ORDEAL OF AMERICAN AIR POWER

By MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

MOSCOW'S ACADEMY OF TREASON

By JAN VALTIN

JULY 1941

The American Mercury

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

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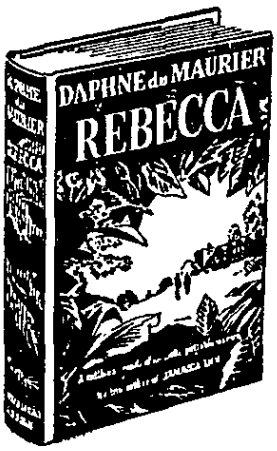

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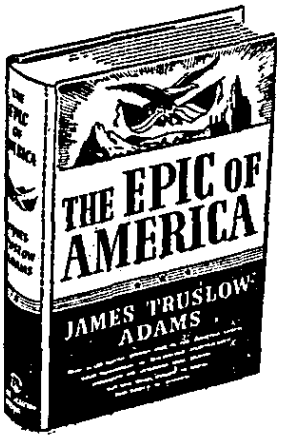

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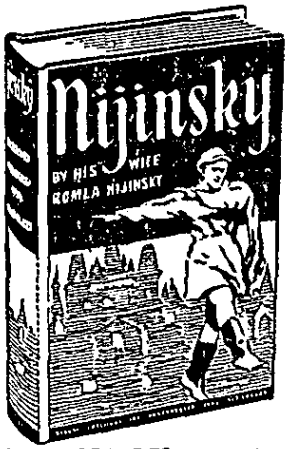

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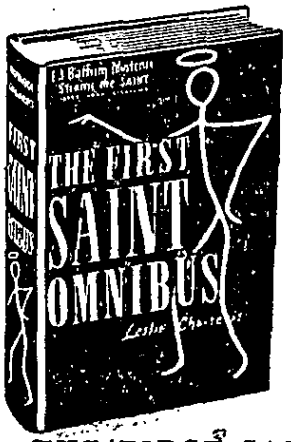

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"I judge the telephone company by the people who work for it"

A little while ago a Vermont newspaper editor, John Hooper, commented on the telephone company and its people. His words express so well the ideals toward which we are striving that we quote them here.

• • •

"I DON'T know how big the telephone company is, but it is big enough to exceed my mental grasp of business.

"But I don't find myself thinking of it as a business, even in my day-to-day contacts. Rather, my attention is on the voice that says, 'Number, please.' I find myself wondering if that voice is feeling as well as it always seems to, or if it feels just as hot and weary as I do, and would say so if it wasn't the kind of voice it is.

"The first time the business angle really struck home was when I read that my friend Carl had completed thirty years with the company.

"Now it happens that I know something of those thirty years, and I believe they are a credit both to Carl and the big business for which he works.

"In 1907 Carl was a high school boy confronted with the need for earning money in his spare time. He happened to get a job as Saturday night operator in the telephone exchange. He worked at this job for three years and then entered the university.

"After graduation, he was hired full time by the telephone company, not in an 'executive' position which some folks think goes with a college diploma, but as a lineman.

"Within a year he was made wire chief of the district, a job which he held for the next ten years. He was then transferred to a larger city as manager of the office—then promoted to sales manager of the division.

"A year later he was sent to another State, as district manager. In less than a year after this appointment, he was made manager for the entire State.

"I don't know much about the telephone company as a business; I can only judge it by the people who work for it. Just where the dividing line is between a business and the people who work for it, I don't know. I don't think there is any line."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

VOLUME LIII JULY, 1941 NUMBER 211

The American
MERCURY

ORDEAL OF AMERICAN AIR POWER

By Major Alexander P. de Seversky

The American people, watching the exploits of military aviation in the present war, know instinctively what their generals and admirals have been slow to understand and to acknowledge: *that for our country the choice is between genuine Air Power second to none and the danger of humiliating defeat.* They sense that the Army and the Navy, no matter how big and strong they become, will be helpless unless we give them an impregnable roof of Air Power under which to operate.

Unlike the professional military men at the higher levels of authority, the ordinary American is under no psychological pressure to provide alibis for the older services. Having nothing *to unlearn,* he observes the course of the struggle with an open mind, from the angle of common sense. He sees the Royal Air Force holding off Germany's might, month after month, in an all-air conflict, while naval and ground forces merely look on. He sees Crete captured by air forces in the face of overwhelming naval superiority; the world's greatest navy unable to approach Europe because it is ringed with aircraft; Britain, despite the heroic efforts of its magnificent fleet, being slowly strangled by long-range aerial attacks on its shipping. These and other facts point, in common sense, the inexorable moral that Air Power has emerged as the primary instrument of national defense — the pre-condition for all other means of defense.

The American people, in addi-

tion, are realizing more sharply that the world crisis caught us with our aviation defenses down. Not simply as to quantity — that can be explained by the complacent national mood and insufficient appropriations — but as to quality, for which there is no acceptable excuse. If we possessed only one sample of every type of aircraft, it should have been the best of its kind at that stage. Even by merely imitating other nations we could have been farther advanced. The country at large is learning with a shock what aeronautical people have known all along: that the United States has been dismally backward in military aviation. Modern flying was born and nurtured in America, and in the commercial field our aviation is without peer; but the military development of Air Power has been left to other countries. The American people should ask: Why? Who? What's being done about it?

Those whose military orthodoxy or commitments to business and politics caused our backwardness naturally tend to slur over defects and to resent public questioning. They prefer the self-delusion that existed in the past. In October 1939 a magazine told its millions of readers — clearly on the basis of information from high official quarters — that "Our Own War Birds Are Best" and that our aviation "offered a reassuring picture." This when we possessed not a single pursuit plane that could match the German or British pursuits, when our most ballyhooed bomber carried less armor and armament than a single-seater Nazi or RAF fighter! Only some weeks ago a high-ranking Air Corps general, speaking in Washington, demanded a sort of moratorium on criticism of our aviation set-up, exclaiming:

> I have no patience with those uninformed and misguided croakers who look with thick-lensed glasses for indications that the Air Corps is helpless, that the Air Corps is not properly trained or equipped — cannot be made ready to fight — and is being furnished with planes inferior to those of England or Germany.

All he overlooked was that the planes *are* inferior.

The progress of the war made the fact that we were aeronautically behind the eight ball too obvious to be ignored. Whereupon those chiefly responsible pretended to be surprised. They said, in effect, that the war had disclosed shortcomings which they had not suspected and that they were working hard to make up for the lost years. They made statements to confuse the issue; they staged misleading "sham battles" to retrieve the reputation

of discredited equipment, and otherwise showed more zeal in saving face than in saving our national security.

Business-as-usual and politics-as-usual prevailed, and still prevail, when the clear need was to seek out the causes of the backwardness, and the culprits responsible for it, and to eliminate them with relentless vigor. This is scarcely to be wondered at, human nature being what it is. Real house cleaning and renovation of our military aviation structure would mean far-reaching changes in personnel *at the top*. It would mean revolutionary reorganization in terms of independent Air Power, which would cut cruelly into bureaucratic inertia and privilege. Above all, it would expose lack of vision, incompetence and conniving.

II

A courageous young newspaperman, J. Reagan ("Tex") McCrary of the New York *Mirror*, flew to England this April to learn how American airplanes were behaving under stress of actual warfare. He brought back startling news — startling, that is, to laymen, but a thrice-told tale to aviation men. The great majority of American aircraft in the British Isles, he reported, were being held "in reserve," because they were useless for practical operations against the Nazis:

> Most shocking is this fact: the backbone of the U. S. Air Force is our Curtiss P-40 Allison-powered fighter. America has sent some 570 P-40's to Britain where they have been christened with a good American name, "Tomahawks." Of these 570 Tomahawks, only eighteen were "operational," in service, when I left. The others were in dead storage "somewhere in England."

Why were these planes being kept on ice despite Britain's life-and-death need for aircraft? The principal reason, Mr. McCrary learned, was that they were "under-armed and under-armored"; they were rated obsolete on arrival.

Mr. McCrary's findings were based on personal observation and off-record data made accessible to him. Perhaps the Britons, obliged by obvious political considerations to keep quiet, did not mind a chance to convey the truth through non-official American channels. In any case, the report has not been successfully challenged. In substance, it corroborated earlier information brought back by Ralph Ingersoll, editor of the New York *PM*. Indicating that American planes were useful to Britain in various secondary capacities, Mr. Ingersoll reported that they were

unable to fight alongside the RAF against Hitler's aviation. The American fighters, he showed with chapter and verse, were deficient in armor and fire power; the best American bombers were woefully lacking in the means of self-defense against attacking planes.

The inevitable "denials" of these facts amount, actually, to left-handed confirmation, since they are always coupled with the promise to "catch up" at some future time. Thus the general whom I have quoted above wound up his attack on critics by boasting that "we will have an Air Force in time . . . it's well on its way and will be ready when called upon." A clear admission that we haven't one now. Unfortunately the world will not stand still waiting for him: by the time we "catch up," others will have gone far ahead; nor shall we be notified "in time" by the enemy so that we can make ready. Such postponement leaves the American people to infer that the trouble has only now been discovered and is being rapidly remedied. But the alibi does not stand up. American aviation stands accused of failure to supply effective armor, fire power, range, speed. Not a single item in the indictment comes as a surprise — *it was all known to the aviation world before the war started.*

German and British types of fighting craft had been exhibited, described, discussed and studied in close-up by American experts. Our official representatives abroad were keeping Washington apprised of new aerial developments. The many able and brilliant men in our military air services pleaded for action. More than that, American designers and manufacturers had long been begging for the privilege of building equipment as good as any in Europe, or even better. They were unable to break through the solid walls of indifference, prejudiced opposition to the aviation "upstart," and too often also, influences that put business and politics first.

Since I have access only to my own files, I am obliged to draw on those for confirmation. But I have no doubt that other manufacturers and designers of aircraft could tell similar tales. A series of letters at hand as I write attests that I pleaded with the Office of the Chief of Air Corps years ago for heavier armor, greater fire power, longer range, greater speed — in short, the very things in which we are now trying to "catch up."

In April 1938 I submitted two fighter designs that carried up to six guns and one cannon, as well as heavy armor. Two months later I

wrote, urging improvement of the Army's Seversky P-35 fighter:

> The next modification we propose is to equip these airplanes with new outboard panels, each containing one .30 calibre machine gun and an additional gas tank of 75-gallon capacity. The first will double the fire power and the second will provide a range making possible the concentration of the pursuit aviation from coast to coast, without stop.

Earlier, I had given urgent reasons for raising performance of pursuits:

> The present employment of Air Power in Europe and the Orient has definitely shown the necessity for some sort of convoying protective force for bombardment aviation. Whether such airplanes should be single-place, two-place or multi-place; whether they should be single- or multi-motored; what their actual range should be, can be determined only through actual test.

Besides reducing such suggestions to writing, I expounded them personally. But always they were brushed aside as "visionary," and — as one communication from the War Department put it — not worth the extra cost. Yet the same general who blocked improvements has just written a book in which he admits the shortcomings of American convoying pursuits. "They have been too slow and not sufficiently maneuverable," he writes, adding: "The aeronautical engineers are now working frantically to remedy these defects." Thus he implies that it was an act of God, rather than his department's blindness, that caused us to lag in the race. Engineers would not have to work frantically now, if there had been more competence and less complacency three years ago. Had it not been for such officials, more concerned with the crosscurrents of Army politics than with guaranteeing effective Air Power, American pursuits would not now be rotting unpacked in England.

All insiders know that the inferiority of our pursuit aviation is attributable mainly to the Army's engine policy. For many years the liquid-cooled plane engine had been ignored; but suddenly, when the Air Corps acquired a new chief, it swung to the other extreme. For reasons still obscure, the Air Corps became obsessed with that engine, automatically rejecting all others. Regardless of the merits of the engine, even a layman could see that reliance on a single type of engine, and a single source of supply, was foolhardy. But no pursuit model could cross the Army threshold unless it was built around the particular model of liquid-cooled engine on which all hopes had been mysteriously pinned. On June 24, 1938, I warned the Air Corps of the danger involved:

> The function of a pursuit and interceptor fighter in our scheme of national defense is too important to rely on only one type of equipment, since, should it fail for any reason, the country would be completely deprived of this type of aerial defense. Therefore . . . it is highly desirable to conduct parallel experiments with pursuit airplanes built around air-cooled engines of maximum horsepower available.

And indeed, the favored engine did not live up to expectations. The Army has now been forced, years too late, to take on also the air-cooled engine. The very company which was deprived of orders because it could not accept an arbitrary decree in this matter, is now swamped with orders. The Air Corps now boasts of its new P-47-B pursuit, built around a 2000-horsepower air-cooled engine. The publicity conveys that this is something new, pulled out of a magician's hat in these last months. The truth is that essentially the same design was laid before the Chief of Air Corps in 1938 and was not even considered because it did not have the pet engine. Meanwhile valuable years have been lost. The 1938 pursuit was suppressed until 1941, when emergency and the inadequacy of the liquid-cooled engine forced action. It cannot be delivered in appreciable quantities until the end of 1942, when it could have been fighting for England in 1940.

We could go on detailing the proofs that political considerations, business-as-usual, and ordinary failure to grasp the meaning of real Air Power are responsible for our current plight. Production continues today on models that will never see combat, because they became obsolete years ago. To stop production would be a public confession of past blindness. It will be less embarrassing to keep things going until the improved "catch-up" designs are produced, after which the outdated models can be explained away as *legitimately obsolete*, instead of admitting official blunders.

Right down the line the temptation to conceal past mistakes acts as a brake on Air Power equipment. Private arrangements, compromises to placate some brass-hats, indifference to aviation progress because of lack of understanding — all these and more are skeletons in the closet. As long as the men and the system responsible for the skeletons are unchanged, there can be no real hope of world leadership in the air.

III

In the higher reaches of our military service the idea of an independent Air Force has never been regarded as a matter for discussion.

It has simply been treated as insubordination and squelched by main force. The martyrdom of General William Mitchell was accomplished publicly and demonstratively in order to warn other "rebels." The intimidation has in large measure been successful. Nevertheless, there are other "General Mitchells" today, kept down, "exiled" to distant posts, or forced out because they demand the emancipation of Air Power. The American people should understand that the heat on both sides of the controversy is not artificial. This is not a dispute over division of authority but a basic question of organization that goes straight to the heart of our defense program.

It is no accident that complacent or shortsighted men, aeronautically speaking, have tended to reach the top. The set-up makes it almost inevitable. The officer, convinced of the paramount role of Air Power, who defends his views, steps on tender political toes. There are too many old-fashioned admirals and generals in the path, whose distrust of the aviation "intruder" must be placated. Only an officer with a happy talent for handshaking and backslapping normally rises to high authority; and that sort of political-minded personality rarely goes with military and aviation genius. Nor is his job to be envied: he is caught between the realities of Air Power and the pressure of aviation personnel for better equipment, on one side, and the orthodoxies of the older services on the other.

Under independent Air Power, autonomous in its field and not obliged to play politics or take dictation from other services, men of audacious vision and creative understanding of the problems would have come to the top. Blunders and compromises to meet outmoded military ideas, such as we have sampled above, would not have occurred. The immense amount of talent and skill represented by our flying officers would have had an opportunity for unimpeded service.

True Air Power must function in its own element — the "air ocean" that envelops the globe. It is a single and continuous element, calling for a single and continuous Air Command. Before we can hope to achieve freedom of the seas, under the new conditions, we must achieve freedom of the skies; and for that we need a single agency vested with the full job. To divide aviation into two artificial portions, Army aviation and Navy aviation, as we are now doing, is to court disaster. It violates the first principle of military science. Just suppose we had two Navies, as we now have

two aviations — a Navy under the command of the Army and another under the command of the Marines! Arbitrarily splitting the skies into two segments is no less ludicrous. (Under any arrangement, coördination of the Air Force with the Army and the Navy through a Supreme Command must be taken for granted, just as we now have coördination between Army and Navy.) Each of the segments, in turn, is limited in its growth by the needs of the particular service to which it is indentured. No matter how efficient it becomes, it cannot escape the limitations of the special mentality and strategy of that service. Aircraft employed in common tactical action with the Army or the Navy should, of course, be under their direct command, like their other weapons. But that has nothing to do with true Air Power, whose job is to maintain freedom of the skies beyond the reach of the older services.

The aviation personnel at large, in both segments, is aware of these restraints on Air Power and chafes under them. No finer body of men has ever been assembled anywhere in the world. These are the men who have to fly and to die in our aircraft, whether over land or over sea. Anything that limits the full expansion of those aircraft, and of Air Power strategy, is a direct blow at their morale. The most stimulating thing that the President could do to lift that morale sky-high would be to follow the example of England and clean house at once at the top, not in our tactical units but among those who were responsible for procurement before the present emergency. Our aviation personnel will always remain suspicious of the men and the conditions responsible for the backward state of their air services.

The establishment of a separate Air Department would fire the enthusiasm and the creative vision of our air-minded youth, our designers, our builders. By guaranteeing a roof of true Air Power for their operations, it would also imbue the Army and the Navy with new confidence and vitality. And the time to do it is *now*. To say that it is necessary but "too late" is nonsensical. The change is inevitable — the longer we delay the more costly and disturbing it will be. Existent aerial equipment is being outlived so swiftly that, insofar as our ultimate Air Power second to none is concerned, we are starting at scratch with all potential enemies. But *their* Air Power starts without the impediment of outside control, while ours is split

(*Continued on page 127*)

▶ *The Jackson Whites live primitive, squalid lives close to civilization.*

THE TOBACCO ROAD OF THE NORTH

By Frances Ensign Greene

THIRTY miles from the heart of the world's greatest city lives a dull-minded, moral-less and lawless tribe of mountain folk who make the characters of Tobacco Road seem cultured and effete by comparison. A novelist in search of earthy material would find more, perhaps, than he bargained for among this degenerate lot who have succeeded in staving off the overtures of civilization while skyscrapers have mushroomed almost within sight of their mountain clearings. They are the Jackson Whites, who sully the blue Ramapo Mountains today with the same jerry-built, squalid communities that have been their haven since the Revolution.

Little has been written about them. Among the many legends of their origin, some are conjecture, others contain fact. That their family tree is romantically wild and conglomerate one glance at a family plainly shows. Negro blood is apparent in the complexions of most Jackson Whites, and Indian, too, in many cases. But when you see a white, fair-haired one, and you comment upon it, you are invariably reminded of the English Women. "Prostitutes," people tell you. "It was a mean business." You are referred to Mr. John C. Storms of nearby Park Ridge, N. J., who is as much an authority on the Jackson Whites as anyone. It was left to him to unearth their sad secrets and to trace them back to their dark beginnings in five countries and three continents. And yet their history, because of the very nature of it, still lurks behind a curtain of mystery, a surly and devilish sort of mystery if there ever was one. Not all of it, probably, can ever be told.

If you were to leave Suffern, New York, on some afternoon in spring before the foliage on the trees becomes too dense, bear into the foothills of the Ramapos, desert your car and walk for miles, then perhaps you may see the Jackson Whites as they are today and as they live in the incredible primitiveness of their own homes. You can do it no other way. You take

the mountain road as far as it goes, until it seems to give up with a sigh of relief in a thick tangle of mountain laurel and scrub oak; then you branch out on your own initiative, following a way through the underbrush that looks as though it had been trod by a good many feet. And suddenly, in a shaft of afternoon sunlight perhaps, you'll see the homes of the Jackson Whites, growing obliquely out of the mountainsides like unwholesome fungi.

Closer inspection shows them to be shacks, shanties, lean-tos, what you will — consisting of two rooms at the most, but usually one, and made out of every conceivable bit of material the builders have been able to steal. Sheets of corrugated tin serve for roofing, while the three sides (the mountain makes an adequate fourth) are apt to be patched with old washboards, barn doors, or bed-slats. When the shacks approach the final stages of decrepitude they are propped up by long poles, driven into the ground and wedged against the side walls to keep them from falling down. In the dooryards you will certainly find a wealth of broken whiskey bottles, a curiously flattened-out old shoe, the ribs of an old umbrella and a number of very ancient chicken heads decaying in the sun.

A white slattern with faded blue eyes may be sitting on one of the crazy stoops holding a sepia-tinted baby in her lap. And around the corner may appear a gaunt, dark man with a shotgun who hates a white valley snooper with bitter violence. You have to approach him warily and with some deference. This is the hereditary land of the Jackson White, and here he is indisputably king just as he was a century and a half ago. Time often stands still in the Ramapos.

These people do not observe the least of the human decencies. The miserable shanties you will see about you house ten or twelve of them, with as many shades of skin, all sleeping in a room seldom larger than ten by fifteen feet. Marriage laws are no more observed by them than any other laws. When anyone wants to marry, he or she simply moves in with the other family as long as the notion lasts, and in the course of natural events, another handful of rickety little Jackson Whites comes into the world.

The wild Ramapos seem tainted and spoiled, somehow. Even the mountain air is polluted with too many odors. There is too much rottenness and filth lying about in the sun. And there are too many dark-skinned renegades with surly faces stamping through the mountain laurel. Your heart will indeed

be a stout one if it doesn't jump about a little before the leers of ten or twenty of these gentlemen who have undoubtedly been watching your every step up the mountain. Is this logical, you ask yourself, that here, so close to Times Square, several thousand people like these live and have their being? No, it isn't logical at all — it's 150 years and across the world.

The Jackson White probably possesses the most potent ego west of Broadway. He is satisfied with himself and is well contented in his way of life. He scraps with his brothers, usually over the purloining of his woman or the theft of his frightful corn liquor, and deals out justice in his own fashion. It is significant that most of these people carry knife scars somewhere about their dark persons, and occasionally, though not so often as one might think, a man vanishes completely after some unforgiveable offense. You don't ask questions of any Jackson White, ever, about such a disappearance. He wouldn't like it at all.

The men hunt and fish all year round and the women do a lackadaisical sort of gardening. During the winter months, they weave splint baskets — really quite beautiful baskets; part of the splints are dyed with the juices of bark and mountain berries and are woven into the natural wood to make symmetrical designs. They carve bowls, ladles, spoons, forks and an assortment of other household utensils with considerable skill. When the blueberries are ripe on the mountainsides, they exert themselves more strenuously than they do at any other time during the year and all the men, women and children turn out to strip the bushes bare.

Immediately they descend upon the valley towns, before the berries spoil. The men walk first like good Indians, empty-handed, and the women and vari-colored children trail along behind at a discreet distance, loaded to the eyes with their baskets and their blueberries to sell. One excursion generally nets enough cash for a whole year's simple living back in the hills. Now and then a little group has moved down off the mountains. There is a Jackson White settlement at Hillburn, one at Sloatsburg, Ramapo, Torne and Ladentown, as well as in Suffern itself. Occasionally the men get work in factories, but the first week's pay looks like such a fortune to them that they go on drunken bats lasting for days. As far as the families are concerned, relief is a much more effective means of support. Almost every Jackson White who has heard of the institution is

now on relief.

On the outskirts of one little North Jersey town, there is a colony founded some years ago by two De Vries brothers. The colonists live in shacks made of packing boxes in a wooded hollow known appropriately as "Skunk's Misery," and the taxpayers of the town support them. Their children are subject to rickets and tuberculosis. They go to the public school, but seldom get beyond the fourth grade. They consort with Negroes and whites alike, and as they are completely unmoral by nature, their squalid little hollow is a lewd threat to the community.

So there you have the Jackson Whites as they are today. But their tragic, savage history, the devilishness and the desperation and the degeneracy which went into their blood years ago is well worth examining. It may help to explain them.

II

The official records of the State of North Carolina show that in 1711, a tribe of bloodthirsty Tuscarawas were exiled from Southern soil after massacring an entire settlement of white people, and were driven northward by a regiment of British soldiers into the mountains near the great Hudson River. One can only speculate at the purpose behind the strange treaty which resulted in transplanting the Indians from one group of mountains to another six hundred miles away. At any rate, they lived up to their agreement and set up their tepees in the Ramapos, where they lived peaceably with the native Hagingashakies.

Some sixty years later, in England, a gentleman by the name of Jackson hit upon a lucrative scheme. He presented his idea to George the Third's government and it met with approval; Jackson, by the terms of a contract, was engaged to collect, transport and deliver 3500 women to the port of New York for the gratification of the British soldiers quartered there. New York was largely a Tory city, and one slip on the part of a British soldier might have had a disastrous effect on local opinion. So Jackson's plan to protect New York womanhood was welcomed, ironically enough, and he was promised a generous sum for each woman he could deliver.

But Jackson now met with difficulties. Women of the proper sort, approached in the proper places, naturally mistrusted his proposition. The perils of the ocean voyage and the colonial wilderness were

not much inducement. There were some who would go; but all this took time, and Jackson had to work fast for his fortune. And so, if one can believe the tradition that persists today among people of New York and northern New Jersey, began perhaps the worst wholesale kidnapping in the annals of European crime. The eyes of Jackson and his men fell on isolated cottages on lonely moors and downs, on highways where darkness found belated travelers still abroad. Women were seized right and left, and Jackson rushed them to the vessels that lay at Plymouth waiting to transport them. He had no intention of returning to England, and ran little risk once his sorry fleet had set sail for the colonies.

During the long voyage the wretched women had barely enough food and water to keep them alive. Many died of pneumonia, dysentery, terror and broken hearts. And Jackson, seeing body after body pitched into the sea, perhaps began to believe that God was not with him in his enterprise. When one of his vessels sprang a leak and sank in mid-ocean, losing all on board, he must have been certain of it. Still, he was a man of resource, and remembering that his contract contained no stipulation as to the color of the women he was to present to the army, he sent an emptied vessel to the West Indies. It returned with a load of great gleaming Negresses.

A Frenchman, Lispenard by name, owned a farm near Greenwich Village, which was then well out in the open country. In the middle of the farm was a wide, level field with a stream running through it. And there, in Lispenard's Meadows, an eager regiment knocked up a crude pen and drove the women into it. They remained for six years in that huge pigsty. The poor wretches had to depend upon the capricious generosity of the soldiers who visited them for food and clothing, and there were a few shacks built to shelter them. Their water supply was free, but cows drank out of it in another pasture before it got to them. Lack of food, scanty shelter, disease and childbirth all took their toll of lives there in the meadows of Lispenard.

These women were known as Jackson's Whites and Blacks. The files of *Rivington's Loyal Gazette*, New York Tory newspaper, reveal sporting references to visits paid by companies of soldiers to Jackson's Whites and Blacks.

When Washington's men at last marched down Broadway, the soldiers and the Tories evacuated wholesale. Nobody had a thought

for the hundreds of women penned up in Lispenard's meadows. Perhaps it was just as well that they never went back to England, and perhaps they knew it was just as well. One wonders a bit at the sort of welcome that might have awaited them in the candlelit cottages of Kent and Devon and Shropshire.

So, without ceremony, the gates were opened wide one day, and a black-and-white herd of women and little children was driven out into an alien country. They saw the blue outline of hills in the distance, and with their leaders homesick, it may be for Northumberland or Sussex, they headed northwest. They crossed the Hudson — history doesn't tell us how — and bore across the great salt meadows. They must have made a bitter procession, those gaunt, broken, heartsick derelicts. As Jackson's notorious Whites and Blacks went by, the righteous Dutch farmers stoned them and set their dogs on them. But they kept on for weary miles with their eyes fixed on the broken skyline in the distance, through the smiling and peaceful Saddle River country, and so at last into the wild hills that lay between Haverstraw and Hopatcong.

The thing that had caused a real furore in America during the war years had not been the kidnapping of the women, but rather the kidnapping of the natives of Hesse-Cassel, whose German rulers sold them for a price and forced them into fighting against the colonies. During the course of the war, hundreds of them must have longed to take to the hills too, for they fled to the sanctuary of the Ramapos. The occasional departure of type one sees today from the swart-skinned Jackson White is a startling proof of the blood of the blond and blue-eyed Teutons. More than that, there are those far back in the hills *who still speak with a heavy German accent.*

III

But all this does by no means account for the tinge in the more uniform Jackson White complexion. In the early nineteenth century, black slaves from the plantations along the Hudson escaped into the mountains, taking their masters' aristocratic names with them. There they joined the motley collection of Indians, Englishwomen, blacks from the West Indies, Hessian soldiers and the ever-increasing number of renegade thieves, highwaymen and murderers — all in all a vicious and degenerate lot.

In 1870, two Sicilian brothers, Guiseppe and Giacomo Castagliano, went up into the mountains and took to wife a woman who had a preponderance of Tuscarawas blood and one who was the color of milk chocolate. Thus into the already complicated heritage was infused a dash of the hot-headed Latin from southern Europe. And the result of the merging of these six traceable blood lines — Heaven knows what the nationalities of all the outlaws had been — is the modern Jackson White who, almost without fail, is a combination of the worst faults and weaknesses of all his variegated ancestors.

Intermarriage, for want of a better name, has played hob with the mentalities of these people. When Mr. Storms took a random census of 150 of them a few years ago, he found that 95 per cent carried the names of Mann, Van Dunk and De Groat. And the large majority of them seems definitely moronic. Mrs. Frank Conklin of Suffern, who has known Jackson Whites all her life, says that on the whole they're not dangerous if you treat them properly — just dull. The idea that they are badly diseased is erroneous, she believes, though others disagree.

"I used to see them on the streets sometimes with big white patches on their faces," Mrs. Conklin said, recently. "Everybody thought they had some sort of loathsome disease, and we wouldn't come within gun shot of them. Then we discovered that a few years back a patent medicine salesman had been among them selling a bleach that was guaranteed to make them look like white people. The bleach turned out to be part acid, and burned the skin from their faces."

Missionary work among the mountain people has been tried and mostly forsaken. Thirty years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Wheaton, a well-known artist and his Wellesley-educated wife, became filled with a fine zeal to enlighten the Jackson Whites. They bought forty acres on Houvenkopf in the Ramapos, set up a building that was to be half-dwelling and half-schoolhouse, and began to woo their surly neighbors. After a number of days a few wild children straggled in, lured by cookies and coins; in the days that followed more children came, always with their hands stretched out for food and money. Finally Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton thought their dream had come true when adults appeared in the doorway — also with outstretched hands. Recently, the artist whose paintings hang in some of the great art museums of the world sat on his

white iron cot in the Almshouse at Viola, New York, and talked about his efforts to help the Jackson Whites. "It wouldn't work," he said. "I tell you — they were more like — like animals, than people — you know? They were quick in some ways, imitative; but they wouldn't learn their ABC's. I never could make them understand why they had to do that. They came to our school as long as we had something to give them. But when my wife and I had given them all we had, why then they just didn't come any more."

Mr. Wheaton is ninety-two years old, and he still paints, with pitifully crippled hands. But nobody comes to buy his paintings any more. People have simply forgotten him — most of all the Jackson Whites.

In recent years odd things have come down out of the mountains when Jackson Whites have converted some of their few possessions into cash. Not long ago, an ancient rosewood German melodeon of the folding type was sold to a man in Suffern for a few dollars which were immediately spent on whiskey. Old German Bibles have turned up, with respectable entries of marriages and births and deaths written in spidery script. And then there was the 200-year-old Shakespeare that came out of a windowless, propped-up shanty. That seems to be about the most eloquently tragic of all. There may have been an Englishwoman once, traveling by night coach where the road out of London crossed Hampstead Heath. . . .

And still these people continue to reproduce with the alarming rapidity of jack rabbits. Most of them who survive the knife and disease hazards of early life live to a ripe old age, and they have a good many progeny. They are increasing steadily, mercilessly, year after year, in the face of appalling odds. And Nature, not content with producing numbers, tries out her tricks on the Jackson Whites with her usual ribald sense of humor. One often finds, in a family born to the same parents, several muddy-colored children interspersed by a black child with blue eyes, a white child with flaxen hair, and a high-cheekboned, copperish youngster who will stare at you without expression. It's blood-chilling.

These, then, are the Jackson Whites, who are a definite social problem, and destined to become a worse one, unless science or a kind fate intervenes. As yet the world hasn't discovered the dramatic interest that lies hidden in the wild hills just outside Manhattan.

IS DEFENSE PRODUCTION IN A MESS?

By Burnham Finney
Editor of *The American Machinist*

About a year ago the United States of America started to build the biggest industry the country has ever known. The industry was munitions making. We began from scratch without any nucleus except a few army arsenals, a naval gun factory and a puny aviation industry. It was the equivalent of launching a completely new venture, on a scale beyond the greatest undertakings of the past.

We may put it this way. The world marveled at the magnitude of the operation of building the Panama Canal. Yet on the basis of cost, American industry has been given the task of constructing *five* Panama Canals a month for an indefinite period ahead. Later it is likely to be seven or eight or ten. Compressed within twelve months, industry will be asked to turn out defense equipment — planes, tanks, ships, guns, ammunition — equivalent to sixty or seventy Panama Canals.

How far have we come in twelve months? What kind of production job is industry doing in building these colossal defenses?

One thing can be said without equivocation, and needs to be said above the chorus of complaint. Our defense production program is not "in a mess." There is emphatically no cause for defeatism on the subject. Unquestionably, things could be better; but we have gone far in a year's time — much farther, for instance, than in the initial year of our 1917–18 production effort. Despite confusion and waste motion, America is achieving another miracle of the industrial age. It is justifying its reputation for mechanical genius and efficiency. Before this summer is over we shall be in mass production of defense equipment, with the rate of output rising steadily and steeply through next fall and winter.

It should be clearly understood, of course, that this analysis sticks to the manufacturing record and does not concern itself with military and political problems. It makes no attempt to decide what kind of

munitions should be produced, what types of aircraft or tanks or guns. Industry's job is to produce what is ordered as rapidly and efficiently as possible.

Our defense aims are not muddled, the serious disputes on the precise allotment of capital and resources to various branches of military defense notwithstanding. A broad program has been laid down on land, on water and in the air. It calls for:

1. Production of all combat equipment for an army of 2,000,000 men and all heavy equipment for an additional 800,000 men; together with the creation of productive capacity for making all goods essential for an army of another 1,200,000 men.

2. Construction of a navy of over 900 ships, the largest and most powerful naval force in world history, with fleets in both the Atlantic and Pacific. The warships, cruisers, destroyers and other fighting craft require supply ships and fleet auxiliary units. Then come cargo ships for Britain.

3. Creation of an air armada, and the capacity for building it, the like of which the world has never seen; 50,000 or more military planes was the first objective, a goal that has since then been raised. The new bomber program announced in May specifies production of over 2000 bombing planes a month by 1943.

On top of all that, as well as integrated with it, is aid to Britain. It is obvious that our program was formulated, and has been altered from time to time, with a close eye on British requirements. It is impossible to pour defense specifications into a mold and freeze them. Armament needs shift as the fortunes of war reveal Britain's strength and weaknesses.

Last fall Chrysler was asked to establish, from the ground up, the first mass-production tank arsenal ever built anywhere. Chrysler put the heat on its own organization to beat the time schedule. Just when things were going full speed, London demanded small-arms ammunition. In the race against time, something had to be dumped overboard. Just so many machine tools and so much plant equipment were available within any time period. Machines for Chrysler's tank arsenal were consequently diverted to production of small-arms ammunition. Soon thereafter the British, in their African campaign, woke up to a serious deficiency in tanks and called loudly for help. Recently antiaircraft guns for our own Navy have taken precedence over almost everything else.

And so it goes, item after item.

The initial job in creating a munitions industry was to retool existing factories and to tool up new plants. Thus the load first fell on the machine-tool industry. Machine tools are the machines on which all other machines and metal-working equipment are made. Without them, mass production would be impossible. The machine-tool industry consists of some 250 companies scattered over the country from the Mississippi to New England, mostly north of the Ohio River. It is decentralized, and average employment is 250 workers per company. It turns out an average of $150,000,000 of machine tools in a normal year.

Originally asked to make $380,000,000 worth of machines for defense, it completed that task in eight or nine months. But the rapidly widening scope of the defense program put an ever larger burden on the industry. Just now it must build almost $500,000,000 worth of tools for the new bomber schedule alone! From a low point of $22,000,000 in the entire year 1932 the industry has enlarged to an output of $60,000,000 a month in April of this year. That is twice the volume of a year ago. By next January production should be on a basis close to $1,000,000,000 a year. Neither in Germany nor England has the machine-tool industry ever approached such volume as ours is already handling.

The way in which machine-tool builders met their defense responsibilities set a pattern for all of American industry. Expansion took two chief forms: enlargement of physical plant capacity, and farming out work to companies outside the industry. Companies running single shifts added a second shift and greatly lengthened hours, operating six days a week instead of five. Because of the paucity of skilled men two long shifts seemed better than three shorter ones. New machinery was installed, plant additions were erected, and complete new plants were built. Millions of dollars were spent without asking Uncle Sam to provide the cash. Parts, subassemblies and complete machines were contracted for with companies from the Rockies to Maine.

For some months the priority system set up for the machine-tool industry did not work well. Every defense item of consequence was given an A-1 top rating, so that probably 90 per cent of the defense orders on the books of machine-tool builders carried the A-1 tag. That led to much confusion until finally a breakdown of A-1 was arranged.

II

Reviewing the manufacture of the more critical armament items, the score is about like this:

Smokeless Powder: Probably the most serious bottleneck of all ordnance items is smokeless powder. That fact is no military secret. Until recently production was little more than 50,000 pounds a day, though it is estimated that half a pound daily is needed for each man in battle. The output was barely sufficient for an army of 100,000 men. Smokeless powder is distinct from high explosives like TNT.

The army is obtaining smokeless powder from its own arsenal at Picatinny, N. J., and from the du Pont plant at Carneys Point, N. J. It was receiving powder from the Hercules plant at Kenvil, N. Y., prior to the serious explosion there in September, 1940; that factory has been rebuilt and is again producing. Facilities for manufacture of smokeless powder in quantities large enough to supply all needs are under way at Charlestown, Ind., Radford, Va., and Childersburg, Ala. Limited production has begun at Radford. The Charlestown plant, opened thirty days ahead of time, is the world's largest powder factory. Output will rise steadily during the last half of 1941 and will attain full schedule in the first half of 1942.

Airplane Engines: Engines have been the worst segment of the airplane industry. It takes 2.1 engines to each plane, including spares, but that ratio will go up as more emphasis is placed on four-engined long-range bombers. In the summer of 1940 the pressing need for more engines was recognized, and machine-tool builders were asked to give right-of-way to orders from airplane-engine makers. Wright Aeronautical Corporation and Pratt & Whitney Division of United Aircraft Corporation greatly enlarged their plant capacities. Allison Division of General Motors licked its main manufacturing problems and became a major source.

Automobile companies were brought into the picture. Ford and Buick are preparing to make the Pratt & Whitney engine, Studebaker will build the Wright engine, and Packard is getting set to produce the Rolls-Royce Merlin. Chevrolet Division of General Motors is now figuring on making the Pratt & Whitney motors for big bombers. The main shortage has been in the higher horsepower engines; expansion today is concentrated on them. The new bomber program throws a terrific new load on engine builders. It is planned to acquire new manu-

facturing facilities capable of producing over 13,000 engines a month.

No official figures are available, but airplane-engine output has been stepped up sharply in the past six months. It is now better than 3000 units a month. Subcontracting of engine parts is being extensively done.

Tanks: Until the defense program began, tanks were made only at the army's Rock Island, Ill., arsenal. They were built in small lots as Congress made modest appropriations. The army is planning eight armored divisions; each division has 287 light tanks and 110 medium, or a total of 397 tanks. For the eight divisions projected, 3176 tanks would be needed. In addition, five separate armored battalions may be formed, requiring heavy tanks; and British needs must be met.

American Car & Foundry Company is the only commercial source of 11½-ton light tanks, having tooled up its Berwick, Pa., and St. Charles, Mo., plants for the job. It has been making three units a day and lately has stepped up the number to five a day. Its original contract called for 329 tanks, but supplemental orders have been received. Rock Island also produces light tanks in small numbers. By August total production of light tanks will reach 1000. The American Car & Foundry preliminary cost estimate took seven weeks and involved the preparation of 2600 blueprints. Its bid was accepted by the army in five days. The first unit was to be delivered in 200 days; delivery was made in 184 days.

Chrysler Corporation agreed to erect a new tank arsenal at Detroit on a mass-production basis in August, 1940. It was to be ready in thirteen months and would turn out tanks at a rate of 20 every 24 hours. The Battles of Flanders and France revealed many weaknesses in medium-tank construction, particularly in armor plate and fire power. A completely new tank was designed by October, 1940. In April of this year pilot models came off the lines at three factories: Chrysler, American Locomotive Company and Baldwin Locomotive Company. First production at all three factories is looked for in July and August, climbing sharply for the remainder of the year.

Baldwin Locomotive Company has an educational order for heavy tanks. The army doesn't know what to do about heavy tanks. The Germans have used them, but no satisfactory report has come through regarding their efficiency. The army's heavy tanks probably won't

exceed 50 tons, though the Germans reputedly have employed 70- and 80-tonners.

Those who figured that building tanks was a cinch soon learned differently. They are land battleships. The medium tank carries eight .30 caliber machine guns, one 37-millimeter cannon and one 75-millimeter cannon. But the United States has some advantage in tank manufacture because of preëminence in automotive and rail equipment building.

Motorized Units: A number of mechanized divisions of the American army, composed of tanks, combat cars and other mechanized units, are in the making. But beyond that the army is being thoroughly motorized for the first time. In 1937 it had only about 12,000 motor units; the current program specifies a total of 250,000 motor vehicles, apart from tanks and so-called "combat cars." Here is a product for which we don't have to wait months. The United States has a large and efficient motor truck industry. All 250,000 motor vehicles will be delivered to Uncle Sam by the early fall of 1941. At least 190,000 of them will be ready by June 30.

Machine Guns: This is not a "shooting war" in the sense that large numbers of artillery units are involved as in previous wars. But machine guns are prodigiously employed, particularly on tanks and planes. Before our program got under way, there was only one source, the Colt's Patent Firearms Company of Hartford, Conn. As a result of installation of more machinery and enlargement of plant facilities, Colt's has increased output many times in the year.

General Motors is putting its hand to production of machine guns in four cities — Saginaw and Flint, Mich., Dayton, Ohio, and Syracuse, N. Y. In addition, Savage Arms will build machine guns in a new plant at Utica, N. Y. Contracts totaling $61,000,000 were awarded General Motors last November. In April, eight months ahead of the time set, the first machine gun came off the line at Saginaw. By May mass production had begun at Saginaw and Flint and will be speeded up as more machinery is installed. To sum up: four machine gun plants are in operation, four more will come in during June, another in July and two more in August. By late fall machine guns will be coming off assembly lines at an unprecedented rate. Figured on a basis of 24-hour operation seven days a week, a latest-type machine gun will be completed in Ameri-

can factories every two minutes.

Small-Arms Ammunition: Though small-arms ammunition is a tight spot, we are now getting production from four sources: the Frankford, Pa., army arsenal, Western Cartridge, Remington Arms and Winchester. The original plan was to put into operation three new factories, government financed but privately operated, in the spring of 1942. Orders came from the White House to move ahead the schedule by months. Then it became necessary to requisition machine tools tagged for delivery to other defense points. That was done. Whereupon word was passed down that the program must be doubled. Six plants must be built and equipped. A few days later three more were ordered, making a total of nine. No figures are at hand on production today, but by the end of 1941 output will be not far from 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition an hour.

Armor Plate: Armor plate has been and still is a tight item because so much of it is needed for warships, planes and tanks. Increased fire power in this war has made thicker alloy steel armor plate imperative. Heavy armor plate is made by Carnegie-Illinois Steel, at its Homestead Works, Midvale Steel and Bethlehem Steel. In addition to the new capacity which these companies have provided, Carnegie-Illinois has taken over and rehabilitated the Navy's armor-plate mill at Charleston, W. Va., which will be operated for Uncle Sam. Light armor plate for tanks is being made by several mills. Republic Steel has installed new armor-plate capacity for that purpose recently. Huge machine tools for machining armor plate are nearing completion, having been speeded up many months.

Airplanes: In the last year airplane output has been tripled. In the first four months of 1941 the production of military planes numbered 4651 units; the April figure was 1376. With the rate scheduled to go to 2000 a month by August and to 2500 a month by next March, the 1941 total should be 18,000 planes, or three times the 1940 figure. Most of the present output consists of single-engined fighters and trainers. The proportion of big bombers, and even of the smaller bombers, goes up slowly. It takes more time to build them and more time to create plant capacity to produce them. Actually, only 18,000 planes have been contracted for. More appropriations and more contracts will call for 44,000 by the middle of 1942 and a total of 80,000 up to sometime in 1943.

The new bomber program, which seems to specify over 2000 units a month to be built by the spring of 1943, will mainly involve the automobile industry and will be an expansion of the so-called Knudsen plan for bomber production by the big motor-car companies. Biggest production unit will be the new Ford bomber factory at Ypsilanti, Mich., where Consolidated B-24D bombers will be made complete.

Guns: The semi-automatic Garand rifle, standard in the U. S. Army today, is being turned out at a rate of about 800 to 1000 a day. The main source is the Springfield, Mass., army arsenal, which was tooled up over a period of many months with new equipment. Winchester Repeating Arms Company also has been tooled for manufacture of Garands and now is making them. The capacity at Springfield is being enlarged considerably.

Big guns for warship and coastal batteries are being produced at the Naval gun factory at Washington, D. C., and at the Watertown, Mass., and Watervliet, N. Y., arsenals. Production of smaller guns is a weak spot, which is being remedied as fast as possible. Twenty-five plants will eventually produce field and antiaircraft guns. One aircraft cannon factory is in operation, a second is about to start, and two others are tooling up.

Ships: Some 1120 naval and commercial ships must be built (as of the middle of May), of which 266 are to be delivered by December, 1941. It is safe to guess that more than that number will be completed by the time limit. Not long ago a new ship for the Navy was being launched every twelve days; the rate has been speeded since then. Commercial ships are being launched at the rate of one every five days. Re-equipping and expanding an industry which, like Rip Van Winkle, had been slumbering for almost twenty years, was no mean task.

Thus the vast, unprecedented, truly magnificent development of an American munitions industry is getting under way.

III

Two vital defense factors must not be overlooked: skilled labor and skilled management. Two million men have been employed in American industry as a direct or indirect result of the defense program. Another million and a half are likely to be required by the end of 1941. In the next eighteen months the shipbuilding industry, includ-

ing government yards, must expand its forces by 305,000 workers; it now employs 251,000. Of the machine-tool industry's 85,000 employees, over half have been put on the pay roll in the last year. No skilled man should be without a job today.

Yet there is no acute shortage in man power. There are good reasons why. By next January more than a million workers will have received training in public schools and engineering institutions; several hundred thousand others will have had work experience with related training in NYA courses. Private industry has trained tens of thousands more. But the most plausible reason for absence of a serious shortage of labor is in the mass production process itself. Manufacture has been broken down into relatively simple operations of a repetitive nature, so that men learn quickly and reasonably well some one operation. Men off farms or from small towns make passable machine operators in three months.

Acute need has also arisen for more supervisory help. Good foremen and factory superintendents are more valuable than ever. Biggest headache of all for many defense contractors is the shortage of highly experienced management. The defense job is so big that it is difficult to find and buy the commodity known as "management brains." Defense manufacture is more complicated and precise than production of peacetime goods: one great corporation has found that the same supervision required to make $3,000,000 worth of peacetime goods can be spread over only $1,000,000 worth of munitions.

Many people have wondered why the automobile industry goes on building motor cars when defense should be its first job. The fact of the matter is that most of its defense assignment is not ready to be tackled; some of it isn't even blueprinted yet. Meanwhile the government and the motor industry have had a choice of courses. Should plants be shut down, releasing production crews, cancelling material orders and refusing to sell cars to a public that is taking every automobile available, even though munitions orders are not yet in hand to employ all the men and materials? Or should industry keep its labor forces assembled, its plants in operation, building a backlog of cars for the hungry days ahead, while always in readiness to switch to defense jobs as soon as needed? On the whole the second alternative has seemed more sensible. Automobile people know that the relatively mild cut

of 20 per cent in production demanded by OPM for the next model year will not last. They are prepared for a much deeper slash, and ready for the transfer.

How far have we come down the armament road since last September, when the defense effort started in earnest? The showing is far from bad and helps explain why Hitler is so eager to knock off Britain this year. Here is the record, open to public inspection:

1. Total defense contracts awarded to American industry amount to $13,000,000,000 and are rapidly going up. Anyone familiar with the intricacies of contract placing, involving expenditures on such a vast scale, will admit that a big job has been done.

2. About 800 factories have been erected at a cost in excess of $2,000,000,000, of which one third was financed privately under a government guarantee. On March 30 the government was committed to spending $2,000,000,000 for new industrial plants.

3. Direct expenditures for the defense program rose from $219,000,000 in September, 1940, to $572,300,000 in January, 1941, and jumped to $761-,000,000 in April. By June production should reach a dollar volume of $1,000-000,000 a month. By April, 1942, it is expected that output will get up to $2,000,000,000 a month.

4. The nation's industries are about 80 per cent retooled for the defense job.

5. Before the end of the summer mass production of munitions should be under way. Before the spring of 1942 war materials will be coming off the assembly lines of this country at a dizzy pace.

6. We are at least eight months ahead of where we were in 1917–1918 after a year of effort. Much of the gain comes from the spadework done under the Industrial Mobilization Plan, as carried out by the Army and Navy Munitions Board in the past twenty years, in surveying the country's industrial facilities; 95 per cent of ordnance contracts placed by the War Department have been with companies under that plan.

We thus have something to crow about, but not too loudly. The production statistics are on the right side, but not far enough over. American industry has without question done a fine job, but it isn't good enough. Our existing machines must be used to their full capacity. The only way to use them is to subcontract more work. Despite all the ballyhoo about the percentage of work farmed out, it is too low. The number of men on second and third shifts must be increased; too many are still on the regular daytime shift.

But when our mass production factories get into full swing, the speed with which we will turn out war materials for Britain and ourselves will amaze the world.

EXTRAORDINARY TEXAS

By Helena Huntington Smith

Last June I paid a visit to the Texas Panhandle. After all I'd heard about Texas weather, I expected the worst. Instead I was surprised to find the climate most agreeable. When I said so, at least six people took pains to assure me that this comfortable weather was very unusual. Their reaction was typically Texan. Don't mistake it for modesty. Where the Californian boasts of his sunshine and orange trees, the Texan is so sure of his superiority that he does at least half his blowing in reverse. All Texans love to repeat the remark made by General Sheridan when visiting their state after the Civil War — that if he owned hell and Texas, he'd rent out Texas and live in hell.

For some obscure psychological reason they take particular pride in their "northers," those bitter winds that sweep down across the plains with awful suddenness, freezing crops and livestock in a few hours. Their favorite norther story is the one about the man who was driving a team of oxen to town: one dropped dead of the heat, and before he could skin it to save the hide, the other one froze to death.

And out in West Texas, where the wind blows the way the rain rains in Pago Pago, they tell every visitor, with guffaws, about the sandstorm in which a prairie dog was seen digging his hole 40 feet in the air, and about the man who went through the Plains country trying to sell barometers. The first ranchman he called on said he had a barometer. "Where is it?" asked the salesman. The ranchman pointed to a big rock hanging by a wire from the top of a fence post. "When that blows straight out," he explained, "we don't send the boys to work."

There are some residents of Texas, not necessarily Texans, who worry about these stories and think they harm the state's reputation. Such was the nice young Chamber of Commerce man I met. He was trying to promote Texas by regulation methods, and was having uphill work. "What can you do with these people?" he exclaimed. "Suppose a stranger drives in to a filling

station and complains about the wind. Anywhere else the attendant would tell him it's unusual. But out in this country he says, 'Ya call *this* wind? Boy, y'oughta been here last week. You could hang your hat on that wall without a nail.' "

That Chamber of Commerce man himself was unusual. The average Texan is the way he is because he is genuinely, even violently, convinced that he and his state have got something special. He is as chesty as a member of the U.S. Marines. There is nothing new about his attitude. It is as old as the Lone Star flag. During the Civil War a company of hardy, ragged Texas volunteers showed up at a Confederate headquarters, and were immensely disgusted when an Alabaman was put in command of them. They fought all through the siege of Vicksburg, however, and the Alabaman turned out to be a good man; so much so that after the war was over the boys showed their high opinion of him by electing him an honorary Texan!

There is more than swagger behind such gestures; there is a peculiarly intense brand of local patriotism. Citizen of Connecticut or Illinois or New Jersey, can you name your state flower offhand? Well, the state flower of Texas is the bluebonnet, which in spring carpets the ground with heavenly blue, and you'll know *that* before you've been there a week. Every city and crossroads hamlet from the Gulf to the Red River has a Bluebonnet Hotel or a Bluebonnet Café, or at least a Bluebonnet Hamburger Hut.

When you first see its flat, unbeautiful landscape you may wonder what these people find in their state to make such a fuss about — but it's safer to keep such thoughts to yourself. Very expressive of Texan feeling is a piece of verse by the Fort Worth newspaperman and poet, Boyce House, who wrote of a Texan in heaven, bored and homesick among the fields of asphodel, yearning "to feel the sting of a norther once again," and to share in the roar and riot of an oil boom town. The only trouble with a poem about a Texan in heaven, as somebody remarked, is that if it was an old-fashioned Texan it's hard to see how he got there.

You can't hope to understand Texas without understanding its history. For nine years Texas was a free and sovereign republic, and the state never forgets it. It fought its own war of independence, and its Declaration is enshrined in the State Capitol at Austin just as the

national Declaration is enshrined in Washington. Texas children know all about the Alamo before they have more than hazy notions about Patrick Henry's speech or the Boston tea party, and adult Texans, after a drink or two, are all secessionists. They will argue, just not quite seriously, that Texas ought to set up on its own and take over everything south of the Rio Grande.

There is some ground for the Texan's feeling that his is no ordinary state, but a country within a country. Bigness has something to do with it. From El Paso in the west to Texarkana in the northeast is farther than from Texarkana to Chicago, as you can prove very easily with a map and a piece of string. Because it is big Texas has more cattle, more sheep and goats, more ranches and farms, and bigger ranches and farms, than any other state in the Union. Because it is also lucky, it has the world's greatest oil supply, 80 per cent of this country's sulphur, and nearly all of the world's helium. It has more natural resources than any area its size on the earth's surface.

Exaggeration comes easily in such a country, where nature herself told the first big "windies." As a visiting senator said, "There are more cows and less milk in Texas, more rivers and less water, and you can see further and see less than in any other country in the world." And he wasn't exaggerating. It's even true that you have to climb for water and dig for wood — because west of the Pecos it's so hot and dry that streams dry up downhill from their source, and the only wood big enough to burn is the roots of mesquite bushes.

Texas is a land of color and contrast, where cows graze at the foot of oil derricks; where they hold an annual rodeo in the state penitentiary with inmates for performers. It's a land where there are still 100 ranches of 100,000 acres or over; where New York and Chicago are "up east" — and it doesn't much matter where they are.

Texas is a booming, modern, going concern — since 1930, Houston has been the fastest-growing city in the United States. But its past has gone modern too, instead of dying out. In Texas men drive cars 80 miles an hour, while wearing cowboy boots; and they haul saddled horses in trailers to round up cattle in some big pasture down the road. You'll even see Texas farmers ploughing on horseback — holding the lines of the work team while riding a third horse — because a prejudice still lingers against working on foot.

There are big cities in Texas, but

there are also vast untilled spaces full of wild boars and rattlesnakes. Texas as a whole is still very close to its frontier days. It is also close to the longhorn cattle. Outside of the cotton farms the whole state is descended from cowboys, and they weren't Gene Autreys, either; they were the wildest gun-toting, swaggering lot who ever roped a wild steer or shot first and thought afterwards. Salted down for a generation or so, this toughness comes out in as fine an average of strong bodies and good faces as you will ever find.

II

Let's look hard at Texas, this sprawling empire of brush and cactus, of turreted cities and cattle and oil. For big as it is, it is only an outpost, the last stronghold, they say, of the old America — free, democratic, rugged-individual America which has been so nearly swallowed up in a changing world. Texas is still Jeffersonian. A third of its population lives on ranches and farms; less than a fifth lives in the five biggest cities. With the bad exception of those who raise cotton, which is in a country-wide, disastrous slump, the farmers and ranchmen are prosperous. And in the cities, well-tailored businessmen are closer to the soil than are similar types elsewhere — the reason being that so many of them own land. One day last fall a bunch of men in San Antonio were arguing heatedly about the election. Finally one of them restored peace and ended the discussion by quoting a time-honored local saying: "If it rains in Texas in June and July, it don't matter a damn who's President of the United States."

When a Texan strikes oil, the first thing he does is buy a ranch. This old-fashioned desire to have your property spread out in the sun where you can look at it, rather than locked up in a bank vault, is so characteristic that when Neiman-Marcus, Dallas' glitter department store, floated an issue of preferred stock last year, some of the substantial purchasers had never bought any securities before — and only bought this time because they were Texas securities. There are stories about everything in Texas (most of them true) and to point to the cow-mindedness which still prevails even among the wealthy, some people in Fort Worth told me about a girl whose eastern grandfather died, leaving the family something. Hearing her parents mention "shares of stock," the child looked up, with a pleased expression. "Oh, did granddad leave us some cows?" she asked.

Citified people often think of the land as synonymous with poverty, of the people who live on the land as debt-ridden farmers working for bare subsistence. But in Texas today, the land is a source not only of living but of wealth; and of the healthy arrogance which goes with security. And these people are still rugged individualists.

Perhaps that is why they are not a bit backward about a fight. With a population sixth in the list of states, Texas was first during 1940 in the number of voluntary enlistments in the Army. During the same period the Canadian Air Force received so many recruits from the Lone Star State that some members referred to it, according to one dispatch, as the Royal Canadian Texas Air Force. Remember the wave of discussion, about a year ago, as to how we were going to "sell" American youth the idea that liberty and democracy were worth defending? The proposition never took much selling in Texas, which perhaps goes to show that patriotism begins at home. To the boy brought up in a city slum, the whole United States of America and what it stands for must look vast, vague and sometimes unconvincing as an object possibly to die for. To a Texan, on the other hand, there is nothing vague about Texas. The Lone Star flag may not be dearer, but it is a whole lot nearer, than the Stars and Stripes.

If you ask a Texan to explain a certain readiness of spirit in his fellow citizens when it comes to fighting, he will look slightly surprised and will say: "Why, the people down here were raised on it." He is referring, once more, to history. Grandpaw wore a chip on his shoulder, which is not surprising, since great-grandpaw came to Texas carrying one to start with. The original settlers were frontiersmen from other states, attracted to Texas largely by the prospect of excitement there. When Sam Houston was leading the fight for freedom from Mexico, news of the struggle reached the hill country of Tennessee. So one bright morning, according to a story they tell in Texas, here came a buckskin-clad Tennessean swinging down the trail, his long rifle on his arm, bowie knife and pistol stuck in his belt, fire in his eye. A friend asked him where he was going.

"I'm a-goin' to Texas," said he, "to fight for my rights." He was the ancestor of the Royal Texas Canadian Air Force.

The ideal of peace at any price has never affected the thinking of these people. It has been much more affected by the Alamo, whose

defenders died to the last man rather than give up. Looked at rationally, the most sacred event in Texas history was merely the act of a suicidal maniac who persuaded 180 other suicidal maniacs to join him. Travis disobeyed his own commander's order to retreat. He *wouldn't* get out of the Alamo. When a hopelessly superior force was besieging them he offered the others their chance to get away under cover of darkness — and they refused to take it.

The old-time Texas hero was a hard and reckless customer. No one ever pretended that seeing the other man's side of an argument was one of his virtues. He held life cheap — but he included his own. The tradition marches on, in the talk and loyalties of Texans who are modern as the cars they drive. When I was coming back from Texas last year on a Katy train, three attractive, well-dressed people were at a table opposite mine in the dining car, and one of the men was telling a story. I wasn't listening, but I couldn't help gathering that the story was out of early Texas history, and that somebody was planning an expedition somewhere, and that then a member of his party had raised a not unreasonable question: the plan was all right, but what about coming back? And then these words floated across the train: "And he said, 'Who in hell said anything about coming back?'" I wonder where those people came from!

Under the terms of the agreement by which the Lone Star Republic entered the Union in 1845, Texas could then, and can yet if it chooses, split itself up into five states, each with its own governor, two senators and all the trappings of statehood. Last year some Texans were entertaining at dinner a distinguished visitor from New York who wanted to know, as visitors usually do, why Texas didn't seize its advantage, since by doing so it could alter the balance of power in the Senate, and perhaps in the government of the United States. The simple explanation that Texans would rather be Texans didn't satisfy him. One of the diners was J. Frank Dobie, lover of Texas soil, folklore specialist, author of *The Longhorns* and half a dozen other books. "But don't you see, Texas couldn't split up," he said. "If we did — who'd get the Alamo?"

MOSCOW'S ACADEMY OF TREASON

By Jan Valtin

In the heart of Moscow stands a group of massive buildings known as the International Lenin University. Here American and European communists are trained in the destructive arts of subversive propaganda, strike, espionage, sabotage and civil war. Lenin University is the West Point of Stalin's Fifth Column for the countries of the west, including the United States; similar schools develop Soviet agents for the rest of the world. Secrecy shrouds all activities within their thick Russian walls. Like the Kremlin itself, all of them are forbidden ground to outsiders.

During the past decade a yearly average of thirty American communists have graduated from Lenin University alone. With few exceptions they have been sent back to the United States to act as leaders of Fifth Column campaigns carried on under the pretense of helping the American worker. They form the communist high command in the ceaseless war to disrupt the political and economic life of America. Strikes and sabotage are their chief weapons.

Among these graduates are Clarence Hathaway, a machinist from Minneapolis, who became the party chief for New York and editor of the *Daily Worker;* Charles Krumbein, who was convicted of passport fraud upon his return to the United States and is now organization expert for the American Communist Party; Joseph Zack, who became a trade-union specialist for Latin and North America; Maurice Childs, a GPU aide who later became communist leader for the Chicago district; James Ford, perennial Negro candidate for Vice-President on the Communist Party ticket; Benjamin Gold, whose Muscovite training netted him the post of president of the International Fur Workers' Union, a CIO affiliate; and Sam Don, possessor of the Soviet title "Red Professor," present editor of the *Daily Worker.* Since their graduation a number of comrades have run afoul of the party line. Hathaway was expelled and is silent,

Zack turned against it and has been fighting communism with great vigor, others are in hiding or have disappeared without a trace. But most of the alumni are still active.

Americans as yet do not fully understand that a real Fifth Columnist is no shabby little stool pigeon or loud-mouthed partisan. He is a highly trained officer of a secret invasion army under the command of a foreign dictator. Hitler's *Auslands Institut* in Berlin is merely a Nazi imitation of Stalin's Lenin University. Both teach subversive technique from the use of codes and the faking of passports to the terrorizing of nations. The minute care exercised by Soviet chieftains in the selection of students for the Lenin school is proof of the high importance which the Kremlin attaches to the later usefulness of such recruits.

Fanatic devotion to the cause and at least two years of active party membership are prerequisites for admission to Lenin University. Comrades who have had industrial or military experience are preferred. Arrests and imprisonment suffered for party activity count heavily in the candidate's favor.

The number of students to be supplied by the Communist Party in each country is determined in Moscow. The candidates are then selected by the party's central committee, acting upon the advice of the local Comintern agent, but the chosen ones must then be approved by the GPU.

To cover up their tracks, students do not take the shortest route to Russia but are led over a series of GPU relay stations in various countries. Since the outbreak of the present war, the road to Moscow leads to San Francisco or Mazanillo, Mexico, thence across the Pacific aboard Soviet vessels.

Every precaution is taken against the penetration of foreign spies into the Soviet academies of high treason. Upon the student's arrival in Moscow there is a final and most thorough examination by high GPU officials. Each week GPU agents inspect the students' rooms in their absence, for forbidden letters or literature. Mail to relatives and friends is rigidly censored. Spies are ever present in student gatherings. Among these spies, according to the sworn testimony of a former American Negro student, were the Americans Maurice Childs, Beatrice Siskin of Detroit, and the former wife of Earl Browder.

Students remain in training for two to four years. Since the final aim of all communist effort is the violent overthrow of government

and seizure of power by the Communist Party, all training aims at creating a world-wide staff of engineers of armed insurrection. The factors which make up strikes, mutinies and revolutions are dissected and weighed with the earnestness that medical students would apply to their study of the human organism. Experiences gained in the communist-led shipping strike in Germany in 1931 were later applied with success in the San Francisco general strike which brought Harry Bridges to the fore; lessons learned during the Citroën strikes in Paris are being utilized in strikes against American defense industries.

II

From Alfred Langer's *Road to Victory*, an important textbook in Lenin University, students learn the why and wherefore of the existence of Communist Parties:

> Everything undertaken by the Communist Party acquires meaning and value only in so far as it could serve as a preparation for an armed insurrection. All party campaigns must be regarded as the mobilization of the masses for the armed insurrection.

From the communist viewpoint the object of any strike is not to secure better living conditions for the strikers, but solely to disrupt the production process and lead the strikers into clashes with the authorities. Here, in a nutshell, is the explanation given in A. D. Losovsky's official textbook, *Strike as War:*

> The prelude to armed insurrection is the general strike. Prelude to the general strike are waves of partial strikes. Strikes — that is, physical conflict with the forces of capitalism — are the best revolutionary schooling for the masses. Therefore the organization of strikes is the paramount task confronting Communist Parties and their auxiliary organizations in every capitalist country.

Students are carefully taught how to search out the weakest spots:

> Concentrate on disrupting by strikes the most sensitive portions of the capitalist economic system. Concentrate on decisive industries: steel, shipping, railroads, mining, chemical industries and public utilities.

Steel includes automobile and airplane industries, as well as shipyards. Shipping has long been the object of strenuous (and highly successful) communist campaigns; communist control of seamen's unions puts any country's foreign trade at the mercy of the Soviet government.

The same textbook defines the relationship of the Communist Party to trade unions and other possible "front" organizations:

> Trade unions and all other auxiliary organizations must be regarded as

> transmission belts between the Party and the masses. Mass strikes under communist leadership require communist penetration of established trade unions.

The communist idea of correct public relations, which Hitler stole from Stalin, is summed up in two crisp sentences:

> A tactical retreat is sometimes necessary. When a revolutionary organization enters into an agreement with employers or the government, it is only for the purpose of rendering the enemy off-guard, and of gaining a breathing spell to gather forces for a new revolutionary assault.

Other lessons in *Strike as War* stress the command to "organize the worker against the employer, the little businessman against Big Business, farmers against banks, tenants against landlords, soldiers against their officers, etc."

All the training centers of the Third International emphasize military training, so that the students may become leaders of armed demonstrations, riots and street fighting in their own countries. They are regarded as the future officers of civil war armies and political police machines. Graduates of these military courses have played leading roles in every communist-inspired revolt which led to major bloodshed.

Large, fenced-in front and back yards of the Lenin school are used as secret drill grounds. In a special section the students learn to handle sixteen varieties of machine guns. They are taught to assemble and take them apart rapidly, to aim and fire from barricades, doorways, windows and roofs. They are trained in the use of many models of rifles and pistols, are shown how to throw hand grenades, and learn the rudiments of making handmade bombs. The technique of derailing trains, of tearing up tracks and wrecking bridges is also part of the curriculum.

Langer's textbook tells the students: "Communists must enter the armed forces of their home government with the aim of bringing about complete disintegration of discipline and morale." Their program of preparing capitalist nations for defeat by planting the seeds of internal strife in the camp of labor and in the armed forces, is officially known as "revolutionary defeatism."

In the highly technical pamphlet series entitled *On Civil War*, the students find precise instructions on how to lure police and troops into deadly traps, seize the strategic centers of any large city, build barricades, and use unarmed masses of men and women as shields for armed communist units. One sample, *Seizure of a Railway*

Station, will illustrate the detailed nature of these instructions:

> Choose a time when railway traffic is at its minimum. Simultaneously occupy entrances, switch centers and telephones. Disarm station guards. Occupy tracks for one mile on both sides of station. Organize track patrols. Occupy nearest train stops on both sides of main station. Barricade tracks and post snipers to prevent removal of barricades. Wreck approaching enemy troop trains by using station locomotives for head-on collisions.

After mastering theory, the students are taken to railroad yards and GPU training grounds on the outskirts of Moscow for drill in the practical aspects of revolutionary strategy. They also participate in the annual maneuvers of the Moscow garrison.

Almost all key positions in the communist machine in America are held by comrades who have received their training in Moscow. One of them, a Russian named Gussev, who posed as an American citizen, was a full-fledged general of the Red Army; another, Arthur Ewert, a German, later engineered an armed insurrection in Brazil and is still in a Brazilian prison. American Lenin University graduates usually work under the direction of foreign emissaries from Moscow. Agents like Gussev and Ewert are the real dictators of the Communist Party of America. Those who do not follow orders are ostracized and often kidnaped or assassinated. The recent disappearance from a Manhattan hotel of Julia Poyntz, an American graduate, is a case in point.

Subsidiary communist schools have been organized by Soviet agents in practically all the eastern states and in California to train the petty officers of Stalin's army in the United States. The National Training School of the Communist Party in New York turns out scores of American Bolsheviks each year. The Young Communist League and the communist-dominated trade unions maintain miniature Soviet universities. A special training center in New York for agents in the maritime industries is known to communists as the Red Annapolis. The old Bolshevist slogan of "a ship unit aboard every American vessel" is rapidly becoming a reality.

Many Americans still regard the Communist Party as a more or less legitimate political organization. Only the full realization that its leadership is trained, financed and ruled by Moscow and pledges allegiance to Stalin, who now plays Hitler's game, will make possible a campaign of constant exposure, which is as deadly to communist schemes as arsenic is to rats.

THE OVERCOAT

A Story

By Sally Benson

It had been noisy and crowded at the Milligan's and Mrs. Bishop had eaten too many little sandwiches and too many iced cakes, so that now, out in the street, the air felt good to her, even if it was damp and cold. At the entrance of the apartment house, she took out her change purse and looked through it and found that by counting the pennies, too, she had just eighty-seven cents, which wasn't enough for a taxi from Tenth Street to Seventy-Third. It was horrid never having enough money in your purse, she thought. Playing bridge, when she lost, she often had to give I.O.U.'s and it was faintly embarrassing, although she always managed to make them good. She resented Lila Hardy who could say, "Can anyone change a ten?" and who could take ten dollars from her small, smart bag while the other women scurried about for change.

She decided it was too late to take a bus and that she might as well walk over to the subway, although the air down there would probably make her head ache. It was drizzling a little and the sidewalks were wet. And as she stood on the corner waiting for the traffic lights to change, she felt horribly sorry for herself. She remembered as a young girl, she had always assumed she would have lots of money when she was older. She had planned what to do with it — what clothes to buy and what upholstery she would have in her car.

Of course, everybody nowadays talked poor and that was some comfort. But it was one thing to have lost your money and quite

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The American Mercury will reprint, from time to time, noteworthy articles and stories from past issues. We begin these "Mercury revivals" with this story by Sally Benson, from the November, 1934, issue. Miss Benson's current book, *Junior Miss*, published by Random House, is a Book-of-the-Month choice.

another never to have had any. It was absurd, though, to go around with less than a dollar in your purse. Suppose something happened? She was a little vague as to what might happen, but the idea fed her resentment.

Everything for the house, like food and things, she charged. Years ago, Robert had worked out some sort of budget for her but it had been impossible to keep their expenses under the right headings, so they had long ago abandoned it. And yet Robert always seemed to have money. That is, when she came to him for five or ten dollars, he managed to give it to her. Men were like that, she thought. They managed to keep money in their pockets but they had no idea you ever needed any. Well, one thing was sure, she would insist on having an allowance. Then she would at least know where she stood. When she decided this, she began to walk more briskly and everything seemed simpler.

The air in the subway was worse than usual and she stood on the local side waiting for a train. People who took the expresses seemed to push so and she felt tired and wanted to sit down. When the train came, she took a seat near the door and, although inwardly she was seething with rebellion, her face took on the vacuous look of other faces in the subway. At Eighteenth Street, a great many people got on and she found her vision blocked by a man who had come in and was hanging to the strap in front of her. He was tall and thin and his overcoat which hung loosely on him and swayed with the motion of the train smelled unpleasantly of damp wool. The buttons of the overcoat were of imitation leather and the button directly in front of Mrs. Bishop's eyes evidently had come off and been sewed back on again with black thread, which didn't match the coat at all.

It was what is known as a swagger coat but there was nothing very swagger about it now. The sleeve that she could see was almost threadbare around the cuff and a small shred from the lining hung down over the man's hand. She found herself looking intently at his hand. It was long and pallid and not too clean. The nails were very short as though they had been bitten and there was a discolored callous on his second finger where he probably held his pencil. Mrs. Bishop, who prided herself on her powers of observation, put him in the white collar class. He most likely, she thought, was the father of a large family and had

a hard time sending them all through school. He undoubtedly never spent money on himself. That would account for the shabbiness of his overcoat. And he was probably horribly afraid of losing his job. His house was always noisy and smelled of cooking. Mrs. Bishop couldn't decide whether to make his wife a fat slattern or to have her an invalid. Either would be quite consistent.

She grew warm with sympathy for the man. Every now and then he gave a slight cough, and that increased her interest and her sadness. It was a soft, pleasant sadness and made her feel resigned to life. She decided that she would smile at him when she got off. It would be the sort of smile that couldn't help but make him feel better, as it would be very obvious that she understood and was sorry.

But by the time the train reached Seventy-Second Street, the closeness of the air and the confusion of her own worries had made her feelings less poignant, so that her smile, when she gave it, lacked something. The man looked away embarrassed.

II

Her apartment was too hot and the smell of broiling chops sickened her after the enormous tea she had eaten. She could see Maude, her maid, setting the table in the dining-room for dinner. Mrs. Bishop had bought smart little uniforms for her, but there was nothing smart about Maude and the uniforms never looked right.

Robert was lying on the living-room couch, the evening newspaper over his face to shield his eyes. He had changed his shoes, and the gray felt slippers he wore were too short for him and showed the imprint of his toes, and looked depressing. Years ago, when they were first married, he used to dress for dinner sometimes. He would shake up a cocktail for her and things were quite gay and almost the way she had imagined they would be. Mrs. Bishop didn't believe in letting yourself go and it seemed to her that Robert let himself go out of sheer perversity. She hated him as he lay there, resignation in every line of his body. She envied Lila Hardy her husband who drank but who, at least, was somebody. And she felt like tearing the newspaper from his face because her anger and disgust were more than she could bear.

For a minute she stood in the doorway trying to control herself and then she walked over to a window and opened it roughly.

"Goodness," she said. "Can't we ever have any air in here?"

Robert gave a slight start and sat up. "Hello, Mollie," he said. "You home?"

"Yes, I'm home," she answered. "I came home in the subway."

Her voice was reproachful. She sat down in the chair facing him and spoke more quietly so that Maude couldn't hear what she was saying. "Really, Robert," she said, "it was dreadful. I came out from the tea in all that drizzle and couldn't even take a taxi home. I had just exactly eighty-seven cents. Just eighty-seven cents!"

"Say," he said. "That's a shame. Here." He reached in his pocket and took out a small roll of crumpled bills. "Here," he repeated. And handed her one. She saw that it was five dollars.

Mrs. Bishop shook her head. "No, Robert," she told him. "That isn't the point. The point is that I've really got to have some sort of allowance. It isn't fair to me. I never have any money! Never! It's got so it's positively embarrassing!"

Mr. Bishop fingered the five dollar bill thoughtfully. "I see," he said. "You want an allowance. What's the matter? Don't I give you money every time you ask for it?"

"Well, yes," Mrs. Bishop admitted. "But it isn't like my own. An allowance would be more like my own."

"Now, Mollie," he reasoned. "If you had an allowance, it would probably be gone by the tenth of the month."

"Don't treat me like a child," she said. "I just won't be humiliated any more."

Mr. Bishop sat turning the five dollar bill over and over in his hand. "About how much do you think you should have?" he asked.

"Fifty dollars a month," she told him. And her voice was harsh and strained. "That's the very least I can get along on. Why, Lila Hardy would laugh at fifty dollars a month."

"Fifty dollars a month," Mr. Bishop repeated. He coughed a little, nervously, and ran his fingers through his hair. "I've had a lot of things to attend to this month. But, well, maybe if you would be willing to wait until the first of next month, I might manage."

"Oh, next month will be perfectly all right," she said, feeling it wiser not to press her victory. "But don't forget all about it. Because I shan't."

As she walked toward the closet to put away her wraps, she caught sight of Robert's overcoat on the

chair near the door. He had tossed it carelessly across the back of the chair as he came in. One sleeve was hanging down and the vibration of her feet on the floor had made it swing gently back and forth. She saw that the cuff was badly worn and a bit of the lining showed. It looked dreadfully like the sleeve of the overcoat she had seen in the subway. And, suddenly, looking at it, she had a horrible sinking feeling, as though she were falling in a dream.

In Red and Brown

By Max Nomad

The communists suddenly dispossess the rich and gradually enslave the poor. The fascists suddenly enslave the poor and gradually dispossess the rich. This is the real difference. All the rest is poetry and theology.

There are three sorts of revolutionists: politicians with a gun, gangsters with a philosophy, and dreamers bent upon martyrdom. The politicians and the gangsters change the realities of history. The martyrs supply the myth necessary for the maintenance of the new status quo.

In Russia it takes the average worker the equivalent of six months' wages to buy an overcoat. However, he is not without compensation. He owns the factory in which he works. At least so his paper tells him. And he owns that paper too. This too he learns from his paper.

Their "idealism": the self-deception of the hungry wolf who thinks he will treat the sheep better than the tiger who has had his fill.

There was a man who violently attacked the consumption of meat as most detrimental to health. When asked what he recommended instead, he suggested carrion. He was insane. There are many men who, having pointed out all the shortcomings of democracy, quite seriously recommend dictatorship.

There are no escapes from Russian jails. Can it be because of the security these institutions offer from the permanent threat of being arrested?

In one of Frank Harris' short stories the budding toreador says, "I like the bulls." In somewhat the same way the fascists and the communists love the dissatisfied masses on whose backs they rise to power and fame.

▶ *Ancient nations that followed the path of appeasement — to extinction.*

CASE STUDIES IN ISOLATIONISM

By Frederick H. Cramer

The student of ancient history coming to his studies fresh from a reading of the morning papers has the uncanny experience of finding today's headlines fitting easily into events which rocked the world about two thousand years ago. That world, too, had its totalitarian aggressors, its vacillating democratic politicians, "interventionists" and "isolationists."

The totalitarian techniques of appeasement and Fifth Columns, the device of lulling later victims into a feeling of false security while conquering immediate prey, are not modern inventions. Philip of Macedon, who conquered one by one the disunited city-states of ancient Greece, knew those procedures as well as Hitler. He paved the way for a world empire which obliterated all traces of democracy for centuries. His triumph ended the dream of a democratic federation of antique states held by such inspired democrats as Demosthenes and Isocrates. Later, when his New Order had broken into contending pieces, a new military power — Rome — rose in the west. Once again the aggressor state profited by the disunion, the local greeds, the appeasement moods of other nations to rivet its authority on the world of those times. Listening to the speeches of present-day leaders, the historian remembering Athens and Carthage and Rome says to himself, "Isn't this where I came in — two thousand years ago?"

In the ancient as in the modern period, there was a strong trend toward political union embracing the entire realm of western civilization. This was natural, since then, as now, there was a striking similarity in the social, economic and cultural background of all the major states. The social system which unfolded in antiquity roughly corresponded to our own bourgeois capitalist development. For the same reasons the tendency toward the unification of that civilization, in some form, was extremely powerful. We now know that such unity might have been achieved on a democratic basis — if the

democratic states had acted wisely. Instead, their failure to join together against the aggressor opened the way for unity by the sword — a "unity" which imposed autocracy on all the civilized world.

The classic example of isolationist politics is provided by the reaction of the Greek city-states to the rising menace of Philip of Macedon. Three hundred and sixty years before Christ there were three major Greek powers — Sparta, Thebes and Athens. Athenian democracy — in which free speech played an important part — was the highest form evolved in the antique world. Plato and Aristotle, Isocrates and Demosthenes contributed their thought and services to this outstanding city-state. The statesmen of Athens tried to apply democratic leadership to the various federations organized around her. But in this they were not successful. Failure to evolve a real democratic union of states had wrecked the first Athenian confederacy in the fifth century B.C. Now, in the fourth century B.C., the second attempt at a federal system collapsed with the secession of several member states, including Byzantium and Rhodes.

After this bitter experience Athens embarked on a policy of retrenchment. She gave up the idea of a federal army and navy to defend an alliance of city-states: she had found it impossible to persuade or coerce the other states into paying their dues toward a common war chest. "Why," asked the substantial businessmen and leaders of the community, "should Athenian resources be diverted to serve others? Nobody is threatening us. Let us keep out of entangling alliances and mind our own business." Only a few brilliant thinkers saw that the day of the small city-state was drawing to a close and that the Hellenistic world would have to decide in favor of larger political units if it were to survive. Isocrates saw that the Greek world must unite or fall, and pleaded for further efforts to form a democratic federation of the Greek states. He was told that Athens needed no allies. She could defend herself. Besides, there was no danger of an invasion.

Most Athenians rejected with scorn the notion that the Macedonians in the north were any menace. Macedon was considered a backward, feudal country, scarcely civilized, and its dynamic leader, Philip II, an upstart. To suggest that these semi-barbarians would dare fight the armies of Thebes and Athens, the victors of Marathon, seemed ridiculous to most Greeks.

Yet there were men who raised their voices against the prevailing complacency, and their spokesman is one of the great and tragic figures of history. He is the last great champion of democracy in antiquity: Demosthenes.

The isolationists called him a warmonger and would-be dictator. When the democrats of Rhodes, an island-state that had but recently seceded from the Athenian confederacy, appealed for aid against oppression at home, the Athenians in general said it served the ingrates right for seceding! But Demosthenes pleaded that bygones must be bygones and that in its own interest Athens, as the leading democracy, must not let another democracy collapse.

> Do not believe [he said] that Philip is a fortune-favored god. Among those men who seem attached to him there are those who hate him; others fear him; some envy him. Your delay and your negligence help bury these important truths. Think for a moment of the state to which you have been brought. This dictator has progressed to the point where you no longer have the free choice between vigilance and inaction. . . . Each day he enlarges his projects for the conquest of the world. He is surrounding you with tricks and traps while you delay and fail to act. . . . How long will it be before a direct menace faces your land? Failure to act in time is the most shameful sin of which men can be guilty.

Demosthenes pleaded in vain. The isolationists taunted him: "Shall we police the whole world to make it safe for democracy? What about our domestic problems and our standard of living, the highest in the world?"

Meanwhile, Philip was whipping his military machine into shape for the big chance. He proceeded cautiously, bribing, conniving, sending his agents into the states bordering Macedon. Step by step he extended his sway in the north until he had isolated the last major power on his borders — the democratic state of Olynthus.

In the face of the gathering storm Olynthus begged Athens for support. But the isolationist spokesmen of Athens replied, "No entangling alliances," and refused to admit that Philip would really strike at Olynthus. Almost alone, Demosthenes argued that such isolation was slow suicide. He pointed out that Philip of Macedon was a real danger and that Athens must come to the aid of her sister democracies. In his first *Philippic* before the Athenian Assembly he inveighed against the military despot, showing how the dictator's insatiable ambition ignored all considerations of ethics and good faith. This menace to democracy must be scotched before it was too late, he

warned. Olynthus must not fall. But the Assembly listened stolidly and proceeded to vote down all the proposals of Demosthenes.

Finally, Philip was ready to strike. A sizeable Fifth Column of anti-democratic Olynthians was aiding him from within the besieged city. Olynthus had been "softened up." The city put up a desperate struggle, but it was a losing fight. Olynthus lacked weapons and it needed men. Envoy after envoy was dispatched to Athens asking for aid. Demosthenes' oratory rose to new heights of grandeur. Athens must come to the aid of the last democracy standing between Philip and Athens, he told his countrymen. The Assembly listened passively and then, as if to quiet the orator, agreed to a few half-hearted measures of support to Olynthus. This, as Demosthenes stubbornly predicted, was not enough. Olynthus finally fell, and her population flooded the slave-markets of Greece.

Having finished with Olynthus, Philip now prepared for further conquest. Athens then became panicky and belatedly sought new allies in the city-states to the south; but the example of its own doctrine of isolationism, assisted by Philip's propaganda, had penetrated into that region. Athens could find no allies. There remained nothing for her to do but to appease Philip. A treaty concluded by Philip and Athens in 346 B.C. may rightly be called "the Athenian Munich." By its terms Athens surrendered her last strategically placed allies to Philip's mercies and practically opened to him the way to the very gates of Athens. A short time later Philocrates, who represented Athens in preparing the treaty, was convicted of being a paid agent of Philip and exiled.

The Athenian Munich at last shocked Athens into a realization of the position to which a decade of isolationism had brought it. Demosthenes began to exercise a wide influence. A large national defense program was launched. But the search for allies remained fruitless until almost the very end. Philip declared war on Athens — charging that the Athenians were becoming aggressive. The war which Athens had refused to fight abroad was now a war at home. Thebes rallied to the aid of beleaguered Athens, but it was too late. Philip had chosen the right moment to strike and his carefully trained war machine rolled over the hastily mobilized armies of his opponents. On the fateful day of Chaeronea in 338 B.C., the question as to which course Greek unity would

take — democratic federation or military despotism — was finally decided. The dictator had triumphed. The civilization of Athens lay in ruins. The Macedonian empire which Philip created was the beginning of the despotic unification of the Mediterranean world which dominated its history for centuries.

Other factors also contributed to Philip's triumph, but the immediate cause was undeniably the shortsightedness of the democratic powers in general and the pernicious influence of Athenian isolationism in particular.

II

In the next phase of Mediterranean history, a similar pattern is clear. After the death of Alexander the Great, who extended and consolidated the conquests of Philip, the kingdoms into which they were now split fell successively before an expanding Rome. Alexander's generals had partitioned his vast empire, reaching from the Adriatic Sea to the plains of northern India, into a number of "succession states": a Macedonian kingdom, a Pergamenic kingdom in Asia Minor, a Seleucid kingdom in Syria and Mesopotamia and a Ptolemaic kingdom in Egypt. In the century that followed Alexander's death these states were constantly at sword's point. The Seleucid dynasty waged frequent wars with their Attalid neighbors of Pergamum, as well as with the Ptolemies of Egypt. The unity that had been born by the sword was broken by the sword.

While the powers of the eastern Mediterranean were involved in their wars and squabbles, Rome was emerging in the west. This newcomer, standing between Carthage in the west and the "succession states" in the east, was virtually ignored until it had already gained control over the central Mediterranean. It would not have occurred to any contemporary observer that within thirty years Rome would be master over the entire Mediterranean. Isolationist doctrine, however, served the conquerors as a disintegrating force in the camps of their victims. The bickerings of Greek powers, bent upon petty conquests among the minor Greek island- and city-states, enabled Rome to face Carthage with her full strength, and after vanquishing Carthage to turn against the East.

Hannibal, the Carthaginian leader, who was as brilliant a statesman as he was a general, understood the Roman strategy and had designed

a policy to counteract it. He advocated military and political cooperation of the Carthaginian West and the Greek East to keep the Roman center in line. But Hannibal could get only one ally in the East to join him in his war against Rome — Philip V of the diminished state of Macedon. Philip, however, was occupied with local problems and could not see the significance of the opportunity. While Hannibal fought his way to Rome, Philip frittered away his time and his forces trying to make some minor conquests in the Aegean orbit. Instead of being compelled to divide their strength on two fronts, the Romans were able to throw their full weight against Carthage, whose armies were defeated. Rome became the dominant power in the western Mediterranean.

The sensational collapse of Carthage should have served as a warning to the brawling powers of the eastern Mediterranean to patch up their quarrels and unite against Rome. Yet each of these eastern powers remained preoccupied with its own scheme of local aggrandizement. The sound of approaching Roman legions could not be heard over the noise of Hellenic wrangling. Finally an open clash of Macedonian and Greek forces in Greece gave the Romans their awaited opportunity. They marched in against Philip V. Even at this point an alliance of the major powers of the eastern Mediterranean might have beaten the Roman invaders back. Their petty rivalries, however, made it impossible for them to unite. Attalid Pergamum was only too glad to see the Romans destroy Philip, while Antiochus III in Syria and Ptolemy V in Egypt were happy to be rid of their Macedonian rival who had poached on their preserves. Isolated, Philip's army was defeated, and his defeat spelled the doom of the entire Hellenistic world. Ironically enough, the Roman invaders proclaimed that they were "freeing" the Greek city-states and miniature leagues. It was a sadly short-lived freedom.

With Philip out of the way, Rome turned on Antiochus of Syria. Now Antiochus, advised by Hannibal, who had escaped to Syria, tried desperately to establish a common front against the Romans. Hannibal's old plan of having Carthage and the eastern powers join together against Rome was revived. But Carthage was by this time too weak to be effective. Antiochus tried another scheme. He married his daughter to the Egyptian Ptolemy, hoping thereby

to cement the ties between the two countries. He approached the Pergamenic Attalids for an alliance, but was rebuffed. The Attalids regarded the Romans as less dangerous than the Emperor Antiochus. Like Philip V, Antiochus in the critical hour found himself isolated. Ousted from his position on the Greek mainland, confronted with the prospect of an outright alliance between the Attalids and Rome, given up for lost by his Egyptian son-in-law who decided in favor of "neutrality," Antiochus met his doom at Thermopylae and Magnesia. Rome's domination of the Mediterranean was complete. What remained were a few vassal kingdoms, a number of small principalities in Asia Minor and a multitude of "free" Aegean and Greek dwarf-states paying tribute to Rome. The Attalid kingdom, which had stood aside while Rome defeated Antiochus, soon became Rome's first Asiatic province.

From then on, the victorious Romans did what they pleased, turning kingdoms into provinces, cities into vassals. Hannibal, fleeing for his life, was hounded to death. Had his plan been followed he could have stopped the Romans; but antique isolationism stood in the way. Even as the democratic Greek states had been forced to bow before a conqueror who picked his victims singly, so now a host of divided nations had been vanquished in turn by a new aggressor. The defeat of the democratic Greek states by a despot set the despotic pattern for Greek "unity." The victory of the Romans now meant that the Latin and not the Greek would rule the Mediterranean orbit.

A world united by economic and cultural ties will not stay politically divided. Sooner or later it tends to achieve political unity in one form or another. Greece was offered the choice between unification by a democratic federation or by despotic conquest. The failure of Athens to lead the way determined the triumph of the second course. Macedonian militarism and not Athenian democracy was therefore the dominant influence in the following centuries.

In the same way, the failure of the eastern Mediterranean powers to unite behind Hannibal's plan to defeat Rome led to the complete engulfment of the Greek East in the Latin "wave of the future." The cultural and military-economic superiority of the Greek nations as a whole had been of no avail. Hellenistic isolationism had turned a probable victory into a certain defeat.

ANTI-SEMITISM IS A CHRISTIAN PROBLEM

By Maurice Samuel

Public problems may be divided into two classes, plain problems and "problem problems." The first class includes the problems which have status and get regular treatment; in the second class are those which have a problem in getting themselves recognized. The best example of the "problem problem" is anti-Semitism.

Americans who are not anti-Semitic, or at least not consciously anti-Semitic — which means of course most Americans — are not inclined to take the anti-Semitic movement seriously. In exactly the same way Americans who are not Nazi in their sympathies were inclined to look upon Naziism as a queer, vicious but wholly unimportant aberration of mind confined to a comical house-painter and a group of German egomaniacs. Naziism was, in fact, a "problem problem" until it had conquered the greater part of Europe and smashed its way into a place on the American agenda. Anti-Semitism still belongs to the demimonde of problems. Even those Americans who are inclined to take it seriously are glad to think it dead when it is dormant; and those who know that it is only dormant generally take the attitude: "Don't touch it — it may wake up."

For the great majority of sane and balanced Americans anti-Semitism is a mean and rather pitiful obsession, compounded of ignorance and ill-will, of race prejudice and religious intolerance, born of the need to find compensation for personal failure and a scapegoat for social and economic ills. It is nourished by illusion and can be cured by simple information. It is at worst a secondary problem, a by-product of real problems. Those who have looked a little deeper, as they think, attribute the recurrent tides of anti-Semitism to the efforts of demagogues. For them anti-Semitism is primarily a political and propaganda device — promoted by scoundrels and believed by their dupes.

It is the thesis of this article, however, that anti-Semitism is a far more significant — and fascinating

— phenomenon than is suspected either by the naïve and well-intentioned citizen or the sophisticated political thinker; and that the cure calls for something more thoroughgoing than propaganda and information as these words are generally understood.

The errors regarding anti-Semitism arise from a number of illusions, chief among them: (1) That anti-Semitism consists of ordinary prejudice, the group dislike of the unlike; (2) that it can be interpreted on economic grounds; (3) that it can be treated as a series of local eruptions, each called forth by a peculiar set of local causes.

I believe that a careful examination of all the facts of anti-Semitism reveals it as something inexplicable on the basis of ordinary race and religious prejudice or economic rivalry or particular local circumstances. German anti-Semitism is usually explained by Germany's loss of the war — the Jew was the scapegoat. But Hungary lost the war, too, and lost it more disastrously. And while Hungary had five times as many Jews, in proportion to its population, Hungarian anti-Semitism is mild compared to the German brand. Most other pat local explanations similarly break down under analysis. The fact is that anti-Semitism is *a part of the folklore of western civilization.* It is not a collection of local eruptions but a pervasive condition of the western world; and it is as hard to analyze as most folklore.

We must begin, however, with a frank recognition of the essential characteristics of anti-Semitism. These are so peculiar as to be unique in the history of group relations, and until this uniqueness is perceived and defined we shall fall back upon the accepted methods which have been used with such conspicuous failure to combat the evil. What are these methods? They consist of a literature of explanation, disproving the charges brought by anti-Semites against the Jews, and of a literature of exhortation bidding us bear in mind the equality of all human beings. Both literatures are good — facts and moral exhortations are never out of place. But by themselves they are impotent against anti-Semitism. Something must be added.

The beginning of the difficulty lies in the dubious status of anti-Semitism as a problem, in the general reluctance to face its scope and range, as well as the special nature of its psychological content. Its universality is overlooked, its role as a world movement ignored, and the depth and genuineness of its passion unappreciated. "For me,

the Jewish problem does not exist," says H. G. Wells, and his words have been anticipated and echoed by many liberals, Jewish and non-Jewish alike.

Let us observe an important distinction which is seldom mentioned, that between anti-Jewishness and anti-Semitism. Anti-Jewishness is the all-too-familiar type of race and religious intolerance which exists between Jew and Christian, Catholic and Protestant, black and white, white and yellow, Pole and German, Hungarian and Rumanian, etc. Anti-social enough, it has a "reasonable" foundation in ordinary human weaknesses. But the distortions, misstatements and misinterpretations arising from such intolerances are confined to the humanly credible. If the German calls the Pole treacherous, if the Hungarian calls the Rumanian uncivilized, the statements are silly and ill-tempered, but they are not fantastic. There are some Jews who are treacherous and uncivilized. But the accusations of anti-Semitism — as distinguished from those of anti-Jewishness — are characterized by a wild and drivelling diabolism which is visited upon no other people. Anti-Jewish propaganda calls the Jew unwashed, or unpatriotic. Again this is silly and ill-tempered; there are, of course, Jews who are unwashed and unpatriotic. What, however, are we to say of the following statement on the Jews, in General Franco's official organ, *ABC*, on December 20, 1937?

> Against whom are we [the Spanish rebels] fighting? Against a secret committee of Israelites which governs Jews all over the world. . . . The brute who decapitates wooden saints in Castile, Estramadura or Andalusia, is merely obeying the impulses of a Samuel or a Levi who appears so worldly in London, Paris or New York, and seeks distraction from his business in Rotarian luncheons.

The picture of a Rotarian Jew in New York transmitting to a Spanish peasant an impulse to decapitate wooden saints in Spain is not simply silly or ill-tempered. It is stupefying. We ask: Does Franco believe that? The question is irrelevant. He may or may not believe it; he may or may not just have "a feeling" that way. What is relevant is the enormous literature in this spirit which must have an enormous audience. What, again, are we to say of the following, from the pen of Dr. Alfred Rosenberg?

> He [the avenging Jew] will make a crying wilderness of Poland and the Ukraine, and all the women will be raped before they are murdered. . . . Of Belgium and Germany he will make such a slaughterhouse that it will be necessary to build new and higher dykes around Belgium.

Or of this, from an address by Dr. Joseph Goebbels:

> This [the Jew] is the world enemy, the destroyer of civilization, the parasite among the nations, the son of chaos, the incarnation of evil, the germ of decomposition, the plastic demon of the decay of humanity.

I close the quotations with a purple passage from *Mein Kampf*, a book which gives the Jews fifty-five citations, as compared with thirty-two for England and twenty-four for Russia, the runners-up. Writes Hitler:

> While thus examining the working of the Jewish race, the anxious question suddenly occurred to me whether perhaps inscrutable Destiny, for reasons unknown to us poor mortals, had not decreed the final victory for this little race. . . . If the Jew conquers the nations of this world, his crown will become the funeral wreath of humanity, and once again this planet, empty of mankind, will move through the ether as it did thousands of years ago.

II

Does Hitler really feel this way about it? Rauschning tells us he does. Rosenberg and Goebbels, Streicher and Himmler, may be putting it on in various degrees. But we must also ask, how did anti-Semites feel in the past? What were the convictions of the men who forged *The Secret Protocols of the Elders of Zion* half a century ago, and of those who reprinted the document, in America, in England, in France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Russia, etc., before the rise of Naziism? And what were the convictions of leading anti-Semites before that, throughout the ages? The question is interesting as a study in deception or self-deception, but the answer is beside our point. Throughout the ages this literature has persisted, and millions have been receptive to it. If I concentrate here on anti-Semitism as it is associated with Naziism-Fascism, it is only because the symptoms of the disease have rarely before revealed themselves so clearly; and also because never before has anti-Semitism taken on such a wilful, universal and programmatic character.

The language of these quotations, of the bogus *Protocols*, of anti-Semitic outbursts century after century, is not the language of prejudice and irritation, of disguised economic rivalry or nationalist distortion. It is not the language of ordinary hatred. It is stark lunacy and hallucination. And it is useless to apply to the people who speak this sort of language, and to those who listen to it complacently, the familiar standards of interested error arising from political passion or economic motivation.

The reader must also be warned repeatedly against regarding these outbursts as exceptional in anti-Semitic literature. They are, on the contrary, its staple. They have been published over and over again, here in America, in the local editions of the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, and in the countless pamphlets and leaflets issued by the Bund, the Christian Front and the various "shirt" organizations. They have become commonplaces in those countries where Naziism has triumphed; and they are familiar to millions everywhere else.

Now it is obvious that in seeking to explain an effect, we must look for a cause which is fairly commensurate with the range of the effect. If all the anti-Jewish (not anti-Semitic) statements were based on fact, if all the 16,000,000 Jews in the world were unwashed, unpatriotic, dishonest, pushful, uncouth, Bolshevistic, capitalistic and what not, it would still not explain the convulsive terror expressed in the passages quoted or the size of the audiences which they command. What on earth is it, then, that the Jews have done which is proportionate to this fantastic reaction, to its demoniac fury and its volume? What immense and shattering influence have they exercised on the mind of western humanity which parallels, in range and depth, the phenomenon of anti-Semitism?

The only answer which exists, the sole historic achievement of the Jews which has left an ineradicable imprint on the western mind, seems at first so far from the issue, and so contradictory of the effect, that one hesitates to mention it. It is — *the fact that they gave Christianity to the western world.* We shrink from the suggestion because it has never occurred to most of us, and the connection seems to be absurd. Let us get over the shock and consider two relations which have been widely recognized: the relation between anti-Semitism and Naziism-Fascism, and the relation between Naziism-Fascism and anti-Christianity.

Anti-Semitism, we know, is not new in the western world, any more than anti-Jewishness. What is peculiar about recent anti-Semitism is the ferocity and concert of its onslaught, its world-wide organization, and its triumphant shamelessness. Neither is the revolt against Christ and Christianity new in the western world. But where it has hitherto been sporadic, disorganized, local and implicit, it has, in the last ten or fifteen years, emerged as an affirmative and universal philosophy which attacks Christianity in all but the revered name.

Hunger for power, impatience with the restraints of Christian morality, a deep-rooted longing to return to the world of brute force, have existed always. Side by side with these has existed, in the minds and hearts of the rebels, a terror of the compulsion of the conscience, of Christ, of Christ's omnipresence, and of Christ's "conspiratorial" pursuit of man's soul. "Will no one rid us of these implacable, unrelenting, ubiquitous, omnipotent, indestructible Jews" is the natural transference of the dread of Christ.

For a direct assault on Christ and Christian morality is unthinkable today, as it has been now for many centuries in the western world. The habits of these centuries, the transmitted traditions of nearly sixty generations, the complex of childhood associations, all unite to render impossible a frontal attack on Christ. The only psychological outlet which the repudiation can find is the blind, frenzied hatred and fear of the people into which He was born, and with which His name is everywhere and forever associated.

III

Now that we have the key, many baffling features of the situation are resolved. Why this *fear* of the Jews? Whence the belief in the omnipotence of a small and scattered people which, far from dominating world politics, is not even able to find a refuge for its wanderers? Whence the stupefying disparity between the emotion and the apparent cause? The answer is that it is not the Jews who are feared; it is Christ and Christianity. It is not the Jew who haunts the inmost places of the anti-Semitic (anti-Christ) mind; it is the conscience and the moral code with which the name of Christ is linked. From this pursuing and tormenting demon of remorse, this sense of sin and wrong, Jewish in origin or by unbreakable association, the anti-Semitic mind cannot free itself. These delusions of persecution by Jews, which fill the anti-Semitic propaganda throughout the western world, are externalizations of a repressed consciousness of quite another kind of persecution — the persecution of the amoralist by his conscience.

We must not fall into the comfortable belief that the mass of anti-Semites are not really afraid of "the Jewish monster." They are genuinely and deeply afraid, and their hatred and loathing is proportionate to their fear. What they fear is represented actually by the Sermon on the Mount, which they

wish to tear from their own and all men's minds; what they wish to extirpate root and branch from the memory of mankind is the Judaeo-Christian episode in human history. The diversion of this longing against contemporaneous Jewry (which is no more responsible for Christianity than any other people) is, of course, a futility. The destruction of the Jews will not of itself be accompanied by the destruction of the memory and power of Christ. In a very deep sense, indeed, the destruction of the Jewish people will not witness the end of anti-Semitism.

For let us consider what may be called the idealism of anti-Semitism. The popular literature of tolerance and commonsense on this subject seeks to point out to anti-Semites that anti-Semitism does not pay. Lists have been compiled of the tangible losses which Germany has suffered in expelling tens of thousands of able Jewish physicians, industrialists, organizers and scientists. And the moral is pointed at anti-Semites in this country who are ready to inflict the same losses on America. All of which is far beside the point. The desire to get rid of the Jews, or the need to vent upon them an immeasurable hatred, cannot be placated by an appeal to self-interest.

If it is useless to intimate that the destruction of the Jews throughout the world would not bring to an end the anti-Semitic problem, it is also useless to point out that it would not bring nearer the solution of a single social or political problem, and would not achieve for any country a single territorial or military objective. When Deputy *Gauleiter* Holz declared to a Nazi audience in October, 1936, that "if the Jews throughout the world were to be slain in a single day, it would be the holiest day in the entire history of man," he could not have had in mind an economic or political gain. If there was anything at all in his mind, or in the mind of his audience, it was confined to the lower levels of their consciousness, and it can only be identified as a bitter, frustrated resentment of the anti-Nazi, anti-Fascist morality, which is the Christian ethic thrust upon them in their childhood.

We see now why the discussion of anti-Semitism in terms of Jewish behavior and of the virtues and defects of the Jews is an error in perspective. We see also why the anti-Semitic mind is impenetrable to such considerations. Ordinary prejudice is amenable to reasonable talk; it may yield to exposition of practical interests; but no such

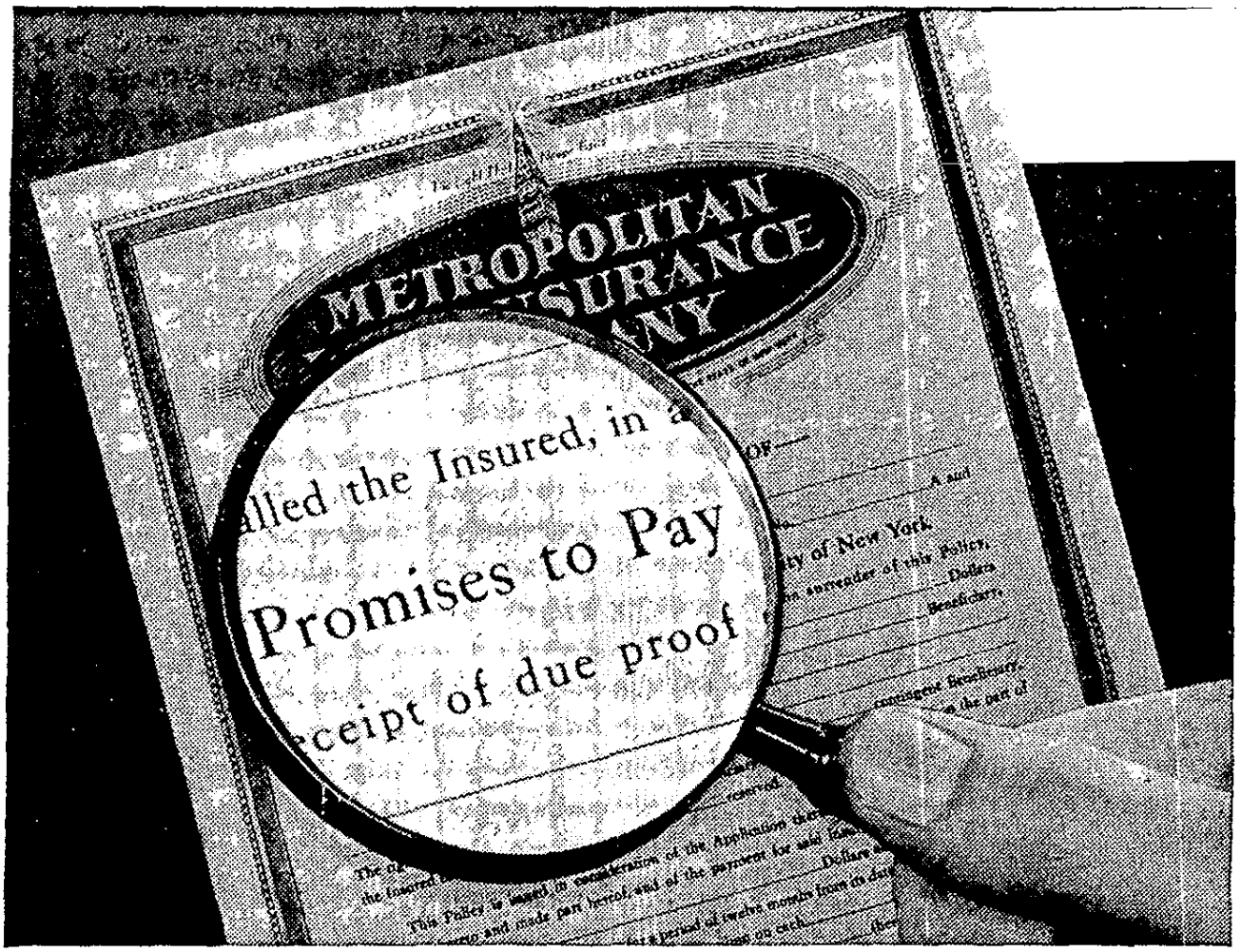
method, applied by itself, has the remotest chance with a compulsion which is divorced from practicality and springs from the very desire to be unreasonable.

This is not to deny that there exist, between Jewish groups and their neighbors, ordinary tensions and misunderstandings; or that economic factors help to complicate the problem. Indeed, they so far complicate the problem as *to help conceal its nature and root causes* from anti-Semite and non-anti-Semite alike. I have quoted (and could quote much more) from the anti-Semitic literature of Franco's Spain. There are not 20,000 Jews in Spain, out of a total population of nearly 23,000,000. A joke current in Europe tells us that the Japanese sent a cable to Berlin: "We are starting an anti-Semitic movement; please send us some Jews." The joke is not only pitiful; it is based on a false premise. The Japanese would need to import something more than a few Jews; they would have to import a civilization in which the restraint on the jungle lusts of man is associated with the Jewish name.

The first task which faces all those concerned with combating anti-Semitism is, it seems to me, to shift the field of action from the Jewish to the general western field. For nothing that the Jews do or become will affect the anti-Semitic mind. The Jewish problem is one thing; it has to do with Jewish refugees, occupational maldistribution, lack of a homeland, Jewish morale. The anti-Semitic problem is quite another thing; it has to do with a deep spiritual malaise in the western world, a malaise which threatens to destroy its social and moral foundations. It may be said roughly that anti-Semitism plays the same role today, in our civilization, that the corruption of morals and religion which began about the third century B.C. played in the Roman world, leading to Caesarism and decay.

In all of this there is little comfort for the *simplistes* among our leaders and teachers who want to believe that a little propaganda, logic and humor will meet the situation. These are not much more helpful than the kindly soul who thought someone ought to get hold of Hitler and give him a good talking to. On the other hand, it is helpful to realize that there is an interdependence of causes here which makes the fight against anti-Semitism part of the fight for the preservation of our civilization. Anti-Semitism is not a Jewish problem but profoundly a Christian problem.

The business that



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▶ *Five frightened republics keep the door to the Isthmus open to Hitler.*

NAZI INTRIGUES IN CENTRAL AMERICA

By Lawrence and Sylvia Martin

We are living in Guatemala City in the heart of the international belt. Across from our house on the Avenida de la Reforma is the American Legation. Two blocks westward, on Seventh Avenue, are the Italian, French, British and German Legations. It is quite a spectacle when all flags are flying. The German Legation is in a big yellowish structure set in a garden and shielded by hedges ten feet high. An impressive complex of wires and antennae crisscrosses the roof. A policeman guards the gate. At night every window of this house is ablaze with lights — for Christian Zinsser, kicked out of Honduras as *persona non grata*, has landed on his feet in Guatemala.

To the American Legation across the street and to the British a hundred yards away it is a fact of paramount importance. It means that now two of the most dangerous Nazi agents are together in one of the hot-spot countries of Latin America. Zinsser was Reich Chargé d'Affaires in Honduras from September 1940 to the middle of last March, when the Honduras government, alarmed by the progress of his undercover work, ordered him out. He crossed into Guatemala, to be greeted by Otto Reinebeck, Nazi Minister for all Central America, with headquarters in Guatemala.

Whether Zinsser gives orders to Reinebeck or Reinebeck to Zinsser is one of those puzzles Guatemalans argue behind closed doors. But they are all agreed that these are the two key men in Hitler's plans to prepare Central America for the Nazi *putsch* south of the USA. Former German Consul in the Polish city of Posen, Reinebeck is used to working with, under or over Zinsser, as the case may be; Zinsser was the evil genius who prepared the way of the Fifth Column in Poland just prior to the invasion. Reinebeck was selected by Hitler himself to accomplish in Guatemala what his two immediate predecessors failed at: to bring the Old Guatemalan Germans into the Nazi camp and

start the Fifth Column ball rolling among the natives.

The Führer had clearly made a good choice. Both the Latins and the Germans who have lived here long enough to absorb their attitudes are pushovers for courtesy of the formal brand — a quality which Americans lack and in which Reinebeck shines. Tall, blond, handsome, he woos with perfectly polished manners. Careful to stay within Central American laws, he puts nothing down in black and white. One of his first gestures as Nazi plenipotentiary was to buy conspicuously in Jewish-owned shops, thereby establishing a presumption of broad-mindedness. All that Otto Reinebeck has done is to talk, behind closed doors and to selected groups, and to stimulate the "right" kind of talk elsewhere in these republics.

To that dignified yellow house he invited, group by group, the Old Germans, many of them Guatemalan citizens, many of them large coffee planters, many of them rich and substantial; also lawyers, physicians, architects. His parties were *gemütlich*. And so the German Club in downtown Guatemala City now flies the swastika as well as the flag of the old monarchy. The Old Germans have become a part of the New Order.

The tactic seems to be to concentrate in each social or economic group — including artisans, servants, peons — on one person of strong character and some standing in his circle. Thus in our own house the carpenter who a few months ago was shocked by the bombing of London now begins to tell us that the United States and Great Britain are controlled by international Jewish finance, which started the war. We overhear our Indian servant, a sweet young woman, barely literate, informing the gardener that when the Nazis take Guatemala every workman will have 5000 *quetzals* a year and a house of his own. From the gardener we learn later that old Pedro, the postman, is also an ardent fascist. Our friends next door tell us sadly that their old family doctor, who used to linger affably, now departs abruptly when an anti-German remark is made.

The efficient Reinebeck and his staff have sown the seeds all over the place, despising no class. There are promises enough and to spare for all. The business and professional men are told that the foreigners and especially the Jews will be cleaned out; no more competition from them. The devout Catholic is assured that the United States is the Protestant Antichrist.

The politically-minded native is aroused with refurbished memories of American marines in Nicaragua. The coffee grower, the small banana planter, the chicle contractor hears that the Gringo giant is an exploiter, buying cheap and selling dear. And there is just enough truth in many of these faded stereotypes to establish contact and wedge open a way into Central American minds.

Anti-Nazi businessmen told us that it could not be denied that it was easier for Central Americans to do business with German than with American firms. A food importer once visited Chicago stockyards and tried to place a $400 order, but they were not even interested in anything below $10,000. When Germany bought Central American coffee, the houses that exported did the importing too; they were interested in getting the best prices in Germany because it meant they could in turn buy more German products. But the American firms that import rarely also export. Nor are American credit conditions as easy as the Germans' were.

Moreover, American business travelers usually speak wretched Spanish, if any, and have a rough way with local usages and national inferiority complexes.

II

Reinebeck is subtle and persistent, and with him anti-USA propaganda in Central America has entered a new phase. Zinsser is more on the tough-guy side. He was dispatched to Honduras, probably because it is the most backward and strategically least important of the five republics. The Nazis may have thought that in Honduras they could work more freely and through a propaganda *blitz* establish a centrally-located headquarters for the vital isthmus. He is a sinister figure, this Zinsser. Before settling down in Honduras, he visited El Salvador. There he chatted with the tolerant, democratically inclined von Heynitz, Reich Chargé d'Affaires. The next day von Heynitz was dead, a "suicide." In Honduras, Christian Zinsser had a violent altercation with the German Consul, Robert Motz. Motz, too, died suddenly soon thereafter. These mysterious coincidences were never investigated by Herr Reinebeck, to whom they should have been urgent official business.

Zinsser worked fast in Honduras. He had propaganda printed by a Nazi fanatic, Wilhelm Dossmann, director of a German-owned printing plant. He tried to establish secret wireless stations. He built

up an espionage system along the coasts and frontiers. He made suspicious trips into the hinterlands. But he made too much noise. It is not improbable that our State Department said a word to the American Minister, who spoke to President Carias. Of all the Central American presidents, Carias is most willing to oblige. Zinsser left behind a well-planted field that may sprout dangerous seeds in the near future. And persistent rumor has it that Zinsser will shortly quit Guatemala to report personally to Hitler by way of Japan.

Why has Hitler sent two of his best agents to Central America at a time when he is fighting on a dozen fronts in Europe? Clearly because Central America is vital to American defense. The five republics are a chain of weak links between the United States and the Panama Canal. Four are ruled by dictators more or less benevolent; their political exiles, the "outs," impatiently mark time waiting to overthrow the "ins." War has disrupted their economies, dependent mainly on coffee exports. On the surface, the situation seems ideal for monkey wrenches tossed with good aim.

Guatemala, at one end of the chain, and Costa Rica at the other, are the important points. The United States has ample forces in the Canal Zone to crack down on the Republic of Panama and its disgruntled President Arias, if and when necessary. But it happens that precisely in Guatemala and Costa Rica the Germans have been the strongest. They have been filtering in since the 1860's. Honest, solid, hardworking and efficient immigrants, they came to stay, not to skim off the cream and go back to the *Vaterland.* They married into good Latin families and had plenty of children. These are the Old Germans. In converting them, Reinebeck has brought an influential body of Latin American citizenry into Hitler's fold.

The coffee business in Costa Rica, Guatemala and the other three, and especially in prosperous El Salvador, is largely in German hands. The United States now buys and overbuys Central American coffee — as it must, being the only available buyer, to prevent bankruptcy, chaos and revolution. Yet in doing so it bolsters up the German communities. Far from being grateful, the Germans, as part of their anti-Yankee propaganda, merely emphasize that before the war Germany paid higher prices for the coffee than Uncle Sam now does. They whisper or

shout that "American-Jewish bankers" are robbing the coffee planters. A nice dilemma for Uncle Sam!

Germans are in other strategic positions in Central American life. They run the best hotels and pensions. They practically monopolize the hardware business. They own or control or manage railroads, river transport lines, power plants, bus lines. In Guatemala they own the important railroad line from Pantajche to Pansos and the river-lake line to the port of Livingston. A special eye is being kept on the port of Livingston, where Germans own the dock and harbor facilities; it would make an ideal base for fueling Nazi U-boats in the Caribbean. But it is a wild coastal area of jungle, swamp, crocodile-infested river, and not easy to watch.

Americans and Britishers have been slow to protect their interests here. More than a year ago England was informed that the agent in Guatemala for an important British cotton firm was an active Nazi. Not until last March was the account closed. Long ago the United States was notified that the agent in Guatemala for many important American business firms was Max Petau, Jr., a good Nazi. Not until last March was Petau dispossessed of the last of his agencies. One Dalchow, active in Nazi propaganda, is at this writing still employed in the office of the Guatemala agents of an important American shipping company. We should also do well to clean diplomatic house on the Isthmus. Talking to certain Consular and Legation officials, one is shocked to hear Nazi sentiments issue glibly from the lips of those charged with guarding democracy abroad.

III

There are genuine liberals in all these countries who are either on the fence or anti-American. They join the disgruntled exiles, the "outs," in pointing out that Uncle Sam is actually supporting four dictators right next door. Unfortunately and perhaps unavoidably, this is true. The United States now wants peace at almost any price near the Canal. You cannot get cooperation from a nation torn by revolution. The Good Neighbor policy lends moral, financial, and economic support — and therefore security — to the reigning strong men.

Ubico is in his eleventh year as President of Guatemala. Martinez has ruled Salvador since December 1932. Somoza of Nicaragua, inau-

gurated in 1937, remade the Constitution to give himself a ten-year term. Carias of Honduras, elected for a period of four years that should have ended in 1937, has just had his Congress give him till 1949. Revolution is much more difficult than it used to be. United States money helps the dictators buy strong and loyal armies, and the equipment to make them formidable.

Nor are these presidents wholly devoted to the United States. Martinez is the least friendly. He has never forgotten that Uncle Sam at first refused to recognize him when he came into power with a clatter of machine guns. When France fell and it seemed England would follow, he turned frankly pro-Axis. Should Germany win, he would probably be the first among the Central American leaders to push his country Nazi-ward. Ubico, strong and silent, hates to be called a dictator and is a stickler for democratic form. Outside of that he is realistic. About once a week he permits a pro-Axis article to appear in the controlled press, and does not suppress the Axis daily, *La Acción*. Thus he hints to Reinebeck and Zinsser that the door is not locked. . . . American-educated Somoza of Nicaragua gets along fine with the American Legation. The two-million-dollar Export-Import Bank loan he snagged in March should bind Nicaragua with a golden hoop, but he still wants the barge canal we promised him in 1939. Carias of weak Honduras can be led just as easily by the enemy as by the United States; Zinsser had time to build a strong organization before pressure was put on Carias to stop him.

Lovely little Costa Rica does not like Naziism. But it is a democracy and its laws insure free speech and press. The Nazis make the most of it. *La Epoca*, published by reactionary clerics but disavowed by the Church, is frantically pro-Axis, anti-Semitic and anti-USA. Being the most white and Spanish of all the Latin-American republics, Costa Rica is the most vulnerable to Falangist propaganda from Spain — propaganda which is more anti-Gringo than pro-Axis. The Spanish fascists are pulling old skeletons of Yankee intervention out of the closet and concentrating on the Spanish-America-for-Spanish-Americans line. The Nazis, at their end, concentrate on the economic-crisis line, blaming us for the low coffee prices, charging that our loans are usurious and that the Pan-American Highway is a Gringo military road built with Latin-American money.

Costa Rica has an army of 246 men and a navy of two gasoline launches. A few months ago, when two German freighters were in the Pacific port of Puntarenas with oversize crews, they could have taken over Costa Rica practically without a blow. In fact, the authorities and the American Minister were afraid that it was about to happen. That was right after the collapse of France, when democratic stock was at its lowest. At about the same time it was discovered that a Japanese cotton concession on the outskirts of the same Puntarenas had been leveled off, its cotton plants cut down. It would have made an ideal air field commanding the Gulf of Nicoya and only a few hours from the Canal. The government, jolted into action by the American Legation, caused ditches to be dug across the field "for sanitary reasons."

Where are the Italians in all this? Are they allowing the Germans to carry all the load? The Italian colonies in the five republics are smaller than the German and have never been as influential. Italians are to be found largely among the artisans and small landholders. They are a peaceable people, and while they cling to a love for the Old Country, they are on the whole without any desire to push fascism on their adopted country. What opportunity Italy had to pull an effective oar in this cause is now gone. Being small and weak, the Central American republics are respectful only of winners. They despise the hollow empire of Mussolini. In San Salvador the Italian Consul and Commercial Attaché must sneak out of their offices to avoid being hooted in public.

Success is the real key to the heart of Central America, gateway to the Panama Canal. Every Allied defeat makes the cause of democracy that much weaker on the American Isthmus, and raises Axis stock. These countries profess, officially, to be democratic, and swear they are ready to help Uncle Sam in any emergency. But they are very careful not to anger Minister Reinebeck, very careful to indicate to him that they are not altogether lost to Hitlerism. They do this by heeding Reinebeck's protests, every now and again, against some anti-Nazi film. *The Lion Has Wings*, a British propaganda film, and such Hollywood items as *The Mortal Storm*, *Pastor Hall*, and *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* have been suppressed in one republic or another. At judicious intervals the official press releases some pro-Axis news item or pub-

lishes an essay on the editorial page that attacks Jews and American imperialism in sonorous Spanish phrases.

The United States can do nothing against this. It cannot even blame the Central Americans, in all justice. A weak nation cannot afford to antagonize a power which might conceivably be its master some day soon. So long as Reinebeck and Zinsser keep within Guatemalan laws, they can propagandize as they will. American diplomacy has to step delicately in Central America. These countries are small, poor — and proud. Uncle Sam, as diplomats explained to us, could easily put his foot down. But that is only for a ninth-inning crisis. Moreover, we are in the paradoxical situation of backing a war for democracy, so far as Central America is concerned, by freezing the *status quo* on the Isthmus where four out of five have it — meaning dictatorship.

The *official* stand of the five Central American Good Neighbors is unquestionably with John Bull and Uncle Sam today. But until the United States has gone into the war and has taken the good neighbors with it, or until the Allies force Germany to sign an Armistice, the door will always be open for Hitler on the American Isthmus.

SONNET TO B. H.

By Maxwell Bodenheim

He swung the small, blunt knife of ridicule,
To hide the effervescence of a soul
Immersed in gaudy tatters and the rule
Of those who dropped a condescending dole.
In parlors he could jeer at poverties
And label them the natural breath of dumb,
Neurotic men forever on their knees —
Laughing before he picked the next stray crumb.

Eventually he snared the trick of wealth —
Thin novels, brittle swaggering of plays,
Cartoons of enemies, with malice, stealth:
The fashionable wise-cracks, slanting gaze.
Yet in this ease he found himself still poor,
Begging for friendship, shivering, insecure.

A DAY WITH THE PRIME MINISTER

A Story

By Mark Aldanov

He carried that microphone with unusual care, as if he were afraid of slipping and falling. The young engineer constantly worked with microphones and was as used to them as a cook is to pans. The cautiousness of his walk derived from the place where he was, not from what he carried. He was there for the first time in his life. Formerly, before this wretched war, he had felt rather hostile to this place. Now the war, which had changed everything, had changed that also: hostility became a blend of light irony while giving credit where credit was due. Here everything was luxurious and saturated with history. The house itself was called simply by the name of the street, and that name was pleasant to pronounce: glory and history had changed it from a perfectly ordinary name into something very sonorous.

He kept encountering well-dressed people who glanced at him with curiosity. Noticing the microphone, they nodded with an air of understanding: all the world knew that today the great man was to speak on the radio. Someone who did not appear to belong in that house examined the engineer with a long, attentive, and unpleasant look. "Probably Scotland Yard. . . . Of course, he is as well guarded as Hitler or Stalin," thought the engineer with approval, and suddenly stopped, as a footman threw a door ahead wide open. A few steps away, the engineer saw the great man. He had never seen him, but his face, which for many years had been giving a respectable income to caricaturists, was known to the whole world. The great man, in a gold-braided uniform with bushy epaulettes, a sword at his side, holding in his hand a dark boat-shaped hat, humming something, walked rapidly toward them with a heavy rolling gait.

The engineer stepped aside in confusion, although there was

enough room. The great man glanced at him with curiosity, saw the microphone, smiled a bright smile, as if he were entirely delighted with life, nodded politely, and went on to the stairs. He ran up the first steps, stopped for a moment and, feeling the people gaping at him, ran on. "At a time like this — really, he should be relieved of court ceremonies and such stuff," the engineer said to himself. Before the start of the wretched war he had not liked that man at all. The engineer had held decidedly radical views, and his wife was in complete sympathy with his opinions.

On the first Friday of each month they used to give a dinner to their best friends. The housewife's specialty in the realm of cooking was a real Russian borsch, and this perhaps had a political tinge, though a very slight one. The people who gathered at their house were also very advanced. From borsch to dessert they usually berated the government, and in particular (even when he was not of the government) that man whom, behind his back, all called simply by his first name and who now lived in the historic house. He was the focus of their political hatred.

With the beginning of this wretched war began the cave-dweller's life. Naturally there were no more dinners. When meeting friends, they still berated the government, but not exactly from the same point of view. Formerly they accused it of making the country bristle with armaments. Now they said the government did not arm energetically enough. The great man was little talked about at the beginning of the war. Then as things began getting worse his name began to figure more often in the newspapers and in conversations. He also continued to be berated, though a good deal more gently, and again not exactly from the former point of view. And once, after hearing for the third time in twenty-four hours the howl of the sirens, the engineer hit the table with his fist and exclaimed that that man should be given full powers.

"He is an imperialist, but what can you do! He foresaw a great deal. In these wretched times such a man is perhaps just what we need!"

"Perhaps" was a debt paid to the past: the era of dinners on the first Friday of the month.

An exceptionally well-dressed man, reminding one of a rather mediocre caricature of a polished diplomat, came to meet the engineer. "Probably a secretary . . .

needs only a monocle and some hemming and hawing," he thought in annoyance, because the gentleman had only nodded distantly and because he was so astonishingly well dressed. The engineer remembered that his trousers had not been pressed for a week. Furtively, shifting the microphone, he pulled in his shirt cuffs.

"You are to install the microphone? White usually does that," said the secretary.

"Yes, but White is sick. This has all been arranged," the engineer replied drily.

"Very well. Let's go," the secretary said, and, hemming, went ahead with a precise gait.

In spite of his views, the engineer gazed not without emotion at the room in which world history had been made for two hundred years. The desk attracted his particular attention. There were many papers on it, and three telephones of different colors. The secretary sat down on a chair which stood beside a high and narrow bookshelf behind the desk.

"Put the microphone here. He will speak from here," he pointed.

"That means the Prime Minister will speak standing?" asked the engineer. It did not seem quite proper to him to refer to the great man as "he."

"Yes, the Prime Minister will speak standing."

The installation took only a few minutes, although the engineer deliberately worked slowly: he did not wish to go away.

"I never could understand the principle of the microphone — so stupid," the secretary suddenly said good-naturedly, and laughed.

"Oh, it's simple," replied the engineer, no longer hating the well-dressed secretary. He began to explain the principles.

The door suddenly swung open and the great man entered the room. He was already in ordinary business clothes, and carried a sheaf of papers in his hand. The engineer stared at him with fright. "What's this? He seems badly shaken!" Apparently the Prime Minister had not expected to find anyone in this room. In a moment, the expression of his face changed and a smile shone on it.

"Ready, I hope? The time is near. I thank you," he said cheerfully.

The engineer and the secretary left the room on tiptoe. The Prime Minister sat down heavily in an arm chair, the smile extinguished, and read over the papers. He lowered his head on his hands. He felt groggy. The news he had just received was dreadful.

II

All that day, like all the days of the week now, had been budgeted not by hours, but by minutes. He had already begun working in the house where he had spent the night. Then he had been driven to this historic building, where he had continued to work in bed, made ready for him in a safe location. Later, sitting in his bath, he had read the telegrams received during the night; there was nothing alarming in them, although they were sombre enough. Then, having breakfasted, he had first read reports, notes, projects, and later had received collaborators and visitors.

After lunch began the unnecessary work, which one had to do not because of its direct importance but because of extraneous yet unavoidable considerations. Having smoked a cigar, finished his coffee and a glass of liqueur (all of which had been explicitly forbidden by the doctors), he left for the House of Commons, and smiling radiantly, sat there for half an hour. Nothing very important now occurred, and that which was said at him and about him he had read more than once in better-written newspaper articles. He pretended to be listening very attentively and attributing enormous importance to the speeches, for he had always been suspected of having insufficient respect for them. His bright smile had a calming effect on the House, and through it on the country. Having sat as long as seemed necessary, he seized an opportune moment (one orator had finished, another had not yet begun), assumed a sorrowful expression — what could one do, one had to leave — and went out.

Several influential members of Parliament followed him for private conversation. He allotted two minutes to one, three to another, five to a third. In these conversations, which did not get into print, he often imparted that which he could not say publicly. Yet there was a great deal he did not impart even in private conversations. Thus at any given moment the state of affairs had three faces: one intended for everybody, another which could be shown to a dozen important and discreet people, a third known to himself alone. And beyond these three faces there was a haunting fourth: the real state of affairs, known to no one.

The most influential of the members of Parliament who had followed him, the one who had the unwritten right to five minutes of private talk, showed agitated con-

cern and repeated emphatically that the bombing of the great cities and especially of the capital of the enemy should be intensified: it would give moral satisfaction to a population harassed by air raids. The Prime Minister's smile expanded: he had found the answer at once. Despite his natural wit and the rapidity of his mental reactions, he often invented brilliant epigrams in privacy for later use. But this time the pointed phrase rose in his mind in finished form. He buttonholed the agitated member of Parliament, knowing that this familiarity from him could not but be pleasant.

"I understand," he said ruefully. "Oh, how I understand your feelings! We have been bombing — so far — only points having military significance. But what fun it would be simply to bomb them — simply to give them a dose of their own medicine. Yes, what fun it would be!" he repeated, sighing. For a few seconds he remained broodingly silent. Then suddenly letting go of his companion's coat, he produced his impromptu phrase: "However, business before pleasure!"

By the smile which greeted this sally he knew that it would have a great success — first here, then in the newspapers, then all over the world. He was pleased inside: such quips were necessary for victory; the trip to Parliament had turned out well. He glanced at his watch, said good-bye, went home, put on his uniform, and left for the court ceremony.

In the past he had loved these ceremonies, as he had loved everything that was sumptuous in life. In more recent years they had begun to tire him somewhat. His uniform did not fit him nearly so well, and the ceremonies themselves had changed. The same routine, yet the feel of the participants seemed different. For twenty years now, ever since that other war, people from the ranks had seeped into these occasions. He did not in the least despise them: on the contrary, as individuals he respected many of them more than his own kind. But the knowledge that he belonged to an illustrious family was under the surface of his life. They were they, and he was he.

Upon his return to the famous street, he had received that terrible telegram. So now he sat, his head in his hands, for about five minutes, pondering the consequences of the new event and also of how to soften its effect on the world. "It had to come just before the speech!" The speech was written.

He had spent almost all of the preceding night composing, trimming, polishing it. He knew it to be good: in addition to everything else, there were a few key phrases and sentences in it, each of which the newspapers could be expected to repeat — some of which might even enter into history. These passages gave him also a purely literary satisfaction, something almost sensual. Now it was necessary to change some things, to add some others, and there was no more time to polish.

His heart was pounding — it had long been out of order. "Yes, this and that must be changed." . . . He took the well-typed text of his speech, and made notes on it in pencil. He glanced at a clock: only a few minutes remained. He coughed heavily, hoarsely. "What will happen if I die? They can't." . . . He knew, as an external, almost impersonal fact, that his country needed him now, that he was indispensable. . . . It was no less clear to him that the result of the war would also settle his reputation for all time. If it turned out badly, he would be blamed for everything. Sometimes, during sleepless nights, he thought of this, with bitterness. But now this idea hardly touched him. Now he was thinking only of his country; now his country was thinking through him.

The Prime Minister had *almost* no doubts about the final victory. But he knew he could adduce no invulnerable logical reasons for his certainty. True, advisers and experts produced such reasons, made calculations, collected proofs. He studied all of that with the minutest attention, yet he knew that for every argument, every proof, the enemy had a counter-argument, a counter-proof. In warring Europe he was the only statesman who had held high office in the previous war as well. Then, too, there had been experts and most exact calculations, which later caused only embarrassment.

At bottom his near-conviction of victory stemmed from the fact that in his country of precedents one thought in terms of precedents, and there was no precedent for a catastrophe of this sort in its history. Besides, he could not imagine either the life of his country or his own life in the event of defeat. There would be no reason for living, it would be superfluous, even impossible. "Yes, I must keep up our spirits! That's the main thing!" he thought as he pencilled notes.

Collecting the pages of his text, he caught a glimpse of a newspaper

on the table and a familiar face with a ludicrous little mustache. Suddenly the terrible hate which had been choking him rose to his head. The logic was washed out. Now he was certain that even without notes he would say what he ought to say, would say it as it ought to be said.

That evening millions of people who had heard the great man said that he had surpassed himself. Never had his language been so terse, so dynamic; never had words been flung into space with such extraordinary force. Those who had only read the speech heard these comments with some perplexity. "But there was nothing new in it," they said. As for the Prime Minister himself, he thought that the greatest virtue of his speech was precisely this absence of anything new: he had said that which his country was feeling.

III

The engineer was putting away the microphone. He was shaken, and he was a little ashamed of the fact that he was shaken. At the beginning of the speech he even struggled mentally against the orator. "I must not fall under the spell of eloquence. . . . Of course, he can speak admirably. But his arguments. . . ." The engineer listened intently, trying to reply in his own mind. But there really was no reason for replying, there was nothing to reply to. He began to feel himself overwhelmed: he began to breathe with the orator. Then from some deep recess, hatred began to rise in him: hatred for the enemy about whom the great man was talking. And when the orator began to talk about the man with the little mustache, the engineer felt his blood rising to his head.

The collaborators of the great man kept glancing with impatience at the engineer, evidently wishing that he would go away as quickly as possible: they wanted to exchange impressions. All of them were also moved. But their approach to such speeches was professional. And to be sure, after the engineer had left, one of them pointed out a passage where, he thought, there was a complicated and sly hint. It turned out, however, that the others had not perceived any such hint. They all agreed that it was a remarkable speech — perhaps his best. "Anyhow, Adolf won't like this speech at all!" they laughed.

Just then the sirens began to howl. People no longer paid much attention to them. Only one did not feel that what people said

about the air raids, nor the manner in which they said it, was entirely sincere. The chances of death in an air raid were not great; they were often compared to the mortality from automobile accidents. But not far from the surface of consciousness, in the minds of all, especially at the beginning, there stirred the half-thought: "Perhaps today? Perhaps I?"

In the historical house there began that movement which occurs in banks and department stores at the time when work stops. Still, this was not quite the same movement. "Evidently the speech has made Adolf furious!" an employee laughed. "Gentlemen, I protest: it is against the rules to have them flying before dark," laughed another. "Yes, today they're ahead of schedule," said the marvelously dressed secretary, and turned to the engineer, who stood bewildered in the corridor.

"Of course, you may come down with us to our shelter. . . . I shall probably also go there; I won't have time to reach B." He named one of the most aristocratic hotels.

"Really, I don't know. I'm hurrying to meet my wife," the engineer said undecidedly, and blushed. The secretary smiled, spreading his hands a little, and went off.

The sky was moonless. Shadows moved rapidly: people walking as fast as possible, but avoiding the appearance of running. The sirens still howled, harrowingly. A weak bluish light slid along the pavement, and vanished: an automobile had rushed by, probably an official one. The engineer, hurrying, realized that his underground station was at least half an hour away. He considered returning, but they might not admit him now. One can't ask for "the well-dressed secretary" to come out of the shelter. I don't even know his name. . . . He recalled that there was a shelter nearby, though a poor one.

The sirens fell silent on an inexpressibly mournful note, and the engineer heard the still distant sounds of onrushing airplanes. The antiaircraft guns began to roar. Blinding shafts of light pierced the sky. At an enormous height, little round spots began to glitter. Beneath them exploded the semispheric puffs of the shells. "Lord! I hope the first one at least will be shot down," he prayed, peering on the run at the first glittering spot. Suddenly he heard an explosion, quite near. "I must reach that shelter," he thought, gasping, and now running without shame. Again an explosion, a third, a fourth; they seemed louder and closer.

He was now running faster than he had run since his school days. He knew this part of the city. The shelter was still a few minutes' away. Now a deafening sound struck him like a heavy blow and he fell to the pavement. He hid his face, pressing the brim of his hat against the sidewalk, and momentarily stopped his ears. He felt no pain, and after half a minute he realized with a welling sense of happiness that he was not hurt, not dead. He raised his head. About a hundred feet away, a large building had collapsed. Above it rose a tall pillar of smoke with greenish flames. People were running. Ambulances rushed by.

Where the shelter had been also stood a tall pillar of smoke, shot through with green flame. "He hit the shelter! Probably they're all lost!" a breathless voice said beside him.

A big open automobile appeared at the corner. Some one jumped out of it, and with a quick rolling gait approached the site of the catastrophe. With astonishment, and a kind of joy, the engineer recognized the great man. Everybody recognized him at once. A low buzz ran through the crowd.

The Prime Minister normally did not come out during air raids. The population was expected to take to the shelters, and he gave an example of order and discipline. Sometimes he worked in his shelter till morning. But today, in the excitement after the worldwide broadcast, he sensed that order and discipline were not enough. He had ordered his car. One of his associates had said to him that he had no right to expose himself to danger. But by the way this was said, by the expression on the speaker's face, the Prime Minister understood that he had guessed the mood of his city.

As soon as he drove out, he saw above his head the glittering spots, and heard the banging of the shells, and a feeling he had not experienced for a long time took possession of him. It was as if he were fifty years younger. Long ago, as a young hussar he had known the sensation of fear in battle. He examined himself now: there was not a trace of fear for himself. "What a death! There would be no precedent for it in history!" But immediately he brushed away this fleeting, almost inarticulate thought. "No, I can't die! We must first wring their necks!"

By the light of the fires, he saw the familiar streets of the city that held his whole glittering fateful life. Without putting it into words he told himself that an era was

finished forever, that this very city would be different, that a new life was approaching, probably a difficult and a fearful one. He loved his era, his life, his city: the thought of their passing evoked sadness in him. But there was no time for sadness. We must wring their necks! He was himself and he was his country, and they telescoped one into the other.

A police official was respectfully reporting. . . . "Yes, yes, it's a devil's lottery! It's all a devil's lottery!" he thought, frowning, as he looked at what a quarter of an hour earlier had been a shelter. There were no orders to give, nothing to do. It grew quieter: the bombs were now exploding quite far away. Stretchers appeared. A low sigh ran through the crowd. Hats were removed. By the faint side-light of an ambulance, the great man saw what was in the stretchers. Hate rose like a physical pain. He turned away, and saw the engineer looking at him enthusiastically. The great man recognized him, nodded as he went to his car. Feeling the human craving for enthusiasm focussed upon him, he turned to the crowd.

"Three are already down!" said the Prime Minister, just as he ought to have said it.

WILD HONEY

By Glenn Ward Dresbach

This is the kind of honey that the bees
Make for themselves, when any swarm escapes
The impositions of our niceties
And finds boxwood, buckwheat, and ripe wild grapes.
Got catch-as-can, before the juice runs thin
From flavors not too subtle or discreet,
This honey smacks of lusty questing in
The tang of wildness coursing through the sweet.

The color is not clear and pale enough,
Each flavor is too forthright and too strong,
For delicate tastes; you must be young or tough
With living — if you relish it for long . . .
Bite down, as firmly as the hot bee dips
Into the bloom — and lick your tingling lips.

▶ *Across the Mississippi-Tennessee frontier, two counties are at war.*

DICE AND DEATH IN DIXIE

By Craddock Goins

Civil war is brewing again down in Dixie, where men like their liquor well spiked with excitement. Governor Paul B. Johnson is on the march in "bone-dry" Mississippi, determined to enforce the stringent liquor-control laws that are regularly flouted with hardly a murmur from local law-enforcement authorities. Early this year Governor Johnson widened an already lively liquor war with his National Guard raid on Vicksburg, where saloons have always operated in open contempt for state laws. His action brought the state association of sheriffs swarming upon the Capitol, hotly contesting the Governor's right to use military force against vice and political corruption in their counties. The eighty-two county sheriffs of Mississippi are big men in their bailiwicks. They are also the county tax collectors, and earn as much as $40,000 yearly in legal fees. They resent being told how to run their business by a devout Methodist teetotaler like Governor Johnson, who earns a paltry $7500 a year.

Johnson's troubles stemmed from a fantastic clash between one of the most troubled of Mississippi counties and its neighbors just over the line in Tennessee. De Soto County, Mississippi, only a few miles outside Memphis, Tennessee, is typical of those Southern communities where graft, vice, bloodshed and sucker scalping masquerade under the cloak of Sunday blue laws, anti-gambling statutes and strict prohibition enactments. As a case study in corruption, Dixie style, it is worth a glance. There in the last year, indeed, interstate war has been seriously threatened.

Early one morning last summer Sheriff Guy Joyner of Shelby County, Tennessee, bit off a whack of chewing tobacco at Memphis and allowed he was damn tired of the fact that all card cheats, whores and bootleggers driven out of Memphis found refuge over the state line in Mississippi. Throwing up shacks in De Soto County, just a dice throw or so from town, they held open court for Memphis' sporting blood. Joe Boyle, Memphis

police commissioner, thoroughly agreed. He demanded that Sheriff Elton S. Baxter of De Soto County take those dead cats off Memphis' back porch, else he'd send down the Tennessee Highway Patrol and "ride the gamblers back to Memphis and put them to work on Shelby County roads." "And if Sheriff Baxter wants to stand in front of one of those gambling joints and defend them, we'll take him too," Boyle promised.

There was irony in the fact that the De Soto County hellholes were created by a cleanup drive in Memphis. Back in 1937 shaggy-browed Ed Crump, undisputed boss of Memphis for the past forty years, suddenly wearied of his city's wide rating as Crime Capital of America. He wanted a clean city for his old age. To this end he named as Police Commissioner, Joe Boyle, a Catholic, over protests of the overwhelmingly Protestant Mid-South Bible Belt. Boyle dumbfounded critics by quickly and thoroughly cleaning out the red-light district and driving out gamblers, gangsters and pimps. The papers dubbed him "Holy Joe" and cheered him on.

But the undesirables in De Soto County soon had a collection of outlaw settlements, liquor dives, fleshpots and unmolested rackets that would have awed a Capone. Most of the big shots took up residence in Memphis again, making their profits in De Soto County and rolling home in their Rolls-Royces at daybreak to turn in at luxurious apartments. From De Soto County officials came few complaints. (Occasionally a Mississippian is mistaken for a prohibitionist because his vote is consistently dry, but nothing moves him to more bitter wrath than for an official to take said vote literally. Sheriffs well understand this phenomenon, or they'd never be elected.) Boyle and Joyner finally made their ultimatum to Sheriff Baxter. The Memphis police commission backed it up by going into competition with British war aid and buying an arsenal — $4488 worth of machine guns, hand grenades, etc. "They'll be here for any emergency," explained Holy Joe. "That covers everything."

A highly personal touch in this war between states — which thus far has resulted only in the exchange of threats and insults — developed when the Shelby County sheriff threw up a billboard on a highway leading to De Soto County, illuminated by four 100-watt electric lights and inscribed in big red letters at the top: "DANGER AHEAD!" Then, under an outlined finger, came the words:

Down the road in Mississippi are gambling dens and dives. Sheriff Elton S. Baxter, of De Soto County, knows these thieving joints are wide open. He can stop them. But he won't. WHY?

Sheriff Joyner's signature was painted in at the bottom.

Four deputy sheriffs armed with sawed-off shotguns were posted on guard with orders to blow the tires off the car of anyone trying to shoot out the lights on the billboard. In De Soto County, Sheriff Baxter yawned, called it "school children's talk," and reckoned he'd be pretty busy for a spell running down cotton thieves. He said there were no gambling joints in his county, "just nice, respectable dining and dancing places."

All Mississippi flared at this interference with their state law enforcement. In the past, prohibition leaders of the state had denounced De Soto County's dice and liquor dens. But the beloved doctrine of state's rights is still the Southerner's religion. Mississippians united in warning Tennessee "to keep its damn nose out of Mississippi's business." Merchants threatened to boycott Tennessee's legal saloons and stick to home-grown bootleggers. Major Frederick Sullens, fire-eating editor of Jackson, Mississippi, denounced the billboard as "hypocritical holiness." He suggested that Mississippi erect a countersign informing the traveler: 'You are now approaching Memphis —one of the worst boss-cursed cities in the United States. It has one of the highest murder rates in the nation."

These fires were fanned hotter when a Tennessee deputy sheriff walked into the De Soto County court house and dropped on Sheriff Baxter's desk a letter from Sheriff Joyner. It read:

I notify you that I will some day or night break up that gambling paraphernalia — arrest those thieving gamblers and all present in those dives on Highway 61. I will have ample men to accomplish this purpose, with a pack of bloodhounds and workhouse convict vans to haul all the gamblers back to the Shelby County Jail."

This epistle was confirmed by a statement from Shelby County's attorney general, Will Gerber:

If Sheriff Joyner will bring in those crooks, including Sheriff Baxter, I will send them all to the Shelby County roads in balls and chains.

And so Civil War looms again, suh, down in Dixie. Even though the guns haven't yet been carried across the state boundary, they are being held in readiness — at least by Tennessee.

II

In 1939, vice was booming in De Soto County. The kingpin was one

Bob Berryman. He ran The Paddock, an elegant lair of dice and Micky Finn that drew the big-money boys of Memphis. One night, Berryman climbed out of his limousine in Memphis, adjusted his *boutonnière*, cornered a small-time De Soto County card punk named John Phillips in a restaurant, and shot him to death with a sawed-off shotgun. Berryman took a life sentence without explaining anything. But official Memphis was seized with fear that a series of gang murders would follow. Not long before that Wayne Queen, a De Soto County blackguard, had given Memphis police a wild chase down Main Street before they shot the tires off his car and arrested him for drunken driving. He proved to be a paroled convict employed as a night-club bouncer, and at the same time serving as a Deputy Sheriff of De Soto County!

A few miles from The Paddock was a modest little hellhole operated by Everett Baxter, son of Elton S. Baxter. The latter was not yet Sheriff. Such was the apathy of the local regime that outraged De Soto County citizens asked Hugh L. White, then Governor of Mississippi, to send the state militia to clean out the local cesspool. White complied. The Mississippi National Guard made several raids, smashing much liquor and gambling equipment. But the joints always reopened. Finally De Soto County held a thundering mass meeting at Hernando, the county seat. One Mr. Gerald Chatham said that, by heck, what the county needed was more teeth in the state liquor and gambling laws. He was a member of the State Legislature, and he received considerable attention.

At the same meeting, another spirited citizen arose and declared that what the county needed was a good sheriff. He was Mr. Elton S. Baxter, and he said he would like nothing better than an opportunity to save his county from the gambling hellions. Mr. Baxter announced his candidacy on the front page of the Hernando *Times Promoter:*

> I sincerely pledge and promise every mother, father and every other person in De Soto County that, if elected to this office (sheriff and tax collector), I will do everything in my power to enforce all the criminal laws of the state and especially the laws against gambling and the sale of intoxicating liquors.

But things didn't work out so well after he was elected. The outlaw colonies grew. Hundreds of thousands of dollars changed hands over crap tables every week end. Liquor and blood flowed freely.

There was shooting and pistol-butt brutality. Strumpets ran riot. There was a rape case. But none of this was the fault of Mr. Gerald Chatham, who returned to the State Capital and "put more teeth in the liquor and gambling laws." He passed a law giving the citizens the right to petition the sheriff to make raids — a rather frank invitation for the people to ask the sheriff to do his duty.

But Bob Berryman's Paddock never missed a click of the dice. There's no telling how long things would have gone his way if he had not killed John Phillips. After that murder De Soto County rose in wrath. There was another big mass meeting at Hernando. Acting under the Chatham law, citizens petitioned Sheriff Baxter to do something. He said he didn't know of any gambling but if somebody would get a warrant, he'd think it over. The warrant was issued and the sheriff, after due consideration, said he thought it was a lot of foolishness.

One man stood up in meeting, cleared his throat and said, "Didn't you promise the mothers that you'd close those gambling dens if we elected you sheriff?" Sheriff Baxter replied that he didn't remember everything said "in all that election excitement."

Thereupon a four-man committee of citizens personally escorted Sheriff Baxter to The Paddock. Entering, they pointed out to him ten streamlined slot machines and an assortment of roulette wheels and drop boards for dice-throwing. The good sheriff said he couldn't confiscate the crap-shooting paraphernalia because at that moment no one was throwing dice with it. Nor could he touch the slot machines, because the privilege tax had been paid on them. (Taxing equipment that cannot legally be operated is a curious practice in Mississippi.) The sheriff did nothing there. At a nearby joint he seized a thousand dollars' worth of gambling devices and arrested a Mr. Schumacher, who posted bond and failed to come up for trial. The sheriff didn't show up either.

After several postponements, Mr. Schumacher in the end did manage to reach court with his lawyer, who was none other than *Mr. Gerald Chatham*, the earnest gentleman who tightened the gambling and liquor laws, and who had meanwhile got himself elected county superintendent of education with authority over all the school children in his county! Mr. Chatham had quite a blistering argument with the county attorney

over the guilt of his crap-shooting client, but the latter was fined $250 and went on his way to sin plenty more.

The De Soto County Law and Order League was organized. Milton Payne, chairman of one of the league's committees, thought he'd saunter down to The Paddock one day to see what was going on. He ran into a gentleman with the highly alliterative name of Lucian Laughter, a high lieutenant in the Bob Berryman syndicate, which has continued to function even though Berryman is in jail. Mr. Laughter didn't appreciate the visit. He whanged Mr. Payne over the nose and ordered him to "get the hell out." He threw several hooks to the face and body. Somebody else came along to help give Mr. Payne the heave-ho. Because of this, Lucian was picked up by Memphis police on a charge of loitering. He put up bond and forfeited.

By this time Governor Johnson, an outspoken dry all his life, was in office. His campaign speeches had made bootleggers believe he was an "allright guy," and he received the greatest majority ever given a Mississippi candidate for Governor. When the De Soto delegation went to him, he still indicated that he wanted no piece of this military prohibition enforcement business, although it had been upheld by the State Supreme Court. He cracked the Bible and quoted Solomon: "He that meddleth with mischief not of his own making is like he who passing by pulleth a dog's ear."

The Governor is not likely to forget that philosophy as he moodily surveys the situation in the bone-dry belt. With so many soldiers running around with much change for grog and craps, the bar business is looking forward to some of its best years. When the executive finally sent the militia to De Soto County, there wasn't much kick-back. Several places were put out of business for a time, some for as long as a week. But the big howl came when he sent the National Guard to Vicksburg, a city that hasn't liked soldiers since a bewhiskered individual named U. S. Grant marched in one day.

The mobilization of the militia into Uncle Sam's defense program stymied Johnson's military march temporarily. But the Governor came up with a brand-new hole card early this year after a trip to Washington. The War Department, he announced, had authorized him to form a Mississippi Home Guard to combat liquor lawlessness in a state with one of the oldest prohibition traditions in

the country. That was a bombshell, coming from a man who in the gubernatorial race gave out the feeling that he disapproved of "interference with the rights and duties of local law-enforcement authorities." But now the sheriffs know what to expect. Sheriff J. N. Buchanan of Vicksburg, indeed, has complained on one occasion that Governor Johnson is trying to form a "streamlined Gestapo" to usurp the functions of local officers.

Mississippians are settling back to see what becomes of the Home Guard idea, whether De Soto County's lucrative corruption can be curbed, and how the Governor makes out with the state's eighty-two high and mighty sheriffs. On the Tennessee side of the line embattled Shelby County, which is to say Memphis, demands action and threatens to start some on its own despite state boundaries. Some sheriffs frankly claim that the Governor, instead of pulling a dog's ear, has a wildcat by the tail and doesn't know what to do with it. The fracas, it's true, is somewhat overshadowed by another war, across the Atlantic, but it's a lot closer home to Dixie.

TEAM-MATES

By Nell Griffith Wilson

The meadow bars no longer held old Bess
When plowing started in the lower field;
No human mind, however keen, could guess
The anguish of that faithful heart to yield
Her place beside her team-mate of the years.
Too lame and aged for heavy toil . . . but now
Her nostrils caught the tang of spring, her ears
Had sensed the tramping feet and drag of plow.

She broke the bars someway and gained his side,
Then feebly down the furrow's new-turned length
She plodded close, content with seeming pride
To pull her share, her posture one of strength.
Three harnessed to one plow, but one alone
Was bound by years of labor she had known.

COMEBACK FOR COUNTRY DANCES

By Lewis T. Nordyke

A small orchestra plunks and toots instruments for tuning. Women in full skirts and low-heeled shoes and men in shirt-sleeves practice "putting the little foot." A lanky man steps up to a microphone and calls:

Tighten up the bellybands and loosen up the traces;
All join hands and get to your places.

Several couples understand American folklore sufficiently to interpret the second line. They grab hands and form a ring. The man at the mike begins to sing:

Crack that whip, jerk the line;
Let's all start dancing and have a good time!

As the orchestra strikes up *Turkey in the Straw* at a fast clip, the caller begins jigging and chanting the following patter:

Pick up the tail chain, throw in the sprague;
Whistle at the nipper and watch us rag!
Now honor your partner, lady by your side;
All join hands and circle wide!
Do si do on every side!
Now you're right, now you're wrong;
Swing your opposite with the right,
Corner left and partner right!
Swing your opposite with a two-hand cling,
Treat your corner just the same;
Home you go and everybody swing!

They do swing. Full skirts swirl. A square dance is in progress at the country club. It may be in Hollywood, Baltimore or New York. The rollicking country dances of grandpa's day are sweeping the country. For years the squares, rounds and reels were danced almost entirely in rural sections, mainly in the West, the South and New England. Occasionally they were featured for novelty's sake at city festivals. But now the dances have really come to town. You can find them going on in lodge halls, club-houses and even on public beaches. At home you can hear the calls and music on the radio. What's more, they were a sensation this year at Vassar, Bryn Mawr and Smith and at the big proms of Eastern men's colleges.

It's stylish for dancers to dress in the fashion of the period of the dance. In the West, the men sport cowboy boots, with trouser legs

stuffed carelessly in the boot tops, and loud-striped shirts. The women wear full skirts and tight waists with short sleeves. A long sleeve could be torn or jerked off. Any woman who has tried a square in high-heeled shoes has a deep appreciation for low heels. Petticoats are important too. They prevent the skirts from wrapping around the legs in the swings. As any woman who has danced the square knows, the caller means it when he chants:

Swing that pal and swing that girl;
Swing your partner round in a whirl!

The squares are even more vigorous today than they were when grandpa stamped the floor to the tune of the fiddle. The music is faster; the movements have been speeded up. But dancers still demand such old public-domain favorites as *Sally Goodin*, *Arkansas Traveler*, *The Wag'ner*, and *Long-Eared Mule*.

The dance-callers — the boys who keep squares and rounds really moving — have hundreds of dance movement combinations to choose from, and any number of humorous chants. It's customary to set the dancers whirling by singing something like:

Pull off your shoes and shake your socks;
Swing those girls till you rattle their hocks!

Each of these zestful rhymes is as definite as a military command. Consider, for instance, this seemingly cryptic call:

First gent out and swing Sally Goodin,
Now your taw;
Then the girl from Arkansas!
Then Sally Goodin
And then your taw;
Now don't forget your old grandmaw!
Home you go and everybody swing!

Each of these lines gives a definite order. The man with his back to the music is the "first gent"; his partner, on his right, is his "taw." The second girl to the right, in this particular dance, is Sally; the third, the lady from Arkansas; and the fourth, grandma. All the first gent has to do is swing them in the order called for and when he finally gets back to his place, everybody swings. The other gents take their turns, new intricacies follow, and plenty of solid exercise has been had by the time the caller sings out:

Promenade and off you go,
Seat your pard and let 'er blow!

No wasted words here, either. As the promenade figure ends, the gents assist their partners to seats and let them rest. But a Middle-Western farmer doesn't let his horse "rest"; he lets it "blow." Some callers prefer to end a set with:

Ladies to their seats and gents all foller,
Thank the fiddler and kiss the caller.

II

Our folk-dances are mainly Americanized mixtures from other lands. But the calls are as American as cussing the umpire at a ball game. They grew from the soil and are near the top of the list of American folk salt. Take this one, for a swinging square:

Swing with the guy that stole the sheep
And now with the one that brought it home;
Now with the one that ate the meat
And with the one that gnawed the bone!

That call originated at dances in the cow country, where cattlemen despised sheep-herders. The feud crept into the dance-calls. Something of the sort is found in nearly all the jocular chants the dance revival has popularized on a national scale. When these calls were taking shape in scattered communities, dancing of all sorts was banned by many churches. Anywhere there was a fiddle, preachers maintained, there was bound to be sin. Composers of dance-calls managed to get in their answers:

You dance and I'll dance too;
We'll all go to heaven in a wooden shoe.

And perhaps the most pointed of all:

Swing your lady and lift her high;
You'll be a preacher bye and bye.

* * *

Chase the rabbit, chase the squirrel,
Chase that sinner round the world!

Another call is a sort of snap of the finger:

Coffin lids and big black hearses;
Swing those doctors, then the nurses!

Still another shows that the demon rum was well represented:

Drink from the glass and swig from the keg;
Swing that gal with the wooden leg!

There are many colorful rural touches, such as these:

Chicken on the fence and 'possum on a rail,
Grab your honey and everybody sail!

* * *

Chicken in the bread tray, hen peck dough,
Granny, will your dog bite?
No, child, no!
Do si do — and a little more dough!

In the days before radio and books of collected dance-calls, a dancer could tell you whether a stranger was from the mesquite prairie or the bayou country simply by listening to his calling of a set. In the Tennessee hills, for instance, *Hellzapoppin'* was not a popular stage riot, but a favorite dance tune. When it reached Texas the tune remained practically the same, but it got the more fitting title, *Hell Among the Yearlings.* The precise-stepping tune that was

Hull's Victory in maritime New England became *Hell's Victory* in the West. In Arkansas, the promenade is called with:

Tole my pa when he come to town
It's a pretty good wagon but 'most broke down.
Promenade that gal round and round!

But out in the range country, callers got the same result with:

Barbed wire fence and great big gate;
Promenade that gal and don't be late!

As the dances swept westward, they picked up vigor, verve and the gusto of the pioneer spirit. Now, it is in their "roughened" or "Westernized" forms that they are the rage again in New England and elsewhere in the East. No flash fad, the nation-wide revival of the square dance came about gradually. Henry Ford and other antiquarians began collecting dances, tunes and calls. The American Folk Dance Society has nurtured them for a quarter of a century. This groundwork made it possible for one to hear today in the East calls that practically smell of the West:

Rope the yearling and brand the calf!
Swing your partner a mile and a half!

This sort of thing is genuine and apparently lasting American folklore. At least, the calls have changed little, except to go into wider circulation. They appeal to the free-swinging spirit of exuberance that is so important in our national vitality. There has appeared no tendency to modernize them by singing of Hitler or introducing wisecracks on other timely topics. The dance-calls heard in night-clubs and over the radio today were well aged before the advent of the motorcar, the airplane or the microphone. To be sure, a call collector from El Paso has come through with one rare exception:

If you go wrong, this dance is a Jonah,
But it's called by permission of the copyright owner!

But the tendency is the other way. The dance revival soothes this writer's worries that America is going soft. Some backwoods composer captured the spirit of it all a long time ago with:

Stop and whirl 'em once in a while,
Trail 'em home old Indian style;
Lady in the lead and go hog wild!

ESSAY ON A FÜHRER

By Rudolf Hess

Note: *In 1921 German university students competed in a prize essay contest, answering the question: what kind of leader does Germany need to regain her greatness? The prize went to Rudolf Hess, a University of Munich student destined to become Deputy Führer of National Socialist Germany and the closest associate of Adolf Hitler. In the context of his career and its sensational climax — the recent flight of Hess to the British Isles — this essay turns into a remarkable psychological and historical document. The discerning may even find some hints in it of his melodramatic act of seeming treachery twenty years later.* — Ed.

In the interests of the liberation of his nation, the leader does not shrink from using the weapons of his enemy: demagogy, slogans, street meetings, etc. Where all authority has vanished, only popularity creates authority. That was proven in Mussolini's case. The deeper the dictator's original roots are in the broad masses, the better he understands how to treat them psychologically, the less will the workers mistrust him, the more followers will he win in these most energetic ranks of the people. Himself he has nothing in common with the masses — he is a personality in his own right, like every great man.

When necessity dictates, he does not recoil from bloodshed. Great issues are always decided through blood and iron. And our issue is: to go under or to rise.

Whether Parliament continues to babble or not, this man acts. It appears that, despite his many speeches, he knew how to be silent. His own followers will perhaps be the most disappointed of all. To reach his goal, he tramples and crushes even his closest friends. For the sake of the great ultimate goal he is able to endure looking temporarily, in the eyes of the majority, like a traitor to his nation.

The lawmaker, acting with terrifying hardness, does not shrink from punishing with death those who expose the best part of the people to hunger: the profiteers and usurers. The stock exchange gamble with the nation's wealth is

abolished. The misleaders of the people are banished. A terrible day of judgment dawns for those who betrayed the nation before, during and after the war.

The leader remains free from the influence of Jews and the Jewish Freemasons. Though he uses them, his gigantic personality must continually override their influence. He knows the peoples of the world and their influential leaders. According to the need, he is able to crush them with heavy boots or to braid threads, with cautiously sensitive fingers, unto the very Pacific Ocean. One way or another, the enslaving treaties must fall. The new Great-Germany, enfolding all who are of German blood, must arise.

The work must not be cut to the superior measure of the builder, for fear that the whole structure might be shaken upon his departure, like the empires of Frederick the Great and Bismarck. No independent personalities can possibly grow up in the dictator's shadow — personalities who could in the future guide the steed on which the arisen Germany is riding. Wherefore the leader achieves his last great deed: instead of draining his power to the dregs, he lays it down and stands aside, serving his nation like a Faithful Eckehard.*

* *A folklore figure of great daring and great modesty.*

BEACH

By Ethel Barnett de Vito

Restlessly the sea
Wanders, maunders,
Unceasingly up and down;
Changing her mood, her attitude,
And the color of her gown —

But never her sweet song
Swelling, belling,
Her seaweed scarves afloat;
Nor the froth of foam-lace
Frilling, spilling,
Over her amber throat.

AMATEUR CRIME BUSTERS, INC.

By Alan Hynd

That favorite character of fiction, the amateur detective, has finally found his milieu in real life. Working hand in hand with local police units, sheriffs and FBI agents, a large and diversified group of amateur criminologists is rendering invaluable service in solving crimes which, without their unpaid assistance and their half-million-dollar array of scientific equipment, might forever remain unsolved in police annals. These highly-specialized amateurs are bringing to justice criminals who might otherwise indefinitely elude local police officers, forced by insufficient funds to work with inadequate equipment and orthodox, time-honored methods.

True, as early as 1930 seven-league strides had been made in the science of criminology; but the cost of scientific equipment, the salaries of experts to utilize it, and the infrequent (though vital) occasions when such equipment was necessary rendered laboratories utterly impractical for all save a few big city departments. As a result, hit-and-run autoists, firebugs, rapists, forgers, poisoners, blackmailers and other types of malefactors were constantly going scot free. An obscure policeman, Sergeant Gustave R. Steffens of the Elizabeth, New Jersey, police department, decided something should and could be done. One night in 1930 Steffens invited to his home a ballistics expert, a microscopist, an expert photographer and an authority on violet, infra-red and other radiation. Steffens himself was a chemist — he had just completed a four-year course from a correspondence school. In his bedroom, converted into a laboratory, he started something that has grown more important than any of its pioneers suspected.

"I asked you here tonight," Steffens explained to his guests over home-made wine and cigars, "because of an ax. An ax was found in the home of a man who had quarrelled with another man who got murdered. There were red stains on it, so headquarters decided the fellow who owned the ax

was the murderer. They spent a week hunting for him before I brought the ax home and found the stains were paint, not blood. As a result of the valuable time lost in trying to find that innocent citizen, the guilty man may never be found." (Incidentally, he wasn't.)

Steffens pointed out, without reflection upon anyone, that the local police department, like most others, had no laboratory. "And," he continued, "that's where you gentlemen — and many others, I hope — will come in. I want you to contribute, free of charge, your spare time and your professional knowledge, and the use of your valuable equipment to any small police department when a scientific problem arises in a crime."

The visitors agreed. They thought it would be fun. So, in order that these amateur Sherlock Holmeses should be clothed with a degree of authority, they incorporated as The Crime Detection Laboratory of New Jersey, "a non-profit organization to make available to law enforcement agencies . . . the assistance of modern crime detection methods to the end that crimes shall receive just and speedy solution." Nobody paid much attention to The Crime Detection Laboratory, with a correspondence-school chemist as its president. Then the Elizabeth police picked up an itinerant Negro in the Pennsylvania Railroad freight yards and accused him of being the Raffles who had for some weeks jimmied windows and made off with cash and valuables from homes on the right side of town. The Negro said he had just bummed his way by freight from the ore mines of Pennsylvania.

"Oh, yeah?" said a detective. "Well, how is it you got $87.50 on you? And here, try on this cap; I see you ain't wearin' one." The cap, which had that very night been left at the scene of a burglary when the intruder was scared off, fitted the Negro. The police had everything except a case that would stand up in court in the absence of a confession, and the prisoner wasn't talkative.

Somewhat in desperation, headquarters appealed to The Crime Detection Laboratory. Doctor Paul Walther, the microscopist of the group, put the prisoner's clothes and shoes, and the cap, to a scientific test. He reported that the Negro couldn't have been around Elizabeth for so long as twenty-four hours, let alone several weeks, because neither his clothing nor shoes contained a particle of the red clay soil indigenous to the vicinity. Moreover, the prisoner's

clothing had yielded large quantities of willemite, and franklinite, minerals found in abundance in the Pennsylvania ore fields. These findings substantiated the Negro's claim to innocence. As a clincher, the cap contained two strands of light hair, and none of the black, kinky variety.

Elizabethans cracked jokes to the effect that the amateur sleuths who aimed to put criminals behind bars were setting them free instead. They were still laughing when a child was struck by a hit-and-run driver in a small town a few miles away. Nobody got a description of the car; but a headlight lens had been broken during the accident and the local police dutifully picked up the pieces of glass, not knowing precisely what to do with them. Then one of the cops contacted Steffens.

"Send over that glass," said the mail-order chemist. Steffens relayed the fragments to the laboratory of an automobile manufacturer. Composition analysis and a study of their thickness and contour proved beyond doubt that the car had been of a certain make, latest model. Steffens turned the information over to the rural cops. They checked with the Motor Vehicle Department at Trenton to ascertain whether anybody in the neighborhood owned such a car. Two persons did. The second owner to be interviewed was evasive in his answers. The cops searched further and finally came upon a service station that had ordered a new headlight lens for the evasive suspect the day after the accident. Confronted by this evidence, the hit-and-run driver confessed and punishment was promptly meted out.

When this story got around the scoffers began laughing on the other side of their faces. But Steffens and his co-workers were busy lining up new crime hobbyists as members—dentists, toxicologists, bacteriologists, pathologists, even lawyers to guide them as to the admissibility of evidence. Steffens began to communicate with one-man police departments and sheriffs throughout New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania, asking them, in effect, if they had any cases they wanted solved, free of charge. All he got for his trouble was sarcastic letters.

II

Steffens kept plugging away. There were many who doubted the value of his organization, but none questioned the man's sincerity of purpose. So it was that when he went

to officials of the Standard Oil Company and asked if they would handle an occasional analysis job, without charge, the company's laboratory in near-by Bayway, Standard nodded its head vertically. Then things began to pick up. The amateurs were frequently busy at night, making chemical tests for the Elizabeth Police Department, studying dental work for the few police departments that were impressed by the Laboratory, and supplying, free of charge, photographs of bullets, buttons and other small pieces of evidence, blown up greatly for courtroom purposes.

At three o'clock in the morning of November 12, 1935, when the Laboratory had been functioning more than two years, the town of Woodbridge, half an hour from Sergeant Steffens' home, was aroused from bed by fire sirens. A two-story brick building with a ground-floor grocery store was aflame. The store proprietor, a young man named Frank Gentile, and his wife lived in an apartment in the rear. Joining the night-clad neighbors who were watching the blaze, the Gentiles expressed concern over the fate of the owners of the building, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Lanni, who occupied the second story. The flames progressed with such rapidity that firemen had to concentrate on hoses rather than rescue work. Among the spectators was James S. White, astute First Assistant Prosecutor of Middlesex County, which embraces Woodbridge. He was impressed by the swift spread of the flames.

At dawn, a search of the debris revealed no trace of the occupants of the second floor, and it later developed they had spent the night with friends in New York. But the search did yield a small piece of carpet that had somehow escaped the flames. When Assistant Prosecutor White sniffed the remnant he detected the odor of gasoline. Arson, as any District Attorney will tell you, is one of the toughest crimes in the book to prove in court. Yet, White was morally certain this was arson, for in addition to the suspiciously odorous piece of carpet, it was disclosed that both Lanni and Gentile had displayed the remarkable foresight to load up with fire insurance a few weeks prior to the blaze.

The Prosecutor's office turned the piece of carpet over to The Crime Detection Laboratory. Sergeant Steffens took it to the Standard Oil laboratories. "I wonder what brand of gasoline was soaked on this carpet," he said. In a few hours, he knew not only the brand name of the fuel; he was told what

particular grade it was, and informed that it was of fairly recent vintage, in all probability manufactured during the preceding ninety days. In addition to the gasoline, the fragment contained synthetic turpentine, a substance dear to the hearts of firebugs.

On the theory that a considerable quantity of both gasoline and turpentine had been utilized in torching the building and that the purchaser might therefore be remembered, authorities canvassed service stations handling a particular brand of gas, and hardware and paint stores. They learned that a few days before the blaze a dark man in his middle fifties, who left no clue to his identity, had purchased at a Woodbridge service station four five-gallon drums of the brand and grade of fuel found on the carpet remnant, and five gallons of synthetic turpentine at a paint shop in nearby South Amboy. This was interesting, though puzzling, for it placed a new figure in the crime picture. Neither the owner of the building nor his tenant was nearly so far advanced in years as the fuel buyer.

Detectives detailed to shadow Lanni and Gentile followed the latter one night to the home of a man named Antonio Piscitelli. This Piscitelli turned out to be Gentile's father-in-law, and was promptly identified as the gasoline and synthetic turpentine buyer by the purveyors of those commodities. Now the authorities figured they had enough on Piscitelli and his son-in-law to arrest the pair. Simultaneously with the arrests, Gentile's garage was searched. A pair of old pants smelled of gasoline. The trousers contained the same brand of gas that Piscitelli had bought, and synthetic turpentine, clear indication that Gentile had helped his father-in-law torch the building. When Gentile was confronted by the latest report of the correspondence school Sherlock Holmes, he confessed, naming his father-in-law as the author of the plot to defraud the insurance companies. Lanni, the landlord, had been in on it too. Sergeant Steffens was a vital witness at their trials and for the first time was technically qualified as an expert chemist. The three defendants were sentenced to long prison terms a month and a day after the crime. Lanni was subsequently paroled, as it was felt he had been a tool of the other two.

III

The arson case gave the Crime Detection Laboratory a standing

it had not previously enjoyed, and police departments began to sit up and take notice. Steffens was no longer a mail-order chemist, but a courtroom expert. Professional men previously reluctant to join the Steffens group, with all that joining entailed, now rushed to get on the bandwagon. Biologists, mineralogists, geologists, physicians with X-ray and other costly equipment, a safe-and-lock expert, moulage men, experts on secret writing, radiation, handwriting, stains on clothing and alterations of bonds and documents placed their time, knowledge and valuable apparatus at the disposal of the Laboratory. Only one similar organization was expanding so rapidly: J. Edgar Hoover's FBI. Mr. Hoover himself looked into the Elizabeth project. Afterward, he wrote the Laboratory:

> In my opinion, the project which you gentlemen have initiated . . . far surpasses the attempts which have been made from time to time by police departments to organize laboratories within their own organizations, which because of lack of funds and . . . sufficient current work, generally results in a lack of specialization in a field in which expert specialization should be applied. . . . I feel that you gentlemen are blazing a trail to be emulated in other communities, and I want you to know that any help or assistance which [the FBI] can render toward encouraging such a movement will be given with pleasure and enthusiasm.

Police departments and sheriffs in New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania who had heard of the arson case were now sending to Sergeant Steffens clues from fires suspected of being of incendiary origin; and the Laboratory was solving cases in all three states, by mail. To handle the volume of evidence from hit-and-run crimes, such as broken glass, being sent regularly to the old-fashioned house in Elizabeth, Steffens organized a special Identification of Automobiles branch. From points as far as 500 miles distant there came, in hermetically sealed containers, parts of human bodies for examination by toxicologists whose hobby was crime detection. One poisoning case was thus cracked within forty-eight hours, and several other solutions were obtained where none would have been possible had small-town cops been obliged to engage the services of high-priced, big-city toxicologists. Pieces of clothing, debris from fingernails, forged documents, specimens of mud found on shoes, dental work and chemical, medical and legal questions began to stream in.

Steffens himself often worked five nights a week, Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday, as did several of the professional men whose services were particularly required.

Pieces of automobile engines began arriving after the group found a man who could subject mutilated serial numbers to an acid test, thus restoring, as if by magic, the original numerals. In one case J. Edgar Hoover suggested that $50,000 worth of stolen and recovered bonds first be sent to the Crime Detection Laboratory for examination of altered serial numbers.

Starting off with a handful of members, the Laboratory now numbers over fifty experts, none of whom has ever accepted so much as a five-dollar bill for his services. To date it has handled a total of 570 major cases — an average of more than one a week for eight years — and the evidence it has dug up or developed has resulted in whole or partial solution of more than 500 of these crimes. At present the amateur group has at its disposal equipment valued at $463,000, spread out over twenty branches. The value of the time contributed has not been guessed at. The Laboratory's scientific resources can be compared only with the equipment of the FBI, the New York City Police Department, and that of Cook County, Illinois, which embraces Chicago.

Far-sighted peace enforcement authorities realize that what has been accomplished in Elizabeth can be duplicated in any first-class city in the land and that if this is carried out on a large scale, crime solution will be virtually revolutionized. The FBI can physically handle only a small percentage of the cases offered to it for solution. The answer seems to lie with self-sacrificing amateur Holmeses, such as those in Elizabeth. Only through such men can all existing skill and resources be brought into play for an all-out war on criminals.

PROGRESS

We grow bewildered in this hour,
As time and progress have revealed
That treachery combined with power
Has made of earth — a battlefield.

— Mabel G. Austin

THE THEATRE

By George Jean Nathan

Laurels and Raspberries

Herewith, the Nathan-Mercury awards for the theatrical year 1940–1941, the laurels first:

The Best Play. In the view of this department, the best new play of the season was William Saroyan's *The Beautiful People.* This is not to record it as an authentically first-rate play or, for that matter, even first-rate Saroyan. But, whatever it was, it was appreciably superior to any other new American play produced during the period in question.

More than any other play, it offered evidence of originality, imagination, poetic inspiration and fecund humor, and more than any other it met the demands of a dramatic criticism with standards higher than journalistic reviewing. A fantasy about a destitute but dreaming San Francisco family, it caught in its over- and undertones its author's peculiar gift for that combination of romantic realism and Lewis Carroll fancy earlier made known to us in his *My Heart's in the Highlands*, in the try-out versions of *Sweeney in the Trees* and *Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning*, and, to a degree, in both *The Time of Your Life* and *Love's Old Sweet Song.* It had fine flashes of beauty, and it had in it the melody of long forgotten and suddenly recalled music, and it brought to the theatre once again a new beating pulse. It had, also, its dramaturgical faults — a number of them — but not more than, on a higher plane, *Peer Gynt* or, on a higher still, *Romeo and Juliet.* A badly cut diamond remains nevertheless always more precious than a perfectly cut rhinestone.

The Best Musical Show. *Cabin in the Sky*, by the Messrs. Root, Latouche and Duke, is my nomination. Although its book, a paraphrase of the Faust legend in terms of blacks, descended occasionally into a rather strainful innocence, it amounted on the whole to a superior contribution to American-Negro theatrical entertainment, its dancing choruses reaching an all-time darky musical show top and its songs in the hands of Ethel

Waters getting their full due. For second place, the ballot goes to *Pal Joey*, by the Messrs. Rodgers, Hart and O'Hara, an amusing chronicle of the rise and fall of a night-club lowlife. The general critical praise for its complete novelty on the score of the scurrility of its Joey character, however, somehow failed to impress anyone with a recollection of such various past exhibits as *The Beggar's Opera*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Erminie*, etc.

THE FUNNIEST FARCE. *Arsenic and Old Lace*, by Joseph Kesselring, and by a long shot. An hilarious excursion into miscellaneous murder.

THE PLEASANTEST COMEDY. *Claudia*, by Rose Franken. The gently observed picture of a young bride's effort to adapt herself to the eccentricities of married life and to the world.

THE BEST ACTOR. Paul Lukas, for his performance of the German who returns to his native land to carry on an underground fight against Nazism, in *Watch on the Rhine*. Close runners up: Canada Lee, for his performance of Bigger Thomas in *Native Son*, and Maurice Evans, for his Malvolio in the revival of *Twelfth Night*.

THE BEST ACTRESS. For a rare all-around performance, Gertrude Lawrence in *Lady in the Dark*. Runners up: Ina Claire, in *The Talley Method;* Ethel Barrymore, in *The Corn Is Green;* Helen Hayes, in *Twelfth Night*.

THE BEST OF THE NEWER AND YOUNGER ACTORS. Arthur Hunnicutt, in the return engagement of *The Time of Your Life*, in the role originally occupied by Len Doyle.

THE BEST OF THE NEWER AND YOUNGER ACTRESSES. Dorothy McGuire, in *Claudia*. Runner up: Thelma Schnee, in *The Corn Is Green*.

THE MOST APPEALING PERFORMANCES BY NOVICES. Claire Niesen, in *Cue for Passion;* Betsy Blair, in *The Beautiful People*.

THE MOST PICTORIALLY SATISFYING ESTABLISHED ACTRESS. Katharine Cornell, in the revival of *The Doctor's Dilemma*.

THE BEST DIRECTOR. Rose Franken, in the case of *Claudia*. Runners up: Herman Shumlin, with *The Corn Is Green;* Orson Welles, with *Native Son;* Guthrie McClintic, with *The Doctor's Dilemma;* Hassard Short, with *Lady in the Dark*.

THE FUNNIEST SINGLE SCENE. The second act curtain to *My Sister Eileen*, with the officers of the Brazilian navy going into action against the two girls from Columbus, Ohio, and winding up with all wriggling in a crazy conga line, the urchins of the Greenwich Village

neighborhood facetiously hanging on to its tail.

THE BEST SCENE DESIGNING. Harry Horner's for *Lady in the Dark*. Runner up: Frederick Fox's remarkable capture of realism in the picture of the Coney Island boardwalk and beach in *Brooklyn Biarritz*.

THE BEST FARCE ACTOR. José Ferrer, in *Charley's Aunt*.

THE BEST MUSICAL SHOW COMEDIAN. Ed Wynn, in *Boys and Girls Together*.

THE BEST MUSICAL SHOW LYRICS. Lorenz Hart's, in *Pal Joey*.

THE BEST MUSICAL SHOW TUNE. *Taking a Chance on Love*, by Vernon Duke, in *Cabin in the Sky*.

THE BEST DANCE DIRECTOR. George Balanchine, in the case of *Cabin in the Sky*.

THE BEST SINGLE MUSICAL SHOW PRODUCTION NUMBER. The travesty on night-club floor shows in *Pal Joey*.

THE BEST NEW BURLESQUE COMEDIAN. Red Marshall, in *All in Fun*. (Rags Ragland, in *Panama Hattie*, showed himself originally several seasons ago in the revue, *Who's Who*.)

THE BEST NEWER DANCING GIRL. Nadine Gae, in *Panama Hattie*.

THE BEST STAGE LIGHTING. Hassard Short's, for *Lady in the Dark*.

PLAYS DENOUNCED BY THE REVIEWERS THAT DESERVED A SOMEWHAT BETTER BREAK. *Five Alarm Waltz*, by Lucille S. Prumbs, a frequently very comical satire on Saroyan In The Flesh. Also *Out of the Frying Pan*, by Francis Swann, a roughshod but often highly amusing farce about youngsters looking for jobs in the theatre.

THE BEST PRESS-AGENCY. Russel Crouse's, Frank Sullivan's and Richard Maney's for *Arsenic and Old Lace*.

THE BEST REVIVAL. Katharine Cornell's and Guthrie McClintic's of *The Doctor's Dilemma*.

II

Now for the raspberries:

THE WORST AMERICAN PLAY. *Popsy*, by Fred Herendeen. Very close contenders: *Your Loving Son*, by Abby Merchant, and *Brooklyn Biarritz*, by Beatrice Alliott and Howard Newman.

THE WORST FOREIGN PLAY. *Boudoir* excepted on the sole ground of Jacques Deval's continued residence in America, Max Catto's *They Walk Alone*, and how!

THE POOREST PERFORMANCE BY AN OLDER ACTOR. Taylor Holmes, in *First Stop To Heaven*. Runners

up: Ralph Morgan, in *Fledgling;* Al Shean, in *Popsy.*

THE POOREST BY A YOUNGER ACTOR. Robert Keith, in *Romantic Mr. Dickens.*

THE POOREST PERFORMANCE BY AN OLDER ACTRESS. Alison Skipworth, in *First Stop to Heaven.*

THE POOREST BY A YOUNGER ACTRESS. Elsa Lanchester, in *They Walk Alone.*

THE SILLIEST PLAY BY AN ESTABLISHED PLAYWRIGHT. *Liberty Jones*, by Philip Barry.

THE WORST STAGE DIRECTION. Rachel Crothers', in the case of *The Old Foolishness.* Runner up: Margaret Webster's, in the case of the Experimental Theatre's *The Trojan Women.*

PLAYWRIGHTS WHO SHOWED THE WORST FALLING OFF. Paul Vincent Carroll in *The Old Foolishness;* St. John Ervine in *Boyd's Daughter;* Ferenc Molnar in *Delicate Story;* Lynn Riggs in *The Cream in the Well;* Moss Hart in *Lady in the Dark.*

THE SEASON'S DULLEST EVENING IN GENERAL. *Mum's the Word*, Jimmy Savo's two straight hours of solo pantomime.

THE CRITICALLY MOST OVERESTIMATED PLAY. *The Corn Is Green*, by Emlyn Williams.

THE WORST REVUE. *'Tis of Thee.* Close runner up: *All in Fun.*

THE DIRTIEST PLAY. *Suzanna and The Elders*, by Lawrence Langner and Armina Marshall.

THE WORST ENSEMBLE ACTING. That of the company doing the Experimental Theatre's *The Trojan Women*, always forgetting the troupe that did *Popsy.*

THE PLAY IN THE SOUREST TASTE. *Cue for Passion*, by Edward Chodorov and H. S. Kraft.

THE WORST OFF-BROADWAY PRODUCTION. Erwin Piscator's *King Lear.*

THE MOST MISGUIDED PRODUCTION BY AN ESTABLISHED PRODUCER. Guthrie McClintic's *The Lady Who Came to Stay.*

THE WORST MUSICAL COMEDY BOOK. *Night of Love*, by Rowland Leigh.

THE POOREST DRAMATIZATION. Leonardo Bercovici's of Thomas Mann's *Tristan* under the title, *Gabrielle.*

THE MOST TRYING PERIOD OF THE SEASON. The production of four Hollywood plays — *Beverly Hills, Quiet Please, Glamour Preferred* and *Every Man for Himself* — in quick succession.

THE MOST SADLY WASTED GOOD ACTING PERFORMANCES. Sylvia Weld, in *Fledgling;* Diana Barrymore, in *Romantic Mr. Dickens;* Jessica Tandy, in *Jupiter Laughs;* Violet Heming, in *Beverly Hills;*

Jane Wyatt and Gordon Jones, in *Quiet Please;* and, certainly, Barry Fitzgerald, in *Tanyard Street.*

THE WORST STAGE SETTING. That for *First Stop to Heaven,* designed by Louis Kennel.

THE LEAST-BAD BAD PLAY. *Retreat to Pleasure,* by Irwin Shaw.

THE WORST PLAY TITLE. *Popsy.*

THE BIGGEST DISAPPOINTMENT. The Negro Playwrights' Theatre, with *Big White Fog.*

GOOD SCENES WASTED IN BAD PLAYS. The police station episode in *Delicate Story;* the scene between the prize-fighter and the girl in *Retreat to Pleasure;* the disappearing cabinet monkeyshine in *The Night Before Christmas.*

THE MOST PLATITUDINOUS PLAY BY A REPUTABLE PLAYWRIGHT. Elmer Rice's *Flight to the West.*

STRAIGHT-FACED DRAMA THAT EVOKED THE MOST AUDIENCE SNICKERS. Kenneth White's ghost play, *The Lady Who Came to Stay.*

THE WORST MYSTERY PLAY. Robert Wallsten's and Mignon Eberhart's *Eight O'Clock Tuesday.*

Finis.

LIGHTNING

BY CHARLES EDWARD EATON

A HEAVY thrust of wind falls on the land,
A storm of glistening birds plunge through the sky;
Sun's sinuous ray grips at my hand —
And all are more articulate than I.
The glinting rocks are mortised to the plain,
Tall mountains are the landscape's arching rhyme;
Listen: the bell-tone of the thunderous rain
Is rumbling from the flaring mouth of time.
The world is pressure, force, and shifting weight
Where blood and bone are crowded and caught.
So timid breath must leap toward love from hate,
A bolt of lightning play within my thought
To split the deep-hung clouds of gathering fear,
And purge the tense night's hostile atmosphere.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

CIVIC PROGRESS marches on in Pell City and is duly reported by the Gloster *Record:*

> An ordinance recently passed makes it unlawful for loafers to lean against show windows on the main streets of Pell City, Ala.

CALIFORNIA

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES from the Los Angeles *Examiner:*

> Angelus Temple's Auditorium will be transformed into a complete baseball field, with bleachers, bases, pitcher and batters Sunday night to illustrate Aimée Semple McPherson's sermon on "Play Ball."

MARRIAGE takes its rightful place in the machine age, along with dentistry and gasoline stations, according to the Hollywood *Citizen:*

> The Rev. R. Anderson Jardine, who four years ago "held off the Church of England with one hand while he married the Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Wallis Simpson with the other," will leave soon for Bourne, Mass., to conduct a wedding chapel at a resort hotel, he said today.
>
> There, he said, he will put into practice his "renewal marriage plan," by which couples, every three years, will renew their marriage vows.
>
> "A calendar file will be kept in order that couples may be informed when it is time to renew their vows," he added. "Dentists, doctors, and gasoline stations have used this system to good effect to remind their clients to have their teeth cleaned, physical condition checked, and oil for their motors changed. Wedding vows are emphatically, just as important."

IDAHO

A LANDMARK of genetic research has been completed at Idaho Falls, Mormon outpost, reports the local *Post-Register:*

> Mrs. T. R. Terry, 295 H Street, will present to the L. D. S. Third Ward genealogical class Sunday morning her genealogy, which, her records show, has been traced back to Adam, the first man, J. C. Kennedy, class chairman, announced Saturday. Mr. Kennedy said Mrs. Terry's records show that Joseph, who was sold into Egypt, was her sixty-ninth grandparent. She is also descended from Charlemagne, the record discloses. Mr. Kennedy said the record is the fifth such document to be completed.

LOUISIANA

OMINOUS notice in a New Orleans film theatre:

> NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR TORN CLOTHING WHILE IN THEATRE

MINNESOTA

A PREVIEW of history from the *Pioneer Press* of St. Paul:

Sir: People ask for it, so here is some more "March Ahead of Time" news: Look for Germany to drive England clear out of North Africa. Look as I said before, for the complete fall of all the Balkan states. Look for Germany to steamroll over Russia and Turkey inside of forty-five days (this was written April 23) unless they submit to Hitler. Look for the United States to enter the war, as I said before, by June 1. Look for the British and the United States to fight it out with Hitler in the Holy Lands and Hitler will have five-sixths of his men killed. Look for Jesus to come very soon, when Hitler invades Palestine.

P. C. LARSON

MISSOURI

REAL ESTATE notice culled from the St. James *Leader:*

Notice: Now as I have seven different callers that wants to rent my place, I don't know what to do, but will say this: I will be in St. James at the Corner Drug Store at nine o'clock Friday morning, May the 9th, and the man that pays me the most rent in advance shall have it.

J. C. BENDER

MICHIGAN

GEOGRAPHICAL research on the agenda of the Seventh-Day Adventist Tabernacle in Battle Creek:

Tuesday, 10 A.M. *to 5* P.M. Mrs. Heslip will give a Bible study to the Dorcas Society. Her subject will be, "Hell, What and Where Is It?"

NEW YORK

STARTLING discovery in political science, received in circular form from Mr. Albert Wiss, of Garrison:

Twice 1776 is 3552. Divide this sum by the 320 heroic statesmen:

$3552 \div 320 = \text{II, I}$

III plainly stands for the late lamented king who was in charge during the first "1776" — George III.

When Congress was confronted with H. R. 1776 it realized that it was charged with a great patriotic duty. "1776" was a master stroke — irresistible. The Congress understood. It could do no less than to render an answer equally symbolic. Speeches sounded like mere campaign oratory. It was strategy that counted. It required supreme technique to stop talking in both houses at the exact moment when the House could muster 260 votes and the Senate the necessary balance of 60 votes in favor of H. R. 1776.

IN OTHER UTOPIAS

CUBA

TOKEN of the local thirst for linguistic knowledge, culled from the Educational advertisements in the Havana *Post:*

CUBAN gentleman, age 36, wishes to have relations with lady of same age or less, for the purpose of honest amusement and to get her help to develop knowledge of English language.

(THE MERCURY *will pay $1 for items accepted for Americana. Those which are not used cannot be returned.*)

DOWN TO EARTH

By Alan Devoe

John Burroughs, Inspired Farmer

Twenty years ago, in the spring, an old man was lowered into his grave beside a great rock in a meadow land overlooking the Hudson. It would have been the old man's eighty-fourth birthday, had he lived. But he had fallen asleep and thence passed into death, a few days earlier, quietly as a tree in which the sap had slowed and stopped; and he was being committed now to the earth which all his long life he had deeply loved, his brittle bones being put to rest in the pasture land he had walked as a boy, beside the rock where he had sat in the sun to watch for woodchucks. The old man was John Burroughs. He was our most famous naturalist.

Twenty years have passed, and in that little time John Burroughs has been nearly forgotten. His books are dusty on the shelves of libraries, passed over by the readers of this hurrying day. It is an oblivion, I think, to which they and Burroughs do not deserve to be condemned. He was not, of course, a great naturalist by scientific standards. He was not a great writer, able to utter a vast vision in eloquent words. He was only a quiet-minded countryman of passionate honesty who talked of birds and animals and trees and weathers with first-hand knowledge and an insight born of a simple and tremendous love. But if his life and his work were alike plain, they were alike strong; and I think that homely prose of his, as plainly and pungently American as a sassafras bush, still makes good reading. Let Burroughs be called, perhaps, only an inspired farmer, a simple speaker of very simple things; but he does not deserve a quick forgetting.

He was born in the April of 1837 on a farm near Roxbury, New York, son of a farmer, grandson of a farmer, great-grandson of a farmer. His great-grandfather Ephraim had come to the Catskills after the Revolution; his grandfather Eden had made his way to Delaware County in 1795, cutting through virgin forest and hauling the family possessions on an

ox-sled; his father Chauncey had been born in a log house. It was a family of pioneers, having the sort of simplicity and hardness that people who struggle for a living from the earth commonly do, but having also the virtues that are often bred in the bones of such: abiding patience; an inner quietness of spirit; a deep and enduring, though inarticulate, love of the soil and all outdoors. From them John Burroughs received the heritage of a grave and simple view of life, an elementary philosophy inalienable from the earth.

Burroughs' boyhood was full of small rural adventures, rural chores. There was the herding of cattle — excursions in dawn and dusk that gave the fascinated boy, earth-infatuated from the days of his earliest recollection, an opportunity to hear the singing of vesper sparrows in the pasture, to breathe the smell of meadow-grass and the smells of the barnyard. There was the tending of the farmhouse's great stone kitchen fireplace, with its brick oven big enough for twelve loaves, the making of candles on candle-bars of elderwood, the gathering of huckleberries and the fetching of well water and the yoking of oxen. There were ingredients for the serene, sustaining country wisdom and the lively curiosity about every particular of natural history which were John Burroughs' lifelong dedications.

When he was eight, Burroughs was sent to a rough-stone rural school to sit on a hemlock bench and master the use of a slate pencil. Later, when he was twelve, he was shifted for a further five years to West Settlement school. There, momentously, he discovered a library; it contained two dozen volumes, chiefly such titles as *Murphy the Indian Killer*, but the effect upon the farm boy of this meager gathering of literature was tremendous and immediate. Burroughs was at once infected by the excitement of the printed word. He felt an enormous appetite for further reading, a quick stirring in himself of an urge to make articulate in written words the things that he himself had seen and the feelings he had felt as he went coon hunting on moonlit nights or watched the sunny new-turned furrows for nesting killdeer. John Burroughs wanted an education, and he wanted to make his way in the world while he learned to express himself in writing. He had just entered his eighteenth year when, incomprehensibly to his unlettered people, he left his farm home near Roxbury in quest of those objectives.

II

The self-education of John Burroughs was episodic and took years; the making of his way in the world, until he could depend upon his writing, took more than a quarter-century. For three months he attended Hedding Literary Institute at Ashland; in 1856 he entered Cooper Institute; he patched together fragments of knowledge and literary training in an odd variety of ways: hearing Ralph Waldo Emerson lecture, reading Combe's *Phrenology*, trying an article on spiritualism for the Bloomville *Mirror*. His support he managed by himself teaching school in little remote rural schools that were well enough satisfied with his rudimentary qualifications. For eight years Burroughs thus simultaneously imparted and received his education, returning between school terms to the farm where he had been born to help with haying and the driving of his father's cows. He was still a rural schoolteacher, receiving part of his pay in eggs and casks of butter, when in 1857 he married.

In 1864 schoolmastering gave way to a try at Government service. Burroughs went with his wife to live in Washington, D. C. He had published, now, several of his essays — studies in the *Atlantic Monthly* that had been compared with Emerson, *Back-Country Letters*, which had gained an audience by their fresh, simple treatment of the happenings of outdoors, but he had not yet a literary income great enough to live on. He took a post as clerk in the Treasury Department. It was a period in his life that was to last for ten years, and was not a very happy one. Washington oppressed him by its city clatter. His work kept him indoors, away from the songs of birds and the flowering of plants and all the earth happenings to which his heart was gravely and steadfastly given. For assuagement he took walks into the neighboring countryside to watch blackbirds and whitethroats and listen to the calls of migrating bobolinks; in spare hours at his Treasury desk he worked on a little book of nature observations that was later to be published as *Wake Robin;* he had long talks and rambles with a new-found bearded friend who had the same enthusiasm for the natural universe and whose name was Walt Whitman. But for the most part John Burroughs' years of Government service were simply a period to be patiently endured.

Not until 1874 was Burroughs done with the necessity of playing

any role but the one to which he had been born: the role of a countryman who loved birds and beasts and bees and trees and every living thing, and who was gifted to speak of them with a quiet interpretive excellence. He had left the Treasury in 1873; he now bought a farm at Esopus, on the Hudson's western bank, and set to raising grapes. At first, for four or five months of each year, vineyarding was interrupted by sporadic work as bank examiner; but this grew less and less and finally, by 1885, was given up entirely. John Burroughs had come, now at last, to his goal. He tended his vineyards in the sun; in spring he did his sugaring; he built stone fences and felled trees and pulled stumps, and while he worked at these earth-labors that he loved, his eyes and ears were open and he was writing essays to say what he had heard and seen. He began now to publish book after book . . . books with homely outdoor titles like *Ways of Nature* and *The Light of Day* and *Locusts and Wild Honey*. John Burroughs, raiser of grapes, scrutinizer of the earth and sky, built a bark study where he could go to write his chronicles. He acquired a tract of wild land and built there a stone-chimneyed shaggy-cedar cabin, "Slabsides," to which he could retire and be alone and undisturbed with land and sky.

Pruning his grapes, roaming woods and fields, writing his findings in a homely prose . . . this was now the finally achieved pattern of John Burroughs' life for nearly half a century. He was at last, as he had wanted and patiently waited to be, the sharp-eyed farmer become articulate, the voicer now of what generations of his forbears had observed and obscurely felt. This was his life until he died in 1921, full of years: no great happenings, but only watching orioles, looking at fox-tracks, and quiet, sober-prosed chronicling of things like these.

No, Burroughs was never a great scientific naturalist. He lacked the philosopher's gift of encompassing the natural world in an integrated vision. His prose did not have any startling singularity, like Thoreau's. But Burroughs was a man who deeply loved the land, and who all his life had a kind of slow, serene inner sureness, as steady as the growing of a tree, and who knew how in unpretentious words to infect his readers with the outdoor love that he felt and the farmer's philosophy that sustained him. It was a good life, I think. It was good sound work. It does not deserve a quick forgetting.

THE LIBRARY

Fortunes and History

By Mary M. Colum

Almost every significant writer in the modern world has been making some sort of contribution toward the understanding of history, and this whether he is a novelist like Proust, Joyce or Jules Romains, a poet like Eliot or Yeats or a philosopher like Croce, or one of the serious newspaper commentators or journalists writing books on what he has observed in Europe. It looks as if the next great period in writing would come out of a concern with history or be historical writing in some form.

Until recently the really modern and illuminating ideas of history came out of Germany or Italy; it was the Germans who, as Benedetto Croce shows in his *History as the Story of Liberty*, first pointed out the difference between the idea of a thing and the thing in itself — that is, the thought about the thing and the thing in action; the difference, for example, between the French Revolution and the ideas that brought it about. We might, in our time, point out the difference between Marxism in action in Europe and the Marxist thought that brought about that action. They are related, of course, but in such a complicated way that some of our idealists think they are different things.

History in America is very different from history in Europe, and various books which seem only tracts for the times are really a contribution to America's historical material, needing only the historical intelligence to make them into history. This is true of John T. Flynn's *Men of Wealth* [1] and also of a lively if less significant book by Harvey O'Connor, *The Astors*.[2] Both books are material for American history. Both bring back to my mind with a resurgence of interest an incident in a New York theatre at a first night some time ago.

Descending the balcony stairs I

[1] *Men of Wealth*, by John T. Flynn. $3.75. *Simon and Schuster.*

[2] *The Astors*, by Harvey O'Connor. $3.75. *Knopf.*

noticed that the crowd in the foyer were standing gazing at something. They were so quiet and intent that at first I thought there had been an accident. But soon I beheld the object of their interest. It was a tall woman in early middle age, dressed in black, and with what are called ropes of pearls round her neck. She was standing alone by a pillar, doubtless waiting for somebody to find her car. Her face was familiar from the society pages, and her name, passed round among the crowd, was that of one of America's wealthiest families. She was not interesting-looking or in any way striking except that she gave the impression of vigorous health and physical strength. But the crowd regarded her with something of that awe with which queens are looked at in Europe; and she, on her side, looked back indifferently with a haughty remoteness such as no queen could have afforded for fear of alienating the masses. Fairly near me there was a young man accompanied by a somewhat older man who had the attitude of a protector, and this young man, too, stopped for a second and gazed with the crowd. My companion mentioned his name: he was a prince in exile, and belonged to what had been once a great European reigning house; and while he looked as if he had more interior life than the woman he was not very interesting-looking either, and the people in the foyer paid no attention to him.

Now, after reading John T. Flynn's book, I realized I had been present at something as dramatic as the play I had seen, something that for a writer of historical intelligence might have been an illumination. For the ancestors of the young man and of the tall woman figure in *Men of Wealth* — the young man's all through it, the woman's only in that part of the nineteenth century when a few men were getting control of the resources of America. The forebears of the young man had been rulers in Europe for centuries, and they come in and out of the pages of this book as a sort of accompaniment to the rise of many of the fortunes written about. They had borrowed funds from those early capitalists, the Fuggers, who flourished about the time Columbus was discovering America; they had borrowed from the first Rothschilds, about whom John T. Flynn manages to do some debunking; they bought munitions from Zaharoff, not so sinister in private life as in his role as a merchant of death. They must naturally have borrowed money from the Morgans:

what is left of them are probably trying to borrow money from what is left of the capitalists Flynn writes of—in short, from the relatives and connections of the lady with the pearls.

The young man and the woman both represented what had been powerful isms: it was feudalism that had given the young man's ancestors their place in the sun, their power in history; it was capitalism that had given the lady her pearls and her hauteur. Capitalism was but an infant ism when the Fuggers first rose to power years before the discovery of America, a period at which, to quote Flynn, "men everywhere saw with dismay that their world was mortally sick." Feudalism was dying slowly, but a vigorous infant ism was coming to birth. Some of us in the theatre foyer felt that our world was mortally sick and that new isms were coming to birth. What they might grow to be we could not guess.

Though John T. Flynn writes more interestingly about the Europeans in his book, he manages to give more immediate significance to the Americans. What he is writing, as he tells us, is an account of a number of people whose fortunes were representative of the economic scene in which they flourished. But the Americans were not only representative of the scene — they dominated it. How they made their money and what they did with it really formed the history of the country. The Europeans he writes of, the Fuggers, the Rothschilds, Cecil Rhodes, Zaharoff, etc., flourished under such a different civilization that their inclusion produces a certain lack of unity in the book.

In Europe the influence of capitalism did not displace the influence of the feudal nobility: capitalism was just another ism laid over the previous isms, and when the capitalists had made enough money to buy their way in, they did their best to join the ranks of the feudalists. In America this was impossible, for wealth was the chief order of privilege, and what the men of wealth did with their money will explain to historians the civilization of the nineteenth and half of the twentieth century; it may even explain the wars and the foreign policy. The Americans, as the European capitalists did not, gave away their money in large sums; they gave to philanthropies, they gave to universities, to medical and scientific foundations, to libraries and learned institutions.

Being acquisitive men them-

selves, the types of intellect they understood were the acquisitive and assimilative intellects; they endowed learning, but not one of them, with the possible exception of the Jewish families, the Guggenheims and the Pulitzers, had a notion of the role creative art plays in a civilization. Did they back any native art? Did they buy any contemporary pictures? If they did, it was to an extent so slight that nobody noticed. They bought the art treasures of the old world which had a well-established market value. Unless intellectual activity represented some form of scholarship or pedagogy or philanthropy, it seemed to them a form of vagrancy; spiritual outlook had to be a missionary outlook or they did not understand it. All these capitalists professed religion: the reported last words of Commodore Vanderbilt to a sympathetic world were, "I'll never let go my trust in Jesus," and the Rockefellers were God-fearing Baptists who taught Sunday school.

II

Another book before me, *The Philosopher in Chaos*,[3] by Baker Brownell, which would have been better titled by the name of its fullest section, "The Actions of Men," can be read as a commentary on the civilization produced by the personages in *Men of Wealth* and *The Astors*. What the book is for the greater part is a study of the effects of finance-capitalism, the concentrated power of great corporations and mass production on the actions of men. The section called "The Actions of Men" includes intellectual action, individual action, nutritive action, symbolic action, social action. In the opening chapter, which deals with the intellectual life, the acquisitive nature of a lot of academic activity is shown as one of the obstacles to the intellectual life. Acquisitiveness, mass production, concentration of power, have given a pattern which has influenced even the most enfranchised seats of learning. To quote:

> Our higher educational system is well organized for the production and storage of factual material; it remains largely indifferent to the needs of an intellectual life. . . . Acquisitiveness of facts, the triumph of mere possession, motivates academic activity.

For this reason a natural interest in "generous ideas" is weak, and there is a failure in modern society "to make formulations of action that are adequate to the new knowledge, power, and ideology of the

[3] *The Philosopher in Chaos*, by Baker Brownell. $2.50. *D. Van Nostrand.*

modern world." These new formulations, Baker Brownell shows, should work toward decentralization and the break-up of mass production — mass production which has made human lives more fragmentary than they were in any other age. It might be well to draw this author's attention to the sad fact that the countries that did not go in heavily for mass production have gone down in the present war.

The finance-capitalism behind mass production assumes "that men and their labor are collective units that must operate industrially, socially, and politically in masses." Does not this mean that finance-capitalism and mass production produced totalitarianism? However, Baker Brownell gives us what he says may be the new version of democracy — "a type of social theory, an economic system . . . that will be far removed from those of a Marx, a J. P. Morgan, or a Mussolini." This new version of democracy will come through decentralization, for the new technology, Baker Brownell claims, can make products in small quantities as cheaply as mass production can make them. The small group, with the new and more pliable electrical power, the family, the local guild, the farm, the individual, the small town, can manufacture a good deal of what they need and so replace the great centers by many foci of interest and organization; and so, as the author concludes, we can again have a human world if we want it.

The difficulty with this impressive and hopeful book is that the author sometimes takes it on himself to deal with subjects outside the range of his knowledge: his remarks on art, and especially on poetry, are lamentable. When he tells us that art "in its more profound and vital manifestations is largely muscular behavior," he shows that he is even more deluded than the college professors whom he condemns for their resistance to the intellectual life. When he tells us that works of art, "meaning completed productions suitable for the museum, library, phonograph disk, or other place of storage, are an unimportant adjunct of art and might well be forgotten," he says something that contains a minimum of sense and a maximum of nonsense. This sort of talk comes from that cult of art as action that in its own place has something to be said for it, but when carried to the point reached by some progressive educators who make children "act out" great pictures, pieces

of music, and poems, becomes vandalism.

In spite of a certain amateurishness about his writing and thinking, Baker Brownell has sound and brilliant ideas. His book is not only a useful commentary on recent American history which is the history of mass production and big business, but has value for everybody anxious about what we are heading toward. But to pass from it to either Benedetto Croce's *History as the Story of Liberty* [4] or Ortega y Gasset's *Toward a Philosophy of History* [5] is, of course, to pass into a world of far more disciplined and mature thought; nevertheless, many of the ideas in all three books have the same direction: they have come out of the widespread human need of the age.

Croce's has been a familiar name to American intellectuals since Joel Spingarn put his ideas on esthetics into circulation here. In this, his latest work, he takes Hegel's statement that history is the history of liberty and develops it in his own way. He maintains that liberty is the eternal creator of history and is itself the subject of every history. Then he tells us that "the anguish that men feel for liberty that has been lost, the words of love and anger that they utter about it, are history in the making." History has little to do with the chronicles, the collections of facts and anecdotes, that the textbooks present us with. It is idle to divide it into epochs, as our conventional historians are so bent on doing, or to try to find a beginning for it, for history begins every time the need arises for the understanding of a situation in order to act.

History, as Croce memorably defines it, "is an act of consciousness arising out of a moral need which prepares and invokes action." The knowledge of history, then, should not be treated as a subject subsidiary to anything else: it is in itself one of the great disciplines, like religion, art, and science, and it includes philosophy. Historical culture, a knowledge of the past, is always necessary to human society to furnish it with what is required in the choice of the paths it is to take — that is, to make any decision rightly, human society has to know its own past. If this book, with its strong condemnation of nationalistic, party and racial history, was published in Italy, as it seems to have been, expression must be freer there than

[4] *History as the Story of Liberty*, by Benedetto Croce. $3.75. *Norton.*

[5] *Toward a Philosophy of History*, by Ortega y Gasset. $2.75. *Norton.*

we have been led to believe possible in a Fascist state.

A conception of history very close to Croce's underlies Ortega y Gasset's *Toward a Philosophy of History*, which in a manner popularizes the Italian philosopher's thought. We will have, Ortega tells us, to turn from the belief which has been Western man's since the seventeenth century, the belief in natural science, to a comprehension of history. But he makes us aware that the shift from our present discipline, that of science, to history will have momentous consequences. Why have we to shift at all? Because we have really lost our faith in science, or, rather, our faith has ceased to be an active faith as it was in the last century and has become inert, as the faith in the supernatural became inert.

Science told us much about the outside world, about nature, about all that was not man; but it told us nothing about man. Now man sees himself forced to a concern with his past, and this not out of curiosity nor in search of examples which may serve as norms, but because it is all he has, all that is real for him. Ortega y Gasset is not a philosopher as Croce is: he might be described as a brilliant and learned publicist. He writes vivaciously, and he brings over to us ideas that are coming to be regarded as significant for the future ordering of the world by the most modern-minded of thinkers.

CHECK LIST

FICTION

THIRTY-FOUR PRESENT-DAY STORIES, selected by John T. Frederick, $1.25. *Scribner.* This book does not include all of the fine present-day short stories, but those it does present are excellent, representing every type of modern short story, from James Joyce, Katherine Mansfield, to Thomas Wolfe and Dorothy Parker. It has stories by accomplished technicians like Somerset Maugham and E. A. Coppard, delightfully American folk stories like Stephen Vincent Benet's "The Devil And Daniel Webster," stories by Western writers like Ruth Suckow, Southern writers like Caroline Gordon and William Faulkner. As far as interest, variety and range go, this is the best recent collection of modern short stories.

TADPOLE HALL, by Helen Ashton, $2.50. *Macmillan.* A skillfully written and impressive novel of wartime England. To Tadpole Hall in August, 1939, come an Austrian Jewish lawyer and his aristocratic Aryan wife, and the story is woven around them and their employer, Colonel Heron. The novel with its strong projection of actualities gives a vivid picture of the revolution that is taking place in English country life, with discontented evacuees from the centres overrunning the quiet countryside, the food difficulties, the aliens' tribunals, the spy scares, the bombings, the everlasting drone of airplanes—

life lived from day to day without any knowledge of what it is all leading to.

THE TRANSPOSED HEADS, *A Legend of India*, by Thomas Mann. $2.00. *Knopf.* A novelette that is ingenious, humorous, thought-provoking, and a trifle naughty. Sita of the Beautiful Hips marries Shridaman who is high-caste and who has a noble head. But after a while Sita longs for her husband's friend, Nanda, who is not so high-caste, whose head is not so noble, but who has a fine and vigorous body. By a miracle, the heads are transposed, and Shridaman's noble head is placed on Nanda's satisfactory body: the noble-headed one becomes Sita's husband, and the one with the less lively body and the less noble head goes into a forest-hermitage. But is Sita made happy by the exchange? For a while, yes. But then her husband's head begins to influence his body and his body his head. So Sita seeks the other in his forest-hermitage and gives herself to him. But promiscuity is no solution, and the three decide to put off division "and unite our essences once more with the All." They immolate themselves on a pyre, Shridaman, Nanda, and Sita. This is a poetic and witty gloss on the saying that men are different, but husbands are always the same. It is a bit weighted with a defect that is in the Joseph books: the oracular statement made by the author over the shoulders of his characters.

CAPTAIN PAUL, by Commander Edward Ellsberg. $2.75. *Dodd, Mead.* A sea-story that might have been written by Captain Maryatt, whose books were so popular years ago. The author is able to give us the same sort of human nature that Maryatt gives us — simple toughs made docile by the sea-discipline which is really an ancient ritual. The central character is that strange immigrant from Scotland who was the first to fly the American flag on a ship and who carried the War of Independence into English ports, John Paul Jones. Commander Ellsberg invents a character, Thomas Folger of Nantucket, to tell of his friend, Captain Paul, in his everyday relations, and this figure of the War of Independence comes before us with a real if mysterious sort of personality. His battles have the sort of carnage that could only take place on ship-decks. The book is so authentic that even when the author mentions such things as fo'c'sls and marling-spikes we are not astonished at his familiarity with such gear, as we are in most novels about the sea. This is a fine book of the plainly-written, dashing kind.

NON-FICTION

THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE, by John Steinbeck. $2.50. *Viking.* John Steinbeck's talent for sociological novels was put to good use in writing this story of a Mexican village for the movies. The text was written before the movie was made and was designed to tell the story of how the inhabitants of the village of Santiago were induced to give up their wise women and their folk-cures, their snake skins for drawing away pain, in favor of modern medical treatment. The result is a series of extraordinarily expressive photographs. The method of narration is that of the traditional story-teller, and the result, between narration and pictures, extremely interesting in spite of a didactic intention.

THE LONG WEEK-END, *A Social History of Great Britain, 1918–1939*, by Robert Graves and Alan Hodge. $3.00. *Macmillan.* This social history of Great Britain is remarkable for the research, the spirit of disinterested inquiry that is shown in it. Robert Graves and Alan Hodge set out to reveal what the public was doing, saying, reading, writing, seeing and hearing in the epoch between the last war and this. The book is very ably organized and written with intelligence, humor and good temper.

INVITATION TO LEARNING, by Huntington Cairns, Allen Tate, and Mark Van Doren. $3.00. *Random House.* The original dialogues over the radio of which this book is the record, were, the preface informs us, unrehearsed. All we have to say is: More's the pity! For the intelligent adult public ought

not to have been obliged to listen to some of the dull and rambling comments handed out here on great books. It is difficult to believe the four interlocutors who discoursed on Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, the three who discoursed on Lessing's *Laocoon*, the three on Lucretius, were properly familiar with the books they were discussing. The most interesting and enlightening dialogues are those where the learned junta of three have an invited guest; the discussion of *Moll Flanders* in which Katherine Anne Porter took part, and the talk on Hegel's *Philosophy of History* in which the guest was Bertrand Russell, are really lively. We don't question the learning of the three gentlemen who are running this intellectual show, but learning needs liveliness as a bedfellow.

DICTATORS AND DEMOCRATS, edited by Lawrence Fernsworth. $3.00. *McBride.* A series of close-up interviews with leading figures in contemporary history by domestic and foreign correspondents, this makes a fascinating anthology. Hitler "done" by Dorothy Thompson, Churchill by Lawrence Fernsworth, Chiang Kai-shek by Randall Gould, Roosevelt by Arthur Krock, and a dozen other critical figures revealed by journalistic aces. It is like confronting history in the flesh. Coming at a time when the future of civilization depends on its leaders, this is a vitally important book. — E. L.

BEHIND THE RISING SUN, by James R. Young. $3.00. *Doubleday, Doran.* A lively chronicle of thirteen years as a newspaperman in Japan. The book reveals in high detail the surprising insularity of mind that prevails among many able and influential Japanese, something only those who have lived and worked there as Mr. Young has can realize to the full. He began his Tokyo career in 1927 and ended it in 1940 with sixty-one days' solitary confinement for writing the truth. Outspoken, often humorous, his book will give anyone new insight into the Japanese mind and recent politics. — W. D.

HUMANITY ON TRIAL, *A Case for the Defense*, by Horace J. Bridges. $2.50. *Live-right.* This book by a leader of Ethical Culture is, the author tells us, the result of forty years' struggle to understand himself, his fellow men, and the world in general. He has reached the conclusion that the doctrinal systems of Christianity and Judaism, having failed to prevent this world-calamity, must equally fail to cure it. Accordingly, his book is an attempt to help people to think out their own solutions for social and world problems. A book well worth reading.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT AND COLOR GUIDE, compiled by The Sherwin-Williams Company. $7.50. Outstanding among color guides for home decorators is this sumptuous two-foot-square book of beautifully reproduced photographs of houses and interiors, all in full color. The volume is on sale at some booksellers', but residents of almost any city or hamlet can borrow it at no cost from some local paint store. It is a treasure house of ideas. — W. D.

RECENT BOOKS OF POETRY

A MAN AROSE, by Cecil Roberts. $1.00. *Macmillan.*

IF JUDGMENT COMES, by Alfred Noyes. $1.50. *Stokes.*

THE TRIUMPH OF THE TEAPOT POET, by Stanton A. Coblentz. $1.50. *Wings Press.*

SELECTED POEMS, by John Peale Bishop. $2.00. *Scribner.*

THE LISTENING LANDSCAPE, by Marya Zaturenska. $1.75. *Macmillan.*

A LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY, by Howard Baker. $1.00. *New Directions.*

WHENCE COME THE WINDS?, by Milton J. Goell. $1.50. *Dynamic America Press.*

THE PARADOX IN THE CIRCLE, by Theodore Spencer. $1.00. *New Directions.*

PERIPHERY OF TIME, by Christine Hamilton Watson. $2.00. *Fine Editions Press.*

The Open FORUM

"IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE"

SIR: Of course the common herd has got to have censorship; of course the said common herd can read between the lines that your warmongering, for instance, is being done according to the orders from above and that you hate just as much as we reading warmongering articles. All right, all right! But why rub it in? Freer Stalnaker wrote a very good, truthful story, "A Hero Once," and you could not help printing it. But stop — the eight-year-old boy felt *Frühlingserwachung* on account of his *own* aunt, didn't he? Too bad — incest just cannot happen here; so she became the boy's adopted aunt. The sacredness of American family life is upheld; never mind the story! Sorry, but I hate hypocrisy.

V. JANKOVICH

Sacramento, California.

("A Hero Once" was published just as Mr. Stalnaker wrote it. — ED.)

THE CLINTON CAFETERIAS

SIR: Rena Vale's "A New Boss Takes Los Angeles" contains several false and misleading statements. It states that in 1929 Clifford E. Clinton "and his associates incorporated the Clinton Cafeterias in Nevada where there were no blue-sky laws regarding the sale of stock." It is true that the company was incorporated in Nevada, but obviously not for the reasons stated since no stock was sold or offered for sale until carefully investigated and approved by the California Corporation Commissioner. . . . The statement that employees bought stock "to hold their jobs" is likewise untrue. The article further states that "the stock market crash of 1929 wiped out the corporation; a bank took over." Both of these statements are entirely false. Neither the Clinton Cafeteria nor its predecessor California corporation, The Clinton Company, were wiped out at the time nor at any other time . . . nor was there even a meeting of the creditors of either company at any time.

The further statement is made that "the salaries he [Clifford E. Clinton] pays, as in San Francisco, are private agreements between him and his employees." For several years the Clinton Cafeteria Company in San Francisco has been completely unionized and operating under union agreements which provide employees with wages which, I believe, are higher than wages paid for similar work anywhere in the United States.

PAUL R. MILLS, *President and General Manager Clinton Cafeteria Co., Inc., and The Clinton Co., Inc.*

San Francisco.

THE AUTHOR REPLIES

SIR: The Clinton Cafeteria of San Francisco, as it exists today, was not the subject of my article. In condensing the background of Clifford E. Clinton I did not go into some intricacies of San Francisco transactions.

While I feel that Mr. Mills is exhibiting undue concern over this condensed wording, I can understand how he misinterpreted the entire meaning of my statements. The sentence, "The salaries he [Clifford E. Clinton] pays, as in San Francisco, are private agreements between him and his employees," referred solely to the *Clifton* enterprises in Los Angeles and in no way to the present Clinton Cafeterias of San Francisco. My inclusion of San Francisco in that sentence referred to the enterprise at the time, and only during the time, Clifford E. Clinton managed it. No thrust was intended at Mr. Mills' concern.

RENA M. VALE

Los Angeles.

(*Continued on page 126*)

IKE MYSTERIES?

e are some of the best in print, written by the great literary ectives of the world: Ellery Queen, Agatha Christie, Dorothy s, Erle Stanley Gardner, Rex Stout, Georges Simenon, athan Latimer and republished by THE AMERICAN URY for its readers at the extraordinary low price of 25c.

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. **THE AMERICAN GUN MYS- Y** by *Ellery Queen.* "As good a zzler as Ellery Queen has turned t, and that's something!" — New *Daily Mirror.*

. THE CASE OF THE CURI- S BRIDE by *Erle Stanley Gard- r.* She was nervous. She wanted e advice for a friend. That's what said. And Perry Mason's dis- ief in her story drove her away — d caused double trouble when he came her attorney, and she was trial for her life!

. **JAMAICA INN** by *Daphne du urier.* A thriller by the famous thor of *Rebecca.*

. **THE DOOR BETWEEN** by *lery Queen.* Something unheard-of detective fiction; the most deadly, e most universal, and yet the least- own weapon among all the wide riety ever employed by criminals d murderers! Queen's intriguing tting — sustained interest and tense suspense —

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. **HALFWAY HOUSE** by *Ellery ueen.* Where, under the grim adow of a sensational murder, osites meet and clash — common peddler and financier, young housewife and austere society woman, struggling lawyer and charming débutante. A brilliant and original mystery.

B15. INQUEST by *Percival Wilde.* "A marvel. A wonder. I have never read any murder story like it." — *William Lyon Phelps.*

37. MEET NERO WOLFE (Fer de lance) by *Rex Stout.* A tremendously exciting thriller by one of America's best-known mystery writers.

B3. MORE ADVENTURES OF ELLERY QUEEN. Five exciting short mysteries — for those times when you don't feel up to a full length battle with the dark forces of crime and the underworld!

B7. THE BELLAMY TRIAL by *Frances Noyes Hart.* "Probably this is the greatest mystery story written this century," wrote *Herbert Carter* of this courtroom masterpiece.

40. THE D.A. CALLS IT MURDER by *Erle Stanley Gardner.* "Here is a story for murder mystery fans that has plenty to make it good reading. There is swift pace and plenty of excitement to this story." — *The Boston Globe.*

B13. LORD PETER VIEWS THE BODY by *Dorothy Sayers.* "Dorothy Sayers writes a detective story better than anyone I know." — *Dashiel Hammett,* author of *The Thin Man.*

21. THE MISSING MINIATURE by *Erich Kastner.* A delightful combination of whimsicality, mystery and comedy. "An enchanting book." — *William Lyon Phelps.*

34. STRAWSTACK by *Dorothy Cameron Disney.* No smart-aleck detective; no boring interviews with servants; no confusing house and room plans, or any other countless annoying devices. But the mystery of the murdered girl whose gloved hand protrudes from the flaming strawstack must be solved somehow. You'll have to find out — before you can go to sleep!

36. THE SIAMESE TWIN MYSTERY by *Ellery Queen.* The story of a bewildered group of people isolated on a mountain top by a forest fire below — menaced by a murderer who they know is one of their number!

B12. THANK YOU, MR. MOTO by *John P. Marquand.* A thrilling story of two Americans swept into the intrigues which run throughout the shadowed streets of ancient Peking. A fascinating tale by the author of *H. M. Pulham, Esq.*

31. THE DEATH OF MONSIEUR GALLET by *Georges Simenon.* Meet Inspector Maigret of the Judiciary Police of Paris — who is becoming increasingly popular in America! Arising out of one of those deceptively humdrum affairs, this case quickly turns into a tangled skein of love and hatred and cross-purposes that will grasp your interest and hold it until you turn the last page!

B11. THE SPANISH CAPE MYSTERY by *Ellery Queen.* John Marco, the dashing and handsome despoiler of women seemed to be musing on the hold he had over the frantic, desperate women in the house above him. For there was a faint smile on his strong and mocking face. But around his neck was an ugly line of red. The really startling thing about Marco's corpse was that he was completely nude underneath the opera cloak he was wearing. One of the best of the Ellery Queen tales.

41. POIROT LOSES A CLIENT by *Agatha Christie.* It was a strange letter, veiled in mystery and inspired by fear — but stranger yet, Poirot received it fifty-nine days after the writer's death! Fifty-nine days too late, but it embarked Hercule Poirot on his most thrilling case . . . with a dead woman as his client.

B14. THE GREEK COFFIN MYSTERY by *Ellery Queen.* "Had me baffled but fascinated."—*Franklin P. Adams,* INFORMATION PLEASE.

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(*Continued from page 124*)

MORE ON MR. LINDBERGH

SIR: Thank you for the superb piece of idol-busting in your May issue — Major Alexander P. de Seversky's "Why Lindbergh Is Wrong." I have just caused 100 copies to be bought from the newsstands for distribution among local worshippers of Lindbergh. The article is his finish for all who read it.

JAMES A. B. SCHERER

San Francisco.

STRIKING CONTRAST

SIR: Dr. Sternberg's article on American vs. German War Potential was interesting for what it omits. America may excel in coal, steel and oil, but these commodities, in their inert, natural state, will harm an enemy very little. They, to be effective, must be converted into machines and munitions. The factor necessary for this conversion is *labor.* Right here, Germany has us "skinned forty ways for Sunday." Germany's labor *works,* at top speed and for long hours, also at such wage as the government determines. Over against this, set our "paytriots" who man our picket lines. The contrast is *striking.*

IRA D. CARDIFF

Yakima, Wash.

WASHINGTON AS A FREEMASON

SIR: I have been deeply interested in Sven G. Lundberg's "The Annihilation of Freemasonry." It is a matter of regret to note the misstatement that George Washington "long held the post of Grand Master." It is definitely known that Washington never was Grand Master; the nearest approach he made to exercising the prerogative of Grand Master was when he laid the cornerstone of the Capitol on September 18, 1793, at the request, or rather the invitation, of the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland. Washington was then Master of Alexandria Lodge No. 22 of Alexandria, Virginia.

JOHN B. MULLAN

Rochester, N. Y.

Recorded MUSIC

Wagner — Love Music From "Tristan und Isolde." This "synthesis" of what Stokowski considers truly superlative music leaves me cold not because it is the patchwork of themes which has shocked academic critics, but simply for its revelation of hackneyed moods expressed with little distinction. The All American Youth Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, brings a richness and fluidity to the work which I am sure is lacking in the score. The recording is clean and balanced. (Columbia M-427, $3.50.)

Ravel — Valses Nobles et Sentimentales. The considerable talents of Robert Casadesus are wasted on this piece of inconsequential piano music. The clever manipulation of sentimentality and discordancy is handled much better today by jazzmen — and with less pretension. (Columbia X-194, $2.00.)

Parry — Jerusalem. Blake's poem of England in a setting of hymn-like beauty is sung here by Paul Robeson with simple dignity. Already buried under the mass of new releases, this is nevertheless one of the loveliest and most significant single records of the year. (Victor 27348, $.50.)

Gems of Jazz. Under this rather vulgar title, you will find a collection of fine hot music in the quiet tradition. These records, made some years ago but never available in this country, represent a good sampling of jazz styles: the reedy blues voice of Mildred Bailey, the boogie-woogie of Meade Lewis, Jess Stacy's barrelhouse pianisms, and some free-and-easy Chicago improvisations by Bud Freeman's all-star group. The music here should convince you that hot jazz is not the esoteric folk-art form that obscurantists have made it out to be. (Decca 200, $3.50.)

— ROBERT TREVOR

ORDEAL OF AMERICAN AIR POWER

(Continued from page 14)

i two and harnessed to other and ver services.

The only question is whether we hall put our aviation house in order now or wait until we are forced to do so by looming disasters. Those of us who see the handwriting in the skies know that what we ask for cuts across the bureaucratic habits and comforts of a generation. But we know also hat the change must be made if we e to survive in this aviation age. nerica has the brains, the men, e materials to take first place in e air. It cannot do so until Air wer is recognized as a primary vice rather than an auxiliary and junct of older weapons, and vorced from the Army and Navy mmands.

There can be no genuine solution, but only a vicious circle of rrecting blunders in the light of ther nations' superiority, like a log chasing its tail, until aviation is cleansed of those who share responsibility for its backwardness and those laboring under past commitments to business or politics; until it is freed from Army and Navy overlordship, so that true aviation leaders can come to the fore and work unhampered to give America mastery of the skies.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

MARK ALDANOV ranks among the foremost living Russian novelists. He has published more than twenty volumes, five of which have appeared in English editions in America, among them *The Ninth Thermidor, The Devil's Bridge, The Key.* He recently arrived in the United States. His story in this issue was translated by P. A. Pertzoff.

FREDERICK H. CRAMER has been, since 1938, Assistant Professor of History at Mt. Holyoke College. He is a native of Germany, educated in America, and has for many years contributed to learned periodicals in many countries.

BURNHAM FINNEY is editor of *The American Machinist*, leading technical journal in its field. He is the author of *Arsenal of Democracy*, published this April.

CRADDOCK GOINS is a veteran newspaperman, now working in Jackson, Mississippi. His articles have frequently appeared in our pages.

FRANCES ENSIGN GREENE is a newspaperwoman, now writing as a free-lance magazine contributor. She is at work on a novel, lives in Park Ridge, New Jersey.

ALAN HYND has written up more than 300 true crime cases for magazines and is the only writer of this generation to be given complete access to the archives of Pinkerton's National Detective Agency.

LAWRENCE MARTIN, an editor of the late *Ken*, has just returned from a long sojourn in Mexico and Central America. He formerly taught at Northwestern University. His wife, SYLVIA MARTIN, who collaborated with him on the article in this issue, is at work on a book on Central America.

LEWIS T. NORDYKE, a native Texan, a graduate of the University of Missouri School of Journalism in 1933, is now on the staff of the Amarilla, Texas, *Globe-News.*

MAURICE SAMUEL, whose first work appeared in the old *Smart Set*, has a dozen books to his credit, the latest of them *The Great Hatred*, a study of anti-Semitism. He has also published numerous translations from French, German, Hebrew and Yiddish.

MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY has received a great number of letters commending his previous articles in our pages. Those articles evoked hundreds of editorial comments. One of the world's leading designers, pilots and manufacturers of aircraft, he has been in the forefront of the movement for an independent American air force second to none.

HELEN HUNTINGTON SMITH is the author of *We Pointed Them North*, an "as-told-to" book by Edward Abbott. She is the wife of Henry Pringle, winner of a Pulitzer Prize in biography.

JAN VALTIN is the author of *Out of the Night*, the remarkable best-selling autobiography.

urs Absolutely FREE: "Kings Row"

(*Continued from back cover*)

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which strips the masks fro
an American towr

EVERY adult in Kings Row knew th a human face sometimes becomes "mask" — hiding its owner's secret lo hate, or ambition — but fourteen-year-c Parris Mitchell did not suspect it. I simply took people at their face values.

He liked his affectionate little girl-frie Renee. They tramped the country and w swimming together, at first in Adam and E innocence. He loved his big-hearted, girl-cra pal, Drake McHugh. He liked and tru Drake's tomboy girl friend, Randy M and Jamie Wakefield, who secretly wrote poen and whom people called "too pretty for a bo

Cassie Tower, the prettiest young girl town, he admired but thought "strange," p haps because she was always kept at home her unpopular physician father, who lived m teriously well without any patients to speak Parris liked Dr. Tower, even if few grown did. But he feared and disliked the cold-fa surgeon, Dr. Gord whose patients' hea were so n fou "too weak or chlo form." Once Re and Parris had he frightful scre a farmhouse, with Gordon's buggy the Parris never for them.

Through this se tive reaction to people around h Parris gradually veloped the intuit insight of a born p sician; gradually discovered that e and every one of th faced the world Kings Row thro some kind of pro tive mask, which a sickness of the m or soul — perh gnawing fear, a pa lyzing inferiority c plex, or a cheri vice. And later, Dr. Parris Mitch equipped as a psy atrist by five y study in Vienna, helped some of t to take off their ma

(*Continued on inside cover*)

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