READER'S Scope

WILL AMERICA CHANGE AFTER THE WAR?

ARTICLES

Japan's Invisible Empire
The Einstein Theory of Living
War and American Women
How to Write to a Serviceman
Is Your Blood Pressure High?
How Shall We Punish the Nazis?
How to Overcome War 'Jitters'

★

AUTHORS

Bennett Cerf
Norman Corwin
Maury Maverick
S. J. Perelman
Anna M. Rosenberg
Kate Smith
Dr. Boris Sokoloff
Dr. Harry F. Ward
Alexander Woollcott

★

PERIODICALS

Air News
Common Ground
Free World
Hygeia
Liberty
Natural History
This Week

INSIDE SCOPE
The "Inside Story" on the problems of tomorrow—see page 51

★

SEPT. • 25¢
30c IN CANADA
2nd Year of Publication

Franco's Knife In Uncle Sam's Back

by Allan Chase—*Author of FALANCE*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Publisher: Arthur Bernhard
General Manager: Morris S. Latzen
Editor: Leverett S. Gleason
Managing Editor: E. A. Piller
Assistant Editor: George J. Kaplow
Associate Editor: Marion Hart
Art Director: Jess Gourlay
Art Editor: Mel Phillips
National Distributor: Publishers Distributing Corp.

READER'S SCOPE is published monthly by Picture Scoop, Inc., at 114 East 32nd Street, New York, 16, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., on September 10, 1942, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entire contents copyrighted 1944 by Picture Scoop, Inc. September, 1944. Vol. 2, No. 4. Single copies, 25c. Subscriptions in the U.S.A., $3.00 per year. Canadian Subscriptions, $4.00 per year. Every possible care will be taken, but the editors and publishers will assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts. If return of manuscript is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must be enclosed. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A.

COVER:
Specially drawn for *Reader's* SCOPE by Arthur Szyk

"Laws and institutions must go hand in hand with the progress of the human mind."
—*Thomas Jefferson*

★★*The fascists would like to move into South America when they are licked in Europe. This is the story of how they are working now, to get bases from which they can stab at us later.*

FRANCO'S KNIFE IN UNCLE SAM'S BACK

Allan Chase

ELEVEN days after Pearl Harbor, Luis Roldan sailed from Panama to Havana on the Chilean liner *Imperial*. On January 2, 1942, while he was awaiting passage on a ship bound for Spain, he was picked up by the Cuban secret police. They knew Roldan as one of the chiefs of the Spanish Falange in Colombia, and had caught him holding secret meetings with local Falangists in Havana. When he was arrested, Roldan was carrying in his trunk a three-year file of official Falange correspondence. And among these papers was the copy of a report Roldan had made to Spain on February 15, 1939, which read, in part:

"Here the political atmosphere is heavy now, for among the Conservatives themselves, there have been splits because some, among them Laureano Gomez, wish violent or revolutionary attitudes . . . these gentlemen have addressed themselves to our victorious Caudillo (Franco) requesting help to accomplish in this country a revolution similar to ours (in Spain) and the Caudillo has answered them that they shall have everything they wish after our war finishes . . ."

Nothing could have been stated more bluntly. Gomez, member of the Spanish Falange, head of Colombia's Conservative Party, and publisher of *El Siglo* of Bogota had asked for and received Franco's promise of help — and this means guns — to overthrow the republic of Colombia. In February, 1944, this same Laureano Gomez provoked a crisis in Colombia which led to the declaration of martial law.

Both Gomez and Roldan took their orders from Onos de Plan-

dolit, the secretary of the Spanish legation in Bogota. From this legation, via franked mail, Plandolit flooded North and South America with propaganda. Here is an excerpt from one of the bulletins he mailed to the United States:

"Roosevelt will do all he can to aid in the defeat of Hitler and of the European people who are fighting for their liberty against Bolshevik barbarism and the sordid egoism of the democratic, Jewish, and Protestant plutocracies."

This man is now an official of the Spanish legation in Panama. He is still an active Falangist agent.

In February of this year, the State Department prepared a report on the recent revolt in Bolivia. The report proved that the man who transmitted the funds from the Nazis in Buenos Aires to the fascist plotters in La Paz was none other than the chief of the Spanish Falange in Bolivia, one Luis Aranguren. He also happens to be the secretary of the Spanish Legation in Bolivia.

A few weeks later, a member of the Sinarquistas — a branch of the Spanish Falange — attempted to kill the President of Mexico.

Since the coup of June, 1943, Argentina has been cementing her ties with Franco Spain. New pacts, calling for greater shipments of Argentine food and arms for the Germans via Spain, are drawn up monthly. And the official cult of Hispanidad, or Nazi-Falange *Kultur,* has been adopted by the Argentine Ministry of Education.

The above are all facts, chosen at random, from the growing file on Franco's activities in the Western Hemisphere. To them one can easily add a thousand documented cases of Falangist planters along the South and Central American coasts who furnish Nazi submarines with Diesel oil and food; Spanish ships in the American waters who spy on United Nations convoys for Nazi undersea raiders and supply these subs with oil; unpaid Falangist agents who spy on American bases in Latin America; and powerful Falangist publishers like Gomez whose papers attack the United Nations and do the dirty work of Goebbels in the Americas.

There is a distinct pattern to the activities of the Falange in Latin America. Examine it closely and you find that throughout the Americas the cause of the Axis is being furthered by the Falangist officials of the Spanish diplomatic service in combination with the Nazis and the large landowners and mercantilists. Examine the landowners and the mercantilists and you discover that most of them are Spaniards with a tremendous economic stake in European fascism. Their funds are tied up in fascist Spain, in France, and in Germany. A United Nations victory would mean economic ruin for this class; like Franco, they must live or perish with Hitler.

The Falange is the logical instrument for this class in the battle for survival. They know very

well that the actual head of the Falange is not Franco but Nazi General Wilhelm von Faupel. They are most happy about the Nazi control of the Falange, since they recognize that the Nazis are the most powerful enemies of democracy throughout the world. To this class, democracy spells high wages, free schools, free hospitals, social insurance, free trade unions, and a free press. All of this spells lower profits, higher taxes, and enlightened majorities who want some measure of economic equality. For this reason, they welcomed Hitler's support in the war against the Spanish Republic and they welcome Hitler's support in the war against democracy in Latin America.

Because they control the economic life of nearly every Latin American nation, the Spanish landowners and merchants who take their leadership from the Falange are in a position to lash out at the cause of the United Nations. The war has hit our sister nations to the south much more than it has affected us here at home. True enough, Latin-American manhood has not been conscripted and sent into battle. But the Hispanic republics are predominantly agricultural countries which live by exporting the fruits of their soil and importing all manufactured goods.

The war has just about halved Latin America's export revenues. The tourist trade has been cut down to nothing. United Nations shipping is devoted almost completely to war runs, Axis shipping is barred from the hemisphere, and Latin America never had much of a merchant marine of its own. The people have less money than they had before the war, and on these reduced incomes they must

Spain is a "dictatorship under debt to Hitler," the U. S. State Department's publication, *The Bulletin*, declared on June 8, 1944. But, while Franco has consistently supported the Axis, he has never been able to rally the support of the Spanish people.

Early in the Fall of 1943, the Spanish people, through their political parties — Republican, Socialist, Communist, Basque and Catalonian — and their trade unions, formed the Supreme Junta of National Unity, dedicated to the fight to overthrow Franco and his Axis ties and to restore the Republic. On November 16, 1943, leaders of the Catholic Party announced that they would cooperate with the Supreme Junta, thus branding as false Franco's claim of complete Catholic support.

An agreement was then signed by the Catholics and the Spanish Junta which established the following aims:

1 — Overthrow the Franco regime and break all ties with Hitler and the Axis.

2 — Purge from the state apparatus and especially from the army, all Falangists.

3 — Amnesty for all political prisoners.

4 — Reestablishment of freedom of the press, assembly and religious worship.

5 — Reconstruction of Spain in accordance with the political, economic and social rights fundamental to man.

6 — Establishment of conditions for a peaceful and democratic election of a Constitutional Assembly which will issue a Constitutional Charter of liberty, independence and prosperity for Spain.

try to live at a time when there are shortages of all necessities.

The Falangists, who control food and goods prices, have pushed all prices to wild inflationary levels. There is less of everything, and the prices have been doubled and tripled. The people grumble, and the Falangist merchants tell them that Roosevelt and Churchill and Stalin are responsible. Under Nazi direction, the Falange spreads the idea that there is no food because it has all been appropriated by Uncle Sam; that there is no money because the war is really a Jewish-Protestant-Yankee-Bolshevik plot to destroy all Catholic nations. So effective has this propaganda of the Falange been that in countries like Mexico — where Falangist-created inflation has just about deprived all poor children of milk — the government hesitates about sending loyal troops across the sea to fight the Japs and the Nazis. The troops have to be kept home to guard against the possibility of uprisings touched off by Falangist exploitation of war-born misery.

The Falangist press — and there is not one Latin American capital that does not have one daily paper owned by wealthy Falangists — helps this campaign along in a thousand subtle ways. After the Rio Conference, when the Nazi Transocean News Service was barred from the Hemisphere, the official Spanish news agency, E.F.E., took over all the former Transocean accounts. Through E.F.E. Joe Goebbels gets his ideas across in the most widely read papers of Latin America. The Falangist-owned papers used to disparage all possibilities of a United Nations victory. After Stalingrad, they changed their tactics. Now they play up the alleged dangers of a "Bolshevik victory" in this war, make it appear as if Stalin will be the only victor unless a separate peace is made with the Nazis.

Every negotiated peace bid floated in Madrid is played to the hilt by these powerful papers. In fact, every shred of Madrid propaganda reaches the front pages of all of these papers. They play up Spain as a model for all Latin American nations and constantly urge the tightening of economic and political ties with Falangist Spain. They wholeheartedly endorse the entire Twenty-Six Points of Falangism, including the Third Point, which reads:

"We have the will of Empire and assert that the historic legacy of Spain is the Empire. . . . Regarding the Latin American countries we intend to tighten the links of culture, economic interests and of power. Spain claims to be the spiritual axis of the Spanish World . . ."

The men most active in spreading this doctrine in Latin America know that it is malicious nonsense. They know that Spain is a German colony, that the "Empire" mentioned in the grandiloquent Point Three of the Falange Creed is in reality the Nazi World Empire. They also know that deals which "tighten the links of culture, economic interests and of power" between Franco Spain and New World nations are in reality accords which strengthen Hitler both in Germany and in the Western Hemisphere.

Typical of these dangerous deals was the one announced by the Argentine Ministry of Finance on June 2 of this year. This called for Argentina to send Spain 1,000,000 tons of wheat, 10,000 tons of cotton, and 500 tons of tobacco in return for some 82,500 tons of iron and steel and some cash. The goods will be carried in "neutral" Spanish boats. What was not announced in Buenos Aires was that the wheat, cotton and tobacco will not remain in Spain but will be transhipped to Germany. Nor did the announcement reveal that much of the iron and steel Germany is shipping to Argentina via Spain will go into the growing Argentine armaments industry run by recent arrivals in Buenos Aires like Fritz Mandl. This former Austrian munitions king has set up factories in Argentina which are reproducing German war materials from samples sent via Spanish ports on Spanish merchant ships. At least two factories in Argentina are known to have shipped automatic pistols to the Wehrmacht via Spain within the past twelve months.

The Argentine munitions industry, however, is not being set up primarily to supply arms for Germany. The Nazis plan to create in fascist Argentina a post-war Arsenal of Fascism. Spanish shipping makes this possible today. Between now and the end of the war, Argentina will be in a position to supply arms to Falange-inspired secret fascist armies in other South American nations. Chile stands in particular jeopardy of this danger.

With each day of the war, democracy in Latin America pays a new penalty for living in the same world with a totalitarian Spain. Spanish ships flood the Hispanic republics with tons of fascist propaganda, thousands of Nazi-trained Falangist agents. The diplomatic service of fascist Spain acts as a cover for Nazi undercover men engaged in undermining representative government in South America.

Nor do discerning Latin American democrats see any relief in sight. They notice that here and there in Latin America, papers which have always been 100% pro-Franco are now beginning to look favorably upon the possibility of the return of the Spanish monarchy. As informed observers like Walter Winchell have exposed to the world, this happens to fit exactly into the plans of the Nazis. The German cartel chiefs who today control Spain are in fact preparing to go through the motions of "ending fascism" and restoring the Monarchy in Spain. This is set to go through as soon as Hitler's end becomes a matter of weeks. Franco is well aware of this plan, and he is cooperating with his German masters to carry it out.

Let the German cartels, acting through Franco and other facists like Gil Robles, or through the Monarchy, or through a clique of generals headed by Juan Beigbeder (who is now in Washington seeking American support) retain their control of Spain after Hitler falls and the full dress war for the Western Hemisphere will begin even before the smoke clears from the battlefields of Europe and Asia.

★ **Be careful when you whistle. You may be misunderstood.**

Sounding Off!

Dr. Mario Salvadori

Condensed from This Week

WHEN the King of Italy visited Naples recently, news reports were conflicting. One paper said the Neapolitans "enthusiastically acclaimed their sovereign." Another stated the reception given the King was "definitely hostile."

Explanation: the people of Naples had whistled at the King. While the American whistle means appreciation, the Italian sound shows disapproval.

Although hundreds of dictionaries help us translate foreign words, nobody has bothered to translate sounds. It's a job that needs doing, now that American soldiers and civilians are dealing more and more with the natives of foreign lands.

Whole careers have been ruined by an ignorance of basic noises. Once a young Englishman at a French university wanted to show his approval of a particularly brilliant lecture. He started pounding the top of his bench and stamping his feet. To his surprise he was immediately thrown out of the room. Why? Because at Oxford or Cambridge that kind of noise indicates appreciation, but in France it says: "I'm fed up. I want to go home."

Here are some other basic sounds and their various interpretations. "Tsk-tsk" means "No" in Italy, but a German goes "Tsk-tsk" when he's disappointed, and we use the same sound to register disapproval.

You stop horses in Russia by the sound "Pbrrr" (emitted with vibrating lips), but in Italy you shout "Oh." You invite horses to move by a whistling sound in Russia, by two clucks in America, by the shout "Ahrry-oh" in Italian. "Pfui" indicates disgust in Germany, but "Pha" must be used in Russia.

But, of course, there is one sound that is unequivocally understood on either side of the Atlantic. It goes "Brrr" and in New York they call it the Bronx cheer.

★ **American nurses on the Burma front know that "we" means everybody who is fighting the Japanese.**

"WE" On The Burma Front

Jean Lyon

Condensed from China At War

IT WAS one evening late in March in a tent which had been soaked in the steamy Assam rain all morning and baked under the burning Assam sun all afternoon that I got my first real glimpse of what the word "Allies" means on the front lines.

That night I was billeted with two American flight nurses attached to a medical air evacuation project. Their unit was making daily flights into northern Burma to fly Chinese wounded from the front lines back to base hospitals.

As members of the unit sat drinking cocoa made on a gasoline burner, and eating GI-made cookies the sound of planes taking off and landing was a sort of backdrop to our tent-muffled conversation. Walabum and Myitkyina became something more than unpronounceable names on a map, and the Chinese troops on the Burma front focused into individual men with gun shot wounds and burns and bad skull fractures.

It was hard to tell, as the conversation among these girls from Texas and Ohio and New Jersey continued, when they were talking about Chinese troops and when they were talking about Americans. To them the word "we" meant not only General Stilwell, and the United States 14th Air Force, and their American medical colleagues, but it also meant the men of the Chinese 38th Division and the men of 22nd Division. The "we" which they used covered all the groups fighting against the Japanese on the Burma front.

Miss Jean Lyon is a New York newspaperwoman, born in China. Formerly a feature writer for the New York Sun and Bell Syndicate, she is now on assignment in Chungking for the Chinese News Service.

I began to want to see this example of Chinese-American cooperation first hand. So I asked if I might go on a flight into Burma

with the medical unit on the next day. "I don't see why not," Lieutenant Audrey Rogers, the chief nurse, said. "I'll ask the C. O."

The next morning, right after breakfast, the two nurses assigned to duty on the Burma front that day, a medical officer in charge, the pilot, and I all climbed into a plane and settled ourselves on two litters set up just behind the pilot's cabin. In the tail of the plane were blankets and folded litters, a parachute apiece, a thermos jug of coffee, sandwiches, and the nurses' emergency kits which they watched with eagle eyes.

The two flight nurses were Second Lieutenant Dorothy Cameron, from San Francisco and Westfield, N. J., and Second Lieutenant Jane B. Murphy, from Milton, Pa. Both had on khaki flight suits with zipper pockets below the knees in which they carried all sorts of things. Dottie kept reaching down into that pocket for her notebook which had in it her Chinese vocabulary with which she refreshed her memory on such phrases as, "where is your pain?"

No sooner had the plane taken off than Jane brought out a sock and started knitting. That reminded Dottie. "Where's my needlepoint?" she said, and popped up to get it. Captain G. S. Young, of Muncie, Ind., officer in charge of the medical part of the day's work, spent his time thinking up wisecracks, while Sergeant Glenn Brough of Grand Rapids sat quietly and smoked.

That was the way this rescue crew looked as it approached the spot where it was to pick up its load of wounded. The spot had to be close enough to the front line so that wounded could be brought to it by truck. That meant that it was within easy range of enemy bombers and fighters.

As the plane began to descend, the atmosphere inside changed. The knitting and needlepoint disappeared. The Sergeant began adjusting the litter rests. The nurses stacked up the folded litters and blankets and prepared to hand them over to the collecting station. Everyone was ready to go into action the minute the plane landed. The plane had not been at a standstill for sixty seconds before the girls were passing blankets out the door and a ramp had been rolled up to the plane and an ambulance had been backed up to the ramp.

Around the plane some twenty or thirty tired Chinese soldiers gathered to watch their comrades being put aboard. Over in the road was a jeep with several Chinese officers watching the proceedings. A number of American officers stood around directing the unloading of the patients, and healthy-looking American soldiers carried the litters up the ramp into the plane.

The entire plane load on this trip was made up of litter cases. They were all Chinese. One had lost his arm, another had a bad shoulder wound and his arm held out stiffly in front of him by a cast, another was badly burned in the face and his lips and eyes and cheeks were blistered and swollen. Some tried to sit up and look around them. Others groaned ever so softly and kept their eyes closed. "They are wonderful patients," Dottie said. "They hardly ever groan loudly or make a fuss."

After the plane had been filled and was headed back to the base hospital where the men would receive more than the preliminary care they had at the collecting hospital or from some mobile medical unit on the battlefield, the nurses began to take stock. Sitting on the floor of the plane in the aisle between the litters, Dottie started to prepare the records. Each patient had a paper, written in English, which told what his wound was and what had already been done for it. The papers were not always easy to find and Jane went from litter to litter asking in her best Chinese where the paper was and then, because she could not understand the answers, going through pockets and blankets until she found them.

As she got the papers from them she would ask them how they felt and whether they wanted water. Both she and Dottie could say that much in Chinese and the men who had the energy to smile always smiled appreciatively over these familiar Chinese phrases.

One wanted to talk. He knew a little English, and was able to tell the nurses in a combination of his English, their Chinese and sign language, that he was a Lieutenant and that he had been driving a tank which was blown up. He and three others had jumped out, but the Japanese had then machine-gunned them. One of his comrades was the man with the burned face across the aisle. He had gotten it in the midst of the explosion. That all happened, he said, at about four o'clock of the afternoon before. It was then eleven in the morning. Later Captain Young said that there had been times when they had picked up wounded men who had been in battle within the last two hours.

Until we reached our destination Dottie and Jane were busy carrying water to parched and swollen lips, adjusting blankets, and trying hard to understand the one or two who were trying to tell them in slow, carefully pronounced Chinese what was their trouble.

At a landing field where the soldiers were to be taken to the base hospital it was raining. The patients were quickly transferred to four bamboo matting waiting stations and the nurses said good-bye.

The rain kept us from picking up a second load that day, and to the disappointment of the nurses we headed back for camp. The trip back was like the trip out, the nurses knitting and doing needlepoint and the men joking and chatting. But this time the talk always reverted to the soldiers and to the battle.

"We did all right in Burma, today," some one said. "I heard down there that we had pushed the Japs back another ten miles."

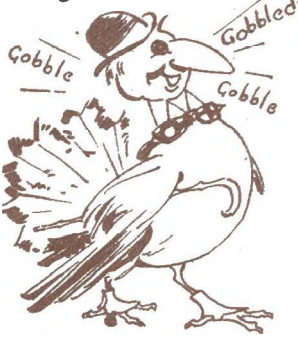
And the "we" this time meant the boys who had just been delivered to the base hospital.

★ **Maury Maverick assails vague, pompous, repetitious English and the two-gun word bandits who use it.**

The Case Against 'GOBBLEDYGOOK'

Maury Maverick

Condensed from New York Times Magazine



JUST before Pearl Harbor, I, newly come to Washington as a civil service employe, was sent to a committee to consider the rights of the consumer in his purchase of goods. There I got my baptism under "gobbledygook" which I will try to explain.

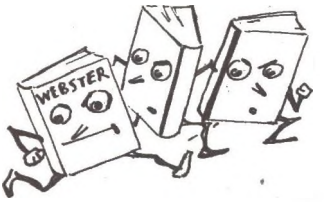
First, the word: it is long, sounds foreign, has four stories. You walk up without benefit of elevator. Second, its definition: talk or writing which is long, pompous, vague, involved, usually with Latinized words. It is also talk or writing which is merely long, even though the words are fairly simple, with repetition over and over again, all of which could have been said in a few words.

Now back to the banks of the Potomac and the meeting I attended. Our chairman, a mild-mannered, amiable-looking fellow, opened as follows:

"We * * *" (long talk with no relation to the subject) * * * "face profound changes in our economic system." (He didn't explain the profundities, or what to do about them.) Then: "Optimum production * * * maladjustments, co-extensive with problem areas * * * alternative, but nevertheless meaningful minimae * * * utilization of factors which in a dynamic democracy can be channelized into both quantitative and qualitative phases." Toward the end: "We will have informal discussion, evaluating * * * making dynamic" (repeated several times) * * * "in an ad hoc manner, according to the panel concept."

This presiding officer interested me in spite of my boredom, so I made pains to find out about him. He had consorted so long with a lot of others like himself that he didn't know how to talk plain English. He had become a Two-Gun Word Bandit.

I soon began to realize that the



users of Latin phrases and big words, the double-talkers and long-winded writers, were moving in on us like an invisible empire. In their wake they were creating confusion, dullness and slow down.

Recently, when I became chairman of the Smaller War Plants Corporation, torrents, yea, verily, tidal waves of papers, documents, memoranda, clippings and letters, swirled around me. I was drowning. In righteous indignation I rattled off a memorandum denouncing gobbledygook language.

People asked me how I got the word. I do not know. It must have come in a vision. Perhaps I was thinking of the old bearded turkey gobbler back in Texas who was always gobbledygobbling and strutting with ridiculous pomposity. At the end of his gobble there was a sort of gook.

The response to the memorandum was immediate and widespread. Letters poured in showing that the American people are tired of double-talk and talk they can't understand.

Frequently I get a memo under a subject entitled, say, "Labor." After reading the four-page memorandum through the third page I begin to realize the subject is not labor at all. The writer is arguing for civilian production in certain areas because labor and materials are available. Why not, then, make the subject "Resumption of civilian production is possible in some areas because * * *" Too long? No. You don't have to read through three pages of double-talk to find out the subject. And, as I said in my gobbledygook memo, make the point and the conclusion in the first paragraph if at all possible. Do it like a well-written newspaper story with headline and all in the beginning.

This is serious and necessary. An executive comes to work. People are waiting to see him. Letters (and memoranda) lie on his desk. He must leave for a wearisome committee meeting at 11, the telephone is ringing, there are unanswered calls, he has to eat lunch with Jones who has flown in from Los Angeles (you can't say no to anybody from L. A.), get back to see a committee from Chicago, administrative procedures must be correlated before he leaves, and finally home, to pass out. (This sentence, like this executive's day, is too long and complicated.)

Memos should be short and to the point. If the executive has to struggle through tiresome, wordy memoranda on his desk, they pile as high as the sky, creating a Great Slow Down Wall. Sometimes the job is never done, memos being written until the problem blows up in your face. Then it is too much and too late.

What is it that brings on long-winded, heart-breaking wordiness? I'm not sure but I have a hunch that a writer, feeling defeat in advance, gets lengthy and vague in self-defense. If defeat comes, he can hide behind the big words and

ascribe it to the ignorance of the people addressed.

Gobbledygook means not only big, foolish words but also wasted words. In practically every Government order there is a long paragraph pretending to rehash in advance the reasons for the order. Let me quote one and then show how it could be written in short language:

> Whereas, national defense requirements have created a shortage of corundum (as hereafter defined) for the combined needs of defense and private account, and the supply of corundum now is and will be insufficient for defense and essential civilian requirements, unless the supply of corundum is conserved and its use in certain products manufactured for civilian use is curtailed; and it is necessary in the public interest and to promote the defense of the United States, to conserve the supply and direct the distribution and use thereof. Now, therefore it is hereby ordered . . .

It could have been written:

"National defense requirements have created a shortage of corundum. This order is necessary to conserve the supply for war and essential civilian uses, and . . ."

Now let me quote a typical paragraph from a recent order. If you can read it once and know what it means you are a genius:

> For the purposes of subparagraph (1) of this paragraph [gobbledygook, gobbledygook], if a farmer-producer has a maximum [the highest] price for a given class of sales or deliveries or a given variety and kind of vegetable seed, but not for another class of sales or deliveries thereof, he shall determine his maximum price for such latter class of sales or deliveries by adding to or subtracting from his maximum price for the class of sales and deliveries for which he has an established maximum price hereunder the premium or discount, as the case may be, in dollars and cents normal to the trade during said base period, for the class of sales or deliveries to be priced in relation to said class of sales or deliveries for which he has an established maximum price hereunder; and the resultant figure shall be his maximum price for the class of sales and deliveries in question.

But I have complained long enough. What are we going to do about it? Well, we might start by applying the following rules:

(1) Make up a Gobbledygook Dictionary, and make it unpopular to use any word on the list.

(2) Try to keep sentences under twenty words, certainly under twenty-five words.

(3) Don't make the memo a sermon or prolonged lecture or a display of "book learning."

(4) Use the telephone for a short conversation if the other fellow isn't too busy, and not a crab.

If we do all these things we can save time, paper, hours of unnecessary work, our dispositions and, I believe, blood. There must be a new language development in

America which will rescue our present language from the curse of confusion. A man's language is a very important part of his conduct. He should be held morally responsible for his words just as he is accountable for his other acts.

Let us be orderly in our language and brief. Slovenly disorder in speech and writing is not only a reflection upon the person's thinking but an insult to the person to whom it is sent.

Plain and simple speech appeals to everyone because it indicates clear thought and honest motives. Here is the point: Anyone who is thinking clearly and honestly can express his thoughts in words which are understandable, and in very few of them. Let's write for the reader and not for ourselves.

Make the writing do what it is intended to.

This, after all, should be a crusade in America. I didn't, when I wrote in honest rage about gobbledygook talk, want to be funny, and no one took it that way. One man wrote me from way up in British Columbia and told me of his youth in England. He quoted this passage from "Alice in Wonderland":

"Speak English," said the Eaglet. "I don't know the meaning of half these long words, and, what's more, I don't believe you do, either."

And I will close with a text from the Bible, sent to me by a minister. It reads: "Except ye utter by the tongue, words easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken . . . for ye shall speak into the air."

Success Story

In 1643 a fleet of fifteen Spanish treasure-ships set out from Haiti with the yearly tribute for the King of Spain. At Silver Shoals off the Haitian coast a great hurricane came up. The ships were smashed on the treacherous shoals, and the great treasure seemed lost for all time.

Years later a New Englander, William Phips, set out for Silver Shoals with the very crudest equipment. He took two millions in gold from a single galleon.

On his return his story spread. It fired the imagination of two continents. Phips became one of the most celebrated personalities of his day. And when the people of Massachusetts came to choose their first governor, they elected him to that office. No one has ever brought up any more of the vast treasure, though the location is no secret.

There is an aftermath to the story. Harry Rieseberg, famous treasure-hunter, sighted one of the galleons suspended on a rock ledge. But when he descended, a squall came up and slipped the cable. He fell 1400 feet straight down and broke his leg.

Rieseberg swears he will one day return to Silver Shoals for the Spanish treasure. You too can find it.

—Tom Law

★★ The success story of a top radio comic who didn't want to be funny.

"That's My Boy, Garry"

Charles Dexter

ONE 1942 DAY, Tom Luckenbill, radio executive, embarked on a war bond tour with a troupe of lovely ladies, passionate baritones and very, very famous stars. And Garry Moore.

Garry was no star. For years he'd batted around the radio perimeter. He'd written and played in soap operas. He'd read news bulletins and sports results. He'd emceed an impromptu mid-afternoon hour for tired housewives. Currently he was spluttering triple-talk on a rowdy, haphazard program called "Everything Goes," listed each morning between 9 and 9:30.

At that unearthly hour, most radio big shots are commuting to the office. No one except Mr. Luckenbill, vice-president of Wm. Esty & Co., advertising agents, had ever given garrulous Garry a tumble. He'd never had a sponsor. Now, as the war bond tour progressed, the ad man noticed a strange phenomenon. This sawed-off, inconsequential Moore guy had sex appeal. He set women shrieking, shoving, swearing, all but swooning.

The rest is radio history. Mr. Luckenbill arranged a guest performance for Garry on the Camel Comedy Caravan. He stole the show from Lanny Ross and Xavier Cugat. When Bud Abbott fell ill, Garry rushed into the breach, joining hands with Jimmy Durante. Soon the Comedy Caravan was abandoned, and the spectacular new screech and gibberish team of Durante and Moore rose to the top of the Crossley reports, playing two full half hours of laughter on two different networks on successive evenings.

Absolutely nothing in Garry Moore's past yields a clue to this curious success. He was born Thomas Garrison Morfit, sixth cousin of Winston Churchill, lineal descendant of John Hancock. The mild Morfits of Baltimore were amazed by their show-off offspring. At 7 he was leading man in a grade school play. At 10 he sang hymns in Memorial Episcopal Church. At 12 he talked so fast he stuttered, tried to run away with a travelling evangelist, not to become a minister but because he wanted to face an audience and talk it down.

Garry's Pa rebelled at his son's penchant for delivering tongue-twisting orations in triple-time. "Shut up and stay home, or else . . ." he ordered. The kid stayed, earned his keep shovelling snow, selling chewing gum, working as first mate on a Chesapeake Bay schooner. To keep his restless tongue in practice he read Shakespeare aloud from "Much Ado About Nothing" to "The Rape of

Lucrece." He won a medal in a high school debate, earned $20 in gold for a class declamation.

Platinum-haired Jean Harlow, visiting Baltimore, received a note: "Must see you at once. Paul Whiteman." The stage door admitted jittery young Garry, who subsequently published the interview in his high school paper. The Baltimore Sun picked up the story; overnight the kid was locally famous.

Garry met F. Scott Fitzgerald in a town tavern. Unaccountably he convinced the noted author that he was a rising young Molière. They collaborated on a comedy which, says Garry today, went happily unproduced.

Undeterred, he bombarded radio station WBAL with scripts until the studio ran out of rejection slips. "The only way to get rid of this pest is to hire and fire him," remarked the program director.

Garry was hired to write continuity for a soap opera advertising Lane Bryant maternity clothes. "I can act, too," he boasted. In the hope of shaming him into quitting, WBAL gave him a tough assignment: to read flattering commercials about oversized garments for expectant mothers. He did not quit. He was a hit — not, however, along conventional lines. The soap opera was weepily saccharine. Garry was funny, so funny that when the studio comedian fell ill, Garry inherited his job.

He didn't want to be a comic. He'd been funny because he was bored. He'd mouthed gags, soul tortured by the awful wastage of his genius. At last he revolted, quit, travelled to New York, went jobless. Eventually he landed in a modest St. Louis studio as a somewhat dignified news and sports announcer. He was relatively happy until the studio manager suggested: "You're really a funny fellow, Moore. And we need more comedy. How about it?"

Garry spilled ten thousand words of protest. The argument waxed hot. Again Garry heard the fateful words: ". . . or else!" He bowed to fate.

Manfully for seven months he tried to be funny. Then, man or mouse, he quit. He was packing bags for home when the telegram arrived. NBC wanted an emcee for "Club Matinee." He wired Chicago: "What kind of emcee?" The reply said: "Comic, of course." Mousily, Garry capitulated.

He's been a comedian ever since. But not a loudspeaker for other writers' sad jokes. "I resent the imputation that radio listeners are 10-year-olds and morons. If I sound loony, it's because I'm sane." He writes his own material, usually between orange juice and coffee on broadcast mornings. Like his idol, Fred Allen, he creates fanciful puppets . . . Agnes, the homing pigeon who can't find her way home; Pis-

mo Underdrunk, the old-fashioned lover; Shumilldwickler Prump, rhymeless poet laureate of New York; and Sadie T. Saddlesoap, the woman jockey who rides under the horse.

The Garry Moore gallery of inhuman characters reflects Garry's intellectual interests. He prefers S. N. Behrman to burlesque shows, Abe Lincoln to Ham Fish, Ravel to Dave Rose, and "Information, Please!" to the Lone Ranger.

His light, gay voice is a perfect contrast to Jimmy Durante's buzzsaw. Their Camel cigarette comedy (see your local radio page) is racy, topical, bizarre. Above all, it's literate. And, as Crossley reports show, there's an adult audience for it. There's genuine sincerity in Jimmy's tone as he proudly salutes his partner: "That's my boy, Garry!" For until Garry came along, old Schnozzola was an all-but-forgotten has-been.

Despite his tireless tongue, Garry lives quietly. He met his wife at a Hallowe'en party when he was disguised as a witch — she's never been frightened by him since. Now, with their two children, she comprises one-third of his favorite audience. Their Larchmont home is furnished with antiques handed down by his colonial ancestors. A modern nook contains 1500 swing records, Hoagy Carmichael and Johnny Mercer preferred.

Vices? Yes. Garry writes poetry, then tears it up. He wears maroon pants, tweed jackets which look like sunsets with a belt in the back. He's lazy — whenever he feels the need of exercise, he lies down until the feeling passes away.

And oh, yes . . . he really smokes Camel cigarettes. . . .

HEAVENLY MYSTERY

Carl Van Doren tells a story about Sherlock Holmes's arrival in Heaven. The angels turned out to meet him; the Lord Himself descended from his throne to bid him welcome.

"Holmes," He said, "to be perfectly frank, We have a mystery of our Own which you may be able to help Us solve. Adam and Eve seem to have disappeared. Nobody has been able to locate them for aeons. If you could possibly find them for Us. . . ."

Holmes darted to the fringe of the assemblage, and hauled two frightened, thoroughly surprised angels before the Lord. "Here they are," he said briefly. Adam and Eve readily admitted their identities. "We got tired of being stared at and asked for autographs by every darn new angel who came up here," they explained. "We assumed aliases and these simple disguises and got away with them for centuries until this smarty-pants ferreted us out."

"How did you do it?" marveled the Lord.

"Elementary, my dear God," said Sherlock Holmes. "They were the two who had no navels."

From Trade Winds, *Saturday Review of Literature* by Bennett Cerf

★★ Another unforgettable story about the heroes inside Europe who fought and are still fighting for freedom against Europe's oppressors.

THE INVINCIBLES-3

Schulze

Franz Weiskopf

(Translated by James A. Galstone)

THE man of this tale bore a name which, like Mueller and Meier, is one of the most common in Germany. He was called Schulze, Fiete Schulze. He was a workman. The uncertainty of maintaining a job was as much a matter-of-course part of his life as the will to fight for a better order and the realization that this fight was made possible only by a community with others of a like mind.

He had been an enemy of the Nazis before they came to power, and he remained their enemy after they had established their Third Reich. For two years he stood in the front ranks of the underground fighters. Then the Gestapo caught up with him. He bore himself so bravely before the court that even the Nazi judge could not help his grudging admiration. He was sentenced to a total of three hundred years in prison, which meant, since Schulze was thirty-eight years old, that seven whole lives were denied him. He was furthermore sentenced to death on three counts and to what they called civic degradation on two. Since there was nothing one could do about it, he was beheaded but once. Before this happened, Schulze, whose last wish had been for the presence of the court at his execution, cried in a firm voice: "One fighter less, but victory will be ours in the end!"

To drown out the words of the condemned man, the drummers of the SS detail lining the place of execution began to beat a roll. Besides, Fiete Schulze was given no time for any further outcry. The executioners pounced upon him, and within a minute he was "dispatched from life to death" in accordance with the judgment imposed upon him. The Gestapo had the body cremated and the ashes scattered in some unknown place. Eight years later, however, in the war summer of 1943, the dead man began to speak again. In the city, laid in ruins by English bombers, leaflets made their appearance reminding the Hamburgers of some of Hitler's boasts concerning the certain destruction of London and urging them to overthrow the brown-shirted tyranny. The leaflets were signed: "Group Fiete Schulze."

★ America's women are doing a wonderful job—but how much more can they do to win the war faster?

WAR and American Women

Anna M. Rosenberg

Reprinted from Free World

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mrs. Rosenberg is at present Regional Director of the War Manpower Commission for the New York area.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WHEN you have walked as many miles through factory and foundry as I have in the past three years and have seen the competence and confidence and spirit of hundreds of thousands of American women doing the tremendous work of war production, you can have only one proud opinion — American women are doing a magnificent job.

When you walk the streets of any American industrial town at shift-time your heart warms at the march of American women going to work, going home from work — youngsters in slacks and bobby socks and grandmothers in slacks and bandanna — and you exult in the spirit of American women who are doing the job that fighting men have left behind them.

But when you ask yourself another question — are enough American women doing enough? — there is only one answer. They are not.

Those who are doing a job are doing it magnificently. Some who aren't have good reasons. The rest have reasons too but they are not good. They are not reasons you could give without shame to men who are facing death. Under the indignity of death on the battlefield a man should have at least the small dignity of knowing that we too understand what he is fighting for and will not retreat because of minor inconveniences.

This is not a satisfaction that the men who are fighting are going to demand themselves. American women will have to provide it without being asked. I have yet

to see a letter to the home folks or a letter-to-the-editor from G.I. Joe suggesting that women are slackers. The American boy is notoriously sentimental about his American girl. Confront him with manpower statistics, pin him down with a direct question and he will agree that the winning of the war depends on women on the assembly line. But when his loneliness raises the memory picture of his girl he will continue to think of moonlight and roses rather than coveralls and safety goggles. And she can probably depend on it — there will be no recriminations when peace comes if she has "sweated out" the days from Pearl Harbor to Victory over bridge and tea tables, inflationary shopping, beauty salon tonic for her own morale and black-market dinners. She can sit this one out if her conscience will let her.

But not all of the thousands of American girls, American mothers and American grandmothers still on the sidelines are parasites. What about the well-meaning non-participants? Why do they not see the urgency of the need for their help as the armed forces continue to drain more men from the nation's most essential industries?

Well, as long as we are talking about woman's contribution to total war it is neither fair nor accurate to judge her contribution by studying women alone. The decision has not always been hers to make.

The pattern for drawing women into industry has been much the same the nation over. Everywhere it has been necessary to get the facts together, tell them simply, clearly, give women a chance to think it over and talk it over, give them time to make their decision and make their arrangements and stand by to answer their questions. But beyond that it has been necessary to convince their husbands. Everywhere the same resistance has shown itself. Everywhere it has been necessary to batter down the stubborn pride of men who feared loss of self-esteem and loss of community prestige if their wives should go to work. Everywhere it has been necessary to resurrect the older and forgotten pride — the pride of pioneer men in pioneer wives who were strong and capable, who worked by their side. Nor has pride been the only barrier. The tired business man or tired war worker (male) wants to come home to a quiet, well-kept home and to be the focus of interest and care and attention when he gets there. He doesn't want a job-weary wife whose nerves are as jumpy as his and who would like to have her own slippers waiting when she comes in.

So the men — some of them — haven't helped.

Women have found that most of the adjustment in the factory as well as in the home has had to be on their side. And some haven't had the imagination or the strength or the courage to see it through.

Let's not forget that when we put our boys into uniform we train them for their new job. We know they have radical adjustments to

make and lessons to learn step by step. We know they have to be toughened physically. We don't send them out to fight until they have been through the most thorough training and practice and preparation which their leaders can devise.

Military life and the work of warfare are no more new and difficult and mystifying to the rookie soldier than is life behind the walls of a factory to the inexperienced woman. Yet we make little allowance for this strangeness. We expect the housewife to go from her kitchen to the assembly line with only the most cursory orientation. She volunteers after careful thought, soul-searching, timidly, fearfully, but driven by loyalty and the determination that she will learn and can learn if she is needed. Too often, without any chance to see what connection her particular job has with total war, she becomes bored, restless, careless. And too often, when the inevitable delays in the delivery of materials slow down production, she discourages other women from following in her footsteps because she does not understand that delays must be expected.

The woman war worker whose induction has been sloppy, who does not understand fully what she is doing and why she's doing it, who has unanswered questions in her mind is a threat to the wartime morale of all women, in and out of the factories. And this is a danger that can be lessened only by enlightened management which recognizes industry's responsibility for adjusting to women as fully as women are trying to adjust themselves to industry.

Granted that the elementary challenge to Americans is clear to you and me. We know modern wars are fought on two fronts and that the battlefront and production front are inseparable for offense. We know as surely as four minus two equals two that you cannot remove eleven million men from the production front and expect the vacuum they leave behind to arm them. When the men have gone, women must move into the factories to take their places or our military mobilization becomes a mobilization of bare fists which can be brave but useless. It is a matter of simple arithmetic. But not so simple to the American housewife who has a disconcerting way of saying, "Yes, but wait a minute. Not so fast. What about . . . ?"

She has her own way of analyzing the war challenge:

> My job is to make a home and raise a family. My man's job is to bring home a pay envelope. Now that we are at war I can see that women have to take the places of men. I am ready to go to work when I'm needed. But I don't want to rush things. It's not going to be easy. If I take a job I'm going to have to keep my house going and see that my children have proper care. If I'm lucky enough to have my husband still here on his war job I'm going to have to look out for him too — see that he has his meals on time, that he

gets his rest; hide my own fatigue and keep my disposition intact enough so that he won't stop thinking I'm nice to come home to. I'll have to see that the shopping's done and that the dishes don't stand in the sink all day. I'm not fooling myself. So I'll wait until I'm really needed.

How will I know? I'll know because when I am needed badly enough my problems will be recognized. This is one country, fighting one war. When I am needed there will be a part-time job for me, if that's all I can manage and take care of my family too. When I'm needed badly enough a system will be worked out for stores to stay open nights so I can get my shopping done. There'll be a good child-care center and arrangements for getting my children to the center and home again. The men who are still in nonessential jobs will be in war work too. And women war workers will have priority in the waiting lines at grocery stores. When I am needed badly enough I'll know because it will really be a total war then with everyone doing his part.

This is American common sense speaking. This is the woman who has seen her friends respond enthusiastically; has seen them bewildered by the unfamiliar brusque routine of industry. This is the woman who has seen others try the double job of industrial production and home management and give up under the strain.

American common sense, yes. But of the prewar variety. What this woman, and I am afraid millions of Americans, still does not understand is that we can't win this war by sitting back and waiting for efficiency to emerge. A nation can't turn itself upside-down as this nation has and be 100 per cent or even 99.44 per cent efficient about it. And we've got to recognize that in spite of our inefficiency we'll muddle through only if every one of us does every job we can as that job comes along.

I can't get out of my mind something that happened just a few days ago. My husband and I had gone across the river on the ferry with our son. His furlough was over — his last furlough before going overseas. We put him on the train but we did not wait for it to pull out. I did not feel up to that. As we came back into the ferry station we saw a line of boys crowding the ropes. There was no question where they were bound. They were carrying full packs and wore helmets. The ferry they were boarding would take them to a transport and they would be on their way. On the other side of the ropes men and women piling off an incoming boat were pushing and jostling one another, eager to be out of the line and on about their business. A few took casual note of the troops but no one paused. No glance lingered. Yet we were the last people, the last home folks these boys would see for a long

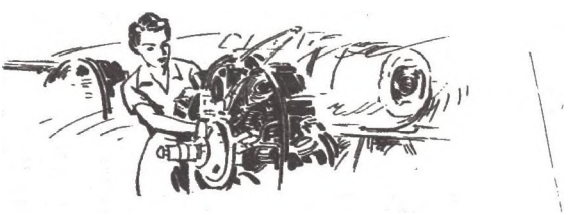
time. I pushed my way through the edge of the rope and leaned over and touched one of the boys. "Good-bye," I said, "Good luck!" I waved a little. The boy straightened and a grin spread from ear to ear. Boys behind him saw, turned and looked. And all their faces brightened. I stood there, waving, saying it again and again — "Good luck! Good luck!" — because to me everyone of them was my boy, and every one of them was some mother's boy. But I could not give them, standing there alone, the sense they needed of a whole nation's pride and gratitude.

I've thought about that. I thought it could be that every one of the men and women going the other way was keeping his silence and pretending not to notice because they wanted desperately to guard the security of the men who were leaving. But still it couldn't have been that. There could be no secret about the destination of these men. It was written in their faces and their equipment told the story. And it can't be true that when boys are marching off to fight our battle for us — and perhaps to die — we are so afraid of each other that we can't break through barriers to let them feel that we too are participating.

True we cannot know as the British and the Russians know, as the men and women of occupied Europe know, the bitter immediate reality of war. But we can know — and in this some of us seem still to be failing — that it is our war to fight and that fighting means all of us, however we may be chosen to do it.

It is this knowledge that has sent millions of American women to take their jobs and stick to them on the production lines. But it is this failure that has kept tneir sisters waiting — until they can be satisfied beyond doubt.

And that time can never come.



KIBITZER

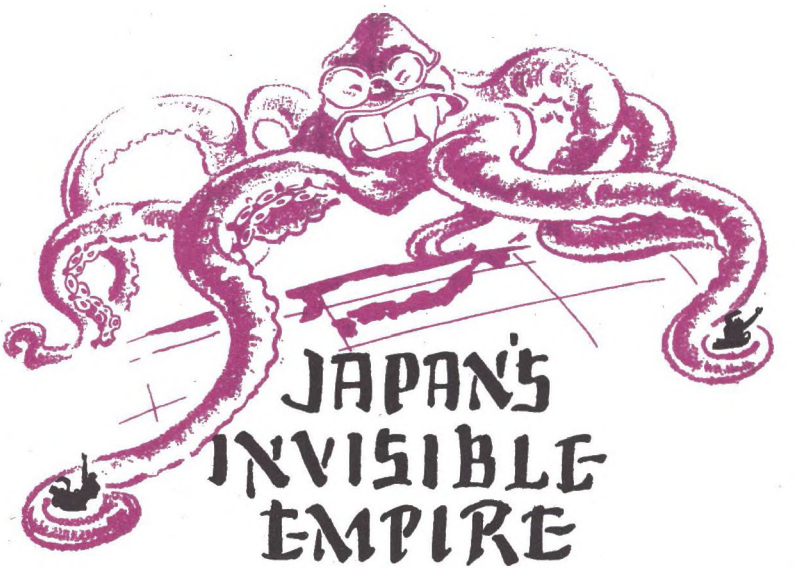
Not knowing that her husband, Irving Mansfield, Fred Allen's press agent, puts nothing before a good gag, actress Jacqueline Susann recently supplied his name as a reference for a checking account at the Manufacturers Trust Company.

He wrote to the bank that he'd known her "since her startling escape from Bedford Reformatory," said she no longer had kleptomania, was "pin-up girl at three police stations and 1,000 postoffices," and was well informed being able to tell at a moment's notice where to get opium or how to open a stubborn time lock."

P.S. The bank may recognize kidding but she didn't get the account.

— Earl Wilson

★★ Japan planned carefully to rule the world—but behind the scenes one man and one sinister force rules Japan.



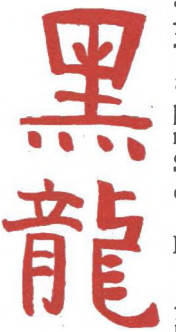
Bernard Seeman

JAPAN is two empires. One, the visible Japan we read about in textbooks and almanacs, ruled by General Tojo's military dictatorship and employing the Mikado as a divine figurehead; the other, so sinister and fantastic it might have leaped full-grown from the pages of a pulp-thriller, is the Japan of the secret societies – the invisible empire ruled by the *Kokuriukai* – the dreaded Society of the Black Dragon. This second is the real Japan today – the enemy behind the mask. For the visible empire of Tojo and the Mikado is only a blind behind which Black Dragon Japan actually pulls the strings. And if this ruling power is reduced to one man – he is Mitsuru Toyama, the Patron Saint of the Black Dragon and Japan's phantom Mikado.

Unless this underground empire is recognized, uprooted and destroyed when the visible Japan we are fighting is defeated, another Pacific war may be inevitable.

The Black Dragon is Japan's maker of wars. It made this one; if permitted to survive it will make the next. It has purpose – what it considers divine Shinto purpose. This is called *Hakko Ichiu* – the eight corners of the world under one roof – and that roof, Japan. On this principle the Black Dragon sharpens its claws. Sounds like fantasy, doesn't it? Unfortunately, it is pretty gory history.

Thumb through a few pages of that history. In the 1890's Toyama decided to establish Jap influence on the Asiatic mainland as a base for future operations. Organizing a gang called the *Tenyukio,* he shipped its thugs into Korea to support a rebellious element that was seeking to "liberate" that ancient kingdom from Chinest domination. Unhappily for herself, Queen Min of Korea got in their way and Toyama's agents broke into her palace, butchered her and her retinue, then poured kerosene over the bodies and gave them an impromptu cremation. These activities provoked the Sino Japanese War of 1894-5 and the easy victory over decadent Manchu China was as much a triumph for Toyama as for Japan.



With Japan entrenched on Korea, the Black Dragon prepared the next step — war with Russia. Prince Ito, Japan's premier and leader of the anti-war group, was opposed. Toyama and a select band of his trained killers called on the Prince. They gave him a tight choice — death or war. Ito decided to live and the Russo-Jap War became a certainty.

Take the present war. In September, 1941 — three months before Pearl Harbor — members of the Korean anti-Jap underground sent word to this country that on August 10th the inner council of the Black Dragon — consisting of Chief of Staff General Sugiyama, Generals Tojo and Doihara, Head of the Mikado's Privy Council Koki Hirota, various other key figures and, of course, the sinister Toyama — had met in Tokyo, discussed war plans and decided on two possible dates for the opening of hostilities. These dates were December, 1941 or February, 1942.

What and why is the Black Dragon? How does it operate? The answer to the first may be found in the life story of Toyama. The second is best answered by an old Jap proverb: "The wise lord rules from behind a screen." Secrecy plus murder — the crown and the scepter.

Mitsuru Toyama, Grand Master of the Black Dragon, is an anachronism. Dark Age Japan toting the latest in tommy-guns. Close to a hundred years old, he is tubby, wears tortoise-rimmed glasses and a stringy white beard, and has a peculiar droop to his left shoulder which is the distinguishing mark of an old-time Samurai who has worn the traditional two swords.

When Admiral Perry came to Japan in 1853 he found a land split into many warring feudal clans and ruled over by a Shogun, a hereditary military dictator. The Mikado was a palace prisoner, shorn of all political power and used by the Shogun to give divine sanction to his decrees. The armed retainers of the feudal barons were called Samurai — a warrior caste who pledged fealty to a particular overlord in exchange for a yearly allowance of rice and whatever loot they could force from the helpless civilians. Toyama was one of these "knights."

The ferment of newly intro-

duced western ideas brought an upheaval against Japanese feudalism. After a series of bloody civil wars, the despised civilians, armed with guns, broke the power of the Shogun and his sword-wielding Samurai. The Mikado, a boy named Mutsuhito, was restored to power and ruled through a regency consisting of some of Japan's most enlightened men. Feudalism and the Samurai were finished and Japan was on the way to becoming a liberal monarchy with a dominant middle-class.

But Toyama had other ideas. In 1879 he called together a group of fanatical ex-Samurai and organized a secret society called the *Genyosha* — the Black Ocean Society—which was modernized in 1901 and renamed the Society of the Black Dragon.

Lacking eloquence, Toyama made up for it in truculence and ruthless vision. He proposed a double-edged conspiracy. Liberal and modernizing influences must be wiped out and the Samurai restored to power. Then, arming this semi-barbaric medievalism with the arsenal of modern industrial civilization, the Samurai would set out to conquer the world as decreed by their Shinto gods.

Knowing that open activity would be foolhardy in the face of the new regime's strength, Toyama kept the nuclear brain of his *Genyosha* gang small, secret and highly efficient, and created a number of "direct action" societies to do the real dirty work. Then the reign of bomb, gun and dagger began. Whoever opposed Toyama's supernationalistic policies was labeled unpatriotic and disloyal. Killing such was a sacred act.

With internal opposition being enthusiastically liquidated by his disciples, Toyama turned his at-

According to Shinto, The Mikado is not only descended from the Sun-Goddess but one of his ancestors was a crocodile eight fathoms long. Don't laugh, this is deadly serious stuff to the average Jap — an historically indisputable fact.

Official Japanese history tells the story something like this: Two Gods, Izanagi and his sister Izanami, stood on the Floating Bridge of Heaven and dipped a spear into the waters below. When they removed the spear, brine dripped off and became one of the Japanese islands. Later the brother and sister mated and Izanami gave birth to fourteen more sacred islands and also baby gods and goddesses. One of these was Amaterasu O-Mikami, the Sun-Goddess. Amaterasu then married her brother and had a son called Ame-no-oshi-no-mimi, which means His Augustness-Truly - Conquer - I - Conquer - Swift - Heavenly - Great-Great-Ears.

Mama Sun-Goddess told Great Ears to go down to earth and rule her brothers, the Japanese Islands, but he didn't like the idea and sent his son instead. On the way this son fell in love with a Sea Princess named Toyotama, the aforementioned eight-fathom-long crocodile. According to serious Japanese scholars, one of the offspring of this curious union finally arrived on the islands and is today known as Jimmu, first "human" Mikado of Japan, and founder of the Japanese Empire and dynasty.

Japan's present Mikado, Hirohito, is a direct descendant of Jimmu, one hundred and twenty-four generations removed. He is also a somewhat distant relative of the Japanese islands themselves.

tention to the really big thing—foreign conquest. China was defeated, Korea fell, then Russia was driven out of Manchuria.

Many powerful and would-be-powerful Japs now hopped on the Black Dragon bandwagon. Black Dragon men such as Sugiyama, Tojo and Doihara received important promotions in the Army. Gang-leaders and thugs from the Kobe and Yokohama waterfronts, a new crop of industrialists who smelled profit in expansion, political opportunists, crackpots, bankers, even Prince Atsumaru Konoye, father of Japan's last civilian premier, all rushed to get in on the spoils.

With this new support pouring in, Toyama expanded his activities. Crafty, methodical, tenacious as a spider, he spun a world-wide web of terror and espionage that long preceded and dwarfed anything conceived by Adolf Hitler. Swarms of agents poured out from Japan to flood the world with spy and fifth-column movements that were to prepare the way for future Jap military operations. These agents carried a slogan that had terrific appeal for a sizeable section of the world's population: Japan was going to liberate the colored races from white oppression!

Today we know the astonishing successes of these painstaking preparations. In Malaya and Burma; in the Philippines, where civilian defense and the air raid warning system were disrupted and the Japs kept constantly informed of our military movements; in Hawaii, where the Jap fliers had precise knowledge of our ship anchorages, airfields, gun positions.

Finally, in the 1930's, Toyama turned the Black Dragon's big guns on Japan's parliamentary government in order to overthrow it and make room for the Samurai military dictatorship. First, Black Dragon trouble-maker Kenji Doihara, at the time Chief of Jap Military Intelligence, was sent to Manchuria to arrange an "incident" which was duly followed up by the Japanese Army's invasion. Then, when Premier Inukai didn't evince sufficient enthusiasm for this Black Dragon inspired aggression, he was murdered together with most of his cabinet by Toyama's Shinto-mad killers. From that moment on parliamentary government was as good as dead. It needed only the strategic moment for Toyama to bury it.

Some opposition to Black Dragon policy still remained in sections of the Army. Toyama struck at that next. In 1935, Major-General Nagata who had been attempting to shift the Black Dragon officers out of key positions, was hacked to pieces by a Toyama-drunk fellow officer. When the assassin came up for trial the following year, the pro-Black Dragon First Division, which had been cleverly moved in to garrison Tokyo, staged a violent mutiny to show their sympathy for the killer.

In the massacre that followed virtually all remaining opposition was eliminated. Newly elected lib-

eral representatives, cabinet ministers, and anti-Toyama army leaders were hunted down like animals and butchered.

When the killing was over, Toyama's fire-eaters ruled the army roost, surviving moderates either joined Toyama or went into hiding, and the Mikado himself had received the fright of his life!

Even with the Black Dragon victory inside Japan just about complete, Toyama still was too experienced a conspirator to show his cards before he was ready to play them. Consequently he maintained the fiction of constitutional government through a closely supervised series of "stop-gap" cabinets. Behind this camouflage, Samurai Japan jockeyed for a favorable position for its coming great war.

In 1937, the attack on China was launched by General Sugiyama, Toyama's faithful henchman and then Minister of War. Then Premier Koki Hirota, Toyama's protégé and acting leader of the Black Dragon, led Japan into the Axis.

The hour struck in 1941. Each detail of the plan had been carefully worked out and the pieces were in position. The Army, Navy, and Air Forces were ready; the advance bases, established close to each vital center of white power in East Asia, were fully manned and prepared.

At Toyama's signal the corpse of constitutional government was interred, all political parties abolished, and Black Dragon member General Hideki Tojo became military dictator of Japan. But in the shadows behind Tojo, conspiratorial as always, Mitsuru Toyama — Japan's phantom Mikado — held and holds the strings.

The first phase of the Black Dragon plot was complete and the Samurai ruled again. But where the old Shogunate had relied on swords and antiquated cannon — the new feudal dictatorship was superimposed on a modern, industrialized state. Only one step remained and Toyama's six decades of intrigue and murder would yield their full harvest. That step was world conquest.

That, very briefly, is the story of Toyama and the Black Dragon — the enemy behind the enemy which is Japan. And if we are to win this war both these enemies must be destroyed. But, difficult as it is to defeat the fanatical Jap fighting man, the Black Dragon will be even more difficult because its roots are intangible and sink deep into Japan's feudal ideology and Shinto mythology. In order for it to be completely uprooted, Japanese feudalism and Shintoism will first have to be destroyed.

★ **America's best-loved raconteur on another of the great unsolved American murder mysteries.**

The Hall-Mills Case

Alexander Woollcott

Reprinted from
LONG, LONG AGO
Viking Press $2.50

ON SATURDAY morning in September 1922, the Rev. Edward W. Hall, a lusty and handsome bucko who, for two anxious nights, had been missing from the comfortable rectory of the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. John the Evangelist in New Brunswick, was found dead under a crabapple tree on an unusually abandoned farm which lies on the outskirts of that Jersey town. A clear case of murder most foul, it will always command a place in the archives of those of us who, as spectators, sit forward in our seats whenever such an irruption of violence turns into melodrama the comedy of a seemingly humdrum life.

By the clergyman's side, bedded with him in death, was the once troubling body of Eleanor R. Mills who, in life, had been a choir-singer in his church and the wife of his sexton. She, too, had been shot, probably at the same time and presumably by the same hand, and for good measure her throat had been cut. Scattered on the ground around the bodies — strewn by that hand or, perhaps, merely by the wind — was a handful of tell-tale letters from her to him, an unwisely hoarded correspondence which, unless they were artful forgeries, made clear that the rector and the choir-singer had for some years past been enjoying, or at least experiencing, a love affair.

That element lent the case its peculiar savor and assembled its enormous audience. At that very time, over in a shrouded theater on Broadway, a magnificent actress named Jeanne Eagels was rehearsing for her long and punishing engagement in *Rain*, at which, through five seasons, the American playgoers watched a hot-eyed missionary overwhelmed by his passion for a rowdy harlot he had thought he was trying to redeem. Such little slips by the clergy always fascinate the urchin hearts of the laity, and the Hall-Mills case enjoyed its long run for the selfsame reason.

If we assume — as every hypothetical solution of the mystery always *has* assumed — that the double

murder was somehow a sequel to the amorous skulduggery, then there was one moment of fatal weakness when Edward Hall had turned into the path which led to his grisly tryst under the crabapple tree. That moment came long before his unquiet eye first rested on his sexton's wife. It came when, out of a ruinous sense of filial duty, and against his own feeling that he had no call to the pulpit, he allowed his widowed mother to persuade him to study for holy orders.

The Hall-Mills murderer was never brought to book, and may even now be reading, with mild interest, this resumé of his bloody handiwork. If he is at liberty to do so, it is because, while the trail was not yet cold, there was no competent police work applied to it. You may labor under the naive delusion that if you, yourself, are ever discovered some morning with a knife in your back, a vast, inexorable machinery will automatically start tracking your murderer down. But that machinery will prove more dependable if you can manage to be killed in a metropolitan area, and preferably at a good address. Out on the outskirts of New Brunswick, the limited resources of the local constabulary were further strained by the capricious circumstance that the bodies were found on the border-line between two counties, and in each the prosecuting authority was guided at first by a thrifty hope that the costly job would be handled by the other. The Hall-Mills murder (or murderers) would probably have long since paid the penalty if the bodies had been found under a bush in Central Park instead of under a tree in De Russey's Lane — that crabapple tree which, while the impress of those bodies was still visible on the turf, was hacked to bits, root and branch, and carried off by souvenir-hunters.

Thanks to the newspapers, there were plenty of amateur sleuths on the job. Inevitably the reporters assumed (perhaps too hastily) that the blow was struck either from the Mills household or from the Hall household, and since the press is incurably snobbish, they all kept a rather more hopeful eye on the latter because locally the Halls were people of some social consequence, and suspicion directed their way made the better story. However, it is improbable that there would ever have been action by the grand jury if, long afterwards, the late Philip Payne, then managing editor of the *Daily News*, had not, like so many before him, become enamored of a well-advertised attraction known as Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Promptly the *News* broke out in a rash of her photographs, and Payne became so inattentive to his less interesting duties that he was fired. Stepping at once into the same post on the *Mirror*, it became with him a matter of professional pride that now this less successful rival of the *News* should pass it in circulation. Casting about him for a good opening gun, Payne, who was to be lost the next year in a disastrous attempt to fly the Atlantic, stirred up the dust which, for four years, had been gathering on the exhibits of the Hall-Mills case. With the quite baseless allegation that the "wealthy and fashionable" connec-

tions of the murdered clergyman had hamstrung the earlier investigations, he actually dragooned the New Jersey authorities into indicting Mrs. Hall and arresting her privily at midnight so that the *Mirror* would have a head start on the story. She had been Frances Stevens, a spinster of some means in Mr. Hall's congregation and considerably older than himself. Indicted with her were two brothers and a cousin, and the preposterous case against them relied almost entirely on the testimony of a raffish and cock-eyed old girl named Jane Gibson who, at the time of the murder, was precariously housed near De Russey's Lane. Such nuts volunteer as witnesses in all sensational cases and, if necessary, will even confess to the crimes. The reporters, who had happily named her the Pig Woman, were catnip to Mrs. Gibson and, in no time, she was not only insisting that she had heard the fatal shots, but that, oddly riding by on her mule in the midnight darkness, she had seen all these defendants on the spot since they either held up flashlights for the purpose or obligingly crouched in the headlights of a car as she passed by. At the trial, this farrago of transparent nonsense, when contrasted with the engaging candor and obvious honesty of Willie Stevens on the stand, made the acquittal a foregone conclusion.

As a gesture, the defendants then sued the over-zealous *Mirror* for libel, and when this suit was discreetly settled out of court by a payment of fifty thousand dollars, even so comparatively scrupulous a newspaper as the *New York Times* which, while the case was news, had wallowed in it for countless columns, made only a microscopic report of that settlement and printed that report as inconspicuously as possible. And the *Mirror* has not yet caught up with the *Daily News*.

Properly Introduced

THE minister of a little country church in England was about to start his Sunday sermon when four American soldiers entered.

They were late, and all too conscious of it. Two of them quickly found seats and sat down quietly; the other two, a sergeant and a private, walked calmly up the center aisle.

At that moment the preacher announced his text: "Paul I know, Cephos I know, but who are these?"

The sergeant paused in his stride, then sang out: "Glad to have the pleasure, your reverence. This is Johnny Waters from Charleston, and I'm Willie Palmer from Brooklyn."

****At times the war can get any of us down. That's to be expected, Kate Smith says, but here is how you can snap yourself out of it.**

How To Overcome WAR JITTERS

Kate Smith
CBS Radio Star

OUR COUNTRY today is passing through a terrible ordeal as the war approaches its climax. Every day brings new casualty reports, every day there are new heartaches and tragedies to be met, new problems to be faced and surmounted. As the war tension increases, many of us are beginning to feel the pressure and are becoming afflicted with what, for want of a better term, we call "war jitters."

No one can be blamed, of course, for becoming jittery in these times. As a matter of fact, we may be thankful that the Germans and the Japs are even more jittery than we are, as our just and awful vengeance comes ever closer to them. And here at home we can remember that we are comparatively secure, that we have experienced no bombing attacks such as have wrought havoc on other countries, that we are still thousands of miles away from the enemy, and in all probability quite out of his reach. We have no cause for the kind of jitters that are brought on by fear.

But other worries and anxieties beset the American people. Millions of sons, husbands and sweethearts have left their homes to defend their country, and those left behind cannot help being, at the very least, uneasy, as to when, or under what circumstances — or even if — they will return. And as the war progresses, we here at home are also put under new restrictions and additional minor irritations, all lending their weight to nervousness and disquietude. It would be a strange person indeed, who could remain completely calm and undisturbed during these days.

There is only one thing that will cure this kind of nervousness entirely — and that is the end of the war itself. But there is a remedy that will help right now. First and most obvious is that if we all keep busily engaged in the war effort we won't have much time for jitters! We'll be too busy helping

win the war — and of course doing what the boys in the armed forces expect of us.

Producing the munitions of war, allowing nothing to interfere with our record-breaking production no matter what the provocation, is the most important job at hand. For this job, women — those who do not have small children at home — can get out of their homes and go to work where they are needed. There are still many labor shortage areas in the nation where women can help out.

Second, there is the problem of getting in the crops. The farmers need help. The army and navy must eat — we on the home front must eat — and the people in the areas of Europe now being liberated by the United Nations also have to be fed. The necessary manpower to gather crops is available if you volunteer to help gather them during your vacation, if you see to it that your 'teen age sons and daughters help, if the housewives get out and help. Pitching in to help your neighbor is an old American custom and now is the time to pitch in!

As I have so often said on my radio broadcasts, helping one another is certainly one of the biggest things in life. Has there ever been a time in our history when we needed to help one another more than today? We are all in this war together — the troops at the front, and the families at home, the ships of the navy out on the ocean, and the little children going from door to door for old newspapers. We have found a hidden source of strength in this new neighborliness, this single-mindedness, this all important concentration on an all important end.

This feeling, fortunately, is prevalent throughout the nation. But unfortunately there are still people trying to maintain their pre-war living-as-usual standards. They are the ones who complain about shortages, who complain about rationing, and the lack of butter, and how awful it is not to be able to take the family car out for a spin in the country on Sunday. I think, on close examination, you will find that these are the people who are suffering more than anybody else from "war jitters."

Those who are throwing their full weight into the war have little time for worrying. It's the people who have too much time who talk the most about how they are suffering.

I don't mean to say here that we should deprive ourselves of all relaxation or amusement. But our forms of relaxation and amusement must be conditioned these days by the war and the necessity of winning the war. For instance, I have noticed somewhat of a spending spree in the smart shops, and along Broadway, more so in recent months than at any other time. Such spending sprees as are now current on Broadway, and on all the smaller Broadways throughout the country, are detrimental to the war effort. Fun is all right; relaxation is essential. But with fun should be mixed a good dose of common sense and patriotism — the sincere brand.

You know, you can have an awful lot of fun going on a picnic —

and you don't need cars to get to a picnic grove. Hiking is good exercise and buses and streetcars and subways can get you to parks too. There's a lot of fun just in old-fashioned outdoor get-togethers with the neighbors. People who have teamed up for bowling, swimming, baseball games and simple outdoor sports are having the new times of their lives.

Women who have discovered an unknown aptitude with a needle and a pair of scissors now make their own clothes, doodads, dickeys, cuffs, etc. — and are enjoying it. They're too busy to be jittery. They are getting both fun and relaxation. Remember, relaxation means doing something different.

Above everything else, however, we must keep our eye on the main objective: to win the war, and secure the peace. We must persistently think that this war must be the last war. We must continue to buy war bonds, to donate blood to the Red Cross, to salvage papers, metal, old cans, old kitchen and cooking fats. We must continue to lose ourselves in the work we do for Civilian Defense, for the Red Cross and other home front activities. And if we do — if we all do—well, I have the faith to believe that right thinking inevitably brings the right results. A nation such as ours cannot fail if there are 130,000,000 of us all striving for the same end. We are a mighty people, and we can achieve mighty things, if we set our minds to doing so.

It's all, as you can easily see, in the mind. War jitters are brought on by one state of mind. Nobody denies that our hearts are already set on winning this war, just as they have been from the very beginning. It only remains for us to put our strength of characters — our minds — behind what we all want in our hearts. The end of the war will bring the end of the disease called "war jitters." It's up to us, to each and every one of us, rich and poor, men, women and children, to see that we cure ourselves. This nation has already shown its splendid strength and courage, and its people can be justly proud. It will take even more strength, however, and even more courage, before we reach our long dreamed of victory. It's up to all of us to see that it comes that much sooner.

Poem for Pollyannas

(*From* YOURS FOR THE ASKING *by Richard Armour*)

THAT worry is wrong and hard on your health
I haven't the slightest doubt,
But most of the people who tell me this
Have nothing to worry about.

★★ How management and labor can work to help each other after the war.

Labor and Management: Post-War Partners

Edwin S. Smith

Edwin S. Smith is a former member of the National Labor Relations Board and at present is a consultant on management-labor problems.

WHAT'S going to happen on the labor front when the boys come marching home? A lot of managers of great industries are getting furrows on their foreheads when they think about it. So are a lot of ordinary citizens who are torn between fears of post-war economic upheavals and unemployment and high hopes that matters will turn out better than they did after the last war. Actually there is a lot more justification for the hopes than the fears provided both organized business and organized labor do some organized thinking.

There is a real problem in post-war labor relations. Things can go very well on the labor front if management and labor focus on those things that can bring them together and forget past bickering. When you hear, as I have heard, reports of workers who are just waiting till the war is over to shut the plant down, don't be too alarmed. It's natural for a lot of workers to feel that way. They have been worrying for months and years about what the War Labor Board has done or hasn't done, about the high cost of living, the strain of long hours and the tension of speeded up war work. Workers who talk that way are like the kids who dream about what they will do to teacher when the school year is over. These same workers have given the best that is in them, and willingly, to win the war. American labor can be proud of its production record in turning out the goods to beat Hitler and Tojo. Hours lost by strikes have been a tiny fraction of total man hours worked. It's too bad we don't have a perfect record but American workers are only human beings. At least we have lost far less production by stoppages

than has our ally Great Britain. There has been some wild-catting but labor leaders have discouraged and fought against strikes, and there has been only one John L. Lewis.

Turning to management, if you eavesdropped on some pullman-car, hotel bar and businessmen's clubs conversations, you would find a goodly number of individual managers looking forward to the end of the war in order to make the union pay through the nose for a lot of the headaches which workers' "beefs" have caused a weary and war-harrassed management. This talk too is largely what the psychologists call "fantasy," dreams about the nice, irresponsible things we think we will do when present restraints on our conduct are removed.

Any nation like ours, which has been close to the fearsome spectacle of fascism almost having its way with the world is fundamentally a much-sobered nation. The America that comes out of this war will not be an irresponsible or childish America. It will see plenty of things that have to be done to protect America's and democracy's future. There may be a little post-war spree just to clear the cobwebs but a prolonged drunk is out of the question.

As regards capital's and labor's relations, only one clear-cut conclusion can emerge for both sides, namely, that cooperation can lessen our economic difficulties, and strife between management and unions, whoever starts it, means the first step on the road to ruin.

None of us wants chaos after the war, nor fascism, nor unadulterated "rugged individualism," nor planlessness nor lawlessness. We want business as good as it can be, wages as high as they can be, unemployment as low as it may be, and reasonable living costs. These things can be achieved by labor-management cooperation, and not otherwise. When there is recognition of this fact we will have fewer strike-minded workers and fewer anti-union employers.

American labor will have to make up its mind that it will need all the brains that business can muster to save it and the rest of us from falling into a deep dark hole when the war is over. Business needs the best thinking which labor can offer in order that both labor and management may be able to measure up to their heavy post-war tasks.

If you need the other fellow to help you through a tight spot you are going to work with him, not antagonize him. That's why I do not believe we will have either a wave of strikes or a wave of putting the skids under unions.

There are many basic problems whose solution will require the best that management and labor can offer *working together.*

The over-all need facing industry and labor will be how to keep the wheels turning, to produce, to earn profits and to pay workers satisfactory wages.

Conversion of airplane plants, tank factories, and what have you, to peace-time uses is recognized as a major need. There are scores of problems involved in conversion plans, including the kind of legislation we will have to have in order that we may convert speedily

and on a sound basis for business, labor and the public.

Management in the past has been fearful of the growth of labor's "political power." An opportunity now offers itself to management to utilize labor's "political power" for a purpose which will serve the good interests of management, labor and the country as a whole. Employers and labor should merge their political strength and skill to help the administrative and legislative arms of the government adopt workable conversion plans. If both management and labor are thoroughly engrossed in this useful task labor will certainly not be in a mood to strike, nor will management be eager to undermine the strength or prestige of the unions.

Foreign trade is another example of why collaboration must be the watchword of the day. Everyone agrees that without a greatly expanded foreign trade, America's economy will come close to tail-spinning after the war. Increased foreign trade means governmental support of credits, possible extension of lend-lease arrangements, etc. Important laws have to be written and passed. On this major political front also labor and management have every reason for planning and fighting side by side. Both have a great stake to gain. It would be folly, in view of the grave problems which both must meet after the war, if management should discount or neglect what labor can help achieve legislatively. Labor would, of course, be equally blind if it failed to team up on the legislative front with its old antagonist.

One of the best things to happen during the war has been the growth of labor-management committees. These committees have accomplished many practical things in our industrial plants for war production and have brought labor a long way on the road toward acceptance of definite responsibility for quantity and quality of work, reduction of waste, and more efficient operation of machines and men. These committees must be continued into peace time to help increase production and to make possible an expanding instead of a shrinking economy.

Management and labor should move promptly toward developing a cooperative relationship which can be decisive for our country's future. In particular industries and unions good things are stirring. Most basic of all is what can be accomplished by a carefully planned series of union-management conferences on this subject in individual plants. It is there that the grass roots of educational work must be started and there too that the greatest general support for nationally sound industrial relations policies must be cultivated.

Post-war competition among industrial concerns in the United States, under the spur of at least temporarily shrinking markets, will test the seamanship of the most seasoned managerial navigators. There is a new wind blowing in labor relations. Those managements that set their sails to catch its full impact will make port first.

HOW ARE YOUR WITS TODAY?

AN ANIMAL HUNT

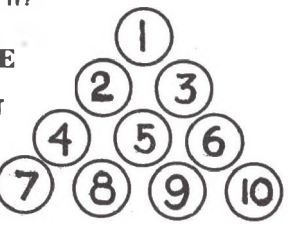
FIND AT LEAST THREE ANIMALS THAT MAY BE SPELLED BY USING ONLY THE LETTERS IN THE WORDS "READER'S SCOPE"

NINE ANIMALS

CAN YOU WRITE NINE ANIMALS' NAMES, IN THE BLANK SPACES, THAT SOUND THE SAME AS THE MISSING WORDS? THE FIRST ONE IS "DEER" TO GIVE YOU A START.

MY.....FRIEND ALICE: I CAN'T.....THE PAIN AND MY VOICE IS ..... MIX THE BREAD.....AND.....A HOLE IN THE BOX. STAMP THE.....ON HIS.....JUST BELOW THE KNEE. MOTHER'S..... IS TURNING GRAY. CAN ED.....HIS CAR STRAIGHT?

TURN THE TRIANGLE



LAY TEN COINS OR BUTTONS ON A FLAT SURFACE AS PICTURED HERE. THEN TRY TO TURN THE TRIANGLE DESIGN, OF TEN COINS, UPSIDE DOWN BY REARRANGING ONLY THREE OF THEM . . . IN OTHER WORDS, THERE MUST BE ONE COIN AT THE BOTTOM AND FOUR AT THE TOP.

U	O	Y	N
W	Y	A	D
I	L	R	T
L	U	C	E
S	D	E	C

A FIVE-WORD SENTENCE

FIND THE RIGHT LETTER, IN THE BOXES AT THE LEFT, AND MOVE ONE SQUARE TO THE NEXT LETTER IN ANY DIRECTION TILL YOU HAVE SPELLED OUT A FIVE-WORD SENTENCE . . . USE EACH OF THE TWENTY LETTERS JUST ONCE.

PLEASE — DON'T LOOK AT THE SOLUTIONS ON PAGE 88
UNTIL YOU HAVE GIVEN YOURSELF A FAIR CHANCE TO SOLVE THEM.

"...and One So

Condensed from Life Story

I WAS in your room today, Richie. Maybe it wasn't quite sensible since it was Decoration Day and you know what Decoration Day is like in Grantsburg. First of all I had Gramp to send off to the parade. Remember last year when he was one of Grantsburg's two surviving members of the G.A.R.? This year he was the only one.

After that — well, I almost bullied your father into putting on his 25-year-old A.E.F. uniform. But I didn't succeed. The uniform was too tight. And I think he was really sorry.

Last night he told me, "They want me to talk at the Legion lunch tomorrow, Madge. I can't do it. I'd feel ashamed — I've had three meals a day and a clean bed to sleep in. The kids who've been living in stinking jungles are the ones who ought to do the talking — and they're not here."

I couldn't answer at first, Richie. But I coaxed Dad till he finally said "yes." Then I wrote out a speech for him — one that didn't have any mention in it of "the sacrifices we're all making."

That was last night. This morning when Dad waved to me from the corner the way he always does, he seemed pretty well reconciled to a Grantsburg Decoration Day.

I had to face one, too. It was up to me to be at the grandstand at 3 — or else.

But it was only a little after 10 and I had a lot of things to do before that, so I went to the room you commandeered when you started junior high, the downstairs room with its own entrance.

It's awfully easy to waste time. With all I had to do I just stood there, looking at those high school banners on your wall, trying to remember what I'd come for.

It was your teething ring. Remember, Richie? The little mother-of-pearl-and-silver ring that was in your top left-hand desk drawer with the DiMaggio baseball your father got for you when you had scarlet fever. I've given that baseball to the children's ward at the General Hospital, by the way, and the boys there are as thrilled to touch it as you were — heavens! it's only six years ago.

I wanted your ring for Vincenta Belcampo, for her new baby.

And while I was there I gathered up the children's story books on the lowest shelf of your bookcase. You can't remember, of course, Richie, but your father and I had fun buying those books.

I know you'll be glad I gave them

★ **This is the story of another kind of war heroism—the heroism of mothers.**

Far Away"

to Barton Settlement as a gift from you.

When I got back home Postman Stevenson met me outside the house. He had a letter. I only hope I thanked him and didn't snatch it when he told me, "This just came in. I didn't see why you and Mr. Brewer should have to wait for regular delivery tomorrow."

You know, Richie, I had to sit down when I got indoors. Then my hands were trembling so I could hardly get the letter open and when I did the words seemed to blur and run together. Because it was just one of your regular letters. Kidding about mud. Telling me you were getting to be quite a parrot trainer. Telling your father that he'd lost his bet that you were through growing. *Two inches more this time.*

It was funny that reading a letter should take so long. It was a quarter to 3 before I'd finished. I didn't even have time to dress — just to put your letter in my purse. For your father.

I didn't reach the stand till twenty after 3. The Boy Scouts were marching past and I remembered how you used to march with your troop.

Then the governor was talking. He was booming about *We*. "We did this. We did that!" till I wanted to scream at him, "You did nothing! It was boys like Richie!"

Then the governor wasn't talking anymore. Someone was reading. And the words were the familiar, "We cannot consecrate, we cannot dedicate, we cannot hallow this ground . . . it is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work —"

Richie, I can't explain it. It's so long since Lincoln said those words. I know them. I've always known them. But when I heard them today for the first time there seemed to be some meaning to them. The voice was still coming over the loudspeaker —

"That these dead shall not have died in vain."

You were only 18, Richie. You hadn't even finished growing. But you're dead now. And, Richie, my hope, my prayer is that because you have died that baby of Vincenta's may never die in some muddy jungle as you did. That somehow this war may bring lasting peace. That you —"that these dead shall not have died in vain."

★ **Perelman, top man of daffy humor, twists the would-be country-squires.**

Down *with the*

DOES anybody here mind if I make a prediction? I haven't made a prediction since the opening night of the *The Women* some years ago, when I rose at the end of the third act and announced to my escort, a Miss Chicken-Licken, "The public will never take this to its bosom." Since the public has practically worn its bosom to a nubbin niggling up to *The Women,* I feel that my predictions may be a straw to show the direction the wind is blowing away from. I may very well open up a cave and do business as a sort of Cumaean Sibyl in reverse. You can't tell me people would rather climb up that Aventine Hill and have a man mess around with the entrails of a lot of sacred chickens when they can come down into my nice cool cave and get a good hygienic prediction for a few cents. So just to stimulate trade and start the ball rolling, here goes my first prediction: One of these days two young people are going to stumble across a ruined farmhouse and leave it alone. . . . Well, what are you sitting there gaping at? You heard what I said. That's my prediction.

Honest Injun, I hate to sound crotchety, and the last thing in the world I want to do is throw the editors of all those home-making magazines like *Nook and Garden* and *The American Home-Owner* into an uproar, but the plain fact is that I've got a bellyful. For over two years now, every time I start leafing through one of those excellent periodicals, I fall afoul of another article about a couple of young people who stumble across a ruined farmhouse and remodel it on what is inelegantly termed spit and coupons. Or maybe it's the same article. I couldn't be reading the same issue over and over, could I?

All these remodelling articles are written by the remodellers themselves and never by the ruined farmer or the man who didn't get paid for the plastering, which accounts for their rather smug tone. They invariably follow the same

Restoration!

S. J. Perelman

Reprinted from Crazy Like A Fox, Random House, $2.50

pattern. A young couple named Mibs and Evan (and if you checked up, I'll bet they were never married at *all!*) have decided to return to the land. I see Mibs as one of those girls on the short side, with stocky legs, a low-slung posterior, and an untidy bun of straw-colored hair continually unwinding on the nape of her neck. Before anyone ever heard of Salzburg, she wore a high-bodiced dress with full skirts, a sort of horrid super-dirndl with home-cooked hems that have a tendency to hang down in back. She is usually engaged in reading a book written by two unfrocked chemists which tells women how to make their own cold cream by mixing a little potash with a dram of glycerine and a few cloves. Evan is a full-haunched young man in a fuzzy woollen suit (I don't suppose there's any such thing as a fuzzy cotton suit, but you know what I mean) who is forever rubbing a briar pipe along his nose to show you the beauty of the grain. He smokes his own mixture of perique, Latakia, and Imperial Cube Cut, for the very good reason that nobody else will smoke it, and he has probably read more of Arthur Machen than any man alive.

Well, as I say, your average remodelling yarn begins with Mibs and Evan stumbling across the most adorable ruin of an eighteenth-century farmhouse. It doesn't *have* to be a farmhouse; it can be a gristmill, or a tobacco barn, or a Mennonite schoolhouse. It can even be an early Colonial hen house, with delightful hand-sewn beams and perfectly sweet old tar paper scaling off the sides. Apparently nobody previous to Mibs and Evan has realized its possibilities, but Evan takes one look at it and says in a guarded tone, "Two hundred dollars would restore that beautifully if you didn't go crazy putting in a lot of bathrooms you didn't need." "Oh, Evan!" breathes Mibs, her eyes shining above her adenoids and her brain reeling with visions of Cape Cod spatter floors. "Dare we . . . ?" That night, at dinner in the Jumble Shop, they put their heads together – Evan removes the pipe from alongside his nose, of course – and decide to jump at the chance. It involves giving up that trip to Europe, a choice the characters in these stories always have to make, but Mibs has always dreamed of a

sunny garden filled with old-fashioned flowers of the type her mother used to read about in Max Schling's catalogue. So they bravely draw two hundred dollars out of their little hoard, leaving a hundred in case they ever want to take a really long trip to some place like Bali, and lay it on the line.

After considerable excitement, in which everybody searches the title like mad and Mibs discovers the quaintest old parchment deed describing their land in terms of rods, chains, and poods, they are ready to take the "Before" snapshots. Evan digs up one of the cameras used by Brady at the battle of Antietam, waits for a good cloudy day, and focuses across a mound of guano at the most ramshackle corner of the "manse," as Mibs calls it with irreverent mischief. The article generally carries several gray smudges captioned "Southwest corner of the house before work began," and you can't help wondering where those giant oaks came from in the "After" photographs. Maybe they sprang up from acorns dropped by the workmen while they were having lunch.

The first thing the high-hearted pair decide on is a new roof. This fortunately costs only eight dollars, as they use second-hand wattles and hire a twelve-year-old scab — all right, maybe he only mislaid his union card — to tack them on. The outside walls are a problem, but an amazing stroke of good fortune comes to their rescue. Opening a trap door they hadn't investigated, Mibs and Evan stumble across countless bundles of lovely old hand-split shingles which have been overlooked by previous tenants, like the hens. Two superb Adam fireplaces, hitherto concealed by some matchboarding, now make their appearance, in one of them a box of dusty but otherwise well-preserved pieces of Sandwich and Stiegel glass. "The attic!" shout Mibs and Evan simultaneously, suddenly remembering their resolution to look through it some rainy day, and sure enough, there they find a veritable treasure trove of pewter ware, cherry escritoires, Chippendale wing chairs, sawbuck tables, and Field beds, hidden away by survivors of the Deerfield massacre. "It just didn't seem *possible*," recalls Mibs candidly, up to her old trick of taking the words out of your mouth.

And now suddenly, the place becomes a hive of activity. A salty old character named Lafe (who is really Paul Bunyan, no matter what *Nook and Garden* says) appears and does the work of ten men at the price of one. He pulls down trees with his bare hands, lays new floors, puts up partitions, installs electricity, diverts streams, forges the ironware, bakes porcelain sinks, and all but spins silk for the draperies. How this djinn ever escaped from his bottle, and where he is now, the article neglects to mention. The upshot is that in a little over two weeks, the last hooked rug — picked up by Mibs at an

auction for ten cents after spirited bidding – is in place and the early Salem kettle is singing merrily on the hob. A fat orange tabby blinks before the fire and Evan, one arm around Mibs, is adding up a column of figures. "Think of it, lover," whispers Mibs with dancing eyes. "We did the whole thing for only *fifty-one dollars and eighteen cents!*" "Less than we'll get for that article in *The American Home-Owner,*" murmurs Evan exultantly, reaming the cake from his pipe.

"Tell me, does oo love its 'ittle –" . . . And now would you hate me if I stole out very quietly? I'm afraid there's going to be just a wee bit of baby talk.

* * *

Two armchair military experts were recently discussing strategy.

"You know how I figure the war?" the first one said: "The Russians are gonna go down through Romania, and then they'll go through Bulgaria, and then the Turks are gonna come up from the other side, and then another Russian army is gonna go down through Czechoslovakia, and then the American and British armies are gonna come through Italy, and this way, they're gonna crush the enemy."

His friend said, "B'wan. I figure they're gonna get 47,000 planes and drop the bombs on Germany, and this way it'll be all over."

"Yeh," said the first man, "but you're only guessing."

—P. M.

Charitable

Leaning from her window one fine Spring morning, a woman noticed a poorly dressed man standing in front of a vacant store located just under the window. She noticed that, in passing, many people stopped to give the man money. Impressed and sympathetic, the woman put a two-dollar bill in an envelope, scribbled on a piece of paper, "Godspeed," and tossed it down to him.

A few days later, she saw the man again. This time he was walking back and forth in front of the building where she lived and looking perplexedly up at her window. As she walked out of her house, he came up to her and said, "Say, lady, I've been lookiug for you. Here's your $52. 'Godspeed' won at twenty-six to one."

From Thesaurus of Anecdotes
Edited by Edmund Fuller

What's Cooking in Your Neighbor's Pot?

Condensed from Common Ground

Rosalie Slocum

THIS IS the story of a war project which was born through urgent need, grew because it has fundamental human appeal, and now gives promise of becoming a potent national tool for combating inter-racial and inter-nationality tensions.

★ Here's a practical formula for promoting democracy — for one of the ways to a people's heart is through its stomach.

When the Office of Civilian Defense summoned the Common Council for American Unity to take part in the national "Food Fights for Freedom" campaign, few of us realized the program's potentialities. We only knew that here was a war project that must be supported — a basic and all-inclusive program.

An exploratory conference on the "Food Fights for Freedom" campaign, in relation to the foreign-born, was therefore called at the Council's American Common on the fifteenth of November. Representatives of one hundred and fifty national "American" and foreign-language organizations listened with considerable interest to officials from the various government agencies responsible for the Food program.

Toward the end of the meeting there was a noticeable stir. The audience milled around a table laden with samples of food — strange food, but tempting. It was being offered as the simplest way of explaining some of the concrete contributions the foreign-born housewife can make to the solution of the problems of the general American housewife in wartime.

The exciting thing that was happening, however, was not just the food itself, but the sudden warmth of atmosphere that had been created among the most unlikely fraternalists. A Polish-American club woman and a thirteenth-generation member of an American society tasted with interest a Rus-

sian dish now known as the standby of the Soviet Armies as well as of Russia's civilian population. An Italian-American welfare worker compared notes with the maker of a Czech lentil soup that could feed a family of six for sixteen cents. Food apparently was food and knew no political distinctions. Thus was born what was to develop into the pattern for a down-to-earth program to promote understanding among the varied peoples that compose New York City.

Quite quickly, a committee of experts was formed, mostly of people who had expressed interest in carrying further the ideas brought forth at the conference. It included an anthropologist who has made a special study of eating habits, nutritionists from New York City's official nutrition program, Board of Education representatives interested in consumer problems, and several people from the Department of Markets, the OPA and WFA and private agencies.

There was no precedent for what this committee proposed to do. It had to feel its way, step by step, until at last the plan unfolded itself. There were to be a series of nationalities parties. "What's Cooking in Your Neighbor's Pot?" they were to be called. The purpose was to present in detail the eating habits of the major nationality groups in this country, evaluate them nutritionally, discover how they are affected by rationing, and suggest ways in which the American-born housewife and the foreign-origin housewife might profit from each other's knowledge.

In form, each afternoon was to be a tasting party. Samples of the characteristic foods of each nationality group were to be served, showing to what extent they satisfy the American nutritionists' "seven basic foods for daily good nutrition" requirements, and demonstrating also interesting ways of using foods currently plentiful.

Obviously there must be a working committee of representatives of all the foreign-origin groups, for someone must work with the anthropologist, preparing the basic information, and someone must cook the food. Yet would these nationality groups be willing to work together, at a time when news from abroad tended to pit group against group in this country?

The results were amazing. This was the first time many of these women had been asked to participate in an American community project, except for money raising. They were eager to be drawn into general community work.

Twenty-five nationalities were soon drawn together, ready to begin. The first was to be a Greek party. The Greek representative on the central committee organized a committee of responsible leaders in her own group who were to prepare and serve the food and be hostesses for the afternoon. The anthropologist and the nutritionists would assist them in working out the menu. As for the audience, it was to be provided in part by the other nationality representatives of the central committee, each one of whom was expected to bring three women leaders from her own group. The balance was to consist of leaders of civic and private agencies who would be able to adapt this program to their own work.

The response to the Greek party was impressive. The audience tasted all the dishes with gusto. The idea captured people's imaginations.

It was soon plain that it would be impractical to have a separate party for each nationality. There would have to be doubling up. But how was this to be accomplished? The anthropologist's insight saved the day. Food knows no political boundaries, she said. The earth is divided into great regions in which all the inhabitants have certain similarities of habits. If cooking customs vary, at least the component basic foods are similar.

The Scandinavian peoples were a natural group and they were chosen to take over the second party. But the central Europeans had the committee worried. Newspaper headlines were screaming about the Polish border difficulties. There could not have been a less auspicious moment to ask the groups to work together. Magnificently, the foreign-born women themselves mapped out their own solution. They would have an all-Slav party — Polish, Russian, Yugoslav, Czechoslovakian, etc. Since the majority of the American Jewish population also emanated from this region, it would be represented with this group. And around a single table these women had warm and friendly conferences making the plans for their cooperative tasting party.

The amount of interest shown in this food project, nationally as well as in New York City, is surprising. The parties have already influenced the thinking of the official City group responsible for disseminating to the press weekly market news based on available foods and suggesting menus for low cost and good nutrition. Some of the foreign recipes and new ways of using standard American foods (Shredded Wheat, for example, forms the foundation for a very delicious Greek dessert) have already found their way into official releases. But more important, New York City, with two-thirds of its population either foreign-born or first generation born here, will be thought of far more realistically in the future planning of this most influential organization.

And this is just the beginning. This is only one project, a simple project built around a fundamental human interest. It involves no fancy theories, it embraces no intellectual doctrines. Surely there are other human needs that can bring varied groups together in a similar friendly way, their children, perhaps, and the special aspects of adolescence in wartime, or — for the men — the task of earning a living. These are the real immediate concerns of everyday human beings. Perhaps instead of large-scale conferences to discuss inter-racial and inter-cultural relations, we need first and foremost the experience of working out common solutions in little groups and big groups, the experience of knowing first-hand our next door neighbors. After all, what's cooking in our neighbor's pot is likely to be just as delicious as what is usually cooking in our own!

** **Here is one reason America ate so well last year—and how it can do it again.**

War Industry in the Kitchen

Lin Root

THE official canning figures for vegetables, fruits and fruit juices canned in 1943 are:

Total Commercial Pack for Civilians, *241,900,000* cases

Home Canning . . . *160,000,000* cases

No one anticipated this magnificent response of the American woman to the appeal of her government. Yet in one year, she came within 33% of matching the total civilian output of all commercial canneries. This without benefit of huge organized plants or super-machinery — in fact her war time equipment was often not as good as what her mother had used.

Her spectacular success was achieved because, just as victory gardening became a community activity in many places, so community canning became a citizenship venture. All over the country, *some 5,000 community* canning centres were set up in homes, schools, churches, grange halls and town halls. This year there will be many more. Community canning provides scarce equipment for the use of many; uses standardized methods; is under the direction of a trained supervisor. It gets the most out of time and raw materials; enables inexperienced beginners to get professional results. Many groups, after having stocked individual shelves, preserved food for school lunches, or to sell for local charities.

Additional help is available through the Extension Service of the Department of Agriculture which sends home demonstration agents to

every community where they conduct classes for women in the proper techniques of home food preservation. These students in turn become neighborhood leaders, teaching other women in their own communities.

Any community desiring to establish a canning centre should consult first the State or County Extension Service, or the State Board of Education. There may be an established centre nearby that will serve. If not, help will be provided in getting one organized on a non-profit basis. Application for equipment should be made to the Office of Distribution, WFA, or the State Department of Education. Federal funds are available for this.

There will be a greatly increased need for home grown and home preserved food this year. As Judge Marvin Jones, War Food Administrator says:

"At no time in history has so much of the world, and even civilization itself, placed so much dependence on American food."

Additional food needed for our soldiers, and for Lend Lease, will drastically cut canned food supplies for home consumption. Soldiers, who last year were eating their vegetables fresh, in camps all over this country, are this year encamped all over the world. Their vegetables will come to them in cans and packages. As the war expands, our Allies will need more food. As each new area is liberated, it will need food, in order to protect the supply lines for our own forces. (Where populations are confused, or even in conflict, our food will be an effective means of winning them over.) We, too will need canned food, but of all these, we are the only people who can put up our own.

All government agencies have cleared the way to fill home canner's needs. WFA has requested and WPB approved a program for *400,000* steam pressure canners, *500,000* enamel water bath canners. These will be sold on the open market.

There will be plenty of porcelain-lined zinc lids to fit standard mason jars and rubber jar rings made of reclaimed or synthetic rubber. Families having access to a sealing machine for tin cans will find plenty of tin cans on the market. No limit has been set to their manufacture for home canning.

OPA has set up the machinery for easier sugar. No more waiting at the Rationing Board. This year it will be a simple matter of filling out an OPA form at home, which will be honored on presentation.

Families can also take advantage of other ways of preserving food besides processing in jars or cans. Freezing is particularly good for some vegetables if home freezers are available. In 1943 there were 5200 frozen food locker plants, serving 1,500,000 families. This year the War Food Administration plans to extend these facilities by the addition of 550 plants, which will serve another 200,000 families. For those who can't be served by them, many of the later vegetables can be stored. And don't forget — drying, salting, brining are also good for variety.

**** The Editors of Reader's Scope each month present this analytical survey and forecast. From listening posts "behind the scenes" all over the world, a wealth of authoritative, "inside" information is gathered, studied by a corps of experts, boiled down to give our readers the essence of important developments and trends. File our forecasts and check events. Here in a new capsule form is a digest of the world's foremost opinion.**

THE ELECTIONS

Odds on the President have dropped somewhat, now quoted 5 to 3 again. This was predicted here (Inside Scope July 1944, page 51) when it was also emphasized that Republican peak strength would be reached at convention time; Democratic peak strength on election day.

Democratic party leaders' greatest worry now is the doubtful states such as New York, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan. Here they feel sure of viotory if pre-election work for the ticket is carried through but are concerned about arousing the campaign forces soon enough to have full effect.

Massachusetts, last month considered doubtful, now seems slated certain for the Democratic column.

The "secessionist" movement is strongest threat to Democrats. It is quite possible for the election to be "stolen", the popular vote countermanded by legal hocus-pocus. The Texas convention was rigged in an attempt to throw the state's electoral votes against the President, no matter how large his popular vote. Insiders say a bright young attorney named Crooker discovered the loophole in the constitution, an appendix to the Electoral College which has never been used. But the story widely circulated is that Jim Farley is behind the whole deal and that certain Coca-Cola distributors in the south sparked the machine. Composition of the Mississippi group is said to have been almost entirely Coca-Cola distributors and their kin-folk. Jim Farley is a Coca-Cola distribution big-wig!

Powerful utility interests are working overtime with the new machine. The rump convention in Texas focused publicity on the state, gave it a grass roots camouflage. But the "little steal" plan was hatched in the north. Endless court battles are expected--but the boys have carefully kept within the letter of the law. The Texas electors

are expected to meet in mid-December and vote--contrary to an 80% vote behind Roosevelt--for Byrd. Similar troupes in other states--Virginia, Arkansas, Louisiana, South Carolina, Mississippi--will follow suit if they can swing it. In a close election the Republocrats will hold the balance of power. It can happen here! The only recourse voters in these states have is public demonstration and pressure.

THE CAMPAIGN

However their chances look, the Republicans are out to win this time, will work hard, spend freely. To refresh your memory, the 1940 Senate report on campaign expenditures states the Republicans received $18,156,350.69 in contributions--spent $16,621,425.86. This year's campaign is worth much more to the Republicans since they think they have a chance.

Dewey's official campaign will be largely on domestic issues, need for a change, an imagined public disgust for war restrictions--and his youth! (His best friends call him Buster.) He will duck foreign policy issues as much as possible. The President doesn't have to say much--history is talking for him. Remember, because of the war and the foreign situation the President is one of the world's three most spotlighted figures. Dewey will have to fight hard to get the public eye [illegible] newspaper support.

The Republicans have abandoned hope of a solid bloc support from A. F. of L. They have written this off because wherever A. F. of L. unions are working, which isn't everywhere, they are working with the C.I.O. Political Action Committee.

This will be the first election in history with more women of voting age than men. A study by Census Bureau reveals 88,600,000 potential voters of which 44,600,000 are women--more than half. Also millions of men in armed forces will not vote--hence the women will have the say.

Perhaps the greatest handicap the Republicans have is that the whole crowd of fringe-fascists is in their camp--like it or lump it. Parents, especially mothers and wives, of servicemen resent their speeches. They would never entrust the fate and the future of their boys in the service to the assorted crackpots who seem, at least, to head up opposition to the President. And in the end it will be the independent voter, the servicemen and their families, the women and labor who will carry the country for Roosevelt.

BUSINESS OUTLOOK

In looking ahead the businessmen, large and small, must face prospects for two periods--one: the conversion

period, and two: the post-war years. Opinions vary from downright pessimism (Leo Cherne and Leon Henderson) to booming optimism. When analyzed, root of much economic forecast springs from politics. By and large conservatives are the pessimists.

Conversion period will be difficult, will present grave problems, but fear of crisis is not justified. With Nazi collapse war production will decline to be sure, but conversion will be well under way long before war production stops. It is estimated that this year's war production of $70 billion may drop to $40 billion in 1945. But it is to mutual advantage of government, industry and labor to see to it that this released productive power is utilized as rapidly as possible for badly needed civilian goods. Hence the urgency of all reconversion and contract termination legislation. Slow headway in Congress to date will give way to rushing bills through as solons face home folks electorate.

Each locality faces immediate problems, will demand Congress get into action. Transition will be bridged, government will take proper planning measures. No abrupt drop in war orders, no collapse of industry, no protracted period of idleness before peace production is in view. The reconversion period will not be too tough, dislocation not acute, there is no ground for pessimism.

The outlook for the post-war years, however, involves the deepest world-wide political issues of our times. As pointed out previously (Inside Scope July 1944) the future well-being of the American people, our prosperity, indeed the preservation of the "American Way of Life" depends on keeping peacetime production at least as high as present wartime levels. This means greatly increased domestic consumption, enormous exports to expanded foreign markets, present wage levels or higher--and shorter hours.

"Business-as-usual" boys take a different view. The American industrial plant has been enormously expanded. Our ability to produce has been increased as much as half. War transport facilities are three times as great, shipyards can turn out five times as much tonnage as in 1929. We have five times the former capacity for aluminum production, double the copper, 25% more steel and iron production, and one hundred times the aircraft production. Will this enormous plant capacity be used, will men have jobs? The turn-the-clock-back boys say no, scrap it, especially if it remains in government hands. The people will decide--and they'll decide to utilize the plants they have built and paid for--to enrich American life.

POST-WAR EMPLOYMENT

Jobs is the key question, the crux of the economic situation. Here's the set-up. At peak of wartime production, the American labor force consisted of about 65 million persons. Some 54 million in civilian jobs, 11 million in the armed forces and about 1 million so-called "irreducible unemployed residuals." In 1940, before we began building national defense, our labor force was 54 million and of these, fewer than 46 million had regular jobs. Over 7½ million had public emergency work (W.P.A., etc.) and fully 5 million had no jobs at all. The 13 million difference between the labor force of 1940 and that today is caused by the war emergency. Besides, 2 million have been added by natural growth of the working population. The point to keep in mind is that the 65 million active (now employed) and potential (armed forces, etc.) job holders are about 20 million more than were regularly employed four years ago. Subtract those women who may return to their homes, the students to their books, the pensioners retiring--the job still is to supply 12 million to 15 million more jobs than existed before the war or at any time in United States history. Post-war economic questions, considered normally a dull subject, affect every man, woman and child in the U. S. A.

Sound leadership and American common sense will send us forward not backward. If we go forward we solve the problem, and more. Maximum production, expanded consumption, world cooperation and enormous exports is the American answer.

Public works expenditures have been running at very low levels recently. Look for a large public works program after the war as one means to stimulate jobs. So far, planning little, Congress killed off the National Resources Planning Board which, though a help, saw problem inadequately with plans for average of about $3 billion a year. Many times this will be planned as Congress comes face to face with the problem.

Don't worry about war surplus disposal and its effect on your job or your business. Dumping will be prevented. Much surplus will be sent abroad, yet arranged to protect our export markets. Some plants will be shipped overseas in toto (Russia, Europe, China). Disposal will be carefully planned to help not hurt. Legislation will soon be passed.

POST-WAR BUSINESS STIMULI

Demobilization, presenting unemployment problems, also offers tremendous business stimulus.

The loan provision of the "G.I. Bill of Rights" opens up sensational possibilities. The government will guarantee half the loan, to be made through banks, and each veteran can borrow $2,500. There will be over 11 million servicemen and women discharged. If all borrow--and most will--it means $27 billion borrowed--and spent!

Unheard of savings by all classes will be available for post-war buying. Peoples' appetite for good wages, spending power, higher standards is a force no conservative old-school opposition can buck. Brewster "sit in" demonstrated workers do not contemplate shifting to lower pay jobs. The dire, dark predictions of the pessimists could come about if the American people had learned nothing from the events of the last twenty years, but they have learned.

Looked at abstractly, from a purely economic angle, the world situation might not be too happy. The problems are great. But the American people, more and more, see clearly that post-war cooperation between us, Britain, the Soviet Union and China opens up an era of peace and of high level industrial production and consumption--prosperity all around. The democratic forces released by the war, all over the world, are something new to be reckoned with. The century of the common man is more than a slogan. It is the driving force of post-war prosperity. Business is going to be good.

HOW WILL WE EAT?

More on the "famine" question--propounded last year by a well-known publication. With vast amounts of foodstuffs overseas, with storage facilities on some products stuffed to bursting, the winter wheat crop in the Southwest surpasses anything since 1931. Total production is around 700 million bushels as against 530 million last year with combined spring and winter crops exceeding a billion bushels! Fruit crop this year will be a bumper. Apricots, for example, should be twice as plentiful as last year, there will be more apples. Peach crops are one-half as large again as last year and oranges and grapefruit will break all records!

DEMOBILIZATION PLANS

As soon as the Nazis surrender it is expected partial demobilization will move fast. The Navy and Marine Corps will probably remain at peak strength until Japan is finished off. No cuts here. The Army and Air Forces may dismiss two million or more. Expectations are that men over 30, men overseas longest, fathers will come out

first. But some veterans will remain in because of battle experience. Demobilization will, of necessity, be as uneven as was the draft. For soldiers overseas, September 15 to October 15, has been designated as "Christmas Mail Month." During this period packages may be mailed without soldiers' request, 5 pounds only, 15 inches long or 36 inches length and width combined. Plan to mail early.

THE CHINESE QUESTION

The war against Japan may take new forms with great suddenness. The Philippines may be re-occupied by the time this reaches print. The Burma front assumes greater importance. Both air and sea forces are hammering terrible blows upon the Japanese. But the mortal blow must be occupation of Japan proper by Allied infantry. Japan's great land army is in China and Japan itself. Only a small part of it has been used in the islands. Allied infantry, then, must invade Japan and to do this we must first defeat the Japanese army in China. In a sense, it could be said that China occupies a position geographically and militarily to Japan as England does to the continent. The assault on Japan must spring from China, at least in part--will include American, British and Chinese forces. Thus the internal situation in China is a matter of paramount importance to us. Hence Wallace's trip and other Allied pressure on Churfgking. The plain fact is that the present government of China has shown neither the ability nor the willingness to unify China's patriotic forces in the battle against Japan. The Central Government, an instrument purely of the Kuomintang Party, has for years engaged in civil war with the so-called "Red" forces of Northwest China, since Japan's attack in 1937 has maintained a "formal" unity but actually a severe blockade involving nearly one million of China's best troops!

This tragic policy in China springs from a powerful group of feudal, fascist-minded groups within the Kuomin tang Party. It's the old story. They are more afraid of the democratic aspirations of their own people than of the Japanese.

It is clear that the worsening situation is extremely dangerous. A country divided cannot wage successful war. A million Allied troops in China on the sidelines, out of the fight, is Japan's strongest weapon! The present situation is a paralysis and a deadlock. Neither the Chinese Communists nor the Kuomintang alone can lead China to victory. Any worsening of relations would be a major Allied catastrophe. There is one way out--no other way. The defeatist, fascist-minded groups in the Chinese Government must be weeded out--a new, genuine coalition government formed--of both parties,

under the leadership of Chiang Kai-shek. Such a step will mobilize all China for victory, will throw powerful armies against the Japanese, bring early victory, save thousands of American lives.

RUSSIA AND THE EAST

In many quarters the question is constantly raised whether the Soviet Union will participate in the war against Japan. Many forecasters and analytical experts feel certain of it. Best opinion is that if the Soviet Union, after the defeat of Hitler, participates in the war against Japan it will appear possible only on the basis of a real coalition war with an assignment of forces whereby Soviet losses against Germany are taken fully into account. At any rate, the key to our war against Japan is Chinese unity. Best opinion is that it will be achieved. The fate of millions depends upon it--as incidentally does Chiang Kai-shek's role in history.

JAPANESE UNDERGROUND!

An exclusive dispatch reveals a powerful Japanese underground formed by numerous groups in Northwest China headquarters and in occupied China and Japan--called Japanese People's Liberation Alliance. Among the aims are to overthrow Japanese government, purge the fascist military clique, establish a political system of freedom, independence and democracy and conclude a just peace.

Important acts of sabotage have been carried out, including the Tokyo Shibaura munition factory, Kawasaki shipyards and the Nagoya Aichi watch factory! The effect of propaganda on Japanese soldiery is astounding. The percentage of those Japs who surrendered to the Eighth Route Army or who deserted rose from 7% in 1940 to [illegible] in 1942 and to 40% last year. Here is seen clearly the mounting war weariness and anti-war sentiment of Jap soldiers. Here is a new and possibly very important factor in the war in the Pacific.

THE SOVIET POINT OF VIEW

No subject seems to hold greater interest, rate more speculation or consume more editorial space than Russian world policy. Obviously no one can speak for Russia but the Russians. However, in recent months a growing number of English and American leaders (business and political) have talked at length with Soviet leaders and the Russian viewpoint becomes increasingly clear. We in America have a great stake in future Russian policy, as it will deeply affect American post-war conditions.

It can be said that the Russians think the Nazis continue to fight desperately in a lost cause in the hope they can still

switch the war, finding support in Allied countries for a crusade against "Bolshevism". Soviet policy is dictated by the desire to conserve and fortify ties with America and England, a coalition which the Soviets consider lasting.

In America, for example, the Russians feel there are two groups of powerful interests: one represents untrammeled American expansion and is hostile to the U.S.S.R., believes it is still possible to engineer an attack against the Soviet Union. This group even now has a bent for Hitler, tries to foster imperialism abroad and fascism at home. Quite different is the second group, which comprises those American industrial and financial leaders who want "live and let live," who seek a long durable peace, who favor friendly trade with all countries. The Soviet leaders think, it is said, that the "enlightened capitalists" of the Willkie, Harriman, Johnston, Stettinius type will have the upper hand in determining American policy.

The U.S.S.R. at any rate intends to do everything possible to strengthen commercial, political and cultural relations with both Anglo-Saxon countries as well as all of the other United Nations.

The Soviet considers it has no "hereditary" nor "historical" nor "natural enemies"--except those governments which advance a policy of "cordon sanitaire" or "barbed wire entanglements". Should there ever be a future break with an Allied country--and they firmly believe there will be none--the fault, they say, will certainly not be theirs, there will never be even a shadow of Soviet guilt.

The whole country from Leningrad to Vladivostok is working solely for war and reconstruction. The progress achieved in the last year is tremendous, progress exceeding most optimistic expectations. The reconstruction of the Donets Basin coal mining district for example, is progressing eight times more rapidly than after the civil war of 1918-1921.

Of course, the barest necessities of the Russian people have scarcely been met for three years. An Englishman, not to speak of an American, cannot have the slightest idea of how enormous are the privations of the population. The Soviets however feel certain they can supply the people after the war with all the commodities they need. The Soviet post-war industrial "miracle" may be still greater than the pre-war progress. There is not one person in Russia today, it is stated, who does not believe in the "unlimited possibilities" of his country and its capacity.

Yet with this enormous domestic potentiality they are ready and eager to import not only producer's goods, machine tools, factory equipment, railroad equipment, machinery of every kind, but also consumer's goods, from motorcars and refrigerators to shoes and clothes. They want to do business

with the United States. They intend to pay in cash--or export in turn hundreds of items from platinum and chrome ore to furs and medicinal herbs.

Russian opinion is very strong that there need be nothing to interfere with this picture of peaceful post-war collaboration. As Eric Johnston and other Americans have reported, they see no reason why their socialist economy and our capitalist system need conflict in any way. But it is clear that the Soviet Union has no idea of giving up Socialism.

The Soviet leaders feel certain the socialist system has proved its mettle for them under most difficult circumstances. They are proud of their system and their credo. They repeat, they have no idea of interfering in the internal affairs of any other country under any circumstances, yet they do not conceal their sympathy for the liberation movements in other countries.

Soviet leaders feel their policy speaks for itself. Their hope for Europe and the world is an international situation where free, independent and democratic countries can exist peacefully side by side. The Soviet is prepared, they emphasize, to use all its strength and prestige to implement this policy of international collaboration and lasting peace.

This is the so-called Stalin policy as reported by all travelers returning from Russia. Because of the complete agreement of all of them it can be reasonably certain that it is the actual Soviet policy for the postwar world.

ALARM! LATIN-AMERICA BOILING OVER

The danger in Latin America becomes greater daily--it has become a Nazi beachhead. Argentina is base of activity and propaganda--and there the Nazis have centered their personal fortunes and political hopes.

Expert opinion insists that disaster in Latin America can be avoided only by: economic sanctions against Argentina, with Britain cooperating (based on new agreements for post-war markets), cleaning out all pro-Franco elements, and immediate aid to relieve inflation. Long-range planning for industrialization with long-term credit financing, decent wage guarantees, protection of national interests and equal participation of <u>domestic</u> and <u>foreign</u> capital. Unless steps are taken, Latin America will boil over!

<u>Prediction:</u> There is grave danger of actual war in South America. Plotters are working overtime to promote war between Argentina and Brazil. Latin America may become a battlefield in World War II.

IN BRIEF

Hotels throughout the country plan to spend over one billion dollars on redecorating and refurnishing after the war!

Personal Flying seems headed for a post-war boom way beyond common expectation. Special committee of Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce includes 22 firms all planning production of personal and family planes.

Dental Care likely to be less painful because of newly developed chrome-finished steel burr for drilling. The sharper the burr the less the pain. These stay sharp.

Population Shifts will greatly affect future business, politics. War industry has drawn nearly a million to California. New York alone has lost over 800,000.

Ultra Violet Rays--being used more widely than ever because the ultra violet has been found capable of destroying airborne germs efficiently. Used to cure meat in jig time, increase poultry output, will be widely used in post-war.

Cootie-Killer--a newly developed insecticide DDT has stopped typhus in Italy. You saw them squirt the powder on the natives. DDT promises to wipe out flies, bed bugs, cockroaches and crop-destroying insects. A handful will kill all mosquito eggs in a whole lake, sprayed on a wall will kill all flies for 3 months. One of the greatest forward steps in the history of science.

Civilian Goods--best opinion is for greatly increased shoe output soon available. Electric fans, irons, ranges back on the market soon. Washing machines next Spring, also refrigerators. Home building resumed in the Spring, more gasoline in 4th quarter, tires even for A cardholders by year's end.

Movies--deals now under way will result in influx of British and other foreign films after war to balance American exports. Your double-bill will probably include a British film.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

President Roosevelt to be re-elected over Dewey. New York, critical state in whole election, for Roosevelt by close margin.

Reconversion without major headaches.

Coalition government in China. War danger in Latin America.

Enemy collapse with great suddeness. Enormous stimulation for post-war business being readied. Business outlook excellent.

How Shall We Punish the NAZIS?

Alfred Wollner

Once victory is ours, we must deal with those who have inflicted war upon a peace-loving world. How shall we punish them — and how large a group shall we punish?

ONE of the most vital post-war problems, a problem which must be solved correctly before any post-war plans can pave the way for a better world is: What is to be done with the Nazis when the war ends?

The people who are fighting this war against Nazism have a right to security and a lasting peace when they win it. The surest way to attain this, to prevent a repetition of aggression by Nazism and German imperialism, is to begin with the proper punishment of the Nazis.

If there is any confusion about this, any division, the people will be cheated not only of victory, but of the peace they have earned. The answer must be clear-cut. But before an answer can be found three important questions must first be answered.

1. *Are the Nazis and the German People Identical?*

The political doctrine of Lord Vansittart and of those who believe with him, in what has now been termed Vansittartism, is that the German people and the Nazis are one and must be punished as one huge, guilty group.

Vansittartism is easy enough to follow, but it is hardly wise, and it is certainly founded on false premises.

For one thing, if accepted, it immediately deprives the Allies of the very powerful weapon of psychological warfare, a factor that becomes more and more important as victory comes nearer. If we can split the enemy and use the greater part of the German people as an ally against Nazism, we can save not only time, but the lives of our soldiers.

That this can be done, that the German people can be used to fight the Nazis is proved by the statements of Dr. Goebbels himself. The German Minister of Propaganda, writing in the magazine *Das Reich* in September, 1943, had this to say to the people of

Germany:

"This war stands and falls with the communal feeling of our people. . . . Every split in the unity of our nation in war is a crime against the community. . . . He who listens to the enemy . . . betrays his people in the hour of greatest danger. . . . It is an old trick of political warfare to separate a nation from its government, to make it leaderless and thus defenseless. . . . This trick would be — if it could be used successfully on us — the only means by which the enemy could conquer us. . . . The soldier at the front dies in the fulfillment of his duty. He can demand that the one who in the homeland endangers the war should suffer death."

Alfred Wollner is a German who fought in the Imperial German Army in World War I. Later he fought the Nazi regime inside Germany. In the United States now, he writes under a nom de plume to protect his family, members of which are still living in Europe.

In the Fall of 1942, the year in which Hitler's conquests reached their highest tide, 150,000 Germans were condemned for anti-Nazi activity, according to the Berlin correspondent of the *Svenska Dagvladet*. In August, 1943, the *Socialdemocraten*, a Swedish journal, reported that in Germany "prisons and concentration camps are overcrowded" and that 50 civilians were executed daily.

The following examples quoted from Nazi newspapers show how casually death sentences were meted out. Note the reasons.

Korselt, Theodor, Rostock, higher civil servant, 52 years, executed 8/25/43, for favoring the enemy and undermining the fighting morale.

Offans, Ernst, Frankfort, executed 8/27/43, for undermining confidence in final victory.

September 9, 1943, D.N.B., Nazi news agency: "Irresponsible elements who some time ago helped parachutist agents by giving them food and shelter were shot immediately."

Riedel, Johannes, Hamburg, 48 years, employee, executed 9/10/43, for undermining fighting strength by distributing chain letters.

Michel, Martin, 37 years, Pech, Johann, 47 years, Pichwer, Siegfried, Soukap, Alex, all workers, executed 9/24/43, for high treason in cooperating with the Communist party and preparing for sabotage by procuring explosives.

Soukal, Jaroslaw, Rostock, 20 years, executed 9/30/43, for listening to foreign broadcasts and allowing persons hostile to the state to listen at his home.

Beckmann, August, and his wife, Horstbrink, Gustav and his wife, Bielefeld, all executed 11/4/43, for comitting high treason by holding

illegal meetings and instruction courses for underground work.

The Swiss newspaper *St. Galler Tageblatt,* on March 25, 1944, published a long article about the German underground and its collaboration with the foreign workers and underground forces: "Germans of the opposition have become acquainted with resistance movements and with their tactics.

"In Berlin and Breslau, underground workers have organized a systematic supply of food cards, civilian clothes, and all kinds of forged documents. In September, 1943, official German sources had already announced 56,000 deserters . . . who lived underground, many of them carrying as credentials the papers of people who are dead or who have disappeared..."

Now the opposition movement within Germany has assumed a definitely political character, either as a result of increased political maturity, or because contact has now been established between the "old" and the "new" opposition. The internal struggle against the war has gradually become a struggle for a "new Germany."

Though incomplete, to be sure, these facts clearly indicate that the German people and the Nazis are not identical. That is a paramount consideration to bear in mind, since any decision based on error becomes a block in the path to quick victory and gives no sound basis for establishing security and lasting peace after the war.

2. *Who Are the Actual Criminals?*

The Nazis from the very beginning suppressed their own people in order to increase the profits and the power of the ruling minority in Germany. Then they provoked the present war to achieve the same ends in other countries. It is the initiators of this criminal policy who must be punished. Let us classify these criminals.

The principle ones are obviously the governing Nazi gang. In this category belong:

Leaders of big business, high finance and the big landowners who financed and have to this day sponsored the Nazi movement.

Leading members of the Nazi party who participated in the profits of exploitation in their own country, and destruction and expropriation in occupied countries.

High military leaders who ordered atrocities, who ordered devastations, who ordered or tolerated robbery or violence in occupied countries.

High judges who misused their judicial authority to "legalize" these crimes.

The second category of criminals — and post-victory defendants — are all military police and civilian officials who participated, voluntarily, or under orders, in atrocities, violations or the devastation of occupied countries.

3. *Who Shall Judge the Criminals?*

The composition of a post-war

tribunal to judge the Nazi criminals must include (a) representatives of the governments of the United Nations; (b) representatives of the population of those countries which were under Nazi occupation (representatives obviously who are strictly non-collaborationists); (c) outstanding German anti-Nazis, who have suffered in the concentration camps or are active members of the German underground movement.

It is absolutely necessary that a majority of the defendants be judged by tribunals of people in those countries where the defendants committed their crimes. In these cases too, it would be wise to let German anti-Nazis participate. That would give the German people an occasion to demonstrate that they, too, are interested in exacting punishment of the Nazis for their crimes. Above all, the German war criminals must not be tried, as after World War I, before the high judges of the Reichsgericht, who are of the same caste as the war criminals.

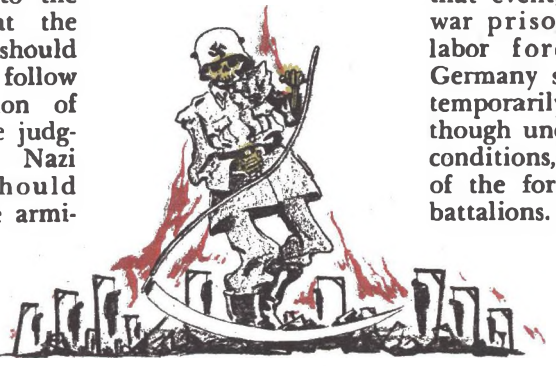
4. *What Should the Punishment Be?*

According to the principle that the punishment should immediately follow the commission of the crime, the judgment of the Nazi criminals should start with the armistice. This would have the additional advantage of deterring some Nazi criminals, if those already in the hands of the Allies are sentenced immediately.

Quite bluntly and obviously, in the interest of a lasting peace, it is necessary to annihilate most of the Nazi criminals. This means death sentences to the governing Nazi gang and to most of those classified above under the first category. In the case of both these groups all their property should be expropriated, to be used toward payment of reparations.

In the second category, those not sentenced to death should serve in forced labor battalions either for life, or temporarily, according to their crimes. For some categories of war criminals there should be amnesty after a certain time, depending upon their crimes and their conduct in the labor battalions. The labor battalions would serve in countries devastated by Hitler's war.

It is likely that the devastation of European countries will be so extensive that restoration cannot be completed with these forces. In that event, German war prisoners and labor forces from Germany should be temporarily utilized, though under better conditions, than that of the forced labor battalions.



★ **You write faithfully — but do your letters tell the things your man in the service wants to read.**

How to Write to a Serviceman

Lt. Davis Newton Lott, USNR

Condensed from Liberty Magazine

YOUR serviceman is in the war? Well, dear lady, be you wife, mother, sweetheart, sister, relative, or friend, now's your chance to do your private individual bit for your individual private — or seaman — or marine.

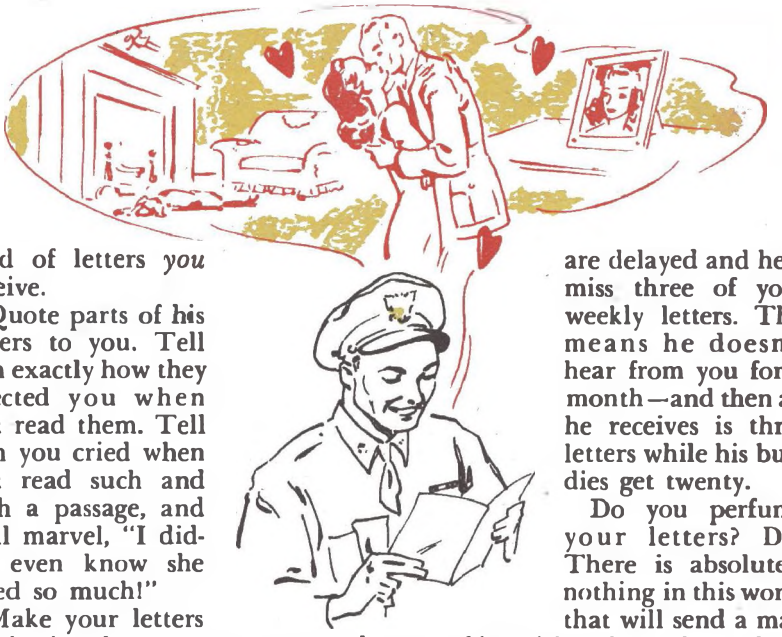
Away from home, mail is just a shorter word for morale. Do you think, just because you scribble off a ten-page letter once a week, that you're doing your part toward maintaining your male's morale? One will get you fifty you're wrong. The kind of letter that will pull your man out of the away-from-home slough of loneliness just isn't dashed off in a thoughtless hurry.

Would you like to know what you can do to put a lift in your letters — each and every one of them?

First — and most important — *talk about him*. You may think he wants to hear about you primarily? (He may think so himself.) But he doesn't. He wants to read about *him*. He wants to read how wonderful a husband, lover, sweetheart, son he is. How proud he is making you. How you look at his handsome picture by your bed each night and kiss it before snapping off the lights. He wants to read that you are hungry for his love, his kisses, his strong arms around you. He wants to read of how you talk him up to your neighbors, your relatives, your friends. He wants to read that you belong to him — that without him you cease to exist.

Make your letters passionate. Don't be afraid to recall intimate scenes from your private life together. Put it down in writing. Usually no one censors your letter to him. But, even if some one does, you don't know the censor, do you? So be frank. Pour out your love, your longing for his kisses, his embraces, his love-making. Too strong, you say? Madam, believe me, write these thoughts in your own words in your next letter to your serviceman — and see what

Lieutenant Lott is one of the thousands of men whose job it is to censor mail. He knows what you are writing and what you should write.



kind of letters *you* receive.

Quote parts of his letters to you. Tell him exactly how they affected you when you read them. Tell him you cried when you read such and such a passage, and he'll marvel, "I didn't even know she cared so much!"

Make your letters to him just between you two, and keep references to the relatives at a minimum. You can't go wrong if you keep your letters to him strictly personal.

Reminisce. Put down on paper some of the times he made you particularly happy. Or the times when you got in trouble and had to call on him for help.

Did he leave a family behind? Then tell him how Junior "looks *just* like his handsome daddy — everybody says so." And pour it on, mama. Your old man will soak in every bit — even if he knows that you know that he knows everybody knows Junior could have inherited his red hair and blue eyes only from your great-grandfather.

Do you write your man "a long letter once a week?" Don't! He'd rather receive short letters written every day. Why? Oftentimes mails are delayed and he'll miss three of your weekly letters. This means he doesn't hear from you for a month—and then all he receives is three letters while his buddies get twenty.

Do you perfume your letters? Do! There is absolutely nothing in this world that will send a man out of it quicker than a letter from you scented with the perfume he gave you for Christmas.

Do you use the same type and size of envelope and stationery each time you write? Do! Even before he opens them, your man will be able to tell your letters from the income-tax collector's and the finance company's when they all arrive in a bound bundle. Moreover, using the same size sheet of stationery makes it easy for him to file or pack away letters he wants to carry with him.

Do you try to make your letters humorous — but find it difficult? Try this: Clip clever cartoons that apply to your private life and personalize them by recaptioning them. He'll get a bang out of 'em.

Do you number your letters? Do! Nothing is so disconcerting as to find five letters at one mail call

— and open them in reverse order.

Do you type your letters? Do! A typewritten letter lacks the personality of your handwriting, true. But a typed letter is far more practical. Many letters get wet in transmission. A letter written in ink will blur and run when wet — unless, of course, you write with special waterproof ink.

Do you take occasional trips and drop him a post card instead of your usual letter? Don't. Here's what slips through your serviceman's mind when he receives a post card like this: "Darling: Am spending the holiday in the city at a girl friend's house." (While I sit here in a *foxhole!*) "Having wonderful time with her cousin, who's taking me to a night club tonight." (*With a gleam in his eye, the 4-F wolf!*)

Do you send your letters via air mail? Do! Spend the extra five cents to speed your letter on its way. It is well worth it.

Do you write on both sides of the paper? Don't! It is far better to write on one side of single sheets of air-mail stationery than it is to use a heavier folded four-page sheet written on all four sides, with disconcerting skips and jumps from here to there and back again.

Do you ever send a recorded message to him? Do! If you don't own a recording machine, your local radio and phonograph shop will have one you can use for a small charge. Talk to your man just as though you were talking to him on the telephone. Tell your man you love him, you miss him, you're thinking of and praying for him every night.

And don't worry about whether he'll be able to find a phonograph to hear your recording. He'll find one, all right. Matter of fact, he may even be able to answer your recording with one of his own.

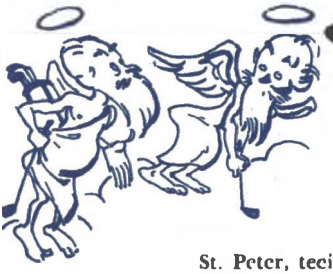
Do you write him at the same time every day? Do! Set aside a certain time of the day or night to write him your daily letter. Make this a *habit.* For example, a certain serviceman is on duty in the North Pacific. When it is 7 P.M. where he is, it is 10 P.M where his wife is. If possible, the two take time out at that hour, and imagine they are having a "date". She usually writes his daily letter at that time. He can picture her sitting at her writing table, and that way feel closer to her in spirit, though separated by two thousand miles of ocean.

Did you ever try "mental telepathy"? Do! Once you have set your nightly "date" time, both of you can try thinking of a certain night or occurrence that looms in your memory as unforgettable.

Perhaps you will think of the night your husband proposed, the last date you had with him, something rich in hidden meaning known only to yourselves. Then put in your letters what each of you was thinking — and you may be amazed at the mental unity between two persons united in love even though physically separated.

But, above all, remember: As mail goes, so goes morale.

★ **Famous personalities choose the anecdotes they like best.**



They Laughed

Rev. Michael J. Ahern, S.J.

St. Peter and St. Paul were playing golf on a heavenly course.

St. Peter, teeing off first, made a hole in one.

St. Paul took his turn. He too made a hole in one.

Both marked down their scores and headed for the green.

"Now, Paul," said St. Peter, "let's cut out the miracles and get down to business.

Frederic F. Van De Water

A deaf old farmer attended a political meeting. He was a little late and the candidate's address was well under way when he arrived. He had to sit in the rear of the hall, where he couldn't hear a thing. After a half hour of, to him, inaudible oratory the farmer turned to a neighboring auditor.

"Zeke," he asked, "what's he talkin' 'bout?"

Zeke shook his head and replied sadly: "He don't say."

Rudolph Ganz

Senator Hattie W. Caraway receives many interesting letters from her constituents, and many not so interesting. However, occasionally some correspondent from back home has a new or original idea which proves entertaining. One of the most amusing came from a would-be G man. He wrote:

"Dear Senator: Please keep it to yourself, but I am planning to enter the Secret Service. Would you kindly send by return mail a gun, badge and handcuffs as I am anxious to get started?"

Eleanor Early

When Coolidge was Vice-President, he was obliged to go to many dinners. His hostesses despaired of him, because they could never get him to talk. One lady had the inspiration of putting him next to Alice Roosevelt Longworth, thinking surely that she could get him started.

Mrs. Longworth did her best on numerous topics, but Coolidge ate his way through the soup, fish and entree replying only in monosyllables. Nettled, Mrs. Longworth was determined to get a rise out of him somehow.

"It must be boring for you to have to go to so many dinners," she said acidly.

"Well," said the unruffled Coolidge, "a man has to eat somewhere."

At These

Reprinted from The Best I Know, Edited by Edna B. Smith

Dr. Robert Zollinger

"I think you'll pull through," said the doctor to his patient, "but you're a pretty sick man."

"Please, doctor," begged the patient, "do everything you can for me. And if I get well I'll donate $25,000 to your new hospital."

Some time later the doctor met his former patient on the street.

"How are you?" he asked.

"I feel wonderful!" replied the man.

"I've been intending to get in touch with you," continued the doctor, "about that money you promised for the hospital."

"What money do you mean?"

"You said that if you got well," the doctor reminded him, "you would contribute $25,000."

"I said that?" the former patient exclaimed. "Now you can see how sick I was!"

Governor Leverett Saltonstall

Two Maine farmers had been meeting each other once a week for many years on the way to market. Their conversation was usually confined to:

"Good morning, Lem."

"Good morning, Sy."

"Nice day, Lem."

"Yes, it's a nice day, Sy."

"Well, good day, Lem."

"Good day, Sy."

This dialogue remained unchanged over the years, unless the state of the weather required a minor adjustment.

One particular day the conversation changed. In addition to the above colloquy one of the farmers said: "Say, Sy, what did you give your horse when he had the colic?"

Sy answered, "Well, I gave my horse turpentine when he had the colic."

"Thank you, Sy."

A week later they met again and Lem said: "What did you say you gave your horse when he had the colic?" Sy answered: "I gave my horse turpentine when he had the colic."

"Well, I gave my horse turpentine and he died."

"So did mine. Good day, Lem."

"Good day, Sy."

★ **Poison opens new vistas in healing**

The Beneficial Serpent

Charles M. Bogert

Condensed from Natural History

Charles M. Bogert is curator of reptiles at the American Museum of Natural History, New York City. He is widely known as an authority on snakes and snakebites.

Two men carrying heavy pack-sacks were trudging along a narrow trail that wound through the dense foliage of a tropical rain forest. Suddenly something struck the packsack of one of them. Turning, he caught a glimpse of the scaled underside of a large snake. Yelling in fright, he dropped his burden. The fangs of an eight-foot snake were still impaled in the canvas pack, and the huge reptile was killed with a machete. This happened in the jungle of the upper Amazon. The snake was a bushmaster.

A soldier wrote: "Yesterday evening as Lieutenant Gibson of our regiment was going to his quarters for mess he saw a snake, at which he proceeded to throw a stone. He then called for a light and a stick, and as he was bending down with the light to look for the snake, it made a dart at him. Poison was ejected into Lieutenant Gibson's eye, causing instant and great pain, and the eyelids swelled up quickly to the size of a large hen's egg." This happened in Burma. The snake was a spitting cobra.

Everyone has heard or read similar stories. Venomous snakes are found on every continent, on many islands, in valleys and in mountains, in the tropics and in the temperate zones, even inside the Arctic Circle in northwestern Europe where the subsoil is not permanently frozen. There are venomous snakes in the sea, along the shores of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. But your chances of encountering a venomous snake are not actually great, even under favorable circumstances.

More people are killed every year from the accidental discharge of firearms than die from snakebite. In the United States there is greater likelihood of your being struck by lightning than of your being killed by a venomous snake, and even in the tropics the odds are nearly as great. Expeditions into tropical regions have often found it difficult to assemble 100 snakes a year, of which only a small

percentage were venomous. And these expeditions were looking for snakes! Botanists, geologists, and similar explorers have been months in the tropics without so much as seeing a snake.

However, I have no desire to imply that snakes are not common in many parts of the world, nor is it desirable that no precautions be taken.

Snakes are plentiful in many regions, where we neither see them nor are we bothered by them for several reasons.

First, because most snakes are nocturnal. Contrary to popular notions they cordially dislike sunlight except in early spring months and for the briefest exposure during warm summer days.

Second, many snakes are secretive. They remain hidden much of the time, and even when they are abroad, their colors so completely harmonize with their surroundings, or their patterns disrupt the body contours so that it is difficult to see them.

Finally, venomous serpents try to avoid enemies and they are equipped with fangs primarily for the purpose of killing their prey.

So it is that the Surgeon-General's Departments of both the Army and Navy report casualties from snake bite to be "almost negligible." Our armed forces have, of course, taken all precautions to maintain this record. Scientists in many parts of the world have produced antivenins to counteract the venoms of various snakes. This is a difficult task, because no two species of snake have the identical venoms, and it follows that the venom of each species must be used to prepare a reliable antivenin for that particular kind of snake. Some of these antivenins may be put to good use by the American expeditionary forces, although prompt incision and suction at the site of the bite sometimes preclude the necessity of using serum.

Perhaps you would recommend that venomous snakes be exterminated? Even if this were feasible, it is extremely doubtful whether their extermination is desirable. In teeming India, where the incidence of snake bite is reportedly high, it is unlikely that the average span of life in that country would be lengthened by the destruction of snakes. A competent authority points out that the increase in rodents as a result of the removal of the snakes would almost certainly result in an increased death rate from bubonic plague and other rodent-borne diseases.

Scientific opinion holds that it is preferable to keep the snakes, even venomous species, in order to retain a balance in nature. But scientists have gone beyond this. Medical investigators have put venoms to work for man. Some of these poisons in minute doses actually constitute valuable medicinal agents. Cobra venom is used to alleviate pain, replacing opium in serious cases, and it has the distinct advantage of being non-habit forming. Rattlesnake venom has been employed with success in the treatment of epileptic seizures. Moccasin venom is used therapeutically to promote coagulation of the blood, thereby stopping hemorrhage. Viper venom is useful in the treatment of hemophilia, the inherited disease which permits

profuse bleeding from very minor wounds.

Many of us are inclined to think of the terms "drug" and "poison" as referring to quite different substances. But the pharmacologist knows that many, if not most, drugs are also poisons. Consequently pharmacologists, by a reversal of this reasoning, often look upon poisons as possible medicinal agents. Under certain conditions almost any poison exerts a useful medicinal action and may be regarded as a therapeutic agent. Snake venom is no exception.

Of course, this does not mean that snake bite is a cure for disease. Rather, it should be explained that investigators noticed that the venoms of certain snakes, particularly those of the water moccasins and Russell's viper, promoted coagulation. Bites from the water moccasin cause thickening of the blood at the place where the venom has been injected, and the resulting congestion, or lack of circulation, in the arm or leg bitten, may produce quite painful effects. The pharmacologists made note of these symptoms, but reasoned further: if moccasin venom were prepared in dilute solution, might it not then serve to coagulate the blood to the extent needed by hemophiliacs? However, scientists do not propound questions for others to answer. It is the scientists' job to answer questions, and this is what the pharmacologists did. By careful experiments they demonstrated that in suitable doses moccasin venom could be employed with a measure of success in stopping the flow of blood in cases of severe hemorrhage.

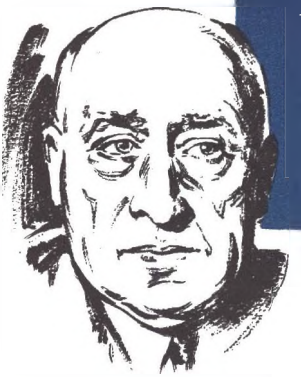
Cobra venom, in contrast to that of the moccasin and Russell's viper, does not exert any serious effect on the blood. Its effects are principally upon the nervous system, and when death occurs from the bite of a cobra it is because certain nerves cease to function. Again the medical investigator seized upon this fact and sought to put it to good use—not without success. If cobra venom causes nerves to stop functioning, why not use cobra venom to stop pain? After all, pain is the result of a nervous impulse, and if cobra venom will inhibit the function of one nerve, why not apply it to another?

Not one disease, but several, have responded to treatment with dilute, standardized preparations of cobra venom.

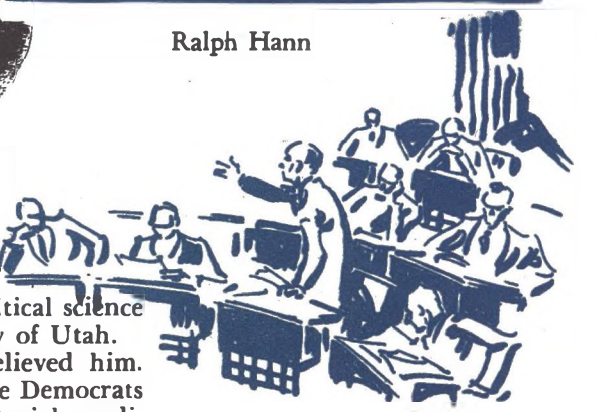
So the bushmaster in the tropical forests, the spitting cobra in the Burmese jungle, and the pit viper in the Gobi Desert all have their dangerous attributes. But they have their useful aspects as well. Venomous snakes not only serve a useful purpose in keeping the disease-bearing rodents in check, but modern science has transformed the venom from a deadly weapon to a useful medicinal agent. The serpent has been deprived of its terrors by the use of modern methods of treating snake bite, including antivenins, while the potent poison derived from the dangerous snake proves to be a useful drug. It may be desirable to kill dangerous snakes in densely populated areas, but it has become difficult to argue that venomous snakes should be recklessly exterminated.

★★ A profile of an American statesman.

TOMORROW *and* THOMAS



Ralph Hann



"REED SMOOT can be defeated," Professor Thomas told the young men in his political science class at the University of Utah.

His young men believed him. That 1932 summer the Democrats met to choose a senatorial candidate. A former student recalled his professor's remark. He rose to place in nomination the scholarly, unorthodox Thomas . . . "a creative historian, a candid defender of the common man . . ."

The effect was electric. Elbert D. Thomas was named by acclamation. He polled more votes than Franklin D. Roosevelt that November. He carried every Utah county in which he had spoken, tore the almighty Smoot from the Senate seat he had occupied for three reactionary decades.

That was twelve years ago, twelve years in which Thomas has personified the difference between pre-1932 and post-1932 governmental policy.

The Thomases of Salt Lake City are Mormons. Elbert's Cornish grandfather was a country squire. His father, Richard Kendall Thomas, was a London draper when he heard a Mormon missionary preach the virtues of America and rational religion. Enthusiastically Richard emigrated across seas and plains to the desert valley of the Salt Lake, where hardy Mormons were building an ideal community.

"Not irrigation but a plan made

Utah," says Senator Thomas today. Richard K. Thomas planned well. He met another Mormon immigrant, blueblooded Caroline Stockdale from Devonshire, married her and set up a mercantile business in Cache county, near the Idaho border. By 1883, when Elbert was born, his father was a well-to-do merchant - banker. He knew the two worlds, old and new. He frequently visited New York. Over breakfast buckwheats, Elbert listened to heated debates — his mother was an ardent suffragette. In knee pants the boy spoke for free silver and Bryan in '96, and for his dad, who was elected state senator in '98.

Elbert loved books, languages, the art of human relationships. He majored in Greek and Latin, compiled a lengthy record of undergraduate activity at the University of Utah, where he met Edna Harker, a like-minded young woman.

They met evenings in the university theatre where Edna was leading lady and Elbert her director. Upon their graduation, the Mormon church offered to send them on a mission to Japan —"not to propagandize, but to educate," explains Senator Thomas. Before they sailed, the two youthful missionaries married.

Five years in Japan . . . young Elbert met Japanese flushed with victories in wars against China and Russia, Russian ex-prisoners of war, who feared to return to their Czar - tyrannized land, Chinese silently resenting occidental domination over their ancient empire. He learned Japanese, wrote "Sakui No Michi," a book on Mormonism in the traditional style of Japanese religious works.

Elbert and Edna returned to America with a daughter, Japanese-named Chiyo; and with a burning passion for their own America, a land of no strange gods, where truth - telling Washington, liberty-loving Jefferson and the humane Lincoln had founded and defended the American cult of democracy.

That was in 1912. Twenty years later, the experience of living had proved to Elbert D. Thomas that world happiness can be achieved only through world unity.

In the meantime, he had taught Greek and Latin at Utah, political science at Utah, California and Michigan. He had responded to Woodrow Wilson's clarion call to preparedness in 1916, had held a major's commission in the army from 1918 to 1924. He had visited Europe, spoke in German to Germans, in Italian to Italians — he knew the peoples of the world, observed their common problems. In 1927, when he was again teaching, he delivered a speech: "World Unity Through the Study of History." Wars, revolts, disease, famine are due to clashing national interests. Peace is indivisible, he pointed out. Whenever trade between nations is free, peace reigns. His thesis was published in a monograph by Carnegie Institute — he was accepted as an advanced theorist by historians and in academic circles of international law.

To the rough and tumble of

1933 senatorial debate, Elbert D. Thomas brought a penetrating mind, vast knowledge and a sensitive nature. He is no sonorous orator, yet when he speaks men listen, even senators. White-haired now, loose-limbed and large, he is less professorial than friendly in his candor — a convincingly straightforward political man.

He is a true Jeffersonian, as his book, "Thomas Jefferson, World Citizen," reveals. Through long years in which the New Deal repaired the ravages of Hoover's depression, Senator Thomas effectively supported relief, labor and social security legislation. As chairman of the Committee on Education and Labor, he sponsored the Federal Aid to Education bill. For better housing, health service, nursing schools, subsidized scientific research — all the little things which make the world a better place to live in — he lent mind, energies and political strategy.

To foreign policy, Senator Thomas has contributed his wide knowledge of the world — he is close to the White House, an intimate of Secretary of State Cordell Hull. Proudly he points to his speech urging relinquishment by the western nations of extra-territorial rights in China. Britain and America accepted his advice, agreed to give all China back to the Chinese at the war's end, after a century's occupation of key points.

His "Chinese Political Thought" is a standard work: "China and India, the greatest centers of consumption, can, through industrialization and intensification of consumption, bring permanent prosperity to the world," he declares. His Mormon creed guides him to the support of all the oppressed — he advocates return of their Palestine homeland to the Jews. In the Soviet Union he recognizes an intimate friend and coworker of the United States and seeks to unite these two great federations of peoples in a common future of allied interests.

In 1934 he saw war coming. While revisiting Germany, he met Rudolf Hess, decided that the Nazis plotted to conquer the world. On his return he urged Congress to build a stockpile of raw materials against D-Day. Five years later, Congress accepted his advice. He struck a blow against Germany's lighter-than-air transport with his 1937 bill which made helium a government monopoly. He sought to implement the neutrality act so that it might be invoked against agressors, as in the fascist war against democratic Spain.

The past is yesterday's newspaper. Historian Thomas knows his yesterdays. What of tomorrow? No Utopian, he says, "Let's do a little at a time. Today the free peoples of the world are allies, members of one family of nations united against the aggressors. Now is the time to settle differences, to plan,

little by little, for the better tomorrow."

What does "little by little" mean? In 1941, Senator Thomas co-sponsored a resolution to establish a Foreign Economic Commission, first step toward an international economic plan. Now, as then, he advocates maximum use of American economic resources through expanded foreign trade, international monetary stabilization, removal of trade barriers.

Other steps have been taken —at Moscow and Cairo the great allies met. At Teheran, they laid the foundation. International food and agricultural agreements have been formulated. Monetary stabilization is on its way. Vexing political differences between nations are being resolved in the crucible of an united war effort. On the calendar's next page is a day when the draft constitution of the United Nations will be presented to the victorious democratic peoples of the world.

This is practical planning in the Thomas way, to which he subscribes and for which he unceasingly works.

For Elbert D. Thomas is a man with a single hobby—this world at peace. Once he dabbled in theatricals, built the beautiful Barnacle Theatre for his three daughters. Once he knocked off work to visit Griffith Stadium, to argue bitterly with Jack Garner while rooting for the Senators. Chiyo is in the Red Cross now; Mrs. Thomas died in 1941—he spends Washington evenings with his two married girls, reads, girds himself for the coming political campaign.

He hears from home: Utah's industry is rapidly expanding under the impetus of war. Older Utahans, Mormon farmers, city-bred intellectuals, earnest trade-unionists, have the measure of this man! He speaks for the best that is Utah and the nation. The newcomers, warworkers of the south and west, are coming to know him, too.

"I'm unpopular with lots of people," he says wistfully. "Seems I'm for too many things—"

Twice the pudgy forefinger of Herbert H. Hoover has pointed across the California state line to name an anti-Thomas candidate for United States senator. The great mine-owners, smelting corportions battled fiercely to restore the days of Reed Smoot.

They failed in '32 and '38. Tomorrow, in November of 1944, they will fail again. For Elbert D. Thomas is still tomorrow's man.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A YOUNG lady received a letter from her soldier sweetheart from "Somewhere in the Pacific Area." Upon opening the envelope she found, instead of a letter, a thin strip of paper bearing the brief message, "Your boy friend still loves you, but he talks too much," (signed) Censor.

From Thesaurus of Anecdotes. Edited by Edmund Fuller

★★ A leading theologian and educator points the road to a brighter American future.

Will America Change After the War?

Dr. Harry F. Ward

Dr. Ward is Professor Emeritus, Union Theological Seminary.

A LOT of printer's ink is being used and much money spent to tell us, and through us the boys overseas, that they musn't expect too much when they come back. Hardships, wounds and death, ribbons and medals now, but afterwards the same old United States — Broadway and Main Street, the cracker-barrel in the village store, the soda fountain on the corner, and the church across the square, blueberry pie, and Sunday chicken dinner — "that's what they're fighting for." Last time it was "a world fit for heroes to live in," but now "things as usual" is the word from the offices where high-powered advertising is planned. This is the voice of those who are afraid that a better world will cost too much; who want things to go on as they were because they are quite comfortable, thank you, and others can look out for themselves.

It reminds me of several things. A king of olden days who thought he could stop the tide from coming in by talking to it. A poem about those of every period, from the stone age to the day of the dynamo, who have tried to stop every improvement in life by crying, "It never was done. It can't be done." The wise word of a great teacher of the last generation about the role of the conservative in history: "The trouble with him is he is trying to hold the world still, and the world can't stay still." The slogan "Return to Normalcy" after the last war and the disaster to which it brought us.

Put these things together and they add up to a basic truth about life, history, and the universe. It is all a process of change, sometimes slower, sometimes faster, but always moving, in one direction or another. So the people who try to stop life from becoming better only succeed in making it worse. Hitler should have taught us that much at least. But still there are those among us who will repeat that disastrous experience if we

let them. This is the challenge to the rest of us who want a better world. It comes only as we make it; but it can be made. The challenge is also the opportunity.

The farm, the village, the town, the city, may look the same to the boys when they come back, but the people are not the same. The workers and farmers, who have learned to think and to act together for the first time, are not to be denied a creative part in the future of this nation. The women who have been taking on men's jobs and sharing men's dangers will not go back to a narrower world. After what the black people, the brown and yellow peoples have seen and done in this war, white supremacy cannot be maintained, neither here nor elsewhere in the world. Neither in our land nor in any other can a section of the people be kept much longer without the same opportunity as the rest for health, education, and a job that is worthwhile to them and to the community.

America will change after the war because America is changing in the war. So are our Allies, and the people of the occupied lands of Europe, of Latin America, of Africa, and the islands of the seas. And the general direction of change is the same everywhere. At the cost of much suffering, life is moving forward as it has not moved since these United States were formed. More freedom for more people is on the way, and more equality of opportunity. More people than ever before in history know what they mean by a better world, are learning what has to be done to get it, are moving together to make it. It is by this advance, that the struggle between democracy and fascism will be ended. The effort to achieve it is the war within the war, the war that has to be won on the political and economic field after the fighting stops.

Along with the writing about no change there is, strangely enough, much more from the same sources proclaiming that changes are on the way. It grows lyrical about the mechanical improvements we are to have after the fighting ends — television and frozen foods in the home, pre-fabricated and air-conditioned houses, plastic marvels and flivver planes. More and better things to sell, but people and the relations between them no different. It just doesn't make sense. The continued use of better gadgets to make life easier, fuller, and richer requires better people and more of them. The nation that is going to get the full benefits of science has to stop turning out the sixth-graders, who make a majority in some states, and the 4Fs and illiterates the army couldn't use. If a large section of our people is to continue without the standard of health and education that the future of the nation requires, the same thing will happen to these new mechanical wonders which happened to the two-car garage for every family of the 'twenties. The knowledge of this fact, and the acceptance by the nation of responsibility for the well-being of all its people, is one of the changes in our life since the last war — and it will continue.

Our technical capacities now make it possible to give an opportunity for health and education to

every child in the land. The war has taught us a lot about that. The people have seen what they can do. We had to give our boys enough equipment to win the war. So we beat all our production records. We did not do all we could because we had not learned to act together as a nation, and selfish interests were able to do some sabotage. It will take still more production to give *all* the people all they need to make a strong nation. But we can do it. The people may be misled for a time by the free-enterprise propaganda that means freedom for monopoly; they may be deceived by ranting demagogues, but not for long. What they know they can do, they will sooner or later certainly accomplish.

What we need is to continue the changes the war brought to our economy. It made us operate a national economy, not a lot of competitive undertakings. We had to put our public and private enterprise into partnership. We had to do some national planning, not enough and not too well. To meet all the needs of all the people in the post-war world we have to do more of these things.

The democracy we are defending is a way of life, not merely a set of institutions. It is not encompassed by the four freedoms, essential as they are. The time has come to develop what is written in our basic charter, equality of opportunity to life, liberty, and happiness for all people. That means fighting together and working together. Democracy is not the government – planning for us and telling us what to do. It means team work for a chosen goal. And that has begun in this war. All the talk about bureaucrats misses the point; our war boards have not been administered by politicians but by business men, labor and professional men, farmers and consumers, though there are not enough of the latter. This is the change that has to be carried forward, for the bigger tasks that confront us when the shooting stops. Our political organizations are breaking up as they did before the civil war. The old break-up brought a nation together after a civil war. The new break-up should bring it together again, after this war, to build a better world.

This is true also for our relations to the rest of the world. Most of our people, even those who still travel Indian trails, now know that, with highways in the sky, our only safety lies in common action with those anywhere in the world who want to go in the general direction in which we are headed. They are beginning to understand that our professional isolationists are in reality imperialists, wanting to grab bases, aviation routes, oil and shipping controls and so bring us to another and worse war. If this change in our attitude is to bring us security, it needs to lead to the sort of cooperation the war has made compulsory. We gain nothing except disunity by talking now about the legal frame-work of international organization. What we need now is to continue working with our allies in the joint boards that run the war and with the United Nations in projects that will handle the food question

in the post-war situation. If we go on, doing together the things that need to be done, the kind of world organization, that will work successfully, will grow around the doing of them.

Yes, America is changing and America will change. Its need and the needs of the world, its unused technical capacities, its unrealized democratic ideal, are all pushing us into new paths. Just as they are doing in the war, no matter what it costs nor how long it takes, so the American people will go forward. They are on the march.

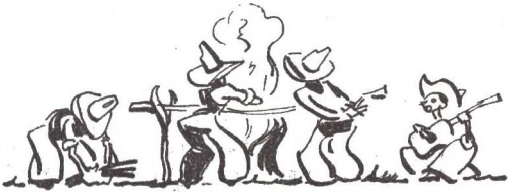
American Folkways-2

Justice in the Ozarks

O. E. Rayburn

Condensed from Ozark Country
Duell, Sloan and Pearce $3.00

A MOUNTAIN farmer owned a bull that was no respecter of fences or persons. He was the terror of the community and even his own owner despaired of controlling him. Finally, the bull invaded one too many cornfields. The enraged farmer, whose crop had been destroyed, swore out a warrant and had the animal arrested. The law brought his bellowing majesty to the shade of a large oak tree where the trial was held. The case against the bull was plain enough but the proceedings lasted almost all day. Lawyers threw aside their coats and pleaded for or against the aggressor. Witnesses swore, natives cursed, and the bull bellowed his displeasure. After careful deliberation, the jury found the animal guilty in a degree deserving punishment. The verdict rendered, the justice of the peace assessed fine and costs. Then came the puzzling question of payment. After considering the problem from all angles, the judge decided to butcher the animal and use the meat as payment. A barbecue followed with judge, jury, lawyers and witnesses, and the general public taking part. It was a festive occasion and long remembered by those present, but the old timers to this day shake their heads and say it was not a fair trial. They point out that the judge neglected to appoint an interpreter for the bull.



ALPHAQUIZ

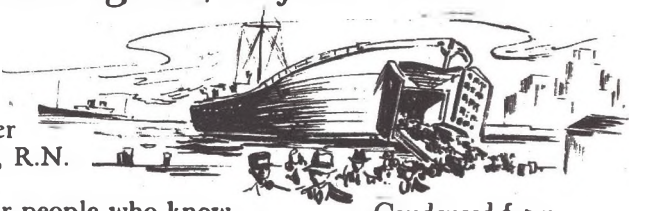
★★ A new kind of quiz—with no questions and double the fun.

THIS "ALPHAQUIZ" was sent to us by a G. I. friend in England, where it has apparently been going the rounds for some time. Each line, you see, works out into a name or well-known phrase. The trick is not only to comprehend the meaning of each line, but to see how fast *you can do it. The G. I. who sent us the* ALPHAQUIZ *reports that the usual wager is a round of drinks that no one can get it in less than* 40 *seconds. (Editor's tip: in some lines the* 4 *is pronounced like the word "four," in others, it sounds like "fa," and in some few it is merely "f." The first one is "Hay for horses." See? Ready! Set! Go! If you can't get them, the answers are on page* 101.

A 4 'orses
B 4 mutton
C 4 th Highlanders
D 4 dumb
E 4 la Galliene
F 4 vescent
G 4 crying out loud
H 4 beauty
I 4 Novello
J 4 Son
K 4 au lait
L 4 leather
M 4 sis
N 4 mation
O 4 goodness sake
P 4 ty
Q 4 tickets
R 4 mo'
S 4 Joe
T 4 two
U 4 me
V 4 La France
W 4 drinks
X 4 breakfast
Y 4 widow
Z 4 breeze

★ **Do you wonder what will become of fighting equipment after the war? Here is part of the answer.**

Landing Craft After the War



Commander
Geoffrey Lowis, R.N.

Condensed from Argosy

AFTER the war people who know how to use war materials will get rich. What could be more adaptable than landing craft?

The big L.S.T. (Landing Ship, Tanks), would make ideal car ferries after minor modifications. Carry the exsting tank deck through to the stern, add a small ramp, and you have a double-ended ferry for nearly three hundred feet of cars three abreast.

Cheap to run. They only burn sixty gallons of diesel oil per hour for eight knots.

Plenty of room will be available for juke boxes, fruit machines, cooking and cooling arrangements.

The L.S.T. endeared itself to the Quartermaster Corps by poking its nose onto a beach and disgorging its contents on dry land. Why not farm produce? The ships can almost walk into a waterside farm and invite trucks aboard, discharging them straight into a distant market. No need to bother about jetties, cranes or stevedores. Take passengers, too, if you like. There is room for two hundred.

L.C.T. (Landing Craft, Tanks — a smaller ship than the L.S.T.) would make admirable houseboats. Roomier than a trailer, they share the merit of making it possible for you to change your neighbors when you want to — or have to. They offer hygienic sanitary arrangements, and you can make your own electricity.

Garage your car forward and you become amphibious. You can live in the center of any river town during the winter and when spring comes move into the country. Your wife can sail you down to the office while you shave in comfort.

Glass-in part of the tank deck and grow tomatoes. There is room for a swing and sandpile for the small fry. And if you are hospitable, there are twelve berths for week-end guests and a refrigerator that will hold enough drinks for all.

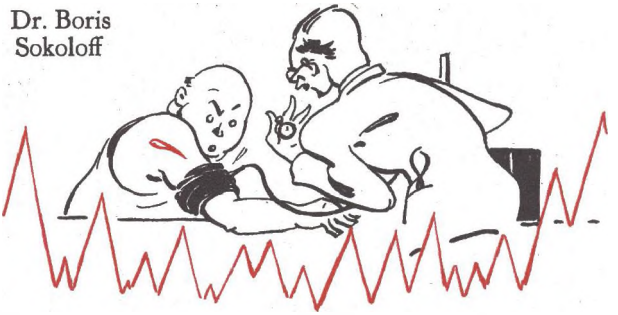
L.C.M. (Landing Craft, Mechanized) would be a godsend to many a hunting lodge or fishing camp. Drive your car on board, chug across the lake, and save long detours. In the wilds it's fine to be amphibious.

Landing craft have had a very tough time in the war. Why not give them a happy future to look forward to?

**** High blood pressure, or hypertension, as physicians call it, strikes down more people yearly than were killed in the whole of World War 1. A long — and until now — hopeless battle has been waged against it. Today there is hope; hope that thousands who would otherwise die may be saved.**

Is Your Blood Pressure High?

Dr. Boris Sokoloff



THESE same symptoms appear in many other diseases, but, if you suffer from a combination of inexplicable fatigue, shortness of breath, lack of appetite and persistently stubborn headaches, you should see your doctor. You may have high blood pressure, or hypertension, as we call it.

Until recently, all that we knew about hypertension was that something caused the small blood vessels in the body to contract, making it more difficult for the heart to pump blood through them and leading, eventually, to some serious cardiac condition and to early death. Not much could be done by science, beyond prescribing rest and a diet which would be free of elements that tax the heart. The cause of the contraction of the blood vessels wasn't known, nor had any certain cure been found by chance. Of course, the search for the real cause of high blood pressure went on constantly and, as frequently happens in the medical profession, clues were found and experiments begun, only to be abandoned because of failure, or because of more promising fields.

Some years ago, a group of doctors at our hospital embarked on an isolated experiment in hypertension. After a minor illness, one of our young surgeons developed the distressing symptoms described above. Because he couldn't work efficiently, he got worried. So did we.

We examined him carefully and found nothing wrong, except that

Dr. Sokoloff is a well-known medical researcher and author. He has worked with the Pasteur Institute in Paris and the Rockefeller Institute in New York.

his blood pressure was slightly higher than normal. He was inclined to disregard his symptoms. We weren't. The only abnormality we could find was a trace of albumin in his urine. This wasn't alarming, because albumin is often found in the urine of healthy people. However, since albumin is always present in cases of hypertension, we decided there must be some connection between the two. We found no other sign of injury to the kidneys, but we suspected that, due to his recent illness, some substance, or substances, usually present in normal kidneys must be lacking in his. Hoping to replace any such deficiency, we put him on a diet rich in fresh kidneys. It wasn't pleasant for him, but in three weeks his blood pressure had dropped.

If he hadn't reacted typically, we might never have known that we had accidentally learned something very important. He did go off the diet, however, and his blood pressure went up. Back on a kidney diet again, he was well in six months. Then, the pressure of other work made us forget the whole thing.

A series of recently revealed experiments proves that we were on the right track. And now, there is hope for all those who suffer from hypertension.

At the University of Vermont, a young physiologist named Dr. F. W. Dunihue decided to track down the cause of hypertension. Since even the connection between high blood pressure and the kidneys had never been proven, but only suspected, he proceeded to injure the kidneys of healthy dogs and found that, as soon as the kidney blood was restricted there was an immediate increase in blood pressure.

Further experiments made it possible for him to discover the hitherto unknown mechanism of hyptertension. He found that in injured kidneys, the cells which line a small part of the kidneys' arteries become unusually active. These "granular" cells produce a substance which renders the blood cells all over the body more sensitive and so more susceptible to contraction. The contraction of small blood vessels causes a rise in blood pressure.

So, the link between the kidneys and high blood pressure was firmly established.

In another part of the country, Dr. Irvine H. Page and his colleagues at the Indianapolis City Hospital carried the experiments still further. They found that the kidneys secrete two substances, one called "renin," the other "anti-renin." In healthy kidneys, these substances balance each other — they are known as antagonists, medically. If a kidney is injured, by infection, or due to a cold or the presence of toxins in the system, then there is an abundance of "renin" and a lack, or decrease in the production of "anti-renin." By itself "renin" is harmless. But,

when, with the aid of the liver, it is turned into another substance, it causes hypertension. They called this new substance "angiotonin." Dr. Page has succeeded in isolating this "angiotonin" and its chemical structure is almost known. That it is the real cause of high blood pressure has been proven by injecting it into dogs and producing hypertension where there was no other cause for it.

Knowing that high blood pressure was caused by too much renin and two little anti-renin, it was reasoned that supplying injured kidneys with anti-renin should bring down the blood pressure. An extract was made from normal hogs' kidneys and the renin was eliminated from it. This renin-free extract, injected into dogs with high blood pressure, brought down the pressure within two or three days. In a very short time the blood pressure reached normal levels, at which it remained for almost a month. By repeating the injections, when the blood pressure began to rise again, it was found to be possible to keep it at a normal level. Meanwhile, other scientists, working from the same premise, began to find that feeding sick animals a diet rich in fresh kidneys caused the blood pressure to fall. The next step was to apply these findings to human beings.

The kidney extract treatment for high blood pressure was used first in clinical experiments at the Indianapolis City Hospital, with such good results that its use has spread to many other clinics throughout the country.

This work is still in an experimental stage. However, now, the most important obstacles have been overcome. The cause of hypertension has been isolated. We know how it should be and can be treated. Knowing these things, it should not be long before we can promise to be able to cure all but the most advanced cases.

• • •

Fashions in Food

THE locusts that lay bare fields and bring desolation in their wake, serve as food to millions in Africa and to Indian races in the Western Hemisphere, who consider fried grasshoppers a staple.

IN the Amazon River of Brazil lives the vicious little fish called the piranha which attacks men and beasts at the smell of blood, and tears them to pieces. The Indians in turn eat the piranhas, scooping them up.

ESKIMOS eat whale and walrus blubber, or any fat, to keep warm. And when an explorer gave them gifts of soap to wash with, they delightedly ate the soap instead. It was ice-cream for them.

★★ Dorothy Parker is America's foremost short-story writer and likely America's top wit. Her latest book, belying Mr. Cerf's opening sentence, is now turning in best-seller sales records.

Miss Parker's Pen

Bennett A. Cerf

UNTIL a few years ago, Dorothy Parker was looked upon as one of the brightest and most scintillating wits in the country. Her bon mots were quoted from Atlantic City to Del Monte, and even if she never did say thirty percent of the things she was given credit for, the residue was sufficient to insure her place among the humorists of the ages. Then, suddenly, she stopped being funny. At the same time her output of brilliant short stories and trenchant verse dwindled into a mere trickle. Some people said it was the war. Others ascribed it to a happy marriage. "Dotty," they explained, "can only do her best work when her heart is breaking." Whatever the reason, the best Parker quips all date back to 1938 and earlier; you may judge for yourself how wonderfully they have withstood the ravages of time. (The average sally, or wise-crack, is stale and flat a week after its utterance!)

Dorothy Parker was born in a Jersey summer resort, and educated, in a manner of speaking, at a convent, which she left abruptly amidst mutual rejoicing. She first achieved literary fame as dramatic critic of Vanity Fair, but her acidulous comments provoked such wrath along Broadway that a petrified management, fearing lynching parties and tar and featherings, bade her be gone. Two other lights, just beginning to shine, went with her in protest. Their names were (A) Robert Sherwood, and (B) Robert Benchley. Miss Parker had polished off Channing Pollock's "The House Beautiful" in a single sentence. "'The House Beautiful,'" she reported, "is the play lousy." When Katherine Hepburn opened in a little thing called "The

Lake," Miss Parker's comment was, "She ran the whole gamut of emotion from A to B." Hepburn made her eat those words later. They were milk and honey, anyhow, to the literary reviews she turned out later for the New Yorker when she hit real midseason form. Her review of Margot Asquith's biography began "The affair between Margot Asquith and Margot Asquith is one of the prettiest love affairs in literature." The caption on her dissection of Edith Wharton's life-story read, "Edie Was a Lady." Of Lucius Beebe's "Snoot If You Must," she commented, "This must be a gift book. That is to say, a book which you wouldn't take on any other terms." She polished off one scientific volume with the dictum, "it was written without fear and without research." A. A. Milne was not exactly her meat. "Tonstant Weader," she reported, "fwowed up." There was something about the face af Harold Ross, the editor, she explained, that made her go into her office and slam the hell out of the first book that came to hand. The office was shared with Benchley, and was known as "The Park-Bench" to favored patrons of the Algonquin Hotel. At a round table in the Algonquin dining room, Miss Parker gave birth to many of the sallies that won her fame.

At a society dinner she entered the dining room alongside a beautiful and catty lady-playwright. The playwright stepped aside. "Age before beauty," she said sweetly. "Pearls before swine," responded Miss Parker, just as sweetly, and sailed in to as hearty a dinner as ever she ate. Over the coffee, she asked her dinner partner, "Where on earth do these people come from? I bet when the evening is over, they all will crawl back into the woodwork!"

Miss Parker spent a summer in England. Upon her return she explained that she had devoted the better part of her time to sliding up and down barristers. A drunk on the boat developed an unrequited passion for her; Dorothy referred to him as a "rhinestone in the rough." On one occasion he assured her, "I simply can't *bear* fools." "Apparently," said Miss Parker, "your mother did not have the same difficulty."

Miss Parker could scarcely be considered the ideal week-end guest. Her hostess at one such gathering was described as "outspoken." "By whom?" rasped Miss Parker. That evening she wired a friend in New York, "For heaven's

sake, rush me a loaf of bread, enclosing saw and file." She is unfailingly polite to people's faces — so darn sweet and gracious, in fact, that some sensitive souls cannot watch her performance without a convulsion — but her angelic smile can dissolve into an angry snarl at the turn of a back. One of her victims analyzed her as one-tenth critic, nine-tenths hypocritic. Think what you will of Miss Parker in person, there is no gainsaying the fact that her short stories and verse rank with the very best. The ever-moderate Woollcott summarized her work as "so potent a distillation of nectar and wormwood, of ambrosia and deadly night-shade, as might suggest to the rest of us that we write far too much." Somerset Maugham contented himself with, "It is as difficult to say anything about Dorothy Parker that has not been said as it is about the Venus of Milo. Helen could make a scholar famous with a kiss; she can make a fool immortal with a jibe."

Two full-length plays have been written around the complex character of Dorothy Parker. One was "Here Today," by George Oppenheimer, the other "Over Twenty-One," by Ruth Gordon. "I suppose that now if I ever wrote a play about myself," commented the heroine bitterly one evening, "I'd be sued for plagiarism!"

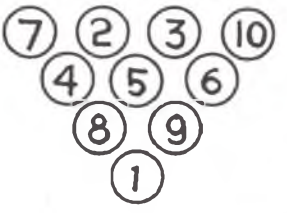
SOLUTIONS:

ANIMAL HUNT: DEER, APE AND DOE ARE THREE.

NINE ANIMALS: DEER, BEAR, HORSE, DOE, BOAR, SEAL, CALF, HARE AND STEER.

TURN THE TRIANGLE:

MOVE COINS NO. 1, 7 AND 10.



A FIVE-WORD SENTENCE:

TRY AND YOU WILL SUCCEED.

U	O	Y	N
W	Y	A	D
I	L	R	T
L	U	C	E
S	D	E	C

★★ **Being over 38, and a father, has kept Mark Williams out of the Army. But, like us, sometimes he wonders at the injustice of it all.**

I Should of Stood in Bed

Mark Williams

WHAT a life I lead. And maybe you do, too. Only this is my space so you're going to read about mine.

Ordinarily I don't complain. I subscribe to the theory that nobody invited me to live in this world — and while that doesn't equal the number of people who have invited me to live out of it, it does show that I am nobody's responsibility and it makes a pretty good theory to subscribe to. (I'm also an old subscriber to the Saturday Evening Post, Liberty — and as the editor might well note, a new subscriber to Reader's Scope, which is a corny old gag but I need help as much as the next guy and editors are human, too.)

My point, however, is that I can take life as it comes, only lately it comes strictly from trouble. To begin with I am a father.

I was about to say that a father's life at best is no haven of happiness, but that sounds like carping and nobody ever got very far with a carp. Except, maybe another carp. What bothers me is that to be a father you must first be a husband (a social amenity which has lasted quite a while now and which, for everybody's good, we might just as well leave undisturbed). And being a husband involves frequent attendance at functions that only an inquisitor could consider happy.

There is, for instance, the movies. Now I like the movies. Any statement to the contrary is likely a canard circulated by my wife — an old circulator of contrary statements.

The trouble with going to the movies is that somewhere. I am convinced, there is a subversive anti-movie organization which specializes in the establishment of movie timetables. The insidious purpose of these saboteurs is to arrange the time of movie showings so that they constitute the first hazard in the long obstacle race that begins when you decide you'd like to see Lana Turner, let us say, in her new vehicle (and I don't mean cardigan either).

What happens? You get home

from work too tired for anything but Lana. At the door you are met by your charming wife who is anxious to step out, and your two squalling children who are eager to tear you apart first and keep you home afterward.

But you resolutely pick up the paper and discover that Lana's turn is scheduled to go on at 6:00, 8:30 and 11:00. If you want to see Lana and not a short on the beautiful scenery of Kokowamjumoana, plus how to save your pre-war golf balls, plus how not to fall downstairs while living in a bungalow — plus a super-epic of love, romance, glamour, thrills, action, adventure and who shot Lizzie (turned out in three days by a couple of smart boys from Keystone and labelled strictly B — before the ad department heard about it) — if you want to avoid all that happiness — besides next week's trailer, you have your choice of several smart moves.

One is to leave immediately, without supper and the children, rush to the movie palace, race to a seat and then duck out and get yourself a sandwich about 7:15 when the pangs of hunger are competing with the curves of Lana.

Or, you can have a leisurely dinner at home, put the children to bed, give them their customary spanking before they stop howling long enough to get to sleep, then make your dash for the movie and get there in time to line up at the end of the queue in the lobby with the other eager beavers and miss only the first part of the Turner opus. Or, you can call in the neighbors, set up a poker game which you can quit at 10:45 sharp when you are only seven dollars and sixty-eight cents behind — and go through routine B as above. Or, there's another choice. You can always stay home.

In any case, the amount of amusement you get may be negligible but you'll spend a busy night.

As for me, I have other ways of spending my time — equally enjoyable. There is the pleasant Sunday outing with my family at a nearby bathing resort, for instance. Having carefully hoarded gasoline coupons against the first brilliant day, we set out early — say about one o'clock in the afternoon, because the morning has somehow unaccountably been consumed disposing of such minor pre-outing operations as changing the tire, which has been flat all week only my wife forgot to tell me, coaxing the children first to eat their breakfast and then dragging their eager little hands out of the lunch basket an hour later, finding a way to get less than a mile from the house before my wife discovers she forgot her sunglasses — and then the post-sunglasses trip to go back for the bathing suits which she knows she gave me only I always mislay everything.

But — finally we get to the beach. Now all I have to do is deposit the family in a place of safety while I park the car. This involves a short mile-and-a-half run to the parking lot, and likely as not a brush with the attendant whose only interest in life is getting me a place as far away from the gate as the acreage allows. For this, plus the pleasure of watching the mudguards scraped as this expert wheels my car into line — because he had to take over

when I backed and filled, trying to get into the space without scraping anything — I have to pay only $1.00.

Now, I walk the mile-and-a-half back and confront my glaring family which would like to know why, when we have only one day for pleasure, I consume most of their precious time making them wait in the hot sun — under which I have enjoyably sauntered for the past ten minutes at my quickest dog-trot.

But apologies (on my part) are promptly made and grudgingly accepted and we are now ready for fun. This begins when I have lugged the gear to a suitably shady spot, comfortably settled my wife with beach chair and umbrella and promised not to get lost again.

The children and I set off for the amusement section. Here we line up for the ferris wheel, the roller coaster, the scooter, the whip and the airplane ride, from which — because there is somewhere a just God looking out for fools and fathers — or both — I emerge, at last, unscathed and only mildly ill. Now, while I am still reeling, all I have to do is take them for six rides on the merry-go-round.

But, at long last, everything is all set for me to spend a quiet afternoon basking in the sunshine and disporting in the surf. Back we go to the beach itself where I merely unpack the lunch, walk another mile-and-a-half for cold water, eat the combination sand and tomato sandwiches, refill the water pitcher, fight my way to a locker, see that both children are properly clad in bathing suits — and then I can plunge in for a swim. Only now it is about five-thirty. The sun is hiding behind the same clouds that are scudding before a high gale and I have a choice of catching a cold again — the way I did last Sunday — or going home. So I go home.

I'm not complaining, I repeat. I am just wondering when I'll know enough to get a job on the all-night and week-end shift.

Brevity is the Soul of Wit

This one concerns the speaker at the Dutch Treat Club one Tuesday who said, "Personally, I'm having such a good time talking to you that I could go on speaking all afternoon." At this, one member leaned over to his companion and whispered, "Say, what follows this fellow?"

"Thursday, at the rate he's going," was the answer.

STRANGE FACTS from the Fighting Fronts

Tom Law

New Zealand:

All primitive peoples uphold the Samson legend, that a man's strength lies in his hair. Among the Maoris the most important ceremonial was once the king's annual haircut. A year's growth of hair was supposedly so stored with strength that cutting it blasted away evil spirits. In Australia, the entire royal household was clipped at one fell swoop. It took many moons to prepare for this most solemn occasion, exorcising evil spirits and curing more mundane ills.

South Pacific:

On Tubuai Island a girl can have two lovers at the same time, but more than two is frowned upon as immoral. Women outnumber men four to one. Morals are often a matter of mathematics, or sheer supply and demand.

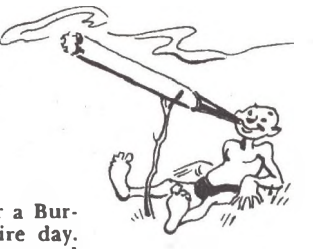
Pacific Area:

Before Pearl Harbor, there were sailors in the U. S. Navy who wore skirts with red stripes around the bottom, a red band about the head, and no shoes. This was the regulation uniform of the "fita-fita," or native guards, on the American Island of Samoa. Can you imagine them on Times Square?

Alaska:

Bogoslof Island is "in-again, out-again." It appears and disappears. It has been one island, no island, several islands, and then one island again. It has been big, little, high and low. Now you see it, now you don't; and the reason is always volcanic action under the sea.

★★ Things you never knew 'til now about the new friends our boys are making.



Burma:

Men, women and children smoke all day long, for a Burmese cigarette serves a whole family for an entire day. It is a fearsome thing, between one and two feet long and two inches in diameter. Are you trying to give up smoking? In Burma you can easily cut down on the number of cigarettes you smoke.

India:

We have all read about bottles afloat carrying mysterious messages. In India one must be doubly careful about picking up such a container. The Hindu believes a bellyache is caused by a devil hopping around inside him. He calls priest, priest prays, devil pops out of Hindu and into bottle, which is corked and thrown into the river.

Italy:

The city of Pisa was the New York of the Middle Ages. After conquering much of the ancient world, it built great skyscrapers; tall, square shafts rising into the sky. They were built first for defense, and later wealthy families outdid each other in the height of their homes just to keep up with the Joneses.

South Seas:

Soldiers in the South Seas are isolated if they arrive with the common cold, which is deadly to the natives, who have no resistance to it. A sailor with T.B. landed a century ago on the Island of Nukahiva, inhabited by 100,000. The natives all died of the dread disease.

North Borneo:

Fishing is easy. Native fishermen pour the juice of a poisonous root on the waters, which paralyzes the fish. They are then scooped up. The same principle is practised by native tribes of the Brazilian jungle.

★ **From infancy to five years or six years, children develop most rapidly. Here is how to guide that crucial period.**

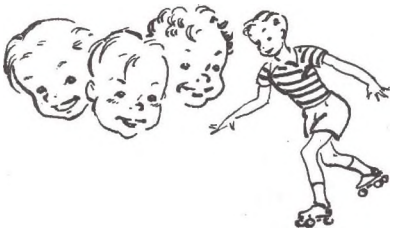
Infancy and Early

C. W. Wyckoff

By the time a baby is 6 weeks old he should be well established on a proper schedule of eating and sleeping. The mother is now accustomed to his constant movements and general body wiggling. She knows it is normal for him to keep his arms and legs tightly flexed, or drawn up to his body, and to keep the fists tightly clenched. She knows that he may make queer sounds with his mouth and throat when swallowing; that his breathing when asleep is shallow and may be jerky, and that this is not a sign of impending death but just a normal phenomenon in the newborn; that he may hiccough a great deal, and that this does not indicate gas in his stomach or wrong food or indigestion but is due to the fact that the brand new diaphragm behaves jerkily at first but gradually becomes broken in. She learns that baby's sneezes do not mean pneumonia but only a sensitive nose lining becoming accustomed to lint and dust in the air, and that his occasional coughs are caused by saliva trickling down his throat. Her self assurance and composure are gradually established during these first six to eight weeks.

She knows now that there is no such thing as a cross or mean or nervous infant. Every normal infant, when well fed and comfortably cared for, is happy when awake and a good sleeper. A nervous, apprehensive mother or nurse may influence even a normal infant to be fussy by too much handling or examining or just by her disturbed, uncertain mental approach.

As the baby's nerve-muscle development progresses, there is also taking place a gradual unfolding of mental development. He starts to weave himself into our social fabric by the slow achievement of two entirely different functions. First, he grows in his ability to visualize and comprehend the world through his five senses; second, he grows rapidly in his ability to act. Notwithstanding the fact that many features of the infants' management have tended to make his early months easier for him, there are some circumstances which even



Childhood

Condensed from Hygeia

in his early weeks of life will clash with his natural progress and will even order the manner in which his body functions perform. They will dictate his modes of eating, sleeping, intestinal elimination and urinary control, and, worse yet, they will order the time when he may cry. From the beginning he is gently but firmly made to conform. As a rule, the mother succeeds sufficiently so that by the age of 2 years, this wholly self-centered, wild, little human animal really does slip into his own particular notch as a responsive member of our civilization.

Of course you must realize that in these early months and years of a child's development, the demand is not so much for training as for watching the child grow and sensibly and lovingly guiding him.

When the infant starts to walk, he will run into objects, pull things down, tear things up, spill whatever his hands touch and seem to do everything wrong. This continues until he is 2½ or 3 years old and later. None of this behavior should ever be punished. You must always realize the age you are dealing with. Make the child's life safer by putting things out of his reach. Confine his activity to a safe room. Be ever watchful during every waking moment without letting him know of your watchfulness. Regularity of routine is a prime requisite during these early months and years. As soon as the infant is able he must be taught to hold his own bottle, then to feed himself, then to dress and undress himself. When his age will permit, he should be taught his toilet habits at regular times. He should be taught to stay by himself for certain periods, to pick up his toys, to care for his clothing. The younger you can teach him responsibility for his own self the better. It makes him happier; it develops character.

Every child by nature is an optimist. He is a happy, laughing, singing spirit. But this is easily submerged by constant scolding or threatening—or jerking or shaking or loud talking – by not entering into his play, by not praising him generously, by continuously suggesting to him that he is naughty or bad.

Lack of appetite, indifference to food and prolonged meals are usually the fault of the mother or nurse. Every growing child is hungry; therefore he will eat at his regular mealtime if let alone and given the opportunity to do it his own way. There must be no entertaining at mealtime and no conversation about the food or any other topic unless the child asks an occasional question. Nothing should be said when the child only plays with his food, but he should be taken from the table and made to wait until the next meal. He is

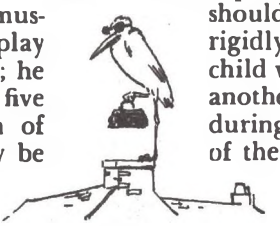
not in the mood to eat — either because of physical fatigue or an emotional disturbance such as fright, anger or jealousy — or he is just not hungry at that particular time. This method of procedure applies to all ages of childhood. The merit of any food should never be discussed with the child. Both parents must realize that the child's appetite will disappear if they show anxiety or use coercion or persuasion in any manner — such as rewards or punishment.

It is necessary to encourage the development of self reliance and responsibility as early as possible. Parents should remember that self reliance and responsibility induce interest, courage and initiative, all excellent attributes of character.

At 18 months the child is far enough developed to be interested in pictures of animals, foods or objects with which he may be familiar. If he handles a book he will turn two or three pages at a time; he may call some objects by name or point to an object if the parent first calls it by name. At 2 years the child has good muscle coordination and his play is becoming constructive; he does not change every five minutes from one form of play to another but may be entertained for half an hour or so by one thing.

From the age of 2 to 3 years there is a rapid improvement in his personal-social behavior development. At 3 years he has learned enough independence to play by himself; he no longer demands the constant attendance of some adult and should not have it. He will even attempt play with other children.

By the age of 4 he is developed sufficiently in his emotional make-up and nervous and physical growth to endure an all day school with, of course, a nap period. From 1 to 5 or 6 years, it is well for the child to have twelve hours sleep nightly and also a midday nap of one and one-half to two-and-one-half hours. This not only rests the child's tired and growing body, but also it regenerates the vital energy so much needed for his mental growth and emotional stability. Not all children require the same number of hours' sleep for refreshing their bodies, but all young children do require a midday nap or complete rest. However, this should not be carried out so rigidly that it may punish the child when, for one reason or another, actual sleep or rest during the nap period is out of the question.



Grass

(*From* YOURS FOR THE ASKING *by Richard Armour*)

The earth and sky
Conspire to grow it
And you and I
Perspire to mow it.

Flying the Mail

★ **Out of this tough job of flying the mails came a school of superior airmen.**

D. C. Alexander

Condensed from Air News

IN THE midst of another war, twenty-six years ago May fifteenth, two pilots traveling in relays, flew four bags of mail between New York City and Washington, D. C. — the first official air mail flight in the United States. To this event can be traced the intricate pattern currently unfolding for post-war air lanes, with transport companies competing for favored routes around the globe and air-mail pickup service throughout the forty-eight states.

When aviation was in its adolescent stage competition among the operators was fostered and nurtured by the U. S. Post Office, under the leadership of a visionary postmaster general whose policies nearly landed him behind bars but helped develop air transport.

It is a fact that during this period of its growth many pilots lost their lives, thousands of dollars went up in smoke and the intrigue and politics connected with air mail contracts closely rivaled the early days of the railroads. Until a few years ago air mail did not pay its way in the Post Office Department. However, contracts to carry the mail helped the infant transport business to develop.

When regular air mail service began in the United States each letter required a twenty-four cent stamp, thus cooling the enthusiasm of business firms. Equipment was only what the Army could spare. Airports were inadequate and the Army carried the mail as a means of training its pilots. Yet, in spite of these obstacles the system was seventy-five per cent efficient after two weeks operation, soon was completing ninety-three per cent of its schedules.

Three months before the Armistice was signed the Post Office Department won the right to have its own service, collected seventeen planes especially adaptable for mail service, chose Army instruc-

tors with from 500 to 1,000 hours flying experience as pilots. On August 12th it took over complete control of air mail service.

The real "go" signal for aviation came with passage of the first *Air Mail Act* on February 2, 1925. Its purpose was to encourage commercial aviation and to authorize the Postmaster General to contract for air mail service at a rate of ten cents for each ounce.

By 1926 twelve air mail routes had been awarded by the Department and the mail was bringing in so much more revenue than did passengers that few contractors bothered to install seats in their planes. But in spite of liberal payments by the Post Office, few of the carriers made much money in their first year of operation.

When by 1928 the postal rate was reduced to five cents an ounce, it was a great boon to air-mail operators for it increased the volume of mail. Some routes received more for carrying mail than the government received in postal revenue. By the end of 1929 the government was paying operators $1.09 a mile for carrying the mail.

Also by the end of 1929 Walter Folger Brown occupied the desk of Postmaster General. Before many months had gone by he decided the Post Office Department was the agency best fitted to start commercial aviation on its way.

Brown foresaw a system of strongly financed, competitive transcontinental air lines intersected by an extensive network of feeder routes which would stimulate the manufacture of safe, fast, airplanes. But at the time he took office mail brought in about eight times more revenue than a passenger could pay for a seat and it was much less expensive for operators to handle. Improved equipment for passenger service was available but few lines were interested because air mail didn't require the latest type ship.

To accomplish his purpose Brown took drastic steps. He operated under the theory that the means justified the end. The means he took involved annihilation of the small operator in favor of the company with a big enough personnel and enough money and management in back of it to become self-sustaining. Brown believed that only financially stable operators should be granted mail routes whether they were the lowest bidders or not. His policies edged out a good many top-notch operators but in the long run transport benefited.

The law which made Brown dictator of United States' airways was one he requested himself. Known as the *McNary-Watres Act*, it gave the Postmaster General a free hand in carrying out his policies.

Instead of being paid according to the old pound-per-mile rate, operators were to receive revenue according to the amount of space available for mail. This was outright subsidy but its effects were

far-reaching. It worked this way:

With operators paid by space there was every advantage in their ordering larger ships from aircraft manufacturers. If mail did not consume all the space in new ships of this type, operators could install seats and attract a profitable passenger traffic. To carry human cargo faster and with greater safety, more comfortable planes would be demanded. This was exactly the thing Brown desired. He felt this would stimulate manufacturers to produce finer equipment and, as the new airlines established records of reliability, passenger traffic would increase. Gradually fares were to replace mail payments as the support of air-line revenue until operators eventually would be independent of subsidy in any form.

The Post Office Department investment was a good one in spite of its extravagance. Under this system payments by the Post Office went down each year until, from a high of 97 cents a mile in 1930, payments in 1933 were reduced to 54 cents.

Aviation in general received a new bill of rights on June 23, 1938 when President Roosevelt signed the *McCarran-Lea Bill,* one of the most important pieces of legislation in air transport history. The Civil Aeronautics Act established a Civil Aeronautics Authority which took over the airway personnel and property of the Post Office Department, the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Bureau of Air Commerce. The Authority's mail policy allowed the Postmaster General to retain such rights as enforcing rules and regulations for transporting air mail, but abolished the old contract mail system in favor of negotiated, non-competitive certificates. The Authority issued the certificates but the Post Office Department paid the freight and determined schedules. The postal executive could still juggle routes to his liking by arranging schedules but the CAA now fixed mail rates and this acted as a check on unrestrained discrimination.

From the time the new air constitution went into effect, air lines became increasingly independent of mail payments, and carried heavier and heavier postal loads. By 1941 mail amounted to less than one third of the operator's revenue and air mail began to earn tremendous profits for the Post Office.

With the success of carrying the mail by air finally realized, the system was ready to expand in the late 1930's and aerial pickup was introduced.

Today air mail pickup ranks high among post-war aviation plans. If, as has been suggested, all first class mail were to travel via the skyways, a pickup service to link small communities with large cities, would become necessary.

Throughout the twenty-six years of the official existence of air mail the public has become increasingly accustomed to and often dependent on fast postal service. Once the war is over and more planes can be released for passenger and mail cargo, look for bigger and better air postal service.

★★Neither snow, nor rain, nor storm, nor Japs, nor their occupation of Chinese territory, keeps China's mailmen from the completion of their rounds.

China's Guerrilla Mailmen

Geraldine Micallef

ON AN active fighting front in Central China some time ago, foreign military observers were astounded to see a curious figure plodding across the battlefield. He wore a green uniform and, slung over his shoulder, carried a bag on which was painted the picture of a green goose — the ancient symbol of China's postal service. He was one of China's ubiquitous postmen who, despite war, invasion, and occupation, continue to deliver the mail behind the front, at the front, and even into the occupied areas.

The dogged persistence of China's postal service and the unglamourized day-in, day-out heroism of the Chinese mailmen are merely another indication of China's will to resist the Jap invader. And if anyone should question the extent of Chinese guerrilla control of the "occupied" hinterland, the continuing regular Chinese postal service to and from these areas should provide at least a partial answer.

Getting the mail through is no cinch in China. Scores of unsung postmen have already lost their lives while collecting or delivering mail along the 2,000 mile front. A sub-station in southern Shensi had five mailmen killed one after another trying to penetrate the Japanese lines while fighting was in progress. Some mailmen are missing for days or weeks before turning up with their mail intact.

Not only is mail delivered between the western provinces and the fighting front in eastern China, and between the cities and guerrilla districts, but even, by underground routes, between Chinese controlled areas and those held by the Japanese army.

Consequently, while thousands of Chinese and Japanese may be slaughtering one another in some battle, the mail keeps slipping through the lines not far from the

scene of the fighting. A letter mailed in Jap-occupied Shanghai will travel through underground channels until it passes out of enemy territory, and arrives in Chungking within a month. This is only twice as long as it took before the war. The Chinese Post Office accepts registered and special delivery as well as ordinary mail for delivery in Jap-occupied territory.

The green-uniformed Chinese postmen tote their mailbags into the no-man's land at the front and, at prearranged points, hand them over to guerrilla mailmen who bring them mail from the Jap-held and guerrilla territories. It goes without saying that these exchange stations must be shifted frequently.

China also maintains an Army Postal Service for the men in the front lines. The men doing this job are civilians but the service has military characteristics. When the Chinese retook the south Kwangsi city of Nanning, men of the Army Postal Service marched in with the main force. In early 1940, when the Japs struck into western Suiyuan, the Army Postal Service operated on horseback through the Mongolian Desert for more than a month to maintain contact with the various Chinese units.

Within the guerrilla districts, Chinese fighters have their own postal system in addition to the Army Postal Service and the regular mail system. Operating in the mountains and marshes where the guerrillas maintain their strongholds, runners who know the hidden paths of the back-country so intimately they could follow them blindfold, carry the mail from one secret station to another, right under the noses of the Japanese.

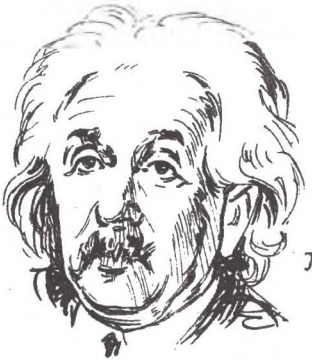
In this service, goose feathers are used in lieu of printed postage stamps — something that harks back to the legend that the wild goose was China's first mail carrier. Today, a half-burned goose feather pasted on a guerrilla letter is the equivalent of a special delivery stamp.

Answers to ALPHAQUIZ

(*Questions on page* 81)

A Hay for Horses
B Beef or mutton
C Seaforth Highlanders
D Deaf or dumb
E Eva La Gallienne
F Effervescent
G Gee, for crying out loud
H Age before beauty
I Ivor Novello
J Jefferson
K Cafe au lait
L Hell for leather
M Emphasis
N Information
O Oh, for goodness' sake
P P-40
Q Cue for tickets
R 'Arf a mo'
S Ask for Joe
T Tea for two
U You for me
V Vive La France
W Double you for drinks
X Eggs for breakfast
Y Wife or widow
Z Zephyr breeze

★ **At 65 he leads the simplest of lives — and grapples with the most complex thoughts.**



Condensed from the N. Y. Times Magazine

The Einstein Theory of Living

Daniel Schwarz

DR. ALBERT EINSTEIN'S routine is fixed and simple. He gets up about 8 o'clock and leaves before 9 for the Institute of Advanced Study, where he is a professor of Mathematics, but in the happy position of having no students to distract him. It's a mile and half from his small, white frame house at 122 Mercer Street, but he walks there and back every day, rain or shine, snow or hail. He has always refused to own an automobile. He never wears a hat or rubbers, or carries an umbrella, whatever the weather.

Dr. Einstein's neighbors on Mercer Street and the occasional other passers-by are not yet altogether resigned to this peculiarity. They still shake their heads dubiously as the short, hatless professor ambles along, his cloud of white hair waving in the breeze and his thin overcoat flapping shapelessly around his knees like a bathrobe. As one of them said the other day: "Middle class people like you and I don't have one-tenth in our brains as them professors, but at least we know what to do when it rains." Dr. Einstein's good health contradicts their forebodings. He looks thinner but otherwise the years have been kind to him.

His pace down Mercer Street is slow but unchanging. He appears to be drawn into himself, as if he were already starting the day's work, and his eyes don't seem to be taking in what's going on around him. Yet he never pleases the theorists who think he is absent-minded by making a wrong turn, and in about half an hour he arrives at his office on the second floor of the lavish Institute of Advanced Study.

It's a spacious suite of two rooms, one small room intended for an assistant and one large room with bookshelves, a long blackboard, a

big desk, comfortable chairs and wide windows. It looks bare because there are no books on the shelves — Dr. Einstein keeps his scientific library at home. This is officially the professor's office, but he prefers to use the smaller room, perhaps a third the size of the larger one.

His only research tools are paper and pen or pencil. With them he does his experiments — he calls them "idealized experiments," because all spheres imagined for them are perfect, all speeds uniform, all surfaces frictionless. He spends the mornings filling sheet after sheet with mathematical equations. His own description of his method of work is, "I think and think for months, for years. Ninety-nine times the conclusion is false. The hundreth time I am right." And he expresses his faith in his methods in the aphorism, "The Lord God is subtle, but he is never mischievous."

The task he has set himself — he has been working on it for some twenty years — is to develop a single theory that will explain both gravitation and electromagnetism.

Besides his theoretical work, Professor Einstein took on last June a job for the Bureau of Ordnance of the Navy. According to Star Shell, a publication of the bureau, he is working on "the theory of explosion, seeking to determine what laws govern the more obscure waves of detonation, why certain explosives have marked directional effect and other highly technical theories." The account added that he would not have to get a Navy haircut or wear a uniform ("he thinks better in his old windbreaker with his trousers rolled up") and that he would do his work at Princeton.

About 1 o'clock Dr. Einstein leaves his office and walks home. The rest of his day is spent in his comfortable, well-furnished home handling his large correspondence, doing such work as he can to help refugees, in whom he has never lost his interest, reading, playing the violin or entertaining close friends.

That is the routine of Dr. Einstein's day. He follows it rigidly six days a week, probably doesn't vary it much on the seventh, and is happiest when he is left alone to pursue it. But build a better universe and the world will beat a path to your door. Charities ask him for contributions (he seldom refuses), newspapers and magazines want interviews (he seldom consents), promoters want him to endorse their product (he has turned down an offer of $1,000 a minute for a radio talk), inventors are after him, banquet givers want him to say just a few words.

"Why is it," he asked jokingly on one occasion, "nobody understands me and everybody likes me?"

Perhaps because of his complete simplicity and modesty, unexpected in a person so intellectually complex. Or perhaps because of the boyish enthusiasm and frankness that light up his face when he talks to you. Or maybe it's just that people are perpetually surprised to discover that the great and mysterious Einstein, who understands the fourth dimension, is unpretentious and understandable after all.

He hates to disappoint anyone

or refuse a request. His late wife once said of him, "The trouble with Albert is, he has no sales resistance. Why, if a salesman came to the door of this house [they were living in a one-story bungalow at the time] and offered to sell him an elevator, he couldn't refuse." While his wife was alive she shielded him from most of the time consumers and money grabbers who tried to reach him. Since her death his secretary and his sister, who live with him in Princeton, do that.

Dr. Einstein, himself, perhaps in self-defense, has become quite skillful at turning aside requests, usually with a joke. For instance:

To interviewers who asked too many questions: "Even a cow can give only so much milk, gentlemen."

Asked if he had ever seen Hitler: "No, but I have seen his photographs and they are sufficient."

To another interviewer: "Falling in love is by no means the most foolish thing mankind does — but gravitation cannot be held responsible for that."

Talking about how his theories would be rated fifty years later: "Well, if I am right the Germans will say I was a German and the French will say I was a Jew. If I am wrong, the Germans will say I was a Jew and the French will say I was a German."

Asked if he believed in Santa Claus and the Christmas spirit: "You will have to define your terms."

Meeting a request for a principle for success in life: "If A is success in life, I should say the rule for success may be expressed in the formula A=X+Y+Z, X being work and Y play." And what is Z? "That is keeping your mouth shut."

Dr. Einstein was born at Ulm on March 14, 1879. His father owned an electrical business and earned enough, at least during his son's early years, to raise his family comfortably. When Albert was a year old his parents moved to Munich, where he was educated in a Catholic school. He was so slow at learning to talk that even his parents thought he was subnormal and his teachers considered him stupid. He was timid but not docile, he resented the discipline of the German educational system and he could not be "gleichgeschaltet."

The first flash of something unusual in the boy came when he was 12. An older friend gave him a geometry textbook and it quickly became his favorite reading. He learned Euclid by himself and later taught himself calculus and other mathematics, but in the German secondary schools of the time the emphasis was on Latin, Greek and the ancient world, subjects in which the young Einstein certainly did not shine.

While still a student Einstein had begun his re-examination of the fundamental problems of light, the ether and gravitation. His job as a patent examiner was painstaking but easy, and he managed to work surreptitiously on his theories between patents. These studies came to a climax in 1905, when he published five important scientific papers, including his "Special

Theory of Relativity." He was 26. Ten years later he published his "General Relativity Theory."

In 1921 he received the Nobel Prize—and gave the money to charity. By good fortune he was on a visit to this country in 1933, when Hitler came to power, and he has never since returned to Germany.

No one who meets Einstein for the first time would think of him as a revolutionary. He is the mildest of men. Yet he has revolutionized our conception of the universe. His theory of gravitation has been called "the greatest synthetic achievement of the human intellect up to the present time." The change he produced in our thinking is as radical as that made when Copernicus demonstrated that the earth revolves around the sun.

Of what practical use are his theories? It is too early to say. Already astrophysics and astronomy have been affected by the theory of relativity. The evolution of the photo-electric cell can be traced back to Einstein's work on the quantum theory, and problems in atomic physics are being attacked along Einsteinian lines of thought. And it seems certain that the practical influence of Einstein's ideas will grow with the years rather than diminish.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S publishers asked him to listen to a chapter of a book they contemplated buying. Proudly the young author appeared at Shaw's house and began to read. Suddenly the great man apologized for having to leave the room for a moment.

The unhappy writer waited for quite some time, when a maid appeared and brought some tea.

"Mr. Shaw will return in a few minutes," she said.

"If he is so busy, I shall come back another time," said the young man meekly.

"Oh no," said the maid. "You better stay now. Mr. Shaw ordered me to tell you that he is only preparing himself to sleep comfortably. He does not like to sleep in his clothes, you know."

SHAW was shown some drawings by a modern artist, designed to illustrate his play, "Saint Joan." He did not like them at all. But he only said:

"These are as deserving as my Joan d'Arc herself."

The artist immediately got busy to publicize Shaw's remarks as unadulterated praise. A few days later a friend called up the author and very doubtfully asked him whether he really had said something nice at last, Shaw answered:

"I meant every word I said. Joan d'Arc was burned, wasn't she?"

★When Untitled was first presented by CBS, it created a "listening" sensation. This intense, dramatic story is destined as well to hold a permanent place of honor among the great writings of America.

Untitled

Norman Corwin

This is one of the plays in the Columbia Presents Corwin Series. Reprinted by permission of Norman Corwin and the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

MUSIC: INTRODUCTION.

VOICE: With reference to Hank Peters: he is dead.

That much is certain.

The fact of his death is common knowledge to himself and to the files of the War Department in Washington, D. C.

And has been duly reported in his home-town newspaper,

And has been taken into consideration by his relatives and friends.

Perhaps you knew Hank Peters.

Perhaps if you didn't know him you saw him somewhere and didn't know it was he. Quite possible:

Because at one time or other he rode on the coaches of the Santa Fe, the Union Pacific, the New York Central and the Nickel Plate;

He mingled with crowds in depots across the land, and at various times was among the audiences at widespread Orpheum and Loew theatres;

He strolled, on leave, down Broadway, Wilshire boulevard, Wabash avenue and the main streets of Killeen, Texas, Gulfport, Mississippi, and Des Moines, Iowa;

He frequently ate blueplates at scattered Childs restaurants; was known to have purchased sodas, razor blades and magazines at Liggett Drug Stores,

And before he was apprenticed to the war, he drove many a mile over many a state highway, also over secondary and dirt roads not represented on the Socony maps.

So, it is quite possible that at some time or other you may have passed him, seen him, talked to him.

Well, anyway, he's dead now.

MUSIC: IN AND BEHIND.

VOICE: A couple of the boys sorted out his belongings and put them in a canvas bag and sent

them home. There wasn't much to send:

SERGEANT: Wrist watch.

CORPORAL: Check.

SERGEANT: Shaving kit.

CORPORAL: Check.

SERGEANT: Wallet.

CORPORAL: Check.

SERGEANT: Fourteen American dollars.

CORPORAL: Fourteen bucks.

SERGEANT: 62 lira.

CORPORAL: What'll his family do with lira?

SERGEANT: Never mind. Put it down there. (PAUSE) Portable radio.

CORPORAL: Check.

SERGEANT: Deck of cards.

CORPORAL: Check.

SERGEANT: Pack of letters.

CORPORAL: Check.

SERGEANT: Four snapshots.

CORPORAL: Lemme see.

SERGEANT: Come on, come on. (PAUSE.) Marksman's medal.

CORPORAL: Right.

SERGEANT: That's all.

CORPORAL: Next.

VOICE: These things were sent home in a neat package.

But what could not be sent home were items unassorted and unrelated, which died within his head when he was hit:

Telephone numbers,

The taste of good, hot grub on a cold, rainy day,

The image of the evening plane caught in a skein of searchlights over the town, pulling the whole web with it across the sky,

The paralyzed newsboy on Maple and Elm who could barely hold coins in his hand while he counted change.

The shimmer and float of Summer, and the bright bare legs of a woman;

The posture of his dog, faking exhaustion, lying with his head down on the floor, but watching his every move;

Oh, a great many corny things and a few others, including the antique smell of books in the public library;

The pinch of his favorite pipe after two hours of smoking;

And the moon going down over the shoulders of his girl Marion as they sat on the porch into the hours of the forming of dew.

These items of course cannot be reconstructed as he felt them, and neither can Hank Peters be reconstructed, at least in the form by which you may possibly have known him.

As for his life, there is no straightforward account available, but there are several people who could piece it together, although they cannot always be relied on to give you a true interpretation of the facts.

Let us start, then, with two men who saw him last and first; neither friends nor relatives, but professional men and thus unprejudiced this way or that:

MUSIC: TRANSITIONAL EFFECT — COMING OUT BEFORE:

MEDICAL OFFICER: I am a Medical Officer attached to the 6th Company, 22nd Regiment, 10th Division. In this coffin, we have reason to believe, is the body of Hank Peters, Private First Class. I shall read you the contents of his death

certificate: "Henry Charles Peters, 26, Identification Number 8406912, killed in action of the following injuries: Abdominal lacerations, lower left quadrant; fracture of the sternum; ruptured spleen; internal hemorrhages; severed right arm." That is all.

MUSIC: PUNCTUATES SHARPLY — FADING DOWN BEHIND:

VOICE: Ah, but you have left out the important things:
He died also of a broken Hebrew
And multiple abrasions of the skin of a Chinese.
And where in the report have you mentioned what happened in a little Spanish town in 1938?

MUSIC: AN ANGRY UPSURGE, WHICH SUBSIDES QUICKLY AS THE NEXT MAN SPEAKS:

OBSTETRICIAN (QUIETLY): I am the doctor who 26 years ago delivered Henry Charles Peters. My file says "Primapara; normal labor, of about six hours, no complications; anesthesia, ether; weight, six pounds, four ounces. It was a simple birth."

MUSIC: A QUIET, ALMOST RUSTIC THEME IN THE STRINGS: IT FADES SLOWLY AND IS OUT BY THE END OF THE THIRD LINE OF:

VOICE: Ah, but it was not a simple birth,
His mother's womb having inward connections with Scandinavia, and the Springs and Winters of that region,
The seed of his father being out of the cross-fertilizations of restless migratory peoples,
and the silt and backwash of a thousand continental waters:
And at his birth his pulse was 130 and his states were 48,
His respiration normal and his rights equal,
And there were 56 teeth implicit in his gums,
And 21 amendments in his Constitution.
And, although he was blind at birth, and without a mind of his own,
He was nevertheless automatically a citizen of his country,
Certain privileges having been obtained in his name and underwritten by many men.
Among them some too famous to be mentioned,
And others less famous who died in battles too familiar to be here recounted.
Do you call that a simple birth?

MUSIC: A BRIEF, RATHER GAY PASSAGE OF AN AMERICAN PATRIOTIC FLAVOR, BUT NOT TOO OBVIOUS. IT FADES BEFORE:

MOTHER: I am his Mother. His hair was light when he was born . . . but it turned dark later. He was a bottle baby after three weeks.
When he was still in knee-pants he got into a fight with some other boys at the corner of our street, and got cut with a piece of metal. That's how he got the scar on his chin.
He was a dreamer, Henry was, with all kinds of ideas. It seems like he was never one for the girls, hardly, until he met Marion, whom he got engaged to the day he got the

good job at McAndrew's Department Store.

I remember how I was hoping he wouldn't be drafted, but he went and enlisted. And when he went away to the war he said he knew exactly why he was going, and said he'd be back when the war was over and not to worry. But I worried.

Why did he have to get killed? Why did it have to happen to my boy?

He kissed me good-bye on a Thursday morning — it was August 20th, 1942—he had to get up very early that morning—and I cried, and the last I saw of him was when he went out the front door, and I hurried into the front room and watched him through the front window going down the street.

MUSIC: A DARK PASSAGE: QUIET; POIGNANT. BACKS ENTIRELY THE FOLLOWING SPEECH:

VOICE: Down the street a piece, there was fighting, Mother,

And your boy got hit with a piece of metal.

Who will come to the door and tell her why?

It was a long street he started down, Mother,

All the way on Maple and continuing on Piccadilly and the Nevsky Prospect,

Winding down around the main drag of Canberra,

And connecting with footpaths in the Solomons.

Many mothers and many widows on that street, Mother,

And many a turning and a sudden intersection.

Where it leads to is, of course, the question of our time.

MUSIC: IT CONTINUES ALONE FOR A MOMENT.

TEACHER: I was his teacher. (MUSIC OUT.) He was a fair student, nothing out of the ordinary. His average grade was B-minus overall, rating a C in English, A in history, D in geography and B in chemistry. Best mark was in history. He was in the lower third of his graduating class. That is all we have in the record.

MUSIC: A STATEMENT VERY CLOSE TO A FANFARE. IT DEVELOPS AND SUSTAINS UNDER:

VOICE: There is more to the record:

Sir, he went beyond you in geography, learning that an ocean is a strait, a continent an isthmus:

Learning that the sky is the limit of the letting of blood;

Learning the lay of the darkest land.

Sir, he has been graduated with honors,

And he shall have a good mark in history forever.

MUSIC: THE SPIRIT OF THE MUSIC WHICH PRECEDED THE TEACHER BUT SEGUEING NOW TO A HOMELY, FOLK-QUALITY PASSAGE WHICH FADES UNDER:

MUSIC TEACHER: It was I who gave him music lessons. He started with the violin at the age of 12

and went as far as the third position. I'm sorry to say he wasn't a very good pupil. I understand his mother had a hard time making him practice. When he was about 15 he got a sudden passion to be a drummer and so he gave up the violin. I advised against him doing it but he was all caught up with traps and snares and paraphernalia and I suppose he had to have his fling. There's no accounting for the tastes of adolescents. But to get back to young Peters: when he was 19 or so, he got to appreciate good music and, in fact, the last time I talked with him was at a concert at the Memorial Building in town. He was there with his girl, and we met at intermission and made a date to meet afterward, and Mr. Draper and I and Henry and Marion went to an ice cream parlor and we had a fine time talking about things in general, and I got to like him very much. I saw him a couple of times after that, at the movies, but I never again got to speak to him. I was really sorry to hear about him. I mean about what happened to him.

MUSIC: A POIGNANT AND ADOLESCENT PASSAGE: SOLO VIOLIN AGAINST SOMBRE WOODWINDS. IT IS PUNCTUATED BY SYMBOLIC TYMPANI AND DRUMS AS THE SPEECH MAY INDICATE.

VOICE: Who was it fiddled while
Rome was burning the native
huts of Abyssinia?
Very respectable gentlemen indeed, including old King
Carol and his fiddlers three—
Paganini Baldwin, Joachim
Blum, Sir Johnny One-Note,
And choirs of fiddlers, whole companies of fiddlers, nations of fiddlers, senatorial and parliamentarian.
All of whom may now sound A's for a dead soldier
And then go into a pavanne.
Call it None but the Purple Heart.

MUSIC: UP AND IN THE CLEAR FOR TEN OR FIFTEEN SECONDS. AT A DIMINUENDO THE VOICE RESUMES:

VOICE: Private First Class Peters was a good-enough music pupil
soon to see relationships between the concert repertoire at home,
And how the boys were doing on the beachhead;
And good enough to recognize that whereas $4.40 would buy two good seats to the municipal auditorium to hear the symphony
It was a hot and smoking 75 did the arguing for Mendelssohn and Gershwin and the deeply non-Aryan St. Louis Blues.
Among the heavy drums he sat and played the bazooka, played the sweet bazooka, played it sweet and low and ducked his head from time to time as chords crashed all about him;
And when the raid was over he would rise and pick his pack up and go on against the kettle-drums, against the snares and booby traps and paraphernalias of the well-rigged enemy.
And by such tactics, his and others of his band storming the Appian hill up as far as the third position,
The comfort of a box seat at the

Met was being made secure.
And the undivided concentration of the music-lover in his home was being convoyed safely through the program on the radio.

MUSIC: THE SPIRIT OF THE PASSAGE WHICH PRECEDED THE TEACHER; BUT SEGUEING NOW TO A SOFT AND TENDER MOOD, HOLDING BRIEFLY UNDER THE SPEECH OF THE YOUNG GIRL WHO NOW RISES.

GIRL: We'd been keeping company for three years before the war broke out, and I wanted to get married right after Pearl Harbor, but he enlisted immediately and said he'd rather wait until after the war because he didn't want me tied down to him in case he might get crippled or blinded or something and be a burden to me.

We used to go to the movies once a week, depending on who was playing, or to a concert, and occasionally we went dancing at the Palladium on a Saturday night. We were both crazy about photography, and used to keep a picture album together, in which we pasted pictures of all the places we had been, and all the people who were important to us, like our families and the boy who first introduced us at a party. Hank became very serious toward the end, though, and he used to talk a great deal about the world and its problems.

When Hank went away, I felt sure he'd come back, and I still can't get used to the idea that he won't.

MUSIC: DEVELOPMENT OF THE THEME WHICH INTRODUCED THE GIRL, BUT IT ERASES QUICKLY FOR:

VOICE: While you were going to the movies once a week,
The Weimar Republic failed you.
While you were fumbling on a sofa,
A paperhanger laid waste your plans
In your picture album,
Have you not left out the gallery of Senators who voted down the League of Nations?
And a group-shot of the Chinese of Mukden—dead since 1931?
And a closeup of the grease-proud face of Franco?
These people were important to you also.
Tonight your arms lie empty of your lover
Because it was assumed in local legislative circles, after one such war as this,
The world was none of our concern.
The empty pillow beside your own
Is stained with oil we sold the enemy.
Our foreign policy was set against the occasional Saturday night at the Palladium,
Or so it turned out when the scrap reserve got high enough in Yokohama.

EDITOR: I got a letter from him once, practically telling me how to run my newspaper. He demanded to know why we took the stand we did in our editorials, about certain fundamental and constitutional things. He accused us of being anti-war and against the United Nations simply because we hammered

away at bureaucracy in Washington and kept pointing out the dangers of trusting our allies too far. He indulged in the fruitless and misguided pastime of calling names and took occasion, in his letter, to label us fascists simply because we took a strong position against the excesses of labor and warned the public not to encourage racial equality among population groups for whom equal rights would obviously create problems that would upset the entire social structure. It was typical of letters we received from numerous victims of propaganda, and so naturally we did not print it.

VOICE: He was the type to trust an ally in all seasons of travail.
For in the Summer of the year,
When the star close by us shone upon the midlands
And the grasses grew exuberantly on the moors
The vari-colored currents sparkling and curling in the channel,
He trusted the young men of an ally up as far as 30,000 feet against the finest squadrons of the obviously unvanquished Luftwaffe;
And in the Spring of yet another year
When the dandelions in cool disdain of the communiques appeared among the corpses
And spice-carrying breezes from neutral orchards to the south blew softly over the ammunition dumps, he trusted the young men of another ally as far as the border of Rumania and still farther.
He was also the type to enjoy the excesses of labor
As they appeared in the shape of the gun in his hands,
As they flew by the hundreds over his head,
And as they rolled on tracks and treads down the paths of most resistance.
He was the type who insisted upon the open candors of grade-labelling,
His nose contending fascists by any other name smell just as bad.
He was an easy victim to the propaganda that all men were equally created
This being not especially a doctrine short-waved from abroad, but rather early American . . .
And on the day he died, Reconnaissance had told them that the foe lay straight ahead, but Pete knew very well some of the enemy was back at home—
Publishing daily and Sunday.

MUSIC: A STERN COMMENT, BRAZEN AND HARSH. THE MUSIC CUTS OFF FOR:

NAZI SOLDIER: I killed him. It was early in the morning when we shelled the road. I did not see him, of course, because I was miles away. I merely pulled the drawstring which fired the 88 millimetre shell.
As far as I am concerned, it was merely a puff of smoke on the side of a hill.
I had nothing against this man personally. I was merely doing my duty for the Fuehrer and the Fatherland, in the struggle to save the world from the Bolshevik Democrats.
It was entirely an impersonal matter.

Heil Hitler!

MUSIC: A POMPOUS AND WAGNERIAN STRAIN, GOING OUT QUICKLY UNDER:

VOICE: When the last bomb has crumped
And the tank is garaged
And the cruiser wheels about and makes for port,
When the tape is scraped off the windows in London
And the delicatessens of Copenhagen once again break out in green neon,
When the wives and children go down to the station in Council Bluffs,
Knowing that Victory comes in on the 5:45,
Mrs. Peters will be sitting alone at the front room window listening to the bells and the whistles.
What will *you* be doing then, Blitz Boy?
Where will you be going then, Warmaker Extraordinary?
What impersonal matter will absorb you on that day, Master of Europe?
The mother of the smokepuff on the hillside
Will finger a worn gold star,
Remembering the son you killed merely in the name of the Mystic of Munich.

MUSIC: A DEVELOPMENT OF THE PREVIOUS CUE. IT FADES UNDER THE SPEECH OF FERRITER.

FERRITER: I'm Charlie Ferriter. Me and Hank was crawling on our bellies up a slope one morning and there was a stinking big red flash, and when I looked around again, Hank was just a mess of rags and a couple of bones stickin' through.

Me and Hank used to get into arguments about the war.

He used to talk about Freedom and he said that's what we were fighting for.

Well, for Criney's sake I knew that, he didn't have to tell me that, anybody except a fascist louse would agree it's the best thing in the world you could fight for. But what I'd like to know is, why do you have to fight for it every 25 years? Can't somebody figure a way around that?

What bothers me is whether I'm being a sucker. Because if this war don't add up to something big—bigger than ever came out of any other war—then I don't know what I'm doing in this outfit.

I used to say to Hank, if the people who are still alive when this one's over — if those people don't do something sensible about it, then what the hell is the use? What's the good of guys like Hank Peters getting knocked off if nobody knows what to do over their dead bodies?

(ANGRILY) What are *you* going to do about it?

MUSIC: A VERY ANGRY PASSAGE, CUTTING OUT SUDDENLY AND SHARPLY FOR:

VOICE: (*the same as we have been hearing*): I was Hank Peters.

I assure you I hated to go. It is not easy to leave a woman

crying at a train-gate. It is not easy to leave a mother standing at a window; to walk away and not look back.
You can get lonesome no matter what, when you are far from home, especially if you don't know when if ever you are coming back.
I am dead of the mistakes of old men,
And I lie fermenting in the wisdom of the earth.
I am very dead, but no deader than the British who struck at Alamein, the Reds who crossed the Dneiper going west.
I am silenced, but no more silent than the Partisans of Yugoslavia who fought tanks with their bare hands and a bottle of benzine.
I am missing, but not farther than a famined Greek.
I am buried, but no deeper than the children of Chungking.
I know, I know,
How there will be the jubilation at the end,
And how the proclamations will be sent out on the waiting air.
They will gather in committee,
Pose for pictures,
Sign the papers,
Territories will be wrangled, and big punishments performed.
It will be seen to that the ruins are most carefully policed.
(Will someone give my best to Marion the day that Palestine is taken up?)
Ah, there will be a stirring and a busyness about the capitals,
And Charlie Ferriter will wonder if perhaps he's being answered.
The charters will be sealed in wax above the bodies of the dead
And all the words will make a noise of truth and sensibility.
But let me tell you: From my acre of now undisputed ground, I will be listening:
I will be tuned
To clauses in the contract where the word democracy appears
And how the Freedoms are inflected to a Negro's ear.
I shall listen for a phrase obliging little peoples of the earth:
For Partisans and Jews and Puerto Ricans,
Chinese farmers, miners of tin ores beneath Bolivia;
I shall listen how the words go easy into Russian,
And the idiom's translated to the tongue of Spain.
I shall wait and I shall wait in a long and long suspense
For the password that the Peace is setting solidly.
On that day, please to let my mother know
Why it had to happen to her boy.

MUSIC: CONCLUSION.

(*Continued from outside cover*)

It has not solved every problem of how men and women should live. It has made mistakes in its own affairs, mistakes in the affairs of the world. But it looks to the future always — to a future of free men and women, where there shall be bread and work, security and liberty for the children of mankind.

It does not want to rule the world or set up an American empire in which Americans will be the master race and other people subject races. If you ask any real American whether he believes in a master race, you will get a long stare or a long laugh. Americans do not believe in master races.

It is a fighting country, born in battle, unified in battle, ready and willing always to fight for its deep beliefs. It has never lost a war. But it does not believe that war and the martial spirit are the end and goal of man. It honors the memory of its great soldiers — men like Washington and Grant and Lee — as it honors the names of those who fight for it today. But every one of those men fought for something more than conquest. When the wars were done, they said: "Let us have peace. Let us build up the land. Let us make something, build something, grow something that was not there before. Let us try to make a good country — a place where people can live in friendship and neighborliness."

★ ★ ★

Reprinted from AMERICA
Published by Farrar & Rinehart
$1.50

AMERICA

Stephen Vincent Benet

THERE is a country of hope, there is a country of freedom. There is a country where all sorts of different people, drawn from every nation in the world, get along together under the same big sky. They go to any church they choose — Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Mohammedan, Buddhist — and no man may be persecuted there for his religion. The men and women of this country elect the people they wish to govern them, remove those people by vote — not by revolution — if they feel their representatives have done badly, speak their minds about their government and about the running of their country at all times, stay themselves and yet stay loyal to one cause, one country, and one flag.

The flag is the Stars and Stripes. The country is the United States of America. The cause is the cause of democracy.

It is not an earthly paradise, a Garden of Eden, or a perfect state. It does not pretend to be any of those things.

(Continued on inside cover)