



A.N.C.

# KEM

EFF

JUNE 16TH  
VOL.1.NO.6 1938

## TOMORROW THE WORLD IS OURS

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Our search led us to an old distillery  
on the banks of the River Dee...

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as a  
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GOOD LIQUORS

**26**

**TIMES  
A YEAR**

**EVERY OTHER  
THURSDAY**

***K&N***

**GOES ON SALE  
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND**

# WITHIN THE EDITORIAL KEN

**The composite Ken reader: what I agree with must be the inside; what I disagree with must be propaganda. Result: Ken has been ticketed by all the "ists," variously assorted and opposed, in ways that combine to make it the most bewilderingly paradoxical monstrosity.**

At a prize fight, if you have a bet down on one of the boys, your vision is temporarily deranged. You see double every time your guy lands a punch. For that matter it needn't actually land. But the other guy's punches have a curiously low visibility. You see only half as many, and, of those you do see, an astonishingly large proportion miss. In fact, unless and until your guy is counted out cold, you are quite sure, up to and including the count of nine, that he only slipped.

This phenomenon, which has some recognition value if you are not in the habit of kidding yourself, need not disturb you unduly. You need hardly fear that it makes you unique. It is a peculiarity that all the rest of us share with you to a remarkably uniform degree.

At the races, it's the other jockey who does all the horsing around that warrants condemnation as uncalled-for rough stuff; the boy who's up on the horse we like is only riding a remarkably shrewd, a truly heady, race. And at the football game the other team is hardly penalized enough; considering their gas-house gang tactics, they are getting away with murder. But our side is victimized for the perfectly natural exuberance with which they activate their high ideals of clean and manly sportsmanship, besides which, unfortunately, the referee is a robber.

As for politics, the paper that favors our party is a daily marvel of accurate and calmly dispassionate reporting, while we hold it to be self-evident that the opposition paper is devoted to distortion of the most wantonly malicious sort. As for that boiling point of politics, a state of war, that presupposes an even more rigidly one-sided mould of thought. A whole new set of synonyms goes into immediate effect. "Enemy" becomes synonymous with "aggressor"; and, as applied to the enemy, "activity" is indistinguishable from "atrociousness." And as long as this frenetic state of mind persists, anything we say about your side is news; anything you say about our side is propaganda.

One of the least surprising aspects of the world's present bloody state of peace is the extent to which all our myriad prejudices have already moved

over onto a full wartime basis of passionate intolerance.

It is at this awkward juncture, this penultimate point of a decade's decline in the art of thinking, that Ken has chosen to make its debut, an event that has been managed up to this moment with all the delicacy of a full-grown elephant doing a toe dance. The result should have surprised nobody, least of all ourselves. For having chosen this moment to present "the other side," the obverse of the medal, the side that does not reveal itself under the first superficial glance, we might well have known in advance that we would catch hell six ways from Sunday. Things have never been in such a many-sided muddle as they are right now, nor has every side ever been less willing to recognize the existence of any other side.

Consciously or unconsciously applying the rule that "what I agree with must be the inside; what I disagree with must be propaganda," Ken has, after only its first few issues, already been ticketed forever by variously assorted and opposed groups in ways that combine to make it the most bewilderingly paradoxical monstrosity. Ardent nationalists are convinced that it is in Moscow's care and keep. But the communists have rather abstrusely diagnosed it as a first-aid to the advance of fascism by way of Trotskyism. Nothing, on yet another hand, can convince the rugged individualists that it is anything but a New Deal house organ. Now such diverse groups as these could never be united on land or sea, in this world or the next. Yet Ken has turned the impossible trick of making them at last see eye to eye on one thing. They would all be equally pleased to see Ken quieted by one means or another. That in itself is progress of a sort. If an infant among magazines can manage to bring about even negative agreement among the embattled "ists" of various badly snarled "isms," there may be hope for the Americans, after all.

You who read this may not be conscious of the badge of any "ism" on your own sleeve. But you're human, like us all, which is enough to bear in mind when you read Ken—and all you need by way of explanation why certain things in any given issue may make you see a sudden, hopping, hot, red. ●

JUNE 16th  
Vol. 1 No. 6 1938

# KEN

THE INSIDER'S WORLD

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# TRANS-ATLANTIC KEN

**Europe's drought means peace this summer. Haitian passports, \$1,000 each. India bucks Chamberlain's pro-fascism. British morale lowest since 1914. Racial hygiene through one-ton aerial bombs. Lord Halifax reaching for hat? British press plays down U.S.A. news.**

BY CLAUD COCKBURN

To European military men this month, weather reports are more interesting than anything else. The drought extending from Brindisi to Stettin and Koenigsberg is causing optimists to predict no war this year because of crop failure. One pig in five was slaughtered in Italy by decree this month in order to save fodder.

**The smallest state in the world this month was offered the largest per capita income in the world and turned it down. That state is Andorra.**

The income was offered by the sale of passports to refugees of the Nazi terror in Europe. Dr. von Hofmannsthal, insignificant looking little man but a famous international lawyer, journeyed expressly to Andorra in order to explain the possibilities in passports as a source of state income. He listed the fact that Haitian passports are being sold in Austria today for at least \$1,000, in some cases fetching as high as \$1,500. Andorra, he suggested, might make a good business out of establishing consulates in Vienna and other cities, mainly for the sale of passports enabling people to escape from the terror. Andorra turned down the offer on the ground that such business is "undignified." In the meantime Liechtenstein, where the notorious Ivar Kreuger registered a majority of his companies, is now supporting a major part of the state apparatus by the sale of passports.

For the British the gravest news of the month is to the effect that India is beginning to take a strong line for collective security and against the Chamberlain policy. Despite denials, the fact is that the Indian National Congress has the majority of the

politically active Indian masses behind it in a demand for absolute refusal to co-operate in defense of the "Commonwealth of Nations" unless India has control of its own foreign policy, and unless British foreign policy is directed toward the support of collective security. This is probably the gravest political and strategic event of the month. British authorities are worried.

The ablest men in the British Intelligence Service will be employed to watch Pundit Nehru, India's biggest man, when he arrives in Europe in mid-June to make contacts among European democrats and especially the Spanish and British. It will be a dramatic scene when Nehru visits the British volunteers on the Spanish front with a special message to them, and then leaves for England where he will get in touch with British labor leaders with a view toward consolidating an inter-imperial effort to change Britain's policy away from supporting fascist powers to giving help to democratic alignments.

**Terrifying to British military advisers is the growing belief that British unity and morale are at a lower ebb even than in 1914. The experts are uncertain whether bad teeth or pacifism are most responsible.**

They are seeking, with the aid of the so-called "left wing" Conservatives, to discover a basis for exhorting the people to "hang together." That basis, so far, has not been found. High officials continue to urge the Government that the sole possible basis is the pro-democratic, pro-collective security policy.

Much to the discomfiture of the Government, someone has unearthed

a note written by Lloyd George in the minutes of a Cabinet meeting early in 1918 wherein he states that the Cabinet was agreed: 1, the safest policy for defeating the Germans would be to support the Bolsheviks in Russia; 2, that it was better to risk defeat for England in the war than to support communists. This note is being used now to explain the apparently disastrous policy of Chamberlain who prefers the risks of German domination of the Continent rather than alliances with democratically-ruled states.

A German publication, the *Archiv für Biologie und Rassegesellschaft*, publishes an article by a high officer of the Reichswehr on "the Utility of Air Bombardments From the Point of View of Racial Selection and Social Hygiene." He states: "It is the most thickly populated quarters which will suffer the most. These quarters are inhabited by poor people who have not succeeded in life, the disinherited members of the community which will thus be freed of them. On the other hand the explosion of large bombs of one ton weight or more, apart from the deaths caused, will also inevitably produce numerous cases of madness. People with weak nervous systems will be unable to withstand the shock.

**"Thus bombardment will assist us to discover neurotic people and remove them from social life. Once discovered, it will be simple to sterilize them and thus assure racial selection."**

A second British Government crisis much bigger than the Swinton Air Ministry reshuffle is a probability. It is extremely unlikely that Lord Halifax will remain much longer in the Foreign Office. As everyone knows, he offered his resignation after the Geneva fiasco. Unpublished however is one of the most important and significant reasons for his attitude; it is that immediately following the Geneva meeting he was approached privately by certain representatives of the Opposition who informed him, very frankly, of certain "facts of life" regarding the attitude of working people, and particularly of munitions workers, to the Government's policy, particularly in reference to Spain. There was a dramatic scene when Halifax, who ever since talking to Gandhi and subsequently imprisoning him, has made his alleged desire to "see the other fellow's viewpoint" one of the principal cards in his hand, listened with alarm to what amounted to an ultimatum voiced by Labor. He was warned that the refusal of the machinists' union to meet with the Government to discuss armament speedup was not a mere incident but a move representative of the views of millions of workers in vital industries who consider they have a right to a

voice in the decision as to how the arms they are making are to be used. They told him that if the present policy continues, the possibility of "mobilizing" industrial manpower for the armaments program would soon disappear altogether.

**Lord Halifax was informed flatly that "people would fight and work for the League, for Spain and for democracy, but will not fight or work to retain colonies or other imperial aims." That made a deep impression on Halifax.**

The momentary result has been the redoubling of efforts by Halifax and others, including Eden, to find some compromise solution by which "national unity" might be created.

There are strong indications in London that a storm is brewing behind the scenes on the subject of Anglo-American relations and is likely to break as a political issue before summer's end. Although news on the subject is being played down amazingly in the British press, the Opposition believes that Anglo-American relations in fact are worse today than in many years—probably the worst since the Disarmament Conference. It is a fact that the practice of "ordering" messages from British correspondents in the United States which suppress facts for the purpose of supporting the British Government's policy has been noticeably on the increase in the past month. The volume of news from the United States in any case is very small and it is easy to "blanket" most of the unfavorable news because of the urgency and importance of European developments.

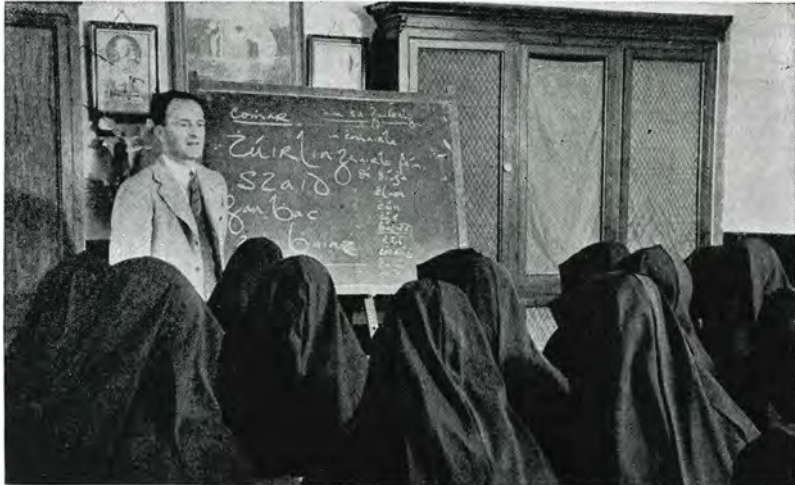
**But returning visitors from the States—for example, Herbert Morrison—have expressed shocked alarm at the effect of the present British policy, particularly since Eden's resignation, on America's feeling toward Britain.**

Though some of these fears have been expressed publicly, the enormous activity of German agents in Paris and in other sections of France, particularly on the eve of the British royal visit, has given rise to a new crop of fears that an attempt will be made by the Germans to create a disturbing "incident" intended to jar Anglo-French relations and demonstrate to the world the "disorderly" condition of affairs in France. The strictest precautions are being taken. ●

# KEN PARTICLES

**Ken colleague sways Britons, underground journal, kickless alcohol, bombproof museums, sleep coat nighties, hoppers will hop, Moscow gold, dog diamonds, spittoon bowling.**

BY LAWRENCE MARTIN



Irish nuns must learn Gaelic so they can teach it to school children

**IRISH:** Ignoring complaints of church hierarchy over interference, the Irish government is not excepting parochial schools from order requiring Gaelic to be taught in all schools, and is compelling nuns who instruct to learn the language.

**HEALTH:** Nowhere in "enlightened" Great Britain is there anything to prevent a syphilitic from getting married. At least one in 20 Britishers has been or is a syphilitic.

**DOG LOVER:** Lloyd Phoenix, who appears among Columbia Univ's notable benefactors with \$500,000 gift, bought \$2,000 diamond earrings for his pet dog.

**KEN COLLEAGUE:** Gram Swing in position to sway British opinion. His weekly short wave talks from New York have audience of millions. American newscasts have growing daily following in England since Chamberlain began Goebbeling the press and BBC. Wonder if they can understand Boake Carter?

**JAP LEARNS:** Japanese officer sent to this country to study American propaganda methods, recently returned. Now newspapers abroad are receiving "pretty girl" photos ballyhooing the Tokyo Olympiad.

(Pic. on Pg. 37)

**WAR TRIUMPH:** Headline: "Flying forts, 630 miles out, spot enemy troopship, 8-hour reconnais-

sance locates liner *Rex* at sea. Generals elated by success of "defense." But military observer whispers that *Rex* was sending out hourly bulletins of her positions to help Army fliers locate her!

**FREE PRESS:** Ingenuity of publisher of *La Liberté Belge*, secret newspaper kept in circulation throughout German occupation of Belgium, being equaled by publisher of *Deutschland-Berichte*, monthly report of Social Democrat Party, published on 5¾x 8½ thin tissue in Czechoslovakia for circulation in Germany.

**BUYERS:** Housewives in few relatively free countries of world are rising, organizing, boycotting, parading. In England 804,000 fem. signatures hit House of Commons protesting high living cost.

**WHEELS:** What *could* David Dubinsky, militant labor leader, and John D. Rockefeller have talked about when they were placed next to each other at charity dinner in NYC? One guess is bicycling. Dubinsky is avid cyclist, going out every Sunday. He insisted on cycle crossing stage included in *Pins and Needles*, Broadway revue sponsored by ILGWU, and offered to ride the bike himself.

(Pic. on Pg. 38)

**GERMS:** Poor dishwashing in many public places leaves from four to 11 million potentially harmful bacteria per drinking glass. Chlorine in the rinsing water would help . . .

Average housefly carries more than a million germs.

**JAPS:** Japanese armament concern is taking the entire output of the Pacific Nickel Co., in British Columbia.

**D. D. & D.:** World is being made safe for boozers and brawlers, with inventions of compound that robs alcoholic liquors of their intoxicating capacity, and of electromagnetic device that cures black eyes in 24 hrs.

**FATHERS:** Any significance in fact that Father's Day falls on June 19, Bunker Hill day?

**MUSEUMS:** One hundred British museums, at last facing inevitability of air raids, selecting representatives to discuss practical aspects of problem. Air Raid Precaution Officer a familiar official.

**PAJAMA SECESSION:** The night-shirt is coming back, streamlined, styled by a specialist, available in blue, ivory, or peach, piped in contrasting shades, called "Sleep Coat"—but still a nightshirt.

**TRADE WINDS?:** Northern hemisphere loses 10 million million tons of air each yr between Jan. and June when this air moves south. But it comes back between July and Dec. Sounds silly.

**PEST:** No. Dak. will, probably, suffer one of the worst infestations of grasshoppers this yr that the state has known.

**MOSCOW GOLD:** Russia, world's No. 2 gold producer, expects to pass South Africa next year for first place.

**FRANKENSTEIN:** Prof. Edouard Branly, 93 & living in French retirement, never listens to radio, which he helped Marconi to introduce to world in 1901. Recently friend presented him with receiving set. "After a few minutes I fled from the monster I had created," he admits.

**WAR:** William Francis Gibbs, American who is designing 1,000-foot battleship for USSR, is member of U. S. Navy's special advisory board on battleship plans.

**BANKERS:** Will next bankers' convention follow tradition set at Atlanta, Ga., where financiers bowled spittoons at empty beer bottles in hotel lobby?

**STEEL:** Germany's steel requirements are only slightly less than Britain's and France's combined. Austria will help little.

**ANOTHER LANGUAGE:** Haaren High School, N. Y., has made its aviation course compulsory in place of foreign languages. German high schools have similar compulsory courses so every youth physically

capable can qualify as pilot without charge.

**MORTGAGE:** Frank Lloyd Wright designed \$5500 house for Madison, Wis., newspaper man named Jacobs. *Coronet* and *Time* told the story. People, surprised that Wright designs houses for anyone less than millionaire, visited Jacobs-Wright home in droves. Jacobs, awakening to opportunity, charges two-bits a look, and has paid off the mortgage.

**CONFEDERATE MONEY:** Rebel Franco's currency commands better foreign exchange rate than Valencia's peseta,—partly owing to Franco's larger export trade, partly to German assistance in financial organization.

**NAME:** That Anthony Adverse Action at Aquila author should change name to Arvey Allen, make it unanimous.

**WAR MOVE:** Belgian gold reserve reported moved to England for safekeeping.

**BOOKS:** More publishers will form book clubs, offering "book dividends," to combat dept. store cut-rating, one publisher offering \$25 worth of books a year for \$18.

**PATHOS:** The chain letter is gone, but astrology is here. The more it changes, the more it's the same foolishness.

**PROPAGANDA:** Hundreds of American college students and many professors are getting free tours of Germany this summer. Nazi government paying all expenses except boat-fare.

**MORE BUYERS:** Who will organize anti-entertainment-of-out-of-town-buyers league to squelch one of industry's ugliest nuisances?

**LIFE BEGINS AT GRAVEYARD:** Cemetery management journal in Rockford, Ill., has ordered two copies Dorothea Brande's *Wake Up and Live*.

**RAILROAD:** Big battle of financial titans now on for control of Van Sweringen properties has been skillfully kept from public eye.

**VIOLIN VICTIM:** Fred Fradkin, famous concertmaster of Boston Symphony Orchestra, can't play now because of an occupational neurosis which tightens up his stomach muscles and constricts his heart when he picks up a violin. He is at work in a New York restaurant, says he's happier.

**HIDE-OUT:** Windsor Castle secret tunnel has been turned into gas cellar for residents and storeroom for royal treasures.

Kemal Ataturk now luxuriates on \$5,000,000 yacht formerly owned by

Cadwalader family of Philadelphia, has American movies, most of them prohibited for other Turks, shown to him aboard.

**DIAPER DAD:** New York's Maternity Center Association has classes in infant-bathing, dressing, etc., for fathers. First graduate had no children on diploma-day.

**JOBS:** Men are still dying from overwork, while 10,000,000 are jobless.

**FACES:** New streamlined five-cent piece will have Jefferson on it, but whose face is on the \$10,000 bill?

**HEALTH:** Among chronic & prob infectious diseases, rheumatic fever is 3rd as cause of death, surpassed only by TB & syphilis. Infantile paralysis is rare in comparison. How far has enormous publicity given to it, which has done much good there, delayed recognition of the r f problem?

**BUSY NAZIS:** Foreign intelligence agents reported to their government that strikes and unrest in vital French industries are being promoted with German money. Nazis want French government to be too unsettled to take decisive action on German moves in Czechoslovakia.

**SWEETS:** In studying world nutrition problems the Health Organization of the League of Nations is so bothered at the vast amounts of sugar downed that it promises to make a special study of it. Seems that sugar is an energy food, and too much of it cuts out consumption of other more impt energy foods. But, no denying that in some places sugar is still a luxury, the uneven distribution doesn't alter the basic trouble: which is that advertising has done too good a job in sugar.

**BULL (JOHN):** Authors' representatives here report receipt of numerous MSS from English writers who say their meaty stuff is being turned down because British officialdom frowns upon certain subjects as "contrary to public interest." Getting time to strike United Kingdom off list of "democracies?"

**WAR:** Amer. foreign correspondent reporting from Europe that contrary to feeling in U. S. Europeans feel they are far from war, reminds that after Austrian crown prince was bumped off at Sarajevo, ministers went back to their vacations with idea that trouble was over.

**AUTO:** Speeders might remember an auto consumes five times as much oil when it travels 52 miles an hr as when it travels 33.

**MISTAKE:** Make note on Nov. page of calendar pad that "Feed a cold and starve a fever" means opposite of what it seems to mean: "If

you feed a cold you will have a fever to starve."

**ANOTHER:** "The exception proves the rule" does not mean that a rule must have exceptions, which is silly. Make it read, "The exception tests the rule."

**CANCER:** In spite of millions poured into study and prevention work, in last 25 yrs, cancer has advanced from seventh to second place in causes of death.

**CONFIDENTIALLY SKUNKS:** Skunks help man in their own way, destroying thousands of alfalfa weevils and other pests.

**JUNE BUSINESS:** To Junebrides: Dr. Ellsworth Huntington (Yale) deduces from research that meteorological, physiological and other conditions make late weeks of Feb. and early weeks of March best time for babies to be born in U. S.

**HAY FEVER:** A Neptune, N. J., plumber has invented a hay fever mask that looks like a football nose guard.

**INVASION:** General Electric now has 41 foreign subsidiaries, controls 12 light & power companies in British Isles.

**STATIC:** Ernest Hunt, English nurseryman, has scheme for utilizing static electricity captured from atmosphere to fertilize plants; attracting attention of physicists.

**SUGAR:** Sorbose, rare sugar useful in making synthetic vitamin C, recently cost \$500 a lb., now produced for 75c.

**AUTO:** Four out of five motor vehicle accidents occur on dry roads in clear weather.

**SHOOTS:** Not unusual for girls 13 & 14 yrs old to gain as much as six inches in height, 20 lbs in weight, in those yrs.

**FOOD:** Boom coming in frosted foods. New exotic fruits frozen on spot will be shipped in from tropics, good news for lovers of the papaya.

**FIRE:** One fact causes arrest of most pyromaniacs, who are the most difficult of all criminals to detect: they can't resist watching the fires they start.

**BLUE MONDAY:** Can be achieved by anyone who reads Monday *N. Y. Times* reports of Sunday's sermons.

**?-BOX:** One keeps hearing of half-baked radicals. Ever hear of a full or whole-baked one?

**TAKE NO THOUGHT OF THE MORROW:** Life insurance in U. S. now in effect—\$107 billions—exceeds

considerably the combined total of all other nations. In Mass., one out of every 190 adults is an insurance agent.

**COW RESULTS:** Ah, wonders of nature & man. Milk has casein in it, which makes cheese possible. But cheese is old stuff; in Italy, as part of drive to make country self-supporting for war, synthetic wool is being made from this cheese base. Fascist soldiers may fight next war in cheese-cloth.

**BABIES:** Nursery schools spreading rapidly over world as govts take increasing interest in growing cannon fodder. Even in U. S.—WPA is bldg nurseries.

**CUSS EXPERTS:** John Garner, Cordell Hull, Fiorello La Guardia, Arturo Toscanini.

**ESTHETE:** At stag hunt, war veteran Anthony Eden refused to shoot at the stag the dogs ran for him because it was "too beautiful."

**TINTS:** One color mfg plant in U. S. makes about 700 new colors a year.

**HEALTH:** 60% of mentally ill in Amer. hospitals go home well and able to live normal lives; must get proper treatment early.

**CAT-FIGHT:** Portugal is bullying Iceland to buy her wine on threat of refusing to buy Iceland's fish.

**PRISON PRESS:** 103 prison journals now published by inmates, half of them started between 1932-1936.

**SAGE:** Anonymous adviser who calls himself "Sage Brush" has for two years been writing a weekly letter circulating to all senators and representatives, gets many responses from the Hill. His stuff is far better than that of most columnists.

**BOOZE:** "Drunken Pedestrians Rank above Drivers in Traffic Toll Sum" is headline, as traffic outside and inside WCTU headquarters increases on account of prospective new prohibition drive. Inevitable that tavern hogs taking too much aboard will bring about new reaction.

**SQUEEZE-PLAY:** "Pressure groups (lobbies) hold the key to the future of democratic governmental processes in U. S."

**FORECAST:** Thousands of drama courses in hundreds of American colleges and universities will not create an American theatre or audience this year, or next, or in ten years.

**EGG-SCRATCH:** Finicky people who objected to vaccination vs. small-pox because vaccine was prepared from animals should pipe down now that it can be prepared from hen eggs.

**CUT-RATE FREEDOM:** Why don't Newspaper Publishers Assn. & Society Newspaper Editors, champions of press freedom, expose cut rates for cable & wireless news granted by certain foreign governments (Italy is one) to Amer. newspapers that will play ball?

**PLASTIC:** is replacing ivory for piano keys. Is making auto tail lights less liable to breakage than glass ones.

**WANTED, INVENTOR:** Let someone invent a knife for peeling water chestnuts quickly, and this Chinese vegetable could become a popular green in U. S.

**MONGOLS:** Their greeting is not "hy'a kid?" but "What is there that is strange and beautiful?" For "O. K." they have: "Everything is fair and peaceful." The Mongols are not yet entirely civilized.

**GLASS SNOW:** Glass wool blankets resembling snow are made for covering rock gardens in winter, plant protection completely fooling the plants.

**PROGRESS:** If Americans had had sense of ancient Incas of Peru, U. S. would be better off. Incas required every man who cut down a tree to plant a new one.

**OPEN LETTERS OPENLY ARRIVED AT:** *To Al Smith, president, Empire State Bldg*—Well, you old potato you, what do you think of the godless Bolshies putting up a Palace of Labor that will top the Empire State?

*To newspaper correspondents, Hollywood*—There are 400 of you, sending out 80,000 words a day. Write the truth and studios are closed to you, and your paper hires someone who won't offend. That yours is a lousy job is suggested by fact that about 380 of you plus 2 score or so publicity hacks keep on writing articles exposing the racket and your own ignominious position, and try to sell them to magazines to be run anonymously. Can't you organize to compel your own publishers to defend freedom of press in Hollywood?

*To Sec'y Wallace*—Why are North Carolina textile mills importing cotton from India? (One shipment reported to total 12,000 bales.)

*To Mrs. Andrew Carnegie*—Why not spend some of those millions carrying on for your husband? Half of America's population still have no public libraries in reach. In smaller communities and rural districts over vast areas, where they're needed most, libraries simply don't exist.

*To Richard E. Byrd*—Why do you insist on wearing all that gold braid when you're only an honorary rear admiral?

*To London correspondents*—Has C.A.L. gone through the formality of registering his son, Land, at the consulate as an American citizen? ●

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## TOMORROW THE WORLD IS OURS



German mother, bony hand around her child, waits—

**But today there is no laughter in Germany. There are only smiles of disdain, contempt, conceit and strain. There is no humility, no pity, not much mercy. There is an odd sort of honor, an amazing chest-thrusting, burgeoning courage and an astonishing egotism. But there is no will power, nor need there be in a nation that knows but one man's will.**

BY CECIL B. BROWN

YOU unconsciously say: "I'm going INTO Germany" as though there were a wall around. There is not one wall. There are three. All of them are as solid and substantial as a house of ice in the land of ephemeral snows. It will melt, if summer comes. If summer comes.

There is one wall, high, imposing and brusque around the frontier. There is another around your own eyes. There is a third encircling the hearts and minds of the citizen-victims of the Third Reich.

Nine years ago when Russia was still a diplomatic outlaw I went into the Black Sea area. One word then, as now, described all the Russias. That word was *bayazna*. It means dread or fear of the unknown. The effect of that word zooms and whips, cows and crushes, lashes and cuts across Germany from hustling Hamburg to medieval Munich, from the Wotanized Wilhelmstrasse to bucolic Berchtesgaden.

As in entering Russia, you open a door into Germany and step from the Paradise of France, England, the United States—or the Black Hole of Calcutta—into Hell.

What makes it a Hell? The sun

shines. It rains and snows. There are books and papers, carousals and cinemas. The people have two feet, two arms, two eyes and no horns. They eat with a fork, converse in an intelligible language. They ride in autos, have typewriters and don't kick their grandmothers in the shins. Or do they?

There are great catalysts at work in Germany, on the soul, the mind and the stomach of the German. You see it in the eyes of the bus conductors in Berlin, in the small merchant in Cologne, in the puzzled artisan in Dresden, in the farmer of the Elbe.

Those forces are hunger for substance, a growing paganism, a vapid-ity of mind, a rubberized will and a certainty that the German is the chosen people of Wotan, a being superior to God.

They are vastly important influences. You quickly see that in them, not in armaments, or in the *Drang nach Osten*, or in the determination for colonies, or in the extension of the Nazi Comintern, lie the roots of the next war.

You are riding from Cologne to Berlin. An elderly couple comes into your compartment near Essen. He is

a printer; she a former lady of the Junker class. They have lost heavily by National Socialism. He lowers his voice, furtively:

"We are Catholics but we are afraid to believe."

Once he had a beautiful Kaiser mustache. Now it is pruned to a Hitler smear across his upper lip. In his coat lapel he wears a Nazi button.

"This cannot last," he breathes.

You are trying to buy an English newspaper in Dresden. A man sidles up to you and soon you are sitting with him in a café. He, also, will soon be in Italy. On a holiday. Why Italy?

"I want to breathe some free air," he whispers. For the first time in your life you realize how relative the word freedom can be.

Pictures of Hitler and Goering have replaced God and Christ as the symbols of the new Germanic faith. You sit in a café with a group, including a German girl. Someone asks why Hitler doesn't take a wife, as that sort of subject would be bound to come up. The German girl is incredibly shocked.

"I shudder to think," and she shudders awesomely, "of any woman thinking of herself as a physical being worthy of being with the Fuehrer. It is sacrilegious to mention it!"

You look into the eyes of that young storm trooper standing his four-hour trick in front of a government building in Wilhelmstrasse. You see in those enraptured eyes the mysticism that will one day metamorphose Hitler into the god of the Germans and Goering into his prime disciple.

In the eyes of millions of youths like him, in the grey-green uniforms of conscripted soldiers, in the bright green of labor-camp workers, in the black shirts of the Guard, there burns an eloquent pledge to live for Nazism and to die for Hitler.

The German you pass in the street may be a Catholic resenting persecution; he may be a soldier fearful of being a pawn of Nazi demagogues; he may be a farmer wanting only to be left alone, but he is by hypothesis a Nazi.

Either he has found out, or will learn all too soon that in an authoritarian state there is no room for two opinions. The Catholic bravos his bishop for daring to speak out—but the extent of his personal daring is to hear these pulpit denunciations.

Being obliged to work, the German for once in his life doesn't need to worry about a job. Fifty per cent of his friends are in a labor camp or in the army. But that's work, he says, and proudly adds that in all his country only the physically or racially disabled are jobless.

He is busy, even though he gets something less than a starvation wage and about the same as on the dole. Finances alone don't rule that policy. The busy, hungry man has time only to think of his work and his stomach.

That terribly plain typist, with artificial silk dress, cotton stockings, a "wool" coat made of wood-fiber and carrying an imitation leather purse

believes herself fortunate. It neither makes much difference to her that every man getting on the bus shoves her in the ribs so that he may sit first, nor that she makes 15 marks a week. That is about \$7.50 in a country where any sort of a meal that the average German eats costs about two marks or 80c.

She needs many things, but even a foreigner whose travel reichsmarks cost him but 25c, doesn't buy anything but bare necessities in Germany. She buys less than that—but her eyes shine with the goodness of things to come.

That husky, blond Nazi you see strolling down Kurfurstendamm in Berlin with his wife and three children doesn't belong on that street of cafés. A man who has five mouths to feed and makes \$10 a week has no business sitting down in a café where it will cost him at least a mark.

He isn't much concerned. His rent is about \$9 a month. He gets a reduction in taxes because he has three children, and soon he will have another child and get a further tax reduction and a slight boost in wages. He knows he is a notch in the Nazi wheel. But he has implicit faith that the wheel is carrying Germany—and himself—to a new destiny.

One day, too, he will have an auto and radio. Didn't Hitler say that every family must have both? Wasn't the government starting to make them cheap enough for the common workman to own? Soon there would be cheaper fuel, not made of oil, but another *ersatz*. Ho-hum, there were so many substitutions now, one more wouldn't make much difference.

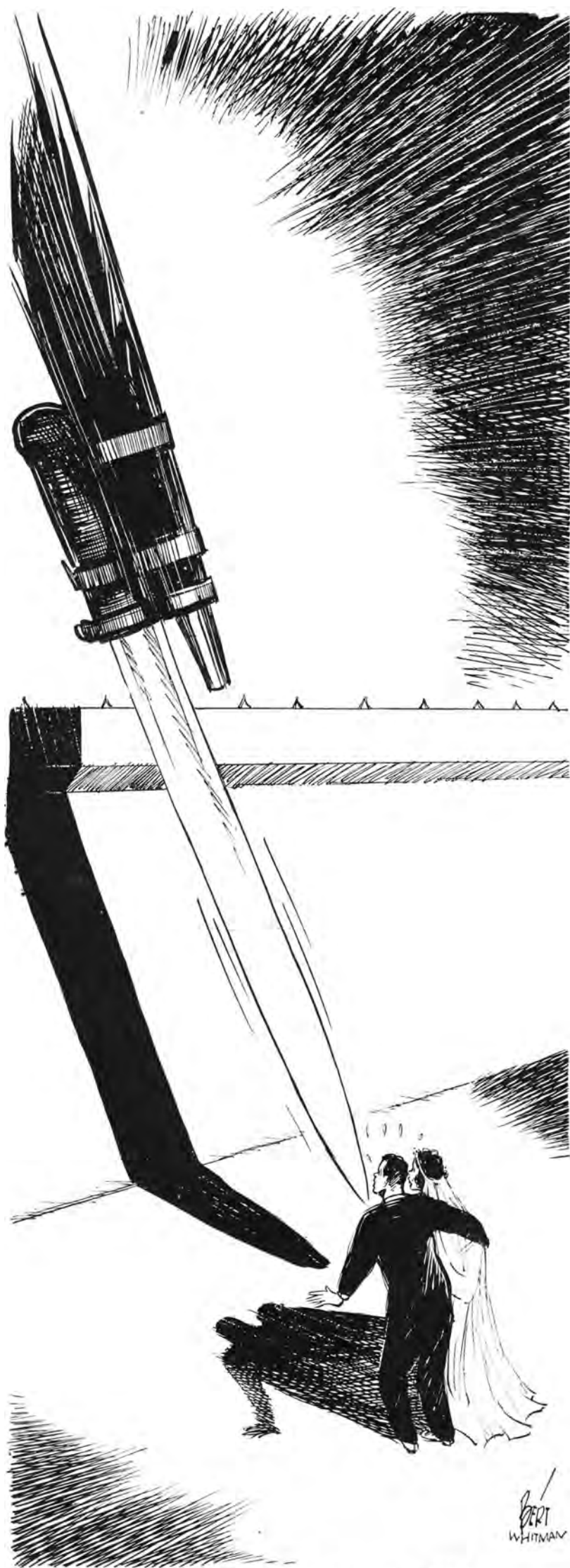
His "wool" scarf is made of fish. His suit is made of straw and wood. The "cork" caps on his beer bottles are made of potato peelings. The gasoline used by the bus with those screaming air brakes is made of brown coal. His coffee is made of ground and roasted corn. His bread is made of corn. Soon there would be "viking eggs," which never saw a hen but which were made of fish.

He is allowed only a quarter of a pound of butter a week, but he doesn't accept the privilege. He can't afford to. He loves oranges and bananas but they are scarce, poor and costly. His children want chocolate, but it is out of his pocketbook's reach. The once famous pastries he ate before 1932 now taste like tissue paper.

Usually, he eats dumplings twice a day. They lie heavy in his stomach and convince him he can't eat another morsel. He is like the burros of Northern Africa, fed date pits by the Arabs for the same purpose.

This year he will get a holiday from the Strength Through Joy movement. Nine million got them last year. His friend Fritz was sent to Naples, all expenses paid. Maybe even Sicily. He even knows a bank clerk who was sent to Libia. Of course, he doesn't like the Italians, but they are Hitler's friends now and you can't despise Hitler's friends.

But he doesn't wish too hard for



Love, Honor and Obey—German Style!

anything—a car, a choice piece of meat, a vacation abroad. There are no such things as individual wishes in Germany. There are only hopes—and bleak resignations.

**I**F you go to the out-of-the-way restaurants, where the poorer people eat, you get eggs which taste of fish, and why not? The chickens are fed fish, nothing so precious as grain these days. You get butter that never saw a churn. You get milk which would make an African cow blush with shame for the bovine family. You get an incredible amount of cabbage and potatoes.

There is much spaghetti to be had, though. You sit in a restaurant watching a German soldier struggling with the long strands. By now, that soldier should be more proficient. For six months he was in Spain with the Italians, whom he cordially hated and suffered the reciprocation.

There are more uniforms per square foot in Berlin than there are rabbits in Australia. The school children wear them, the *Jungvolk*, the *Jugend*, the newspaper vendors, the girls and boys labor corps. There are black uniforms, grey uniforms, green uniforms and tan uniforms, all adorned with the swastika of course. Nobody wants to think. They all want to wear a uniform and be told when and how.

It is a serious problem, too, with the best brains "liquidated," as they coyly say in Russia, from the world of accomplishment, and everyone itching to march in step and hold a rifle.

Out of 18,200 university graduates in the country, 10,000 of them said recently they intended going into the army. This report was intended to show how much everyone loves militarism. It succeeded in that, but the real import was that there are enough men for brawn and battle, but fewer and fewer for brain work.

Every German boasts to you of his army. He should. In two to four years it will be the strongest in the world.

They used to say that Prussia is not a country which has an army but an army which has a country. The German makes no bones about admitting that this is a cardinal and laudatory Nazi aim.

Gossip, endless gossip, in a country fissured incessantly with rumor, tells him many strange things about the army though—how the soldiers hated to go to Spain, detested the Italians, think them strutting dummies of soldiers; that every soldier, not merely the conscripts, abhor the Nazi persecution of the Catholics, are indifferent to the attacks on the Jews, and will resent political control of himself as a soldier. But your informant says:

"Our army will always be loyal to the Fuehrer. He stands for Germany and the soldier is faithful to his country."

**G**ERMANY can't be so poor, visitors say, when the cafés, restaurants, cinemas and theaters are so crowded. But then Germany is a peculiar coun-

try, and its finances are a tricky affair. Germany is a huge bowl and the money spins in it like a dozen eggs whipped by a giant electric mixer. None sprays over the side, but the mixer whirls faster and faster.

The same money is passing around at a maddening rate. Its volume in Germany since 1929 increased only 10%; in Great Britain and France the increase averaged 33% and in the United States 42%.

"Why should I save money," the German says, "even if I could lay aside a few marks a week. I get taxed out of it."

So the German lives to the hilt, and the hilt reaches up to the knees of a grasshopper.

Yet, with this quixotic attitude toward money, the average German laughs at talk of collapse.

He has no better and no worse idea than the American, Englishman or Frenchman what a collapse is. Or a financial crisis for that matter. Or a catastrophe. A German who has been through the "turnip" winter of 1917, the "collapse" of 1919-23 when he used a billion marks to light a cigarette, or the "smash" of 1931 when loan payments were suspended, looks at you blankly when you ask if Germany is on the verge of a "collapse."

Especially the German knows that countries don't collapse. They simply have stringent times when great social and economic changes take place, new regimes come in and there is a redistribution of wealth.

**I**T is almost impossible to get a smile out of the businessman. He has much less freedom than a polar bear in a zoo and is watched as closely. He cannot go out and buy a pound of wrapping paper without government approval. He cannot raise or reduce wages, can't float new loans without the Reichsbank's approval.

The Nazis tell you they have no intention of nationalizing industry. They call the present plan "leading, not controlling industry." When a businessman is told when he can order a pound of twine, and from whom, or reduce wages, or borrow money, or what he shall do with the very last cent of his profits, his business is nationalized.

But if you ask six businessmen if they are contented, all six will say, "perfectly."

He would kind of like to know, though, how much the government is spending. He can't find out, because Germany is the only country in the world which does not issue figures on its expenses.

*Anything Goes* was an excellent name for a musical comedy. It is also excellent as a cardinal rule in the endless repertoire of Nazi brutality.

No more heinous than *Der Sturm*, is Dr. Robert Ley's labor camp "matrimonial bureau." He deliberately places the boys and girls labor camps in close proximity. Liberties are arranged so as to allow nature to take its course. Naturally, an issue results. The boy is shamed into marry-

ing the girl, or terrorized into it, and is offered the additional bait of a two weeks' holiday with expenses paid.

Since mercy is eliminated in Germany, love has little place in choosing a wife. As in Italy, the slogan is: "We want more babies, but make them Aryan."

You search the faces of women in Berlin, one of the great capitals of the world, for a pretty woman. You scan the faces in cafés in Munich, in Hanover, in any city. They are drab, expressionless, peering out from under an antiquated hat, made even uglier by a remarkably unmodish coat.

The faces of the girls are red-cheeked, round, healthy, bovine. They dare not use cosmetics. Their hands are rough, thick, masculine. They've served their "sentence" in a labor camp—and they loved it.

Soon there will not be a pretty hand left in all Germany.

To halt this onrush to unhandsomeness, now every girl between 18 and 21 joins the "Work, Beauty and Faith" movement. She is to become beautiful, without cosmetics, by physical culture and rhythmic dancing.

**T**HERE is not much to make the German laugh or think too deeply. Some smile now as they read their tirading newspapers, as full of life as a discarded mattress. The cinemas exude propaganda. *Mein Kampf*, Hitler's bible for the German people, is required reading and the consistent best seller. All the fatuous books of America and England which portray the spinelessness of those nations, exhibit their decadence, or condemn them, are translated.

The average German likes Goering, for all his grandiose titles and flamboyant uniforms. He delights in telling jokes on "the fat fellow's" lion cubs, his outrageous temper. The man in the street hates Goebbels, and fears Dr. Rosenberg. Even the secret anti-Nazi admits that "Goering is probably the real patriot of the bunch."

The farmer is the true peasant. He loves and wants his land and his cattle. Like the urban dweller, he feels the continual strain on life, but it was always so. He shrugs his shoulders when you tell him the meat tastes bad.

"What am I to do?" he demands sourly. "They are always in such a hurry. They don't let it hang long enough."

He considers it a personal tragedy that the Nazis tell Nature how to run her business. Instead of saving cattle for breeding, he has been forced to fatten them for early slaughter. He knows that this year there will be a great shortage of pigs because in 1937 he had to kill almost his entire stock.

"Berlin said they needed the meat," the farmer groans, "and anyway we didn't have food for them last year."

He has seen his farm ravaged by a policy of self-sufficiency just as surely as he, as a young man in grey uniform, helped to ravage Belgium. He has seen a 22% decline in the

number of sows bred and a 42% slip in the number of young sows.

"Well," he says shortly, "let 'em eat potatoes."

They will too. There may be malnutrition, but their stomachs will be full. Germany grows four times as many potatoes as the United States.

The industrial and intellectual German, for all his hardships—he's had those before—has tremendous pride in the Third Reich.

"Why shouldn't I be proud," he demands belligerently, "I live in a reborn country."

He feels the surge of great events, great activity, even if he is such a minute part of it and doesn't compre-

hend it. He sees a powerful army behind him. Roads being laid down and buildings shooting up. Competition of the Jews eliminated. A constant quickening of the pulse from the hypodermic of the clever Goebbels that makes him think he is individually responsible for this rebirth. He reads how all the world fears Germany. He sees 200 million people allied into a Berlin-Rome-Tokyo agreement.

He sees rearmad Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Poland, Greece drifting away from "hated democratic government" to totalitarianism. He sees Czechoslovakia boiling toward civil war. He sees Austria and Danzig safely tucked away on the Nazi shelf. ●

## EYES ON CHIANG KAI-SHEK



Hemmed by traitors, Chiang weeps—and shoots

**Before the war was hours old, Chiang's most secret plans were known to the Japs. Again and again Jap actions showed foreknowledge of Chiang's movements and stratagems, as discussed and decided with his most trusted leaders. This explains many mysterious incidents, and makes China's apparent "spy complex" fully understandable.**

BY IRIS BRANN

**W**HEN in July, 1937, the Marco Polo Bridge incident occurred (the incident from which grew the present Sino-Japanese conflict) Chiang Kai-shek dispatched provincial troops from Honan and Shensi to the North, but he hoped, actually, to settle the trouble through diplomatic channels. China, he realized, was not yet ready to fight.

So before deciding what steps

should be taken in regard to the situation in the North, Chiang summoned the Governors of the Northern and Coastal Provinces to a conference.

The result of that conference was unexpected, but gratifying. They all (including Generals Han Fu Chu and Yuen Sih Shan, Governors of Shantung and Shansi Provinces who, in case of armed resistance, would have to give and take initial blows) favored

war and vowed they would fight for China and defend their provinces to the best of their abilities.

In spite of this seeming unity, Chiang still hesitated.

But even while Chiang hesitated, the trouble in the North grew, and Japanese demands became more unreasonable. It was then, on the fourth of August, that the "Christian General," Feng Yu Hsiang, second in popularity only to the Generalissimo, drew his gun and, handing it to Chiang, said dramatically:

"If you are not going to fight the Japanese *this time*, kill me now."

General Pei, another popular and influential figure, took a stand as definite (if not so spectacular) as that of the "Christian General," and at length it was agreed upon to resist Japan. Anticipating that the Japanese would retaliate by trying to take Shanghai, the meeting broke up with the understanding that troops would be sent to that city at once.

*But, a few hours after that meeting, and before Chiang's central troops had even started to move, Japan instructed her nationals to evacuate China, and even petitioned the Chinese Government to guarantee the safety of her refugees. Why? The results of that meeting were secret; in fact orders had been given to all officials concerned to continue their negotiations with the Japanese, and endeavor to prevent further developments in the conflict. Yet Japan's action came immediately after Chiang's decision to fight was made. China, as yet, had made no move. Was this coincidence?*

When Chiang Kai-shek learned of the Japanese troops pouring into Shanghai, his first step was to have a boom laid, across the Yangtze River. Anticipating the possibility of an attack on Nanking from this River, he planned his blockade at Kiangyin, halfway between the two cities.

On August 12, Chiang received word of the first clash in Shanghai, and he issued orders to speed up the work on the boom and close it at seven o'clock that same night. Such a move would cut off about 20 Japanese ships, including five gunboats, loitering in waters below Nanking. His plan was to seize these vessels and convert them to his own use.

*But, in less than an hour after this decision was made, all Japanese ships in that vicinity were racing down river, and had reached safety before the boom was closed.*

Was this another coincidence?

**T**HE trouble in the North continued to grow, and hostilities in Shanghai looked ugly. Chiang finally arranged a special meeting with one of the commanding officers of the Shanghai Troops, General Tseng, and Shanghai's Mayor, O. K. Yui. Realizing that his every move was watched, he planned to make the trip to Shanghai incognito, and the meeting was scheduled to take place at one p.m., August 23, in a private room of Sincere Company's restaurant. Sincere Company is

a department store located on Nanking Road, in Shanghai's International Settlement.

Because of the importance of the occasion, and the hazards connected with making such a trip at this time, Chiang let his plans be known only to a few of his intimates. Shortly before his scheduled departure from Nanking, however, he changed his mind and postponed the meeting. Pressing matters required his presence in the Capital.

He had cause, later, to be grateful to those "pressing matters" which had upset his plans. *At the very hour when the Generalissimo was to dine with Yui and General Tseng in Sincere Company, that building was blasted, repeatedly, by unidentified shells.*

The world was horrified at this, the third incident in Shanghai's International Settlement wrecking havoc and claiming hundreds of lives, but it was eventually passed off as "another regrettable accident."

Few people knew that the shells, which all but demolished Sincere Company, were, in all likelihood, intended for Chiang Kai-shek—but then, few people knew that Chiang Kai-shek had any thought of being in Shanghai at that particular time.

But Chiang Kai-shek knew! *Why* were heavy artillery shells dropped in this one spot, away from the actual fighting, if they had not been meant for him? Had his change in plans come too late to be relayed to some enemy lying in wait for him in Shanghai?

Wary now, and suspicious, Chiang waited for an opportune time to make his trip to Shanghai. On August 24th, this opportunity presented itself. He was informed that Sir Hugh Knatchbull-Hugessen, the British Ambassador, would start for Shanghai by car on August 26. The British Embassy had contacted both the Chinese and Japanese authorities, notifying them of Sir Hugh's intended trip in order to insure his safety.

Chiang decided to follow Sir Hugh's party through to Shanghai, but kept his plans as quiet as possible. In the wake of the British Ambassador's car, he believed he would be reasonably secure.

Everyone knows what followed. As they approached Shanghai, two Japanese planes attacked the cars in which the British Ambassador and his party were traveling, and Sir Hugh was seriously wounded.

Chiang, in the meantime, had started for Shanghai about the same time Sir Hugh started, but he went only as far as the Nanking City Gates. There he turned back, not to his official home, but to one of his suburban residences—and waited.

He did not have to wait long. Word came through, a short time later, that the Ambassador and his party, although virtually guaranteed safety, had been attacked by the Japanese, and the Ambassador himself shot.

The Generalissimo's suspicions of treachery among those nearest to him were being substantiated almost

hourly. The Japanese offered, as a preliminary excuse for this outrage, that their pilots had been unable to see the Union Jack on the Ambassador's cars.

However, when it was proved that the flags were discernible from the altitude of the planes, they admitted a part of the truth. They had believed the cars to be carrying "Chinese Officials," who sought protection under a foreign flag.

That admission was enough for Chiang Kai-shek. One or more of his own men were advising the Japanese of his every move and plan. And so, with a war on his hands as desperate as any China has ever seen, the Generalissimo waged a second war against traitors!

**F**OREIGNERS, trapped in China at the outbreak of hostilities, are inclined to believe China is obsessed with a "spy complex," and is carrying it to extremes. Most of them are ignorant of the events leading up to it, and cannot, therefore, realize the seriousness of Chiang Kai-shek's position.

The Generalissimo, acting on his convictions after the shooting of the British Ambassador, started a widespread "clean-up," and first in that clean-up came those whom he had most trusted. It is safe to say that at least ten of his officials were shot, including his number-one secretary.

Following this, word to "look out for traitors" was issued far and wide. Hundreds of innocent Chinese were thrown into jail for reasons that, to the foreign mind, were ridiculous. The picking of teeth in public became a dangerous act. Chinese authorities asked:

"Why should a man pick his teeth, if he have no chow before him?"

It might be a way of signaling, they reasoned.

Chinese possessing large flashlights were jailed. With those flashlights it would be possible to signal Japanese planes at night.

Chinese, and even foreigners, known to have been friendly with any Japanese, prior to hostilities, were studiously watched.

One foreign doctor in a provincial town was put in jail for having in his possession a new electrical machine for treatments in his office. The Chinese did not understand the workings of this machine, but suspected it might be an apparatus for communicating with the Japanese, during air-raids.

An English salesman was jailed, simply because he was traveling on Company business. The Chinese did not see why anyone would want to travel while a war was going on, and although the salesman had papers proving his identity and business, he was jailed anyway.

Perhaps they are over-doing this business of arresting and jailing people as spies, and it is likely that they realize this. Nevertheless, to Chiang Kai-shek, it is better to shoot 200 innocent people engaged in a desperate struggle involving the life and liberty of 400 million, than to leave one traitor at large. ●

(Pictures on Pages 39-41)

## CZECHOSLOVAKIA IS NEXT

**Middle Europe's spy-saturated democracy, fearing to expel swarming Gestapo agents, prepares grimly for invasion, counting on Russian and French aid when Second World War begins.**



Arno Oertel, Gestapo agent, carries cyanide pellet

**R**ICHTER, the Gestapo district chief at Bischofswerda on the Czechoslovak-German frontier, handed Arno Oertel, alias Harald Half, a German passport.

"Proceed to Prague, lose yourself in the big city. As soon as it's safe, go to Langenau near Bohemisch-Leipa. Report to Frau Anna Suchy (member of the 'Deutsches Volksbund,' Konrad Henlein's cultural organization). She will give you further instructions."

Oertel nodded, his thin, white face set nervously for this first important espionage job since the 25-year-old secret agent finished his intensive course in the special Gestapo training school in Zossen (Brandenburg). This is one of the many schools established by the Gestapo to train secret agents for various activities.

Following his graduation Oertel was given minor practical work against politically disruptive activities of anti-fascist organizations across the Czech border where he posed as a German emigré. He showed such aptitude that his Gestapo chief, Geissler, at sector headquarters in Dresden, sent him to Czechoslovakia on a special mission.

Oertel hesitated, then said:

"Naturally I'll take all possible precautions but—accidents may happen—"

The Gestapo chief Richter, who has a reputation for ruthlessness, nodded heavily. "If caught and arrested, demand to see the German consul immediately. If you are in a bad posi-

tion, we'll request your extradition on a criminal charge—burglary with arms, attempted murder,—some non-political crime. We've got a treaty with Czechoslovakia to extradite Germans accused of criminal acts but—"

The Gestapo chief opened the top drawer of his desk and took out of a little box a small capsule the size of a little fingernail. "If you find yourself in an utterly hopeless situation, swallow this." He handed the pellet to the nervous young man whose face turned white as he accepted it.

"Cyanide," the Gestapo chief explained drily. "Tie it up in a knot in your handkerchief which will not be taken from you if you are arrested. There is always an opportunity while being searched to take it."

Oertel obediently tied the pellet in a corner of his handkerchief and placed it in his breast pocket.

"You are to make two reports," Richter repeated coldly. "One for Frau Suchy, the other for the contact in Prague. She'll get you in touch with him."

Anna Suchy, Gestapo agent in Czechoslovakia, gave Oertel specific orders. "On August 16, [1937] at five in the afternoon, you will be sitting on a bench near the fountain in Karlsplatz Park in Prague. A man dressed in a gray suit, gray hat, with a blue handkerchief showing from the breast pocket of his coat will ask you for a light for his cigarette. Give him the light, accept a cigarette from the gen-

tleman. This man will give detailed instructions on what to do and how to meet the Prague contact to whom in turn you will report."

At the appointed hour, Oertel sat on a bench staring at the fountain, watching men and women strolling and chatting cheerfully on the way to meet friends for late afternoon coffee. Occasionally he looked at the afternoon papers lying on the bench beside him. Oertel felt that he was being watched but he saw none in a gray suit with a blue handkerchief. He wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, partly because of the heat, partly from nervousness. As he held the handkerchief, he could feel the tightly-bound capsule which was the penalty for a mistake.

Precisely at five he noticed a man in a gray suit with a gray hat and a blue handkerchief in the breast pocket of his coat, strolling along leisurely. As the stranger approached, he fumbled in his pockets, took out a package of cigarettes, selected one, searched his pockets for a light. Oertel waited tensely. The man stopped before him, doffed his hat politely and smilingly asked for a light. Oertel offered his lighter. The man, with the utmost politeness, offered a cigarette. Oertel invited the stranger to sit down.

"Report once a week," the man said abruptly, puffing his cigarette and staring at two children playing in the sunshine which flooded Karlsplatz. He stretched out his feet like a man relaxing after a hard day's work. "Deliver reports to Frau Suchy personally. One week she will come to Prague, the alternate week you go there. Deliver a copy of your report to the English missionary, Vicar Robert Smith, who lives at 31 Karlsplatz."

Smith, to whom the unidentified man in the gray suit told Oertel to report, is a minister of the Church of Scotland in Prague, a British subject with influential connections not only with English-speaking people but with Czech government officials. Besides his ministerial work, the Reverend Smith

leads an amateur orchestra group giving free concerts for German emigrés. On his clerical recommendation, he got German "emigré" women into England as house servants for British government officials and army officers.

**T**HE far-flung Gestapo network in Czechoslovakia, especially along the border and in Prague reaches into all branches of the government, the military forces and emigré anti-fascist groups. The country is honeycombed with Gestapo agents sent from Germany with false passports or smuggled across the border and aided by Henlein adherents. Often they use Czech citizens with relatives in Germany upon whom pressure is put. The work of these agents consists not only in ferreting military information regarding Czech defense measures and establishing contacts with Czech citizens for permanent espionage, but the equally important assignment of disrupting anti-fascist groups, of creating opposition within organizations of large membership, in order to disintegrate them. They also make reports on public opinion and attitudes, and record carefully the names and addresses of those known for anti-fascist work. Similar procedure followed in Austria before the invasion enabled the Nazis to make wholesale arrests immediately on their arrival.

Prague, with a German population of 60,000, is the headquarters for the astonishing network of espionage, propaganda and disruptive activities which the Gestapo has built up throughout the country. The chief place for espionage reports to cross the frontier into Germany is through Tetschen-Bodenbach. Propaganda and espionage conducted by members of the Henlein group are directed from the headquarters of the Sudeten Deutsches Partei, 4 Hybernka St. Secondary headquarters are established in the Deutsche Hilfsverein, 7 Nekazanka St., headed by Emil Wallner, who is supposed to be representing the Leipzig Fair but who is actu-

ally the chief of the Gestapo work in Prague. His assistant, Hermann Dorn, living in Hanspaulka-Dejvice, is supposed to be representing the *Muenchner Illustrierte Zeitung*.

To achieve Berlin's aims, Henlein carries on an intensive publicity campaign. Though less than one-third of the Germans in Czechoslovakia are members of the Sudeten Deutsches Partei, Henlein claims to represent a majority. But even his figure of 800,000 members means little as at least as many Germans are bitterly opposed to Nazis in the Sudeten areas. On May Day of this year Henlein addressed 25,000 followers while at the same time a short distance away 20,000 anti-Nazis met to resist the Henlein program. Henlein's membership lists are swelled by terrorism used on workers and farmers opposed to the Sudeten leader. They are threatened, beaten, fired from jobs by factory owners and managers who are sympathetic with Henlein. Many affidavits collected from Germans in the Sudeten area showing how the terrorist campaign works have been sent to Chamberlain in the hope of convincing him that the Nazi charges of "oppression" are not based on actuality.

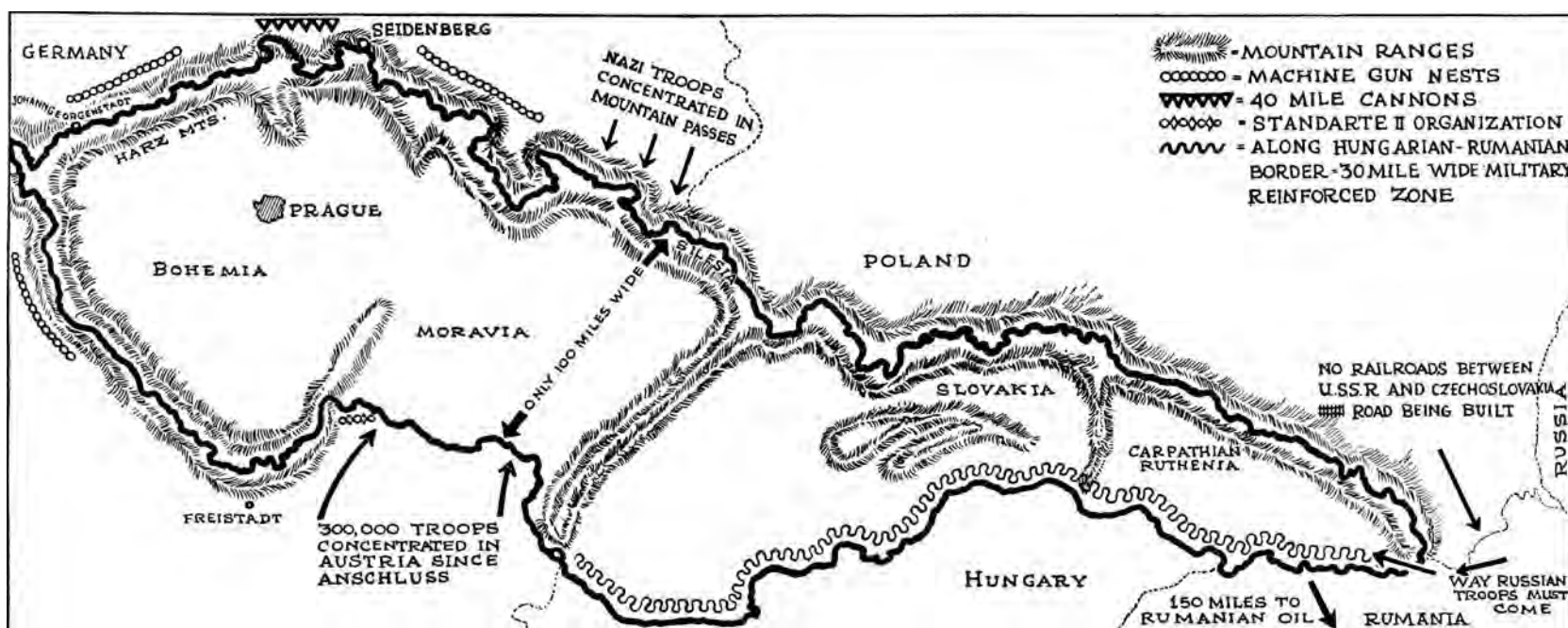
The object of Henlein's activities and the outcry in the German press is to create an impression in other countries that the Sudeten Germans are restless under Czech rule. While these cries are going on, the Nazis have established, under orders of the Berlin Gestapo, the headquarters of "Standarte II" in the little Austrian town of Freistadt, across from the Czech border. Standarte II membership consists of carefully chosen gangsters and gunmen plentifully supplied with dynamite bombs, ammunition and hand grenades for creating situations along the border that will give the impression of great restlessness and oppression on the part of Czech authorities who try to suppress outbreaks. Standarte II led the terrorist campaign which culminated in the assassination of Chancellor Dollfuss.

With Standarte II active now along the southern Bohemian border and Henlein in charge along the northern border, the Nazis are carrying on a constant series of provocative acts irritating to the Czech authorities. They stand ready upon orders to create a situation which will compel the government to take action, perhaps by force. Thereupon, Hitler will have the opportunity to denounce "terrorism and oppression of German minorities" and to use force to defend "German blood."

The mobilization of great numbers of soldiers along the Czech border in Germany would promptly bring the mobilization of several countries for war, so Germany is following different tactics with the same caution she used when secretly arming herself for the violation of the Versailles Treaty. Along the border in Silesia and Saxony a new military organization of 11,000 members composed of veterans over military duty age has been formed as a "frontier guard." This guard, systematically organized under army supervision throughout 1937, is prepared to operate on a wartime basis. Another guard has been organized this year. Reinforced by SA and SS troops, the frontier guard has been engaged in military maneuvers. Maneuvers for infantry lasted four weeks, machine gunners six weeks, and artillery 13 weeks.

Between February 3-9 alarm practice was given them in the frontier district of Johannegeorgenstadt-Rittersgrun, with reinforcements of motorcycle troops armed with portable machine guns. In Bavaria the frontier guard holds rifle practice Saturdays and Sundays.

Since the Austrian invasion, regular troops are slowly being shifted with the utmost secrecy into the Bavarian area as well as into Austria. Along the once Austrian-Czech border there is an unusually heavy concentration of troops. Along the southern Moravian border where there are no mountain passes to make advance dif-



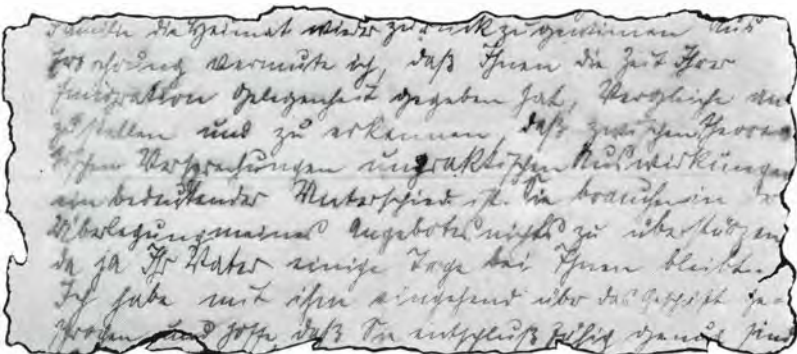
German General Staff plans to cut Czechoslovakia in two through invasion of Moravia, unprotected on ex-Austrian border, thus thwart Russian aid to Czechs.



Konrad Henlein, Hitler's disciple, gives Sudeten salute in posters urging election of his candidates to Czech Parliament.



Two Czech patriots, active in fight against Hitlerization of homeland, shot to death in this car by Standarte II terrorists.



Invisible ink letter from Nazi spy developed by use of chloride of iron on cotton swab dipped in water and brushed over page.

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One month's bank entries by Nazi Government for Henlein's representative in Berlin to finance anti-Czech propaganda.

difficult, over 300,000 troops have been massed, commanded by General van Bok, formerly commander, significantly, of the Saxon border garrison. These troops are not needed in Austria, even if the entire Austrian army and people rose up in rebellion. Such a massing of troops and arms is obviously not a defensive measure. At the same time concentration of troops is being carried out in the area between Poland and Czechoslovakia. It is apparent that the German General Staff is planning a simultaneous march north and south through Moravia to cut off Bohemia from other sections of the new country. The distance across Czechoslovakia at this point is a bare 100 miles with fairly good roads, for which the Germans have fleets of trucks.

Troops camouflaged as hikers were massed along the Saxon border May 9. Eight trucks with 40 soldiers each arrived at Oberwiesenthal, changed uniforms to knickers and scattered about the border territory to study the topography. The "hikers" were quartered in barracks and no one was allowed nearer than a half-mile. The "hikers" were forbidden to speak to inhabitants of the town about their activities. In early May Infantry Regiments 84 and 108 arrived at Seifen in the Harz Mountains, were quartered in a local factory and forbidden to discuss the reason for the shift. In the latter part of April infantry troops arrived on the Silesian frontier from Breslau all dressed in sports clothes and sent hiking in groups of four to six. These disguised hikers wandered around woods and streams.

Along the German and Polish borders with their rugged country, mass troop movements are difficult in these days of motorized armies, but the southern Czech border is comparatively level. Should aid be sent by Russia as the result of German invasion of Czechoslovakia, it would probably come most easily through the corridor of less than a hundred miles width that lies between Russia and the tip of Carpathian Ruthenia, a part of Czechoslovakia—unless the Russians send troops with portable machine guns dropped from plane parachutes as countless thousands have already been trained to do.

The Czech army is strongly organized, well-equipped, and ready to fight. It is capable of withstanding an onslaught for three weeks and a general war for three months without help. But Germany figures that the Czechs will get Russian help, which may turn the tables. The General Staff is fearful of eventualities should Germany fail to conquer quickly or at least cut the country in half by a quick march across Moravia.

Both sides of the Czech-German border in northern Bohemia and particularly in Moravia are among the world's most strongly fortified areas. Although army people will not talk about such things, it is no secret that the French military commission permanently stationed in Prague helped in building a defense line better than the famous Maginot line for 30 miles

inland along the southern Czech border, touching Hungary and Rumania, both fascist countries co-operating with the Nazis.

From Furth in Bavaria the fortifications line and troop concentrations established by the Nazis run through Bernau, Tischenreuth and Selb to Hof in a northeastward direction. In the Harz Mountains the line turns, runs through Annaberg, Marienberg, Gottleuba, Konigeste, Neustadt and Ebersbach to Zittau. From Zittau the fortifications are spaced more widely apart with the mountain passes used as bases for attack and to defend German soil from counterattack by the Czech and Russian troops, should necessity arise.

On the Bernau-Tischenreuth-Hof line the entire area is dotted with underground machine gun nests built 20 feet deep. Each nest can accommodate 120 men and vast stores of munitions. The nests are hidden by trees and shrubbery and guarded with extreme care by specially picked Nazi troops. In Silesia not only is the border fortified, but the line of fortifications runs along the Oder River southward over Glogau and Breslau for protection in case a furious rush by the Czechs and their allies should back up the Germans into Nazi territory.

Machine gun nests are equipped with the new air-cooled Mausers Nos. 34 and 36, using smokeless powder, planted to spit death at a speed of 750 rounds a minute from the hill-sides, with no sign of the source. Behind these fortified areas the Germans have built series of extraordinary guns shooting accurately up to 40 miles. The guns are constructed on the rocket principle with projectiles hurled by rocket explosions. Their objective is to break the morale of the Czechs by firing into their cities, especially Prague. These long-range guns are infinitely more accurate than the 70-mile gun used during the World War to shoot into Paris. The big guns are erected on steel and concrete foundations, and point toward Prague. If the first push against the Czechs is unsuccessful and the Germans are held on the borders, the 40-mile guns can blast away at the city, disrupting urban life and making the inhabitants feel that the Nazis are just outside the city limits.

For the information of the Czech Air Force, in case it doesn't know, the 40-mile guns are concentrated on the outskirts of Hoyerswroda, a trifle north of Bautzen. The batteries are hidden in glades and forests heavily guarded by storm troopers. Ammunition for the big guns and the machine gun nests is stored in Joachimstift Castle near Niekrisch railroad station on the Breslau-Seidenberg line. The castle has large specially constructed cellars for storing munitions. Four anti-aircraft guns guard the castle.

**N**AZI espionage and propaganda work within Czechoslovakia itself should have special interest for American immigration authorities, since the United States, too, has a steady flow of Gestapo agents. In il-

Illustration there is the case of Rudolf Walter Voigt, alias Walter Clas, alias Heinz Leonhard, alias Herbert Frank — names which he used throughout Europe in his espionage work for the Gestapo. Voigt is in Prague today, sent there on a specially delicate mission to try to discover how the Czechs get to Spain to fight in the International Brigade, a mystery in Berlin now, because such Czechs must cross Italy, Germany or other fascist countries which co-operate with the Gestapo.

Voigt was given Passport 1.128.236, made out in the name of Walter Clas, and containing, at the top of the passport, letters and numbers 1A1444. Voigt was instructed, by Leader Wilhelm May of Dresden, to report to Henlein Party headquarters upon his arrival in Prague. Clas, alias Voigt, arrived October 23, 1937, reported to Sudeten Party headquarters and saw a man whom I am unable to identify. He was instructed to report again four days later, since information about the agent had not yet arrived.

It is 1A1444 or similar letters and numbers at the top of passports which inform German diplomatic representatives the world over that the bearer is a Gestapo agent. Whenever American immigration authorities find German passports with letters and numbers at the top, they can be sure that the bearer is an agent. These numbers are placed by Gestapo headquarters in Berlin or Dresden, the agents are photographed and samples of their handwriting are sent in diplomatic pouches to the Nazi embassy, legation or consulate in the country, city or German Bund to which the agent is assigned. When the agent reports in a foreign city, the resident Gestapo chief checks the passport's top numbers with the picture and the handwriting received via diplomatic pouch to check on the man's identity.

For the information of the Czech authorities, Voigt was trained in the Gestapo espionage schools in Potsdam and Calmuth-Remagen. He operates directly under Wilhelm May whose headquarters are in Dresden. May is in charge of Gestapo work over Sector No. 2. The entire Czech border espionage and terrorist activity is divided into sectors. No. 1 embraces Silesia with headquarters at Breslau, No. 2 Saxony with headquarters at Dresden and No. 3 Bavaria, with headquarters at Munich. After the annexation of Austria, Sector No. 4 was added, commanded by Gestapo Chief Scheffler whose headquarters are in Berlin, with a branch in Vienna. Sector No. 4 also directs Standarte II which stands ready to provide incidents to justify German invasion. All sectors co-operate with the Henlein party in the respective districts, so that actually the Sudeten Party combines a political movement with an incredibly enormous espionage network.

Another way that immigration authorities, especially in countries surrounding Germany, can detect Gestapo

agents is the position of stamps on the German passport. Stamps are placed, in accordance with German law, directly under the spot provided for them on the passport on the front page, upper right-hand corner. Whenever frontier immigration officials find a passport with the stamps on the cover facing the passport title page, it is a sign to Gestapo representatives and consulates that the bearer is an agent who crossed the border hurriedly without time to get the regular numbers and letters from Gestapo headquarters. The agent is given this means of temporary identification by the border Gestapo agent.

Also, whenever immigration authorities find a German passport issued to the bearer for less than five years and then extended to the regulation five-year period, they can be sure that the bearer is a new Gestapo agent who is being tested by controlled movements in a foreign country. For instance, Voigt was given a passport August 15, 1936, good for only 14 days, for his first Gestapo mission in Holland as a new agent. His chief was not sure whether Voigt agreed to become an agent just in order to get a passport and money to escape the country so his passport was limited. When the 14-day period expired, Voigt would have to report to the Nazi consulate for a renewal. In this particular case, the passport was marked "Unrenewable Without Special Permission of the Chief of Dresden Police." When Voigt performed his Holland mission successfully, he was given the usual five-year passport. Any German whose passport shows a given limited time, then extended, gives proof that he has been tested and found satisfactory by the Gestapo.

Obviously all these military, espionage and propaganda preparations along the Czech border, executed with extreme secrecy, are not designed by the Nazis for protection against Czech invasion. All indications point to the fact that the Nazis are determined to invade their neighboring country at an opportune moment, and are prepared also to fight Russia which, the Nazis figure, will come to the aid of the Czechs. The propaganda campaign running through the German press is similar to that which preceded the attack on Austria, but is more intensive.

The time is about ripe for attack. The only thing delaying the Nazis, apparently, is the diplomatic maneuvering by which the Chamberlain government is pressing France to withdraw from her alliance with Czechoslovakia, and also advising Prague to make greater concessions to Henlein. When the Nazis feel they will gain no more from these diplomatic maneuverings on their behalf, the invasion will probably be unleashed with lightning suddenness. Troops will not first be mobilized along the border, as was the case in the Austrian invasion. That's why troops are being ringed secretly around the border for a swift attempt which will start the long-feared but expected World War. ●



1A1444 written on this German passport means bearer is Nazi spy. Walter Clas, Gestapo agent, uses this passport in Czechoslovakia.



Immigration authorities in countries bordering Germany, please note: Stamps on inside of cover instead of an upper right hand corner of Reisepass signify Gestapo agent got sudden orders to cross border.



Herman Albin Valdivia, Gestapo agent in Prague, didn't have time to clear his passport through regular Gestapo Sector headquarters in Dresden so he got emergency clearance from district office on border.

## THE MIRACLE OF KONNERSREUTH

**For twelve years Therese Neumann has eaten nothing but the daily wafer of Holy Communion. And every Friday she has lost ten pounds, only to regain them during the week. The only living being who has experienced resurrection, believers and doubters, including doctors, have seen her die over six hundred times. The Church has not yet admitted it to be a miracle. But science has not yet explained it.**

BY RENÉ KRAUS



*Stigmata of Christ on girl's face miracle to millions*

EVERY Friday Therese Neumann suffers in her own flesh the Passion of Our Lord. At half an hour past midnight her spirit treads the road which Christ took to the Garden of Gethsemane. At 55 minutes past noon, that is two hours before the historic moment (the piercing with the spear and the killing of the thieves on the Sabbath morning are not included in her vision) she sinks back on her pillows, lifeless, bathed in blood. She has ceased to breathe, and doctors, applying the most delicate instruments, can detect no heart beats. It has been accomplished.

In the course of the next few hours the rigor mortis relaxes. By evening Therese rises from her bed, and by Saturday morning she is once more a simple, 40-year-old German peasant woman, rather girlish for her years but with little else to distinguish her from the other inhabitants of the tiny village of Konnersreuth in the Bavarian Alps.

What distinguishes her from the rest of mankind however is this: she knows what lies beyond this world.

Her returns from those other shores are numbered. "I feel that death is already close at hand," she said to me when I visited her recently. "I shall die after my father but before my mother. Perhaps," she went on with a transfigured smile, "on the night of Good Friday." She waits for the night of her death as other girls wait for their wedding night. To be released from earthly suffering will be glorious beyond the power of words to describe. And yet to Therese Neumann her agony is a bitter-sweet mission. To bleed every Friday from the same wounds which her Saviour bore places her beyond the reach of earthly suffering.

It is now exactly 12 years since her case created a sensation in the worlds of science and religion. During those 12 years hundreds of thousands have made the pilgrimage to Konnersreuth: sightseers and devotees, skeptics and fanatics, scientists, doctors, priests, laymen, ascetics and sensation-seekers. Many of them have been Americans, mostly simple, humble people who have stinted and econ-

omized to save the passage money which would enable them to see with their own eyes this last of the living saints.

The attention of America was drawn to the case of Therese Neumann when Dean Noe of Memphis made his recent attempt to subdue the flesh and liberate the spirit by abstaining from food and drink. What Dean Noe attempted was a repetition of one of the miracles accomplished by the stigmatized wonder woman of Konnersreuth. The Memphis Dean had to be removed to a hospital where he was forcibly fed. The German peasant girl has for 12 years taken no other nourishment than the host which she receives daily at Holy Communion. Although she neither eats nor drinks her weight never varies from the normal of 120 pounds.

It is a miracle—so long as it continues. But it will not last very much longer. Therese is allowed to receive only a very few and very special visitors. The shadow of death is lowering over the little white-painted single-story house in the village of Konnersreuth. Soon the last remaining miracle of modern times will have passed from the earth.

THE story of this mystery begins with the completely normal and unremarkable history of a humble peasant girl. Therese Neumann was born on April 9, 1898, on the night of Good Friday. She is the youngest of 10 children. Her father is the village tailor, and in addition owns a small farm and a few cows. Today he is still a poor man struggling for his bare existence. He has refused enormous sums of money from film companies, publicity agents, and publishers anxious to make capital out of his daughter.

At school Therese proved herself below the average of intelligence. She was however remarkable for her physical strength and, even as a small child, for her extraordinary religious fervor. Her ambition was to become a nursing sister in an African mission, but the World War prevented its fulfillment. When she was sixteen she took employment as a farm-worker and was obliged to do man's work, since all the male population of the village had been called up for military service. She plowed, sowed, reaped, manured the fields, and carried sacks weighing a couple of hundredweight and more. At this period in her life she had an enormous appetite. It is touching to hear this woman, who for 12 years has not touched a morsel of food, say with a reminiscent smile: "I used to eat five dumplings straight off in the old days."

The old days—that was before the time of her accident. On March 10, 1918, Therese fell off a ladder while she was helping to put out a fire. For six and a half years she remained a bed-ridden invalid. Two spinal vertebrae had been broken by her fall: she could not even sit up in bed. In the autumn of 1919 she went blind.

In addition her left ear became deaf, she grew partly paralyzed and lost practically all sense of feeling. By the end of 1922 she was suffering from shortness of breath and fits of suffocation, and at the beginning of 1923 her right foot began to grow crooked. In consequence of years spent lying in bed, sores had formed on her back. They oozed blood and water and gave out a horrible fetid smell. Finally she was able to move only her right hand. With this, on February 3, 1926, she wrote a clumsy and illiterate letter to the village priest: "I am, by God's grace, happy and content. I rejoice that our beloved Saviour has granted that I, unworthy as I am, may share His sufferings. I have dedicated my life as a sacrifice to the Lord. I believe that He will accept my wretched sufferings and prayers for the redemption of souls."

Racked with pain, sick unto death, she lived on in a state of religious ecstasy. She left herself to be in mystic communion with her patron namesake, the Little Therese of the Infant Jesus. On April 29, 1923, the Little Therese of the Infant Jesus was beatified by the Catholic Church. On that day Therese Neumann experienced her first miracle. She was aware of a dazzling, unearthly light, and she heard a gentle voice asking: "Do you wish to see again, dear child?" "God's will is mine," she replied. Suddenly the blackness which for years had shut her in was lifted. After four years of blindness her sight was restored. Two years later, on May 17, 1925, her namesake was canonized by the Catholic Church. At the very hour when the cardinals and bishops were gathered together in Rome, Therese Neumann was cured of her paralysis. The sores on her body suddenly vanished, her flesh became sweet and whole. She was able to get up and walk for the first time in six and a half years.

In October of that year she first began to refuse food, though she still consented to drink. At Christmas, 1926, she lost her desire even for liquid nourishment. Since then, and to this day, she has lived only on the host which she swallows at Holy Communion. It was during Lent of the same year that the first stigmata appeared. Ever since, for 12 successive years, she has suffered week by week the crucifixion of Our Lord.

The agonized ecstasies of the saint of Konnersreuth are a unique phenomenon; one which must stir the hearts not only of the mystically inclined but even of those who regard it with a detached and scientific interest. The Catholic Church itself has refused to lend its official authority to the strange happenings at Konnersreuth even though they would make magnificent propaganda. As for the scientific investigators who are interested in fathoming rather than exploiting the Friday passions of Therese Neumann, they have come to three unanimous conclusions. Firstly they admit that they cannot explain the phenomenon, secondly they are



convinced of Therese's genuine honesty, thirdly they agree that they have never encountered any other human being capable of enduring what Therese endures.

One of the most curious features of the case is Therese's dual personality during her experience of the Passion. She herself suffers the agonies of the crucifixion and at the same time enacts the role of a spectator, of a fervent peasant girl trying passionately to help her Saviour. She is both chief actress and audience at these times.

On Good Friday, 1926, the stigmata first appeared on her hands and feet. And since Friday, the 25th of March, 1927, she has also borne the scars of the crown of thorns which bleed afresh every time she passes through her ordeal. There are intervals of from 10 to 20 minutes between each successive ecstasy. During these pauses she recounts what has taken place. Her descriptions are like those of a child that sees and hears but cannot reason. Incidentally she uses the rough peasant dialect when she is in this condition, whereas normally her speech is quite moderately cultured.

Replying to a question as to how the garden of Gethsemane was illuminated, she will say: "There is a great light, and a log of wood burning and another log of wood burning." It is impossible for her to say "two logs of wood."

Apart from the person of Jesus who completely dominates her mind, she knows no one by name. She refers to Peter as "the man who cuts off ears," and to John as "the young man." Pilate has "no hair round his head or his chin," Caiaphas is "the funny man with the long white beard," Herod "the red man." She has entirely forgotten all that she learned at her Scripture classes. She likes Pilate because he speaks kindly to Jesus, and Judas because he kisses his Master. She knows nothing of the betrayal which the kiss signifies. That is not included in her vision. On the other hand she has a violent antipathy toward Peter because he is the first to draw blood by cutting off the ear of Malchus.

Her complete ignorance of what is to follow is terribly poignant. She always believes that Jesus will be freed at the last moment. When she sees the multitude and the cross-bearers leaving the city she cries: "Run quickly to our Saviour's mother and tell her that they have set him free." Even at the place of crucifixion she consoles herself with the words: "They are only making Him carry some timber up there." Christ is not carrying His cross but three planks of wood which will be roughly nailed together when they reach Golgotha.

When Our Lord, after the scourging, tries to reach for His clothing, an onlooker pushes the garments aside with his foot. This incident, by the way, was also seen by the visionary Katharina Emmerich. Therese's anger is roused to its highest pitch by the

man's action. "Tell that tramp to leave the clothes alone!" she shouts. "I'd like to box his ears!" She also attacks the men who mock Jesus when the crown of thorns is put about His head. "You're drunk!" she cries. "Anyone can see you're disgustingly drunk!" And finally she turns to the thief on the left-hand side and rebukes him: "Do not shout so loudly in the presence of Our Lord."

While Therese thus passionately defends her suffering Saviour she is at the same time sharing His agonies. A thin trickle of blood flows from her eyes. An hour later streams of blood pour down on each side of her white face.

When the soldiers place the crown of thorns on Christ's head eight wounds open at the back of her own. Her feet and hands become scarred. She tries painfully to pull out the thorns which are sticking into her head. Her body grows unnaturally rigid as she approaches the cross and her eyes stare perpendicularly upwards. The end is near. The twitching of her face subsides, gradually the clenched, tortured fingers relax. For the last time her body rears up, she rolls over to the left edge of the bed, then falls heavily back on her pillows, motionless, lifeless.

The spectators of this sacred mystery stand in a dumb, awe-stricken circle about the waxen, blood-stained corpse of a poor girl who has been tortured to death.

Next morning Therese Neumann remembers nothing. The stigmata have disappeared together with the wounds. She gets up, walks about her room. She is even able to take a walk through the village. True, she balances herself on her heels because the soles of her feet are tender, and when she wants to open a door she does so with her elbows because she has no strength in her hands. She loses ten pounds of weight in blood and perspiration every Friday, but regains her normal weight during the following six days of the week.

She eats nothing, drinks nothing, existing simply by the power of her will to live until such time as God sees fit to call her to Him.

Has that call been sounded? Therese believes that her work on earth will soon be done. She also believes that she has saved thousands of souls by her sufferings and her prayers. She responds to every appeal, to every letter—and she receives letters daily from America—she prays for all those who by special permission of the Bishop of Regensburg are allowed to see her. Countless stories are told of the sick whom she has cured, of souls she has redeemed from purgatory, sinners whom she has set on the right path.

One must be a good son of the Catholic Church to believe them all. But surely even those who are not orthodox in their beliefs must pause to shudder and marvel at the mystery of Konnersreuth. Hamlet was right: There are more things in heaven and earth . . . ●



(Picture on Page 42)

## SCOTCH MORMON SPENDS BILLIONS



Marriner S. Eccles—He fingers the nation's pursestrings

**Mormon missionary and calculating Scotsman, Federal Reserve Chairman Eccles is also that abomination of orthodox bankers, an heretical brother who believes the nation can spend its way into prosperity. Utah's banker and pillar in Mormonism's vast corporate holdings, Extraordinary Eccles believes in the unbalanced budget, when necessary.**

BY BEN STERN

A SCOTCHMAN who believes in spending billions and a banker who doesn't give a damn about balancing the budget has emerged victorious from the intense under-cover tug of war to determine the Administration's policy for coping with the depression.

And don't for a moment harbor the supposition that Marriner Stoddard Eccles, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, is neither a proper Scot nor an eminently successful banker.

That he is both is best evidenced by the responsibilities relinquished in January, 1934, when he was summoned to Washington to become Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

At that time Eccles was heading a corporation controlling 25 banks in Utah and Idaho with reserves of more than 50 million; was president of the Utah Construction Company, one of the world's largest corporations engaged in dam construction; was a guiding light in the Amalgamated Sugar Company with assets of more than ten million; ran a milk company doing an annual business of more than five million; was president of a large lumber

company; director of railroad and hotel companies; and in his spare moments operated a 300,000-acre ranch stocked with 40,000 sheep and 25,000 head of cattle.

And all this had been accomplished in the 20 years which had elapsed since he was called home to Utah from Scotland where he had been serving as a Mormon missionary, to become general manager of his widowed mother's two million-dollar estate.

With such a background who would have reason to suspect that Eccles is not a capitalist of the most conservative type, dedicated to the cause of the balanced budget, the gold standard and bitter opponent of the spending of one penny of government money for relief?

Yet for the past four years he has been the spear point of the spending wing of the Administration, in constant and unceasing war with the budget balancers and adherents of the more orthodox school of political economy.

Don't for a moment assume, however, that this slender, dark-eyed, dark-haired, sharp-featured head-man of the banker's bank advocates the prod-

igal flinging of handfuls of public money in helter-skelter largesse.

He has what he considers to be sound economic bases for his program to bring the Nation out of the depression. After hearing him explain it, suspicion departs the listener's mind as to his sincerity.

Calmly and dispassionately, but with the same pertinacity which won to his point of view the redoubtably irreconcilable Carter Glass, until finally the later actually was championing Eccles' proposals for broadening the scope and strengthening the power of the Federal Reserve System, he steadfastly has maintained the economic philosophy he first enunciated before the Senate Finance Committee back in 1933, a month before the Roosevelt Administration assumed office.

So heretical were these at the time that gasping Senators rubbed their eyes to make sure it was this same funereal-hued, slender epitome of what a conservative banker is supposed to be, who was giving voice to the credo "that the orthodox doctrines of thrift, economy and efficiency be tossed out of the window in order to meet and conquer the depression."

"In times of economic stress," reiterates Eccles today, "there should be deliberate unbalancing of the budget through the expenditure of billions by the Government to restore the purchasing power of the millions.

"Credit should be loosened so that mass production will be accompanied by mass consumption.

"When this occurs and profits begin to accrue, the Government then must seriously go about balancing the budget and by increased income, inheritance and profit taxes amass sufficient reserves so that it can begin prompt public spending to forestall another depressive cycle when first it is evidenced."

Eccles envisions a balance—one basket of which represents the Government and the other business. When either basket becomes out of balance, sufficient amounts should be taken from the one and placed in the other until they again become equal.

And this is what he has been proposing the Government do in order to halt the present downhill movement and bring about the climb.

Some of his suggestions already have been adopted and others are known to be receiving favorable Administration consideration.

The methods are uncanonical, but the past five years have calloused the American people to ideas which formerly would have been greeted with horrified amazement.

First, proposes Eccles, we must help the construction industry. This is being accomplished through the United States Housing Corporation and the Federal Housing Administration.

The former is being utilized as an outlet for millions for slum clearance, while the latter provides for liberal financing of private home construction through 90% loans amortized over long periods.

However, he warns gravely. "How

can you expect a man making \$25 a week to pay \$25 a day for the labor in constructing a house."

Organized labor has accepted this as a direct slap at its wage scales and Eccles is charged with being "anti-labor," "reactionary," "a tory" and all of the other adjectives in the trade union vocabulary.

This he indignantly repudiates: "Wage increases and shorter hours are justified and wholly desirable when they result from increasing production per capita and represent a better distribution of the profits of industry. But wage increases and shorter hours, when they retard and restrict production and cause price inflation, result in throwing out of balance the buying power of the various groups in our entire economy, such as agriculture, the unorganized workers, the recipients of fixed incomes and all consumer classes.

"It not only works against the interests of industry, as we have seen, but it works against labor—because the laborers lose their jobs."

Black eyes flashing animatedly against the pallor of his cheeks, Eccles, carefully elaborates: "The building field is typical of just this situation. We (the Federal Reserve) found that due to the rapid increase in building costs in 1936, due to both increases in building labor, reduction of hours of work and an increase in material prices, that the industry lost its market and consequently labor its jobs.

"That is why it has been imperative for the Federal Government to come to the aid of the building industry—and by that I mean not only the contractor and material dealer, but of labor itself, through providing easy credit at low interest rates to revive an industry which was diving to an alarming low.

"Small business also needs help, finding it extremely difficult to obtain credit either to continue present operations or to increase production. Banks in a time of depression are extremely loathe to take a chance with their funds and so it is necessary for the Government to help."

And in accordance with this proposal, the Government is undertaking to provide the required credit facilities through a 1,500 million dollar fund—the loans to be made through R.F.C.

The second basic group which must be stimulated so that we can begin the upward climb is heavy industry. Eccles proposes this solution for that problem:

The railroads are in need of replacements for old and outmoded equipment, but they are without either capital or credit to effect these purchases which, if completed, would total approximately three billion dollars.

During the 1936 inflationary period when it appeared that the railroads finally were beginning to show some earnings the rail brotherhoods stepped in with demands for increased pay and absorbed these earnings, so that there is no place where the money can

be obtained except the Federal Treasury. "Therefore," suggests Eccles, "let the Government lend the railroads the necessary three billions and this will result in not only greater transportation efficiency, but in direct stimulation to heavy industry."

The third factor in this program of nonconforming economics is direct relief as a means of creating mass consumption and its natural concomitant mass production through W.P.A. and P.W.A. He favors the latter type which results in permanent construction of general public benefit and affects diversified industry through use of all types of material as well as the employment of labor.

Inasmuch as the Administration is launching upon a program startlingly similar to that outlined, it is palpable that the Eccles school of economic philosophy is back in favor.

However, it is a victory without great savor to its author, because of the delay in getting the program under way.

For months a bitter internecine battle has been waged with Treasury Secretary Morgenthau leading the budget balancers, seconded by R.F.C. Chairman Jesse Jones; against the spenders under the leadership of Eccles with Leon Henderson, W.P.A. economist performing the functions of staff officer in charge of propaganda and infiltration.

Eccles has not been in high White House favor for some time, in spite of his meteor-like rise to preference in the Roosevelt Administration,—a rise, incidentally, which began one snowy night in Salt Lake City when Stuart Chase, the scheduled lecturer, failed to arrive in time and the young Mormon banker was called upon to pinch-hit.

So well did he do, that when the lecture was over, Chase, who meanwhile had arrived and was an intent listener, offered to introduce him to Rexford Tugwell.

Sometime later Eccles and Tugwell did meet and one day the former found himself Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

The following November he was named Governor of the Federal Reserve Board and entrusted with the almost impossible task of obtaining favorable Congressional consideration of legislation which would centralize the responsibility for the Government's monetary policy in one body and through which the Government could maintain strict control of our banking system.

Immediately he found himself opposed by Carter Glass, who as "father" of the Federal Reserve System, fights any change which would place it under greater Governmental control; and Father Coughlin, Senator Thomas of Oklahoma, and others of their ilk who want the Government to buy up all of the stock of the Reserve banks and create a Government-owned and Government-managed central bank.

Lined up against him also were all of the bankers and big business men,

but the slight, undemonstrative Eccles put up a real battle and emerged the winner, to be rewarded with the Chairmanship of the refashioned and strengthened Reserve Board.

His advice was welcomed—nay eagerly sought by the White House, until in January, 1937, alarmed at what he believed to be urgent indications of an inflation which soon would grow out of control and result in an acute and dangerous reaction, the Reserve Board issued a second order that the members increase their reserves.

**T**HE first order increasing the requirements by 50% had been issued in August, 1936, but this had been a mere precautionary measure in order to absorb a portion of the 3 billions of reserves in excess of requirements held by member banks to prevent an uncontrollable expansion of credit and also provide a bottom for sales of government bonds by banks desirous of taking portfolio profits.

Its significance was disregarded by banks, business men and economists, but the second increase of 33⅓% resulted in tightening credit and received immediate blame for the downward curve of the market. As a result of this criticism and unfavorable business reaction, the Board cut its rediscount rate from 2% to 1½% and also undertook to make open market purchases of Government securities in an effort to bring about a stabilization and consequent upswing.

This failed to brake the flying toboggan and was reflected in the figurative pulling-in of the "welcome" mat whenever Eccles appeared on the White House steps.

While making no effort to shift from under the onus, Eccles, however, offers a lucid explanation of the present debacle.

"We today are experiencing the reaction of the extraordinary conditions of 1936," he says. "This was brought about by the patent fact that we failed to reduce Governmental expenditures at a time when private expansion in business was well under way. At the very period when private bank credit was expanding naturally to cope with the demands put upon it by business, the Government paid out two billions in veterans' bonuses and was spending an additional billion through the W.P.A., P.W.A. and other activities.

"Thus private business and Governmental business was all going in the same direction in the fall of 1936 with the natural and expected result of a price distortion in the spring of 1937. This distortion brought about a very rapid increase in the price of stocks in anticipation of greater business activity and greater profits.

"It also resulted in an exceedingly large increase in building costs and in heavy industry generally. An inflation psychology developed and because people were of the opinion that everything was going to become even higher, they made heavy purchases,



**American Buddha!**

and almost every business undertook to place future orders. There was an effort to buy not only for current needs, but for future needs and it is our information that some companies made inventory purchases for several years to come.

"The increased construction costs resulted in discouraging the building of homes, costs went up faster than rents and it made building for rental an unprofitable venture. This was reflected in the rises along the line of industry while the income of the great masses of the country including the farmer did not rise correspondingly, so that the recovery got out of bounds.

"Now we come to the crux of the situation," continues Eccles. "At the same time that the price increases occurred there were demands by labor for an increased share of the increased profits from the increased activity of business.

"Such demands were perfectly justified in my opinion. But as a result of that, strikes developed. There was a feeling on the part of many business interests that they would experience difficulty in obtaining deliveries and so a great backlog of orders was built up. Thus there developed a seller's market and that is why even though prices failed to rise after April, a year ago, there was no diminution in production or employment until last August. Business generally was living on this backlog of orders.

"And while this tightening of credit and spending was going on in the fields of private activity, the Government, under enormous pressure from within and without, began an effort toward balancing the budget by reducing expenditures—or at least its contribution to community buying power was greatly lessened.

"Thus in 1937 we witnessed a rapid shift in income creating expenditures both public and private. The props which had lifted the level of consumption were knocked aside. We had reached a saturation point in installment sales and the automobile boom had exploded. The Government stimulus to consumption was being halted and from public expenditures of three billion dollars in 1936 we reversed ourselves to a minus of 400 millions—all within the space of a single year.

"And a single and most important factor in this minus quantity was the collection of Social Security taxes, which slashed the purchasing power of the Nation by approximately 800 million dollars," emphasized Eccles.

It is this last factor which is providing the Administration economists with their most perplexing and baffling problem.

How is the Government going to compensate for the hole created in our national purchasing power as the Social Security taxes are collected and impounded?

Present estimates are that the 1937-38 Federal and State collections will total more than one billion dollars; and the 1938-39 figure will be

in excess of 1,250 million dollars.

Eccles with utter disregard for repercussions and an avalanche of criticism, advocates the use of these funds to defray Governmental expenditures.

It is impossible and unreasonable to expect the Government to follow the same rules as does a private insurance company, he asserts. And even private insurance companies invest the funds collected, otherwise there could be no accretion.

To impound billions of potential purchasing power would be a shortsighted policy in contravention of sound public economy; and it therefore is vitally important that these billions be turned back into circulation.

This hinges directly with Eccles' theory about budget balancing.

"That the public debt is heavy or light according to our national income is an elementary fact," he declares. "This is no new theory with me, but was expounded a hundred years ago by Lord Macaulay, who said ' . . . it is sufficient to say that the prophets of evil were under a double delusion. They erroneously imagined that there was an exact analogy between the case of an individual who is in debt to another individual and the case of a society which is in debt to a part of itself. . . . They were under an error not less serious touching the resources of the country. They made no allowance for the effect produced by the incessant progress of every experimental science, and by the incessant efforts of every man to get on in life. They saw that the debt grew; and they forgot that other things grew as well as the debt.'

"That expounds my views of the budget situation clearly," declares Eccles.

"The alarmists who shriek when they compare the public debt of 22 billions in 1932 with that of almost 38 billions today, forget that our national wealth also increases as men bend their energies to 'get on in life' and as we prosper, as we inevitably must, these debts will be paid off through our increased wealth."

And if, after reading how glibly Chairman Eccles advocates Governmental expenditure of billions, you mentally label him a profligate wastrel, then remember the story that S. J. Woolf, the magazine artist and interviewer, tells.

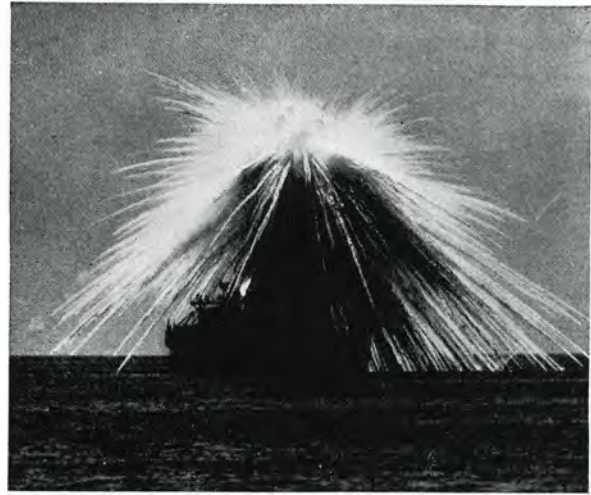
Assigned both to interview and sketch Eccles, he found that the former had ended before the drawing was completed, so, as customary, he asked Eccles to sign the portrait, although unfinished.

This had happened before with other conservative business leaders, but Eccles refused to sign the portrait until it was completed.

"This," sagely comments Woolf, "was a revelation of the man's character. It disclosed his conservatism, as well as his thoroughness and made one feel that he would put his name to nothing concerning which he had any doubt." ●

(Pictures on Page 43)

## THE ARMY'S CLOSEST SECRET



Air-bomb bursts on battleship and proves—Just what?

**Without it, the chances of hitting a battleship from six miles in the air are one in a million. With it, the odds are better than even. It reduces bombing technique to the equivalent of tuning in on a radio dial. Best of all, foreign spies can photograph it, examine it, talk to the aviators who use it, and still not know how or why it works.**

BY ALLAN PORTER

**A** BOMBING plane can sink a battleship" the somewhat premature contention of the Army's bad boy, the late General William Mitchell, is today true. The military brass hats of the old guard and the admirals are slowly giving way to this, and other erstwhile whimsies of the war god's martyred saint of the air—and while Army pilots are no longer required to wear boots and spurs while flying, they nevertheless remember the fate of Saint Mitchell, and are careful to whom they speak, of whom they speak, of what and when and where.

The admiral versus general controversy of bomber versus dreadnaught was closed nearly two decades ago, when the Navy called Mitchell's bluff, and anchored an obsolete battleship off the coast of Virginia, and challenged the Army Air Corps to do its damndest. The Army did, and her general staff has been blushing ever since. Recently, however, Army pilots have begun to get cocky again, and although it is unlikely the bomber-battleship duello will be revived, a few Johnny-come-lately Generals are rattling the old bones and asking for it.

Pilot technique and the flying barns of a decade ago are a long throw from today's flying fortresses which are

controlled with the precision technique of the laboratory. By pilot technique we do not mean that the men doing the job were inferior flyers; they were not. Rather, when all the facts are known, their feats of personal prowess are amazing—and compared with the present crop of gentlemen pilots, they were supermen of the air.

In the olden days of flying the weaklings and mediocre flyers were weeded out rapidly by one of nature's fundamental laws, the survival of the fittest. The sudden impact of airplane upon earth kept pilot proficiency at the maximum, and produced a super-pilot whose instinct and skill is today rapidly becoming extinct.

It was a squadron of these old-timers who, 17 years ago, took off from Langley Field, Virginia, in their flying barns and headed toward Lynnhaven Roads to sink the obsolete battleship, the U.S.S. *Ohio*. It was a drizzly, foggy morning, and after several hours of aimless cruising around the soldiers of the air returned to their base, with long faces and a grim look in their eyes as they climbed out of their seats. They could not even find the *Ohio*.

The admirals chuckled in their long

beards and leaned back in the swivel chairs. The soldiers gritted their teeth, cursed, and climbed into their flying machines again and took off. After a week of searching they found the lonely *Ohio*, like a ghost ship riding on her anchor, and following their leader they swooped down on her, unloading their bombs. When the smoke and foam cleared away, there was the *Ohio* serenely tugging at her anchor chain like a tethered cow grazing in a field of daisies. The soldiers got mad and raced back to their base for another load of bombs, and after dumping enough explosives into the ocean to blast the court of Neptune from the equator to Little America, they succeeded in sinking the *Ohio*.

Too late they realized they had proved the admirals' argument, and the admirals promptly put on their cocked hats and sent out to the ship-builders for a dozen or so brand new battlewagons, with word to send the bill to Congress. The generals set out to get that guy Mitchell, and called a halt to the caperings of their air chevaliers—for the next ten years they had a holiday which they spent thrilling the yokels at county fairs, and strutting back and forth before the heaving bosoms of the nation's maidenhood. Once in a while they threw a big feature act for the benefit of the press, but for the most part they had pulled in their necks.

Behind the scenes the Army's gadgeteers and tinkers got to work to build war planes and gadgets, and develop pilot technique that would get the bomber back in the good graces of the generals. In the short span of ten years the job was done. They turned out flying fortresses beyond the wildest dreams of Saint Mitchell, and pilot technique included everything from foot and seat warmers to a robot pilot that would do everything except bawl out the mechanics. However, there was still one fault that had not been corrected—they could not drop bombs with any greater accuracy than in the days of the flying barns.

Bombing had always been a haphazard proceeding. The pilot simply brought his bomber to a position over the target, and making crude guesses to allow for altitude, speed, motion of the target and windage, pulled a lever and let the bombs fall where they may. At low altitudes on large targets this method was effective enough, but a few thousand feet of altitude gave a different picture—practically a blank.

A simple example will serve to illustrate this, until recent, bombing technique. Suppose you place an ordinary glass tumbler on the floor, and standing above it take a small pellet, such as a wad of paper, and try to drop it into the tumbler. After the first 20 trials you will be fairly successful. Suppose, however, that you and the tumbler were in motion—your hits would be few. This corresponds to low altitude bombing. Now substitute a thimble for the tumbler, use a buckshot as a pellet, and stand-

ing on a chair, try your luck—with yourself and the target in motion the chances of a direct hit are pretty poor. Reduced to its simplest terms this is the method the Army has used since the days of the World War, and at 30,000 feet (six miles) the chance of a direct hit on a battleship is about one in a million.

Until recently the Army's gadgeteers were stumped. Many experts believed bombing would forever remain a haphazard business. Then from some mysterious nowhere, there came the unbelievable—a gadget that made bombs hit the mark. It had the death-dealing magic that comes like a revelation from the god of war. This gadget is called a "bomb sight" and with it the bombardier can unfailingly hit a target the size of a battleship from an altitude of more than six miles. It is the most secret and closely guarded gadget the Army has.

Extremely simple of operation, it reduces bombing technique to a matter of twisting a dial. It predetermines the exact position the bomber should be in, directs it to that spot, and releases the bombs at exactly the right instant. It calculates all of the variables to a fine mathematical precision, the speed of the plane, the motion of the target, altitude and wind drift. And the fact that clouds or fog obscure the target does not foil this super-gadget of Mars—it is said to be on the perfect side of perfection!

Foreign powers are not deeply concerned about the superiority of American war planes or flyers—they are cocky enough to think they have us beat. But they have heard of this plaything of Mars, and it has them worried. Outside the inner circle little is known about the bomb sight, except that it works; and inside only a chosen few know what makes it work. Bombardiers are taught to use it, but they do not know how it works—and these men are all first-rate gadgeteers!

When not in use the gadget is kept in a vault, and heavily guarded. When in use it is constantly under the eye of an officer. Yet it is said that foreign spies have obtained photographs of it—but the Army doesn't care. They say that anyone—foreign spies, and all—can examine it, and still know nothing about its inner mechanism. And without the secret of its innards, information about it is useless. Once known its principles are childishly simple. To become proficient in its use requires little practice.

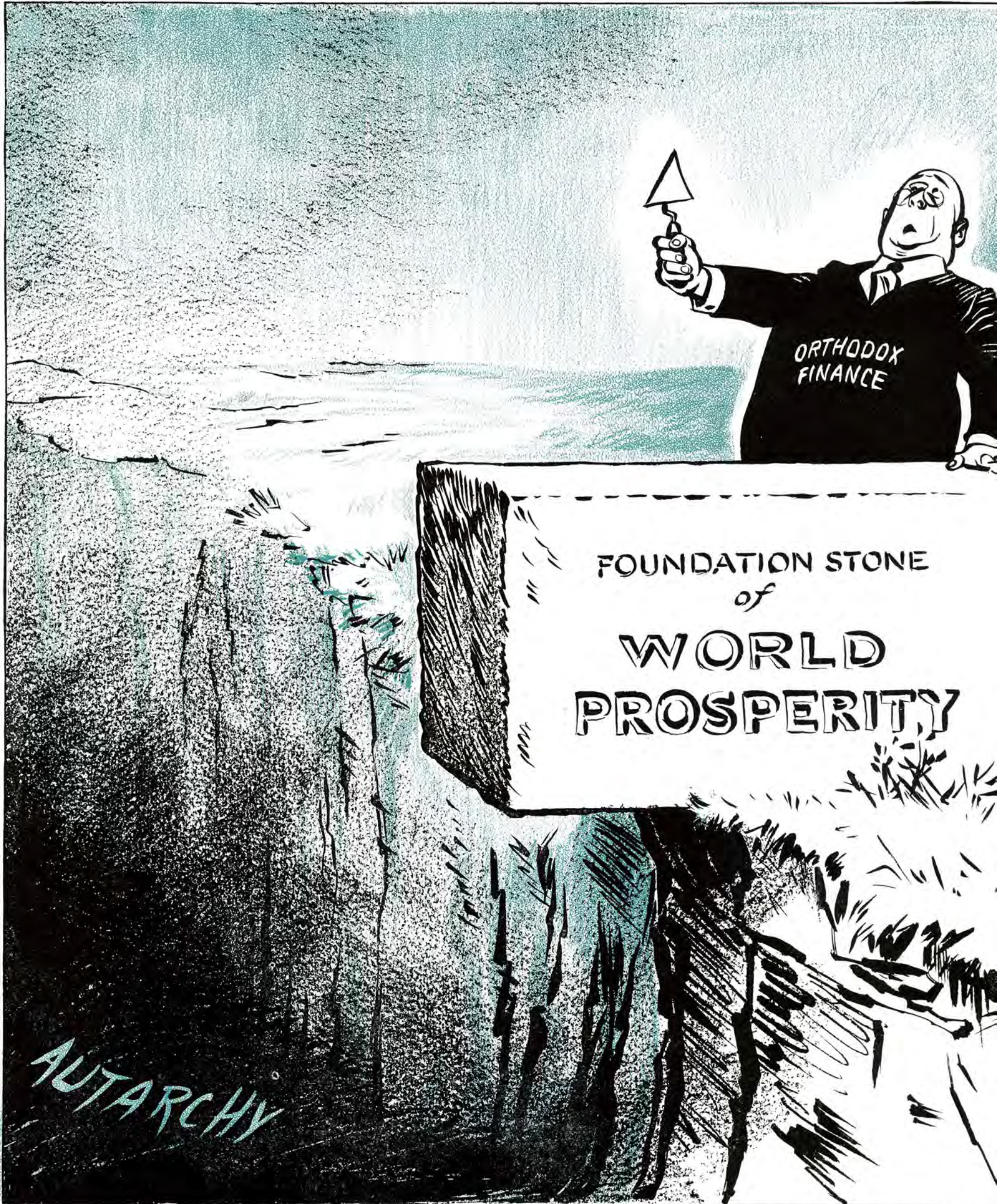
Within inner circles it is said that the GHQ Air Force staff sits back with the candor of a poker player calling a raise with an ace in the hole. The other fellows may have them equaled when it comes to what is in sight, but they know they have a cinch. As for the admirals, the generals aren't interested. Let them have their big-time Navy.

And no doubt Saint Mitchell cocks his feet upon the throne of Mars, and pointing to this divine gadget of war, says, "See, what did I tell you." ●

(Pictures on Pages 44-46)



Achievement

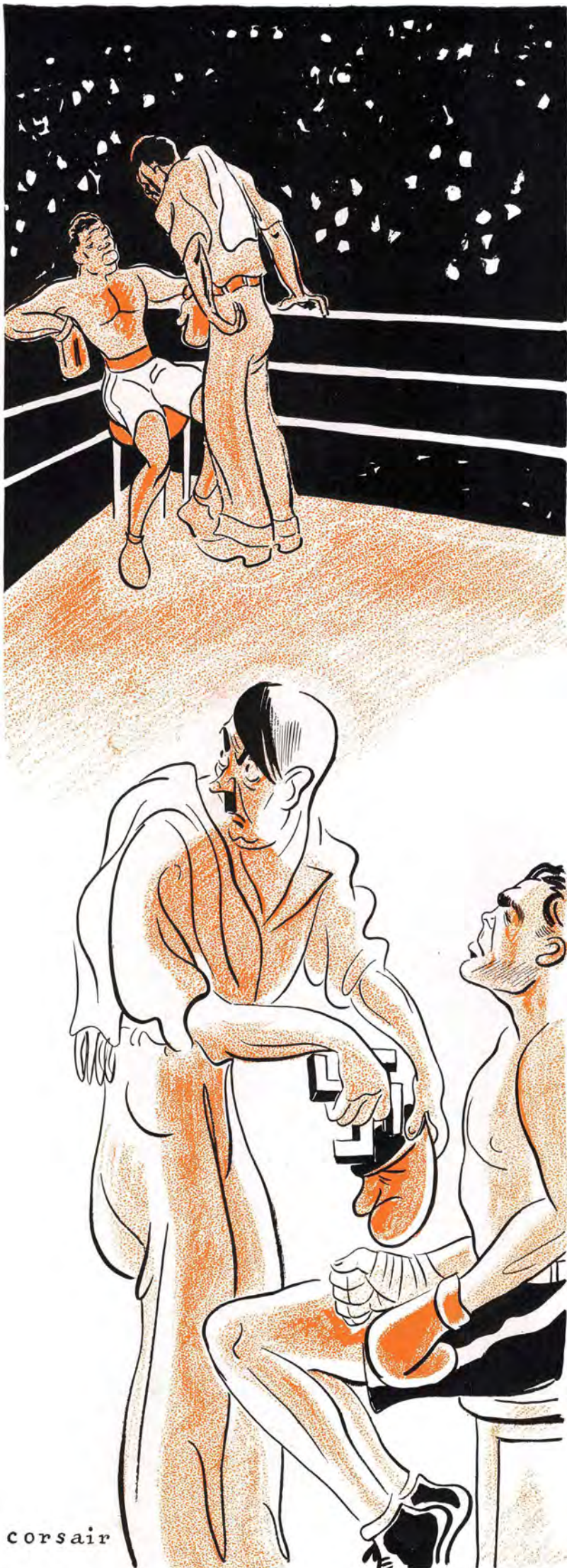


"I DECLARE (AHEM!) HALF THIS STONE



DRAWN FOR KEN IN ENGLAND BY DAVID LOW, MAY 1938

**TO BE WELL AND TRULY LAID "**



corsair

## FOREIGN ALLEGIANCE FIRST

**German and Italian policy uses the consular offices, diplomatically immune to investigation, as agencies of fascist intrigue. Consuls threaten Axis-Americans with loss of American citizenship, deportation, unless they support fascism. Card-catalogs in Rome and Stuttgart list them and their native relatives. Disobedience of the secret-agent-consul brings reprisal on relatives.**

BY HIRAM MOTHERWELL



Two-time U. S. citizen basks in U. S. Nazi camp

**G**ERMANS and Italians who are also American citizens are being forced to put Nazism and fascism, not Americanism, first. A vast network of ostensibly voluntary societies, supported persistently but as invisibly as possible by the consulates, bring pressure on German-Americans and Italian-Americans to become agents of foreign programs of imperial expansion and race hatred. That pressure includes, as verified cases show, threats of interference with legitimate business, threats of deportation of American citizens from America, threats of reprisals against relatives in the old country. To that end either in the consulates here or in a central office over there, a card-catalog is being built up listing every German-American and Italian-American.

Said General Goering, sub-Fuehrer, at a rally of the Foreign Organization of the Nazi Party in Stuttgart, September 2, 1937: "You Germans residing abroad must remember that, wherever you are, you represent the interests of Germany. The Fatherland is first. All else is second."

And said Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, head of the Institute which keeps track of them, "Whoever lives abroad as a German businessman or as a commercial representative is working not only for himself but principally in the service of the German Fatherland. —Germans abroad . . . are chosen and obliged to co-operate in the work which Adolf Hitler began." This includes the boycott of Jews, including American citizens of Jewish race.

Mussolini's command: "My order is that an Italian citizen must remain an Italian citizen, no matter in what land he lives, even unto the seventh generation." That means even if he takes out American citizenship. Under Italian law all men of Italian birth and their sons are required to do military service in the Italian army, regardless of subsequent citizenship. The rule, regarding Americans, has been relaxed somewhat in practice; not in principle. In other words, by becoming an American citizen an Italian does not cease to owe supreme allegiance to Italy.

The official Bureau of Fascism



Abroad, similar to the Stuttgart organization, requires that fascists living under the laws of other countries "adopt for private and civic life obedience to Il Duce and to the laws of Fascism." All German and Italian citizens in America are required to report to their consulates for military service when their classes are called. The German consulates have recently completed a detailed list of the military records of all German citizens residing here.

"Under the new system which, it may be assumed, is operated partly at least through German consuls abroad, German citizens throughout the world are subjected to strict surveillance by Nazi authorities." (*New York Herald Tribune*, August 28, 1937.) In other words, Nazi agents abroad. Like the Comintern which we used to hear so much about, but more so.

The authoritative *Berlin Tageblatt* boasts that "the Nazi party organization in another country virtually represents the German state." American Fuehrer Fritz Kuhn, head of the German-American Bund, composed of American citizens, with its militarily organized Storm Troopers or *Ordnungsdienst*, represents the German government in America.

Representative Samuel Dickstein says: "Because of diplomatic immunity in the consular service, German consulates are carrying on pressure against industrialists in the United States to furnish money for Nazi subversive propaganda activities. This succeeds because consuls are beyond the scope of Congressional subpoena."

The consuls deny it, of course. Dr. Hans Borchers, German Consul-General in New York, a charming and cultured man, assures me that the Bund is not officially a part of the Nazi party organization, that there is no consular surveillance of Germans here, "unless," he added, "they misbehave."

When the Reverend Francis Gross of New Jersey published a Nazi propaganda book several years ago, attacking the Jews, his printer asked him for some money on account and he said he could get it from the German government. He was right. He got six 50-dollar bills from the (then) Consul-General Kiep—"not official money," said the cautious consul—and the German Embassy in Washington bought a batch of the books for \$70, paid for with the check of an Embassy secretary.

When George Sylvester Viereck did propaganda work here for the Nazi regime, after securing a Berlin government contract for Nazi publicity in America to be handled by the New York firm of Carl Byoir, he got money from this same Dr. Kiep in what he called "a gentlemanly way"—cash, no embarrassing checks. He didn't enter the money in his account books. Dr. Kiep got the money "from friends." Mr. Viereck also got a cut on the \$108,000 Byoir contract which was paid nominally by the German Railway and Tourist Information Of-

fice (a government agency) upon endorsement of a certain Hell Feltmann in the German Propaganda Ministry.

The consulates are more careful now. Much of the work has been transferred to the other side of the Atlantic, but it is more thorough and widespread than ever. A more careful distinction is officially maintained between German citizens and non-citizens. The former, when they come to the United States, must report to their consuls and give an account of their activities. And all their movements, whom they visit, what speeches they make, are recorded in detail in a card-catalog in the Stuttgart Institute. The Italians maintain a similar institute in Rome under Piero Farini.

The Germans abroad who are not German citizens are called *Volksdeutsche* or "racial comrades." Officially they don't Heil Hitler; actually they do at every meeting of the Bund. They are kept track of in increasing numbers in the Stuttgart Institute. All German organizations in the world (45,000 of them) are there cataloged, with exact information as to their members and activities. For example, a mountain-climbing club: the names and occupations of all the members and accounts of all the trips they make. The club sends drawings and photographs, with exact descriptions, of roads, mountains, valleys, natural obstacles observed by them. There are already 45,000 such pictures indexed in Stuttgart. From all over the world "racial Germans" are sending them in. In Stuttgart are telephone books from all over the world, and all German or German-sounding names are noted and cataloged with addresses.

The German-American Bund, with 78 branches in America, now owns 15 summer camps from New Jersey to Seattle and San Diego, where summer courses in health and propaganda are given to tens of thousands, where monster mass meetings are pumped full of Nazi and anti-Jewish propaganda speeches, usually with German consular officials present, where quasi-military drill is held with or without guns, where Italian military clubs come and Heil too—where did this Bund get its money? Voluntary contributions! Said Representative Dickstein in Congress, November 17, 1937: "The American Nazis known as the German-American Bund [are] subsidized from within the United States and without, cleverly connected with the consular service, using the Hapag Lloyd Steamship Company and the North German Lloyd as the vehicle of communications with Germany." American business firms with branches in Germany have contributed generously to such Nazi propaganda activities. Branch firms in Germany are under Nazi domination; all German business is proclaimed an instrument of the German state. The chain of cause and effect is obvious.

The Nazi government used the German Tourist Agency to transmit funds for the Byoir-Viereck propa-





It Does Happen Here

ganda. When Heinz Spanknobel came to America illegally in 1933, posing as a clergyman\* he used the Hamburg Amerika-North German Lloyd to transmit a subsidy to his newspaper, the *Deutsche Zeitung*—\$600 a month with advertising as a pretext, but regardless of space rates. The company didn't like the arrangement. But it was orders from Berlin. It paid.

Spanknobel tried to dictate newspaper policy to American publishers like Victor F. Ridder, owner of the New Yorker *Staatszeitung*. "Spanknobel came to show us his authority from certain officials in Germany to control the German-language press in the United States and to notify us that the pro-Jewish articles which we had been running would not be permitted any longer.—He presented himself as the representative of the German government, sent for the purpose of directing or controlling the German-language press." Ridder practically threw him out.

Getting control of newspapers has been done more cautiously since the Spanknobel fiasco. But it has been done.

The German Foreign Office now claims ownership of five German-language weeklies in the United States: *Nachrichten* (Washington State), *Sonntagsbote* (Pittsburgh), *Express* (Toledo), *Weltpost* (Lincoln, Nebraska), and *Volksblatt* (New York State).

The belief is general among German-Americans and Italian-Americans that if they speak against the home governments or fail to take hints from consular-supervised organizations, their relatives in the old country will suffer.

"If [Italian immigrants to the United States] enter any organization having for its purpose opposition to Fascismo their property in Italy will be confiscated. Organizations have been formed in this country to discourage [their] naturalization. If they do not obey, their families in Italy are subject to persecution." William Green, President American Federation of Labor, in a letter to the Federation.

"[Italians abroad who refuse to become fascists] must be hunted like human beasts, like lepers; we must persecute them without pity to make their lives impossible, no matter where they live. . . . The danger of punishment and reprisals on the part of the resident citizens [in Italy] against the families of emigrants will force the bastard sons to desist." Alessandro Melchiorri, vice secretary general of the fascist party. A proposal which he made in this sense was later adopted by the Government.

Italian Consul A. P. Jannelli, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, told Mrs. Gavino Pellani of Nettleton, according to her sworn statement, that he would have Pellani's American citizenship revoked and have him deported to Italy because Pellani had collected money for destitute children of Loyalist Spain. The consul

said the United States Labor Department gave him authority in such cases. He added, according to Mrs. Pellani, "I know the place you come from in the old country. The Italian government can watch you in this country and watch your mother in the old country." Consul Jannelli made similar threats to Antonio Cavaglio, who like Pellani is a member of the Democratic Party, and to Tullio Cavitore, according to their affidavits.

Whether or not Consul Jannelli was actually "working with the Labor Department," as he said, is not known. In other instances American officials have been obliging to Italian diplomatic and consular officials. At the request of the Italian Ambassador, as later stated by Assistant United States Attorney Mattuck, Carlo Tresca, American citizen, was jailed for publishing an attack on the Italian monarchy in his paper, *Il Martello*. He was later sentenced to a year in prison, not for that offense, however, but for a birth control advertisement published after his arrest. That was in 1923. Much more recently, in 1937, two Italians, Vincent Ferrero and Demenick Sallitto, legal residents of unblemished reputation, were arrested and ordered deported for having rented a room above their restaurant to an Anarchist editor. The Federal Inspector in the case noted "I understand the Italian Consul is very much interested in the deportation."

In 1936 Walter Saupe, a German sailor on the Hamburg-Amerika *Reliance*, while in port in New York, was overheard in a café complaining about his treatment on board. The New York consulate-general published in a German paper in New York a request for information as to his whereabouts, stating, "Brother is looking for him." Two days later he was arrested by Federal Inspectors and narrowly escaped deportation to a German concentration camp.

Voluminous testimony of a like nature against Italian consuls in Pittsburgh, Scranton and Detroit has been submitted to the State and Justice Departments.

Consular interference with legitimate American business is usually discreet, occasionally blatant. The Nazi consul-general in Los Angeles threatened German boycott of the film *The Road Back* by Erich Remarque, hated by the Nazis. Also a boycott on all future films in which the actors of *The Road Back* might appear. He was subsequently obliged to apologize for the personal threats, but his intimidation caused such mutilation of the film by the producers that the director later stated: "Everything that meant anything is now out of the film."

In St. Louis the German consul was successful in having banned from that city a film which exposed the Jew-baiting tactics of the Nazi regime. Both Italian and German consulates, however, sponsor fascist and Nazi propaganda films in America.

There has recently been a general

\* He is now a refugee from American justice.

shake-up in the German consular service. An astounding appointment is that of Manfred Freiherr von Killinger to the consul-generalship of San Francisco, one of the most delicate spots politically in the country in view of the rising tension with Japan.

Von Killinger was a member of the notorious secret military society "Consul," which perpetrated many political murders in Germany after the War, including that of Foreign Chancellor Erzberger. As a professional insurrectionist he supervised many of the atrocities of the German civil war. In his book, *Gay and Grave from an Insurrectionist's Life*, he describes with gusto the horse-whipping of a communist girl, at his orders. "until white spots no longer remained on her backside." Von Killinger was tried for complicity in the Erzberger murder. He was acquitted, as were most Germans who were implicated in "patriotic" murders. The actual murderers were brought back to Germany by Hitler and pardoned. Von Killinger became a leader of Hitler's Storm Troopers, before the latter's rise to power. He was named in the confession of Storm-Troop Leader Ernst as one of the group of Nazi daredevils who planned the Reichstag fire. He later was appointed by Hitler Minister-President of Saxony, was arrested during the Blood Purge of June, 1934,

(because, it is said, he knew too much) and remained several months in a concentration camp, was released and played a part in subsequent intrigues. It has been alleged and von Killinger when confronted by an American newspaper man with the charges, did not deny it, that he was Berlin liaison man with the Oustaschi Macedonian terrorist organization which later murdered King Alexander of Jugoslavia and French Foreign Minister Louis

Barthou. The murderers escaped through Germany. Later, as member of the People's Court, he approved the sentence of death against the American Helmuth Hirsch. His opponents state that he has never been used by his superior officers for anything except insurrection and intrigue, and ask why he was appointed to the San Francisco post just four weeks before the Japanese assault on China. Shortly thereafter one of Hitler's three confidential adjutants, Captain Fritz Wiedemann, came to America "on a holiday." Only later it was

learned that he flew to San Francisco and conferred with von Killinger.

Among the American fascists whom von Killinger has conferred with on the Coast are representatives of the fascist Silver Shirts. The Fuehrer of this organization, William Dudley Pelley, has since written in his weekly *The New Liberation*, of "our little pig-killing democracy" going on to "new lows of insanity, recession and moral insolvency." He states that "The United States is on its way to becoming a sixth or seventh-rate country, emasculated or gelded," and then, altering the metaphor, that "Dame Columbia, poor old enameled hag," will be "raped and stay raped" (yet how could the poor lady unrape herself?) if she doesn't make a deal with Japan and Italy and Germany before the Chinese "incident" is over. Without this deal our "pop-gun battle-ships will be attempting to fire their salvos from the bottom of the Pacific."

Since von Killinger's appointment, Nazi organizations have offered themselves as organized gangs to interfere in American labor disputes. Says the *W'eckruf*, official organ of the Bund, in an article headed, "Self-Help Best Means Against Picket Pest," "We ask the Mayor [of New York] to consider what would happen . . . if the merchant were to organize a self-protection organization . . . It might

be that in such a case bloodshed would be unavoidable."

That fascist gangsters thus interfering in American labor disputes might be insured against the consequences is evident from the following royal Italian decree dated August 1, 1927, indemnifying "any person who in a foreign country sustains injury to his health in any conflict or assault while acting directly or indirectly for a national aim." The home government is the judge as to what constitutes action

"indirectly for a national aim."

Pressure by consulates and the organizations which they supervise has not up to now greatly influenced the six or seven million American citizens of Italian and German descent. Many of the Italian and German organizations in this country are inclined to believe that Nazism and fascism saved their countries from bolshevism. But they don't hate Jews or goose-step to the orders from the governments of Rome or Berlin, through their consular agents or the quasi-official Bund. ●

### NAZI SADISM

**B**EAT her with horse-whips, then let her go," I said abruptly.

Two men grasp her, she tries to bite. A slap in the face makes her obey. In the courtyard she is laid over the whippetree and horsewhips are applied to her until white spots no longer remain on her backside.

"She won't spit at a brigadier again. Now she will have to lie on her stomach for three weeks," says Top Sergeant Hermann.

(From Baron Manfred von Killinger's book *Ernstes und Heiteres aus dem Putschleben*, the autobiography of the Nazi gangster who became German Consul General in San Francisco.)



John Groth



Main Street of China

## NOTES ON THE YANGTZE RIVER

**M**IGHTY Yangtze Kiang, river highway for the 200,000,000 human beings of central China, flows 3,200 miles from its sources among the clouds of the Tibetan plateau down to the Eastern Sea. Near its mouth on teeming Whangpoo and Soochow Creeks sprawls Shanghai, one-time Pearl of the Orient and key to the immense hinterland of 1,000,000 square miles drained by the master-river.

The Yangtze Kiang is at once the life blood and the scourge of central China. To this enormous stream half the population of Cathay owe the possibility of life. For them it is Main Street, the Mississippi, the Lincoln Highway—the broad avenue of commercial intercourse binding the central plain into an economic unit. For them it also brings death, destruction, disruption, devastation in its fearsome midsummer floods.

From Chungking to the sea, this river carries the densest traffic of any of the world's waterways.

**N**O MAN knows exactly where the Yangtze starts among the unexplored mountains bordering Tibet, Kuku Nor and Sinkiang. But when the rushing mountain torrent, plunging down from the three-mile high plateau reaches settled country, the Chinese call it the River of Golden Sands—Hinsha Kiang.

After flowing a thousand miles and dropping 14,000 feet, it enters densely-peopled Szechwan, rich interior province. At Suifu the River of Golden Sands abandons its wildest turbulence and consents to bear burdens of small boats. Flowing through the Red Basin, its waters turn to golden red. Here it is a placid, idyllic stream preparing for its struggle to cut through the mountain folds that separate Szechwan from the central Chinese plain. The river rushes furiously through these gigantic cuts, trying to the uttermost the courage and skill of river pilots headed for Chungking.

At Ichang it emerges from the Gorge country, a bare 130 feet above sea level but still a thousand miles from its end. Along the central plain the river flows slowly, majestically, between banks often miles apart. After the rains of June and July in the monsoon season it spills upon the flat country forming great lakes often a hundred miles wide and covering the good earth with a blanket of water 50 feet high.

On the lower reaches, the Great River is home to millions. For centuries babes have been born in the countless sampans and junks that often, in narrow places, cover the river from shore to shore. For centuries these babes have grown to manhood, declined to senescence, often without touching foot to soil. To river children it is a very curious sensation to walk on the surface of the hard, unyielding earth, and

they do not envy the town dwellers.

From every part of central China, down tributary streams, along the thousand-mile Grand Canal that pierces North China, in sampans come the tribute of the people. In ports along the river, at Suifu, Chungking, Kweichow, the Han cities, Anking, Nanking, Chinkiang, it is discharged into broad-bosomed junks or flat-bottomed river steamboats for transshipment to Shanghai, the Port of Ports, the great entrepot to the world.

Eggs, hides, pig intestines, bristles, skin, beans, rice, cotton, iron ore, tea, opium (9,000 tons of it a year), silk, mineral oil, coal, rope, cement, wheat, peanuts, pottery, paper make up the cargoes drawn from the plains and spilled into the ports.

Of all the tributaries of the Yangtze—and among them are lordly streams such as the Min, Kialing and Han—none are more important than those ugly, sluggish tidal waters known as the Whangpoo River and Soochow Creek. Only by courtesy is the Whangpoo a river, but along its banks lies Shanghai.

Until the Japanese invasion, dredges worked day and night, year in and year out, sucking mud from the bottoms of the Whangpoo and the Soochow.

But as soon as the dredges move on, the mud relentlessly moves in behind them.

Mud and silt—the greatest problem of Shanghai, the question mark that hangs over the city threatening to ruin its proud trade and reduce it to the marshland it was 100 years ago.

Every year the Yangtze delivers 6.5 billion cubic feet of the good earth of China at its mouth. For years the Whangpoo Conservancy Board—in charge of keeping Shanghai a port—has struggled against this never-ending cargo of slithering mud delivered relentlessly by the great river.

Larger ocean vessels cannot reach the main docks at Shanghai and content themselves with Woosung, the outpost where the Whangpoo joins the Yangtze. Thirty miles below Woosung is the Eastern Sea. Between sea and river lie long, shifting bars that are the despair of conservancy engineers.

Ships drawing 30 feet or more must wait for tide and chance to cross Fairy Flats Bar, into which the conservancy board hoped to cut a slit 600 feet wide and 33 feet deep.

**T**HE fate of Shanghai as a world port now hangs on the pleasure of Japan's warlords. They have taken control of the dredges of the Whangpoo Conservancy Board. If they do nothing, the Yangtze, pouring 770,000 cubic feet of water, silt and mud every second across the bars, will seal up the harbor of Shanghai more effectively than could all the navies of the world. ●

## BUT YOU CAN'T LIVE ON LIBERTY



Dictator-Fodder if they don't get jobs and security

**What's so wonderful about our freedom? We can't eat it or cash it for goods. Why shouldn't we turn it in to a dictator if he'll keep us well fed? What have we got out of it, except the right to tramp streets and cool our heels in personnel offices? Freedom's a fine thing but it pays no bills, buys no baby shoes. So what can we do with it?**

BY JOHN RICHARD MALONE

I was born in 1914. Some of us were born ten years before the war; some of us in the early twenties. We range in age from perhaps 15 up to 35.

"Tsk, tsk. Too bad. Why don't you try Diesel engines or television or something with a future?" you ask us and turn back to your job or over to another article.

Sure, what the heck. Why worry about us? We'll get along some way. If the folks can't, there's always the WPA or the relief office, or if you don't have astigmatism, the army or navy. Sure, youth will find a way. Youth has what it takes. Yes, sir. Industry likes young men. You bet.

Mario is 22. He has been working on and off at the assembly plant for four years now. He gets a day or two every week. He makes from \$7 to \$15 a week which keeps himself, his mother, sister and brother. He is not eligible for relief. "Damn if I would take it anyway. I'm too proud." Mario has a strong back.

Hugh, he's 28 now, spent seven years getting through college. His father is a construction expert, but there wasn't any construction for quite

a while. In '36 Hugh got a job on a newspaper reporting for 30 simoleans a week. At last he decided he was ripe and married Jean whom he had courted these seven years; a few weeks later "retrenchment" sent him and his bride looking for a livelihood. Now he is an \$18-a-week reporter on a small daily paper. He is an excellent reporter. He is also a Bachelor of Arts.

Dale is 23. He was an uncommon socially-minded fellow. He is a \$25-a-week press agent in Detroit.

Steve left New York for Kansas where he finally came upon a job as a reporter for \$15 a week. Bachelor of Arts.

Walt, he was class president in high school, is 26 now. Every now and then he gets in an extra day of ditch-digging for the gas company or one of the plumbers. He lives with his brother who has a politically-appointed job as a waterworks fireman at \$20 per week.

George is a collector for the finance company at home. He gets \$12 every week which does not keep him and the little woman very happily married. Of course he gets to use one of

the repossessed cars quite a bit.

Jimmy is a salesman of gas refrigerators. But business is lousy now. He gets \$7 a week expenses. Once in the spring of '37 he made as high as \$110 one month. He has had two years of college and a wife in the sight of God. They don't live together now because he can't buy enough food. She works in a laundry in a town 40 miles away. But sometimes people see another woman climbing the back stairs to his room at the old hovel called his rooming house. A personable cuss.

These are the more successful of my schoolmates. They are the employed. The rest are staying with "the folks," or drawing relief checks, or God knows what. They all seem to have devised a means of existence. Man is a very adaptive animal, especially young men. The will-to-live is strong, relatively, anyway, when the will-to-die is so beautifully sublimated at the movies or in "recreation" which the government sponsors. We have no active part in the economy that surrounds us. We are the ones who don't ride the merry-go-round. The world can get along without us. There are enough to do all the work necessary to keep the country going.

No, we aren't needed. It would be nice if we could just be customers. We read the ads and would like to buy a lot of things if we had the jack. But we aren't needed. It's too bad. It's the times. Now, after several years of it, we are still tramping streets and paying calls to men with whom we have no "pull" in the hope that the laws of chance will bring an opening coincident with our arrival at that particular office. But chance is rarely kind. Then one day we read in the paper that the stock market has plunged and a recession has set in! Only then do we realize that prosperity has been and prosperity has gone and we had no part in it! Now there are 11 million unemployed. That number increases now a million per month according to Democratic political authority. Forty per cent of that number are we, under 35. Roughly, we are four and a half million. We are parasites, which we hate being. If our folks aren't paying our way, then the WPA, the CCC, or the NYA is. They are nice to us, sort of;—they are saving us. Saving us for what? War, perhaps. What else is there?

Then a magazine appears and shows us bloody, hate-filled pictures of Hitler; how Germany is crushing the bloom from civilization. Then 'midst wild acclaim, Austria becomes part of Germany. We go to the library and look at Hitler's *My Battle*. He says "marriage should be freed from the damnable regime of finance" which we agree to. He curses again and again the Jews, who, *ipse dixit*, are the basis of his hate, the cause of Germany's troubles. But Hitler's crazy. Still Mr. Hoover says people all have jobs over there and self-respect, even if there is no liberty.

The nausea of Russia is quite as bad. But people don't seem to have any time to waste. No we don't like Stalin or Lenin, even if we have read all the best books on dialectical materialism.

Maybe we should turn to religion. Well, for old people, priests and preachers are all right, but for us "No Birth Control," "the Christian ethic," "do unto others" are empty words, when there are no jobs and only a few *unfortunates* who have been caught in the snarls of matrimony. Religion is for people who live normal lives; we do not.

So we must get all in a lather about the spread of the "black plague?"

Yes, sir, right in the middle of a campaign against syphilis and reckless drivers we have to get all wrought up about the spread of totalitarianism and dictators. But what is there in it for us? For the four and a half million of us, who have been taught to read and write to various degrees of proficiency. Some of us are from relief families;—some of us not quite, by the grace of God. Many of us have been to CCC camps, trade schools, night schools, some of us have attended college with the help of NYA jobs. But now the days are so long.

Sometimes we borrow enough to get drunk or see a show after we have stood in lines before personnel offices all day. That relieves the nervous tension, anyway.

Some of us are female and are rapidly becoming neurotic. Some of us are taking the smoothest and easiest road. We try to read books on how to live alone and like it. Then we throw away the taunting book, and take a walk in the park with Bert who doesn't have a job but says he loves us. You can't live with his folks and you can't live with your own.

The government talks about housing and interest rates. Both as intangible as heaven to us. If we only had a job, a job, which would bring enough for two mouths, or maybe three or four mouths. Oh we're young, we can wait.

Some of us wait. Most of us wait. Many of us don't. Love on the dole. The kids look a little scrawny. But what the hell? If Congress can loaf, so can we. What's wrong with having a family? It's perfectly natural, isn't it?

Oh of course, you can't live in a decent house on relief rent or WPA jobs, but in decent houses you can't have kids anyway; the landlord won't permit it.

Congress. Baloney. They do what the president says or what will bring them the most votes at home. Common welfare. Arguing over pesky little prejudices, hates, playing sectionalism and countertermalices. A few radio demagogues pull the heart strings of the common people, the puppet saviors of this great country, and a flood of telegrams pours in. Yes, that is one sort of democracy, except—

Why must a country which is sup-

posed to be so rich, keep us so poor? Why is there no place for us?

We still have some initiative. But it takes capital in addition to initiative nowadays. And if you have no capital, no job even, initiative, like any unused talent, lies dormant and, at last, atrophies, becoming part of a dough-like being once called man; a man now as parasitic as a tapeworm or a spirochete.

I waited in a personnel office the other day and a meek little man walked in, patted the manager, an old friend, on the back. I found the meek one to be a vocational advisor in one of the junior colleges. He wanted to place the top boy in accountancy with the firm "to keep up the morale of the students." The manager said he would see what he could do, but things were pretty tough these days. "Our morale" uh huh.

Dad is pretty decent with us. "Any luck today son?" Then he gives us six bits which we use to take Mary to the dance, even if her feet are "killing her" when she gets off work at Woolworth's at nine on Saturday night. She is lucky to have such a good job as to get \$8 every week. She is better than we are.

But don't worry about us. They, the government and the folks seem to be saving us, saving us for the grave and nothing done. They put us on the top shelf in the linen closet with the baby diapers to be forgotten. "It's the times."

Then one of these days one of us will thumb his nose right at society, good taste, the Constitution, the reasoned restraint of democracy and senile Congressmen. He is going to bellow some words and we will clap and shout. He will have a lot of words, prejudices and hate under his hair. He will know the uses of adversity and propaganda and the soothsayer's voice. He will get up on the platform:

"We have been deprived of our lives as human beings in the 20th century in a democracy. Is that liberty?"

Maybe he will denounce capitalism; probably he won't. He may pick on the Jews or the Japs. He will parry reason and facts with hatred and passion. He knows there are four and a half millions of young jobless who would like to settle down to normal family life. That is all the fact he need know. An avalanche is difficult to stem. So is syphilis after it gets so far along.

We hate the black plague of totalitarianism. We hate syphilis.

Freedom of the press is good. But if it does us no good, what then? We are not great enough to want to be martyrs. When it comes to food or liberty, we will take the food, gambling the chance that someday we may return to liberty.

We will call our movement an American movement, and probably get some lusty old buck like Hearst or MacFadden to say nice things—it will mean circulation to him. Sure, we will preserve the *status quo* for

those who help us. You bet. Maybe you would like to get on the bandwagon early.

This freedom which is talked about so freely is a great luxury to young normal men and women who can not marry and have homes. Syphilis is one result; there is a campaign against it. Totalitarianism is another. But it's probably too late to do anything. For the spirochete of Totalitarianism is already in the blood stream. It is we, the 4,500,000 of us who will be 5,000,000 by the time this is printed. Like chancres or paresis one day we will make ourselves

manifest on the American economic body. And then, too late, the nation will discover that it is infected with parasitic men and women who want to live a natural life and can't.

But while the old country is still outwardly healthy and can still feed us the spirochetic humans which are in your economic blood but which haven't reached the nerve centers, go ahead and enjoy voluptuously this liberty. Print everything, expose all; but hurry, because one of these days you won't be able to. Men and women won't stay this way. It's not natural. ● (Pictures on Pages 47-49)

## FRANC-WISE AND FRANCE-FOOLISH



Bank Governor Tannery preferred to save the franc

**In March, 1936, when French statesmen should have thought of saving France they didn't because, as Hitler shrewdly guessed, they were much too busy saving the franc. And traditional French thrift lost the armament race when France was the hare to the Teutonic tortoise.**

BY PAUL EINZIG

ON March 29, 1938, Nazi Germany's powerful propaganda chief, Dr. Goebbels, made a startling admission. Speaking in Austria in the course of Hitler's plebiscite campaign, he declared, almost in so many words, that if France had taken action in March, 1936, when Germany reoccupied the Rhineland, Germany would have been unable to resist the French army. He added that meanwhile the situation had changed completely, so that there could no longer be any question of a march from Paris to Berlin. Evidently France missed her opportunity to compel Hitler's Germany by

armed force to respect the Treaty of Versailles. Between March, 1936 and March, 1938, German rearmament made spectacular progress, and the German side of the Franco-German frontier has been converted into an impregnable fortress, at least equal in strength to the vaunted French Maginot line.

Dr. Goebbels' admission makes it clear that when in 1936 Hitler decided, in face of the opposition of the Reichswehr and of his political and economic advisers, to reoccupy the Rhineland, it would have been easy for France to stop him. He took an

immense risk, entirely on the assumption that France would not call his bluff. At that stage Germany was incomparably inferior to France in armed strength, and the unfortified Rhineland was open to French invasion. If Hitler decided to take the plunge in spite of this, it was because he had good reason to suppose that France would do nothing. What must have encouraged his belief more than anything was the French preoccupation with the defense of the franc. His assumption proved to be correct. The French Government, when confronted with the choice between saving the franc and safeguarding the security of France, chose the former. Unbelievable as it may sound, France missed the supreme opportunity to check the growing tide of the German peril because energetic action to that end would have meant the end of the defense of the franc.

Ever since May, 1935 the franc has been subject to persistent attacks. These attacks were undoubtedly justified, for the franc was certainly too dear. Prices in France were much too high, and it was impossible to reduce them adequately. The budget was hopelessly unbalanced. French trade was paralyzed by high costs and interest rates. Unemployment was growing. The Bank of France was losing gold persistently as a result of the flight of French capital abroad. The obvious remedy was to follow the example of the dollar, sterling and most other currencies and to devalue the franc. French pride and stubbornness, however, prevented the adoption of this common sense solution. The Government, Parliament and the predominant majority of experts and the public were determined to maintain the franc at its old gold value irrespective of the sacrifices involved.

To that end, M. Laval, who was Prime Minister between June, 1935 and January, 1936, made a desperate deflationary drive. He sought to enforce ruthless cuts in the budgetary expenditure, an all-round reduction of prices, wages, rents, interest, etc. His deflationary drive left behind widespread discontent, all the more since it was obviously not going to save the franc in the long run. Attacks on the franc were renewed from time to time, and the Bank of France continued to lose gold. Realizing the failure of his efforts, M. Laval resigned early in 1936, leaving to his successor the evil consequences of his policy.

M. Sarraut, who succeeded M. Laval, pledged himself to the stubborn defense of the franc. To that end he followed M. Laval's policy of keeping down the expenditure of the armed forces, even though this meant relinquishing the supremacy of French military strength on the continent. While German rearmament was going ahead at full speed irrespective of cost, the French General Staff's urgent demand that more money should be spent on the armed forces was disregarded by MM. Laval and Sarraut. To satisfy these demands would have meant an increase of the budgetary deficit, and

with it an increase of the difficulties of the defense of the franc.

On March 7, 1936, the world was startled by the report that the troops of the German Reichswehr, acting on orders from Hitler, had entered the demilitarized zone of the Rhineland in defiance of the Treaties of Versailles and Locarno. Although this was not the first shock which the German Dictator had delivered since his advent to power, it was by far the most violent. Feelings ran particularly high in France as the reappearance of German troops in the Rhineland brought the danger of German aggression nearer. Troops were rushed into the fortifications of the Maginot line to reassure the French public.

The French Government itself was fully aware that at that stage Germany was not nearly strong enough to attempt an invasion. Nevertheless, it considered the idea of mobilization in order to intimidate Hitler and force him to withdraw his troops from the Rhineland. Past experience has shown that a display of force is the only language which is understood and appreciated in Berlin under the present regime. When in 1934 the Austrian Nazis, supported by Germany, revolted and assassinated the Chancellor, Dr. Dollfuss, Mussolini threw a few mechanized divisions up to the Italo-Austrian frontier, and Germany thereupon withdrew her active support from the Austrian Nazis, whose revolt was therefore easily quelled by the Austrian Government's troops. Had France mobilized in March, 1936, the triumphal march with which Hitler's Germany had proceeded from success to success would have suffered a severe reverse. It is understood that the generals of the Reichswehr warned Hitler definitely that if the Reichswehr troops met with resistance they would be withdrawn immediately. This was known at the time in well-informed circles, and the statement made by Dr. Goebbels on March 29, 1938, fully confirms it.

Why did M. Sarraut, who is known to have intended originally to mobilize, change his mind? When, following the reoccupation of the Rhineland, the French Cabinet discussed the question of mobilization, General Gamelin, Chief of the French General Staff, was called in to give his opinion. He informed M. Sarraut that the cost of mobilization would be six milliard francs, and that he would decline the responsibility for it unless it was understood that this sum would be forthcoming. His caution was understandable, since any attempt to carry out the mobilization "on the cheap," in accordance with the budgetary policy pursued by the Government, would have produced highly inadequate results, and General Gamelin was naturally anxious to safeguard himself against being made the scapegoat for failure due to misplaced parsimony on the part of the Government.

M. Sarraut, when he was informed of the size of the amount required, consulted his Finance Minister, M. R gnier, and the Governor of the

Bank of France, M. Tannery. As a result of these consultations he eventually decided to abandon the idea of mobilization. There can be little doubt that the extra expenditure of six milliard francs at that stage would have provided the last straw to break the resistance of the franc. It would have become necessary to devalue the franc. Rather than do that, M. Sarraut decided to leave Hitler in undisturbed possession of the Rhineland.

World history sometimes turns on trifles. Even though six milliard francs may appear a formidable amount (it was worth about 400 million dollars on the basis of the then prevailing exchange rate) it was a trifle compared with the tremendous issue that was at stake. Had the French Government, by mobilizing in March, 1936, succeeded in inducing Hitler to withdraw his troops from the Rhineland—and after Dr. Goebbels' admission there can be little doubt that they would have succeeded in that object—the expenditure of the six milliard francs would have been the best investment France, or indeed any other country, ever made. Even from the narrowest financial point of view, it represented but a fraction of the additional amount which France had to spend subsequently on her national defense in a hopeless effort to offset the disadvantages suffered through the remilitarization of the Rhineland. Even if the extra expenditure of the six milliard francs had led to the devaluation of the franc, it would only have precipitated by six months what eventually happened in any case. It may well be asked whether the postponement of the devaluation from March to September, 1936, was really of such great advantage as to make it worth while to sacrifice the vital necessity of national defense and European peace. In March, 1936 the French nation had to choose between the franc and France. Personified by its Prime Minister, M. Sarraut, it made its fateful choice.

The amazing attitude of the Sarraut Government in this matter is reminiscent of a well-known Grand Guignol play in which a party of policemen enter a house at the exact moment when a murderer is about to remove the body of his victim trussed in a trunk. A sergeant wants to detain him to investigate the contents of the trunk, but he is severely reprimanded by his superior officer, who says:—"Do not waste time. We have something more important to do—we have to raid the night club next door." The Government of M. Sarraut, too, had something more important to do. They had to "save" the franc, at any rate for another six months. Hitler's amazing political instinct proved to be correct. The French Government was too busy defending the franc to go out of its way to prevent the remilitarization of the Rhineland.

The consequences of allowing Germany to refortify her western frontier are incalculable. The reason why Hitler dared to engage a large part of Germany's standing army in the occupation of Austria two years later



**Timber!**

was that he could rely upon the formidable line of defenses along the Rhineland to hold up any French attack pending mobilization. If Hitler should decide to strike out against Czechoslovakia, it will be because, if France were to carry out her pledge to support the victim of German aggression, her capacity to do so would be limited by the difficulty of breaking through the German line of fortifications in the Rhineland. This reduction of France's capacity to assist her allies in Central and Eastern Europe has already diverted several of her former allies to the German camp. World history has already been affected by the fateful decision of March, 1936; there is reason to fear that it will be affected to an even larger extent.

It would be idle to pretend that the defense of the franc was the only consideration in M. Sarraut's mind. There can be no doubt, however, that it was the consideration on which his decision turned. Nor is this by any means the only instance of the immense importance of the part played by the franc in world politics in recent years.

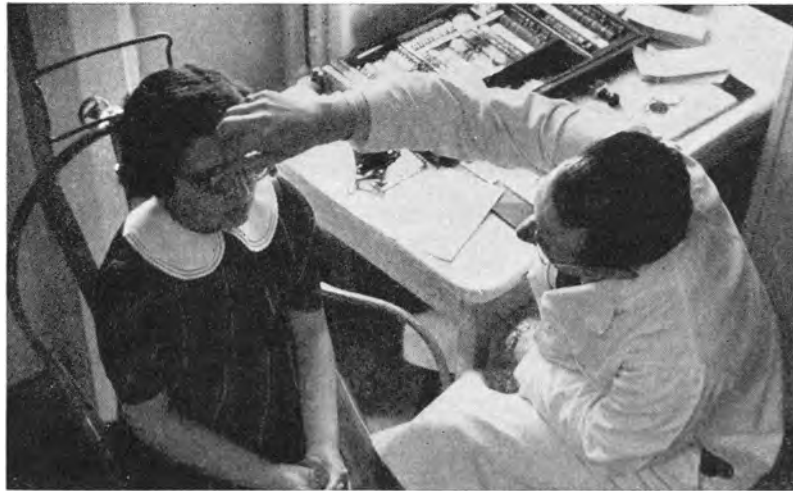
It is sufficient to recall that it was the policy of budgetary economies pursued in the interests of preventing a depreciation of the franc that gave Germany her chance to catch up with France in the matter of rearmament. The French General Staff had to watch, helpless, as the arch-enemy across the Rhine, with the aid of unlimited resources which were placed at the disposal of his army, increased his military strength far beyond that of France. Nor was this all. It was the discontent caused by M. Laval's desperate deflationary drive of 1935 that was directly responsible for the Socialist victory at the French General Election of 1936. It is the consequences of this Socialist victory that have paralyzed France ever since as a factor in world politics, owing to incessant financial, political and social troubles.

Even after the devaluation of the franc, the resistance to the further depreciation, which became necessary through M. Blum's Popular Front experiment, was responsible for the inadequate degree to which France followed Germany and Italy in the rearmament race.

Examples to show how monetary policy in France and in other countries has reacted upon the course of world history could be multiplied almost indefinitely.

It is high time that statesmen, politicians and public opinion realized the extent to which their political destinies depend upon decisions concerning monetary policy. The clock cannot be put back. M. Sarraut's decision to defend the franc rather than the security of France, and other fateful monetary decisions, cannot be reversed. The realization of the immense political significance of monetary policy, however, might make it possible to avoid in future a repetition of the same mistakes. ●

## THE BATTLE OF THE EYES AND O'S



His free tests were banned to please his less competent medical rivals

**Optometrists in Chicago started to give free tests in high schools, discovered serious neglect. Medical societies of Oculists and Ophthalmologists interfered, stopped the free tests. Asked for substitute tests, they said "pay us."**

BY MARTIN STEVERS

LATE IN 1936, a group of embattled mothers stormed the office of Chicago's superintendent of schools. The members of the group were mothers of children in the Nicholas Senn Technical High School, and represented a politically and socially important segment of the city's population. They wanted to know why their children's eye-tests had been canceled.

Superintendent Johnson hemmed, hawed, and produced a telegram. It read in substance—

VIGOROUSLY PROTEST AGAINST THESE TESTS INSIST THEY BE STOPPED AT ONCE (Signed) PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY OF CHICAGO OPHTHALMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

"You see?"

The ophthalmologists objected because optometrists were making the tests. Free.

Explanations, however, fell upon deaf ears. The mothers were adamant. The superintendent gave permission to resume the work—and the results perhaps explain why the mothers wanted to have the findings. Of 1,340 students examined, 369 were found with vision defects which needed corrective measures; three were cases of definite disease. Among the pupils needing help were more than 30 whose parents could not meet the expense. This was a situation which the mothers had wanted particularly to uncover, as part of their program was caring for such cases. They did so,

and Senn stood forth as one school, at least, in Chicago in which the student body could be considered visually equipped to do its work.

Thus the Senn incident seemed to end in peace. Actually, it proved to be the opening battle in a war which has raged in Chicago ever since, with some 470,000 schoolchildren caught between the firing lines. The war is between the armies of the three O's—the optometrists on one side, and the oculists and the ophthalmologists on the other.

The optometrist is a comparative newcomer, a product of recent decades, in the field of eye and vision work. He tests defects of vision, and remedies them with glasses, or through exercises to strengthen weak muscles. State laws bar him from using or prescribing drugs or medicines, or treating any form of disease. The laws also prescribe at least three years of training in a college-grade school of optometry, and graduates must pass a state board examination before they receive a license to practice.

The oculist, however, is medically trained, and treats diseases of the eye; he also corrects vision defects, with glasses or exercises. In this field, he differs from the optometrist in that his ability to fit glasses is strictly up to him.

No law in any state lays down any tests; any M.D., if he wishes, can make himself into an "oculist" by simply

painting the word on his office door.

The ophthalmologist is supposedly a top-flight oculist. Again, under the law, he is the sole judge of his own qualifications; he need pass no tests before he assumes the title. Most of the best ones, however, are members of the National Ophthalmological Society; and to join, a man must have spent five years specializing in eye work. If he wishes, he may also take a qualifying examination which the society offers; but to date, of all the thousands of oculists in the country, only some hundreds have undergone this examination.

In Chicago, as in most cities, health of schoolchildren gets thin-spread attention from school doctors and nurses. No eye specialists are employed. Vision tests usually are given by nurses or teachers with the Snellen card; the child is asked to read row after row of smaller and smaller letters with one eye, then the other, until the limit of ability is reached. Even when correctly given, the test tells only whether the child can see or not at a distance of 20 feet. It discloses nothing about eye strain, or working efficiency at a normal reading distance of 13 inches; and all too often even the limited results obtained are unreliable. Eyes are covered with a half-opened hand, and children having one poor eye can conceal the fact by peeping between the fingers with the good eye.

A few school principals have tried for years to improve upon this slipshod routine; but the first mass attack in Chicago was at Tilden High. The optometrists of the city, working in squads arranged by their society, gave hundreds of pupils a series of 12 tests, free of charge. They examined the retina inside the eyeball for evidence of disease, they tried shining light through the lids to detect scars on the eyeball, they tested whether both eyes were functioning, or only one, they measured the shape of the eyeball with reflected light, to detect astigmatism, they tested for sustained close reading; they tested everything including color vision.

Then they told what was needed. No prescriptions for glasses were given, and the burden of the recommendation for further attention was to see the family physician.

Did the examination for disease overstep the legal limits prescribed for an optometrist? No, the law requires that he be qualified to recognize disease; and contrary to charges commonly heard from the medical O's, his qualifications are high. His training includes at a fair minimum, 1,166 hours of study given to pathology of the eye. Rush Medical College of Chicago, an outstanding institution, gives this subject 72 hours in its general course; and the law accepts this amount of study as qualifying a man to be an oculist.

As a result of the Tilden High demonstration, groups of mothers from other schools requested surveys for their children. The Senn High School survey was next on the list. And was



first to draw protests from the medical O's.

The Senn mothers forced through tests for their children; but the medical men succeeded in stopping all further free tests by optometrists. Superintendent Johnson created a medical advisory board, to pass upon such surveys. On this board were representatives from the Illinois Medical Society, the Chicago Medical Society, the Chicago Dental Society, the Board of Health, and the Parent-Teacher Association.

Next, a substitute service was provided.

Some 60 women from the WPA rolls were coached, under direction of the Ophthalmological Society, in use of the Snellen card; and this group went to work as the vision-testing staff for the schools.

The substitute service naturally failed to stop complaints by mothers who knew about the scientific optometric tests at Tilden and Senn.

The showdown on the entire situation came during the course of a get-together meeting between mothers and representatives of the Medical Society. One of the medical spokesmen told the women flatly that they were bound by "a joint resolution requiring that examinations be made by physicians, not by optometrists or other cultists."

The final, clarifying touch was added after the meeting. One doctor bragged that he was responsible for stopping the optometric tests. A mother asked him whether his group would provide substitute tests. His reply was to the point. "Pay us for it, and we'll do the work."

Even at a minimum figure of one dollar a child for mass surveys, some \$470,000 would be needed to cover the public school enrollment of Chicago. This sum is beyond the resources either of the schools or of any parent group. Thus the children are innocent victims of the warfare between the embattled O's.

If the optometrists had taken practice from the oculists by giving prescriptions for glasses during these school surveys, a lusty roar from the medical group would have been only natural. But the surveys were not taking practice from anybody. Rather, they were making practice, by uncovering hundreds of previously unsuspected cases of eye trouble. Who got the cases thereafter was for the parent to decide; and what could be the objection, professional or ethical, to that?

The history of relations between optometry and medicine gives the answer.

Until nearly the end of the 19th century, eye glasses were largely a commodity, like hats; customers picked them to suit their fancy from a tray in a drug or general store. The original optometrist—utterly untrained, of course—was little better than a clerk.

Gradually, the more professional-minded optometrists developed their work into a highly skilled science, and

passed the average oculist in efficiency. This was only natural, since they were concentrating upon one job, while the oculist had the whole field of eye disease to engage his attention; usually he did ear, nose, and throat work as well. The pioneer leaders in optometry also labored to clean out the fraud and quackery which had always tainted "the eye glass business." They hiked up the standards in their schools, and besieged legislatures to require formal training and state examination of all who wanted to practice optometry.

To all this, the medical profession did not object, so long as no optometrist became bold enough to suggest that any M.D. who wanted to fit glasses should also pass an examination in optometry. Such a requirement has not yet been written into law in any state in the Union.

Modern brilliant lighting, intensified habits of reading, and movie-going, have made the public eye-conscious, and created a golden flood of business in relieving vision defects.

The medical profession assumes that it is entitled to the lion's share of this work.

Unfortunately, optometrists will not consent to be mere Cinderellas of medical practice, especially since they have done far more than all the medical groups together to develop the modern science of correcting vision defects. By efforts such as the surveys in the Chicago schools, they prove they can supply a much-needed service. And that is the real root of the medical objection. The optometric camel is getting its nose too far under the medical tent; it must be repelled before it has won widespread recognition as a reputable specialty.

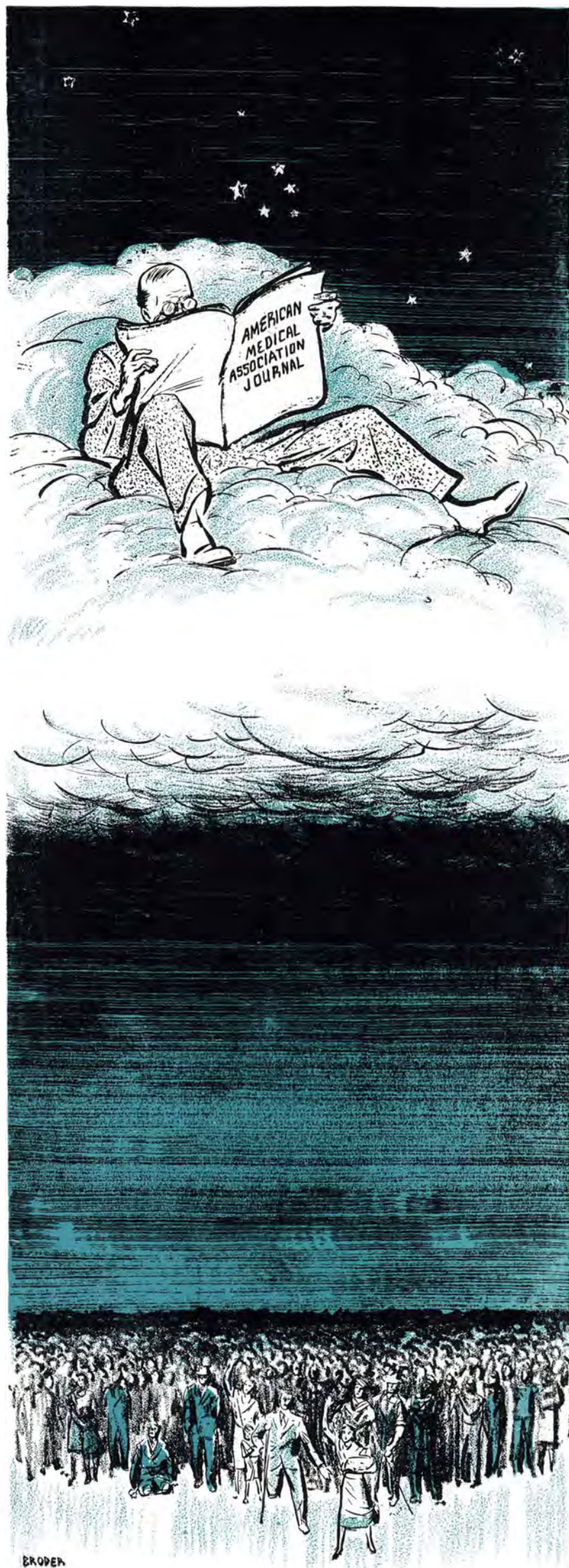
Probably now the hostilities will rest at the armistice stage through the summer vacation. The last engagement, in April of this year, was another pitched battle fought to no conclusion. Several months back the Chicago Optometrical Society offered to furnish 3,000 pairs of glasses yearly without charge to needy Chicago schoolchildren. Superintendent Johnson delayed answer, obviously not liking to refuse so handsome an offer. But when on April 6 the optometrists tried to force a showdown before the end of the school year, Assistant Superintendent Frank Beals finally had to make it a turndown, frankly admitting that it was because they couldn't afford to offend the medicos. So the kids who can't pay can just go without.

The better ones sell prescriptions only, like a doc—the *optician* sells the glasses.

The optometrists make the point that they are willing to take a chance against medical competition on getting their share of the business once they have uncovered the need for them. They follow the opening economy of abundance.

The medicos follow the closed economy of scarcity. Their slogan is, "It's no good unless you pay plenty for it. Pay us." ●

(Pictures on Pages 50-51)



Far from the Madding Crowd

## ERA OF PREVENTIVE ARMAMENT



Dr. Bruening—Last of Germany's Democratic Premiers

**A race to arms between balanced power groups means war. But a race to arms between unbalanced power groups postpones war for as long as the groups can be kept out of balance. Only flaw in this fine theory is that poor nations, put onto a war economy by an armament race, can't afford to go back to "normalcy." But it's too late to worry on that score.**

BY RAYMOND GRAM SWING

A FEW years ago every returning traveler from Europe, international expert and tourist alike, proclaimed that early general war was inevitable. Then the fashion changed, so that now the homecomers agree that a general war is not coming for at least a couple of years.

The forecasters of war were crying calamity long before the Nazis came into power. So it was not fascist armament which frightened them. What impressed them was the bitterness of the countries which lost the war, and the oppressive nature of the Treaty of Versailles.

Today the fascist states have armed, Europe is still more martially-minded, Spain is the arena for the modern world's first international civil war, and new warlike doctrines fill the air, such as German racialism, and the teaching that democracy is fading out and will be superseded by

fascism. In spite of it all a general war is not in sight.

This is a paradox. It makes sense only if explained by another paradox. The danger of immediate general war in Europe has nearly disappeared *because of the armament race*. The feverish construction of fighting machines by Germany and Italy is being countered by the feverish spending of Britain, France, and Russia. The have-not countries are making themselves strong. But the haves are keeping up their superiority over them. And thanks to this race, Europe is enjoying a breather. It sounds as fantastic as saying a man is having a rest because he is running the 440.

But it isn't fantastic, because the armament race in Europe isn't like a 440. It is unlike any armament race modern man has ever seen. It really isn't a contest, it is a spurt to maintain a tremendous lead. The point is

to prevent the have-nots from coming up from behind and sprinting to the tape, shoulder to shoulder with their rivals, the haves.

Out of the World War came the formula: "An armament race meant war in 1914. Hence any armament race means war." This sounds logical enough but it only becomes so with the insertion of two short phrases. Put this way it is true: "An armament race meant war in the world of 1914. Hence any armament race in such a world means war."

Before 1914 Europe had been maintaining peace by a balance of power. For 40 years two equally strong groups nestled down together in peaceful competition. But the moment one group sought to increase its strength the attempt did two things, it revealed that this group was tired of peace and it forced the rival group to meet the challenge. A little bit of military superiority became extremely dangerous because it forecast a military showdown. It encouraged one side to believe it could win a war.

As the drama was played before 1914, both the Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance tried to strengthen themselves without arousing suspicions, while each was thoroughly suspicious of the motives of the other. Germany's decision to have a navy was the beginning of trouble. The British were sure this meant an eventual challenge of their sea-power. Then the Second Balkan War left Serbia strong, which weakened Austria. Austria was not rich enough to meet the challenge, so Germany introduced the first capital levy in modern times which financed two new corps in its own army which should make up for the weakening of Austria. This strengthening of Germany alarmed France, and it reintroduced three-year military service. A frightened Russia laid plans for modernizing its army and speeding up its mobilization. France's and Russia's preparations warned Germany, and it decided to strike before Russia could become more formidable.

The formula about armament causing war is better stated in this way: "An armament race between two balanced groups of powers means war." So worded, the truism does not apply to the Europe of today. For there is no balanced division of the power in Europe. Instead there is separation into haves and have-nots. A few years ago the haves had both superiority of power and a treaty which forbade the rearmament of Germany and the other defeated countries. Germany tore up the treaty, and Germany and Italy launched upon costly rearmament. If Britain, Russia and France had done nothing about it, it is probable that the fascist countries would have become equal to them in strength—and then, if an armament race started in, it would have satisfied the formula, there would have been war. But the haves did not wait. They set out to maintain their superiority, which meant to keep up the *unbalance* of power. So

in a sense the present armament race is aimed at maintaining peace. And one can even play with a new formula: "An armament race between unbalanced powers will tend to preserve peace."

But the formula is doubtful in that wording. France and Russia may fall out, and cannot even now count too solidly on each other's help. If this alliance is broken, Russia might come together with Germany, or it might retire from European affairs, and become an armed spectator, like the United States. If Russia withdraws, then the combined strength of Germany and Italy, and any minor allies they can pick up, would be pitted against Britain, France and any of their potential allies. And that would be something like a balance, and the 1914 formula about the certainty of war would apply. If Russia tied in with Germany, the superior strength would lie on that side, and the have-nots would be safe to wade in and take what they wanted. So the axiom must be re-worded. "An armament race between *unbalanced* powers tends to preserve peace only if the stronger and wealthier group sticks together."

One of the common assumptions about an armament race is that once begun, it can't be stopped, and that goes to make war inevitable. But it isn't necessarily true that an armament race can't be stopped. The motive of Britain and France in the present race is to arrive through it at a general and peaceful settlement. The point in arming is to show Germany and Italy that they can never become strong enough to take what they want by force. So they must take what they can get as a gift. In return for the gift they must then become well-behaved and peaceable. Britain and France are quite sure the race will stop and they expect it to stop without war.

For the scheme to work out, however, Britain and France must avoid getting into any war that is not immediately and certainly a general war. Britain mustn't take on Italy, nor must France, nor the two of them together. For the moment they go to war with Italy, Germany has a free hand to get everything it wants. And the supremacy of Europe would fall like an apple into Germany's lap. No doubt Britain alone could defeat Italy, and France and Britain together could mop up the forces of Mussolini in short order. But having whipped Italy, they would find Germany in possession of everything Kaiser Wilhelm II failed to win in the World War.

From the British and French viewpoint, if there is to be war it must be a general war, one in which Russia joins on the side of France and Britain. For these three powers, with the Czechs, and possibly the Jugoslavs and Rumanians, could defeat any probable grouping of fascist European powers. It is this consideration which has made Britain so spineless in the face of Mussolini's imperti-

nences, in Spain, in Libia, in Arabia. It has been better to swallow hard and count a hundred when Mussolini was insulting, than to lose the whole game of rearmament.

There is one more observation to make about the danger of war in an armament race. The have-not countries have gone into armament-making at the price of placing their entire economy on a war basis. It was the only way they could carry the burden. But if, as the haves hope, a general settlement is reached, how are the have-nots to restore their economy to a peace basis?

It is quite easy to go over to a war economy. The government takes over final responsibility. It pays wages at any scale it chooses, it guarantees profits. There are no business risks. This is the recipe for a quick and sure-fire omelet. But there is no recipe for unscrambling it.

To go back to peaceful industry means to work through the delicate mechanisms of supplying a domestic market, and even in the fascist states the risks would be enormous. The transition period would be one of great hardship, perhaps letting loose revolutionary forces. Hitler and Mussolini, facing such a danger, might prefer to keep the country united by war than to endanger their power at home without striking a blow.

It is perilous to base a nation's economy on building armaments, particularly a poor nation's. So an armament race may lead to war, not because the armed countries want to go out and use their new weapons, but because war may look safer to a dictator than revolution. Except for this reservation, however, the present armament race is not heading for war; it really is an expensive and fumbling way of trying to establish peace.

For all that, the race is one of the most insane follies that history will write down to the damnation of this generation. There need not have been an armament race. The haves need not have been threatened. They can only blame themselves for the torment of the last five years. Had they been willing to reduce their own armament, as they promised at Versailles to do, the Weimar Republic would not have fallen. Even Hitler was willing to accept a small army, if the army of France were to be no larger.

Most people now forget what history will record, that Mussolini quite sincerely offered genuine disarmament, that Soviet Russia even proposed complete disarmament (and was ridiculed) and that Hitler, when he first came into power, was quite willing to be moderate so long as Germany was treated as an equal. It was armaments as much as anything which broke up the League of Nations, and so ended the possibility of maintaining peace in Europe by collective action.

For years the prime obstacle in the way of conciliation was France. Guaranteed the military mastery of the continent of Europe by the peace

treaty, France declined to yield any of its proud ground. Only as it could see the Weimar Republic sinking under the rising flood of Nazism did France show signs of coming to its senses. Today, France is no longer master and received nothing to compensate for the lost supremacy.

The story of the disarmament conferences is much too long to summarize, and it makes dreary reading. But one episode of April, 1932, has never been told, and it deals with the one moment when an agreement hung in the balance, and with it the fate of Europe.

The chance was lost because of a cold. Yes, the illness, the common cold. The man who caught the cold was the French Premier Tardieu.

Bruening was chancellor of Germany. He needed concessions to stay in power. The concessions did not have to be big ones, and the disarmament conference was sitting in Geneva. For America, Colonel Stimson was there in person, and Sir John Simon for Britain, and Tardieu for France. A plan was worked out. Germany was to be allowed a shorter period of conscription, which would automatically give it the start of a trained reserve. At the time service in the Reichswehr was for nine years. And Germany was to be allowed the possession of defensive arms. Bruening was not sure that Hindenburg would accept these terms as enough, but he gave it as his belief that this much generosity would save his position. Tardieu was impressed and inclined to favor the plan. Everyone else was enthusiastically for it.

Tardieu had to return to Paris, and promised to come back. In Paris he was attacked by the cold. It was no diplomatic illness. It made the French premier quite ill. He wanted to travel and couldn't.

The wheel of time moves relentlessly. France was due to have a general election. Before Tardieu recovered, the election campaign began. Obviously, he couldn't talk disarmament in Geneva while fighting at home for his political life. Then followed the election. Tardieu was beaten, and the next French representative at the Geneva conference was Herriot, the Radical Socialist.

Now Herriot was a much more reasonable man than Tardieu, much more likely to be sympathetic with Bruening, and more solicitous for the survival of the Weimar Republic.

But when Herriot arrived at Geneva, Bruening was not there. He had already fallen. The German delegation was under orders from Adolf Hitler.

It may be too much to say that Bruening would have been saved, and an armament race staved off, if Tardieu hadn't caught a cold. But it is true that the dreary, stupid international wrangle over disarmament came within a hair's breadth of a common-sense solution. And it is just possible that Tardieu's cold cost Europe 20 billion dollars, the amount it has since spent on arms. ●

(Pictures on Pages 52 and 57)



"I tank I want to be alone!"



Victory

## H. M.'S LOYAL STATE DEPARTMENT

**Why not give Eton honors and the hopes of a viscountcy to servitors of His Britannic Majesty despite the rather widespread belief that they are American diplomats and the fact that their salaries are footed by American taxpayers?**

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

THIS is that old Spanish war that everyone has forgotten. This correspondent rather hates to bring it up again. Especially after the fascists in the U. S. State Department have done their level, crooked, Roman, British-aping, disgusting, efficient best to end it by denying the Spanish government the right to buy arms to defend itself against the German and Italian aggression. But if this magazine is to bring any sort of an insider's view it must keep on returning to a consideration of the Spanish war even though it bores you.

Meantime, this correspondent wishes to congratulate the fascists in the U. S. State Department. They could not have done a better nor a quicker job if Mr. Chamberlain's wishes had not even had to be decoded. The most beautiful and inspiring thing is that an American fascist does it for nothing. He will go against all the natural interest of his country in order to be considered a gentleman. And you will find them doing the dirty work of a very temporary British policy, based on England's not yet being armed, their tongues out with eagerness for a pat on the head, for a "Well played, Sir. Oh, well played."

If the fascists in the U. S. State Department could only be given old school ties, or even the right to wear the ties of more obscure British infantry regiments, they might be willing to settle for that honor. For the old school tie is permanent and really the highest honor Britain can give and it might save America much trouble in the future and enable some of her representatives to distinguish better between America's interests and Britain's if a bill were introduced in Congress providing for a certain number of honorary old Etonians, Carthusians and Rugbuggerians to be created each year in the State Department. These old school tiesmen would have all the privileges of those who had attended British public schools and none of the drawbacks. Each old school tiesman could be provided with an escort of Marines in case he should wander into the Hibernian Hall by mistake on St. Patrick's Day and a certain number of retainers could be provided with instructions to address the tiesman as Your Lordship or Your Grace, always

provided that by accepting these honors the American diplomat would agree to, in consideration of these privileges, represent American rather than British interests for a certain amount of time to be determined by whoever drew up the bill.

This length of time should in no case be made onerous and all due consideration should be given to the probable advance in rank of the American diplomat if he were actually in the British service. There should be provisions made for this advancement in rank so that no U. S. State Department member should ever be deprived of attaining the rank of Lord Heel of Succotash to which he might have legitimately aspired had he not been embarrassed by American nationality.

Certainly the Governor of Kentucky would not object to making them colonels as well, and a colonel is quite something in any second rate pension in Europe.

These decorations, however, should only be awarded for service in the face of the enemy; that is, for services when their actions directly contradicted American interests to aid British policy. Of course if there were so many of these decorations given that they became cheapened others could be instituted. But they should all have good, sound, valid, British initials.

What has this to do with the war in Spain? Nothing, except that the war is going on in spite of the fascists of the State Department. It will go on in spite of Chamberlain and in spite of Mussolini; and it will go on no matter what the French do. There will be war in Spain a year from now because men are fighting there who will die rather than surrender their country to the Italians and the Germans. In the last six weeks you have watched them broken by aircraft and artillery, seen them retreat, re-form and hold. You have seen it so often it's an old story. But they always re-form and hold.

Two weeks ago you heard a little diplomatic service boy say, "Stop it! They must stop the war!" But in his voice there was a note of panic. Because not even all the interlocking fascist help and all the new machines can destroy a people. ●



**JAPS LEARN FAST** that Occident uses "pretty girl" pictures for promotion purposes, so they double on pretty girls as part of ballyhoo for Tokyo Olympiad in 1940. (Ken Particles page 6)



**LABOR ON DEFENSIVE** Dave Dubinsky of the garment workers parries a verbal thrust from Jack Rockefeller, the oil workers' boss, at a charity dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria. (Ken Particles page 6)



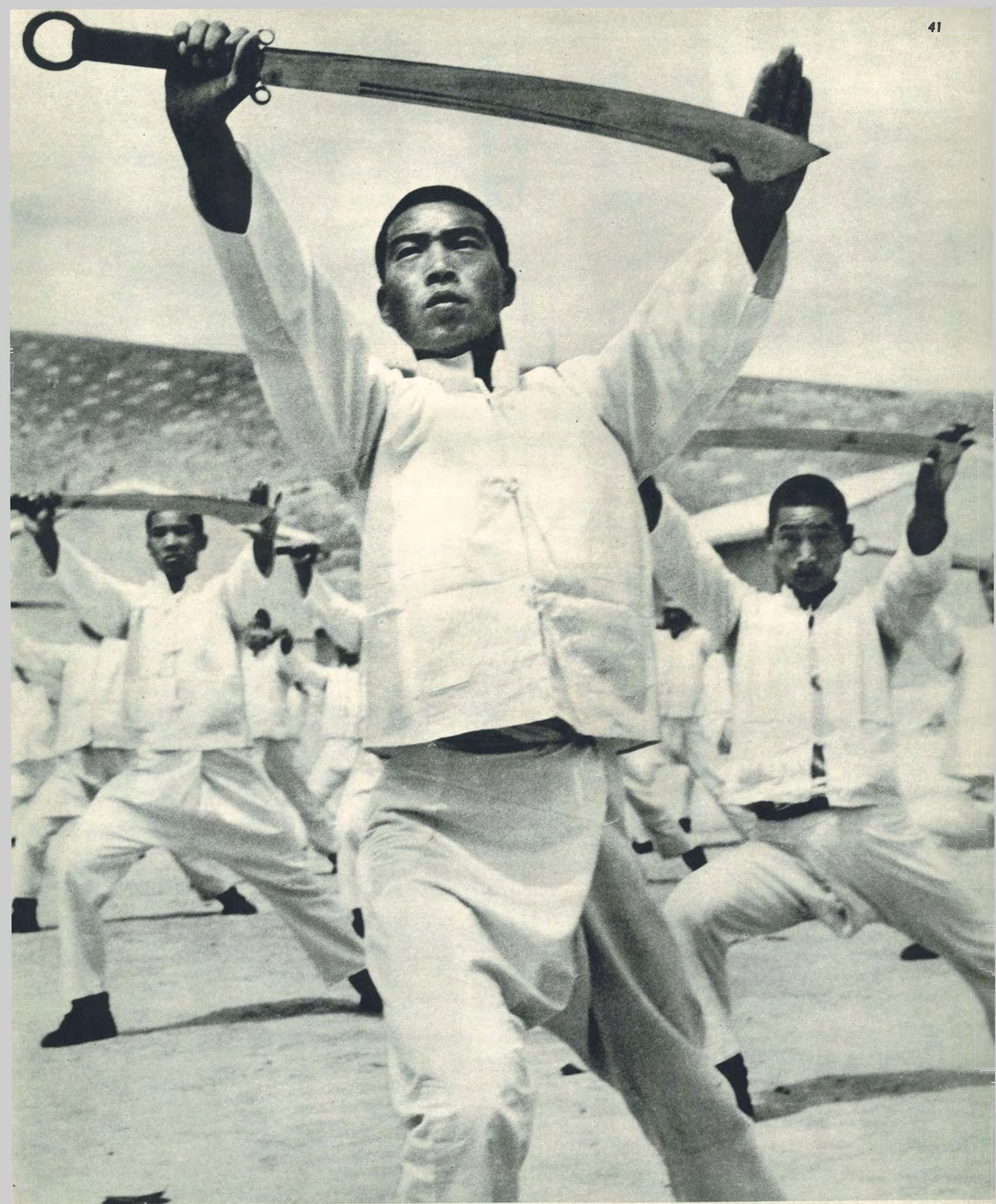
**CONFIDENT COOLIE** grins as raw Chinese levies withstand the onslaught of Nippon's shock troops following Generalissimo's clean-up of spies. (Eyes on Chiang Kai-shek page 11)



**MARCHING, SINGING** New China, a nation at last, fights for her independence; Cantonese march to the front while their children sing patriotic songs. (Eyes on Chiang Kai-shek page 11)







**SWORD-PLAY** but serious business for Japan's warlords whose armies are confronted by living walls of Chinese swordsmen deft at slicing flesh. (Eyes on Chiang Kai-shek page 11)



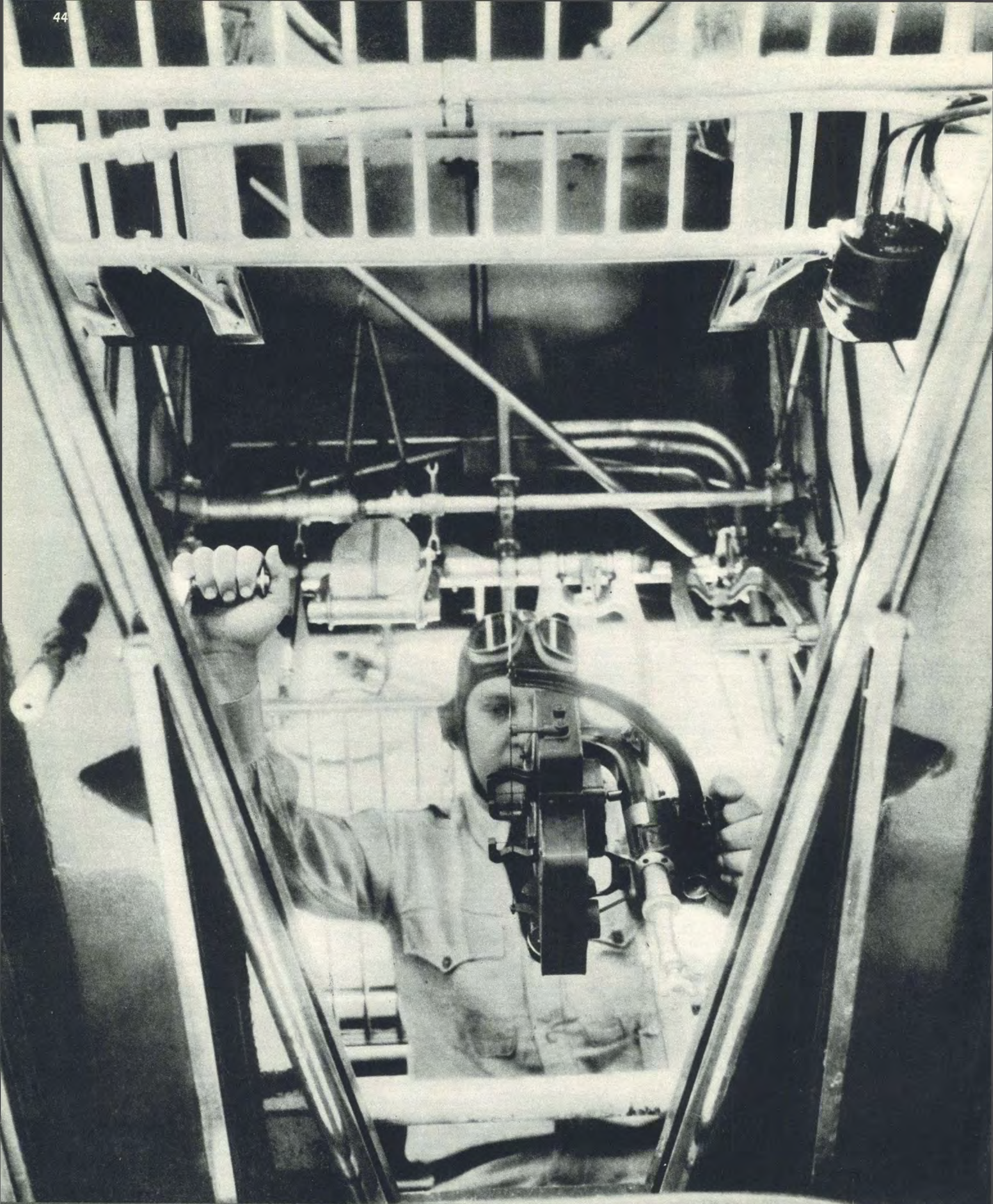
**MIRACLE GIRL** Nun points to Therese Neumann's hand with its never-healing stigma from which blood pours periodically. Pilgrims flock to her home (below). (The Miracle of Konnersreuth page 16)



Resl's  
Stübchen



**BUDGET-UNBALANCER** Federal Reserve Chairman Eccles listens, ponders, pleads, jokes while Senate Finance Committee debates his Depression-Economics. (Scotch Mormon Spends Billions page 18)



**RADIO BOMBARDER** When he releases his load the ground crew registers the position and officers then calculate whether his missile would have hit the target. (The Army's Closest Secret page 20)



**DESTRUCTION-BOUND** Practice bomb leaving rack at 3,000-foot altitude and aimed for 100-foot circle target to test the plane bombarder's accuracy. (The Army's Closest Secret page 20)



**PLANE DROPS EGGS** 100-lb. bombs hurtle from Curtiss ship and score hits on obsolete planes lined up as targets to test skill of bombers' pilots. (The Army's Closest Secret page 20)





**WALK DOWNSTAIRS** into Democracy's sub-cellar where we keep cast-off clothes and lives of millions of Americans pending the day of reckoning. (But You Can't Live on Liberty page 29)



**SLAVE MARKET** Job-seekers stare at jobs in front of the employment agencies along Manhattan's Sixth Avenue, labor's "stock exchange." (But You Can't Live on Liberty page 29)





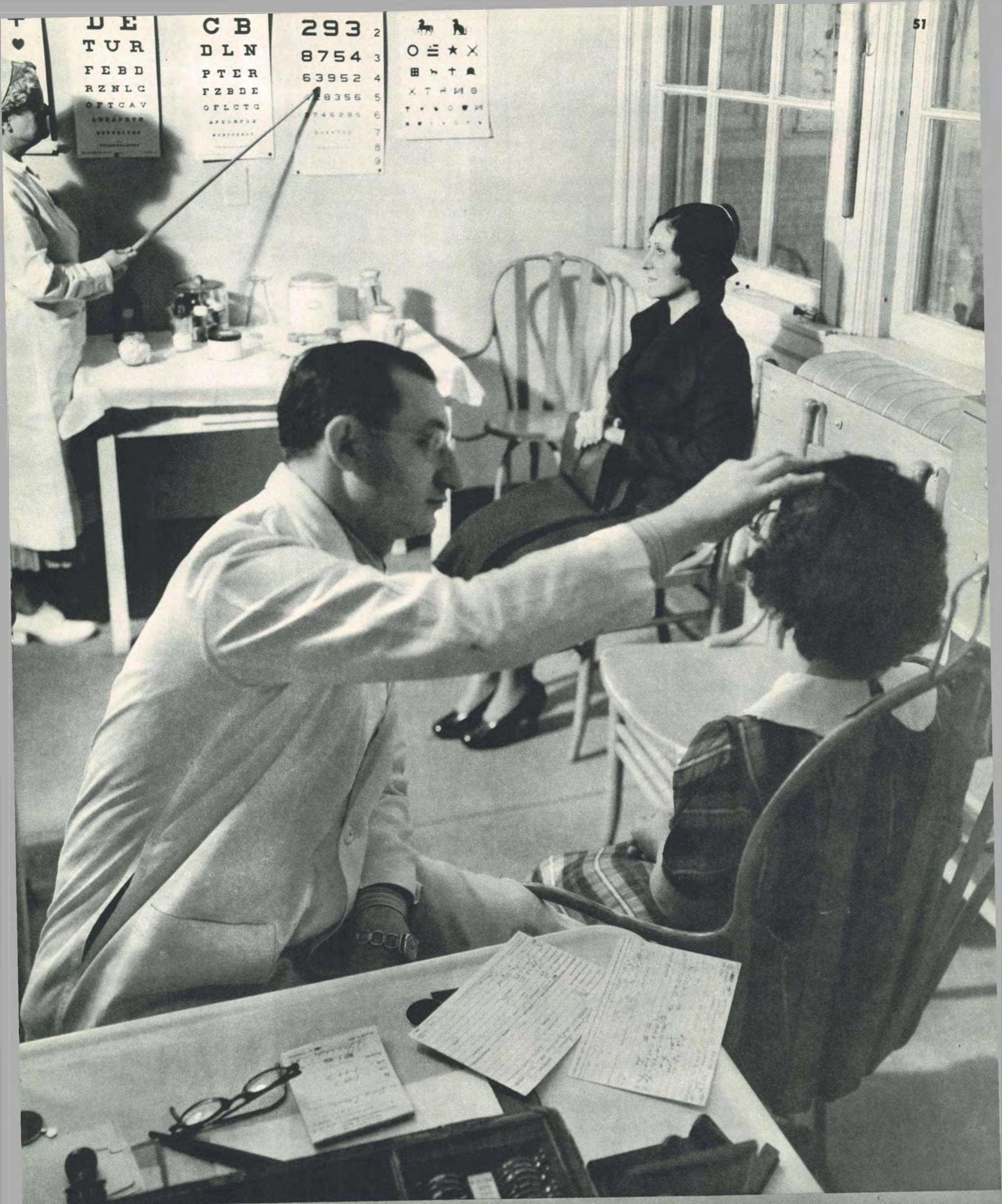


**MEN AT AUCTION** Job offers \$15; man wants \$25; indecision; either job must offer more or man must take less on this free market à la Adam Smith. (But You Can't Live on Liberty page 29)





**YOU CAN'T DO THAT** embattled ophthalmologists with little training in eye-measuring tell experienced optometrists, and the war rages with school children chief sufferers. (The Battle of the Eyes and O's page 32)



**EYE DOCTORS' WAR** When trained optometrists dare to write down their findings in a prescription for this girl, they invite bitter hostility of rival oculists. (The Battle of the Eyes and O's page 32)



**BABES OF AFRICA** trained by Mussolini to fight for his Italian Empire; but will they fight for or against their white masters when they grow up? (Era of Preventive Armament page 34)



CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

### HIS DIVINE AND IMPERIAL HIGHNESS—THE PUPPET MIKADO

Specially created by the All-High to guide 60,000,000 loyal subjects blindly to national hara-kiri, Hirohito is doing a bang-up job with the help of strings manipulated, backstage, by mongoloid cretins in fussy gold braid. First stop en route toward his object all sublime in making the entire world kowtow in the direction of Tokyo, is China—engaged now in mulishly resisting Divine Destiny. Fascinated spectators at Hirohito's show are his cousins in Divine Right, Adolf der Schoene and Benny the Burglar, who are fidgeting at the Mikado's gaucherie in picking on somebody who can fight back. Offstage, the Russian Bear laughs and laughs. Hirohito himself, with the help of Klieg lights, makes the appropriate gesture at Fate.



EDEN

SIR ROBERT VANSITTART

SIR JOHN SIMON

SIR SAMUEL HOARE

LORD HALIFAX

CIANO

BARON ALC

STARACE

WINSTON CHURCHILL

MARSHALL BALBO

LLOYD GEORGE

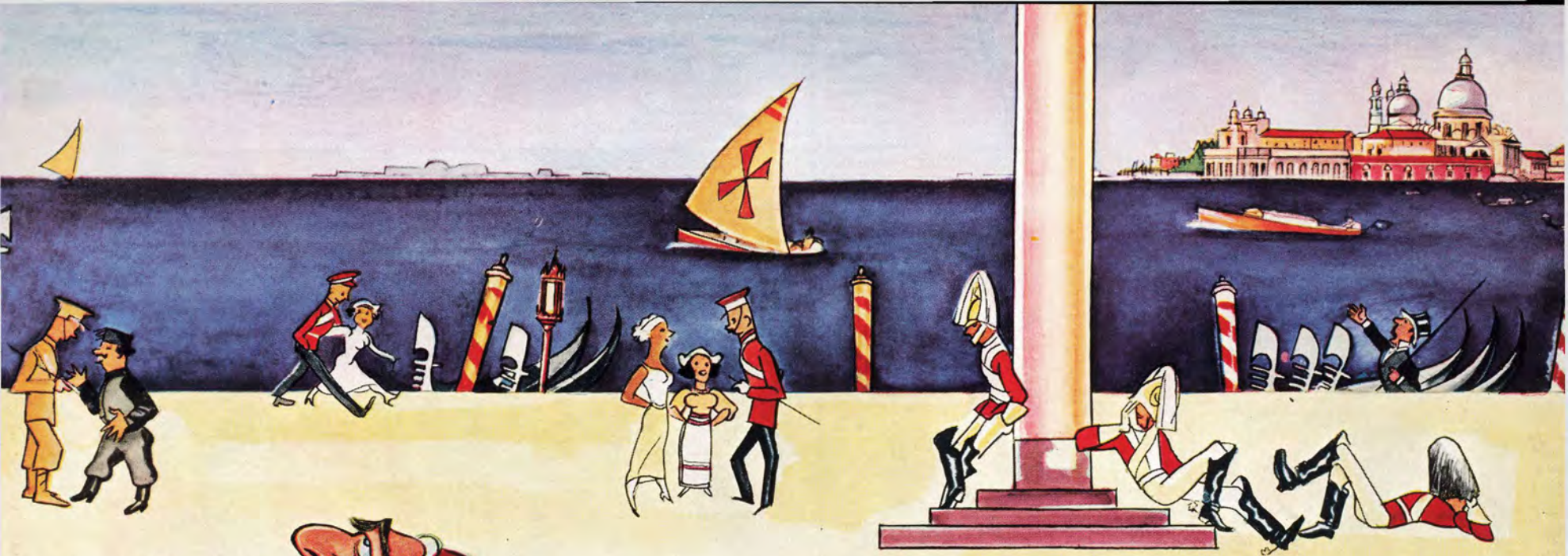
GENERAL DE BONO

SIR ALEXANDER CADOGAN

COOK

ANGLO-ITALIAN ACCORDS

DRAWN FOR KEN IN GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, BY DERSO & KEIEN.



SI

SUVICH

COUNT GRANDI LORD PERTH  
EMBASSADORS

CHAMBERLAIN

MUSSOLINI

*Dorso and Kelen*  
April 1938



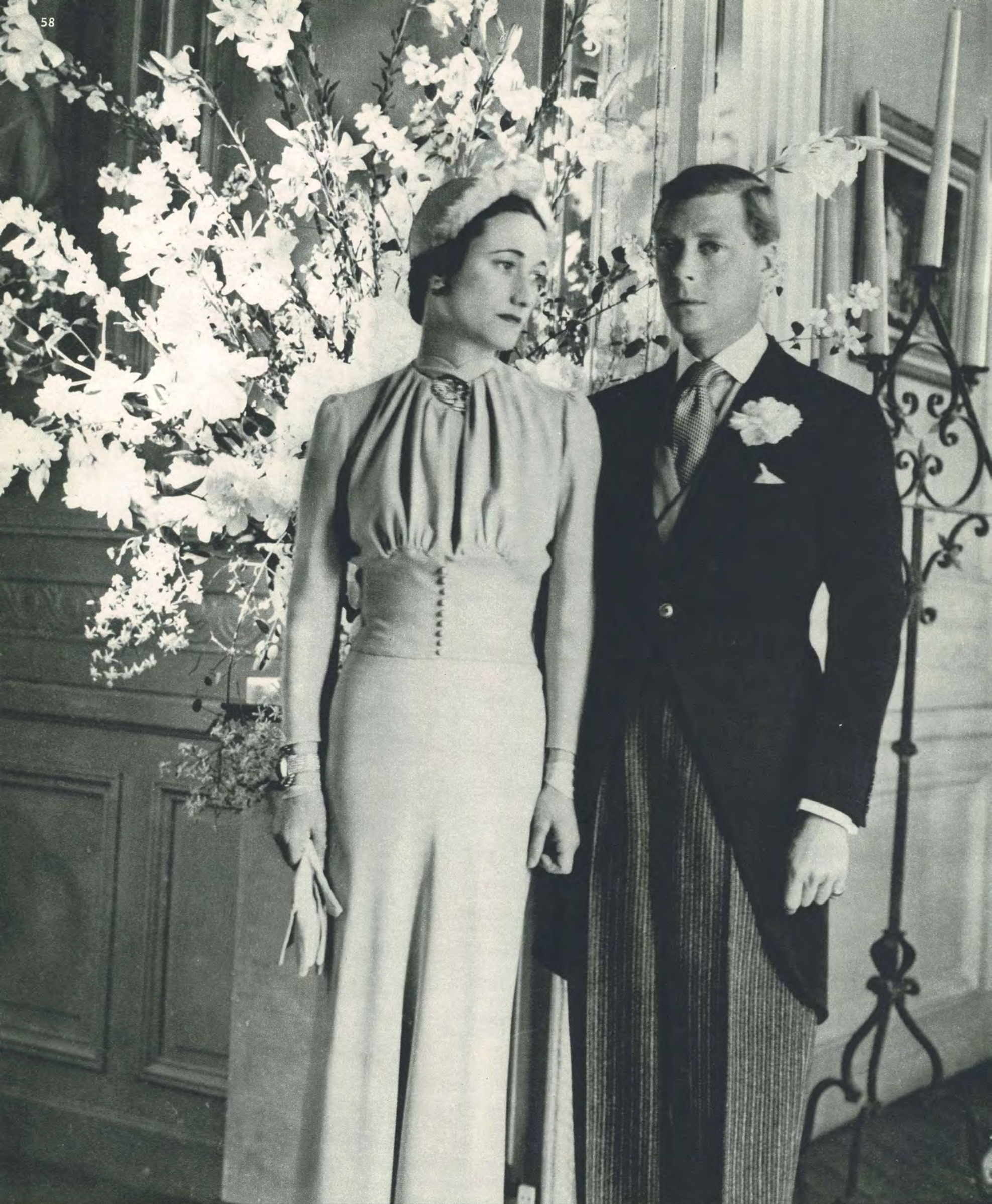
Letting Him Have No Rest





**END OF AN ERA** Mussolini (top left) and Grandi confer with Pre-Hitler Bruening and Curtius; Bruening, Laval and Briand (bottom) snapped by Dr. Erich Salomon. (Era of Preventive Armament page 34)





**NEWSREEL COURTESY** This shot of the famed newlyweds of Windsor is released to admiring royal-romance fans the world over. Wally's mole and Edward's wrinkles are washed out. (What the Newsreels Never Show page 80)



**NEWSREEL DISCOURTESY** The Windsors pose again for the newsreel but this time a sharp-focus lens reveals the harsh truth about the middle-aged lovers. (What the Newsreels Never Show page 80)

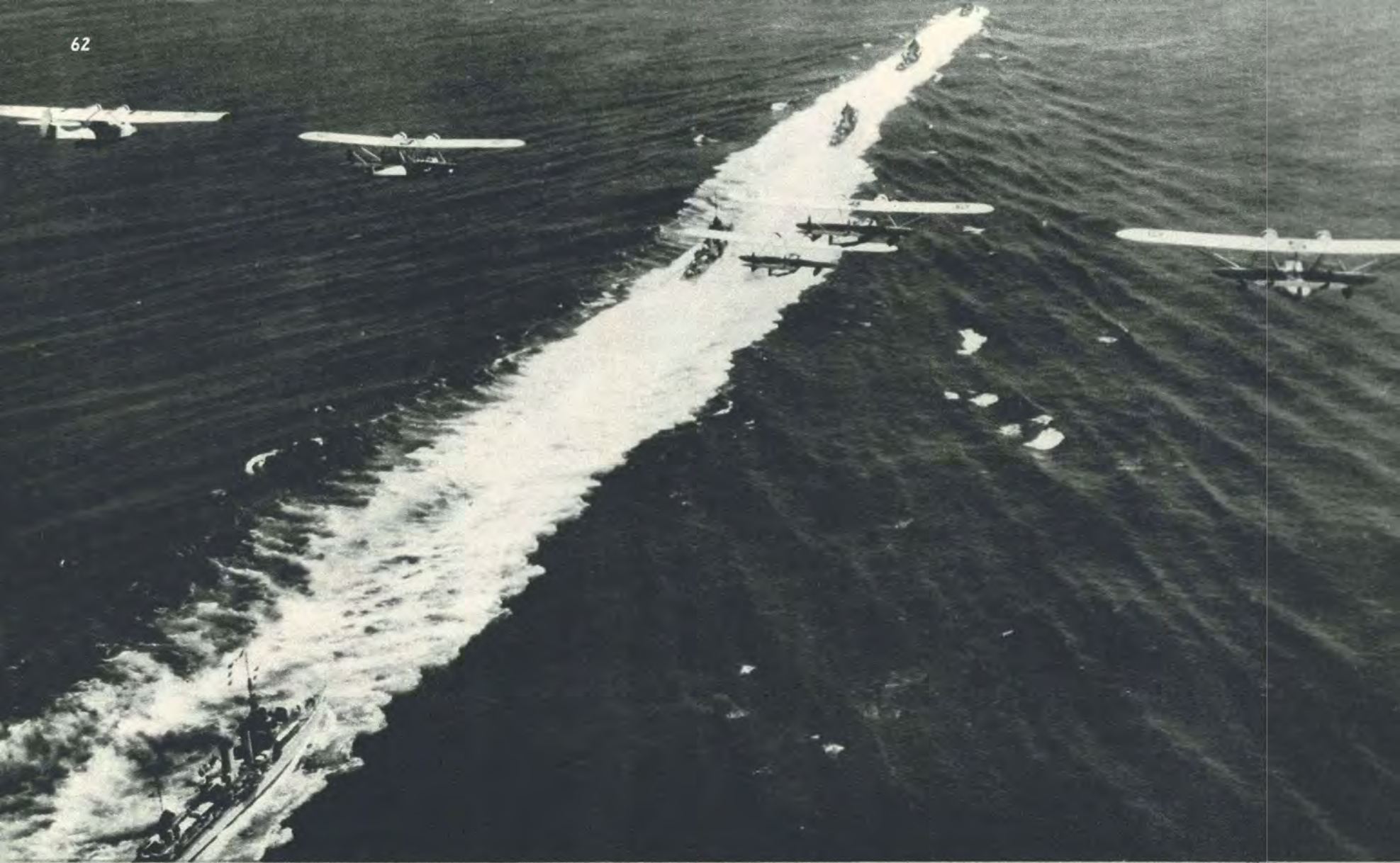


**MARY PICKFORD** barred sharp-focus cameras after her marriage to Buddy Rogers but one cameraman must have reneged for the wrinkles show. (What the Newsreels Never Show page 80)



**FILM CENSORSHIP** Chicago newsreel fans were not permitted to see Paramount's film record of police brutality when 10 strikers were mortally wounded Memorial Day, 1937. (What the Newsreels Never Show page 80)





**\$50,000,000 TARGETS** for enemy bombs but the U. S. Navy wants bigger and better targets and is getting them for the expected war with Japan where they'll be useless. (Our Naval Experts page 84)



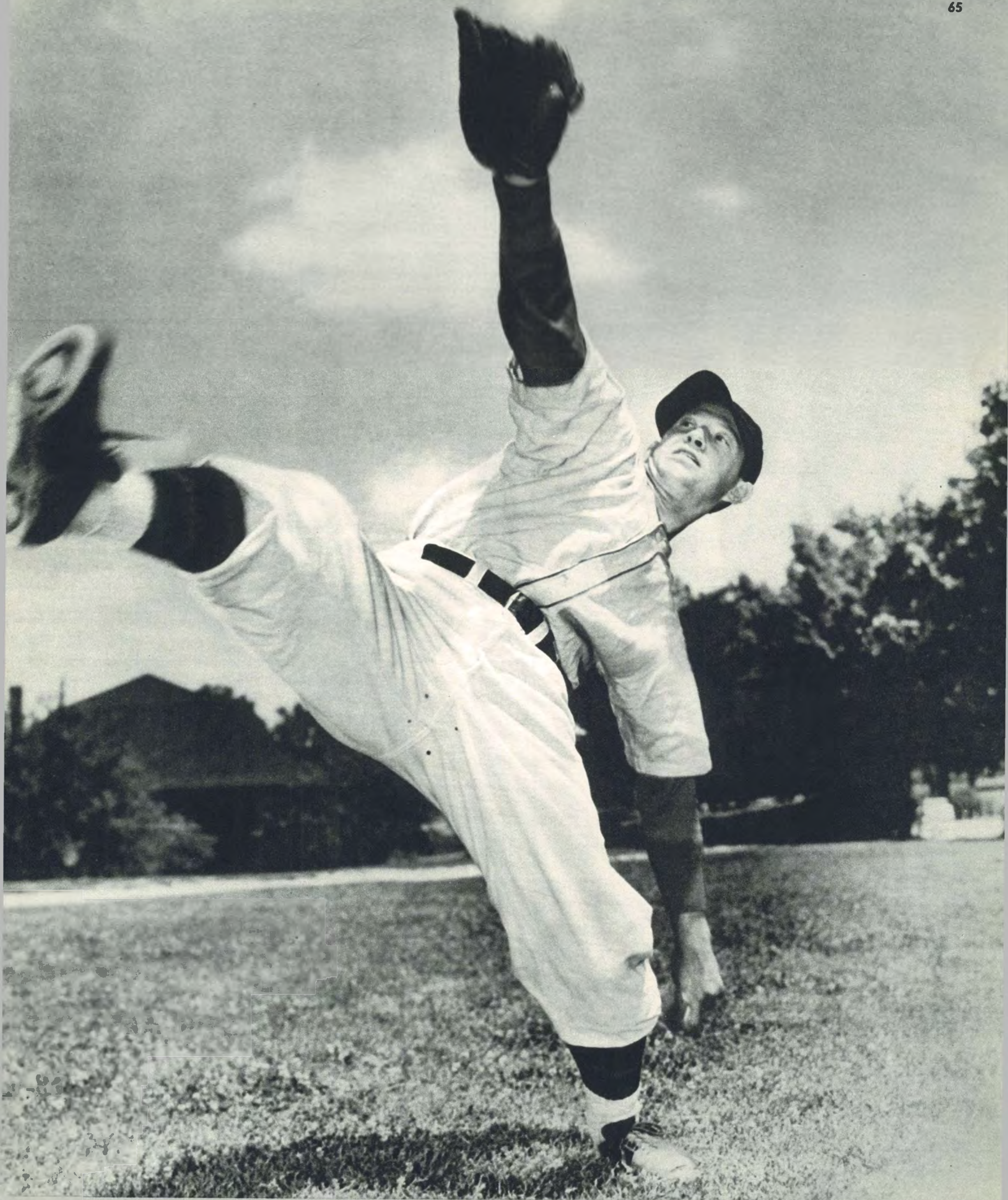


**WESTWARD BOUND** Japan's strategists hope war with America can be fought out in the Orient where our larger navy, off base, will be vulnerable. (Our Naval Experts page 84)



**BASEBALL PROMOTER** Southpaw Max Wilson of Oak Ridge Military Institute is so good they sent him to England to boost the U. S. pastime. (The Ken Stop-Watch page 99)





**ON A BENDER** Max Wilson fanned 25 hap-  
less batters. N. C. wizard  
specializes in keeping Oak Ridge's opponents  
scoreless. (The Ken Stop-Watch page 99)



**PAWSON OF PAWTUCKET** lost 7½ pounds winning the 26-mile Boston marathon. He won once before, in 1933, when he set the record for the course at 2:31:1 3/5. (The Ken Stop-Watch page 99)



**TENNIS BOTTOMS UP** at Forest Hills add to the jackpots of star pros and their hopes for a national tournament circuit on par with golf C. O. D. players. (The Ken Stop-Watch page 99)





**HE CAN WEAR** his old clothes and still be socially correct, that's how rich Barbara L. Bourne's dad is. She plighted this spring to Horton Smith, golf pro, in Bermuda. (The Ken Stop-Watch page 99)



**BROADWAY CURIOSITY** The Unpredictable Jed Harris who nevertheless not only predicts Broadway successes but produces them, notably this season's *Our Town*. (Inside New York page 101)

## MIKE JACOBS—MONOPOLIST OF BOXING



Michael Jacobs put the fight back into prize fighting

**An ex-peanut vendor is Boxing, Ltd., and Unlimited. He has all the top-notchers and most of the promising second-stringers. He reclaimed Madison Square Garden to financial glory. He puts action into the muscle-bound fight business. Mike had a hunch what the fight fans wanted was—fights. So he keeps Joe Louis in the ring. Result: everybody's happy and Mike makes money.**

BY STUART CAMERON

BOXING flourishes today under the tightest monopoly it has ever known. Its operator, director, stage manager, entrepreneur, chief shareholder, major hero and sinister villain is all one man. That man is Michael Strauss Jacobs, whose 58 years have embraced peanut vending, newspaper hawking, steamboat operating, ticket scalping, electioneering and fight promoting.

Jacobs' domain is the world. There are fights in Elko, Nev., that Jacobs doesn't "have a piece of." London's Albert Hall puts on shows without asking permission from Mike. The Garden in Boston and le Palais des Sports in Paris sponsor *affaires la boxe* without consulting him. And yet when anything in boxing "gets good" Jacobs gets into it.

Jacobs just won't bother with run-of-mine fights. It's definitely and completely okeh by him if somebody else makes money out of the ordinary fighter. But let that man make a name for himself, let him become somebody the public talks about, and he finds himself doing the dotted-line act for

Mr. Jacobs. He will not only fight his next fight under the Jacobs banner but before engaging in it he will sign away an option on the fight after that, and, if he is even a fair prospect for keeping on in the big time he will sign for anywhere from five years to life. Not only will he sign quickly but he will sign avidly. He thinks it's a good idea and he's right.

For Jacobs is Boxing, Ltd., and Unlimited. His power in boxing is as absolute as that of Commissioner Landis in baseball. The chief difference is that in baseball, the player has to make his own way, and in boxing under Jacobs, the fighter, if he's got it, gets taken care of.

Jacobs controls boxing in New York. He has taken over the prize fight department of Madison Square Garden. Once the Garden was world capital of boxing. To appear in a Garden Show, was, as in the late days of vaudeville, the same as appearing at the Palace. But boxing at the Garden had become a walloping money-loser. Some critics have blamed discord among Garden officials, stockholders

and directors. Others said that the trouble was mismanagement. So Jacobs, who had been promoting independently, moved in. The last dozen shows at the Garden under the old set-up showed a loss for Garden directors to moan about, but the dozen or so that Jacobs has promoted to date have made money for the Garden and for Michael Strauss.

Jacobs also operates the Hippodrome, the old theatre on Sixth Avenue. Outdoors Jacobs has contracts with Yankee Stadium, the Polo Grounds, and Ebbets Field in Brooklyn. Just try to promote an outdoor show without asking Jacobs!

This is just New York. He has no contracts in Chicago, but in the past three years he has promoted three fights there. All made money, not only for Jacobs but for the hotel men, taxi drivers and such. No contract in Detroit, either, and yet he has been begged, half a dozen times, to beat the fistic drums in that lively sporting town. Ditto Cleveland. Ditto Philadelphia where he has put on shows which were profitable to all concerned. He does have a contract in Miami. Supposed to put on one fight per winter down there. But Miami just isn't a fight town, at least, not a big-league fight town. The lads with the dollars who are in Miami have use for same at the tracks, horse and dog, and thus big-time boxing isn't profitable. So Jacobs just doesn't bother. He fulfils his contract by allowing a local promoter to understudy for him in a bout involving Joe This and Johnny That.

So much for the plants in which the Jacobs performers work. As for the performers he has them all. He has Champion Joe Louis. He has the Number One challenger, Max Schmeling. He has top-flighters Max Baer, Tommy Farr and Harry Thomas. He has near top-flighters Ben Foord, Steve Dudas, Gunnar Barlund, Buddy Baer, Nathan Mann and Jim Adamick. "Having" these worthies, in the Jacobs scheme, means holding outright contracts for their services, or agreements with their managers which will bring them into line if they are needed.

Complete monopolist though he is, Jacobs is the greatest boon boxing knows today. If he had stayed in his ticket brokerage office and let misfits run the sport, boxing well might have died. Boxing was on the ropes when Jacobs moved out to run the show, and now it's in the center of the ring with the crowd yelling.

It isn't avarice on the part of Jacobs that has brought about this condition. It's just his native dislike for inactivity. Joe Louis risked his title (and Jacobs risked plenty of dollars along with Louis) in meeting Nathan Mann at Madison Square Garden. This was an indoor fight for the world heavyweight championship. True, as the match turned out, Mann was no match for Louis, but in heavyweight championship boxing there's always the risk of a lucky punch.

So too was there a risk on April Fool's Day when Louis met Harry Thomas in Chicago. Under the old

set-up the Louis whom the fans like to see (they bought out the Garden for the Mann fight and some spectators paid premiums on their admission slips) would remain in blissful inactivity. The fight fans would be lucky to see any one of these shows before the summer of 1938, and wrangling among rival promoters might have shelved off such a fight for another twelve-month.

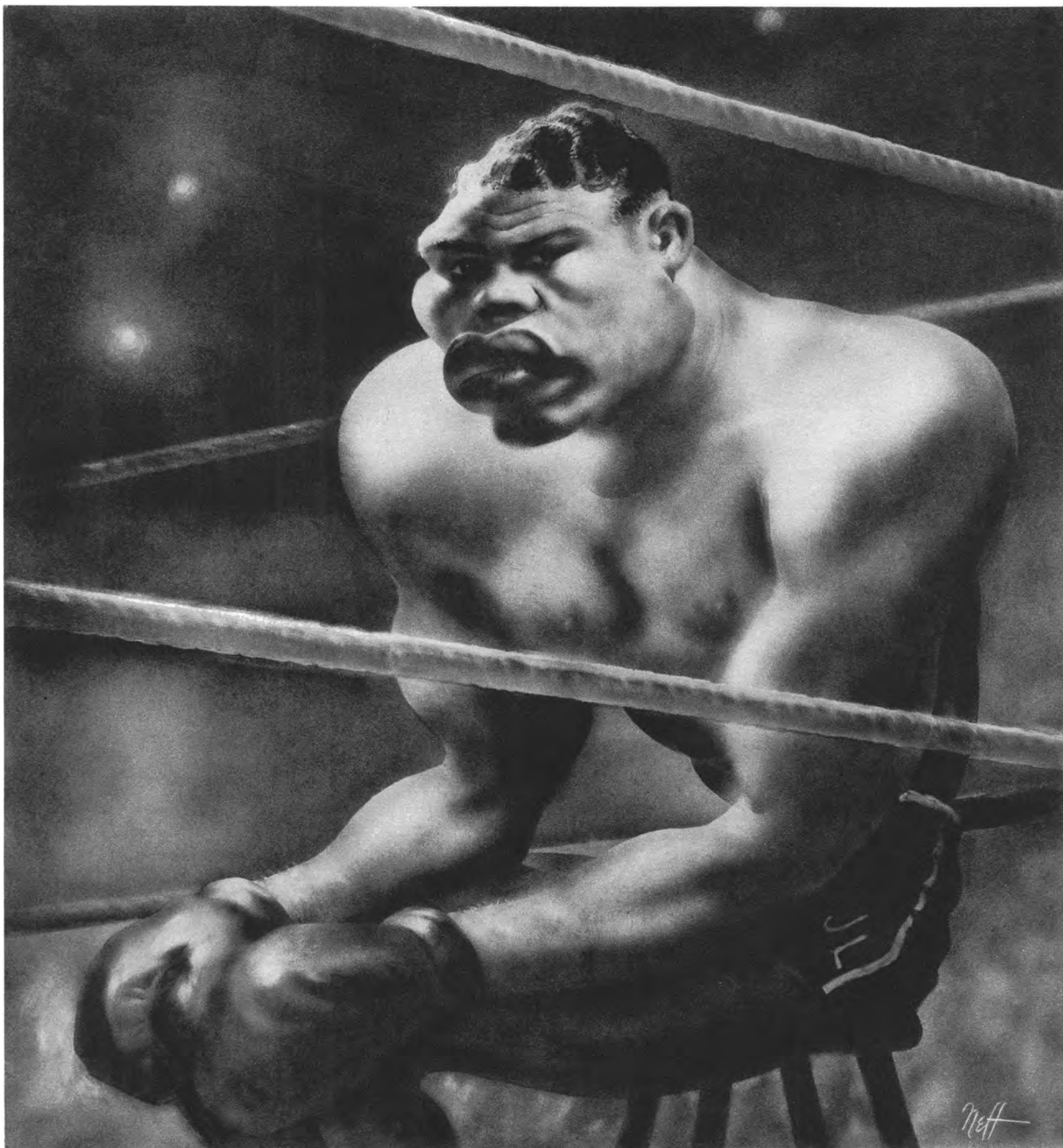
Now Jacobs is ready to put Louis in against Schmeling in an outdoor summer extravaganza, a show which certainly should bring back the million-dollar gate of the Tex Rickard days. Just think what advance conversation this fight offers! The chief points of debate will center upon the contentions that Schmeling is the one man to have knocked out Louis, that Louis was not in condition when he met Schmeling, that Schmeling paradoxically gets better as he becomes older, that Louis is afraid of Schmeling. And through all the debates (which will increase the take at the box office) runs the possibility that Schmeling may effect that good, old bromide of boxing, "restore the supremacy of the white race." Another angle is the anti-Nazi boycott certain to be revived against Schmeling, favored boy from Hitler's Wilhelmstrasse balcony. Oh, it will all make for lovely, lovely ballyhoo.

Jacobs, then, is a success story. But there is no magic secret of his success. Half in earnest he often alludes to "my luck." But that isn't the real answer. The fact is that Jacobs is the greatest get-it-doner man that sports knows today. In "getting it done," Mike today still brings into play, when needed, all the tricks he learned along the line of his long and varied career. The angles he studied and solved when he sold peanuts and novelties on Coney Island steamers, and the ones he learned later when peanut profits enabled him to buy some of the steamers and get most of the Coney Island trade. The angles which turned a cubbyhole ticket office into a veritable gold mine.

One man who has known Jacobs for years describes him as the world's Number One straightener-outer. He's a master of approach. If his object cannot be achieved by asking permission from the sergeant he goes to the major. Or vice versa.

Nor does Jacobs allow himself to get stymied behind his own emotions when, as often happens, boxing boards hand down stupid ukases. Let's say that Killer McCoy and Slugger O'Toole ought to be a natural for the Hip. But for some strange reasons the Comish writes a "no" opposite the Slugger's name. Less astute promoters mouth threats of lawsuits, threaten injunctions, and hint disclosures which will bring double-jointed skeletons out of the offending commissioners' closets. Not so Michael Strauss Jacobs. He may have a great deal to say in private. He just goes out and gets Biffer O'Blarney as a sub.

Why, it's been scarcely a month



CARICATURE BY WESLEY NEFF

### PROPERTY OF MIKE JACOBS

since the august New York State Athletic Commission turned its thumbs down on Anthony Galento. Anthony was scheduled to fight Harry Thomas in the Garden. It would have been a sell-out, not because Anthony represented clean-limbed young American manhood, but because he, a tavern proprietor, trained on suds. The commission had seen ballyhoo pictures of Tony drinking out of half a dozen of his own goblets and said, "naughty,

naughty! Pictures of you and beer and cigar smoking are strictly out." The ukase was signed by Brigadier General John J. Phelan, who manufactures brassieres and other items of uplift by day while, as chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, supervises items of wrestling and boxing by night.

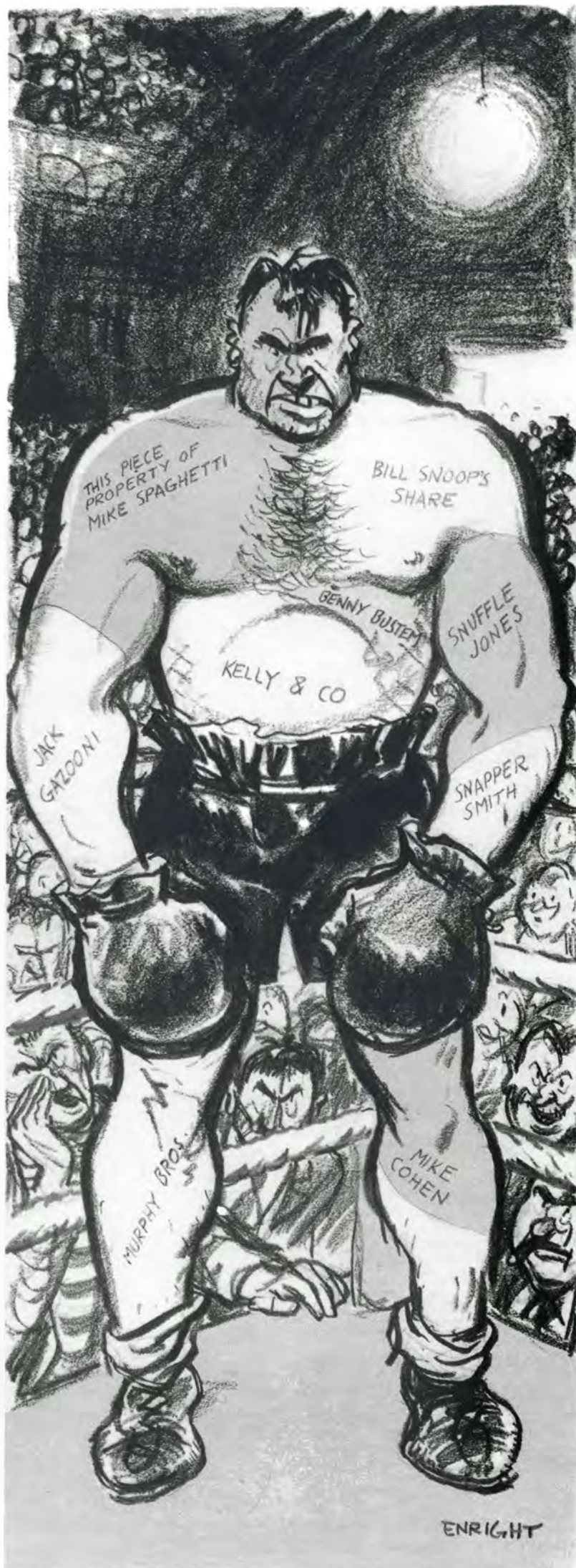
The point is that Jacobs, served with the order that Galento was out, after a session of plate-sucking con-

ducted in his private quarters in the Hippodrome, simply named another athlete as the one who should aid Mr. Thomas in providing an athletic spectacle. And so Adamick vs. Thomas drew some \$16,000. The Garden ushers sold their usual allotment of pop, knickknacks and cigarettes. Jacobs pocketed a neat personal profit, and the net circulation of the morning newspapers remained unwarped. The customers didn't get to see the

flabby Mr. Galento punched into submission, or land the one jolting blow which wins his fights when he wins them. But even so they did attend the show which was presented.

Anthony Galento may have been given more space than he rates, although, to me, he is a most engaging subject, but he does prove a point. It is that Jacobs just will not let rules, laws and regulations bog him down.

In getting things done Jacobs is a



genius in choosing his lieutenants. He started out with Tom McArdle as matchmaker. When McArdle, because of ill health, had to get out of boxing, Jacobs, instead of choosing a less astute replacement, chose an even abler man, Al ("Greasy Vest") Weil. Weil is, perhaps, the ablest matchmaker in America today, but he wanted to get back to his old game, managing boxers, and so he resigned this spring. His successor is Bill Farnsworth, for years a capable sports editor by record, and an even more capable boxing promoter by incident.

Jacobs knows the value of publicity. So he hires the best drum-beaters in the pugilistic set-up. Number One Jacobs ballyhooer is Walter St. Denis.

A man of few vices, Jacobs works harder than anybody who works for him. After better than an hour of commuting from Jersey he is at his desk before nine, and seldom home until bedtime. Yet he is devoted to his handsome wife and is most proud of her. He drinks little but smokes considerably. Although he is a Jew most of his entourage are of other faiths. Always in the Jacobs menage is there an official clown, usually Jewish. One was Mushky Jackson whose main job was to regale visitors with stories, chiefly the one about "the lady who put them hornets on me."

As Mushky tells it, the story runs something like this:

"I am out at French Lick Springs—that's in Indiana—and we are staying at a strictly class joint. I am with Yussel and Max (Manager Joe "Yussel" Jacobs and former Champion Max Schmeling) and I'm supposed to be sort of looking out for them. I have to wear a Tuxedo for the first time in my life.

"Well, they are taking care of themselves okay and so I go to the drug store to get me a soda and there is some dame in there and she has a dog and she starts talking about the pooch. In so much time I am her escort and I am up to her room while she puts the dog to bed and then we arm-and-arm all over the place.

"The next night I am with Max alone as Yussel has disappeared some place and I see this dame. So I say to Max, 'See that dame? I know her. Watch me go up and talk to her.' So I do and she doesn't act like she even knows me. So I go back to Max. 'Yah, she certainly knows you,' he says. So I am mad and I go back to her and say right out, 'Podden me, but good evening.'

"Still she doesn't give me a tumble, so I say again, 'I said good evening, Mrs. —.' She says, 'Pahdon me, was you addressing me?' And I says, 'Why yes, don't you remember me and the walk we took in the moonlight last night? I'm Mister Jackson. I'm the guy what you was with.'

"So she puts them hornets up to her eyes, looks down at me and says, 'Pahdon me, Mister Jackson, lahst night was lahst night. Tonight is another night. Toodle-do.' So I go back to Maxie."

The story always got a laugh even

though everybody knew that Mushky knew the word was really lornettes.

However, Mushky became afflicted with ambition, and did some promoting of his own.

This was all right by Jacobs until one of these promotions, down in Louisiana, came a cropper. There was a story of a promised "dive." Letters which were sent in Hippodrome Theatre envelopes were submitted in evidence. When Mike heard about that he bounced Mushky.

Jacobs, day by day, is as calm a man as one will meet, but just the same Jacobs has a temper. I remember an incident of some years ago when Jacobs had his office in the Brill Building, on Broadway. I had checked in with Walter St. Denis on the news of the day and walked down the hall to the elevator. The door slid open. As it did so there was a truly blood-curdling scream from an office down the hall. Everybody in the car, elevator operator included, rushed out, ran to the ell of the corridor. What they saw were Mike Jacobs and Joe Jacobs (no relation).

There was a big fight coming up a fortnight hence and Joe wanted 100 tickets in the first ten rows. Mike insisted that 50 was all that Joe rated. (These were "buying" tickets, not complimentaries.) And that was what the scream was about. Michael had run out of logic, chased Joe out of his office, and ran screaming after him. They were the most violent screams I ever heard.

Efforts to produce figures from Jacobs result in less than nothing. But the State Athletic Commission keeps its own records. These are as official as the amount of gasoline tax turned in by Cattaraugus County in 1935. And, the figures are eloquent. Look at the first table following and you will see the gate receipts for the last ten shows (not including some 40-cent summer attractions) put on by the former Garden management, and in the second table, the figures on Jacobs' first ten garden shows. Here they are:

Lewis-Perroni .....	\$ 8,159
Ambers-Venturi .....	19,886
Steele-Risko .....	19,160
Venturi-Montanez .....	30,882
Armstrong-Belloise .....	14,904
Armstrong-Spoldi .....	22,203
Ambers-Montanez .....	53,609
Ambers-Canzoneri .....	43,442
Impellitieri-Pastor .....	10,960
Ross-Jannazzo .....	25,840

Total .....\$249,045

Sarron-Armstrong .....	\$ 34,736
Beuhold-Armstrong .....	38,282
Pastor-Mann .....	18,494
Schmeling-Thomas .....	74,109
B. Baer-Hogan .....	17,570
Steele-Apostoli .....	23,173
Armstrong-Venturi .....	32,444
Braddock-Farr .....	80,798
Apostoli-Lee .....	30,078
Adamick-Thomas .....	16,069

Total .....\$365,753

That shows a difference of \$116,708



in favor of Jacobs. And in his eleventh Garden show, Louis vs. Mann, he drew \$111,716.

A study of the lists shows that Jacobs had the more alluring names. But whose fault was that? The fighters all were once on the open market and all susceptible to suitable terms.

And this brings us to one of the reasons for Jacobs' success. Under his scheme there isn't any kickback. Under some other promoters there isn't any kickback either. But some of them not only demand it but so definitely insist upon it that it's impossible for Johnny Who to fight in a show sponsored by Billy This unless John agrees to make a donation of a century, a grand or more.

Jacobs made his climb to the peak of boxing promotion on the coffee-colored body of Joseph Louis Barrow. It was Jacobs who spotted Louis as a comer back in 1935 and made a deal to sponsor the career of the man who is the present heavyweight champion. The Louis career is a story in itself. Without going into detail it should be set down that Louis came along with an unbroken string of 12 victories on the big time. En route he knocked out former champions Baer and Carnera, and stiffened everyone else he met. Then he was matched with former champion Max Schmeling. Just another set-up. Almost nobody gave Schmeling even the most remote chance of even staying the distance. And when the fight, because of rain, was postponed, a contemporary writer set down:

"The execution of Maximilian Otto Adolf Siegfried Schmeling, condemned opponent of Joe Louis, was postponed for 'at least 24 hours' at 1:19 o'clock yesterday . . ."

But Schmeling won by a kayo. The Louis bubble was burst.

Still Jacobs put him into shows. For one he chose Bob Pastor as the second man. Pastor pedaled backwards through ten rounds and stayed the distance which was why he back-pedaled. But it did seem that Louis might have chased Pastor into a corner and loosened some of the dynamite that writers had spread out months before. The Pastor fight hurt Louis' prestige. Make no doubt of that. He did go on to beat Jimmy Braddock for the title, but still Louis was the man whom Schmeling had kayoed and with whom Pastor had lasted ten rounds. Then came Louis' first title defense. Against Tommy Farr, a chalk-white former Welsh coal miner, whose one claim to distinction was that he had outpointed a careless Maxie Baer. Farr went the route against Louis and although he lost the decision by unanimous vote there were some critics who thought Farr should have been given the nod.

And so Louis, although champion, and one who had made a successful title defense, still was a has-been. Next he was matched against Nathan Mann, a Connecticut heavyweight of Italian lineage. It was an indoor title fight, the first heavyweight indoor title fight since the year 1920.

In that fight Louis proved that he still has the lethal wallop. In the three rounds he took in knocking out Mann, Louis completely changed the complexion of next summer's extravaganza with Schmeling. Ready to award the fight to Schmeling before either man pulled on a glove, the fight mob now is sharply divided between the beetle-browed German and the expressionless Negro.

In his last appearance before the Schmeling fight, Louis met and knocked out Harry Thomas, of Chicago, in a home-town contest.

Probably no business concern in New York of comparable size carries as much mental bookkeeping as do the two Jacobs establishments—his plant at the Hippodrome and the ticket agency above Times Square, which bears his name.

Much as he may glory in his prominence in boxing it's probable that Mike's real love is still that ticket agency. He never calls it by any such name. In his Hip office he reaches for one of a battery of phones and says, "get me the store."

The hook-up between Jacobs, the fight promoter, and the Jacobs ticket agency would seem to be a lovely thing. Actually, Mike insists, he has no financial interest in the latter any more. Even assuming this is true, Jacobs does have a ticket office in his Hip headquarters, and he's never so happy as when he browses around the various tills looking for a choice pair to meet an important request.

The Jacobs in repose belies the temper which is indubitably his. He seldom raises his voice. His English is good and so is his diction. His delivery, because of the plates on which he is forever crunching, is apt to be somewhat on the indefinite side. He is one of those men who is nearly bald but does not seem baldheaded. He has one of the quickest smiles I ever saw. He excels in covering his dislikes among those who shouldn't know about them, but wastes no time in "telling off" the others. And if he likes a man the liking is nearly violent.

Mike dresses better now that he has come up in boxing. This isn't because he couldn't have afforded the best two decades ago. But the fight mob is apt to be dressy and so Mike affects double-breasted glenca in grays, and snappy blues. He even goes in for oxfords in place of the high-toppers of another day.

After more than one year of doing business at an old-fashioned roll-top desk, Publicist St. Denis needled Jacobs into ordering a swankish office. St. Denis had it done with modern office furnishings. A long battery of phones adorns the Jacobs desk. But the desk is always in shocking disorder. A reporter, writing on one side of it breaks his pencil. He asks Mike for the loan of one. No luck. So Mike offers one of his two desk pens. It's empty. So is the other. So Mike, head man of a million-dollar enterprise, bellows: "Miss Cohen! Bring in some pencils! Why can't we ever have any pencils around here?" ●

## HOW TO KEEP QUIETLY MAD



The needle was the best silencer for queer Kenneth

**The lunatic's family is pleased to note a dreamy contentment in his behavior at the private sanitarium, in contrast to his previous violence at home. Suggesting, though always hard to prove, that he has been handled "the easiest way."**

KENNETH had been acting queerly for some time, but his actions in the past few months left no doubt that something that they all had suspected for some time was now a fact. He was insane.

Hurriedly, yet furtively, a family conference was held. An ordinary insane asylum sounded so barren, so mechanical, so inhuman for a member of their own flesh and blood.

Discreet inquiry revealed that there was, in a near-by city, a privately owned "Home" for patients of Kenneth's type. Two members of the family interviewed Mrs. Willick, the manageress and inspected the premises.

"I never have any trouble with my guests," she stated. "It may be my personality, as some of their relatives have often said, but it is nevertheless true that every guest that comes here soon becomes docile and as tractable as a child."

They talked to some of the guests, who indicated that they were contented and well treated. There was nothing to do but bring back a satisfactory report to the worried family.

Within a few days Kenneth was delivered to the "Home."

As time went on his family became satisfied that they had chosen well. On their visits they found him to be meek and dreamily happy in contrast to his former violent self. In his seemingly rational moments, when he was inclined to be talkative, he asserted that he would rather be where he was than anywhere else in the world.

Three years later Kenneth died.

The doctor who was called in to sign the death certificate was strangely evasive when the family questioned him about the cause of his death. Finally one of Kenneth's brothers took him aside and demanded a satisfactory explanation.

"You knew, of course," said the doctor, "that he was a confirmed narcotic addict?"

The brother protested unbelievably at this horrible revelation, but the doctor convinced him that such was the case. Rather than bring further grief to the family he kept the information to himself.

The facts are, of course, that this method of keeping the patients "quiet" was a part of the system that produced such apparently satisfactory results.

It is a method which is used without much chance of detection and prosecution, for the only possible complainants are either relatives or friends of those poor unfortunates who have already brought their full share of trouble and care to their harassed families.

Sometimes it is not actually the proprietor who administers the dope. It may be an attendant or "nurse" who has access to the patient. But nevertheless it is done with the knowledge of the management.

In the event of detection, there is always the defense that the poor patient had the habit before coming to the "home," and has since obtained drugs from unknown sources. Few families would care to defend a mentally deranged relative from that accusation in a courtroom. ●

## A MEASURE OF RECOVERY

**Recovery was complete in Charlotte, the friendly city of the Carolinas. The secretary of the Chamber of Commerce knew that stores were full, rents were up, bank deposits were up, textile mills were busy. But he didn't know whether workers could buy more or less for their slightly increased pay. A leading banker didn't know either.**

BY JOHN L. SPIVAK



When he smokes, Charlotte's mills are smoking, too

WHEN I saw Clarence Kuester again with a straw hat over one ear and a fat cigar in his mouth, I knew that recovery had come to Charlotte, N. C.

Clarence is secretary of the Chamber of Commerce and reacts to local business conditions like a sensitive barometer. The last time I had seen him, at the depth of the depression, he was a sad and bewildered man. Even the atmosphere in the Chamber of Commerce building mirrored the city's state as the city itself mirrors conditions in the Carolinas and often in the southern Atlantic seaboard.

At that time business had dropped to less than 50% of normal and almost every second employable person whom you met on the street was looking for a job. There was an air of hopelessness about Clarence's office which extended even to the bespattered spittoon resting on a round rubber plate. In those days, Clarence wore a brown felt hat stuck firmly on his head as if he feared he might lose even that and chewed nervously on a cud of plug tobacco. When he'd spit the juice into the spittoon he did it with an air of not caring a husky whoop if it made its mark or not.

Today, however, Clarence doesn't chew tobacco any more. He smokes big fat cigars. A man whose job is painting the return to prosperity and the future glowing prospects of a city with a population of more than 80,000 cannot afford to squirt a mouthful of tobacco juice past some manufacturer who is being sold the idea of opening a plant in "the friendly city." So Clarence smokes cigars now and offers visitors handfuls of them with a reckless abandon.

Though the Chamber of Commerce offices are in the same two-story building on West Fourth Street, the new bonanza days have left their imprint. A huge electric flag waves frozen stars and stripes in front of it now and inside, just behind the secretary's desk is a large new table heavy with mountains of gay colored folders, circulars, pamphlets, booklets telling how the textile industry recovered from the greatest depression the world had ever known and hit a new peak of production, how building is proceeding at an unprecedented pace, how rents are higher than in 1929 and stores are crowded with shoppers from farm and mill and office in a 50-mile radius serving the needs of 700,000 people.

"Yes, sir, partner!" he greeted me, recollecting the last time we had met. "Things are a lot different now than when you were here last. Yes, sir! Charlotte is going places! Got a big future ahead of it, a big future, partner! Plenty of money around here now. Nobody needs any money for business. Everybody's got money—"

And, in a measure, Clarence was right. Recovery has come to Charlotte. Even the streets reflect the self-confidence and cheerfulness. Tyron and Trade Streets, the chief business arteries, are busy. Retail sales have equaled and in many cases, surpassed 1929. More homes and apartments are still being built, rents are high and bank deposits have reached a new peak even though the number of depositors has not increased.

Government money, they tell you, stimulated the almost paralyzed buying of the farmer and worker within the Charlotte radius. Farmers got excellent prices for cotton and tobacco and spent liberally. Retail sales went up and textile mills started operating two and sometimes three shifts a day. Men and women who had been unemployed for a long time found work and money flowed through normal channels.

Relief rolls dropped as farm and mill absorbed many of the unemployed. Just how many no one even attempts to estimate for most of the relief agencies kept impossible records and books were not audited. But after talking with heads of the agencies I concluded that at the present time one out of five employable persons is out of work as compared with about one out of two in 1933. Just how big a percentage of this drop in unemployment and relief figures is due to forcing people on relief, under threat of losing it, to accept work at wages set by the prospective employer, is unknown. But the Mecklenburg County Welfare Department announced that "We grant no relief if a man can work and work is available" and forced cases to accept jobs at the wages offered.

"But does not this policy tend to lower wage levels?" I asked Mrs. Louise Neikirk, the county welfare superintendent. "Those needing help will hire from the relief rolls at lower wages because you hold the threat of starvation over them if they do not accept."

"Our employers and farmers are reasonable," she said with a hard flash in her otherwise pleasant eyes.

"Have wages been reduced as a result of this policy?"

"I don't know," she said. "That is not within the scope of this department."

I found industrial leaders of the community equally unaware of what is happening to the buying power of the great mass of the people who collectively comprise the life blood of Charlotte business. They had figures at their finger tips when I inquired about their businesses but when I asked what had happened to the workers they looked blankly at me. For in-

stance, Torrence E. Hemby, vice-president of the American Trust Company, the largest bank in Charlotte and one doing business in both Carolinas, was estimating for me the amount of recovery and how it was divided. When he had given me the earnings and percentages of mills, stores and farms he stopped as if his estimate were complete.

"What did the workers get out of this recovery?" I asked.

"Why, I don't know," he said, looking at me as if the thought had never occurred to him before. "I think they're pretty near to normal."

"In wages?"

"Yes; I believe they got increases when the mills got busy."

"But the cost of living has risen tremendously. Can they buy as much on their present wages as they could on the wages they got at the depth of the depression?"

"I don't know," he said thoughtfully. "I should imagine not but I don't know."

No one seemed to know. Things were bright now and business floated on the incoming tide of prosperity. Even trade union leaders could offer only vague guesses. Everyone thought that the workers must have got some of the recovery or the stores couldn't be selling so much; but whether the increased sales were due to the increased number of people working or to their increased buying power, they did not know.

So I went to the workers themselves in the mills scattered on the outskirts of the city and what I saw and heard at the Howard Davis shack two miles north of Charlotte is typical of what I saw and heard from both organized and unorganized mill workers.

The Davis shack is strategically situated at the junction of the Highland Park Mill Number Three and the C. W. Johnston Mill villages. The first one is thoroughly organized but in the second the unionization drive has made little headway. Within a few minutes after you leave the clean swept streets of Charlotte with its solidly built office buildings and air of prosperity the smooth pavement begins to show signs of neglect. The asphalt is cracked; irregular holes gape at you for you are entering the poorer section of the city, a section which gradually merges into one stamped with poverty. Row upon row of dreary, wooden shacks stand on red brick stilts like summer cabins erected hastily on some lake shore. They must have been painted when the boards were first thrown together for an occasional streak of paint still shows on the faded boards which now look dry and lifeless.

These are the company owned mill homes where the workers live, paying 50c a week per room and 25c a week for light from the dusty electric bulb strung on a wire across each room. They burn these bulbs even in the middle of the day for the rooms are dark and miserable; and the mill workers are fearful that even these

homes may be denied them should they displease the superintendent. The threat of being fired and finding yourself on the highway with a few belongings and crying children is ever present to those who might think of opposing the mill's desires.

As you approach the Highland Park Mill the rows of sun-dried, washed-out board houses with thin, dried men and women resting tiredly on sagging porches, become more decrepit. Sometimes the dismal picture is broken by a rose bush with a few deep red roses rising out of the seared grass, the pathetic effort of some mill wife to give her home a touch of color and beauty.

And then you come upon the blood red and enormous Number Three Mill looming out of the distant fields like a monster whose bowels of whirring, roaring machinery had taken the life blood and color from these drab shacks and dried people. Alongside the mill brightly colored morning glories trail around brown cotton stalks. A turn to the right and another to the left and you are at the Davis shack with its big red Coca-Cola sign giving a touch of color to the gray boards and crumbling shingles. Two broken steps lead to its porch on which a scrawny kitten with a terribly thin neck dozes fitfully while half a dozen mill workers sit tiredly on the steps or lean against the porch.

It is here that mill workers buy small paper bags filled with black-eyed peas, a bag of flour or a few odds and ends of canned goods; and it is here, because it is at the junction point for the two mill villages that, when work is done, they sit and talk of the Baptist meeting held in some kin folk's home, what the mill superintendent said, the news in the papers.

When I first saw them lounging on the porch, thin, lanky, with faces like wrinkled parchment I thought the southern sun had dried what life there was in them. But when I came to know them better I learned that it was not the sun. It was the grueling work in a mill where all windows are shut tight and covered with cotton drapes to keep the air moist, in rooms where the sun, trying to pierce through dusty window panes is seen as in a thick fog, that many of them have worked since childhood. It is there that they dried out and became old before their time.

There were two women and four men on the porch when I got there. One was a bean pole of a person in a faded cotton dress which hung on her frame like wash when the wind has died down. She had store teeth as white as newly opened cotton and looked 60 but she told me she was 37. The other woman, a little more filled out must have been striking in her youth for some of it was still evident. She spoke but seldom and when she did she showed dark cavities where teeth should have been and those few you did see were discolored from chewing snuff. One of the men was old in an old pair of trousers and shoes down at the heels and he puffed

steadily at a pipe his daughter had sent him from Pittsburgh for a birthday present; and a middle-aged man with pale blue eyes who rolled cigarettes from a sack of Duke's Mixture with wiry but bloodless fingers, and two younger men in blue denim overalls. The old woman who was 37 was from the Highland Park Mill village which had been organized by the C.I.O. The others were from the unorganized Johnston Mill.

They were suspicious of me at first but after a while accepted me and moved over to make room for me on one of the broken steps.

"I am making a survey to find out if we have recovered from the depression," I explained. "Are you people any better off than you were three or four years ago?"

"Yes, sir," they all agreed. "We're lots better off."

"In what way?"

"Well, some of us got raises," the middle-aged man said, licking the rolled cigarette paper. "We got one when the mills got busy—let's see, now—I reckon it was about a year and a half ago, wasn't it?"

He looked at the others for confirmation and they nodded.

"Then we got another raise when the C.I.O. came down here—"

"Them raises didn't mean nothin'," the old woman of 37 interrupted. "We can't buy as much with the money we're gettin' now as we could two-three year ago."

"That's right," everybody agreed. "Everything's gone up."

"Why," the woman continued, crossing her gangling legs while her faded dress flopped about them, "I used to pay 55c for a 24-pound bag of Iona flour—that's the cheapest we can get—but now I have to pay 92c for it even when it's on sale."

"Everything's up a right smart bit," said the old man with the pipe.

"Then how are you better off?"

"We got the stretch out," one of the younger men said dryly.

"Oh, we sure got that all right," they laughed. "No argument about that!"

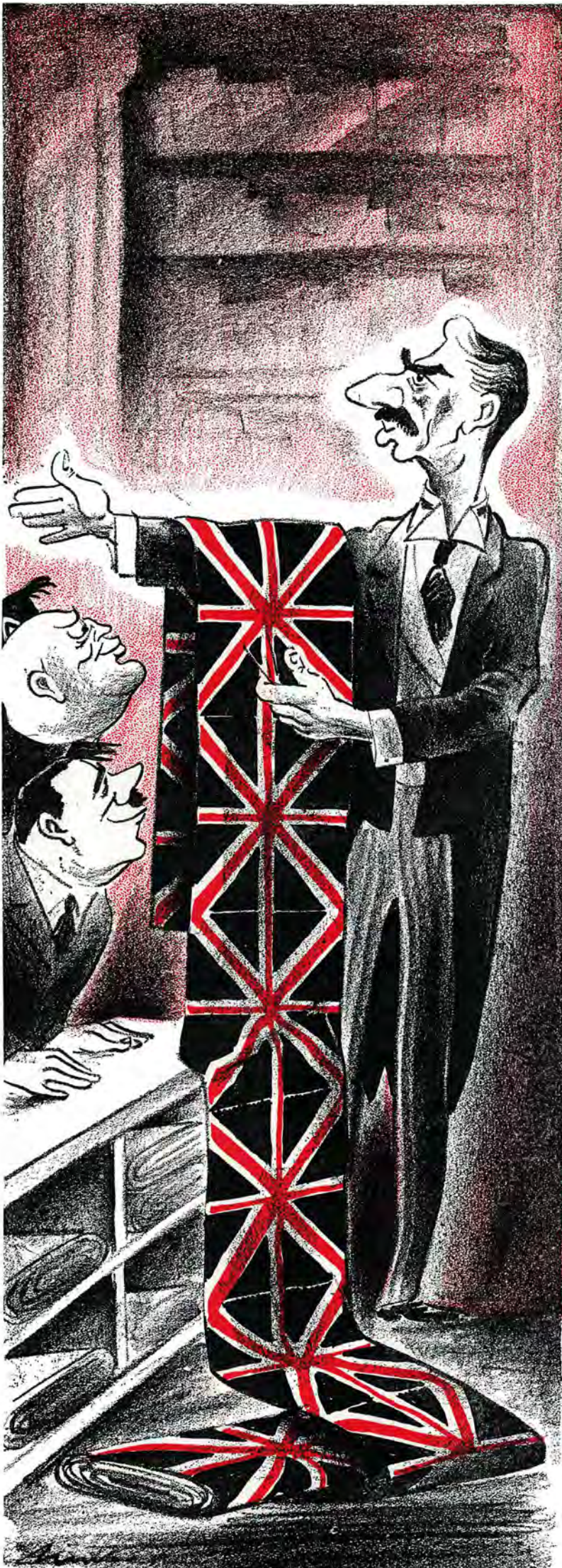
In every instance where I talked with mill workers, whether they were organized or unorganized, the conversation invariably turned to the stretch out no matter what we were discussing. It seemed to haunt their waking hours. Usually it was brought up with a laugh but it was not a laugh of amusement or pleasure.

The "stretch out" began in the N.R.A. days. When the Government reduced working hours and increased wages by establishing a minimum for the greatly underpaid mill workers, the mill men, to use a worker's explanation, "couldn't do nothin' because it was the law so they said to themselves, 'All right, we got to give you more money and work you less, then we'll take it out of your hides and get our money's worth out o' you.'"

Work was speeded up. The man who handled six looms was given 12 and so on down the line. When the N.R.A. collapsed the eight-hour day



En Garde!



Selling Out

and the increased wages were, as a rule, maintained by the mill lest the reaction among workers be too great but work was speeded up to an even greater extent. Mill superintendents had discovered that their dried out "hands" could take it. It was only occasionally that some woman working feverishly to maintain the pace in the sticky humidity of the room, keeled over in a faint; so protests from the outside world were not so great. These descendants of the pioneers who had hewn a civilization out of the Carolinas could take it and the mill owners dished it out.

"I'd rather work ten hours a day than the way they work you eight," the old man with the pipe said gravely. "Sometimes I feel like I can't stand it no more."

"With this stretch out and wages that don't buy as much as before, how do you figure you're better off?"

"'Course we're better off since Roosevelt," the union member said vigorously. "We got the C.I.O., shorter hours and protection because the superintendents got to bargain collectively with us now. That's the law—the Wagner Act law!"

"That Wagner Act law don't mean so much," one of the younger men who had kept quiet until now said a little contemptuously. "That law says you got the right to organize and for the superintendent to bargain collectively with you but it don't say nothin' about givin' you somethin' an' that's what counts!"

The old man with the pipe chuckled.

"That ain't no collective bargainin' law," he drawled with a philosophic shake of his head, "it's just a collective arguin' law."

"That's right," said the middle-aged man poking his knee with a bony finger. "You know what the superintendents do when you tell 'em the Wagner Act law says they got to bargain collectively with you? I'll tell you what they do 'cause I've heered. The superintendent meets the union representatives all friendly like an' says, 'Now, gentlemen, the law provides that I meet you for collective bargaining. I am meeting with you. You have presented your demands and I have read them and reject them. Now that I have obeyed the law, a very good evenin' to you, gentlemen,' and then he shows 'em the door. So what's good about the Wagner Act law?"

"No, that Wagner Act law is all right like I told you," the old woman of 37 insisted. "But you can't expect the President to give you everything. You got to do something for yourself. You got to join the C.I.O. and make the mills give you more money and stop the stretch out. Then the mills won't stand half the time, neither."

This "standing" of the mills, or working only part time, worried them. They knew it had happened at their own mill and in other mills in Charlotte and they had heard that it was the same all over the textile area. To the terrific stretch out whereby one worker frequently did the work of two, the mills had added more highly

mechanized machinery and some operations which required the labor of four or five are now done by one. With these factors and the intensive production during the past year and a half, the mills showed an excellent balance sheet but they also overproduced on a large scale. Orders are not coming in and more and more mills are closing or working only part time and no one knows when the overproduction may be even partly consumed.

As a result of this situation and an ancient distrust of American Federation of Labor type of organizers, the C.I.O. drive does not seem to be making much headway despite the provisions in the Wagner Act. Those workers who are already union conscious signed with the C.I.O. and their thousands of cards authorizing the C.I.O. to represent them, are neatly filed away but only a handful of mills have signed contracts; and the possibility of forcing them to sign by the threat of strike is slim since the mills have overproduced.

The majority of those textile workers with whom I talked are simply wary of the C.I.O. though they do not distrust it as they do the A.F. of L.

"We've been pretty badly messed up too many times by that A.F. of L.," the old man said. "A union's a good thing if it does the right thing by the workers. We joined the union and went on strike—"

"And what that A.F. of L. did," the other woman interrupted for the first time, "was just put our dues in their treasury and take it up north. Called us out on strike and never did nothin' for us. When we got hungry them organizers told us to go back to work."

There was a bitter note in her voice and her eyes flashed angrily at the recollection.

"We're just skeered to death o' unions," said the old man with the pipe.

"How're we going to know John L. Lewis ain't going to do the same thing to us after we give him our dues?" one of the younger men asked.

"How're we going to know he's going to help us like he says he will?" asked the other.

"Most of these C.I.O. organizers used to work for the A.F. of L.," said the middle-aged man significantly.

"But the C.I.O. ain't like the A.F. of L.," the union member said spiritedly. "When John L. Lewis says—"  
"John L. Lewis is a great man," drawled the old man, lighting his pipe and drawing hard, "and his picture's always in the papers but he better show us that he means what he says."

"Everybody makes fine speeches when they want to collect dues," said the other woman.

"Mister," said one of the younger men leaning forward to watch me while I made notes of the conversation, "you write this down: when John L. Lewis helps us we'll help him but we got enough o' talk."

"That's right," said the others.

"We're skeered about this food thing," the middle-aged man said simply. "Suppose I join the union and

get fired. Where'll I eat? Where'll my children eat?"

"The Wagner Act law protects you now. They can't fire you for joining a union," the woman began.

"Yes. I heered that but the mill superintendents ain't heered of it," he said dryly.

"They still fire you for joining the union," the older man explained. "And now that there's a slackin' off of work and we work a week and stand a week—"

He shook his head without finishing his sentence.

"How will you eat if the mills close altogether because of overproduction?" I asked.

"Run to the charities again," said one.

"I reckon he's right," said another. "Where else can we go?"

"It's being hungry," the old man said again. "That's what we're skeered of."

So, sitting there on that broken step of the Davis shack I learned how much recovery the mass of the people got.

I left these tired, prematurely aged men and women and went back to Clarence Kuester who so perfectly reflects the attitude of the average Charlotte business man. I found him in his office, one of his long legs dangling over a near-by chair, puffing a cigar and complacently viewing the neatly stacked piles of literature telling how Charlotte and its environs have now surpassed the 1929 peak of production and sales.

"I've been talking with the mill workers," I said, "and it seems to me that they are worse off then they were three or four years ago—"

He did not give me a chance to finish. "Oh, that can't be," he exclaimed, shoving his derby on the back of his head. "They got raises—"

"The rise in the cost of living is greater than their raises with the result that they can't buy as much for the money they get now as at the depth of the depression—"

"Well, maybe you're right," he said airily. "I don't know much about the wages the workers get. No, sir. I keep away from that. I don't know no more about that than a jay bird sittin' on a fence."

"But if the mills are overproduced and people are being thrown out of work and those who do work can't buy as much for their money because everything has gone up, how will they be able to buy what has already been produced and is on the store shelves?"

"Oh, that's simple," he laughed cheerfully. "They can buy on the installment plan."

"But—" I began.

"That's a very complicated thing, you know—all that about wages and that sort of thing," said Clarence with a wave of a hand. "I don't know nothin' about that. All I know is that things here are just fine. Yes, sir. Don't forget to say that now, will you? These Carolinas—great states! Yes, sir! And we're getting along just fine. Just fine!" ●

## THE TORIES ARE THE PACIFISTS



Jaurès, the great anti-militarist, had to be shot

**Chamberlain revolves on the Rome-Berlin axis not because he loves the fascists more but because he loves the socialist-democrats much less. If the Rome-Berlin axis ceases to revolve, the peoples of Italy and Germany will—and revolution menacing property rights is the last thing British tories care to contemplate. Their choice is fascism or social democracy—and that's easy.**

IT ISN'T going to happen, but imagine that it did, that some British Labor Party conspirator shot down Chamberlain because he refused to fight the fascists. That would be today's counterpart of the assassination of Jaurès, the French labor leader in 1914. He was killed because, presumably, he too would oppose a war. Only Jaurès was a socialist, and Chamberlain is a tory and times have changed. Generally speaking, it is the socialists and liberals today who are warlike and the tories who are pacific. This is the strangest somersault of all the many in this modern industrial society.

In 1914 both the French and German governments were frightened that their socialist workers would rebel against mobilization and war, and so lay the country wide open to invasion. The danger was exaggerated, as events proved. The murder of Jaurès was superfluous. French workers submitted to mobilization because they preferred

democratic France to militaristic Germany. And the government of the Kaiser explained to the German trade union leaders that they had to choose between enlightened German paternalism and the then miserable standard of life in Russia. They chose without second thought, and the Social Democratic Party voted for the war budget in the Reichstag. But before the World War the strength of socialism was hard to gauge. It was international to the roots, so was trade unionism in only a lesser degree. War, said the dogma of those days, is a fight for markets between competing capitalisms. So the workers were against it, that is, until they found themselves confronted with an immediate choice between the living conditions they already enjoyed and something a good deal poorer.

What has produced the somersault since then? Has war ceased to be a fight for markets between competing

capitalisms? How is it that Chamberlain has turned pacific, and what has made such ardent capitalists out of the British Labor Party, and the French socialists and communists?

The first answer, of course, is that whatever else a world war today might be it would not be between competing capitalisms. It would not even be for markets. It would be for raw materials. And it would be fought on the one hand by fascist, non-capitalist states, against the capitalist democracies.

But that answer is not enough. It still does not explain how Chamberlain has become willing to make concessions with nations which covet the raw materials which Britain possesses. He is the guardian of the empire which British capitalism has built, the greatest in ancient or modern times. He can command a strength far more decisive in a prolonged war than the power the fascist states can hope to rally against him. Yet he goes out of his way to be considerate to the fascist states. He has praised the domestic achievements of Mussolini in Parliament. He has repeatedly stated that the German form of government and economic life is no concern of the British, though its non-capitalist nature is only less apparent than that of Soviet Russia, which he and his fellow-conservatives have loudly and fervently condemned.

Mr. Chamberlain is a poorer defender of British capitalistic democracy than the British Labor Party, or, to stretch that statement, the tory prime minister is a poorer capitalist than his socialist opposition. This doesn't make sense, but it is so. The confusion isn't in stating the facts but in the facts themselves.

The old ideas about war, about competing capitalisms, and the struggle for markets, are out of date. It is true that they were the ideas which gave rise to British conservatism on the one hand and socialist opposition on the other. Mr. Chamberlain was formed in a truly capitalist world, his opposition grew strong in the rejection of that capitalism. Yet today, Mr. Chamberlain is ready to compromise with non-capitalism so long as it is called fascism, and the Labor Party is ready to defend capitalism so long as it remains democratic.

The changes behind this confusion are extremely important. Europe is evolving toward collectivism. One type of collectivism, the kind the British Labor Party believes in, is democratic, but it makes a frontal attack on private property and the privileges it now enjoys. The other type, fascism, makes a flank attack on private property, and rejects democracy altogether. The British Labor Party wants social democracy, which entails the social ownership of the means of production but sets up a state governed without dictatorship. The fascist state does not stress social ownership. It is quite willing that the means of production should be privately owned, so long as the state can control the production itself. In other words owner-

ship, though nominal, is retained. Nazi Germany, for instance, has returned to private ownership the steel shares and banking interests purchased by the Weimar Republic under Chancellor Bruening. But Nazi Germany has complete control of production, which the Weimar Republic never attempted to exercise. The Weimar Republic was evolving toward a social democracy, which is what the Hitler revolution averted. Then the Hitler revolution set out to save a semblance of private property, discard democracy, but still erect the collectivist state, which completely controls the entire economic life of the nation.

Europe faces a general choice between a collectivism which nominally saves private property but destroys democracy, and one which destroys private property but saves democracy. It is social democracy or fascism. And when confronted by this choice, Mr. Chamberlain, representing the propertied classes of Great Britain, shows that he prefers fascism.

It is only in the light of this choice that the Chamberlain policy in Spain becomes intelligible. If Mr. Chamberlain had been merely a good imperialist, he would have kept Italy, Germany and Russia out of Spain at whatever cost. For the foreign collectivist state which wields the power in Spain can sever one of the central arteries of the British Empire. But immediate empire interests did not govern Mr. Chamberlain. Nor was he dominated by the urge to serve democracy, for then he would have been still more insistent on a Loyalist victory.

The Loyalist government, at the outset of the civil war, was a popular front government, and with all its deficiencies was democratic. It is breaking up the landed interests which have kept Spain in ignorance and subjection for centuries. It is going to operate the means of production in accordance with true social-democratic principles. Mr. Chamberlain is not interested in the democracy of this process. Its attack on the privileges of private property offends him. He prefers General Franco, particularly since he believes he can modify his fascism. What Britain really wants in Spain is shown by its acceptance of the Duke of Alba as the Franco representative in London. The Duke is the symbol of the old landed interests. If Chamberlain has his way, they are the ones to be restored to power in Spain.

So one sees the workings of Chamberlain's mind. It rejects social democracy altogether, the democracy not being important without private property. In the straight choice between social democracy and fascism, fascism is found more tolerable. But better than either would be to put private property in the saddle by giving the Spanish government back to the land-owning class which has ruled so long.

The British Labor Party, equally so the workers of France, are pro-Loyalist because the Spanish government of the popular front, if it can win, will establish the kind of state they want

in Britain and France. Hence they became belligerent when the Loyalist government was attacked by foreign fascists. They chide Mr. Chamberlain for not being willing to defend democracy. Not only that, they demand a European security system which will curb such aggression by the fascist states. Mr. Chamberlain answers them by virtually abandoning the League of Nations, by coming to terms with Italy, and by wooing Germany. Collective security for the defense of mere democracy does not interest him. What alone concerns him is the defense of private property, the real thing if it is to be had, and if not, its nominal retention.

The abandonment of the League had already begun during the Ethiopian War, so that the Chamberlain-Mussolini agreement of this year was a culmination, not a beginning of that policy. But the same general concern over property interests can be said to have had determined the British course during the application of sanctions against Italy. It is reading deeply below the surface to say so, but the deeper interpretation also makes clear the otherwise confusing British policy. As to sanctions against Italy, they broke down when Mussolini threatened war if his oil supplies were cut off. The British government never was quite frank as to why the oil sanctions were not pressed. One reason given was that American co-operation was lacking, but that refers only to formal co-operation. Informally the State Department and the private American oil interests were prepared to make the oil sanctions as effective as the difficult circumstances permitted. The real reason put forward by the British unofficially was Mussolini's threat of war. But that, too, was not a satisfactory explanation. The British were in no doubt that if Mussolini declared war they could beat him in fairly quick time. The truth is that they did not want him beaten. For that would mean his overthrow, and a revolution in Italy. Such a revolution, the British foresaw, might spread to France, and from France to Britain. And a revolution in Britain would endanger private property. To the ruling men of Britain it seemed that the simplest way to preserve private property in Great Britain was to keep Mussolini in power. And in this cause the half-barbarian rights of Haile Selassie were a cheap price to pay.

This is not to say that the British cabinet, when it discussed its immediate course in Geneva, frankly admitted in its secret meetings that it would sacrifice Ethiopia in the cause of British private property. There were many considerations weighed in those talks. But one of them was the kind of Europe which would result from a war and from Mussolini's defeat. And the cabinet preferred the Europe of Mussolini to the Europe in which he had been overthrown.

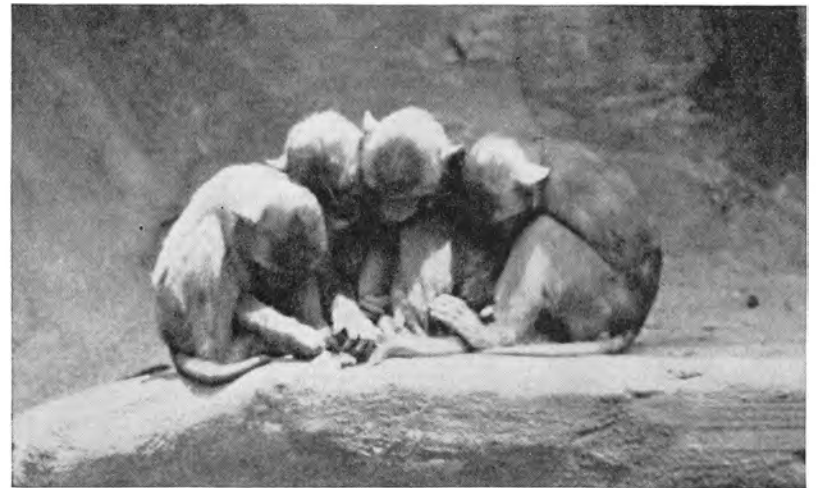
And that remains the British standpoint today. The conservatives of the Chamberlain school would make far-reaching concessions to keep both

Mussolini and Hitler in power. They dislike them both for many reasons, but they dislike European revolution still more. And they see quite clearly that if the fascist dictators vanish they will be succeeded by a collectivism which frontally attacks private property, and so encourages radicalism at home.

The point can be made that this is a poor way to defend private property in Great Britain. Fascism is just as severe in curtailing the freedom of private property as social democracy, a discovery the capitalists of Italy and Germany are making to their chagrin. ↗

But in the final analysis, this is the way the British have chosen to go. They will not fight the fascists because war is dangerous and costly, but also because they do not want to beat them. Looking ahead this year, next year, fascism, whatever else it may be, is a safeguard to private property in imperial Britain. And through this thinking, Mr. Chamberlain emerges as a working pacifist, a man no longer concerned with expanding the British market, nor even with defending the empire. He will take no risks, since all risks involve the security of his class in Great Britain. ●

## FABLE OF THE HOWLING MONKEY



"Before long they put their heads together in a careful conspiracy"

**He had dreams from which he awoke howling, which annoyed the bigger monkeys, but they couldn't shut him up because somehow all the many little monkeys found his howling infinitely pleasing. This was silly because the big monkeys were much more important than the little monkeys but, alas, not so numerous.**

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

THE big chief and boss of the American tribe of monkeys was a monkey named Francis. American monkeys belong to the sub-class called "*Mycetes*," commonly called "The Howling Monkey." Owing to a peculiar conformation of their throats they are gifted with voices of tremendous power and volume.

This Francis could howl second to none of his tribe. He was the grandest

howler of them all. His eloquent howls were the admiration of all and sundry.

Francis, like the rest of his tribe, had that curious device of nature called a prehensile tail. That is, he had the power to use his tail as if it were a paw; he could grab things with his tail. It was a characteristic of his tribe.

But the odd thing about this par-

ticular Howling Monkey was that he preferred not to use his terrific grabbing-power for his own personal profit. He had it all figured out: "I can eat only three meals a day, and smoke only one cigarette at a time, and sleep in only one bed each night. So I will restrain the limitless grabbing-ability of my prehensile tail." That personal philosophy at length became his habitual manner of thought.

Thus he became the great dreamer of his time, the principal poet of his age. He developed a compassion for the monkey who was poor, who was out of luck, who was stupid, who was old. He began to feel that grabbing-power was not a very beautiful or praiseworthy thing. And he said so in public.

Such a thing had never been heard before—and it was resented. The larger monkeys, waving their enormous prehensile tails, danced around Francis in a war-dance of fury. They would have torn him to bits had they dared.

But they did not dare—they had not the courage of clean consciences. They had to content themselves with gathering together in such places as the Monkey University Club over their drinks and muttering to one another: "Francis is ruining Monkeyland! He is saying that we should not use our prehensile tails to grab everything in sight! He is positively unmonkeyish!"

Francis persisted in his evil ways. So great was his howling-power that no monkey dared resist him. All the bigger monkeys were horrified—for it became gradually clear to them that Francis' love of power—a trait which all monkeys have—was completely satisfied by protecting the interests of the common monkey, the weak monkey. Many people of the Monkey Tribe thought that this was a very nice and civilized way of sublating one's desire for power—but the larger monkeys with the terrific prehensile tails were as sore as wet hens.

These larger monkeys had had it their own way for quite a while. They had grabbed everything in sight. It had become a habit, without any relation to their needs or desires. It was a mental disease common to monkeys. Grab, grab, grab, all summer long. A purely automatic reflex action. Such is the ordinary monkey. They are much the same, on all continents.

Francis conceived an idea. The idea was a dream. Many good ideas are dreams.

Francis called the biggest and longest-tailed monkeys together and said frankly: "Your prehensile tails are public nuisances. I shall have them amputated tomorrow."

"Fascist! Communist! Bolshevik! Anarchist! Foreigner!" were some of the howls that arose from the assembled prehensile-tailed monkeys. They were in fury; they were in terror; they were lost in a world of private anger which made them unable to interpret Francis' dream.

Francis grinned. He said: "Very

well. Since this is your preference, we will not amputate your prehensile tails. We will merely cut them off slowly,—one inch at a time."

The humor of this statement did not appeal strongly to the assembled big monkeys. They muttered something about their social obligations to the tribe, and went away.

Before long they put their heads together in a careful conspiracy. They were in perfect agreement: they agreed that it was one of the inalienable rights of the American monkey to use his prehensile tail for all it was worth. This, and this alone, was life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness. They would defend this idea—they would defend it to the uttermost. Even up to the point of paying two per cent of their incomes into a Defense League. Which they proceeded to do.

So it came about that on a day several medium-sized monkeys—employed by the Defense League of Great Monkeys with Prehensile Tails—staged a show. They started to climb the Great White Tree where Francis sat enthroned. Their intentions were not amiable.

Francis laughed as his aggressors climbed the Tree. He had enough imagination to know what would happen.

Out of the obscure depths of the jungle below there came many monkeys. Creeping silently from the underbrush, there came small monkeys with broken hands, old monkeys with labor-tortured brows, young hopeful monkeys, sick monkeys, hopeless monkeys, monkeys with faces quiet with reflection, violent monkeys that were now violent because they had suffered much in their youth from the prehensile tails of the big monkeys. Also there were lazy monkeys who were no good to anybody, and clever monkeys who hoped to profit by this adventure. But there—of every kind and order of ability or honesty—there they stood at the base of the Great White Tree.

They merely stood there. They did not do anything but stand there. Their faces were serious as they looked up at the medium-sized monkeys who were in the employ of the Defense League of Great Monkeys with Prehensile Tails.

There was a long silence.

Then the medium-sized monkeys decided to call it a day. They slid down the Tree, and went off into the jungle.

It was a very happy solution of a difficult problem. The American type of monkey would really like to compromise in sane adjustments—but if you push him too far, he can be flaming hell-fire.

Francis remained, eloquently howling and unharmed, in his Big White Tree. He was the great dreamer and principal poet of his time. The tribe has not yet reached agreement as to whether he was a truly great monkey or just a nuisance. Probably they never will. ●



A Little Early!

## WHAT THE NEWSREELS NEVER SHOW



The Duke and the Duchess of Windsor are reeled after the ceremony

**Self-censorship of newsreels cuts out incidents that might prove embarrassing to celebrities. Footage showing the midget king of Italy being lifted onto his horse goes into the vault. There, also, repose certain shots of ex-King Alfonso's pants, and of a fashionable lady's pants.**

BY EDWARD HARRISON

**I**N chronicling the highlights of world events, the newsreels often run into incidents that they dare not put on the screen. So when the hot stuff comes in, the makeup editor gives the order to "vault it."

Suppose you went to your favorite theatre and saw the Fox Movietone picture of ex-King Alfonso of Spain buttoning his fly on a horse. Or the Pathe News film of President Roosevelt, then Governor, describing with gestures how a gardener had thumbed his nose at him.

The newsreel that got President Roosevelt's nose-thumbing picture was asked not to use it and didn't. Alfonso never knew he had been caught in so unkingly a pose because the story wasn't released. Neither was the incident that occurred at a little ceremony where Vice-President Garner and Speaker Bankhead were congratulating Justice Hugo Black, then newly-appointed to the U. S. Supreme Court. Garner jokingly said to Black,

"If anything ever happens, I'll know where to go when I want the right decision."

Many gruesome scenes of death and destruction in Shanghai were snipped from newsreels because they were revolting and might bring on censorship. Pathe News began scissoring its own prints after Baltimore censors twice ordered elimination of scenes of the Shanghai carnage because they were inflammatory. To forestall possible censorship a newsreel "vaulted" an interview with an Australian youth who became defeminized at the age of eighteen and then wed. The youth described his feelings before and after he became a man.

Newsreels generally avoid use of pictures that might ridicule or embarrass famous people. For this reason you don't see King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, who is slightly taller than a midget, being lifted onto his horse. Nor the tiny chair especially

built for him that stands in his box at the opera in Rome.

Some cruel editor cut the unexpected scene in the clubhouse enclosure at Belmont Park where a fashionably-gowned damsel suddenly lost her panties as she stood near the rail watching the stirring finish of a horse race.

When Edward, now the Duke of Windsor, was Prince of Wales, he was caught by the newsreel camera tripping over a sound cable with a comic effect that would have done credit to any stage zany. The Duke is very nervous and must be checked lest he fidget with his face or clothes and produce a ludicrous effect.

Immediately after their marriage Edward and Wally posed for the newsreels. When their pictures were flashed on American screens, Wally was seen to have a large mole on the left side of her face and the Duke stood revealed with a much-wrinkled and worried countenance. The picture destroyed much of the glamor that had surrounded the seemingly-youthful pair and showed them as a middle-aged and not especially distinguished-looking couple. Instead of using a soft-focus lens that would have hidden their blemishes, the cameraman used a lens that brought them out.

The wedding pictures of Windsor and Wally made Hollywood newsreel-conscious. Mary Pickford, who wed Buddy Rogers, soon after the Duke's marriage, kept newsreel men at a distance of twenty feet during her bridal ceremony and insisted that they use soft-focus lenses. Mary hired her own cameraman to make the closeup shots.

Some much-photographed celebrities like General Pershing know the effect produced by various lenses and insist on one that doesn't show all the lines in their faces. Pershing has been fooled by cameramen working in cahoots. One will take his picture with a soft-focus lens while another, a short distance away, is snapping him with a sharper lens. Pershing and the late Marshal Foch both had trouble with their false teeth while talking before the newsreel camera.

Prohibition offers a classic example of how the newsreels can injure a cause merely by showing the people who support it. By frequent interviews with Ella Boole and other of the dried-up, gloomy looking prohibitionists, the newsreels helped to bring on repeal. Howls of laughter invariably greeted the appearance of the more ardent prohibitionists on New York theatre screens.

Other causes, besides prohibition, have been damaged by unfortunate newsreel appearances. The dull, uninspiring presence of Herbert Hoover and Governor Alf Landon and their fatuous, wooden discourses soured many people on the Republican party.

Some individuals benefit from having good newsreel personalities. President Roosevelt is a shining example. Mr. Roosevelt wears braces and moves with difficulty. As a result of

the newsreels' agreement not to show him walking, it seldom occurs to people that the President has any trouble in getting about.

Jimmy Walker, who resigned as Mayor of New York under a cloud, retained considerable popularity because of his gay, jaunty newsreel appearances. Even after his voluntary exile in England, Walker was applauded by New York audiences when his picture was flashed on the screen.

Theatre audiences are observant. When Queen Mary of England appeared in a new hat soon after the death of King George V. "My God! She's got a new hat!" was heard on all sides.

Many distinguished foreigners speak English with a thick accent that would bring certain laughter from theatre audiences. To avert such incidents, the newsreels sometimes have the visitor say a few words in his native tongue and then the commentator gives the balance of his remarks in English. This kind of first-aid to visiting firemen may explain why the French government has decorated so many heads of newsreel companies.

Many noted people become unnerved and bewildered before a newsreel camera.

Walter S. Gifford, president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, went twice to a newsreel studio to make a talk but was unable to utter a single word. After a week he returned to the studio again and went through the speech without error.

When Mussolini gave his first American newsreel interview in Rome he read into the microphone the words on a sign held up to attract his attention. This is the famous interview in which the fascist dictator's remarks about "The American Peep" drew roars of laughter in theatres.

For years after his exile to Doorn, the Kaiser refused to be photographed. A newsreel company outfoxed him by planting a cameraman in a clump of bushes along the road where he took his morning walk. As the Kaiser stepped briskly along, a second newsreel man with an unloaded camera walked up to him. Wilhelm's guards came running up as he shied away. The hidden camera recorded the entire scene.

The late General Hindenburg, president of Germany, would not allow his voice to be recorded. He considered that beneath his dignity. The reels finally got his voice when he made a lengthy address at the launching of the *Bremen*. Pope Pius, too, would not consent to a recording. His voice was caught at the dedication of the Vatican radio station.

When the late Calvin Coolidge first heard his voice after a newsreel interview, he exclaimed, "Do I talk like that? Through my nose?"

Sir Thomas Lipton commented after seeing himself in a newsreel, "That's wonderful! But what an awful Scotch accent you gave me!" ●

(Pictures on Pages 58-61)



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## RELIEF MAN CONFESSES ALL



Relief via pick and shovel—Better than nothing but nothing much to brag of

**“What about these lazy devils on WPA?,” Farmer Anderson asked the county relief administrator. “Livin’ off tax money and I can’t get two hands. I’m near crazy looking for a man.” Then the relief administrator, puffing a cigarette, got down to cases with Farmer Anderson, who chewed cut plug. Maybe it’s this business of relief, they halfway agreed, that keeps the country from being a good deal worse off.**

BY THOMPSON YOUNG

I COULD see the bearded farmer through the semi-transparent curtains across my office window. He walked purposefully, with a long stride. He stopped in front of our door to read the sign: SAGAMO COUNTY EMERGENCY RELIEF ADMINISTRATION. Then he came in. He was wearing a battered black hat, an old brown shirt, and patched overalls.

“You the boss here?” he asked.

“Yes,” I said.

“I’m Bert Anderson,” he announced. “I’m lookin’ for some help.” “Won’t you come in and sit down, Mr. Anderson?” I jerked my head toward the wall-boarded, semi-private room in which I do my interviewing. Our office is makeshift and somewhat grim, as most relief offices seem to be.

The bearded farmer stalked in, sat down by the end of my desk, took off his black hat, looked at me a little suspiciously.

“I don’t mean I want relief,” he said abruptly. “I want to hire help—

some man who ain’t afraid to do a day’s work for a day’s pay. I’m near crazy tryin’ to find a man. I got to get my hay in, and I can’t do it alone. Have you got anybody you’re feedin’ who’s willing to work?”

“I’m afraid we haven’t anybody on direct relief who would be much use to you,” I said. “All the men we had who were able to work have either got jobs of their own now, or are on W.P.A. But I’ll try to find you a man.”

“I wisht you would. I’ll have work for two men till the last of October. I pay \$1.50 a day and dinner. I don’t ask a man to kill himself on my place. I’m 71 years old, but I don’t ask a man to do more’n I do—all I want is for him to keep up with me.”

“Which part of the county do you live in, Mr. Anderson?”

“Two miles east of Hoogerville and a half-mile south. Big white house on the west side of the road. I got 120 acres there, but I can’t work it alone.”

“Do you know Mort Byers?” I inquired. “He didn’t have a steady job the last I knew.”

“Him? Hell, he won’t work. I offered him a year ’round job at \$30 a month and board here a while ago. D’you know what he said? He said, ‘It’s too much like work.’ That’s what he said. He’d rather have you keep on feedin’ him—and he’ll never do a tap of work as long as you do.”

“We’re not, now. We dropped him when spring work started,” I said. “There’s old Jeff Hall lives out your way, but I’m afraid he wouldn’t be much use to you. He’s got a bad rupture and his left arm’s stiff, but he’s still game—he’ll try anything.”

“Sure. I know Jeff. He’ll work, all right, if he can cut it, but he ain’t able to do much anymore. No, I need a man who can pitch hay. What about these lazy devils on W.P.A.? Why are they still living off tax money when every farmer in the county needs help? Henry Withers, for instance. I seen him last night, and he said, ‘Bert, I’d like to work for you, but if I once get off W.P.A. I can’t get back on—and I got to think of next winter.’ Now, what about that?”

“Well,” I said, “you can’t blame him too much. Have a cigarette.”

“Don’t use ’em.” He pulled a leather pouch from his pocket and took a chew of tobacco. I lighted my cigarette and leaned back.

“That W.P.A. stuff goes like this,” I began. I knew what there was to be said, because I had to go over it, either with a W.P.A. worker or some conscientious objector like Mr. Anderson, on an average of twice a day. “In theory, if a man goes off W.P.A. to take private employment, he is supposed to have the right to go back on W.P.A. if he loses his private job. W.P.A. regulations have said that from the first, but here at least it just doesn’t work out that way. W.P.A. always has a certain quota—so many men they can have working in the district. When the quota is full, they can’t assign or re-assign anybody. And since last fall, they’ve been cutting down the quota in this district every so often.

“A man who’s gone off has the right to get back on—but if the quota’s full there’s no place for him. Naturally the men have seen this happen, and they don’t want to take the chance. You can’t blame them too much. Most of the farm jobs last only a few months, and the men have the rest of the year to worry about.”

“So that’s the way it works,” he said. “It ain’t right.”

“Of course not,” I agreed. “And W.P.A. has recognized that and has tried to do something about it. A new ruling says that workers who leave W.P.A. for private jobs and lose the jobs through no fault of their own will be re-assigned to W.P.A. if they are eligible and projects are available. The bulletin says also that W.P.A. will lay off any man who is offered temporary or permanent work within his capacity, if the job is full time and at the prevailing wage-rate. So

if you want to offer Henry Withers a job, you can tell him that if he doesn’t take it he’ll be laid off W.P.A. anyhow if you notify the W.P.A. office that he refused work.”

“What about next October when my work will be done? Can Henry get back on W.P.A. then?”

“You can tell him that when your job is done, he can get back on W.P.A. if he’s eligible and there is any project he can work on. I have been told that W.P.A. means to keep that pledge even if it has to lay off someone else to make a place for the man who has lost private employment that he took voluntarily.”

“Ain’t you got any authority with these W.P.A. men?”

“No, the Emergency Relief Administration is a separate organization—State and County. Our only connection with W.P.A. is certifying to W.P.A. the names of employable people who have applied for relief and have been found eligible.”

“How many men you got on W.P.A. here now?”

“About 150. There were around 350 at the high point. I think our W.P.A. men have done pretty well finding jobs for themselves. After all, there’s no industry in this county to recover. The timber is gone for good; two-thirds of the land isn’t worth farming. There’s nothing to do except farm, move out, or get relief.”

“That’s about right as far as it goes. But these guys could at least raise their own grub. I did. I come to this county 46 years ago. I started with nothing, cleared my own land, and made my own way. Things are mighty different now. These jaspers sit around and wait for their livin’ to be brought to ’em. Like Mort Byers, now. He could get ten jobs in an hour if he’d try.”

“Oh, there are always a few like Mort who hate to work. I guess there were always some like that—but not many—not enough, really, to worry about.”

“What I’d like to know is where it’s all leadin’ to,” he said, leaning back in his chair and looking at me grimly. “Here’s this country borrowing itself farther and farther into the hole. All that money’s got to be paid back sometime—and who’s going to pay it? I pay plenty taxes. Why should I be taxed to support Mort Byers when he’s just as able to work as me—and I got work for him to do? Where’s it all going to end? Because it’s going to end, mark my word, and mighty sudden when the time comes.

“Look here, you see all this stuff every day. What do you think about it?” He spoke aggressively, as if he held me personally responsible for the condition of the nation.

He had me on the spot. I confessed that most of the time I didn’t know what to think. “Sometimes,” I said, “I feel we’re off on the wrong foot. But most of the time I feel that things have to be pretty much the way they are. Nothing’s easier to misunderstand or criticize than the administration of relief. It’s a tough job

at best—sometimes it seems an impossible job. Often whatever you do is a choice among evils. Who can know, for instance, where adequate relief stops and demoralization sets in—since the turning point may vary with each individual. The first year I was in the business I didn't believe that anybody could actually be satisfied—have his initiative removed—by our relief allowances. But it does happen, although not often. I'm speaking of direct relief now. Do you know how our allowances run?"

"No, can't say I do."

"I'll tell you. For groceries, on our regular flat budget, the maximum is \$6.50 for one person alone, \$10.85 for two, \$14.10 for three, \$17.35 for four—up to \$30.35 for a family of ten. That's a month, not a week. And remember those are supposed to be maximum figures. Our actual allowances are much less than that. This month our family average of relief granted is just under \$10. Our families average about four persons—that means about \$2.50 a person each month. And that's not just groceries, the average I quoted—it includes what clothing and fuel we buy, what rent and medical bills we pay."

"I thought you gave more."

"Most people do. Of course that's not the whole story. Sometimes people on W.P.A. or on a private job may receive only a dollar or two in relief. Also there are items not counted in those figures—Federal surplus foods and clothing from the sewing projects, which help a lot. Many of our families have some small income—perhaps four to ten dollars a month from a cow or two. We pay very little rent in this county. Most people raise good gardens. The County Poor Commission takes care of medical care for chronic cases and all hospitalization."

"Another reason our direct order relief cases show so low an average is that Aid to Dependent Children cases are figured separately, not included in the average I gave you. We handle that type of relief, and Aid to the Blind, under the Social Security Act. The Aid to Dependent Children cases—what we used to call Mothers Pension cases—average about three times as much as our direct relief cases—for a number of good reasons. I don't believe there is anyone getting relief here who doesn't need it, and I don't know of anyone who is, in my opinion, getting more than he needs. We haven't any really employable people receiving relief now, except the ones we supplement."

"You mean you help some of these W.P.A. men?"

"Yes, sometimes. If they get in full time, they draw \$40 a month in this county. Most men, even with families of eight to ten, get by on that without help from us, or with only surplus foods. Some just can't manage. If a man has \$8 a month rent to pay, and \$4 transportation to and from work, he may be able to buy groceries for a family of nine with the \$28 he has left, but perhaps he can't buy the necessary clothes and shoes—or

pay the doctor for the next baby."

"Yes, I can see where that's all right sometimes. But what gets me is the way everything seems to be goin', what with old age pensions and such-like. What's the use of a man's scratching his life away to make a living and lay up a little money? Who's goin' to save to get over a tough winter when he knows he can get relief? Who's goin' to put his money in the bank when he knows he can get a pension when he's old?"

"That's one you can answer yourself, Mr. Anderson," I said, grinning. "Would it have made any difference to you when you were a young man to have known you could get relief or a pension? Would it have killed your initiative? Would you have done any less work or saved any less money?"

"Hell, no. It wouldn't of made any difference to me. I ain't that kind. I don't ask odds of anybody, and never would."

"Of course not. And it won't make any difference now or in the future to the man who is like you—who has the will and the ability to make his own way. But if something goes wrong—with the weather, for instance, or the bank he puts his money in—he won't have to starve. Or if he gets sick and spends his life savings on hospital bills, as a good many middle-aged people have to do, he won't have to go without necessities. And the man who just can't get ahead—who hasn't the knack of success or making money—will be taken care of. Of course that small percentage of unadjusted and unadjustable people who can't or won't hold any job—like Mort Byers—will be taken care of too."

"It seems to me we've made a little progress in actual civilization in these last few bitter years. We've learned that obligations between the individual and the country go both ways. We have always liked to talk about the richness of America, and the brotherhood of man—but the E.R.A. put meaning into those ideas for the first time to a great number of our people. What E.R.A. really did was to establish a certain standard of living, painfully low, of course, but still a standard, below which no person in the country should be required to live. That, in spite of all the hurry and red tape, looks to me like a step forward—in the right direction."

"Well, maybe it's all right," Mr. Anderson said doubtfully, shifting in his chair. "But this country's in for a bad time before it sees the end of this relief stuff, mark my word."

"I don't doubt it, Mr. Anderson. But the country's been in for a bad time for quite a while now. And maybe it's only this relief stuff which has kept it from being a lot worse."

He got up abruptly, extended his hand. "Glad to have this talk," he said. "I wouldn't trade jobs with you. Well, I'll see Henry Withers again and tell him what you said. If you find anybody that wants to work, send 'em to see me."

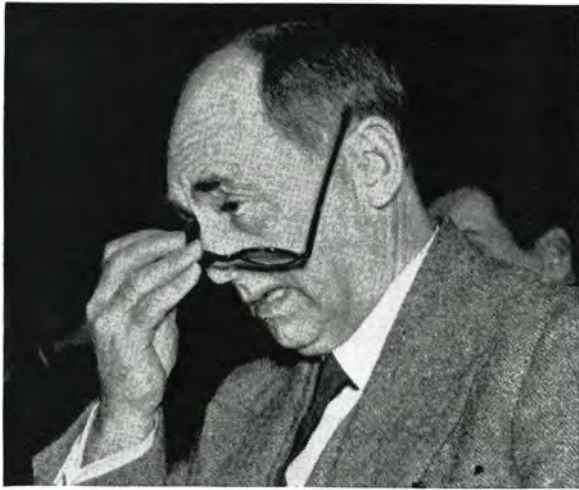
"You bet I will," I said.

He went out, slapping dust from his overalls with his black hat. ●



Pilgrimage

# OUR NAVAL EXPERTS



Admiral Leahy loves the big battlewagons, wants more

**Naval experts know nothing about their ships and fail to learn from previous error. After building obviously useless battleships instead of needed transport-protectors for the World War, they want to build battleships again, in case of conflict with Japan. Such a fleet would lose 70% of its effectiveness en route to Japanese waters, and would have no base after it got there.**

BY MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

OUR admirals have spent the last several years preparing for a glorious naval war with Japan that in all human probability will never come off. That does not mean that we shall never fight Japan. It means that, if and when we venture upon this holy mission, the navy will be all set to blow the Japanese fleet out of the water and will then suddenly discover geography and strategy crying aloud for an entirely different kind of war.

Innocent patriots probably never heard of the battleship expert, a certain Admiral Rock, who was detailed to testify before a Congressional committee as to the worth of our capital ships, but who found himself immediately stumped when he could not remember whether any of our battleships had taken part in the battle of Jutland—which was fought 11 months before we went into the war.

Nor, it seems safe to surmise, do they know about that great authority on the eight-inch-gun cruiser, Admiral Chase, who had to confess under questioning that he had never commanded an eight-inch-gun cruiser, had

never even been aboard one, had never seen one at target practice and did not know enough about its construction to be able to give offhand the thickness of the armor on its turrets—and who was nevertheless regarded by himself and the Navy Department as an expert on the Class A cruiser, qualified to instruct Congress that the national defense depended upon this particular type of ship.

There was also the case of Admiral Bristol, a member of the General Board of the Navy, who appeared before a Senate committee, armed with charts and maps and statistical tables, to show just how the navy was adjusting its war plans to the economic position and trade needs of the country. But within a few minutes Senator Tom Walsh had the admiral admitting that he did not even know whether his own statistics and charts were correct. Still this did not deter him from using these charts and statistics to advocate the construction of a 1.5 billion dollar navy to fight a 24 billion dollar war (his own estimate) for the sake of "protecting" 500 mil-

lion dollars worth of trade. Nor did he seem to understand that the first result of his projected 24 billion dollar war would have been the inevitable loss of the very trade his war was supposed to safeguard.

Perhaps these samples of the naval mentality at work will not suffice to convince the earnest patriot. Let us turn, therefore, to the classic blunder of 1915.

It was in that year that the plans were laid down for the building program Congress approved in 1916. Although the general public was unaware of what was happening, we were then moving rapidly toward war. The bankers knew it, most of the politicians in Washington knew it.

The admirals used war-danger as an argument for their new building program. Since we were evidently to fight Germany, if we were to fight anybody at all, the admirals might well have asked themselves what types of ships would prove most useful and effective in such a war. We would hardly have needed a larger battle fleet. In the first place, it takes four years to build a sound capital ship. Secondly, the British Grand Fleet had the German High Seas Fleet bottled up. Thus, since there would be no enemy fleet to which to give battle, there would be nothing for our fleet, whatever its size, to do.

On the other hand, it seemed quite likely that our participation in the European war would at least consist in sending enormous quantities of supplies to the Allied armies, while there was also a fair chance that we would dispatch a huge expeditionary force. Hundreds of American ships would be crossing the ocean and they would need protection against the German submarine. The task would have to be left partly to cruisers, but in the main to destroyers and submarine chasers.

But our naval experts went ahead with their plans for expanding the battle fleet. Precedent and their copy-books had told them that that was the thing to do. When the war finally broke, they sent a few battleships over to Europe, but these vessels fired not a single shot during the whole course of the war. For the rest the navy turned to the task of building destroyers and sub-chasers by the wholesale, a job it should have taken on long before.

One would suppose that with this lesson in mind the American naval experts would not soon again fall into a comparable error. Yet that they are doing today in preparing for war with Japan. They are making ready to challenge the Japanese in their own waters, though the chances are overwhelming that the American fleet can never even reach those waters, let alone destroy the Japanese fleet if it ever should arrive there.

It is not simply a question of steaming off from San Pedro in the grand manner, cutting across the Pacific in record time and then proceeding to dispose of the Japanese navy in short order. If the fleet were to

move by way of Hawaii, as it undoubtedly would, it would have to cover almost 7,000 miles of open sea before reaching Japan. Upon its arrival it would be far from fresh and ready for action.

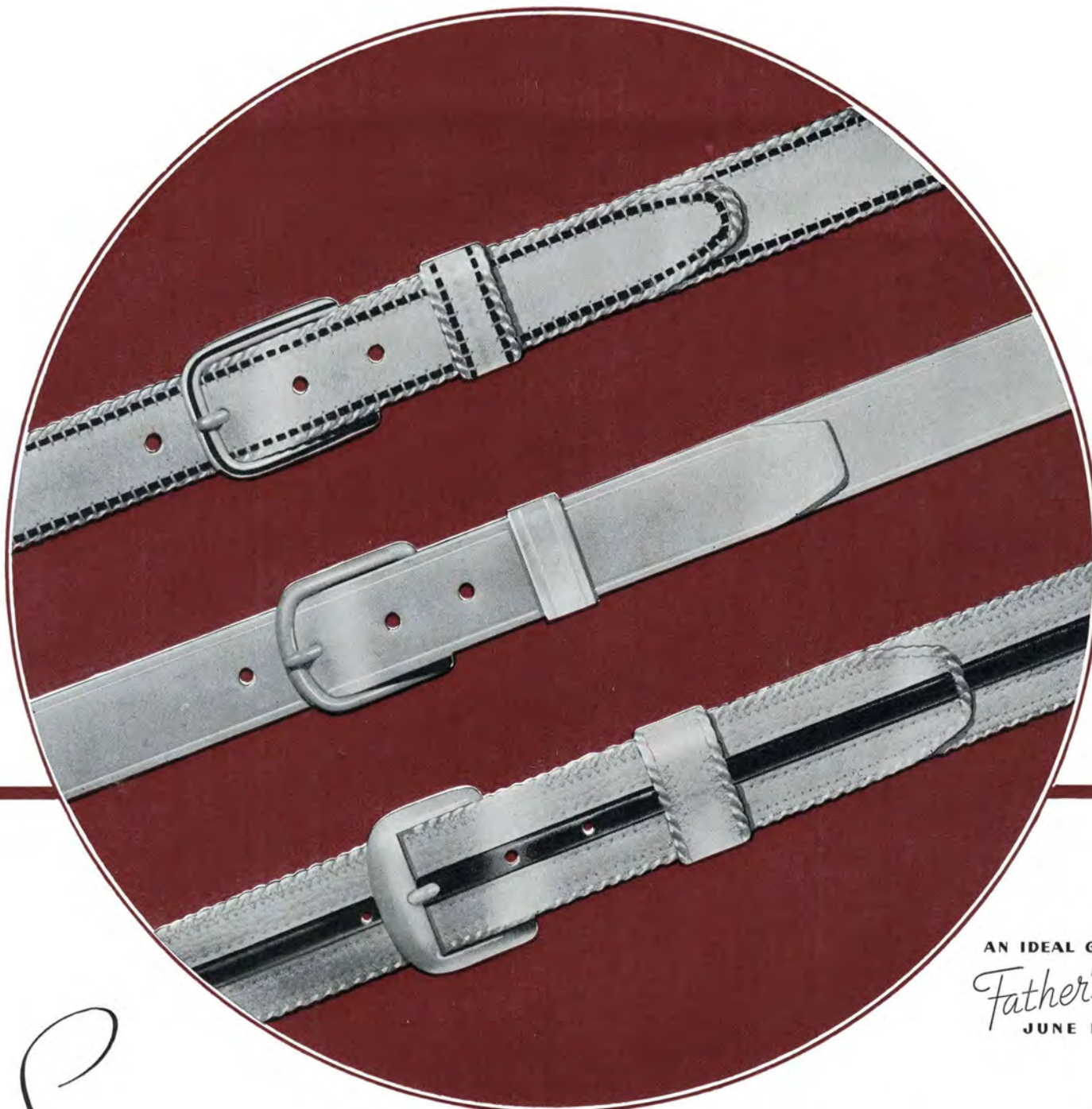
Some of the ships will have been crippled in one way or another. The bottoms of all of them will have grown foul. The officers and men, constantly on the alert and running at high nervous tension throughout the long voyage, will have been physically and mentally exhausted. Under these conditions communications would inevitably break down, making it difficult to carry out any plan of battle. Fuel supplies would be running low and refueling on the open sea would be a desperate undertaking. "Your fleet," as Admiral Knight has said, "would get out there with its material in very bad condition, and when it got there it would have no place to go for refitting or for any purpose whatever." And the enemy fleet, based on stations only a few miles away, would be perfectly fresh and ready for action.

Naval students, including our own Captain Knox, have estimated that a naval train undertaking such a voyage would lose approximately 70% of its fighting effectiveness en route. If our present battle fleet, with its 15 capital ships, were to make the attempt, it would arrive upon the scene of action with the equivalent of only five effective capital ships. It would be little short of madness, of course, to pit such a force against a fresh Japanese fleet with its nine capital ships, all of them in fighting trim.

We could, perhaps, use the Philippines as our jumping-off place—if only the Japanese would let us. There we have Corregidor, considered by many a virtually impregnable fortress; and there we have the as yet undeveloped naval stations at Cavite, Olongapo and Polloc. The Washington treaty forbade us to fortify and equip these stations for use as major naval bases. With our present fleet based on Cavite, say, we could easily dominate the Western Pacific.

It is not the treaty so much as Japan that stands in the way of this solution. If we were now to make any move in the direction of setting up a naval base in the Philippines, the Japanese would regard that as a hostile act; and rightly so. The Japanese would seize the Archipelago at once, before we could lay down a single gun emplacement, to say nothing of a graving dock. It would do us no good to send the fleet over to protect the builders at their work, for first we would have to dispose of the Japanese navy, and we have already seen that without an operating base in the Philippines our fleet would be at a decisive disadvantage in meeting the Japanese.

The American naval experts know this. They know that the Japanese are supreme in their own waters. They know that we cannot successfully challenge that supremacy without a base in the Philippines. They know,



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moreover, that the Japanese would never let us establish such a base. They may be pinning some hope on General MacArthur's plan to raise a huge native militia and to fortify some of the weak spots in the Philippines (of which there are actually several score in number), but the Japanese are also watching the situation and would undoubtedly pounce upon the islands the moment the MacArthur plan threatened to turn into a genuine menace to Japan's security. So the naval experts have fallen back upon the feeble and almost certainly futile expedient of building a floating dry dock, which it is intended shall be sent along with the fleet on its fateful voyage to the Far East when *der Tag* arrives. This dry dock could not begin to fill the many needs of a major battle fleet in action.

Thus we are effectively barred from fleet action in the Far East. The experts cannot get around this hard fact. They have lately been looking about for an alternative, but even this alternative would call for fleet action. For instance, it has been suggested to the British that an Anglo-American naval force, consisting of 15 American and six British capital ships, together with their auxiliaries and screen, and based on Singapore, would be quite large enough to put the Japanese in their place. Offhand, it would seem that that might turn the trick, for the Anglo-American advantage over the Japanese would be as seven is to three. Yokohama is about 3,500 miles from Singapore. The allied fleet, making this voyage under war conditions, would stand to lose from 40 to 50% of its fighting effectiveness, but that would still leave it with a fairly comfortable margin over the Japanese. Upon reaching the prospective scene of action it would have the equivalent of 12 effective capital ships as against Japan's nine, an advantage would be great enough to guarantee victory.

But here we come upon two obstacles. First of all, the British have refused to fall in with this plan. This may be largely ascribed to their reluctance to weaken their position in the Eastern Atlantic and the Mediterranean by detaching six of their capital ships for such a mission.

And it may be, too, that the British are fully alive, if the American experts are not, to the second obstacle to this plan for joint operations. While on paper the scheme appears plausible, it nevertheless overlooks one important detail. It suggests no way in which the Japanese fleet can be brought into action. If the Japanese will not give battle, and that they would certainly not do in the face of a decisively superior force, the opposing fleet would be checkmated. It would have no way of carrying out its main purpose of destroying the Japanese navy. To avoid this fate, the Japanese would have only to retire into some snug and secure retreat as the Germans did in 1914.

The Germans got away with it and

for four years rendered the British Grand Fleet literally impotent. There was nothing the British could do but sit and wait, anchored by necessity to their station off Northern Scotland, to remain there for four long years. Yet they could, at least, remain there, for their operating bases were only a few miles away.

An Anglo-American force in Japanese waters, with its base 3,500 miles away in Singapore, could not remain in these waters for more than a few days at a time. The longer it stayed and the lower its fuel, food and other supplies became, the more vulnerable would it become. If it overstayed its time, it might easily fall victim to a sudden Japanese sally (a fate the British narrowly escaped at Jutland).

Every sober naval student abroad, and some of our own as well, understands all of this. There is no secret about the fact that the Japanese fleet is unbeatable in its own waters (just as the American fleet cannot be defeated in its waters).

That is not to suggest, however, that the United States could not defeat Japan in war or that the navy would have no part in such a war. But the naval experts would have to forget all about fleet action and try an entirely different method.

A conflict with Japan would of necessity take the form of a war of attrition. Each side would have to attempt to wear down the other. Our trade with the Far East would be cut off at once and automatically, but the Japanese would perforce also seek to impede and destroy our trade in other corners of the globe. They would send their cruisers and submarines out to run down and sink our merchant ships.

Theirs would be an immensely difficult task, since we are so largely self-sufficient. The loss of the whole of our foreign trade would hurt us immensely, but it would not ruin us nor cause us to sue for peace.

We would have to follow the same course. We would have to send swift and powerful cruisers and submarines chasing after Japanese merchantmen wherever they might be found. Our task would be the easier, because the Japanese cannot live unto themselves alone but must bring in some food supplies and almost all of their raw materials from abroad. To be sure, the conquest of China would go a long way toward supplying Japan's wants, and we could do little, if anything, to interfere with this Chinese trade. Nevertheless, the long-run advantage would still lie with us.

It would be grossly unfair to assert that none of our naval experts see the problem in this light. Some of them do. For example, in 1930, Admiral Yarnell told a Senate committee that in the event of such a war as this, "trade would be forced into convoys at once, and efforts would be made on both sides to attack convoys, leading to increased diversion of force to convoy protection. The shipbuilding resources of the two countries would be devoted to augmenting the naval

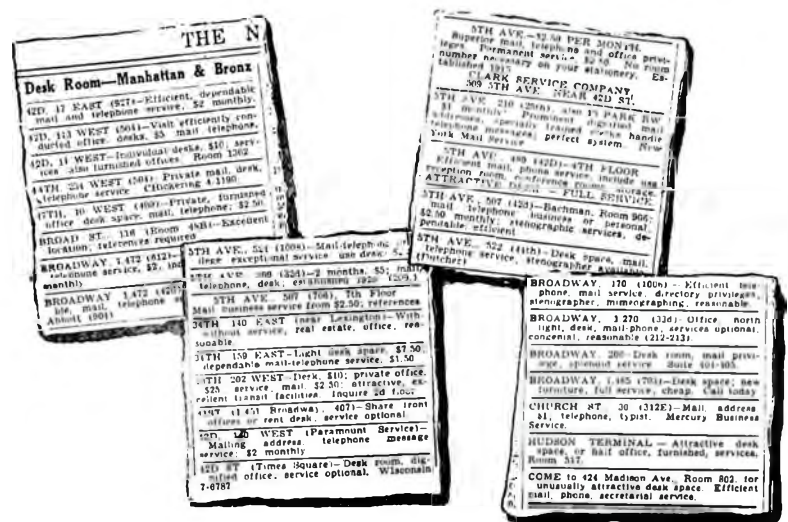
forces in types suitable for defeat of convoy escorts. The result of the war would depend on the lasting powers of the two adversaries in which the potential economic resources would play a large part."

In short, geography and strategy demand one kind of war—if we really must have a war—while the naval expert's lay plans for an altogether different kind of war. Bound by tradition and precedent, they continue to dream of a combat in which our sailors will blow the Japanese out of the water. ↗

In 1915-16 the experts clamored for bigger capital ships and for a bigger fleet, when they ought to have been building destroyers. Today, they are clamoring once more for bigger ships and a bigger fleet, when, if anything, they ought to be asking for types of ships "suitable for defeat of convoy escorts," that is, for cruisers, destroyers and submarines. It is really incredible that they should be repeating the mistake of 1915, but there is the new naval program offering living proof that they are. ●

(Pictures on Pages 62-63)

## DESK ROOM, DOLLAR A MONTH UP



For Sale—Illusions in addresses, lobby directories and telephone numbers

**You get a mail address, and somebody to answer the phone and say you work there but you're out, and for another dollar your name in the lobby directory and the phone book. And if your business isn't quite square, you can move to desk room somewhere else after too many people have found out.**

BY MARTIN PANZER

DESK room makes numerous rackets easy. In New York City there are listed in the classified directory 40 "sub-landlords" who make a business of renting desks, desk room, mail and telephone service at fees of one dollar to \$20 a month, depending on the class of service and the amount of desk space. In addition there are numerous smaller-time desk room landlords who are listed in the directory as being engaged in other businesses but who sub-let most of their space for desk room. Many of the desk room users are inclined to be honest. These, for the most part, are

printing brokers, writers, manufacturers' agents, typewriter repairmen, piano tuners and employed workers who want to pick up a dollar on the side and who derive a feeling of importance from conducting a "business" on a fancy street at a cost of little over a dollar a month.

Many others, however, conduct enterprises no way legitimate. Desk room is a great help to mail order fakers, for instance, who are able to inveigle advertising agencies, newspapers and magazines to extend credit by virtue of imposing business names and addresses. A favorite trick is the

ruse of calling the classified advertising department just before deadline. The telephone girls, eager to close the sales, put the ads through for publication, comforted with the thought that they couldn't possibly consult with credit managers in time to print the ads in the desired editions.

What happens after that depends upon how well the ads pull. Usually they are worded so that customers are required to send cash with orders. If there are sufficient returns to pay for the ads and yield a good profit, the fakers do pay for the ads and ship their merchandise until business falls off. The last few ads are always unpaid for and the money received is pocketed without the formality of shipping the goods advertised. The advertiser then hies himself to another desk room layout and starts over again under a new name. Sooner or later the post office department catches up with all of the consistent offenders, but always there is a new crop to take their places.

The use of desk room for the procural of credit was recently accomplished in an amusing manner. A young man, desirous of presenting the lady of the moment with a little diamond ring and having a good deal less than the required amount of cash, conceived the idea of renting desk room under the name of the International Products Corporation of Lumber County. He then called upon a local credit jeweler and bought the ring on time, giving the above named concern as his employer. The credit man called the number given by his customer.

"Is this the International Products Corporation of Lumber County?" he asked.

The girl at the other end, trained to be everybody's secretary, glanced hurriedly at the list on the wall before her. "Yes," she said.

"Does John Doe work there?"

Another look at the list. "Yes, but he's not in now. Any message?"

John Doe got the ring, but the jeweler never got the money for it.

Many of the sellers of desk room are themselves on the alert for a successful idea. They have first crack at the mail that comes in and if one tenant's mail is particularly heavy or rich in coins, they lose no time in finding out why. They have nothing to lose but the good will of the desk room tenant and that has so little cash value that they don't worry about it. Once they learn the technique of the racket, provided it isn't too shady, there are two similar concerns operating from the same address until the originator catches on.

For long term rackets that require a greater appearance of stability and reliability, desk roomers pay a dollar more per month. Seventy-five cents of this goes to the telephone company for a listing in the directory. The telephone company does not limit the number of names that may be listed for one telephone as long as each name pays the 75c. The other quarter pays for a listing on the board

in the lobby below. Any concern with a halfway imposing title, its address and telephone number in the telephone directory and its name in neat white letters on the board can get by with anything that stops short of a Dun and Bradstreet report. Many individuals have four or five such concerns under their control at an overhead of little more than ten dollars per month.

A fairly recent desk room idea is the purchase and sale of unused stamps. Any man has the right to buy stamps at any price unless they are stolen. By the same token, any man has the right to sell any stamps he may own at any price he may choose unless they are come by dishonestly. The post office department will send you a letter to that effect if you wish. The letter will practically set you up in business if you have \$1.50 for a Fifth Avenue address. There is, of course, a certain amount of legitimate stamp commerce because certain mail order houses, etc., receive in the mails more stamps than they can use. The stamp dealers who have only desk room behind them do not, however, ask prospective sellers to sign affidavits to the effect that the stamps have not been stolen and so certain shipping clerks and others in positions of trust are enabled to turn an extra dollar now and then.

It must not be said that desk room lacks its cultural side. Ghost writing services and rewriting services abound. College professors might gnash their teeth if they knew how many of the final theses upon which they base their decisions to award degrees have been bought *in toto* from some bright chap with desk room. Here is a typical ghost writing deal in the making:

"Hello, do you do ghost writing?"

"Yes."

"I need a thesis for graduation."

"How many words?"

"What do you charge?"

"Four dollars a thousand."

"Too much. I need 3,000 words."

"How much can you pay?"

"If I can't get the whole thing for five bucks, the hell, I'll do it myself."

"O.K. Where can I meet you?"

There is one difficulty that desk room landlords and landlords of desk room landlords find very troublesome. So many desk roomers go on living, advertising and associating with other people that the address under which they operate becomes too widely known. There are several addresses in New York that are immediately recognized as desk room addresses by tens of thousands and their efficacy as background is thus materially lessened. Property owners find it almost impossible to rent floors other than those occupied by desk room landlords to legitimate business concerns of a different sort. This may forecast the final doom of all desk room enterprises too small to rent entire buildings, unless a thorough investigation results in the raising of desk room standards. ●



What Price Glory

# WHEN IS A CRANK?

**To the Smithsonian Institute, the universities, and the U. S. government bureaus, a crank is any man who has the temerity to think, without having first obtained a license for that privilege. Anyone with an astronomical theory or a cancer cure is automatically a crackpot. The Sec'y of the Fortean Society offers himself as a haven for crackpot correspondence. He gets it.**

BY TIFFANY THAYER



Thanks to crank, non-swimmers can do up to 5 mph with this wave-tumbler

TO THE desk of a fourth vice-president of the First National, set among a score of others in the amphitheatre where the bank refuses loans to people, comes a funny old duck with whiskers, a necktie that does not conceal the rare ancient brass collar button, and a portfolio. Ten to one the vice-president is face to face with the Secret of the Ages. Diagrams that look like six alarm clocks in search of a repair man show clearly where Science is wrong and how it made its error. Mr. Zumpf wishes to give his discovery to the world but that takes money.

Has this material been seen by competent authority?

At mention of "competent authority," the visitor starts to bounce. Who is competent? What is authority? The incipient immortal demands to know. He has sent this life-work of his to Harvard, to Smithsonian, to the Nobel Prize committee and to the Great White Father in the Weather Bureau at Washington. What did they say!

What would they say? Each of them in his patronizing way has called Mr. Zumpf the polite equivalent of a crank or a crackpot and his work the result of misdirected diligence.

If, as and when the vice-president gets rid of his caller, the clarion tones of the man's exit speech ring with an insidious persistence in the banker's ears. "They laughed at Alexander Graham Bell; they hooted at Columbus; they put Galileo in jail! Good day, sir." For days the vice-president can't forget that, because the words are very, very true. "They" certainly did laugh at Columbus and at Bell and at hundreds of others who are not laughed at today.

As Secretary of the Fortean Society, I have become a curator of cranks. I love them. The Society has become their sanctuary. All through the founding of the Society, which Charles Fort himself would not even join, he kept warning me: "You'll get yourself involved in such a correspondence that you won't

have time for your own work. I know. The breed is made up of inveterate letter-writers. It will swamp you." It has not—yet—and for all its voluminousness, I hold it to be the most fascinating correspondence in the world today. Who else can number among his pen-pals: a man who can cure cancer—just like that! The only man in the world who know where the Cosmic Rays come from—he says so himself! A fellow who has refuted the chief philosophies of the world—in six "Little Blue" books! A man who can measure the exact size and shape of the earth—if anyone will back him!

If I had the money, I would back Mr. Edward Stern of Philadelphia who wishes to measure the shape and size of the earth his way. He does not seem to me to be a crank. He has thought up a system which could be tested for a small sum, but the Bureau of Standards, Department of Commerce, Washington, will have none of it. In a letter to Mr. Stern the director states that: "The figure of the earth is quite accurately known at present by methods of an unquestionable scientific standing. Your plan appears to offer no practical advantages over methods now in use."

Well, "scientific standing" is the only 1938-talk for "in the name of Ashtoreth." As for the "figure of the earth" being "quite accurately" and unquestionably known—that is just a bald-faced lie.

Mr. Stern states in a letter to me: "From that day unto this the writer has utterly failed to secure from Directors of Bureau of Standards a single rational, germane word of advice regarding 'the methods now in use'." Accordingly, Mr. Stern feels "forced to the conviction" that "there has never been an unequivocal demonstration of the actual contour of the mean ocean level surface of our earth." Any reader who knows of such a demonstration will confer a favor upon the Fortean Society as well as upon humanity and posterity by forwarding data to the Secretary's office, 444 Madison Avenue, New York City.

There is the record of a religious sect in Florida, called the Koreshans, making a test with some apparatus on a beach. They proved, to their own satisfaction at least, that the earth is concave instead of convex, that we live on the inside of a shell. These findings are duly noted and preserved in the files of the Society, but I do not think that is the record or those the methods which the director of the Bureau of Standards refers to.

If I had the money, I would publish a short manuscript by one M. Cline, Upper Harmony, New Jersey. Mr. Cline is our cancer man, and very vehement. He splashes black ink in scrawls which I understand to mean that cancer is an "unbalanced" condition rather than a "disease" one, and—if I mistake not—that is the purport of several recent disclosures by "competent authority" likewise. Mr. Cline's complaint is exactly the

same as Mr. Stern's, *i.e.*, those who have the facilities and boast the name of authority refuse even to test his theories.

The weather engages the attention of a good many of my correspondents. One writes: "I have four instruments that harness the weather conditions universally, over the world and will predict the weather months and years ahead of time.

"At the present time, I am grouping sixteen propositions which will be in my paraphellana to lecture over the country."

This is the gentleman who states in another letter: "I am the only man in the world who knows where the Cosmic Rays originate." And he goes on to say: "By placing a ball of fire from the sun before my eyes just the same as if I was standing along the side of the sun and moon and peeping into the face of the sun and moon and by magnifying the ball of fire and moon I can get my working apothesis and see just what is going on in the sun and moon in the total and partial eclipses. I am not giving you a picture of the instrument, as I am experimenting for the benefit of the United States Government. I will take this matter up later with the Scientific Research Committee in Washington, D. C."

The "Scientific Research Committee (SRC?)" is a new arm of authority to me but I do not know everything. "Paraphellana" and "apothesis" are new words to me, but I am eager to see new things and to think new thoughts.

This data is from Mr. James C. Brown of La Porte, Texas, who has had his picture in *Popular Mechanics* with one of his instruments—and in the *Houston (Texas) Post* with another. He encloses two drawings pertinent to the cosmic ray, one of which bears this legend: "Cosmic rays with a winding rope about one inch long on each side at times." They laughed, remember, at Columbus, and they shot Lincoln.

Another Fortean, the late Lincoln Phifer, had a shell around the earth which he called "the Canopy" or the "Crystalline." The manuscript of his book, *New Continents Now Findable*, came into the Society's possession through the kindness of his son. Mr. Phifer acknowledged his debt to several ancient and discarded schools of thought for his conception of a crystal shell around us but he amplified those old ideas greatly, making out a case for the theory that the continents now known and used by humans were once chunks of the Crystalline, and that they were knocked out of the shell, to fall in their present locations, by meteoritic bombardment. The balance of the shell is still up there.

Another phenomenon common to cranks who may or may not be uncrowned immortals is a loving—or at the very least a faithful—sponsor. Sister, wife, mother, son, friend or devoted reader, there is always someone to maintain the faith and to car-



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ry the torch a few years further into eternity.

In the case of Isaac N. Vail, it is his daughter, Mrs. Holloway. The first edition of *Waters Above the Firmament* or *The Earth's Annular System* was published in pamphlet form in 1874, and only yesterday the author's daughter wrote that she is editing a definite edition of Mr. Vail's entire canon, including a 600 page mss. "dealing with the historical and mythological phase of the subject."

Indeed, when is a crank?—and how do you get rid of him? Crucifixion did not work. Burning at the stake was ineffective. Starving does not stop him—nor does silence. In the face of hauteur and scorn and laughter, the cranks continue to hack at their ignorance in their own way—because ignorance annoys them, hurts them, burns them deeper than the flames ordered for them and for their works by "competent authority."

There is not space here to more than mention Ignatius Donnelly, that crank who thought the Deluge was a legend of Atlantis, and that once a comet had worked havoc here (*Ragnarok*), and that Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's plays—including cryptogram. No space for Colonel James Churchward—who put the lost continent of Mu on (some) maps. None for Captain Symmes or for Light-and-Color Babbitt. A few of these have taken on stature with the years.

Then comes Major-General A. W. Drayson, F. R. A. S., deceased. Drayson taught astronomy at Woolwich for fifteen years. One day a student asked him a question he could not answer. (That is, the student was a crank.) Instead of laughing at the boy or calling out the heretic-burners, the professor started looking for the answer—and became a crank himself. A series of booklets state the problem *Why the Ice Age?* and the "solution."

The idea is that the axis of Earth is not constantly pointing twenty-three and a half degrees from the perpendicular at its north end but that there is a movement not heretofore explained or even noted which tips the planet from twenty-three and a half degrees to more than thirty-five degrees in a cycle of 31,756 years, thereby causing periodical glaciation. The matter has had some consideration by "competent authority" in England. Official Astronomy has dropped the man into the pit of oblivion with Johannes von Gumpach who wrote the *True Figure and Dimension of the Earth* in 1862, and has not been heard of since.

It was Herr von Gumpach's contention that the diameter of the earth was 1/99 part longer around the poles than around the equator. But, of course, the true figure of the earth was as well known by "methods of unquestionable scientific standing" in 1862 as it is in 1938, exactly as well known and no better.

Cranks!—all cranks. They range in age from 18 to 8,000 years. They send me their books and they write me long

letters because I do not laugh at them and I admit that I don't know which of them might be the next Columbus.

Authority gives but little, and gives that grudgingly. One notable crank, now honored but unrewarded, showed me this letter, which he received from Washington.

Coast and Geodetic Survey,  
Washington, D. C.,  
July 5, 1909.

Mr. B. J. S. Cahill,  
Alameda, California.

Sir:

I must apologize for retaining so long your manuscript in regard to a land map of the world. The opportunity to examine it carefully did not occur until today.

Doubtless you have gained pleasure out of the original thinking you have done. Other than that I think the effort has been wasted. You have evidently been handicapped by lack of full information as to the present status of the art of map projection and possibly by a lack of familiarity with the mathematical principles involved.

As a result you have laboriously devised a projection of less value than others already in existence, and which is incapable of being developed so as to be valuable.

I hope that you will not harbor any harsh feeling toward me for expressing so frankly an opinion which must be discouraging to you. I do it in kindness hoping to save you from losing still more time in wrestling with the problem.

Yours sincerely,  
(signed) John F. Hayford.

Mr. Cahill would do well to leave that letter out of his portfolio if he takes his map to any vice-president in search of backing. It has such a tone and air of finality. It is exactly such a letter as is written to all cranks by "competent authority." The effort of the letter is to stifle and smother, to halt independent inquiry by making it appear valueless—a "waste of time."

B. J. S. Cahill was not the man to be stifled or smothered. He sent his butterfly map abroad—to Scotland, England, France and elsewhere. Today he is honored by many savants for conceiving the projection. On August 22, 1937, only 28 years after the authoritative dismissal, the map was reproduced by Ripley in his "Believe It or Not" cartoon, so you see Mr. Cahill is really coming on! But the butterfly projection has not supplanted the monstrosity created by Mercator in atlases and school texts, although every navigator, surveyor or teacher of geography will warn you that Mercator's projection does not present a correct picture of the earth's surface within thousands of miles! Mr. Cahill's map is accurate to within a few feet or even inches—if, of course, Earth is an oblate spheroid, and there seems to be no official doubt of that. ●

## STUDY OF COLLEGE CRIBBAGE

**Any dope can memorize Latin conjugations for an exam, whereas it takes a really brilliant student to figure out a new and foolproof way to cheat. Photography, psychology, and sheer stockings are utilized by the new-way cribbers. Cleaning your glasses is one way to jog a failing memory or a blank mind. Only one professor found the perfect system for foiling them all.**

BY JAMES F. SCHEER



All your irregular Spanish verbs on your wristwatch

**B**ETWEEN sips of beer and bites of the hamburger sandwich, the boys "bull-session" about the student who tinkered for a few days inventing the "dummy watch" system of cheating rather than learn to conjugate his Spanish verbs.

With a semester's average slightly above failing, he knew he would have to "crib" if he wanted to pass; so he removed the intestines of his pocket watch, installed a small spool and connected it with the stem. On the spool he wound a tiny scroll bearing all the "tough" verb conjugations from *aprender* down through the alphabet.

Seated in the back of the room, he consulted his watch often, turning the stem and copying the necessary information. On the basis of his excellent exam paper his semester grade was raised to a "B."

Now the "dummy watch" method has gone professional. A student at a large eastern university manufactures wrist watch models for \$35 apiece. Clients are glad to pay the price, for

they understand what a difficult and tedious task it is to record a semester's outline of physics, or any other subject, on a tiny stroll. Because he practices the fine-brush technique, he can squeeze far more information in a limited space than can a penman or printer.

Most colleges and universities have at least one proctor who is suspicious that every exam-writer beneath the sweep of his eye is trying to cheat. When a certain instructor became particularly objectionable in this respect, a brilliant student in the class decided to cure him once and for all.

An important six weeks test came on the first day of April. Pencil in hand, the student kept looking at a watch held in the other. Eager to catch someone "cribbing," the instructor bounded down the aisle and pulled the watch from the fellow's hand. His face reddened like a ripe tomato when he saw the words written on the crystal: "April Fool."

Even that didn't end it. Within a

few minutes the student was again glancing slyly at the timepiece. Thinking the prankster had played the trick as a part of "cribbing" strategy, the proctor hurried back to investigate.

Written on the crystal was: "Fooled Again."

No matter how sound a "cribbing" system may be in theory, it sometimes slips up in practice, as a lazy student of physical geography found. Certain that knowledge of rainfall statistics in the various climate zones from tropical to polar would be necessary, he prepared accordingly. On the night before the final exam, he shaved clean a rectangle of skin on the calf of his leg and spent two hours inking in the complete data.

Next day in the exam room, the "cribber" chose a seat against the back wall. Two of his classmates, in the know, acted as shields by sitting at his left and right. No one would be able to see him pull up his trouser leg and copy.

When the mimeographed exam sheets were passed out, his confidence disappeared. Both shielders turned toward him, grinning. The rainfall questions had been omitted from the examination.

Since ink is too hard to wash off, bare leg system has been revised. A small sheet of paper, slipped around the calf and held in place by two rubber bands, contains the contraband information.

The girls, too, use their legs to get around difficult examinations. A co-ed who had difficulty memorizing poetry wrote excerpts from Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* on a sheet of paper and slid it across her thigh under one of her sheer stockings. She had parts of *Paradise Lost* under the other. Seated in an obscure corner, she pulled her dress above the "crib" notes and wrote perfect answers to the memory questions.

"True and false" or "yes and no" tests offer opportunities for mass cheating.

Sometimes a whole row of students can make perfect scores on their "true and false" questions by pre-arranged signals with a brilliant classmate who is willing to co-operate. It is a simple system. The brains-of-the-scheme raises his right foot for "true" and his left for "false." There are a few variations. A pencil tilted to the right means "yes" and tilted to the left, "no." Nods of the head, too, can indicate the same thing.

A co-ed who dislikes having to remember anything but week-end dates writes famous years in history on the crystal of her man-sized wristwatch with grapefruit juice.

To eliminate the hand-cramping work of writing tiny words and figures on small sheets of paper to be held in his palm during the exam, a chemistry student worked out his campaign in a more modern manner.

He wrote the most difficult formulae on a blackboard and photographed them all on one exposure. He then had the picture reduced in size to fit the palm of his hand.

Glasses not only help a student's vision, but the case in which they come can aid his memory. After studying the question sheet, he removes the small cloth from the case and cleans his glasses while referring to the crib-sheet within.

Not long ago a psychology student evened the score with an instructor who had accused him of cheating consistently throughout the semester.

Shortly after the blue-books for the final test had been passed out, the suspected student eased a scrap of paper from the pocket of his suit coat and glanced stealthily at it.

The instructor saw him and started forward. "Give me that paper!" he demanded. The student handed him the slip: "Is it true you were secretly married on December 4th?"

A "cribber" at a large mid-western university perfected what he calls the "lavatory system." Before entering the exam room, he thumb-tacked an outline of his American History course on the inside of a lavatory booth in the building. He posted a friend at the door to guard against its possible occupancy.

Then he went to write his test. Scribbling down the answers to all the questions he knew, he suddenly waved a hand in the air, holding his stomach with the other.

The proctor accompanied his student to the lavatory. Remaining in the booth long enough to find the answers he wanted, the student went back with enough knowledge to finish his paper satisfactorily.

One way for a poor student to pass a test is not to take it at all.

Rather than fail the course, a substitute is hired. Rates are usually \$5 and up. Of course, the trick can work only in large examination rooms in which five or six quiz section groups have gathered to take their exams. The proctors collect the papers at the door. The professional exam-taker is careful to hand the completed paper to someone other than his employer's instructor.

But the dangers do not end with turning in the paper. A student who took his best friend's mechanics exam will testify to that. During the heat of answering questions, he phrased his ideas too well, made too few mistakes, and failed, in spots, to imitate his friend's penmanship. The corrector of the tests read the paper and was suspicious. It couldn't have been the work of the person whose name was attached to it. He compared the handwriting and exposed the trick.

Rather than pace the aisles to keep his students from "cribbing" on the exam, a cagey professor at a west coast university solved the old problem in a new way.

After passing out the test questions, he walked out of the room. Asked why he was loafing in the halls, he answered:

"I'm giving a final examination."

"Aren't you afraid the students will exchange answers?"

"No. I turned in their grades yesterday," he laughed. ●



*It's easier to be right than bright if you follow the leader whose left foot up means "false" on "true-or-false" questions in exams*



*The lone wolf with his own problems finds a calf as handy as a pony when tables of figures are needed in a tough physics quiz*



*Shakespeare under silk solves plenty of literary posers for co-eds and helps fellow-students relax in the midst of a grueling exam*

## BUMBLING HOOSIER SENATOR



He told his friends he talked too much and then proved it

**Sherman Minton, No. 1 in the Senate's galaxy of vocable bumlbers, can't resist sounding off. So when he sounded off on propoganda in the news, organized newspaper publishers roared with public rage and rocked with private glee, and friends of the New Deal shuffled in pained silence. Such injudicious lack of poise has probably killed the voluble Hoosier's great dream—to be a Federal judge.**

BY MICHAEL FROST

ONE noon several weeks ago a small group including Sherman Minton, tall, dark, junior Senator from Indiana was gathered around a table in the Senate dining room.

The conversation turned to Senate personalities and the name of one member, distinguished principally for the fact that he rarely makes a speech, bobbed up.

"Perhaps he's smart in keeping his mouth shut," observed Minton. Then wryly added: "I sometimes think I talk too much and would be far better off if I didn't sound off so frequently."

The others in the group nodded solemn agreement, but 30 minutes later Minton was engaged in a verbal brawl. And to make the incident more ludicrous it was a vocal battle with Rush Holt in which Minton need never to have participated, because the West Virginian was leveling his guns at Joe Guffey's domination of the incompetent Bituminous Coal Commission.

Psychologists probably have a medical term for this disease in which the victim suffers from an acute form of intoxication with his own voice. It is

a common Congressional ailment which claims as its own approximately 98% of the members, but in Minton's case it is much more virulent and as a result his vocal cords lead him into scrapes in which his brain refuses to follow.

Because of this emotional inability to refrain from "sounding off" he has become a "newspaper hater" and thus the target of one of the most bitter editorial barrages in many years.

In the past few weeks editors have characterized his mind as "an arid wasteland," and have accused him of "malodorous stupidities" and similar sins.

But back of all this is a compelling motive—a frantic and so far apparently ineffectual attempt to assure for himself a place on the Federal Bench through captivating the administration by lashing out at its critics.

So with that awkwardness which has won for him the unenviable title of "Administration Blunderbuss" he recently capped all of his previous ineptitudes by introducing a bill which would fine and imprison any publisher

and editor who printed anything as "a fact" which is known to be false.

No one will deny that there is a sound basis for charging that most of the American newspapers are unfair in their attitude toward the present administration, but even the loudest apologists for the New Deal would hesitate at so drastic a step. Yet Minton rushed in where anyone else would dread to tiptoe.

Thus there have been turned upon him not only the guns of the conservatives, but also of the liberals who up to now have suffered him in silence only because of his unswerving loyalty to the administration program.

To make the incident even more puerile, he issued a statement four days later that he had "no intention at all" of seeking consideration of the measure. He apparently was just playing "boogie man" to scare the opposition publishers.

All this is indicative of the emotional instability which moves him to instant and unthinking wrath at any criticism, personal or political.

But he is easiest roused to anger by an attack upon the administration which he patiently supplicates for the judicial appointment upon which is pinned all of his hopes. It is Minton who first bleeds when an arrow is shot at the New Deal. It is he who suffers most when some slighting reference is made to its policies.

Those acquainted with his background and his thinking know that this is not the result of any deep-seated convictions regarding the liberal ideal, but because he is in the parlance of the prize ring "an easy bleeder."

A small town lawyer whose duty in the Senate is to smooth the way for the nomination of High Commissioner Paul McNutt for the presidency in 1940, Minton also suffers from the insatiable urge of every other small town lawyer to some day grace the Federal Bench.

The Hoosier is the amazement of his colleagues—as well as their annoyance. No matter how badly he is verbally cuffed by Wheeler, Borah, Connally, Bailey or even the phlegmatic, tedious Ed Burke, Minton inevitably bobs up for another round. In some respects he is as tireless as the late Huey Long.

Politically, Minton was a nonentity in Indiana until late in 1933 when because of his American Legion association with Governor McNutt and the others of the inner circle, he was appointed to the newly created position of Public Counselor for the State Public Service Commission.

Although the McNutt group had named him to the state job, they thumbed him down as a Senate possibility because they felt that "Shay was too light" to successfully build the Governor into a national figure.

But while these would-be king makers were toying with other and "heavier" possibilities, Pleas Greenlee, Secretary to the Governor, who was fond of Minton, went to work laying the groundwork for his nomination.

It was a comparatively easy task.

Greenlee was the state patronage dispenser. Every state job including those under the then Civil Works Administration was at his disposal; and in addition there was the Hoosier Democratic Club which he had helped to create and to which every state employe either contributed two per cent of his monthly wage "or else—"

Through this patronage power it was inevitable that Minton would be nominated in a convention in which most of the delegates either are directly or indirectly susceptible to payroll pressure.

Yet it took four ballots to put Minton over in spite of the fact that nothing was left undone in his behalf. The State Public Service Commission even held up an announcement of a reduction in utility rates until the day before the balloting in order to swing consumer opinion to him.

Minton defeated the unpopular Republican-Klan Senator, Arthur Robinson, by a bare majority of 50,000 votes. It is a "bare majority" compared with the smashing 208,000 vote defeat administered Senate Leader James E. Watson only two years before by Frederick Van Nuys.

Minton maintained the obligatory silence for only a few months preceding the heckling of Huey Long—but from then on he went oratorically berserk.

The loudness of his advocacy of the Rooseveltian program won him the favorable attention of Hugo Lafayette Black, at that time the Senate's official flagellator of malefactors of great wealth and loud-voiced advocate of liberalism—except when it applied to anti-lynching legislation.

Thus it was but natural that when Black introduced his resolution asking for the appointment of a committee to investigate lobbying, that he obtained the designation of Minton and Schwellenbach, of Washington State, to the group.

Minton saw in it a publicity-rich opportunity to break a lance against the enemies of the New Deal and thus further his own ambitions.

There is no one who will deny that the committee's success in unveiling the methods used in flooding the Senate with telegrams against the utility holding company bill was an excellent piece of public service and Minton capitalized upon this to the fullest extent in order to win a reputation as a devoted liberal.

His opportunity to take the center of the stage came when the Hearst newspapers attacked the committee's action in seizing the records of the telegraph companies which brought to light the ruthless control exercised over the editorial policies of his newspapers by the Satrap of St. Simeon; and Minton voluntarily became the official defender of the probers' practices. It also seemed a heaven-sent opportunity to haul over the coals one of the New Deal's most obstreperous critics.

But Shay never leaves anything undone. He replied not only once, but four times to the fulminations in the

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Keeper of the Bees

Hearst Press. In one of these perorations he stated that "Hearst has a peculiar code of ethics. He runs his newspapers on the same high plane upon which he runs his private life."

No one in the Senate saw fit to challenge this statement except Senator Copeland, and the Doctor's umbrage is readily understood when it is remembered that his syndicated health column is distributed by the Hearst organization.

In fact no one in the Senate cares who attacks Hearst because there never has existed any perceptible amount of respect or fear for him or his journals and Minton was secretly cheered on.

But these are only sidelights on the career of an embryonic jurist. Minton soon was called upon to sacrifice his vocal cords in a greater cause. With the boundless enthusiasm of harassing ambition and with his eyes fixed intently upon the Federal Bench, he seized upon the presentation of the President's proposal to increase the Supreme Court as the eagerly awaited opportunity.

"After all," as he pointed out to a friend, "didn't I advocate unpacking the Supreme Court with my speech in January of 1936 in which I attacked the Court's decision declaring the Agricultural Adjustment Act unconstitutional?"

This was his cause. His battle. Minton plunged right into the middle of it. The Senate and the air waves resounded with his defense of the bill. He tirelessly sought to hold intact the steadily dwindling administration forces, importantly buttonholing Senators and whispering admonitions in their unwilling ears.

Even to the last he was confident of victory and one of the stories told at that time was that when it seemed that everyone knew the battle lost, a White House aide called upon him to compare notes regarding the disaffection in the ranks.

"It's all over," conceded the aide sadly.

"Who told you that?" snarled Minton in his best Staff Captain manner.

"Why, Bob LaFollette. I've just left his office."

"And who in the hell ever said that LaFollette knew what the Democrats are going to do?" demanded Minton.

But apparently LaFollette knew. For just 13 days after Minton had engaged in a running fire of debate in his defense of the bill, his own voice was lifted to vote "aye" upon sending it back to the committee to meet its irrevocable death.

A gasp of astonishment went up from the floor and a burst of laughter from the galleries when this bitterest of the bitter-enders voted to kill the bill while his close friends, Schwollenbach and Guffey, at least were consistent and voted against recommitment.

Minton, however, shrugged off the criticism of this outstanding bit of inconsistency. He was following Barkley, the Senate leader, and Barkley

was obeying the White House dictum of gracefully acquiescing to the bitter inevitable.

After all, Federal judgeships are the gift of the President and you don't get to wear the robe if you refuse to obey its source.

For a time it appeared as if Minton's unquestioning fidelity and tireless oratory would be rewarded with the honor for which he so avidly longed.

To his bitter disappointment the first vacancy on the bench was awarded to Black; and although he received prominent mention when Justice Sutherland resigned, he had to stand silently by and see the place bestowed upon Stanley Reed.

After the Black incident the President couldn't take the risk of offering a nominee tinged with the same demagogic brush.

Resigned to the thought that he wasn't destined for the highest Court, Minton hoped that he would be selected for the next in importance, the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals.

But the cream of the jest came when Walter Treanor, whom he had endorsed perfunctorily for the Supreme Court as a mere political gesture was named to this vacancy.

It was a bitter pill to swallow, but he smiled grimly and hoped that the next would be his.

There are several factors which militate against Minton's selection. Among these are his subservience to the McNutt machine which is viewed with disfavor by those near the throne. No king likes to see a possible heir pushing himself too rapidly to the fore.

In addition the sincere liberals still view Minton with suspicion. They cannot help but recall his thick silence when McNutt earned the title of the "Hoosier Hitler" by sending troops into Terre Haute and Sullivan County to quell the strikers and then maintained unnecessary martial law there for months after the disturbances had been quieted.

Minton, however, appears entirely oblivious to liberal criticism of the Terre Haute affair, just as he affects to laugh off the sending of a letter to the Revolutionary General Arthur St. Clair, who has been dead for more than 118 years.

It was a ludicrous error and merely displayed an ignorance of history, but it rankled so deeply that the newspaper man who first printed the General St. Clair piece received a profane tongue-lashing from Minton.

Minton got on the catching end again, when in accordance to orders from the McNutt leadership, he became the official host for the gargantuan "coming out" party for the Commissioner upon his recent visit to the Capitol.

Approximately \$4,000 was spent for the refreshments, both solid and liquid, and the party hit a new high in Washington history as a feast for strangers. Although invitations had been sent to all prominent officials, they were noticeable by their absence; and a horde of hungry and thirsty gov-

ernment clerks with little if any political prestige were the beneficiaries of this prodigal hospitality, hovering over the bountifully spread buffets and clustering around the bar like a host of seven-year locusts.

The affair, which was intended to launch McNutt upon the path to the Presidency, was received with grimaces of distaste by the administration leaders, who have little love for the tall, handsome Hoosier, and with great hilarity by the press.

What grieved Minton most of all was the absence of Justice Black, whose appointment he had defended upon the floor of the Senate and whose presence he had anticipated.

It now became evident to him that something must be done immediately to retrieve his fortunes and he cast frantically about for a vehicle.

He had one ready at hand in the Lobby Committee, to the Chairmanship of which he succeeded Black; and when the Senate was inundated with the thousands of telegrams protesting the passage of the innocuous reorganization bill, Minton borrowed a leaf from his predecessor and ordered an investigation.

Without checking facts or collecting data, he ordered Dr. Edward A. Rumely, head of Frank Gannett's ubiquitous and obnoxious Committee to Uphold the Constitution to appear before the probers and surrender all of his records and documents.

Rumely appeared but refused to yield any of the records of the organization which paid him \$1200 a month to direct its activities.

Upon advice of Elisha Hanson, attorney for the American Association of Newspaper Publishers, whose practice it is to shout "denial of a free press," like that of the little boy who constantly cried "wolf," Rumely defied the probers and thus Minton was denied the sensational details which he had anticipated would bolster his glimmering hopes.

Sour with disappointment, he secretly appealed to the Department of Justice for aid in compelling Rumely and Gannett to produce their records, but was told politely that there were no grounds upon which the Department could proceed.

The resultant cavalier behavior of Minton and Schwellenbach brought a barrage of newspaper criticism, and Minton, again the "easy bleeder" still smarting from the ridicule attending the "bankruptcy" plea, the letter to General St. Clair, the McNutt party and similar incidents became a "Newspaper hater."

He determined to wreak his revenge upon the entire press and seized upon the annual diatribe against radio adopted by the American Newspaper Publishers Association.

In this report the Publishers' Committee urged that the "present system of Federal licensing for a six-month period should be studied. . . . There is always the possibility that the short-term license makes the broadcaster unduly sensitive, if not subservient, to the administration in power."

The report then goes on by implication to point out how easy it would be to use the radio in this country as a means of setting up a dictatorship.

This, charged Minton, was a direct effort to "deny the President the right to sit down in front of the microphone in his own home and speak to the people." And after enumerating what he declared to be propaganda in the newspapers, introduced a bill providing a maximum \$10,000 fine and up to two years imprisonment for any publisher or his agent for printing as a fact anything known to be false.

Secretly many of the members of the Senate and the press gallery were sympathetic with Minton's accusations against biased newspaper articles but this sympathy turned to dismayed disgust when he introduced the bill.

Even those few newspapermen who had played along with Minton because of his staunch advocacy of administration proposals, were forthright in their condemnation and the Hoosier speedily learned that what had been hurled as a javelin was now a boomerang.

To his additional chagrin the Nazi papers approved of the bill; and so when a newspaperman suggested "Perhaps you would approve of censorship?" Minton countered with an irate: "Why not?" and then speedily asked that the remark be stricken.

Again it became necessary for him to find an emotional outlet so he summoned together the Lobby Committee and hailed before it Maurice V. Reynolds, publisher of *Rural Progress*, a magazine which has as its editor Dr. Glenn Frank, acting mahout of the Republican elephant.

Reynolds was questioned caustically about what Minton termed the magazine's anti-administration propaganda, but when Frank, as its editor, asked permission to make a statement regarding the magazine's policies, the Hoosier curtly and discourteously denied him the privilege.

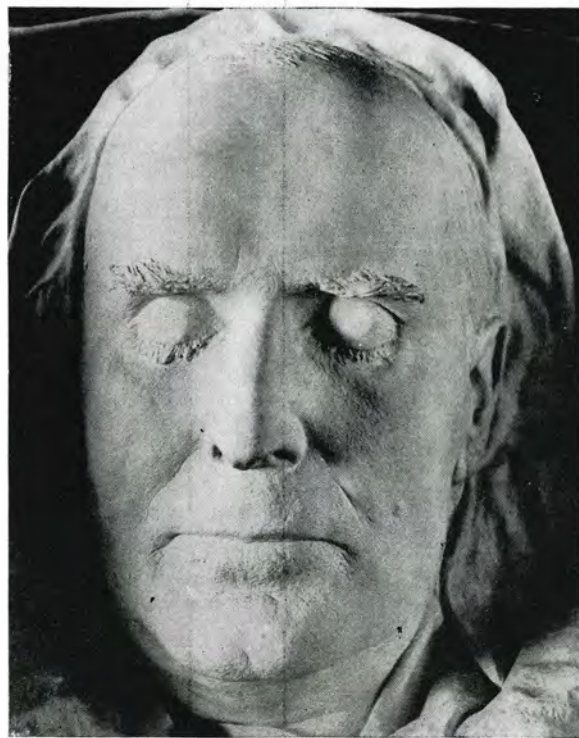
It was a prize boner. Frank merely walked into the corridor and told his story to the newspapermen the way he wanted it to get out—without the questioning or quizzing which would have been his lot if permitted to take the stand. As a result he got the headlines and Minton and the Committee the criticism.

Minton resorted to the radio to lash back at Frank, using as the lever to obtain the desired time, his potent membership on the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate which has control of all legislation affecting this medium.

His bumbling advocacy of the railroad lobbyists' long-and-short haul bill is palpably a desperate effort to atone for his past futilities and is part of the program he has charted out in his effort to again project himself into the running for a judicial appointment.

Whether this will prove successful or will be booted through his emotional inability to control his oratorical intoxication remains to be seen. But at the present time he stalks the Senate—another Cassius "wearing a lean and hungry look." ●

## IT HAPPENED EVERY 20 YEARS



Deathmask of William McKinley, the fated President

**Every President elected in the 20-year periods following 1840 has died in office. Harrison, elected in 1840, died a month after inauguration; Abraham Lincoln, elected in 1860, was shot; Garfield, elected in 1880, was shot; McKinley, elected in 1900, was shot; Harding, elected in 1920, died in office. What does Fate hold for the man elected in 1940?**

BY FRANCIS H. JOHNSTON

THE 20-year presidential death cycle is due again in 1940. If the fates continue their century-old habits, the next President will die in office.

How can this cyclical threat of death be explained? Perhaps devotees of occultism have ready answers. But cold recorded facts can not be denied. Some may lay this strange and fatal rhythm to accident. Whatever it is, it is real. In the past 100 years a President has died in office once every 20 years.

It started away back in 1840, with the election of William H. Harrison to the Presidency. Harrison died of pneumonia a month after his inauguration in 1841.

Abraham Lincoln was next. Elected to his first term in 1860, he was assassinated in 1865.

In 1880, James A. Garfield was elected to head the nation. Shortly

after his inauguration in 1881 he fell victim to an assassin's bullet.

William McKinley was re-elected to the Presidency in 1900, and the following year he was assassinated.

Twenty years after McKinley, Warren G. Harding was elected in 1920. In 1923 he died.

Each of these five men were victors in a Presidential election just 20 years apart. Each one died while still in office. Will that 20-year death cycle affect our next President? Will he, like the other five, die in office?

Whether that mysterious something has now run its course or will continue to strike down its Presidential victims no one knows.

Not until the man who is elected President of the United States in 1940 has served his term and returned to private life, will we know whether the 20-year Presidential death cycle has been broken. ●



corsair

The Finger Man

## SPIES BY INVITATION ONLY



The gold braid delegations have ruined the racket for the Mata Haris

**Elaborate etiquette rules official spy exchange. Military attachés expertly observe war maneuvers and actual wars by invitation. Army and Navy “language students” pass through customs unsearched, can send code messages, are immune to arrest. Except when they take that little extra peek into the host’s one forbidden hangar.**

BY CREIGHTON PEET

**O**F THE tens of thousands of spies and secret agents now over-running a tormented world, the most useful are a handful who wear neither crepe beards nor wigs nor quaint disguises. Their passports and letters of introduction are flawlessly authentic. They never lurk behind potted palms nor swim rivers clutching packets of secret orders in their teeth. They have no exotic lady members offering the conventional beautiful white body in return for the floor-plans of a new submarine.

Members of this select group, all of them gentlemen, move in the best society, drink the best wines and are invited to all the most important military and naval maneuvers, as guests of the government upon which they are spying. Everybody knows they are looking for confidential information because they have “spy” written all over them, occasionally even in beautiful gold braid, epaulettes and brass buttons. Technically these keen-eyed gentlemen are known as military or naval attachés. Usually they are high-ranking officers. They are stationed in the major embassies all over the world. They are supplemented oc-

asionally with military or naval observers who are invited to sit in on some special maneuver, a test of new apparatus, or even a war. Mussolini, for example, invited us to send two observers to the Ethiopian conquest. We did, one from the Army and another from the Navy. These officers were in addition to those regularly attached to the embassy in Rome. As a matter of custom we invite officers from a score of countries, including Japan, to watch the war games which go on all over the United States every summer.

The governments sending these attachés and observers hope they will find out as much as possible about the military and economic resources of the country in which they are placed. At the same time each government hopes that the foreign attachés visiting within its own boundaries will see as little as possible.

For attachés and their aides (known as “language students”) are always “exchanged.” Observers sent to special events are invited with a silent understanding that a similar courtesy will be returned in the future.

American attachés nearly always



have large personal fortunes, for their regular Army or Navy salaries (which they continue to receive while serving abroad) are not sufficient to enable them to entertain as they must. An attaché in one of the larger capitals should have a personal income of about \$10,000 a year to hold up his end. Some military attachés have access to a "secret fund," no accounting of which is ever asked for, with which they may buy information which cannot be got at first hand. It is vigorously denied that the United States has ever had any such fund. Great Britain is supposed to have one of the largest. Her regular appropriation for the secret service—all branches—is about one million dollars a year, but when sums from "special accounts" are added in, the total is believed to be nearer 15 million dollars. This includes the regular, standard espionage and counter-espionage activities. A good portion of the French fund is said to go to the support of Paris newspapers.

The Japanese people, probably the most spy-conscious on earth, are reported to have spent four million dollars on their secret service in 1934-5. Unquestionably a good portion of these vast slush funds is handed out as bribes, or used for the outright purchase of confidential information. Lesser government employees around the world are always poorly paid, and somewhere there is invariably one who will listen to reason. Czarist Russia, where nothing but bribery was understood, spent on its secret service the appalling sum of two million dollars *per month* for the first seven months of 1914. On the other hand one of Germany's most important spies in London at the outbreak of the War was a barber who received five dollars a month for acting as "letter box" (information collector) for the Fatherland's intelligence service.

As members of the ambassador's diplomatic household, military, naval, and even commercial attachés usually enjoy the privileges and immunities he does. These include "inviolability of prison," "immunity of domicile"—which extends to the hotel rooms or lodgings occupied by attachés, and "freedom of correspondence" which, by convention, extends to telegraphic communication in cypher. Members of a diplomatic corps are naturally exempt from local jurisdiction, civil or criminal.

They may send by envoys, or take with them when they travel sealed pouches containing any matter they choose. Historical developments have shown that these pouches and the personal luggage of diplomatic staffs (also exempt from any sort of customs inspection) have often contained written reports, photographs, and even samples of a new war material developed in the country they were visiting.

In theory these diplomatic pouches are inviolable, but when the secret service smells a rat—or when diplomatic relations are "strained," the international Emily Post rules are off. In September of 1915 U. S. agents ransacked the diplomatic correspond-

ence of Dr. Constantin Dumba, then Austro-Hungarian ambassador. He admitted he had suggested to his government plans to start strikes in American munitions plants. And there were Captains Karl Boy-Ed and Franz Von Papen, German naval and military attachés respectively, who were implicated by both Dr. Dumba's intercepted correspondence and their own letters and telegrams. They were also involved in passport frauds, and charged with attempting to cause a break between England and the U. S. When Washington had the facts the German Imperial Government was informed that these attachés "were no longer acceptable to this Government." Boy-Ed and Von Papen returned to Germany, and to a promotion in rank for their fine work.

Other official representatives who have a good chance to examine a country's military methods are the foreign students found in almost all military academies. Here in the United States there are nearly always one or more student officers from South America, China, Japan, Greece, etc., etc., in each of such institutions as West Point, Annapolis, The Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, and the War College in Washington. And for nearly 30 years a delegation of American cavalry officers studied every year in Saumur, France's great equestrian school. At the close of the War there were 600 foreign officers studying in French military schools and regiments.

In company with all the other great powers the United States has increased its diplomatic staff enormously since the War. At the present time the *U. S. Army List & Directory* shows we have some 64 attachés serving all over the world.

Belgium is a sort of international spy headquarters, even supporting, some say, regular spy schools. Naturally this is also a good spot for military attachés and observers. There is probably no better spot from which to watch a collision than the middle of the track.

Of U. S. Navy and Marine Corps attachés, numbering about 49, many are studying in foreign schools.

Attachés are also sent to small South American or Central European countries first, to flatter them, second to keep an eye on their diplomatic sympathies and their raw materials.

As the attaché visits offices, encampments, airfields and navy yards he must keep a weather eye out for new planes or tanks shrouded under tarpaulins, or reports left carelessly on desks. He must be charming and gracious to the general's wife, canny with his pretty daughter, and appear indifferent when the officer conducting the foreign visitors to the maneuvers says that unfortunately this is as far as they may proceed. Of course there is always one hangar which is not opened, one gun which is not taken apart for inspection and one drawerful of detail which is kept locked. The visitor can only smile pleasantly and say that of course, of



Covered Wagon—1938 Model



Century of Progress

course he understands. He does, but if the slightest opportunity offers he unquestionably—but entirely unofficially—inspects everything he can. He understands the significance of details which mean nothing to the civilian. The size, weight, shape or composition of any piece of equipment is revealing. In this respect he is infinitely more valuable than a regiment of civilian spies posing as old market women, newsboys or beggars. Moreover he does not have to worm his way into high places as a waiter, a telephone repair man or a school teacher. He walks right in by the front door.

**D**ESPITE the sinister machinations of spy "rings" reported in the newspapers, there are actually very few peacetime military secrets these days.

What with munition makers selling identical machines to any country with cash or credits, and the vast extension of printed and pictorial news, there is very little a general staff can not find out just by keeping its eyes open. What remains hidden is eventually unearthed by specialists, the attachés—not William Powell or Greta Garbo.

Some items made in government plants may retain exclusive features for a period, but not long after they have been thoroughly publicized in the rotogravures and flown halfway round the world on good-will flights.

But the fact that there are few military secrets these days does not mean that the beautiful legend of secrecy has disappeared. The common citizen is still clapped in the cooler if he is found taking pictures of forbidden shorelines, planes, or navy yards. The newspapers gloat over the "secrecy" surrounding war games, which they proceed to describe in detail for a column or more. This is followed up the next day by another story usually beginning, "High Naval officials further lifted the veil of secrecy today . . ." By the end of the week the high dignitary in question appears more in the role of a Gypsy Rose Lee, divesting himself a fact at a time of all secrecy. Yet even the last headline will read, "Secret war games end." Traditions die hard in newspaper offices.

The actual major sources of military intelligence are: First of all newspapers and newsreels, magazines and books. Oldest and best established of the latter is Janes' *Fighting Ships*, a 500-page volume which has been issued annually in London for the past 38 years. After thumbing through 45 pages of death-dealing advertising the reader finds photographs, drawings, statistical tables, and black "recognition silhouettes" of every type of vessel but those still in construction. These are described but briefly. Also included are biographies of some of the more ancient craft the great powers have palmed off on their smaller brothers in Southern Europe and America. Some boats change nationality two or three times before

they rust apart. More recently the League of Nations Armament Year Book has started competing with Janes', and is considered more authoritative by some. Similar volumes are published in many other countries.

But war nowadays is not simply a matter of guns. Infinitely more important are raw materials, the experiments in progress in chemical laboratories, and the productivity of a country's factories. Fifteen or 20 subscriptions to the world's leading commercial and technical publications will keep any general staff informed on background material. The number, location and productivity of all mines, forests, oil wells and factories may be noted by any tourist or commercial traveler.

There are some four other agencies on which an army relies for military intelligence. There are the military and naval attachés and observers indicated. Then there are army and navy reserve officers traveling about the world, sometimes on specific missions, sometimes just going about with their eyes open. They are in civilian dress and carry no credentials other than their passports. They do, however, turn in written reports on matters they consider important.

Next come free-lance spies and sabotage agents, frequently but a grade or two above the criminal type. Many of the sabotage agents who will be useful in the next war are at this moment in the world's jails. They sell their secrets to the highest bidder—often selling them twice. At times when business is dull they are not at all above forging imaginary "secrets." Governments deal with them at their peril.

Finally there are the wartime spies celebrated by Hollywood and Alfred Hitchcock, who are sent after specific information about troop movements, new inventions, and the enemy's morale. These are usually civilians residing or traveling in the occupied territory, or behind the lines. They include a certain percentage of patriots, but the majority are usually adventurers. The pay is usually extremely poor, so that many end up by taking money from both sides. As for the exotic *femme fatale* of fiction, she is just that—fiction.

Very often spies working for one country are nationals of still a third, just to relieve suspicion.

Of all these agencies, the most effective remain the attachés. Provided they mind their manners, they are seldom in difficulties, and there have been very few instances when neither diplomatic immunity nor international good manners could prevent acts of violence.

Every few months documents disappear, plans are copied, and formulae are passed from hand to hand in all the great capitals of the world—while rarely, very rarely do any of these events ripple the white starched surface of international diplomacy. Gentlemen and officers all, they leave the dirtier, bloodier details, like fighting wars, to simple folk like you and me. ●

# THE KEN STOP-WATCH

**Fast-flying amateur. From racket to drumstick. Tennis pro circuit in the making. Joe Louis, Inc.'s, stockholders. Man Mountain for solon. Fingerprints for caddies.**

BY HERB GRAFFIS



Three runs in five days; no wonder Glenn looks tired

**G**LENN CUNNINGHAM, the marvelous miler of Kansas, recently ran three A. A. U. sanctioned events in five days, one of which was on a tanbark track as a feature of a horse show. Another was between periods of a soccer game. Glenn had to fly from Kansas to Los Angeles in order to appear as an added attraction at the soccer match. None of these three Cunningham performances came near to his usual standard.

There's plenty that doesn't fit into the avowed principles of the A. A. U. in that crowded schedule for Cunningham.

Maybe it's part of a plan to cope with unemployment. The A. A. U. will have to hire extra people to man the Cunningham event Sanction Department at the rate Glenn has been worked.

Bobby Riggs and Gene Mako, youthful tennis stars, are among the wackiest of the swing music fans.

On the slightest provocation—or on none at all—either one of the young men will bound from seats in cafés, snatch sticks from drummers, and begin volleying. They're good at it, too.

Watch and see what happens to Max Wilson, a southpaw youngster who pitches for the Oak Ridge (N. C.) Military Institute. In a game

against Wingate Junior College Wilson struck out 25 of the batters who faced him. Another batter fouled to the third baseman and the remaining batter to face Wilson grounded out. Oak Ridge 8; Wingate 0.

Wilson previously fanned 24 batters while pitching for the Burlington (N. C.) High School. He was one of six American boys sent to England for baseball promotion last summer and while there won 15 games and lost none for Hull, Eng.

(Pix on Pgs. 64-65)

Leslie Pawson, winner of the Boston A. A. marathon in 1933 and this year lost seven and one-half pounds during the 26-mile, 385-yard, trot.

(Pic on Pg. 66)

Clarence DeMar, veteran star of the race, finished in seventh place, which isn't doing badly for a man who will be 50 years old June 7. DeMar is a teacher at Keene Normal school and runs the two and one-half miles between his home and the school, four times a day.

Tennis professionals hope they'll soon have a tournament circuit resembling that of the golf C.O.D. players. They've engaged Robert Harlow, veteran promoter of pro golf to survey the situation.

Winter tours of the all-star tennis troupers have netted respectable for-

tunes for those with national and international reputations gained at Forest Hills and Wimbledon, and haven't done badly by the supporting casts of the shows. Vinnie Richards, who with Tilden and Suzanne Lenglen, put the tennis tour business into high finance, got approximately \$200,000 for his showy services. Tilden did better than that, and batted his money around with careless placements. Savings banks have never won a game from Tilden.

Lesser known, but highly competent, professional tennis players have gazed with awe at the fiscal results of the Vines-Perry tour conducted by Jack Harris. The youngsters (and many of the older pro experts) see in the Vines-Perry figures an indication that pro tennis does well almost regardless of general business conditions.

Observing the pro golf tournament situation the tennis pros saw many prominent and affluent golfers who never had won national titles but were able to turn in pretty reports to the income tax authorities. Harry Cooper, Horton Smith and Henry Picard, among the noted golfers, haven't a national title in the United States and Great Britain between them, but they are nicely fixed with a satisfactory substitute for glory. Approximately 40 sectional golf tournaments a year, affording prize money opportunities and frequent publicity, explains the large roster of nationally known pro golfers, and the comparatively small group of persistently publicized tennis pros. At least, that's the way many of the skilled tennis performers look at the matter.

One reason the tennis pros believe that they can build up a circuit drawing more prize money than the golf pros' \$200,000 a year, is that the tennis competitions can be viewed by spectators who are accustomed to restraining their athletic wear-and-tear to the bosom of the pants.

The American public numbers millions of self-designated sportsmen who endorse the tennis pros' idea about the attractive gate possibilities of another sedentary sport.

One of the most frequently ballyhooed American "sportsmen" happens to be a man who hasn't made an athletic motion since he got out of prep school. From sitting in ringside, 50-yard-line, and box seats, they say he has acquired more callouses on his stern than a giant California redwood has rings.

But each callous is *pour le sport*.

(Pix on Pg. 67)

What internationally famous golf professional and what beautiful Junior Leaguer are going to join hands in an interlocking grip better than the clutch old Harry Vardon invented? The columnists missed one when they didn't bat out that what-stuff when Horton Smith and Barbara Bourne were discovered in Bermuda in springtime when love was blooming in all its splendor, etc., etc.

Miss Bourne is daughter of the A.

S. Bourne of town houses and country places in the best spots. Her daddy has so very, very much that he can afford to wear his old clothes and no questions asked. But he is one of the dapper, real sportsmen. Singer sewing machines was where Bourne got it. He's retired now and can hammer out a golf score in the high seventies almost any day during his spare time.

The Smith-Bourne affair has been going through the coy stage of those "Oh, you're wonderful" looks for two years. Smith, in addition to being highly proficient at his trade of journeyman pro golfer, is the No. 1 young man in the Blue Book of gentlemen athletes—pro or amateur. The Bourne heiress is one of the top class of women players.

(Pic. on Pg. 68)

In Cleveland (O.) where the municipal recreation department has been finger-printing sandlot baseball players for some years as a reliable means of identification and protection against ringers in competition, the finger-printing practice has spread to golf caddies.

The city safety department is cooperating. A few tough youngsters who got messed up in criminal enterprises were responsible for the introduction of finger-print registration.

Everything will be O.K. until the caddies insist on getting finger-prints of the players who hire them, and refusing to lift a bag until J. Edgar Hoover wires the boys it's O.K.

Man Mountain Dean has come out from behind his whiskers to stand as a candidate for the Georgia general assembly.

Dean fortified himself against financial troubles by his histrionic labors on the mat and in the movies.

He now has two great qualifications as a politician; he can afford to be in politics, and is one of the nation's most artistic in viewing with alarm.

There is talk that Joe Louis has more shareholders than the A. T. & T. or U. S. Steel, but such talk is only words. The Louis managers of record are Julian Black and John Roxborough. They also are very much his managers in fact. Wily, worldly-wise men of color are they, and by instinct and keen observation they have been able to wend their ways through the jungles of pugilism without tripping.

Mike Jacobs has the contract for Joe's appearances. As long as Mike has a competent headlock on the big fight business, and Julian and John play along, all that Joe Louis has to do is to think with his fists. That's fortunate because Louis, a quiet, good-mannered youth, is mentally qualified as a resident of a cabin in the cotton and not as one to be at home in the sophisticated, dark and vain surroundings bordering the ring.

Max Schmeling is owner and manager of Max Schmeling, although Joe Jacobs again will appear on the records as the Schmeling manager and will function in the usual valuable

manner when there are advantages to be gained by instant action on technicalities. It was Joe who jumped into the ring shrieking "foul" when Maxie was seated on the canvas grabbing at his belly and grimacing after Jack Sharkey had buried a fist into the Schmeling mid-section. Thus it was Joe who yelled Max into the heavy-weight title he once held.

It also was Joe who insisted that the bandage limitation, chiefly intended for lighter fighters, be observed strictly in the Schmeling-Louis fight. Louis has abnormal hands. The bandages proved inadequate and in the first round Joe painfully bruised a paw, thus badly handicapping himself in the Schmeling fight.

Although the manager's share of a fighter's winnings usually is 33⅓%, the best Joe Jacobs was able to get out of Schmeling for services rendered in the affair with Louis was 17½%, and then, so the insiders relate, only after Mike Jacobs had applied pressure. Max Machon, Schmeling's trainer, was cut in for another ten per cent. Giving down the total of 27½% still left Schmeling with a profit.

Schmeling bought the German rights to the Schmeling-Louis fight pictures for \$10,000 and is said to have grossed approximately \$1,000,000 on their showings in the Fatherland.

Max Buellow was Schmeling's manager when the Uhlan came to this country on his original trip. Details of the switch in Schmeling's "front" management from Buellow to Joe Jacobs are clouded by miasmatic mists, not infrequent in fight commerce. Gene Kessler, sage scribe of matters pugilistic, reminds one not to leap at the conclusion Schmeling did Joe Jacobs a foul and unparalleled injustice by short-changing Joe because Joe wasn't Ayrar. If Max Buellow had been able to hold on, he also probably would have wondered what had happened to his financial expectancies while Schmeling sailed away singing *Pfennig Uber Alles*.

"You clown too much," said irate Sixto Escobar, bantamweight champion, to Kayo Morgan, Escobar's conqueror in an overweight fight.

The Puerto Rican's criticism was made in a dressing room after the fight. Sixto emphasized his complaint by a bare-knuckled slug at Morgan's jaw. It was thought that Morgan's jaw was broken until an X-ray relieved the anxiety.

The idea of a good fight in the dressing rooms after the formal activities is one that will be welcomed by many fight promoters. It will give them a new set of premium seats to sell. The way the order now ranges is: working press, press, politicians' ringside, patrons' ringside, super ringside, de luxe ringside and ringside. Dressing room ringside should command first favor.

When Joe Louis was being expertly developed and taken by easy stages out of the amateur heavy-weight class, another young Negro

Golden Glove graduate was trying to come up the hard way.

The other one was Lorenzo Pack.

Three years as a pro has finished Pack. At Camden (N. J.) he was knocked out by Jersey Joe Walcott, in two minutes 44 seconds of the fourth round. Pack was floored for a nine count in the first round. In the fourth round the 21-year-old Detroit Negro was on the floor three times for "eight" tolls. There was no intervention from Jack Dempsey, the referee.

The fourth time Pack hit the floor in the final round, no count was needed. It was 15 minutes before Pack could be removed to the dressing room. No hospitalization was ordered for Pack, and after the show was over, a half-hour later, Pack was led from the hall, semi-conscious.

That's all you need to know about what is almost certain to happen when young boxers are forced and otherwise mishandled. The crime is getting as bad in amateur boxing as it is in the professional ring, despite some sincere efforts to protect the teen-age boys who perform in the great majority of amateur bouts.

College athletic authorities expect new attendance records at the I. C. A. A. A. track meet June 4-5, and the National Collegiate championships June 17-18. The hope is based on the big draw of last winter's indoor meets and the increasing publicity being given track and field meets.

Formerly the varsity athletic officials had to be content with hope of records made by the athletes, not the spectators.

Frequency of knee injuries in football, is the result of youngsters starting in perambulators, switching to scooters, and graduating to automobiles; says Jeff McCord, athletic director of Emory University.

He further remarks that star football players now are coming from the farms, mines and mills to displace the city-bred youngster who doesn't have legs conditioned to stand football's rigors.

It looks like the one chance the city kid has is to get himself a mailman's job as a preliminary to becoming an All-American nominee.

Mountain climbing is becoming a popular sport in the rugged state of Washington.

If you are able to master the lexicon of the real onward-and-upward pastime, the rest of it ought to be easy.

Here are some of the items in the climbers' lexicon:

Gite—a shelter for a bivouac.

Kletter schube—shoes with felt or rope soles for rock climbing.

Reepschnur—a safety rope, ¼ inch in diameter.

Sastrugi—wavy ridges, three or four feet high, formed on a level surface by wind action.

Scree—a heap of rocky debris.

Scram—what you do when you slip and aren't tied to a companion.

A taxicab transporting Claude Jonnard, manager of the Shreveport team of the Texas league ran over a black cat en route to the ball park.

The score: Taxicab 9; Black Cat 0.

After which Jonnard's team won its first game in the league schedule following nine consecutive defeats.

If you want some laughs watch for the superstitions of athletes. Most superstitious of all, probably, are not the baseball players but the women amateur golf stars.

Only a few women golfing stars have the temerity to change their costumes in a tournament until they've been defeated. Cute little Patty Berg, for the second time the sensation of the Florida women's tournament season, wore a white sweater during her string of triumphs until it was the gray and yaller of Tobacco Road.

The laundryman should pass out educational pamphlets to the girls.

Byron (Whizzer) White, University of Colorado versatile All-American athlete and a high ranking student at the school, is debunking athletics in addresses to service clubs and high school youngsters.

"We all swallow the myth in athletics—read the headlines and beat ourselves on the chest—but do we stop to think why?" asks the Whizzer in his examination of the fellow citizens' belief that Americans are a race of super-athletes.

The bright young man also said that while we continue to pride ourselves that we are the supermen of muscle we withhold criticism of the Germans for their susceptibility to Hitler propaganda myths.

From those remarks it can be deduced that Master White is hastening the exposé of a pet old myth; the notion that all star athletes are somewhat deficient intellectually.

Night baseball owes the Kansas City Monarchs, Negro team, much credit for giving the nocturnal version of the game a successful introduction. J. L. Wilkinson, white owner of the team, worked out portable lighting equipment prior to 1930 when the Des Moines team in the Western League put the first stationary lighting outfit in a baseball park.

Football beat baseball in the night game field, but Wilkinson wasn't able to make much use of the football lighting ideas. He had to design most of his equipment.

Rogers Hornsby deserves the No. 1 position in baseball's Hall of Fame three times a day. He is the one responsible for the change from the former major league routine of allowing players \$3.50 a day for meal money on the road, to the present American plan of feeding at the ball club hotels.

Hornsby effected the change in 1925 with the Cardinals, of which

team he then was manager. Scarcely a Card was hitting his weight and the weight wasn't much because the laddies were restricting themselves to a hamburger, crock of java and a slab of pie, per meal, and sending the balance of the \$3.50 per diem grub stake back to the folks on the farm.

After the Cards' new deal with the menu was made the team fattened up and won the 1925 pennant.

The hotel men, if they establish a Hall of Fame, will award the star spot to the one of their group who now can invent a way to keep some of the free-handed major league eaters from gnawing away the \$3.50 daily allowance at breakfast.

Charles G. Hopton, who showed the first modern airedale in New York in 1896, prior to the time the breed had show classification, says the old airedale was the world's best sporting dog.

The airedale was developed as a retriever in England. Hopton is said to have brought the first of four breeds to the United States. The airedale, the Pekingese, the French bull and the toy bull were his importations. His first toy bulldog, L'Ambassador, won 100 first prizes in English dog shows.

Queen Victoria, according to Hopton, owned one of the first two Pekingese ever seen outside the Chinese royal palace walls. During a native uprising in 1864, British soldiers stole two of the breed, one of which was presented to the Victoria Regina. At least, that's Hopton's story.

What happened to the other Peke, the veteran dog fancier doesn't say. Maybe it had a casual love affair, like a sailor, and moved on, leaving the Queen's Peke concerned with the problem of autogenously producing canine symbols for the *New Masses'* cartoonists.

A gem for the hope chest is the Non-Sectarian League announcement that it will boycott the Louis-Schmeling fight June 22 unless Maxie agrees to turn over his share of the purse to the relief of German refugees. The declaration was made in the hope that Herr Max would join up as one of the prominent turner-overs, which is an empty hope.

Schmeling's record is unmarred by loss to a turning-over suggestion of a financial character. Joe Jacobs can prove that.

Fight picketing seems to be one of the most futile demonstrations of protesting idealists. Mike Jacobs will sell mostest of the bestest tickets by mail to business firms that buy in quantities. The Non-Sectarian League can't picket the U. S. mails. That's done only in Ohio. Seats toward the \$3.50 bottom of the scale probably will go close to a sell-out, just as the cheaper seats did at the Schmeling-Thomas fight at Madison Square Garden last winter. That was a briskly picketed affair, but the pickets mumbled so confusingly you had to stop and listen intently before you learned

whether the speech-making was being done by ticket scalpers or by anti-Nazi advocates.

Mike Jacobs kept eager and troubled hotel men of Chicago, Detroit and Philadelphia chasing rainbows until he decided to place the fight in New York because of his "obligations" to Gotham. His main and valid "obligations" are his convictions that the fight will draw 80,000 people and more than \$1,000,000 when held in the Yankee Stadium.

Dizzy Dean selling for \$185,000 to the Cubs represented an increase of \$184,700 over Dizzy's first sale price. The first transfer of Dean as a chattel involved an \$8 loss to the late Don Curtis, railroad fireman and spare-time ivory hunter. The story was dug up by Lloyd Gregory of the *Houston Post*.

Dizzy was pitching amateur base-

ball in San Antonio, Tex., when he was viewed by Curtis. Curtis invested \$8 in the best grade of prohibition drugstore whiskey and discussed the whiskey, national affairs and Dean with the amateur club's manager. The result was Dean signing a Cardinal contract on the advice of the amateur team's manager, who was full of \$8 whiskey and good advice. Dean got \$300 for writing his name on the papers. Curtis' expense account on the deal was nothing to the Cardinals because the fireman traveled on a railroad pass, and didn't dare think of itemizing "whiskey, \$8" on an expense account that Branch Rickey might see.

With Dean's arm now in bad shape, the Cubs ought to start looking for some of that prohibition whiskey to use as liniment. It used to do great things in making the boys feel loose and painless. ●

## INSIDE NEW YORK



Jed Harris—*Enfant terrible of Broadway and 42nd St.*

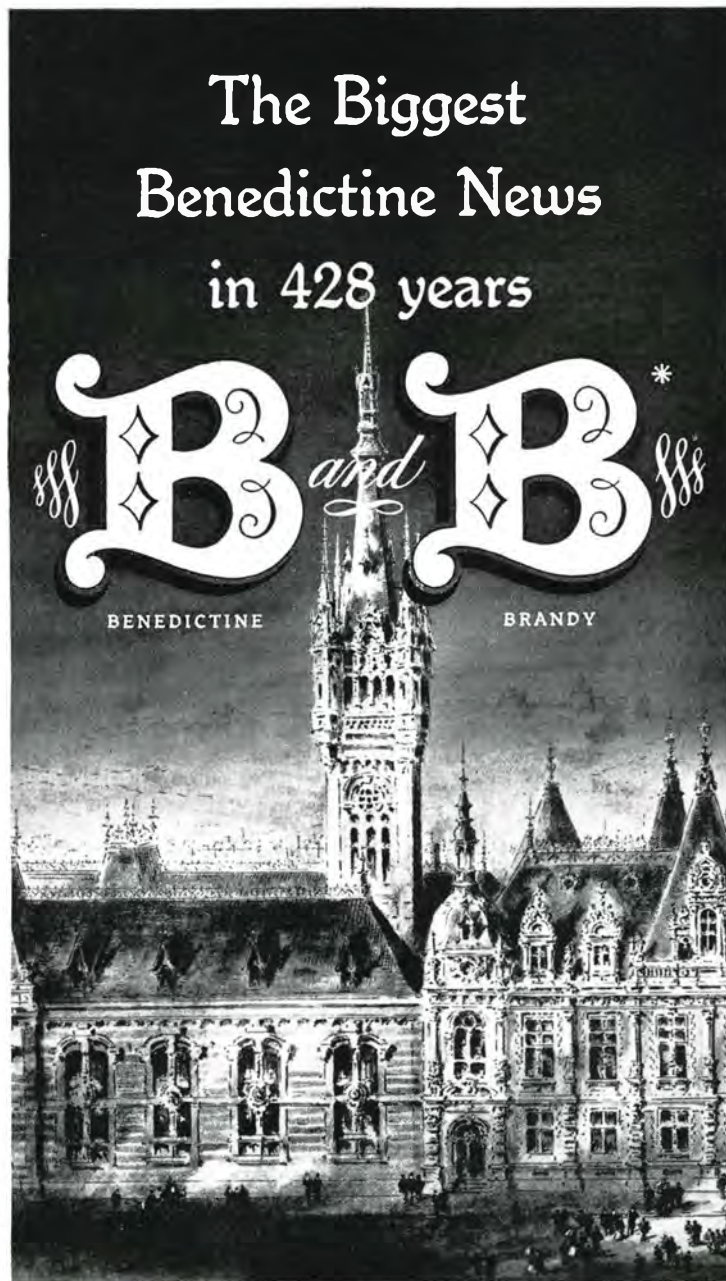
**He's magnificent, he's immortal, he's mad, he's a little wet. Jed Harris is also Broadway's most amazing producer—and the most retiring. He may retire again most any day.**

**BY SIDNEY CARROLL**

EVERY word he uttered from the bema of his producing offices swept like a desert sirocco up and down the streets of the theatre district and frightened the pigeons off the cornices of the Hotel Astor."

Those were words written by Brooks Atkinson in 1933, in his dramatic column of the *New York Times*, and he was referring to a gentleman known as Jed Harris. This same Mr. Harris has often been the inspiration for such ecstatic prose. No producer of our time has caused the critics of

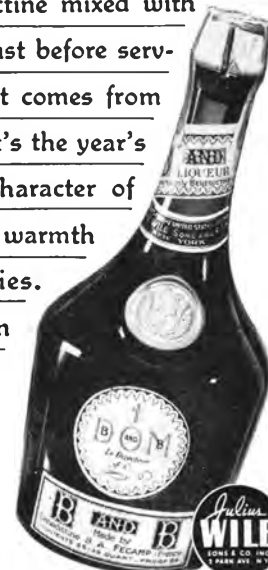
the drama to bark into their typewriters with such enthusiasm and at the same time with such skepticism. The tributes that have been poured so plentifully on Mr. Harris's head ever since 1925, when he produced his first play, must make him feel quite proud, and yet, perhaps, a little wet. Every tribute paid to Jed Harris somehow retains the tinge of mockery. Like the hosannas sung to Mr. Goldwyn—of the Goldwyn, or Midas, touch—the tributes admit in the same sentence that Jed Harris is a genius as well as



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a screwball. Even the little comments that appear in the theatrical news columns, the items that simply report on what he is doing or where he is, make it apparent that Mr. Harris is held in a peculiar kind of esteem by the gentlemen of the press. Here is the kind of thing they like to write about Mr. Harris:

"Jed Harris sails for London tomorrow—unless he changes his mind. That has been known to happen."

"Bets on what Mr. Harris will or will not do should always be fairly conservative."

"Having just gone back to London, Jed Harris—following his ancient custom—is coming right back."

"Jed Harris (to the consternation of his office staff) is in South Carolina shooting grouse."

Any Broadway producer who rates a single-line paragraph all by himself is an important producer, but if he inspires the anonymous authors of the theatrical news columns to become faintly jocose about his activities then he must be more important than usual. There can be no denying that Jed Harris is a great producer and director. His important productions speak for themselves: *Broadway, Coquette, The Front Page, The Royal Family, Serena Blandish, Uncle Van-ya, A Doll's House, Our Town*. This self-same season he wins the Pulitzer Prize with *Our Town*. He should have won it several times before.

A Jed Harris production sometimes brings some of the critics out in white tie and tails, and that happens to be a tribute accorded to very few other important producers.

But there is one thing that separates him from the rest of the tiny world of Broadway geniuses, and that is the Jed Harris legend. Everybody has a story about Jed Harris. Some of them are good. If they are true, they are good. His clothes, his food, his distaste for shaving, his constant travels, his hysterics and his quiet times, his pronouncements on the status of art and life—all these are well-known on Broadway. He is called the most inveterate long-distance phone caller in the legitimate theatre. He has retired twice "for all time" from the theatre. He hires and fires whole office staffs with unpredictable aplomb. He never goes to one of his own opening nights. He deserts the theatre for the cinema quite frequently, renouncing the legitimate in his wake. For a long time a three-day growth of stubble was his most distinguishing characteristic. He is the direct inspiration for at least one novel and at least three plays. But the most elusive facet on the whole Harris legend is the funny kind of skepticism with which he is always mentioned. He has proved his powers almost a dozen times but his Boswells still wink slyly when they praise him most. Brooks Atkinson, again, once put it this way: "That solemn rubric—'A Jed Harris Production'—has something more than a braggart's pretense about it. It is the hallmark of one of the most clairvoyant minds in the theatre." That is one of the nicest ribbons pinned on the Harris legend, but it leaves a taste—as usual. "Braggart" and "pretense" are

harsh words. The Jed Harris legend takes it for granted that its hero is braggadocio as well as clairvoyant, madman as well as genius, screwball as well as sacred cow. Harris is not the Sam Goldwyn of Broadway but he resembles the Caliph of California in one great respect: people speak of him with awe and irreverence in the same breath. That is the tempo of the Harris legend—to blow hot and cold about him in the same exhalation.

If by any chance Mr. Harris does not relish the notion that he is something of a curiosity on the street of curiosities then he made his own first mistake by being a boy wonder. That's what they called him for a long time—The Boy Wonder. It started perhaps—the boy wonder part of it and the first taste of stage stuff—when he played a violin in a saloon run by Bob Fitzsimmons. Harris was 15 at the time and his name was Horowitz. The next important step upward is vouchsafed for us by the authorities of Yale University; they assure us that Mr. Horowitz attended their school for three years, at which time he struck up an acquaintance with a student named Thornton Wilder. "I left," Harris once explained, "because Yale bored me." It is known that the dark, thin, exclusive young man spent practically all his time in his room. Harris explained that his room was filled with books. He was a freshman during the war years and he joined the Yale Naval Unit. That was where he acquired his oft-avowed love for the sea. After Yale came the famine years. It is difficult to follow his meanderings at this point, various witnesses testifying to having seen him in antipodal parts of the globe. It is certain, however, that he traveled around on cattleboats, was arrested several times for vagrancy, went to England and starved, that he came back to this country by stowing away in the foc's'le of the S. S. *New York*. What he did immediately before he hit Broadway is another matter of mystery. One dramatic critic testified that he and Harris and a Russian named Michael Factorovitch comprised the editorial staff of a paper in Denver called *The Community Herald*. Harris was 21 years old; he was the editor. The dramatic critic avers that Harris used to wear riding boots, whipcord breeches, and a khaki shirt to work, and this is the first authentic indication we have of Mr. Harris's various sartorial eccentricities; he was later to assume many others, mostly Bohemian. Harris explained his presence on *The Community Herald* thus wise: "I was on my way west from New York to Honolulu to lead an orchestra, but this job was offered me and I'm staying here." He resigned from the *Herald* when his publisher began to confuse the editorials with the advertisements.

Harris came to New York. Certain Broadway inhabitants will swear that he wore a ten-gallon hat that year. He worked on a theatrical trade sheet. It was a position that enabled him to meet the Bums and Brahmins of Broadway, to learn the lingo, to learn the business. When he couldn't reach higher on the paper, he left. He became a press agent, and a successful



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one. When he was 25 years old he produced his first play, a tepid opus called *Weak Sisters*. He followed it with something just as lukewarm called *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em*. One year later, in 1926, he produced *Broadway*.

The whole cosmology of the Harris legend really dates from *Broadway*. It was a phenomenal success. At one time in its career it had seven road companies and foreign companies playing in London, Rome, Berlin, and Paris. H. R. H., the then Prince of Wales, wrote a testimonial in which he said: "I have never enjoyed myself more fully at any play. *Broadway* is an absolute delight." Harris made a million dollars out of it. From the moment that *Broadway* burst upon an incredible Broadway the 27-year-old producer became a Broadway pontiff. Everything he said was golden treasure; everything he said was law. It was then that his dicta began to scare the pigeons off the cornices of the Hotel Astor. He began to say things like: "There is no art in the theatre, never was. It's a business like selling butter and eggs." The latter statement he pronounced in 1925, when "butter-and-egg man" was a popular phrase. Richard Watts has called the several years that followed *Broadway* in the tempestuous 20's The Jed Harris Era. In 1927 he produced *Coquette* and *The Royal Family*, which made him two more fortunes. His rise was only temporarily impaired the same season when he produced an attack on Hearst called *Spread Eagle*. It was in 1928 that he produced *The Front Page*, and that was an era of spectacular nonsense. He was surrounded on all sides by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, and the stories that attach themselves to that invincible triumvirate are among the most colorful in the legend. As *The Front Page* was first written there was a character in it named Alderman Willoughby, a colored gentleman. When they were dress-rehearsing the show the colored actor who was taking the part turned up thoroughly inebriated. When it became quite obvious that they could do nothing with him, Harris canceled him out of the show. The problem was to get another Negro actor to take the part in short order. Ben Hecht had an idea: "Why not let Jed get into black-face and play Alderman Willoughby?" Charles MacArthur had a macarthurian answer for that one. "If we do that," he said, "we'll have to change the character's name to Erastus Goldberg."

*The Front Page* was another great Harris success. The pigeons on the Astor cornices began to flutter nervously again. In 1929 he produced *Serena Blandish*, written by a former press agent of his, one S. N. Behrman. It was perhaps the most beautiful thing he had ever tried. Not all the critics had been in complete accord with his other successes. Percy Hammond, for instance, objected to *The Front Page* because "Harris had allowed Ben Hecht to indulge a passion for dirt in the dialogue and to turn what might have been a decent melodrama into a squalid sty." But *Serena Blandish* made Mr. Harris all right with Mr. Hammond.

It was at this very moment that Jed Harris, at the height of his powers and on the crest of the wave, retired for all time for the first time. He decided to take up permanent residence in England or France, far from the Times Square crowd. Percy Hammond, knowing Mr. Harris only to the extent that any critic should know any producer, was sorry to see him go, but the great Hammond guessed wrong. He said: "Mr. Harris has been gone from Times Square for ten days, and already he is as forgotten as David Warfield or Charles Frohman, and is himself as forgetful of it as Winthrop Ames or Frances Wilson." Harris came back to Broadway and he produced *Uncle Vanya*, a hit, and two flops, *Mr. Gilhooley* and *The Inspector General*. He tried again in 1931 with two more plays, but they both flopped. Harris retired again, vowing to devote all his time and energy to that growing concern, the cinema. They asked him in Hollywood how much of a salary he'd like. He asked them how much they were paying Irving Thalberg, who happened to be Hollywood's highest-paid producer. Plans fell through, somehow, and Harris came back to Broadway. He produced *The Fatal Alibi*. Flop. The season of 1932 he spent in the sulks, writing vituperative letters to anyone who had a Manhattan address. In 1933 he came back to town and produced *The Lake*, which is remembered mainly because a Miss Katharine Hepburn played in it and a Miss Dorothy Parker was heard to remark that Miss Hepburn had run the gamut of emotions from A to B. But in the same season he produced *The Green Bay Tree*, a delicate exposition of perversion and a rant at dilettantism. It was a success. Mr. Harris was in the chips again. Lucius Beebe happened to look in upon him at this stage of the game and he reported that the master was wearing a black and white sports jacket to offset the fact that he was shaving daily. As he spoke to interviewers he toyed with a paper cutter with which, he said, a certain poetess had once attempted suicide. The master was certainly in form. Douglas Gilbert said that he was once more "veddy, veddy Jeddy."

In view of the fact that Harris has a notorious yen for the prop *juste*—that he is, in his way, a latter-day Belasco—it is interesting to look back upon *The Green Bay Tree* as an exquisite sample of his labors. He would not put the play into production until he had secured the right actors from Canada. Honolulu, Hollywood, and London. Robert Edmond Jones did the settings, and Elsie de Wolfe did the furnishing. In compliance with Mr. Harris's heated instructions Miss de Wolfe may be said to have gone to town. She tricked the stage up in gold and green: pale green covered the walls and a gold patina was spread sparingly on the woodwork. The furniture was strict 18th century. Antique Italian doors formed the entrance; a Louis XV gilt sofa, clothed in damask, was in the center of the room and two Venetian chairs "extended the use of gilt." A Louis XV boiserie desk and a wing chair completed the other furnishings, but

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two Italian painted pedestals, a tiny Queen Anne occasional table, and an English high back chair did the rest. Crystal girandoles and pedestals and flowers and 19th century gilt mirrors were the only items that might truthfully have been called decorations. It was a room in which Miss de Wolfe, following her ancient custom, might stand on her head with glee.

In 1935 he had one flop, called *Life's Too Short*. In 1936 he had one more, contributed to his troubles by Philip Barry, and called *Spring Dance*. Since then he has done *A Doll's House* and *Our Town*. *A Doll's House* was another one of his successes *d'estime*. Mr. Woollcott did all he could for it on the radio, and Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, taking a bow after a performance of *Amphitryon*, stepped to the footlights and urged their audience to see Mr. Harris's play. To no avail. The play did not make money. *Our Town* has been coining it, since the Pulitzer Prize. For a time, however, it looked like another of those esteem things.

The master has had his ups and downs. Right now he's up, what with the Pulitzer Prize. There was a time, immediately after *The Front Page*, when he was considered infallible; that part of the legend is gone. The fact that he has proved himself vulnerable proves that he is a Broadway producer and not a prophet, which is good. He could have made himself the biggest man in the American theatre if he had seen fit to abide by the simple rules of give-and-take that rule Broadway, but he can act the prima donna with such vehemence that people are afraid to ask him for favors. That is an unreasonable procedure in the tiny area that houses the whole New York theatre, where a favor to your neighbor today may pay enormous dividends tomorrow. Harris is a thoroughgoing paradox. He can get into high hysterics while directing a play but his usual method is one of such muffled tones that the actors on the stage find it hard to hear him giving instructions. He has several minor accomplishments, one of which is the ability to write backwards. Every once in a while he develops a passion for sailboats, but his usual system is to lie fallow in the harbor and keep the anchor down in spite of the presence of a crew of three. He is worshipful of thoroughgoing nautical terms; he adores his skippers because they use words like "bilge" and "belowdecks." He has had boats named *Margaret B* and *Marilyn II*. (He once had a cook on board his sloop. The cook turned out to be a playwright.)

He has a terrible time falling asleep, so that after he does retire early in the morning he is bound to sleep all day. That was his only failing as a press agent; he could never wake up in the daytime. He has alienated more employees than anyone can count and they've all walked out swearing vengeance; but Harris has been known to woo them back by simply turning on the charm. He can be the best conversationalist in Manhattan—but his eloquence can be his undoing. For instance, he held options on such gold mines as *Once in a Lifetime* and *The Green Pastures* but he talked himself out of them. His play-

picking perspicacity is profound; he can spot a comer a mile away. He urged Thornton Wilder to write a play way back when Mr. Wilder first won the Pulitzer Prize for his novel *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, and the story goes that he wouldn't let Wilder rest until he had finished *Our Town*, once Wilder sat down to it. Yet, in 1931 he produced *The Wiser They Are* and *Wonder Boy*, both of which were definitely grade B. In 1931 he was heard to say that "The Critics of New York probably constitute the most sympathetic audience a play ever gets. The average coefficient of decency among critics is extremely high." But only this season he blew such a blast at the critics that he is supposed to have soured *Our Town's* chances for the Drama Critics Prize. Any director should know better, but Harris is known to have a streak of ham, or Thespianism, somewhere inside of him. When Frank Craven, the star of *Our Town*, was taken sick a short while ago, Harris toyed with the idea of going on in his place; the Broadway boys gathered around the theatre waiting for the word as to whether the great man would finally take the leap. He finally decided not to.

He has an extraordinary gift for casting, but sometimes he relies completely on intuition. When he was casting *Our Town* he could find nobody who was right for the part of the girl. He asked Evelyn Varden, one of the first members he hired for the cast, whether she knew of any girl who could fill the bill. Miss Varden said she knew a young lady named Martha Scott with whom she had played in summer stock. "Get her," said Harris. Miss Scott was sent for and immediately placed into rehearsal. "Doesn't Mr. Harris want to hear me read first?" asked Miss Scott. She was told that Mr. Harris did not want to hear her read. Miss Scott, wisely, refused to take the part until she had been tested for it.

So Harris gave her a few minutes of his time, listened to her read a few lines, told her she was swell. Miss Scott turned out to be one of the acting sensations of the season.

It has been a glorious legend, and it seems to be only warming up. In his time Harris has surrounded himself with a lot of the cream of the American theatre: George Abbott, Philip Dunning, Hecht and MacArthur. Herman Shumlin, George S. Kaufman, Edna Ferber, S. N. Behrman, Thornton Wilder, to say nothing of the actors and actresses who have appeared under the solemn rubric of a Jed Harris production. The Hecht and MacArthur days have immortalized him, inasmuch as the crazy producer who is the central character in *Twentieth Century* is a composite of Jed Harris, Morris Gest, and David Belasco. What he will do now that *Our Town* has taken the town, nobody knows. He is always planning an incredible number of productions, always contemplating the ascent of Olympus. Of one thing, however, Broadway must beware. It is about time for Mr. Harris to retire again. If he does, Broadway can be sure of one thing: When he comes out of retirement he'll lay 'em in the aisles. ●

(Picture on Page 69)

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"My black Negro mammy, Cherry, cautioned me when I was a small girl always to believe in God and the United States Government *all my life* and I would never have cause to be afraid nor ashamed.

"America, the land of the free, and the home of the brave. *My land, my country*, of which I have learned to be afraid and ashamed.

"I fully believe that had I not been afraid, hundreds of thousands of Spain's mothers and children, soldiers and civilians would be alive today.

"I fully believe that had I not been afraid, thousands of volunteers, thinking men and women, one of whom was *my only son*, who flocked into Spain from all over this world, to help the loyal people of Spain *keep* the Spanish Government a democracy, would be alive today.

"Yet, I was afraid. Why? I was afraid to write to my President, my Senators, my Congressman, imploring them in the name of humanity and for the sake of every one's right to

freedom and life, to lift the embargo of arms against Spain.

"I was afraid because I had heard that here in these great United States were secret 'isms' and open 'isms'—fascism, nazism, communism—and I had learned that should my son return from Spain, this country, my country, our Government, would probably slam him into prison and fine him, or that one of these 'isms' would mark him while in Spain for torture and death after he was helpless to defend himself.

"On June 30, 1937, my son wrote me: 'Do you know what the other side, across from us, are using? Remington munitions. Straight out of the States. What a war! Killed by our own national industries.'

"I wondered where my little-girl faith in God and the Government of the United States had gone, and whether France imprisoned or fined that other thinking volunteer, Lafayette, because he helped our country to freedom.

"I was afraid to lift my voice in pleading for the right of others to live and be free as I once was. Now that it is too late to save my son and the sons of other mothers, I lift my voice.

"For shame! No shame can be greater than mine. *I*, the mother of an American who *was not* afraid, nor ashamed to give his all that others might live and be free.

"*I am ashamed!*"

—AGNES DETRO.

Conroe, Texas.

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