded by shattered glass. The police picked him up and took him to the jail where he was tortured to learn if he knew anything. They hung him up by his feet and put the *tortol* around his stomach. He lived, however, and went to prison where he became a sort of orderly, charged with emptying the cans from the cells. He was insane, of course, and the form of his insanity was rather peculiar. He was immune to pain, seemed to take delight in it. The head guard used to beat him constantly, unmercifully, and the boy would stand there, taking it, screaming, "Go on, beat me! Beat me harder! Beat me till you drop, you bastard!"

There was still another variation, a sort of combination of all the different methods, of the *tortol*, *cepo* and *cuelga*. Of all those who experienced it, there were two men who lived to describe it. This is the way it worked. The victim naked and squatting, a rope was tied around the neck, the other end fastened tightly about the scrotum. A stick was inserted in the slack over the stomach. Twisting the stick drew the head down, with results that you can imagine.

CHEATING DEATH ON THE HIGHWAYS

Aviator three times saved by seat-belt in crashes, reminds automobile safety engineers that all-steel bodies and other indestructible features cannot overcome the law of inertia, cannot keep riders from being smashed against interiors of accident cars. Recommends adoption of airplane-type seat-belt to keep riders from hurtling through windshields, banging against car-tops, being impaled on steering-posts, being gutted by door-handles. Claims highest percentage of auto injuries would thus be prevented.

BY R. A. WINSTON

THE speeding car's left wheels strike a raised obstruction in the center of the street. The machine rolls over and over in a cloud of dust, ending up on its side with the top dented, the fenders crushed, and the wheels still spinning. A dozen men rush for the car, but before they can reach it the driver pushes the door open, clambers out over the side, and emerges smiling.

The man is "Lucky" Teter, professional stunt driver. He is as human as the rest of us. He uses stock cars, exactly like those you and I drive around every day. The secret of Mr. Teter's "luck" is merely a safety belt which holds him in the seat as the accident happens, and prevents him from being thrown against the top, sides, or windshield of the car as it rolls over. He knows that the car will hold together; modern automobiles with their all-steel bodies and shatter-proof glass can withstand terrific impacts without crushing the interior. His problem, therefore, is merely to keep himself from being smashed *against* the interior.

The automobile started its career at horse-and-buggy speed, on roads which made slow travel imperative. Safety belts were not necessary with

the first automobiles, and the manufacturers failed to equip their subsequent models with accessories which no law required and which no customer demanded. The customers, having no example to follow and being naturally a lazy lot, went on driving around unprotected from the forces of inertia, impaling themselves on the steering posts, slicing themselves into ribbons on the door handles, throwing themselves through the windshields, or knocking their brains out against the instrument panels.

Automotive engineers racked their brains to make cars safe. Brakes were improved, blowout-proof tires were developed, shatterproof glass was installed, door handles were curved, projecting knobs on the instrument panel were curved or indented, and steel bodies were provided, but still the slaughter went on. For the terrible toll of dead and injured exacted each year by automobile accidents is due mainly to the law of inertia: a moving body tends to continue in motion *at the same speed* and in the *same direction* unless acted upon by outside forces.

Thus any person riding in an automobile at 60 miles an hour, if the car is stopped instantly, will strike

the interior of the car as hard as he would hit the street if he jumped from the top of an 8-story building.

Even at moderate speeds the results are disastrous. Imagine a man running as hard as he can, directly into a transparent brick wall. That is the force with which the passenger beside you will smash into the shatterproof windshield if the car is stopped suddenly at only 20 miles an hour. Now imagine a man standing in a low doorway and jumping straight up as hard as he can with his hands at his sides. That is the force with which your back-seat passenger may strike his head against the unyielding top of the car if you hit a good sized bump. And if your passenger happens to be your elderly mother or your baby daughter, there is an excellent chance for a funeral in your family.

A light safety belt across the laps of the passengers would eliminate most of these injuries. "People wouldn't bother to use them," alibi the manufacturers. "Nobody asks for them and they'd only be in the way."

Let's look at the facts. What causes automobile accidents? Mechanical failure? No. More than 93% of the cars figuring in accidents in 1936 were in good condition. Inexperienced drivers? Wrong again; 97% of the drivers involved had been driving for more than a year. Bad weather? Curved roads? Still the answer is negative; 85% of the accidents occurred during clear weather and 87% of the cars were going straight ahead.

The only conclusions that we can draw are that accidents can happen to anyone at any time, even to careful drivers in new automobiles, in clear weather, and on good roads. A large proportion of the resulting casualties could be prevented or modified by the use of safety belts, as the stunt drivers have repeatedly demonstrated.

The safety belt naturally originated with the airplane, because crashes in the early stages of aviation were frequent and violent. The safety belt was an integral part of the airplane from the beginning; so that when airplane travel became commonplace, the passengers accepted the belt as a matter of course. At present the belt is used in modern air liners only during takeoffs and landings, and in exceptionally rough air.

A pilot or passenger held in by a belt can survive serious crashes, as long as the cockpit remains intact, even if the plane ends up on its back. In service flying with tricky planes which have high landing speeds, it has become almost axiomatic that the pilot either gets killed outright or walks away from the crash; the safety belt has eliminated injuries from all but the most violent crashes.

No aviator would even think of operating a plane anywhere near the ground without one.

Hundreds of World War aviators dove to their deaths before the perfection of the parachute, but no pilot was foolhardy enough to fly without one after their efficacy had been demonstrated.

Today thousands of service pilots cheerfully accept the minor discomfort of wearing a heavy parachute pack and sitting on a hard, uncomfortable seat year after year as a cheap price to pay for the peace of mind they get out of this life-saving equipment. And as soon as the reports of lives saved by safety belts in automobiles began to circulate, very few drivers would neglect their use.

A SIMPLE retaining belt, attached by a snap hook to each side of the seat, would probably suffice for the rear seat passengers. This would only have to be tight enough to take care of the clearance between the passengers' heads and the top of the car, and could easily be detached if it were in the way at any time. The same arrangement would serve for the front seat passenger, but a modification will have to be designed for the driver, in order to protect him from the murderous results of being smashed into the steering wheel.

The U.S. Army Air Corps, in an analysis of all airplane crashes for 1935, found that 94.1% of all cockpit injuries involved the head and neck.

Most of these injuries had one noticeable feature in common, which was a fracture of the skull evidently caused by the head of the victim being thrown forward and striking the instrument panel, controls, or windshield. As a result of this disclosure, a new device was soon developed, combining a shoulder arrangement with the customary lap belt, attached so that both could be released in one quick movement. The new development has passed through its initial test phases very satisfactorily, according to the Chief of the Army Air Corps, Major General Oscar Westover, and is now ready for service test. Pilots who have used the new arrangement to date have expressed the belief that it not only will eliminate many injuries, but that it will prove a distinct advantage in flying, since it tends to hold the pilot in the seat where he can reach the controls even in violent maneuvers. Similar equipment for automobile drivers would be a distinct advantage, especially on rough roads or in any situation where control is difficult, such as a bad skid or a blown-out tire.

In addition to protection and peace of mind, a safety belt provides real comfort to the driver and passengers on long trips, over rough roads, or in congested traffic, where sudden stops and starts are frequent. It is no longer necessary to hang onto the door handle on curves, or throw up his hands to protect his head when the car strikes a bump or a hole in the road.

Truck drivers will find that the belt helps to prevent fatigue on long hauls, and bus passengers will be able to relax much more comfortably while they sleep in far greater security.

Once the safety belts come into general use, watch the deaths and injuries decrease!

GOLD IN THE GRAVEYARD

High pressure promoters discovered an easy-to-sell item in the bronze-markered "democracy in death" Memorial Park. Folks with money tied up in depreciated securities are first on their sucker list. They trade cemetery lots for whatever you have, promising to pay full value plus profit on your securities when and if they sell a flock of graves for you. Meanwhile cashing in your securities and pocketing the market value. You wait for graves to sell, ignorant of the fact that the promoters have provided our cities with enough cow-pasture Memorial Parks to inter two centuries of not-yet-born.

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT

FOR thirty-two years the two maidens had kept house for their three brothers, there in Dayton, and life had been placid and uneventful. Then, one by one, the brothers had died, and now the last one was gone, and their entire life savings of \$5,700 were tied up in the Building and Loan—and only worth about half the face value—and they hadn't even been able to pay the undertaker for Brother's funeral. And then this nice man had come.

The way they understood it there was some new ruling by the Governor, or something, and this nice man was going to get them the full face value of their Building and Loan certificates within two years, and pay them \$10 a month on it in the meantime. But he talked so fast that, land sakes, a body couldn't get it all straight at once. They didn't know. . . . They weren't quite sure. . . .

He was so nice and sympathetic that he decided to make a special arrangement whereby they would get an immediate check to pay the under-

taker's bill of \$482.98. So Miss Sarah and Miss Mary went upstairs to get their Building and Loan certificates from the back of the bureau drawer. It wasn't until several days later, when a niece came to visit them and began reading the fine print on the official papers, that the old ladies realized that they had exchanged their Building and Loan certificates for 22 lots in a cemetery called Crown Hill Burial Park.

The cemetery was real—quite a beautiful park, indeed, of 256 acres, between Cleveland and Akron, with an imposing entrance gate, a funeral chapel, and even some people buried in it. But the Misses Palfrey didn't want any cemetery lots. And because the nice salesman hadn't said anything about selling them cemetery lots, the District Attorney got their Building and Loan certificates back for them. Therein their case differed from thousands of others.

The salesman had outsmarted himself. Perhaps he hadn't paid close enough attention in the salesmanship

class conducted by the Crown Hill Development Trust back in Cleveland. Anyway, while he was selling the Misses Palfrey by his somewhat evasive methods, a large crew of his fellow-alumni of the salesmanship class were selling many of the Misses Palfrey's fellow-holders of the depreciated Building and Loan certificates by franker tactics. That is to say, they at least admitted they were selling cemetery lots. It was almost uncanny—unless you could figure out that they had a sucker list—how they headed, like ferrets, straight for the homes of the holders of the distressed certificates.

But why should anybody in Dayton want to buy cemetery lots 200 miles away, between Cleveland and Akron? The answers to that are what the salesmen had learned in class. The Building and Loan certificates were frozen and depreciated. Too bad. But here was a golden opportunity to realize the full value on them. All you had to do was to sign this contract, whereby you acquired burial rights in Crown Hill and authorized the Crown Hill Development Trust to resell them for you at double the price you paid—and maybe more. In the meantime the company would pay interest on your investment at the rate of 50c a month on each \$100 lot—until they were resold. Certainly that showed how sure the company was of reselling within a couple of years, at the outside. Why, they'd be practically forced to sell at handsome profits? People had to die, didn't they?

And so the graves were sold, and the salesmen took the stock, and the buyers got impressive contracts with phrases like "GUARANTEE TO PURCHASER" and "FULL AMOUNT" in big letters. The contracts, sure enough, authorized the company as the sole reselling agency—but didn't say anything about when, if ever, the reselling was to be accomplished.

Anyway, the salesmen got the Building and Loan certificates, and took them to local brokers to be converted into cash, at the market value; and if, as in the case of the Misses Palfrey, it had seemed wise to offer an immediate cash return, it was just a matter of mathematics to figure out the deal so that there would be a surplus over the regular price of the lots.

For two or three years, the 50c a month on each lot (amounting to 6% interest on the investment) came in; but the number of lots resold was only about big enough to supply the salesmen with a dossier of testimonial letters to show to other prospective customers. And then the owners of graves were notified that it would be impossible to pay interest any longer. (If the customers got the impression that this was because of some new state law, as many of them did, it made them all the more amenable.) And they were presented with new contracts to sign, which would relieve the company of continuing to pay the

50c a month on each lot. Instead, the company proposed to boost the reselling price 25%, thus getting the customer a "bonus"—when the reselling was accomplished.

Shortly after that, dissatisfied customers began bringing lawsuits, and a Grand Jury investigation got under way. That was bad for business, and the Crown Hill Development Trust quietly folded up, turning the cemetery over to another outfit. At the same time that the Crown Hill boys were working Dayton, salesmen for at least three other cemeteries, one in Cleveland and two in Cincinnati, were also mopping up. And the same thing is still happening with only minor variations in detail, all over the country.

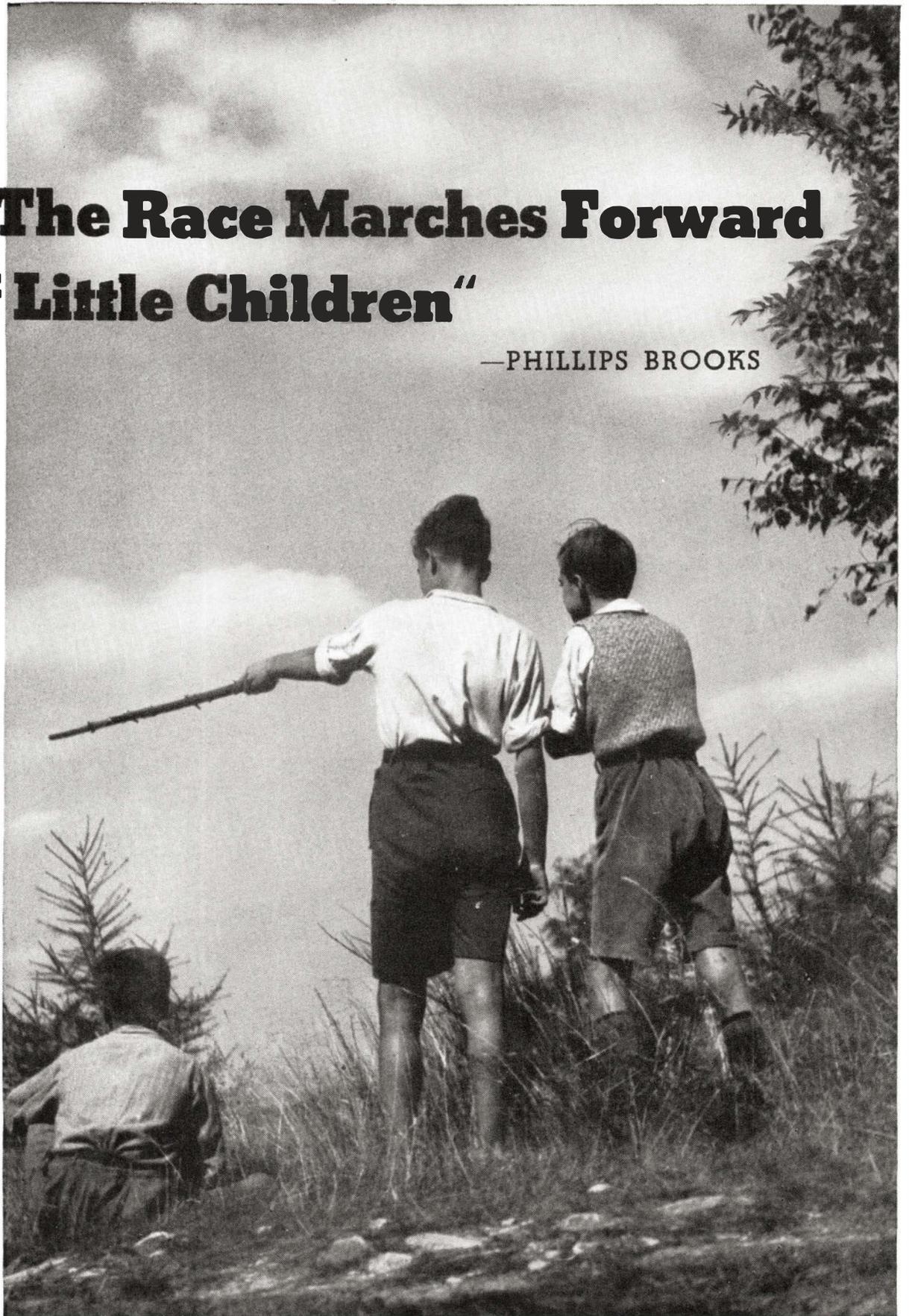
Up to the early 1920's, the real estate sharks and the high-pressure promoters had overlooked God's Little Acre. Then somebody conceived a new kind of cemetery: a Memorial Park, with no old-fashioned monuments and gravestones, but with sedate bronze markers set flush with the ground in a landscaped setting. And then the promoters woke up to discover that out of the \$500,000,000 spent every year in this country to dispose of the dead, 90% was going to undertakers, and only 10% to cemeteries. Despite that, they found that wherever cemeteries were operated for profit—most of them having been non-profit institutions—they rated second only to pawn-broking as a safe, profitable investment. Obviously, it was time to muscle in.

As a promotion, the Memorial Park was a natural. In the first place, being a cemetery for the motor age, it was situated out on a highway, where land was cheap. All you had to do was to buy options on an old cow pasture or woodlot, and instead of sub-dividing it into a few dozen house lots, you sub-divided it into thousands of grave lots. As the money came in, you paid off your mortgages and development expenses, and cleaned up. Accordingly, Memorial Parks began to blossom all over the land, complete with roadside billboards, neon lights and free public concerts to bring in the customers. A Detroit promoter installed an organ loud enough to justify his boast that "anyone driving within a radius of four or five miles of our Park hears this beautiful music floating through the air"; and as a result of this and other promotional activities he was able to boast further that the cemetery "has received more publicity, week after week, than any other Detroit institution with the exception of the Detroit Tigers."

But promoters are impatient fellows, as a class—much too impatient to rely on the old-fashioned method of selling graves only to people who are interested in a place to lay their weary bones. Not but what they are willing to sell them for Utility, as they delicately put it. Oh my, no! Obviously, if you are selling graves,

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—PHILLIPS BROOKS



THIS quotation appears on the editorial page of every issue of The Parents' Magazine.

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families that have sick people in them, or people so old as to be contemplating eternity, are better prospects than those full of health. That's where the men known in the trade as "bird dogs" come in. They spot the about-to-be-stricken homes by various means: neighborhood conversation, contacting interns, nurses and doctors' receptionists. After the "bird dog" has reported to the Home Office, the salesmen lose no time in following up the tips.

The smart promoter, however, sees no reason why even the healthiest families shouldn't help put his project over. Or, as the beautifully illustrated brochure of Restland Memorial Park in Hanover, New Jersey, puts it: "A happy sense of peace and security comes to him who has provided thoughtfully and well for the future of his loved ones. The ownership of a burial plot, in advance of need, is as wise and thoughtful as the purchase of life insurance, the making of a will or other forms of family protection. Nothing can be gained by delay, and much may be lost."

If you have followed the signposts to the cemetery, from the big billboard advertising it on the highway, and gone in past the sign that says, with gross understatement, "Public Welcome," the salesman meets you at the little entrance cottage with "Information" over the door. He takes you over the grounds and to inspect the chapel—"inspired," as the brochure points out, "by the St. Giles Church at Stoke Pogis, England, immortalized by Thomas Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*."

Inside the chapel, he points with particular pride at one modern touch which is absent in the Stoke Pogis church: a yawning grave in front of the altar, with "a special lowering device which permits one to have the entire funeral ceremony in the Chapel itself, even to commitment"; after which, of course, the corpse can be taken out and put in his own grave before the next one arrives. He shows you, outside, the formal garden, and the little fountain-statue of Pan, and shows you a picture of the Tower that is to be built. He expands on the theme of bronze markers versus gravestones, pointing out that in old-style graveyards "the rich are still rich and the poor are still poor," whereas "Restland Memorial Park with its uniform markers of imperishable bronze fully exemplifies the 'democracy of death' and is more in keeping with the Christian philosophy of life and the hereafter"; and then hastens practically on to point out that: "These tablets make possible perpetual care at minimum cost because they lie flush with the lawn, permitting one man to cut 31 acres of lawn in a single week." If a funeral procession arrives while you are there, the salesman calls your attention (quite needlessly) to the funeral music flooding the Park, and explains that it comes from a loudspeaker in the studio, where a record is being played. But by the time the funeral party has settled down to burial exercises, and the loudspeaker is giving forth *Beautiful Isle of Somewhere*, the salesman is pretty sure to have you in a little office, with the door

closed, and to be talking more and more in terms of finance, rather than sentiment. He is willing to admit that the cemetery business is just about the most lucrative business in the world, and that the company is in it to make money—but is willing to let you make some, too.

Then, with pencil and paper, he gets to the figures. Here's the way they go at Restland: "Four graves in an ordinary cemetery will cost you about \$600. Then you'll have to pay around \$500 for a modest monument. For perpetual care, you'll have to put down \$300 more. Total, \$1400. Now the total cost of 16 graves in this Park, with perpetual care, and with no monuments allowed, at our Pre-developed price, is \$900. So you save \$500 right off the bat. But you don't want all these graves. So you let us sell 12 of them. Now when this Park is completed, say in a couple of years, those graves in a beautiful spot like this are certainly going to be worth as much as graves in the old-style graveyards. So let's say \$500 for each of the three four-grave plots you don't need. That's \$1500. Less \$75 selling commission, \$1425. Subtract your original \$900 from that, and you have made a profit of \$525. And you have your own plot free."

The salesman is always conveniently ignorant about the actual number of lots that have been resold; but he has a sheaf of glowing testimonial letters. And he points out, persuasively, that when you invest in graves, your demand is assured by law—the law of nature that says people must die.

The only question seems to be: When will the demand catch up with all these magnificent new cemeteries? Around New York City, which Restland aims to serve, there is enough cemetery space so that the New York state legislature has put severe restrictions, amounting almost to a prohibition, against the establishment of any more cemeteries within a radius of 75 miles—which explains why Restland and several others have been built in nearby New Jersey, within the radius, but outside of New York jurisdiction. And out in Cleveland, which Crown Hill aims to serve, a banker put his statistical mind to work several years ago and figured out that the city had adequate grave space, in its established cemeteries, to take care of all the people who would die there in the next 200 years. It begins to be easy to see why so many smart promoters have preferred to sell their graves for Investment rather than for Utility—and let somebody else wait for the prospective tenants to die.

Mr. Christian William Beck, the smart man who promoted Crown Hill, is only one of many throughout the country, but he will serve as an example. Mr. Beck, before he turned his benevolent interest from the living to the dead, was the promoter of a huge home-building project in St. Louis, which failed, with losses of \$242,000. As a result of this enterprise, Mr. Beck was obliged to spend considerable time in court, and was even ungratefully sentenced to three years in the federal penitentiary on a charge of using the mails to defraud;

but the Court of Appeals upheld his contention that he had been misjudged, and acquitted him.

After this disillusioning experience with houses for the living, Mr. Beck's imagination was caught by the possibilities of beautiful homes for the dead; and proceeding west, he created his first memorial park outside of Tulsa, Oklahoma. The next year, he moved on to Oklahoma City, and another mortuary garden spot took shape under his egis, with only minor legal run-ins.

Ready for bigger things, he headed east, settled on Cleveland and began to plan Crown Hill. He found his site on the Akron road, near the little town of Twinsburg. The 256 acres cost approximately \$180,000. Then Mr. Beck proceeded to do some organizing. In Ohio, and many other states, cemeteries must be non-profit institutions, under the law. If you are a salesman, selling for Utility, you stress that point. But there is nothing in the law to prevent the cemetery from letting a separate corporation sell the lots—and make the profits. So Mr. Beck formed two corporations, Crown Hill, Inc., the cemetery; and Crown Hill Development Trust, the money-making organization. Mr. Beck started by selling his \$180,000 property to the Development Trust for slightly more than \$500,000. That made it, of course, \$500,000 property. Then his Development Trust deeded the property to his cemetery corporation in return for an agreement whereby the Development Trust became sole selling agent for grave lots in the cemetery, and would receive 60% of the selling price of all lots sold. The other 40% was to go into development of the cemetery and a perpetual care fund. The cemetery was then laid out in 35,000 lots, marked at prices which would bring in a total of \$4,375,000. But, of course, the Development Trust was to get a mere 60% of this, or \$2,625,000. Out of that, it would have to get back the \$500,000 that it had paid for the \$180,000 property, and pay its salesmen, to say nothing of the expense of running classes in salesmanship, getting lists of likely prospects, and advertising for new salesmen whenever alumni got pinched, went over to other cemeteries, or otherwise faded.

Apparently the necessity of turning over 40% of the money received to the cemetery corporation was somewhat irksome, because when a lot owner brought suit a few years after the Park started, and the books had to be produced in court, it appeared that instead of putting cash into the perpetual care fund, the trustees had been putting in their own land contracts. The court decided this was not cricket, and ordered a full 40% in cash turned in, as advertised.

But there is more than one way to skin a cat. Shortly after the issuance of this court order, two new organizations came into being. One was the First Commonwealth Trustees of Chicago, with one Mr. Ralph Stickney as head man. Mr. Stickney had formerly been one of Mr. Beck's associates in Crown Hill. The other was the First Refunding Company of Cleveland. Oddly enough, the chief

business of both these high-sounding companies turned out to be the selling of graves in Crown Hill Burial Park. It seemed that they were able to buy the lots from the Crown Hill Development Trust at considerably reduced prices (which, of course, also considerably reduced the 40% to which the non-profit cemetery corporation was entitled and could then resell to the general public at the old scale of prices—and still hold out bright hopes of later resales at double-the-money, or better.

The First Commonwealth Trustees concentrated on the states west of Chicago; like the Crown Hill Development Trust, it aimed its efforts at people with depreciated bonds and other negotiable paper. Large numbers of bondholders in western states received this cheering letter to sign and return:

"Yes, Sir! I certainly would be interested in a plan designed to get me out without a loss on securities now selling at around 50% of what I paid for them.

"Since it does not obligate me in any way, you may send me full information about your plan.

"You may also furnish prices, and any other data you may have available, on the issues I am listing on the back of this letter."

A nice, compact letter, which had the virtue of coming right back to the writer, if his prospect was ripe, with a good and authoritative estimate of the prospect's ability to buy lots in Crown Hill.

Just to show how salesmen can sometimes mufi sure things: out in Omaha, Salesman Albert Deutsch, got securities with a face value of \$1700 and a market value of \$300 from a cook. He learned she had more money, went back to try again. But by then she had learned about cemetery sales; he got arrested for obtaining money on false pretenses, to which he pleaded guilty.

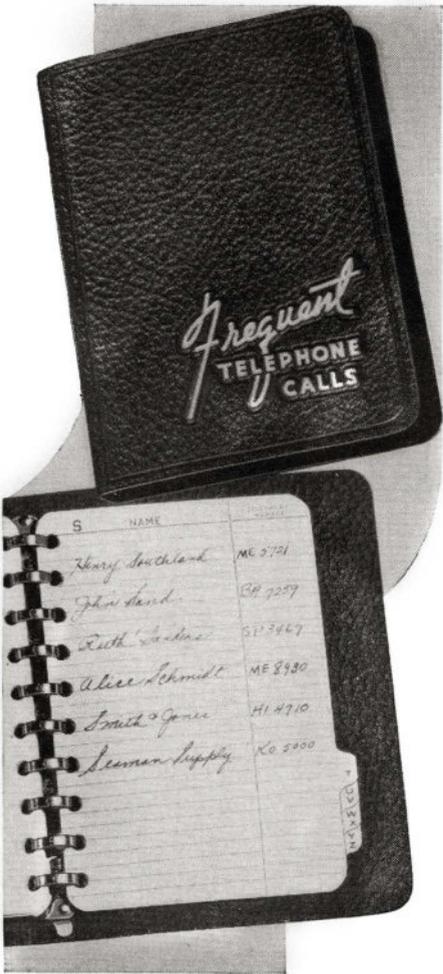
But when, in 1936, with lots amounting to about \$2,500,000 in selling price having been sold, one of the customers brought suit against Mr. Beck and Crown Hill, charging fraud, the troublesome customer was promptly bought out. And when another litigant took up the torch, and was followed by a Grand Jury investigation, Mr. Beck quietly withdrew from the whole business, to take a try at oil. Crown Hill was taken over by one Emery Komlos, who had promoted the competing Sunset Memorial Park. Mr. Komlos also took over a third cemetery, Whitehaven Memorial Park, and welded them all together in the Metropolitan Memorial Parks. But, alas, Mr. Komlos soon ran into difficulties because of his Bond & Share Corporation, which had been selling stock in Sunset Memorial Park and which the Federal Securities & Exchange Commission charged with fraudulent use of the mail. So Mr. Komlos discouragedly turned the whole business over to a Cleveland attorney for re-financing. A few months after that, Mr. Komlos jumped out his hotel window and killed himself. Fortunately, he had been thoughtful enough to provide himself with plenty of resting place.

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California vs. Florida golf tournament dates. God and the nations in sports. N. Y. vs. Frisco. Pitt vs. Notre Dame 1940. Armstrong, Von Cramm, athletic heart. Wrestlers' names. Elks with pink-eye. Ring misers. Fitz fights fixed. Savoldi dumb like fox. Sports oddities and assorted oddments.

BY HERB GRAFFIS

FLORIDA and California are wangling for another wrangle on winter golf dates. California wants to hold its tournaments in December and avoid bad weather publicity of the past several seasons. Miami-Biltmore won't surrender its usual December date because it's a strong publicity inaugural for the Florida winter sports program. Henry L. Doherty, Miami-Biltmore head, has put up much more prize money than any other resort tournament sponsor, and will stick to the December date.

Los Angeles talks about pooling winter Open tournaments in its sector into one \$20,000 invitation event to be held prior to the Rose Bowl football game.

Many pro golf tournament players wince at the prospect of Los Angeles big money being added to the earmarked funds for which only established stars are invited to compete. Miami, Inverness, Oklahoma City, Hershey and Pine Valley already have tournaments for small, selected fields. Uninvited players complain at the restriction of competitive and publicity opportunities.

Only five of the pro golfers on the 1937-38 winter circuit did better than make expenses. Women wrestlers have a more profitable profession.

Youngsters, considered by adults to be cruel little savages, apparently have to wait until they grow up as wise big men before they become graced with national and racial antagonisms. You get this hunch from the 90-pound basketball team of the Collins Fieldhouse at Seattle, Wash. The roster:

- Sidney Krems, Russian Jew.
- Henry Mar, Chinese.
- Wataru End, Japanese.
- Bob and Ned McIver, Irish.
- George Francis, Negro.

Another one of God's good laughs about the brotherhood of man comes when He thinks about the religious factor in varsity football. There are so many Catholic kids on Protestant school teams and so many Protestant

boys on Catholic school teams that God alone could figure out who's who. The kids don't care. It is left to the seat-of-the-pants athletes in the stands to get stirred up about which side God is on.

New York put one over San Francisco in their competition for major athletic events at their 1939 Fairs. New York got the National Open golf championship for nothing. San Francisco bid \$15,000 for the Professional Golfers' Association championship, to displace the annual San Francisco Match Play championship, but won't get the event at that price.

Qualifiers for the pros' championship are assured expense money which, in addition to the prize money, makes a bid of more than \$15,000 necessary to finance a P.G.A. national championship on the west coast. When the event was played west, at Los Angeles in 1929, the association had to dig into its treasury. Pro golfers east of the Mississippi complain that west coast events don't produce desired publicity back home where they can cash in.

Time difference minimizes eastern afternoon paper coverage of the events. Competition with evening sports affairs for morning paper space results in squeezing a few lines of golf tournament copy in between the lost and found classified ads.

University of Pittsburgh — Notre Dame football rivalry probably will be renewed in 1940; first date permitted by schedules of the two schools.

South Bend explanation of the break is that Pittsburgh eligibility standards were determined by Football Coach Jock Sutherland.

Chancellor John G. Bowman of Pitt has announced a new tight code eliminating athletic scholarships and subsidies, and with eligibility rules comparable "with any in effect at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell or the Big Ten conference." Sutherland, Basketball Coach Carlson and Track Coach Olson, have endorsed the new regulations which transfer athletic

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control from the old athletic Council to an All-Faculty committee.

*

Henry Armstrong, featherweight champion, had to throw one of his early fights, in Oakland, Calif., to get breakfast money. Armstrong, whose real name is Jackson, couldn't make his high school football team. The game was too rough. He always puts on his left glove first when preparing for a fight. (Pic on Pg. 51)

*

"Moral delinquency" rap against Baron Gottfried von Cramm, ace of German tennis players, is the Nazi propaganda term for trying to make you believe the worst. The Baron's wife, partly Jewish, recently inherited a substantial sum. The morals charge puts the inheritance into the government's hands. Cute, eh? (Pic on Pg. 51)

*

"Athletic heart," subject of much controversy involving athletic coaches and medical authorities, is given as the reason for the Wisconsin State Athletic commission "barring for life" Al Bache, promising lightweight. The youngster, former Golden Glover, probably trained too hard, according to Dr. Cyril M. Smith, commission physician. Dr. Smith is of the opinion that excessive training of fighters and track men rather than their competitive performances is responsible for frequent occurrence of "athletic hearts" in these athletes.

*

Add to Careers After 40—or 80, 90 or delirium tremens—inventing noms de grunt for professional wrestlers. Only investment required is a carton of marijuana cigarettes. Maybe they laughed at you when you sat down to christen Pullman cars, but look what you can get away with in every state except Nebraska where wrestlers must be labeled correctly according to the Pure Feud laws:

The Red Shadow, The Hooded Monster, The Dragon, The Yellow Peril, Brother Jonathon, Jesse James (nee Demitrios Stephanos Tzigikos), The Bat, Mr. X, Gorilla Grubmier, Ivan Rasputin the Ape Man, The Black Panther, Wildcat McCann, Rowdy Rudy LaDitzi, Crusher Casey, Mad Ellis Bashara, Hangman Howard and Bad Boy Ivan Ligosky.

Of the Foreign Legion are Killer Shikuma, Oklahoma Indian Ike, Sheik Ben Ali Mar Allah, Ali Baba (according to the old story he must be the pal of the 40 foremost wrestling promoters), Ram Singh and Nanjo Singh, the latter two being the Singh, Baby, Singh team of mat entertainers.

From Burke's (ale) Peerage there are: King Kong Kashey, Baron Von Schacht, Lord Patrick Landsdowne, Count Karl Von Lehman, Rajah Ranjit, and the Chiefs, Thunderbolt, Little Wolf and Joe Little Beaver, of our native nobility.

*

Sports' country doctors put another achievement to their credit when E. R. Quortrup, veterinarian, and H. B. Bray and Leo W. Walton, deputy game wardens, snow-shoed 15 miles over the 12-foot snow blanketing Idaho's Chamberlain basin to treat diseased elk. A short-wave radio from a deputy game warden in the isolated mountains summoned the experts.

Among diseases to which elk are susceptible is pink-eye. It blinds the victims. Helpless, the elk die of starvation, are killed by beasts of prey, or fall over precipices.

The pink-eye epidemic also raged among deer in Colorado.

Eagles became a serious menace to young deer in Colorado this winter. John Hart, chief state game warden, says poison campaigns against grasshoppers caused a scarcity of rabbits and other small animals on which eagles usually prey. Famished, the eagles attack and kill fawns and yearlings.

*

The have-nots are leffing about the manner in which Maxie Baer avenged Tight Tommy Farr's original staff, all of whom could have returned to Wales via water-wings so far as Tight Tommy was concerned. Next visitation of fiscal justice for which the have-nots pray is the elimination of Max Schmeling as a heavyweight moneymaker. With the whole Krupp output pointed at one of his ears Schmeling wouldn't shed a pfennig. His treatment of Joe Jacobs, who made Schmeling in this country, is closer than 997 is to a hundred.

*

Those viewers-with-alarm who constantly moan about the evils in modern athletics, haven't discovered anything new and don't appreciate improvements that have been made. Bob Fitzsimmons, the heavyweight champion, once told Dr. Graeme M. Hammond, 80-year-old member of the American Olympic committee, that he (Fitz) had been in only three or four "square fights" in his life.

The Intercollegiate Conference of Faculty Representatives (the mid-western Big Ten) was organized Feb. 8, 1896, to contend with problems of professionalism, tramp athletes, gamblers' interference and violent partisan outbursts in inter-collegiate athletics.

*

An item of folk lore concerning Joe Savoldi, once noted fullback of Notre Dame, now can be denied authoritatively.

It was rumored that Joe was so thick between the ears the football signals had to be printed on the quarterback's pants for Joe's benefit. Savoldi has been wrestling in France at a net of beaucoup sous. Anyone who can get a grip that will take money away from Frenchmen never could have been mentally light. (Pic on Pg. 50)

*

Dartmouth's indoor track on which Glenn Cunningham ran his 4:04.4 mile, is believed to be the only board track laid on cinders instead of on cement. The increased spring which makes it easier on the legs, together with strict observance of the no-smoking rule, were credited by Cunningham with making his time possible.

*

Syracuse (N. Y.) Y. M. C. A. basketball team of 1892-93, when the game was played with 9 men per team, was considered the nattiest sports outfit in western New York. Uniforms were navy blue tights and



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YOU don't have to look in a mirror to see if you have young-looking cheeks and chin—just gaze into Her eyes. And those eyes are far more likely to say "come hither" if you have a Barbasol Face.

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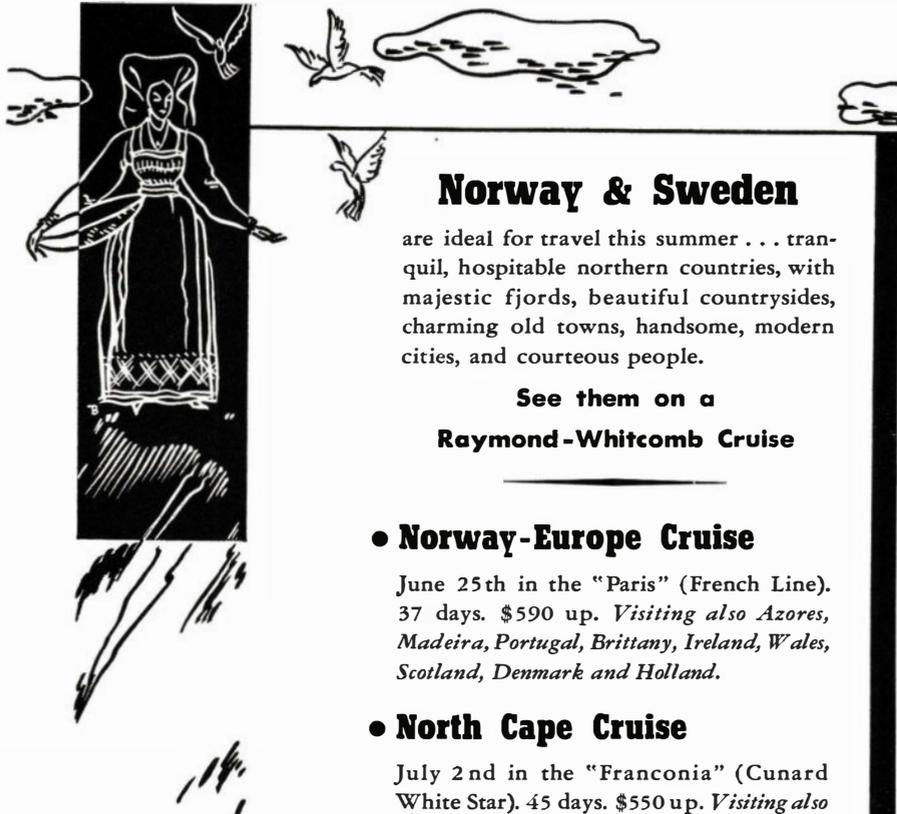
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"must" for young shavers. And if you've been scrapping your face for years—well, just throw away old-fashioned shaving methods that tend to dry and crease your skin.

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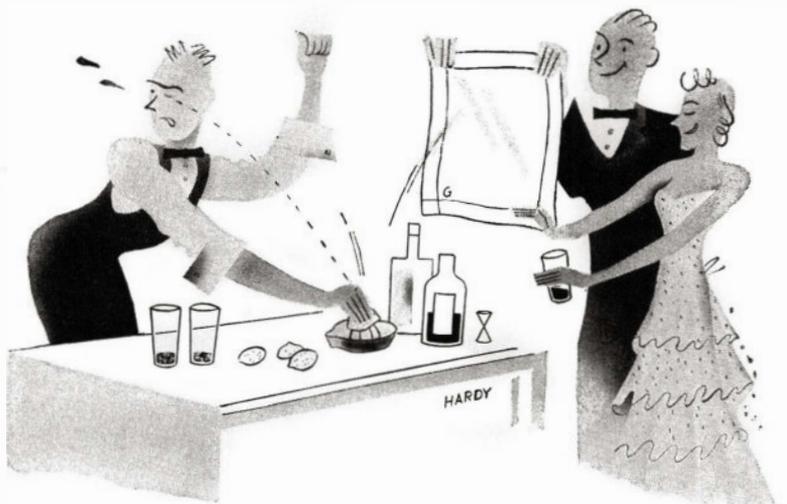
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 Planter's Punch
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They're mixed right in the bottle

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shirts, and wide yellow sashes.

*

Most popular of blue-blood dog breeds is the cocker spaniel which accounts for 15,110 in the record high 1937 registrations of the American Kennel Club. A surprise in the registration figures was that only 1,571 Irish setters were registered, as the breed is an excellent hunter and companion.

*

W. Calvin Meacham, formerly pro at the Galloway Golf club, Memphis, Tenn., recently was ordained into the Baptist ministry and now is a pastor at Brunswick, Tenn. For many and obvious reasons this is believed to be the first time a golf professional has become a minister.

*

Racing Corp. of America, which claims that it conducts 75% of all dirt track automobile racing in the U. S., put on its races before 2,545,821 spectators last year. It has had four consecutive years without a fatality among drivers or spectators. (Pic on Pg. 49)

*

Claim of a record in fouls during the 1937-38 basketball season is made for a Montana-Oregon State game. Total of 51 was divided, 37 on Montana and 14 on Oregon State. Referee Emil Piluso says all fouls weren't called, at that. Montana called Piluso's attention to fouls; fouling being the only way they could get possession of the ball.

*

The Diamond D-X Oilers basketball team, national A.A.U. champions in 1933-34, was forced to disband because of the inability of team members to get away from the Diamond

D-X oil business to play. Players were given jobs primarily on their basketball ability; now they are company executives.

*

Frank Kovacs, 18-year-old Californian who is the standout new star in tennis, is short-winded and plans training to overcome the defect. Kovacs is six feet, three inches, tall and weighs 190. Fast growth is said to be the cause of his lack of endurance.

*

Boxing commissions in some states are considering requiring referees to signal penalties to the fans, in the manner of football officials' performance.

*

Smoking by spectators at fights in Milwaukee means ejection of the offender by the *polizei* immediately upon discovery. Ushers' requests were futile there, as everywhere else.

Texas' wildlife resources are valued at \$93,000,000 annually.

*

Recreation accounts for the second largest businesses in Massachusetts and Wisconsin, according to state authorities.

*

Nebraska's Department of Public Welfare which is responsible for the state's boxing rules, prohibits more than two complimentary tickets per newspaper, per fight.

*

Pennsylvania's wildlife authorities estimate there are 1,000,000 deer within the state.

*

Bob Allman, 125-pound wrestler on the University of Pennsylvania team, is blind.

INSIDE NEW YORK

New York's diamond market, in the very center of its flophouse district, sees Bowery bums rubbing elbows with sidewalk gem traders who handle precious stones as casually as schoolboys' marbles. And although their pockets are bulging with fortunes, these gutter brokers wind up their week with earnings of clerkly meagerness.

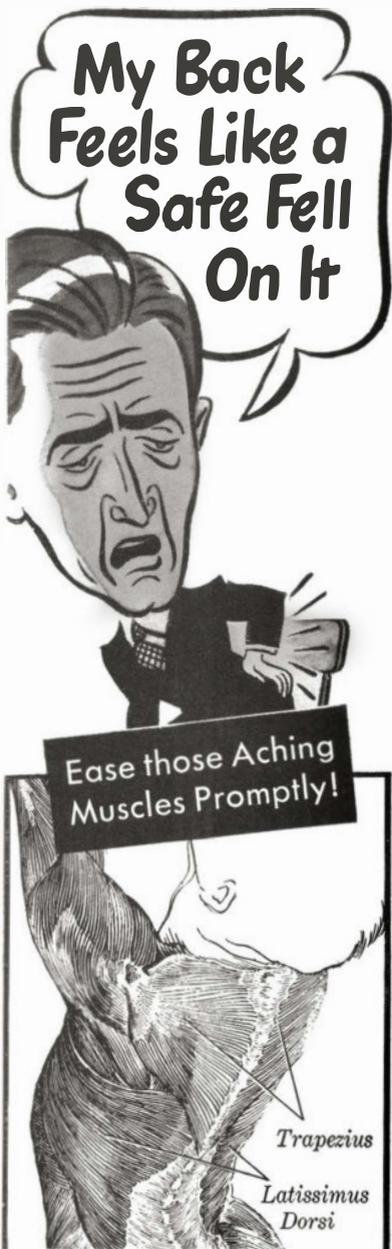
BY SIDNEY CARROLL

"HERE," said Mr. Gottlieb, "feel 'em."

He handed me a piece of white paper, wrapped like a paper napkin. When I unfolded it I saw that it held about ten or twelve diamonds. "The lot is worth maybe two-three thousand dollars," said Mr. Gottlieb. When I handed the package back to him he tucked it into a hip pocket that was bulging with similar pieces

of paper, all containing diamonds.

We were standing on the Bowery, at the upper Canal Street corner, just at the point where the Manhattan Bridge begins to duck under the arch on the way across the river and the Second Avenue "El" looks like the skeleton of a dinosaur in the Museum of Natural History. The traffic is terrific. On the opposite side of the Bowery—on the sunny side of the



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ABSORBINE JR.

street—the Mascot Hotel rents rooms to transients at twenty-five and thirty cents a night. The diamond market of New York is in the very center of the flophouse district of New York.

The Bowery diamond market is really one block long. It runs from Canal Street not quite up to Hester Street. If you drive over the bridge from Brooklyn the diamond merchants are the first people you see in those tight groups that are so characteristic of the Bowery. "We trade on the street because of two reasons," said Mr. Gottlieb. "First, the light is better. You gotta have good light on the merchandise. In the second place, I ain't got enough dough to buy a place inside."

When he said "inside" Mr. Gottlieb looked—with terrible longing in his eyes—at one of the jewelry stores that line up along the block. These stores are the diamond markets and inside of them work the aristocrats of the trade. The street traders on the outside are considered moochers. Mr. Gottlieb is a street trader. "In good weeks," he says, "I make maybe thirty-forty bucks." And just one of the paper napkins in his pocket was loaded with maybe two-three thousand dollars worth of cut stones.

A DIAMOND market (there are 3 of them on this block) works on the same principle as your neighborhood meat and vegetable market. Pearls are not sold on the half-shell, and you don't buy diamonds by the pound, but the principle is the same. One market ("exchange" is the more proper word) might have 30 different dealers working different concessions. One dealer sells watches, one repairs watches, one sells watch-parts—and so on down the line. If you're in the marketing mood you can step into one exchange and shop around for all the little indispensables from a pinkie-ring to a tiara. If the tiara doesn't fit when you get it home you can bring it back to the same exchange and you're bound to find a Mr. Weinstein or a Mr. Feinstein who will turn out to be an expert on tight-fitting tiaras. The whole setup is an exquisite sample of the art of specialization. The competition, of course, is keen. It might even be called cut-throat.

The total wealth of just one of these diamond exchanges would undoubtedly run into millions of dollars. Rows of diamonds shine from the glass counters like spray on a sunny day, but Mr. Gottlieb tells me that nowadays business is lousy. "Business is lousy," he says, "the only thing that's keepin' us alive is crosses." What Mr. Gottlieb meant was that the best-selling item in the jewelry business is still the crucifix.

If business is really bad, a Bowery jeweler can always drop in to the Uncas Hotel, which is sandwiched in-between the World Jewelers' Exchange and the New York Jewelers' Exchange. The beds there are only 20c a night, and the Uncas is known all over the Bowery for its clean and wholesome atmosphere. The diamond merchants don't have to go far for their bagels and coffee either. Each exchange has its own lunch room in

the rear. Minnie's luncheonette, for example, is a popular rendezvous. The cuisine is superb, although the wine-cellar is non-existent. Bergman's Diamond and Jewelry Lunch Room, which is on the second floor of one exchange, has a sign on the wall which announces to the customers that "Diamond and Jewelry merchants patronizing this lunch room can transact their business FREE at our special tables." Several customers were transacting business over one of the spacious tables one day last week. Miss Bea Schwartz, the popular dealer in old gold, was picking the long shots at Hialeah with an unidentified gentleman who happened to bring along a dope sheet.

THE whole system of these incredible Bowery exchanges—incredible simply because they are on the Bowery—works with the fine precision of an Ingersoll watch. Let us suppose that John Jones, who is hard up for cash, pawns his ring in a hock shop. If Jones doesn't redeem his ring within the space of a year and a month, the proprietor of the hock shop hands the ring over to an auctioneer. The auctioneer maintains a showroom in one of the upper floors of one of the exchanges, and he auctions the ring off to a member of the exchange. The member will sell the ring either directly to a customer or to another dealer who will take care of the job of selling it to an individual customer. After a while—maybe months, maybe years—if the world and its sorrows don't undergo a radical change in policy—this customer will turn up at another hock shop to pawn the ring and start the cycle all over again. The diamond dealers can tell you of certain pieces of jewelry that keep coming back to their counters like bad pennies, and each time each piece has certainly made the journey from counter to customer to hock shop to auctioneer to dealer to customer to hock shop.

"We get lots of big people coming down here to buy," said Mr. Gottlieb. "Jake Dempsey, Johnny Broderick, Mrs. Ex Lax . . . lots of big shots."

And the way they trade over the counters is something to see. One fat man walks in off the street, trying to look as though he didn't have a thing on his hip. He walks over to Joe Benjamin's counter. (Joe deals in all-kinds-diamonds. Joe and the fat man glare at each other. They try to overpower each other with cigar smoke. "Whaddya wanna buy, Joe?" With a delicate flick of his wrist the fat man wipes his cigar on the edge of the glass counter; the first thrust is his. "Nothin'," says Joe, "whaddya got?" The fat man pulls a wallet out of his hip pocket and opens it. A pile of the little paper slips falls out. Joe picks one up, unfolds it, starts to poke the diamonds around. He jerks his magnifying glass up into his left optic as though he were drinking a shot of rye through the eye. He looks at the diamonds for a minute or so, drops them back in the paper and hands the whole kaboodle back to the guy from the street.

"Listen," says Joe, "I don't wanna

COOL

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buy nothin'. It's too hot today. I don't wanna buy diamonds, I wanna buy bathing suits. Go away. I don't wanna spend any more money. I wanna go to the country, plant tomatoes and potatoes. I wanna play pinochle. How much?"

And then the trading really begins.

Out on the street among the moochers, the trading is much louder. All the deals on the pavement are conducted by gentlemen who have to have leather lungs to shout above the noise of the Bowery traffic. Anybody who saunters innocently down the street is a prospective customer. If a gent with sideburns and a green overcoat approaches you and says: "Buy a nice little ring, brother?"—and you so much as raise an eyebrow, you're a goner, brother. One sidewalk salesman was trying to sell a watch to a silent little man. The little man didn't like the watch. "Well," said the salesman, "maybe you like this one better," and he proceeded to take his own watch out of his pocket and ask for an offer.

Protection? Well, strangely enough, robberies are few and far between in the diamond mines of the Bowery. Diamond men usually deal with men they know. The district boasts of a few detectives, plus one extremely amiable cop who carries the reddest pickle-nose on the New York police force. But there is not other protection because there is little need for it. The attempted robberies somehow fizzle out. Some time ago a stranger to the parts came in and asked to see a large batch of diamonds. When one of the dealers pulled out a pocket-full of them the stranger promptly grabbed the pile and took it on the lam. When everybody in the neighborhood started to chase him, and he saw himself surrounded on all sides, he flung the whole set of diamonds—several hundred of them—all over the street. That act must be chronicled as one of the most magnificent acts of extravagance since the days of Diamond Jim Brady and one of the most dazzling sights seen in New York since the time they shot off the fireworks display depicting the Fall of Troy in celebration of Admiral Dewey's homecoming. They say that for weeks after that the Bowery bums kept plucking diamonds out of the cobblestones.

The romantic tales of jewel thieves of the E. Phillips Oppenheim ilk are not nearly so intriguing as the actual facts concerning the safeguarding of diamonds. For example, when the famous Jonker stone was sent over here from England it was sent by ordinary registered mail and the total cost of transportation was 64 cents. In trusting it to the regular trans-Atlantic mail service turned out to be the best way in the world to protect it. It arrived at the exchange safe and sound.

There is only one exchange like this in New York. There is only one other like it in the country and that is in Philadelphia. The boys keep trying to start one in Chicago, but they're still afraid of gangsters. (It's a small-time diamond dealer who doesn't carry a fortune in his pockets all the time.) The diamond business, of course, spreads through the city, but the

Bowery is its core. Over on Maiden Lane there are plenty of diamond dealers, but they are not localized in one spot on the street. (In the early days of the Island of Manhattan, Maiden Lane was a path along a rippling stream, shaded by overhanging trees. Here, according to the historians, the maidens and their swains found a romantic spot to wander up and down. It seems only natural that in these times Maiden Lane should be the great center for engagement and wedding rings.

And all through the downtown East Side section you find the offices of the mechanics of the diamond mines—the seven dwarfs who clean and polish and grind and cut and chip and scrape and set the stones. In this end of the business the international aspect of the industry is most apparent. Many of the technicians are Hollanders and Belgians, trained in the great marts of Antwerp and Amsterdam. Like the old guildsmen, they still take great pride in bringing their sons up in the same profession. In the offices of Blitz and Jacobs, Blitz Senior sits over one of the polishing machines; Blitz Junior sits over the second. Partner Jacobs sits over the third, waiting for a grandson who may some day compel the company to buy a fourth machine. Lazare Kaplan, the man who cleaved the great Jonker Diamond, has a son named Leo coming right along in papa's footsteps. You may have seen the newsreel shots of Mr. Kaplan cutting the Jonker.

He simply tapped it with a hammer and it fell apart. Actually, Kaplan had spent one year studying the stone, weighing it, surveying it. When the great moment for the cutting came, the offices of Lazare Kaplan and son were jammed with reporters and photographers. Kaplan *père* socked the diamond with a hammer and a chisel while the cameras clicked, and when the diamond split up into perfect parts there were loud cheers from the gathered assemblage.

None of the gentlemen of the press seemed to know that M. Kaplan had actually cracked the diamond the night before, and had then glued it together for the gala occasion on the day after. He was taking no chances on being nervous in front of so many people. He was remembering that immediately after the great cutter Joseph Asscher cleaved the famous Cullinan Diamond he sank into a chair and fainted; they carried him off to a hospital, where he spent three months with a nervous breakdown.

But the cutters and the cleavers are spread pell-mell through lower Manhattan.

Only over on the Bowery does the industry gather in a group and stick close together. The nice paradox of having the richest block in the city plunked right in the heart of the Bowery is the best touch of all, for there's always the Mascot Hotel across the street, and the Uncas Hotel right in the middle of the block. "Beds for bums" is the way these flophouses are usually described. Well, the diamonds for dough-boys and beds for bums exist side by side, and there's a nice sermon in it somewhere for somebody who's looking for a sermon.

(Pictures on pages 52, 59-65)

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WITHIN THE EDITORIAL KEN

ONE morning a dozen years ago, in a large American city, a couple of newlyweds were out for an early walk. They were young and in the novelty of housekeeping life they felt very much like children, playing house, wearing grown-up's clothes.

The day before, for instance, each had voted for the first time. They had read the newspapers for weeks and had finally felt roused to go to the polls to cast their two votes on the side of the clean-up forces who were trying to throw the grafting politicians out.

The night before the outcome of the election had been in doubt, although it had looked likely that righteousness would prevail, and that the men sponsored by the right-thinking citizens in the various "civic decency" groups would get in. But it had been so close that these two first-time voters got up at the virtual crack of dawn to go out to get a paper and find out the result.

They walked a long time before they found a newsstand that was open. Finally they found one, grabbed an early morning paper, and found that their side had lost.

They were disappointed. It is natural to want to be on the winning side. Besides, they remembered what dire predictions of disaster the more respectable newspapers had made, crying warning of how awful everything would be if the forces of decency didn't rally to turn the rascals out. In the grey light of early morning all those predictions now seemed doubly dire.

The boy kicked at some leaves in the gutter and said "Damn, what a bum break!"

"It is dreadful, isn't it?" said the girl.

"Oh well," said the boy, "it isn't as if we really lost anything real. We didn't even have any money up on it. You just sort of hate to see your side lose, I guess."

"And look, darling," said the girl, "the sun still comes up just the same." At that moment, in fact, it did. They stood watching the sunrise.

"Sure," said the boy, "and the best things in life are still free." There was a popular song to that effect at the time.

So they went back to their still-new house, and forgot about Civic Decency for a while. Nothing happened to them either.

They voted the next time there was an election and that time, their side won. The "machine must be smashed," it had seemed, and sure enough it was. The right-thinking elements had prevailed. But the young couple were a bit disappointed, after a while, to dis-

cover that it made no noticeable difference in their lives.

And they were not awfully surprised, by the time the next campaign time came round, to see that the "ins" were now being accused of the same sort of grafting which they had so loudly deplored when they were the "outs."

And this time the young couple didn't bother to vote. They had begun to be bored by the whole thing. They couldn't see that it mattered much which bunch got in. And this time, far from getting up early for a paper, they didn't bother to find out who won the election until a late afternoon paper came out. That was the one that carried the race results. As it happened, that day, they were more interested in a horse.

This story has no moral. This story has no end. It isn't even a story. It's only a case in point to support the truism that in America politics is chiefly interesting to the politicians and that as far as most of us are concerned, "the more it changes, the more it's the same thing." Mr. and Mrs. America don't much care.

And there was a time, say from the turn of this century up through about 1913, when Mr. and Mrs. Most-of-the-World could feel about the same way.

But Mr. and Mrs. Spain can't feel that way anymore. Nor Mr. and Mrs. Austria. And if Mr. and Mrs. Hungary still feel that way about it today, they will wish tomorrow that they hadn't.

Because there's a new kind of politics now, that doesn't let you alone the day after election day. And when politics goes under the new rules, the genial old turnabout is over, the "ins" and the "outs" no longer take turns at the graft. When the "outs" come in this new way, they're in for keeps.

And next day you don't read about it in the papers and then turn to the race results with a shrug. Nor do you console yourself with the thought that the best things in life are free, because very quickly you find out that they aren't. You find out, in fact, that nothing's free any more. Especially *you* aren't. You're just lucky if all you lose is your freedom. You may lose your business or your profession. You may lose your sons. You may lose, quite messily, your life. For the salient difference between the old-fashioned politics and the new resolves itself down to the fact that you can no longer lose with a smile. As gallant a loser as ever lived, Herr Doktor Schuschnigg, will find that out soon if he hasn't already found it out by the time this achieves print.

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Austria were jolted out of their wonted complacency by this grim discovery. Tomorrow more millions in Hungary will find it out. The next day Czechoslovakia. And on a not-too-distant tomorrow we will have to think about it whether we want to or not.

Call it fascism or call it communism, it will make little difference to most of us. But there is a big difference between the two. For communism appeals to some of the people all the time. They are the permanent poor. Our answer to it must be by raising these people out of this class. A dole won't take them out of the category of those to whom communism has a legitimate appeal. Relief won't do it either. If private employment can't manage it then government employment will have to. But as the ranks of the permanent poor are swelled, so much will the menace of communism be increased.

But the other menace is much more insidious. The communists must at least be credited with having had the decency to declare war. They are open in their enmity of our system. But the fascist approach to our system is one of false friendship. This freedom, this democracy, that the overwhelming majority of us now actually enjoy, will give way as completely before the fascists as before the communists. But the trouble is we won't know that until after it has happened.

The enjoyment of the freedom that is ours in a democracy is like the enjoyment of having a perfectly functioning stomach. We don't know we've got it until we've begun to lose it.

Do readers still ask why KEN, avowed in its opposition to dictatorship from either Right or Left, raises so much more hue and cry against fascism than it does against communism.

The answer is easy. Communism appeals to a few of us all the time. Fascism has an appeal for most of us some of the time. It comes armed with promises for most of us. And the insidious thing about it is that it comes, like the proverbial Greeks, bearing gifts. And in America, the chances are a thousand to one that it will come with its ugly fangs concealed behind the ruffle and bonnet of Red Riding Hood's grandma. For bear in mind that fascism seldom travels under its own name. It did in Italy but it hasn't since. Think of the irony of the Nazi Party's name, with its use of the catchwords "national" and "socialist." And note how two legal parties of the Right in France, both fronting for fascism, with its illegal intent to destroy the French democracy, both carry in their names a form of the word "democratic." And what was the word that fascism's friend Flandin hurled at poor old Blum's finance proposal? Believe it, hard as it

is, but he called it "totalitarian." And see how the fascism-fostering elements in England seemingly act in the name of preserving Peace while encouraging the growth of this institution which permanizes War. And even over here, search carefully through the ranks of those who have been hollering "dictator" at Mr. Roosevelt and you will find among them those who lean over to meet fascism more than half way. Just remember that the name of the Liberty League has a nice sound too.

The late Huey Long uttered more than one man's share of sheer twaddle in his time, but he once rose to a rare point of prescience when he called the turn by saying that fascism can come into a democracy most easily by calling itself anti-fascism.

Fascism professes to want to put our system on a smoother working basis. That is the fatal fascination of its appeal. And every month of depression enhances that appeal. It offers what looks like a helping hand to both the big and the little businessman. It seems to promise a quick solution to labor troubles and unemployment. It's only after the businessmen have embraced it that they discover that they have grabbed a live one and that they can't let go of it. They want it to come in to help them and that is the way it does perform at first. But very soon it reduces to a coolie point of servility all but a baker's dozen of the very biggest of the big businessmen. The Krupps, the Thyssens, the Wendels—there are only a handful who can survive and flourish under fascism. Other businessmen it disciplines just as strictly as it does day laborers. In the long run its enmity to individual capitalism is even more severe than that of communism. For the Marxians, while wanting to broaden the base of capitalism and diffuse its dividends, at least have always respected its economic laws and wanted to perpetuate them. But the fascist system rescinds them, and tries to reverse the law of economic gravity. It can keep going only by forceful seizure on the outside of what it can't produce within.

Communism is the bandit waiting at the roadside for our machine to stall. When it stalls he will try to take it away from us and drive off with it. But fascism is the friendly, well-dressed stranger who offers to fix it for us and get it started, riding along in case it should stall again. Sooner or later he offers to take the wheel. Then he wrecks the machine and us with it.

The answer then, to those who wonder why KEN's professions of democracy involve devoting more space to fascism than to communism, is a simple one, and one that Mr. America may well paste in his hat: "I can handle my enemies—just protect me from my friends."

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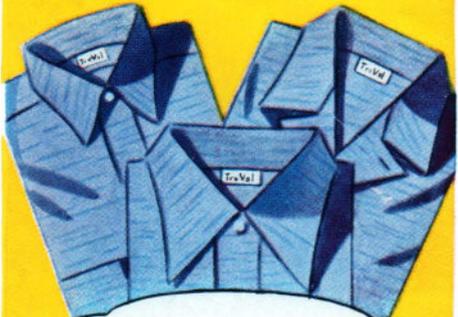
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