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The American Mercury

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By ULRIC BELL

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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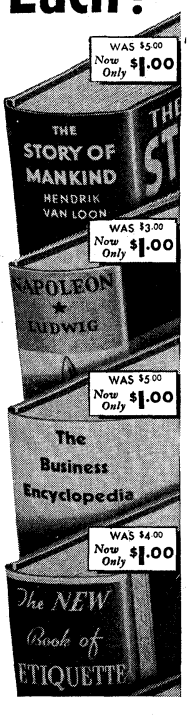

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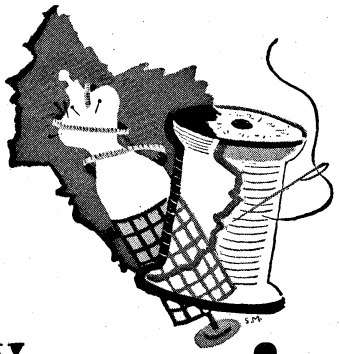

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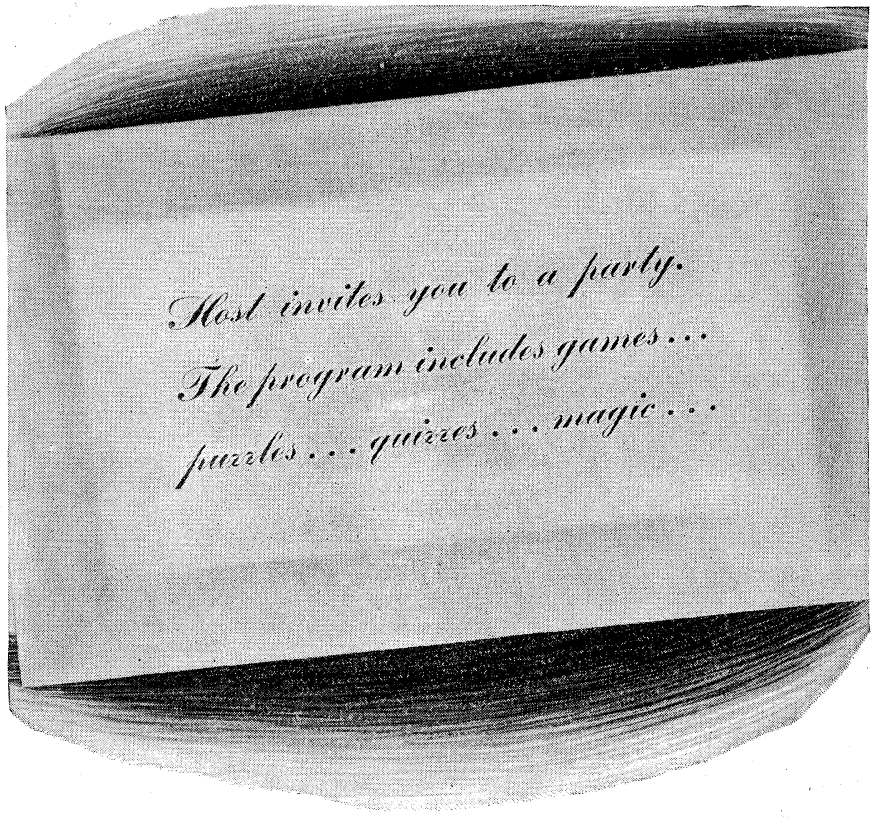

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VOLUME XLVII MAY, 1939 NUMBER 185

The American
MERCURY

LITTLE JACK GARNER

By Ulric Bell

John Nance Garner is a great fellow for marching under triumphal arches at the head of armies he doesn't openly join until they are ready for the garlands and anthems. None can excel him when it comes to easing into a sure-fire tableau and commanding the spot at the finale. This has been his lifelong technique.

As Mr. Hearst's Presidential brain-child in 1932, Mr. Garner was inarticulate while the great Chicago battle went on and on. He wasn't even sure that he was a candidate himself. But when the nailed-down consolation prize of the Vice-Presidency loomed, he made a swift and sure grab. Again, at Philadelphia in 1936, when the New Deal couldn't lose, he found speech to say that as a soldier his duty was to "follow where the commander leads," and his bright rapier was swung aloft against the "economic royalists" whom Mr. Roosevelt had just added to the vocabulary of politics. When the Court Reorganization struggle was on in 1937, Garner was out in Uvalde, far from the slugging factions. But when Senator Joe Robinson died and the Presidential plan collapsed, he came out of the wilds, hove into view at the White House, and emerged as a giant-killer. Jack's timely aim in the dark, it was said, laid low the court-packing scheme and saved the Constitution — but Jack didn't say it.

It was just about this time that Mr. Garner became the Great Gray Hope of the anti-New Deal-

ers. But he kept to his time-honored technique. He waited out the hostilities of the next campaign in his snug corner at home. Only when the autumn elections of 1938 suggested a turn in the tide did he spring out of the Texas bush for another spectacular appearance at the White House. The impression was that his snickersnee was unsheathed against the spenders and that Jack was ready for leadership of the unpurged and unterrified conservative Democracy. But the stories that said he had read the riot act to the President didn't quote him. Thus the anti-New Deal movement proceeds under an accepted Garner aegis, though the Leader remains unquoted. Without having fired a shot, so to speak, he is hailed as Number One Menace to the New Deal's future.

Obeisance is made to Garner as the deliverer of the faithful from the heel of the infidel. In that ancient ensemble of high principles and low prejudices known as the Democratic Party, the Southern ol' massas count upon him to carry them back into their former mansion of power, come '40. But Garner sits snugly in his corner, as tight-lipped as on the day he left Blossom Prairie to seek his fortune in the metropolis of Uvalde, still a benevolent billiken, bent outwardly only upon sharing the burdens of his pal in the White House.

There is, in fact, nothing more bizarre in all Washington than the spectacle of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Garner carrying on as a rollicking Gallagher and Shean, ostensibly the best of buddies, even while they dodge the blades of their respective hatcheteers. Whenever there is a gay fiesta hereabouts, paunchy patriots bellow themselves hoarse as the Vice-President gets up — and bellow all the louder if the President happens to be present. Mr. Garner revels in these gay semi-public gatherings. At them there is little chance of anything untoward happening. He doesn't have to make speeches. He needs merely to take his ovations, racking to the souls of such Roosevelt loyalists as may be about. He is greedy about applause, but wary — knowing that he is at his best behind guarded doors and that a scrap in broad daylight is not his style, for he is not fast enough on his feet, not profound enough in his convictions, not versed enough in all intricate government problems, to stand up and slug, toe to toe. But he does have the instinct for politics in its low-down denominations.

Garner today wallows in the role of genial great man, humanly toler-

ant of the adulant mob but nevertheless conscious of the kinship of fellow-immortals on another plane. One cannot watch him long without detecting the Olympian aura, couched though it may be in the cow-country lingo and manner. After-dinner clusters of lobbyists and politicians, all devoted to the salvation of the Republic, thrill to his little jokes and his hell's-bells style.

"Now, boys," he will begin deprecatingly — and the silver hair, the wagging white eyebrows, and the high-pitched guffaw blend into the nice picture the boys already have of a sound, old-fashioned conservative. And the last vestige of that other picture fades — of Mr. Garner, pre-Roosevelt, flaying Mr. Mellon's Treasury for "gross negligence" and political deviltry in granting vast tax refunds to U. S. Steel and sundry other interests. Also, of Garner's proclamation at Franklin Field on a bright night in July 1936:

> In Franklin Delano Roosevelt the hopes of the nation have been reborn. Despair has given way to confidence. Despondency and gloom have made way for happiness. Laughter again is heard in the land. . . . There must be no return to the old conceptions denominated as the Old Deal. . . . Franklin Delano Roosevelt is my leader, my commander-in-chief. In this presence, before this multitude and with the stars of heaven to bear witness to my covenant, I renew the pledge of fealty I gave four years ago.

That fair-weather fanfaronade was about the last formal effort heard from the one-time shortstop of the Coon Soup Hollow baseball nine who is now batting for Old Deal Democrats, for it is a large part of Mr. Garner's canniness to avoid speeches, chiefly because there is some risk always involved. He used to do fairly well in House rough-and-tumble, where he had his bearings. But he never pretended to glibness outside smoke-filled rooms, and even dodged recently when Congress celebrated its 150th anniversary, delegating to President-pro-tem Pittman the chore of harking back on behalf of the Senate. Doing anything political in the open is alien to Garner's nature. Whenever matters begin to curdle in public he prefers to be up and away. Jack is a mole rather than an eagle.

II

Garner curled up at the Jackson Day Dinner when the President flung into the teeth of the $100-a-platers the Tweedledum speech announcing that next year's proceedings would have to be to his taste, thereby accelerating plans of Gar-

ner followers to do just the reverse. There, with histrionics unrivaled in many moons, the President played a jovial Jackson to Garner's smirking Calhoun. Few affairs in the annals, save possibly Old Hickory's glowering toast "To the Union" in the face of his Secessionist Vice-President, have approached the Jackson Day feast as an example of cut-throat makebelieve.

Always the superb actor, Mr. Roosevelt calculated nicely both his setting and his man. Not long before Garner had made his grand but silent gesture as the archangel of economy. The President also knew then that the unpurged and exultant bayou statesmen had settled upon Garner as their leader, with spending and politics in Relief as their initial vehicles, in the drive to regain Party dominance in 1940. The resulting piquant tale of that dinner tells how the Vice-President ran for cover and yet afterward, by backroom tactics, strengthened his status in the eyes of the anti-Rooseveltians!

Extraordinary inner turmoil in the Democratic Party, dating from the Supreme Court fight, the move for morality in the Southern economic system, and the late purge, had centered all attention on the two men. Mr. Garner knew that the party nominee in 1940 — perhaps himself — could not win over Roosevelt's veto power. Mr. Roosevelt knew that the Vice-President might command forces in a last-stand opposition against New Deal exponents like himself — even himself. All the guests celebrating Jackson Day, therefore, beheld before them the symbols of a caveman struggle, already manifest in Congressional developments.

So Mr. Roosevelt proceeded to serve notice of his possession of the veto weapon and of his willingness to use it — not in so many words but plain enough for smart people like Jack Garner. He let it be known that the Party was not as sacred to him as it was to some others, and he uttered heresies that caused the orthodox around him to cry into their toddies in shocked piety. He said, in effect, that he could be counted out if the party chose the way of Garner's friends. He called Abraham Lincoln, patron saint of the GOP, as good a Democrat as any, and praised new parties as a means of throwing off old shackles.

It was bold business, for Roosevelt beheld the scowling, pugnacious face of Carter Glass just below him, sulking purgees all around him, and only a minority of New Dealers in the room. He could hardly have been surprised when at

the end a clamor arose for Garner, accustomed by now to huzzas from those quarters. That clamor was meant to prod Jack into swinging back at the President, and no promoters could have staged a nobler opportunity for a true gladiator. Characteristically, however, Mr. Garner was not having any. He arose, grinning like an embarrassed tomato, clutched the President's arm affectionately, and announced that the "boss" had excused him from any speechmaking. It was the old dodge; the boss's orders. It was a magnificent disappointment to anti-Roosevelt Democrats who yearned for the head men to maim each other, and for others who felt that, at $100 a plate, a riot was warranted.

The guests went away with the lingering picture of a smiling Garner's arm around a smiling Roosevelt, and at subsequent affairs — the formal White House dinner to the Vice-President and the latter's one splurge of the year for the President — the luminous tableau was repeated. Nevertheless, Mr. Garner's performance in the end detracted nothing from the potency of his position or made him any the less a hero to advocates of harmony-at-any-price, who really mean Roosevelt's-neck-at-any-price. On the contrary, his elusiveness was hailed in that coterie as another evidence of his foxiness. Which made matters even, for the New Deal boys chortled over the way Jack shriveled up under fire.

One purpose Garner served in thus quailing was to prevent a premature explosion, then and there, from blowing the party into bits before the appointed hour for a showdown. Another was that he retained for himself the familiar cover under which he likes to operate, and has since operated, according to his opponents, for the purpose of creating a favorite-son façade to stop Roosevelt or his candidate next year. He continued to go his way in silent, lamblike blandness, while his brethren howled in the spirit of the kill. And he continued, moreover, to turn up every Monday morning at the Cabinet table, with the Senate and House leaders, to consult with the President about the legislative program for the week. Thus he learns at first hand Mr. Roosevelt's grief of the moment and possibly gains some knowledge of inner New Deal strategy.

The Vice-President's assiduous attendance at Cabinet meetings gives the creeps to warier members of the New Deal household. Discerning Cactus Jack's fine Uvalde hand in much of the scuttling at

the Capitol, they regard him as a privileged spy for whom they have no counterpart in the enemy camp.

III

Always playing safe, Garner adroitly avoids the overt act. Not a flicker of the snowy eyebrows betrays his game. He holds his cards as close as he did with the old poker gang at the Boar's Nest club, his former recreation retreat. If he has many irons in the fire, their glow is concealed, except to the kindred souls who foregather of afternoons in his sanctum. Those ardent New Dealers who would smoke him out haven't reckoned with a career of grand silences which resembles that of no other recent public figure so much as Calvin Coolidge.

One of those grand silences saddened Garner's own flock when the Senate, by two more of its breathlessly close margins, first attacked and then threw out the lethal Wheeler amendment requiring positive Congressional approval of Governmental reorganization orders. Jack could have clinched the first action had he broken a tie by which a motion to block reconsideration was lost. And that probably would have doomed the whole bill to a veto, much to the delight of the Garnerites. But Jack remained mute and the town was left to guess whether the President of the Senate thought fast or just folded up on the brink of the Big Break.

During the first Relief skirmish, when Mr. Roosevelt's figures on WPA-needs were cut $150,000,000 by a one-vote margin, anti-Roosevelt Congressmen acted on the theory that Garner deemed a show of economy desirable. Garner himself never chirped. There was a breathless period when Senator Smathers of New Jersey was expected to declare that he had been elected to follow the leadership not of Garner, but of Roosevelt. But the Smathers speech contained only a reference to the President "or some other leader" and the momentary fear that Garner might be driven from cover passed. Hot with the idea of unhorsing Mr. Roosevelt, the Garner men are frozen with terror at the thought that a premature move may bring the party crashing down around the ears of all. The Vice-President is credited with great zeal for keeping intact the present transparent truce. His negative talents are his strength and shield.

When the anti-spending Democrats moved into the open in a major way, warning against lifting the national-debt limit, Garner was heard from only in quotation-

less dispatches. It was allowed that he had "lectured" Mr. Roosevelt on the subject. Harrison, however, hadn't been long out of Garner's office when he sounded off. But none of the snares laid by the New Dealers to fetch Jack into the open ahead of time has snapped on his portly frame.

Daily the activity intensifies in Garner's corner. There are furtive visitations and guarded emanations, all adding up to the idea that the man to see now is Jack. Word trickles out about what the Texas Coolidge feels and thinks. He is pictured as roaring in his den at the iniquities of the New Deal amateurs, declaiming that the "boodget" must be balanced. Sometimes he appears in a corridor himself to roar in ruddy-faced dudgeon at the newsmen for asking questions. But he remains unquoted and unsnared, while his hard-bitten professionals in the Senate and House carry on at the front. They batter down Administration bills, slash at budget recommendations, push pet spending projects of their own, and send Presidential appointments bouncing back to the White House. They keep up a steady barrage of oratorical opposition. They make deals when they can for delegates for next year. But Jack stays in his bomb-proof, reveling in headlines that never imprison him between quotation marks.

Mr. Garner has been on the public payroll all of his long adult life, and for thirty-six years he has been in Congress. That should explain why, with his lack of profundity and equipment, he is where he is today. One thing he does know is politics, and another is the mechanics of legislation. Long ago, he mastered every trick known to either field, including the political prescriptions for letting the other fellow take the risks and the parliamentary ones for ducking votes and issues. As small town lawyer and banker, county judge, state legislator, Representative, taxation specialist, floor leader, Speaker of the House, and Vice-President, he has amassed allies by keeping up with the middle-class tempo. Like many other politicos, his methods of meeting the whims of the fickle bourgeoisie of America are simple: when that class moves, in its classic stampedes from hell to breakfast and back again, he moves with it. He has never allowed these shifts to move him outside the bounds of his Party, however, since regularity is a requisite to political well-being in the panhandle country.

Garner's background is that of the very rugged individualist. In com-

ing months, much will no doubt be heard of the log cabin in which he was born, of the unpainted school he attended, of his struggles in a musty law office, of the shrewd bargaining which made him in time Uvalde's leading landlord and money-lender. His story will be that of the man from the soil who came out of the backwoods to hew a way for himself among the solid gentry of the offices and shops, farms and forums — the whole garnished with episodes of his prowess as a hunter and fisherman, of his early-to-bed-early-to-rise regime, his suspicious attitude toward "society" in the top-hat sense, and, above all, his hell-roaring but unfathered crusade for the "boodget." It will all be unacknowledged, we may be sure, by Little Jack himself. His own short and simple record in the Congressional Directory lists his election to every Congress from and including the 58th to the 73rd, his elevation to the Speakership, and his two bounces into the Vice-Presidency, and nothing more.

When he came to Congress, another Roosevelt was in office, Cannonism was about to be attacked, Hearst was a House colleague, and Franklin Roosevelt was still unremarked on the Harvard campus. He quickly learned how to acquire postmasterships, courthouses, payroll perquisites, and a protective political armor. He got to know how to reconcile tariff orthodoxy as a Democrat with the need of protecting mohair grown by Texas goats. In time he became a quadrennial favorite son only to find, for all his upward plodding in the Coolidge fashion, that Hyde Park's scion could outreach Uvalde's pride at the crucial moment.

If that rankled, some assuagement comes now. Jack has the ring of the hoorays in his ears again, and most hoorays for him equal hoots for Hyde Park. As a smart feller, however, he believes in keeping up appearances, and at this game he is as bluff and hearty as Roosevelt himself. Other surface alliances of the gayer Rooseveltian days are in tatters; some epic friendships were rent when private pork was touched or New Deal raids made upon the ducal domains of the former proprietors of the party. But the Roosevelt-Garner palship persists. There are still peals of mutual laughter when the two good fellows get together, hollow though their ring may be to all Washington. On the record, Mr. Garner remains Mr. Roosevelt's shining seconder, co-worker, and friend. The game holds Washington spellbound.

▶ *Now it can be told:* a well-known foreign correspondent reveals

RUSSIA'S ROLE IN SPAIN

By Irving Pflaum

THREE dictatorships are responsible for the destruction of the Spanish Republic: Italy, Germany — and Russia. Yes, Russia. When the story is finally told in full it will become apparent that Stalin's domination of the Loyalist regime since May 1937 was one of the most decisive factors in assuring victory for Franco. Now that the Loyalist cause is lost, silence on this subject can no longer be justified on any grounds. In a cable to the *Nation* on March 13 a pro-communist writer, Louis Fischer, admits that "a powerful hatred of communism had developed in Spain" and that "the communists made many enemies by their irritating attempts . . . to control important institutions." More and more of these grudging admissions will be made as time goes on. Inevitably, Russia's role in Spain will become known. When General Jose Miaja early in March turned his guns against the communists in the Madrid area, the deep contradiction between Spain and its Russian saviors became obvious to the world. On the surface that war within a war seemed confusing. Actually the marvel — and the tragedy — is that the Loyalists suffered high-handed communist tactics until it was too late.

I write as an anti-fascist who spent five years in Spain and reported the civil war from the Loyalist side, as United Press correspondent, until last summer. I covered every major episode in the first two years of fighting, including the sieges of Madrid and Alcazar, the flight to Valencia, the German bombardment of Almeria, the campaigns in Aragon, Belchite, Teruel, and Catalonia. I saw communist ascendancy consolidated and then watched this power used to forward the ambitions of Stalin at whatever cost to the martyred Spanish people.

It was the failure of European and American democracies to help the Loyalists that gave Russia, as the main provider of arms, munitions, and technical personnel, a strategic advantage that in time became a stranglehold on the Spanish

Republic. Native and foreign communists thereafter rode roughshod over specifically Spanish interests, and sacrificed Spain's good to advance Russian international policy. This is the crime of Stalin which the people of Spain will never be able to forgive.

Russia remained aloof for four months after the Franco *coup* — the very months when its assistance might have been decisive. It is not difficult to understand the hesitancy. Moscow's drive for "collective security" was then at its height. Everywhere communists were adopting the tamest, most unrevolutionary slogans in order to win "respectable" friendships on a united-front basis. This new policy could not be jeopardized for Spain. On the contrary, Spain must somehow be utilized to solidify the Kremlin's international position. In the end Stalin decided that Russia in the role of bulwark against fascist invaders of Spain might be useful in forcing London and Paris, perhaps also Washington, into a more co-operative mood. It would also enable communists the world over to become the center around which all anti-fascist sentiment could rally.

Such an alignment and such powerful international sentiment, once brought into play in Spain, would be valuable in meeting the much-feared fascist attack on Russia. To put it another way: Stalin in 1936–37 needed an issue to bring together and unify anti-fascist feelings in the western world, and Spain was it.

Having entered the fray, the Kremlin extorted staggering political advantages for its limited help, and proceeded to put a damper on revolutionary ardor. Largo Caballero, then Premier, wrote to a friend much later, ironically:

> We would be ungrateful and unobliging to those who sell us arms — arms which are paid for in gold, cash on the line, and which they use even for blackmail, removing and installing ministries at their pleasure.

Soviet assistance, even on those onerous terms, was never large enough to guarantee victory, though the USSR had the resources to make short work of the rebellion. In effect its injection simply helped maintain the stalemate that the conservative British government obviously desired, and to squelch socialist and anarcho-syndicalist experiments in socialization. Russia doled out its help carefully, teasingly, and maneuvered it in line with special Soviet objectives.

Almost all Loyalists, except the small and then powerless Communist Party, were suspicious of Mos-

cow's motives in helping their country. The four months' delay, the exorbitant cash-in-advance terms, the sale of Soviet oil to Italy all deepened the suspicions. Had any real aid appeared from a democracy Loyalist Spain would have spurned Stalin's advances. The Caballero government was opposed to communist-sponsored volunteers and Kremlin generals; in the earlier months of the war, the government was eager to localize the trouble, to keep it Spanish. It expected to be able to defend itself for a long time, and had significant initial victories to support the expectation. It counted on zealous popular backing to outbalance the aid offered to the other side by fascist powers. Naturally it sought all the outside support it could muster; but it dreaded, with ample reason, to see the country turned into a battlefield for the settlement of larger world quarrels.

With the arrival of Soviet arms, political leaders, and communist volunteers from many nations, such a policy, already difficult, became impossible. Besides, communist interests internationally required emphasis on the struggle as a miniature world war. Nothing was left undone to achieve this. Communist talents for intrigue, backed by Russia's strength, won the upper hand.

II

On December 17, 1936, the Moscow *Pravda*, official organ of the Soviet dictatorship, wrote:

> As for Catalonia, the purging of the Trotskyites and the anarcho-syndicalists has begun. It will be conducted with the same energy with which it was conducted in the USSR.

Already the Kremlin's mouthpiece talked as if Catalonia were a Soviet province, and the purge in Spain a mere extension of the Russian purge. Consider the quoted statement: the largest Loyalist organization, the anarcho-syndicalists, told off for bloody purging at the hands of the smallest, the Spanish Communist Party! That Party had only one deputy in the first Cortes, and only a dozen out of the 450 in the last Cortes, before the war started. Yet *Pravda* was not exaggerating. Within five months after that declaration, the anti-Stalinist Premier Caballero was forced out, the Spanish Communist Party grew from 10,000 to a claimed 400,000, and Soviet control was riveted on Loyalist Spain. How was that political miracle accomplished?

The first thing to remember is that the timing and distribution of Russian supplies were calculated at every point to support the now expanding communist strength. On

reaching Spain, supplies were handled by communists and diverted to reinforce troops controlled by communists. The failure of munitions to arrive at critical moments could force out any statesman unfriendly to the Russians. It was an element in the elimination of Caballero. A year later Minister of War Indalecio Prieto, having in his turn run afoul of the Stalinist junta, was driven out primarily through the juggling of supplies — munitions shipments ceased mysteriously, to be resumed just as mysteriously as soon as he had resigned. No sincere Loyalist felt justified in remaining in office if his stepping out would start these supplies flowing again.

Caballero never attacked the Moscow-dictated regime to newspapermen. But once he did speak frankly to a fellow-socialist, an American, and he made startling accusations. On three occasions during his incumbency, he said, it would have been possible to strike decisively, perhaps to defeat, Franco — at Guadalajara, Pozoblanco, and Aragon — and each time the flow of munitions stopped in time to save the Rebels. After the rout of the Italians at Guadalajara a spirited attack on both sides of the southeastern fronts of Madrid would have had an excellent chance of success. "Just at this moment," the ex-premier said, "munitions were suddenly cut off. I could do nothing; someone blocked the war. I was told it was non-intervention. But I believe the prolongation of the war was deliberate. Arms were held back until communist control over the army was assured." The same thing happened at Pozoblanco and Aragon.

The Spanish Communist Party, willing instrument of the Russians, had a distinct advantage in its centralized, disciplined structure. It was not hampered by any of the "democratic prejudices" which bothered the other Left organizations, and it had the moral and physical backing of communists who flocked to Spain from all parts of the earth. Moreover, when a revolution starts, the careerists and adventurers hasten to jump on some band-wagon. Other parties closed their doors to such overnight converts. The communists, on the contrary, opened their doors wide and asked few questions. Many small landlords, petty industrialists, intellectuals of a reactionary stripe, officers who subsequently deserted to Franco, found easy access to the communist ranks. The influence thus mobilized — with the control of arms as the over-all pressure — gave the Stalinists the controlling voice.

The communist organization of anti-fascist sentiment outside Spain, through all sorts of societies, collections and drives for volunteers, is one of the most amazing political achievements in modern history. Soon communist careerists from everywhere, politically naïve liberal writers, many bluffers, many honestly misguided souls, overflowed Loyalist Spain. Soon the pampered, well-armed "crack" army units under communist control were being played up in the news, while the non-communist armies were left to shift ingloriously for themselves. Soon communist "political commissars" — a euphemism for political police — were lording it at the front, making it dangerous to express unsanctioned views.

What started as a people's revolution was turned into an international racket on both sides. Spain and the Spaniards counted not at all. The suppression of anti-Stalinists not only took precedence over the suppression of Franco, but proceeded recklessly to the detriment of fighting units at the front.

III

The immediate occasion for the Stalinist seizure of full power in May 1937 was a mass uprising against the spreading communist terror in Barcelona and other points in Catalonia. It was precipitated by the illegal communist capture of the telephone headquarters — clearly deliberate provocation with a view to crushing the opposition to the new bosses there and then. The spontaneous response of Catalan workers against the intruders was greater than they counted on. But it was suppressed. The impetus of the reaction enabled the disciplined Stalinist faction, with the aid of opportunist Spanish politicians, to remove the anti-communist Cabinet, to put in Dr. Juan Negrin, and to intensify the purge. Communist propaganda later tried unsuccessfully to put a pro-Franco label on the uprising.

Having reported the subsequent events in Catalonia, I can attest that the alleged "treason" was rarely the real basis for arrests and executions of Loyalists by Loyalists. In every case it was affiliation with political groupings distasteful to Stalin that spelled doom for the victims.

The communists had no difficulty picking willing, or helpless, Spaniards as a non-communist front for their operations. Negrin, the new premier, was foremost and typical of the complacent Spaniards who preferred to play with

the rising power rather than risk their necks in opposition. A full-fledged terror, increasingly brutal, was let loose on the stricken land. Members of the ineffectual POUM (an anti-Stalinist communist group) were hunted like wild animals. Their leader, Andres Nin, was kidnaped and murdered without benefit of trial, and at least 500 of his followers with him. The anarchists, because of their vast numbers, were safer but government and Cheka prisons were choked with them.

Evidence of communist terror tactics is plentiful. Many groups of Loyalist sympathizers abroad who opposed Moscow's domination — trade unionists, unorthodox communists, anarchists, socialists, and others — have carried detailed and harrowing reports in their press. It was a repetition of Russian terror on Spanish soil. Many foreign radicals known to be anti-Stalinist "disappeared." Their erasure was perpetrated either by official or underground Cheka agents. They included Mark Rein, son of the well-known Socialist International leader Rafael Abramovich; Kurt Landau, a German communist who turned against Stalinism after seeing the Spanish tragedy; Erwin Wolf, former secretary to Trotsky; and Bob Smiley, head of the British Independent Labor Party Youth Section, who died while in the Cheka's hands. These are only a few of hundreds; they had in common only the fact that they were known to oppose Stalin's dictatorship over Loyalist Spain.

The communists planted their agents in the official police. They also had their extra-legal secret service, their extra-legal prisons and execution squads. Thousands were arrested, great numbers executed without trial, and a panic of terror spread through the land. All newspapers favoring the Caballero group were suppressed or forced to sell to communists. The grip on the army was reinforced by coercion against non-communist dock workers in the largest ports. Russian vessels refused to dock in Barcelona, for instance, until syndicalist workers were supplanted by others acceptable to the Russians. Wherever food was stored or munitions dumped, picked guards from communist troops or from the gendarmes under Negrin's personal control were stationed, with a communist commissar in charge. Warehouses controlled by the trade unions were exhausted and never replenished.

Everywhere new organizations run by Stalinists took over tasks heretofore handled by committees

formed by the workers in 1936. The hammer-and-sickle, communist symbol, appeared on buildings and in posters more frequently than the Republican tricolor. Enormous pictures of Lenin and Stalin decorated public places and outnumbered pictures of Spanish leaders. Newspapermen went to jail for refusing to color news from the front in accordance with the policy of slandering the anarchist troops. All the resources of home and foreign publicity were used to build up Lister, Modesto, and El Campensino as the great heroes of the war, meanwhile suppressing the achievements of non-communist military leaders. Stalinist control was concentrated in the military departments, particularly the "political commissariat," which conducted the propaganda and spied on the political morals of the fighters. It also had full control of press censorship, transport, and frontier police. The entry of supplies from anti-communist sources, such as those donated by Mexican anarchists, French syndicalists, socialist and Trotskyite groups in many countries was constantly blocked. The purpose, of course, was to reduce the prestige of these groups within Spain, even at the cost of reducing the total supplies needed for victory.

In economic and social matters the Russians carried through what can only be described as a counter-revolution. I am aware how fantastic this will sound to uninitiated ears. But it is a fact that the communist capture of control brought with it the smashing of farm and factory collectives, restoration of industrial property to owners, and so on. It was all in compliance with the new "party line," drawn in Moscow in 1935, calling for collaboration with the bourgeoisie. Government divisions wrecked communes set up by peasants — the communist Lister's army did a lot of such smashing in the Aragon region. Since the great immediate objective was to bring about alliances with capitalist democracies, it was necessary to offer these countries a "respectable" ally. The social revolution which had developed after the war had to be stopped.

IV

Once its control was consolidated and anti-Stalinist groups put in their place, the communist dictatorship turned more energetically against Franco. By 1938 it was apparently exerting itself to win the war. But its methods had by that time undermined the spirit of both civilians and army. General apathy

took the place of the revolutionary zeal evidenced in the earlier period. The draft displaced the volunteer system. The kind of fighting forces that had defeated Franco's trained troops and their foreign reinforcements now gave way to a sullen, "disciplined," and continually more spiritless army, chafing under the police regime of its communist commissars. More than two-thirds of the most ardent and self-sacrificing fighting men, being anti-communist, were insufficiently supplied, and in effect demobilized when their assistance was most needed. More and more we began to hear simple Spaniards say, "What difference who wins; it's tyranny on both sides."

When Franco reached the sea, in March 1938, Prieto, still Minister of Defense, told me: "It's not munitions so much as *cojones* (guts). The men don't want to fight as they did in the early days." At that time Prieto had finally revolted against the communist rule. Having worked with the Russians for a year, his testimony is especially valuable. He was demanding a return to policies of the pre-Stalinist days, cessation of the communist counter-revolution, more arms for Spanish troops, curbing of the communist police. If these steps were not taken, he warned, defeat was certain. Prieto was forced to resign, and with his exit the communist domination was made even more rigid and thorough. Nine months later the Loyalist army retreated into France.

There is a shocking and significant contrast between the spirit and performance of the army before and after May 1937. In the initial ten months the people's army, without munitions or heavy arms, untrained and disorganized, won many major engagements. The people's militia held the mountain passes of Madrid against Moors and legionnaires, captured cannon in the streets of Barcelona, stormed barracks, cut deep into Badajoz, and made important gains in the area of Pozoblanco. They saved every important capital of Spain for the republic and cut Franco off from Central Spain by both land and sea.

During the second twenty months of the war, with Stalinists leading, what happened? The Republic lost the rest of Northern Spain, fought a stalemate at Brunette, left Madrid unchanged after losses, stalemated at Belchite, won and lost at Teruel, deserted the Aragon front, permitting Franco to reach the sea and divide Loyalist territory in two, and finally surrendered all of Catalonia. Neither food nor ammuni-

tion shortages account for these retreats. There are indubitable evidences of *a completely shattered morale.* The triumphant fascists found immense stores of supplies, also intact munitions factories, when they marched across Catalonia. They marched almost as fast as an unimpeded army can move. They lost only a few hundred lives in the final drive that won them all of Catalonia. Franco might have been able to smash through defended lines. He never had to try. *Cojones* can mean more than guns, planes, and blockades. In Madrid old General Miaja could stomp into union headquarters in the earlier period and demand "a hundred men who want to die," and five hundred raised their hands. Then came communist control. If Loyalist Spain had not fallen into Stalinist hands, the Republic might have been lost anyhow. But the Russian blight made defeat certain.

The victory of Franco and his allies is a genuine triumph for totalitarianism. It is also a real defeat for the Kremlin and its organizations. But the sad outcome does not reduce the roll of democracy — a Stalin victory would merely have been a different variant of totalitarianism. The real losers in any event are the Spanish people.

EFFICIENCY: *A Fable*

By J. Haymaker

She absorbed culture by radio, as she went about her brief household tasks. To orchestral accompaniment over the radio, she read short stories in a magazine, and ate chocolates while her hair was drying after a shampoo. She lunched, on foot in her kitchenette, as a railroad engine scoops up water from a trough between the rails without making a stop. She looked over a movie magazine and put on fresh lipstick in the subway, as she rode to her bridge club where she talked hats while playing contract.

She rarely did less than two things at once. She lived so much in five years that she looked ten years older.

SMITH STREET, U. S. A.

By Elizabeth Hughes

Between the years 1912 and 1929, in the United States, in Oklahoma, in a small town named Vinita, and on a street called Smith, more than a hundred children, of whom I was one, learned to be Americans.

We were born Americans, to be sure, but we learned practical, applied Americanism on Smith Street, just as millions of other children were learning it on their own Elm or Third or Walnut Streets in thousands of small towns all over the nation. Smith Street, I believe, was in every major detail typical of American small town life a generation ago. There was nothing unusual or distinctive about the block on Smith Street where I grew up — and that is its distinction.

Smith Street may not have been beautiful, and it certainly was not perfect. No doubt it had the faults of narrowness, provincialism, and ignorance so often ascribed to it in fiction. But whatever else Smith Street may have been, it was important. We didn't know it then, and perhaps few of the millions who grew up on such a street have thought about it since, but Smith Street was the most significant social phenomenon in America. To have grown up on Smith Street was to have lived in the nearest thing to a pure democracy that this country has ever seen. It was to have been as nearly unconscious of class or economic distinctions as it is possible for humankind to be.

On that block (we called it the neighborhood, and the name meant something then) lived employers and employees, tradesmen, professional men, laborers, government workers, schoolteachers, clerks, city and county workers. The most well-to-do did not live on Smith Street, but neither did the families who constantly had to be "helped." There were twenty houses on our block, and in 1912, when we moved there, I think every house was owned by the family who lived in it.

Only three houses were two stories high. The rest were one-story, generally five-room, cottages; all frame, and all painted

either white or yellow. They had a front room, dining room, kitchen, and two bedrooms. The front porch was for sitting on after supper. The front yard, theoretically, was a lawn, but there were few grass lawns on Smith Street because the trees cast too much shade and the children trampled the grass down in their play faster than it could grow. There was no nonsense about the back yard. It was for hanging out the wash and raising a vegetable garden and sometimes for keeping a cow or chickens. Nobody had a maid, though from time to time one or more families would have a hired girl, if they could afford it or if someone was sick. The hired girls ate with the family and usually shared a bed with one of the children.

The residents of Smith Street were at least third generation Americans. Probably most of them had had forefathers in the Revolution. Some were of Indian descent. All bore names of English, Scotch, Irish, or German derivation — McKay, Thaxton, Long, Reidemann, Hughes, Sherwood.

Now, after twenty years, I can call up Smith Street as it was in my childhood. I can start at the corner house at the north end of the block on the west side, go down the block, cross over, and come back on the east side, and describe every family, how they made their living, how many children they had. We knew one another that well.

Briefly, in order of houses, there lived on our block, at one time, the following families: Home-loan executive, bank director, three children. Physician, two children. Postal clerk, two children. Jeweler, no children. City clerk, three children. Dealer in farm produce, two children. Barber, no children. Store owner, three children. Druggist, no children. Newspaper owner, three children.

Crossing the street and returning, there were: Optometrist, one child. Carpenter and paperhanger, four children. Mechanic, four children. Photographer (my father), one child. Wholesale grocery salesman, two children. Retired Indian agent and spinster daughter, no children. Bank clerk, five children. Department store saleswoman (widow), five children. Railway station agent, two children. Lawyer, two children.

Mr. Cartwright, the home-loan executive, had the highest income of any man on the block, but his wife seldom kept help. She did the work of a two-story house and cooked three meals a day for five people, quite as a matter of course.

Mrs. Rowe, the widow who clerked in a department store, had the lowest income. Her husband died shortly before the birth of her youngest child, leaving her with five children to rear. She owned her five-room house and rented two rooms of it. I can remember hearing my mother and other neighborhood women speaking with the greatest admiration of Mrs. Rowe. She still was poor, even by our modest standards, but she had weathered the danger that her children would starve unless she was "helped," an alternative almost equally intolerable.

Between the Cartwrights and Mrs. Rowe lay a wide scale of economic situations. Almost everyone, from time to time, would have a period of financial distress and worry over debt, but we always had ample clothing and food.

My family, financially, must have been somewhere in the middle range of Smith Street. The two little girls I played with most were Peggy Cartwright and Ellen Rowe. We waded in the gutters when it rained and sewed doll clothes together and went to Sunday School together because we were within two months of the same age and all the other little girls on the block were noticeably older or younger than we.

Before the War there was a neighborhood club. Everyone on the block belonged to it. The women met in the afternoon at one of the houses and brought their children. There was no one to leave them with, even if anyone had thought of leaving them. Several times a year the club met at night, so the husbands could come. Then it was a dinner party and each wife brought her special dish, the one no one else could make quite as well.

Everyone was solicitous to see that old Major Buford, a Civil War veteran who had been Indian agent at Muskogee, had everything he liked best. He generally had to eat in the room apart where we children were sent with our plates. If he hadn't eaten with us we would have eaten with him. We adored the Major. He seemed to enjoy our society as much as we enjoyed his, which was a good thing, for he had in his front yard the neighborhood's most desirable tree for climbing.

There were no formal calls of condolence on Smith Street. When there was a death in the neighborhood everyone went in. Already, if there had been need, they had helped care for the dying neighbor. After death came they divided the night into shifts and sat up, two to

a shift, while the family slept. At that time there were no funeral homes to which the dead could be sent, and in the two nights between death and burial the neighbors kept watch in the house that sheltered both the dead and the living. They came in the daytime and brought quantities of food, cakes and pies, roast meat and vegetables. They put it on the table and urged the family to eat, often staying to eat with them. The neighborhood women did the housework. Everyone came, even though they were not close friends.

I cannot recall ever hearing the question of married women's working being raised. Many of the wives on Smith Street worked downtown, generally in their husbands' places of business, though if a woman wished to pursue her own work of dressmaking or music teaching or millinery after marriage, in her home or out, she did.

The unformulated principle was that a woman's place was where she was needed most. If she had small children she stayed at home and took care of them. If she had no children, or her children were in school, and she could be useful working with her husband, she went to town and worked with him. The druggist and his wife and the jeweler and his wife, neither of whom had children, always worked together in the stores. My mother, after I was in school, went more and more often to the photograph studio with my father.

Artificial class distinctions had no meaning to us. When they were brought to our attention by people from larger cities we thought they were funny. I still remember my father's roars of laughter at the remark of a visitor to Smith Street. She had accompanied her hosts to one of the evening parties of the neighborhood club and had recognized immediately the great personal charm of Mr. Prentice, one of the most popular men on the block.

We left the party just after the visiting lady and her hosts and walked down the street not far behind them.

"Mr. Prentice is a delightful man," the visitor remarked. "What does he do?"

"He's a barber," said her resident relative.

"*A barber! A barber!* Do you know a *barber?*"

"Well, of course we know a barber," her host snorted. "He lives only two doors from us."

"But *socially!* He's charming — but I certainly never expected to meet a barber."

My father reached home without bursting, but it was a near thing. For days afterward he was apt to say, "A barber! A barber!" and go off into shouts of mirth.

II

I would not have you think that Smith Street was Utopia. There were clashes. A coolness would arise between two families occasionally. Politics (which meant Democrat or Republican and nothing else) were often argued with more heat than tolerance. Our moral code was strict, and if the suspicion arose, which happened rarely, that one of the girls on the block had violated it we gossiped our heads off.

The gossip was exciting and stimulating, even enjoyable. But underneath it lay a genuine kindliness, and we expressed it by action that was eminently practical. The girl was not shunned or ostracized. Girls her own age may have been quietly instructed by their mothers to see less of her, but that was the limit to overt action. We pretended to her parents that we had heard nothing with a determination which possibly defeated its purpose. When she married, as in the course of time she always did, we not only treated the whole thing as water under the bridge but persuaded ourselves that there probably was never anything to the talk in the first place.

We knew every detail of everyone's private affairs, and we also knew how to evaluate their relative importance. When the doctor's wife, who had only one child, was expecting a second, no one was concerned about its sex. When the carpenter's wife, who already had three boys, was expecting again, the neighborhood did everything but hold prayer meetings, so keen was the general anxiety for her to get a girl. She did.

To me, and I suspect to most of the men and women who grew up on Smith Street, the present bitter arguments of the radicals on both right and left sound distinctly silly. They are mouthing words that have no meaning to us. We know all about a classless society: we lived in one.

We never thought that Mr. Cartwright was necessarily a superior person because he made more money than Mrs. Rowe. They were members of the same church. Their children played together. Mrs. Rowe would have been shocked at the thought of hating Mr. Cartwright because he was a capitalist. He would have been equally shocked at the

thought of fearing or distrusting Mrs. Rowe because she belonged to the masses. In fact, he would have been shocked at the suggestion that Mrs. Rowe did belong to the masses. He would have suspected that the observation implied some reflection on Mrs. Rowe, whom he knew well and held in the highest respect.

The children who grew up on Smith Street are not likely to be very sympathetic toward an ideology that would prevent them from talking freely about anything and anybody they want to. They will not take readily, either, to any system that commands them to regard henceforth as enemies the same kind of people who were their friends and neighbors through the formative years.

It has been ten years since I quit the physical environs of Smith Street. Time enough, one would think, for me to lose the idea that life on Smith Street was reality and life among the class conscious an illusion. Yet to this day I am incapable of making distinctions based on wealth or position. They do not exist for me. After a childhood spent on Smith Street people are either individuals of good character and agreeable disposition, hence persons to be admired, or they are not, and are hence persons to be avoided.

We hundred and more men and women who were children together no longer live, geographically, on Smith Street. The millions of others have gone from their Elm or Third or Walnut Streets. But Smith Street has not left us. It never will.

There is good reason to believe that those who worry over the coming struggle for American democracy simply do not know about Smith Street. They can't have forgotten it, so they must never have lived there. If the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing field of Eton, the battle for the preservation of American democracy was won on Smith Street, or it is already lost.

▶ *A Tom Thumb kingdom is caught under the iron heel of Hitlerism.*

THE END OF LIECHTENSTEIN

By Robert B. Hotz

The last idyllic oasis of peace in war-mad Europe is now being obliterated by the Nazi flood. Tiny Liechtenstein, stronghold of independence and sanity for nearly a century, is (in all but name) among the acquisitions of greater Germany. The enactment last January of standardized Nazi "Aryan" laws within its sixty-five square miles symbolized the end of the old democracy where life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness were enjoyed to the full. Though formal declaration of the fact may be delayed for some time, the miniature nation nestled between Austria and Switzerland is now under the iron heel of the Third Reich.

Its doom was sounded when the Reichswehr tramped into Austria. The 10,000 Germans, nearly all Roman Catholics, residing contentedly in Liechtenstein, were a living rebuttal of Hitler's claims. The success of their democracy, which for seventy-two years had no army, needed only three policemen, and spent its money on schools instead of arms, was an affront to Germany. Liechtenstein had to be destroyed to shield the reputation of National Socialism.

German Nazis recognized the menace of free Liechtenstein as early as 1929. They then used the marriage of jolly Prince Franz I, nominal ruler of the principality, to a Viennese Jewess to heap invective on the little country. Soon after Austria fell Prince Franz was forced to abdicate. The succession was denied to his sons and a 100 per cent Aryan nephew was installed as prince. Heartened by the sacking of Franz, Liechtenstein's three native Nazis hastened to Berlin. Each returned with a cabinet post in his pocket. Austrian Nazis, who formerly sneaked across the border into Liechtenstein at night and painted swastikas on fences, barns, and cattle, now come and go in freedom. Since the principality has an open frontier with Switzerland, it has become headquarters for Nazi agitation among German-speaking Swiss. Only this convenience delays formal union of Liechtenstein and the Reich.

Long before Christ, Roman legions tramped through Liechtenstein. Goths, Russians, Germans, Austrians, and Frenchmen have all fought in this gateway between eastern and western Europe. Liechtenstein battled Napoleon as an ally of Austria, then marched with him to sack Vienna; it fought Hapsburg wars in Holland and in Spain, and bled in Turkey for the Russian czar. But the wars ceased in 1868, when the Liechtenstein legion was swept from the field of Sadowa by Bismarck's Prussians. Ironically it is this last battle that today gives Hitler the legal right to invade the country. At the peace conference, tiny Liechtenstein was forgotten and the Prussian diplomats failed to sign a peace treaty with it. Thus the countries are technically still at war.

II

Having led his soldiers home from Sadowa, Prince Johann the Good disbanded them for good. From that day to this Liechtenstein has not had a single soldier nor spent one penny for arms. A battery of muzzle-loading cannons in the national museum and a 93-year-old veteran of Sadowa are its only defenses. The years after Sadowa saw Liechtenstein psychologically isolated from its wordly neighbors. Taxes were slashed to a minimum. Self-government was introduced. Men devoted all their time to constructive toil. A sense of peace and security unknown elsewhere spread through the tiny land. Nobody was rich. Nobody was poor. Everybody worked hard and enjoyed life immensely. Portly Prince Franz succeeded Johann the Good. He lived in Vienna, visited Liechtenstein but once a year, and carried on his official business by telephone. Where his ancestors had taxed their subjects to starvation, Franz, like Johann, contributed his own money to the national treasury and turned his castle into a public museum.

The real rulers of the country were the fifteen farmers who composed the Landesrat, and Prime Minister Franz Joseph Hoop. Landesrat members were elected by the people and in turn elected the Prime Minister. Their deliberations were sandwiched between plowing, planting, harvesting, and other chores. Dr. Hoop was the active administrator of Liechtenstein for the ten years before Nazi domination. His office in the capital city Vaduz (population 1715) resembles the quarters of a small-town lawyer. Here he received his countrymen and studied their

personal and public problems. Bankers and foreign visitors had to wait their turn along with shirt-sleeved farmers. For playing "papa" to his people, Dr. Hoop got $2500, a house, and firewood.

Crime in Liechtenstein was practically non-existent. The three green-shirted policemen spent most of their time as janitors in the public buildings. When a visiting German committed the only murder in the last twenty years, the government had to rent a cell in nearby St. Gallen, Switzerland. Stealing grapes is the worst crime that has been committed by Liechtensteiners within the memory of most inhabitants.

Financially Liechtenstein presented another contrast to the rest of the Continent. The budget has been balanced for more than seventy years. The only taxes are an income levy of three-quarters of one per cent and property taxes on bicycles, automobiles, and dogs. For the last several years governmental expenditures have been just under $500,000. Each citizen paid less than $20 a year taxes. Corporation fees and profit taxes were the lowest in the world and the country reaped a rich harvest from the influx of foreign capital for registration. Firms from all over the world incorporated there and supplied nearly one-third of the country's revenues.

Liechtensteiners are mostly farmers and live in the valley of Vaduz bordering the Rhine. A few live among the mountain crags, tending cattle, and others work in the country's two factories which make cloth and false teeth. There was no unemployment. The few men who might have otherwise been idle were kept busy repairing roads. Mountain streams provided cheap electricity and power, and even mountain cottages have electric lights and stoves. Education has long been the largest single item on the national budget. In Vaduz the schoolteacher has a bigger house than the banker. Until the advent of the Nazis nobody took more than an academic interest in the troubles of the outside world. Now *Mein Kampf* is required reading.

The Nazis may crush the freedom, friendliness, and contentment of Liechtenstein but they can never kill the memories that belong to the few foreigners who have visited the little land. Those who have ever heard a Liechtensteiner boom "Gruess Gott" to a stranger along the high road find it impossible to imagine him voluntarily donning a brown shirt.

A SOUTHERNER LIKES THE NORTH

By William Edgerton

I like the North. The real North, that is — Noo York, Philadelphia, and perhaps Jersey City and Camden. Don't ask me about Noo England, or Northwestern cities like Chicago and Pittsburgh. I am talking about the real North.

I like the hearty, masculine directness of Northern manners, in which he-men scorn the use of "thank you" or "excuse me," and women do their best to act like he-men. In the North you are rude to friends and strangers alike, but to your friends you grin with your rudeness and they know you're a good fellow. As for the strangers: well, in the North you never see a stranger twice anyhow. Moreover, Northern manners are democratic. Before a subway seat all men are created free, and the equality is chiefly a matter of good elbow work. It was a little hard at first, since I grew up in the South, but now I can easily out-distance a mother with a babe in her arms in the race to the only vacant seat.

I began to understand why Northerners are so much more advanced than the rest of America when I stopped to think how well informed they are. I myself have learned things in the North about life in my native South that I had failed to observe in twenty years there. Once I tried to object when a fellow Northerner told me that Southerners ate molasses on fried chicken. But I don't think he heard me. He had already passed on to the servitude of Southern women.

I like the North. In the South we had only the Negroes; but in the North I can hate foreigners, distrust the Catholics, look down on the Wops and Polacks, make fun of the Pennsylvania Dutch, and still feel self-righteous because Negroes don't have to ride in the back of our Northern streetcars.

I like the way Northerners simplify the language. In the North I ask: "Did John call yet?" and my friend answers: "Yes. He left me take the message off him and I wrote it down and let it in back of the clock. He said he would of come out if he would of had time, only he hadda go someplace in Noo

Jersey. He said he felt vurry badly about it." "Well," I say, "I would of like to of seen him. He was only to our house onct since I'm here. He seems to be traveling all over everywhere." And to us Northerners all that makes sense. If you put expression into your voice in the North you're either provincial or sissy. Now, after four years of practice, I can welcome an old friend, admire my wife's new dress, console a widowed aunt, or congratulate a new papa in the nasal snarl I use to bawl out a slow waitress or ask for directions to the necktie department.

Another sure sign of provincialism is patience. Rustics, especially Southern rustics, do not seem to realize that in a modern society, where the patterns of all men's lives are woven by machinery, there is neither time nor excuse for delays. Whether you have to wait three minutes at the filling station while the attendant is inside being robbed, or four minutes at the hotel desk because the clerk has just fallen through the elevator shaft, you must snort and swear and stamp your feet if you want to keep the respect of your fellow-Northerners. The proper expressions to use are: "What kind of a dump is this, anyhow? I want service! I'm paying for it, ain't I?"

I like the North because in the North an ounce of bluff is worth two or three pounds of intelligence. Your opinion of last week's opera may have come from the music page of your paper, your analysis of the trouble in Europe may correspond exactly to Lowell Thomas', and your criticism of the latest best-seller may be taken direct from a book review — but if you express your borrowed convictions in a tone that casts doubt on the intelligence of anyone who disagrees, Northerners grant you the respect due wisdom and learning.

Every time I go through our Northern slums I think of *Tobacco Road* and feel a comfortable glow of indignation at the plight of those ignorant Southerners. In Northern slums children may have only the street to play in and families of twelve may live in one room, but nowhere in our cities are wealth and poverty, swank and squalor more than a few blocks apart and slum-dwellers easily get to know the finer things of life. Within a few minutes of their own front doors they can watch ermine coats and top hats getting in and out of limousines, and can enjoy seeing how they themselves would be living if they had been born a few hundred yards away. Further, the boy of the slums finds all sorts

of opportunities open to him. New rackets spring up every year, and even the established gangs are always glad to find ambitious, hard-working young men with steady nerves and a good aim.

Here in this great Northern city I am free from the neighborliness, ethics, and social responsibility that hamper the natural development of go-getters in the South. In my little house, seventh in a row of twenty-two built exactly alike, I have all the isolation of Daniel Boone in his wilderness, plus the advantages of running water, electric lights, automatic heat, and police protection against minor criminals. To my neighbors I am a house number with a squawking radio; to the company I work for I am two penciled initials on invoices and a name on a monthly pay check; to the subway company I am fifteen cents a day and two square feet of floor space; and in the general life of the city I am a cipher in a row of statistics.

Just as I was beginning to get rid of my Southern handicaps I went to France for a year. I made the trip, of course, in a sort of missionary spirit, much as do many of us Northerners who travel in the South. I found the French wilfully backward. They refuse to rush through today in order to get an early start on tomorrow, so that they can live through the next twenty-four hours in advance. They refuse to purchase the automatic furnaces, electric potato-peelers, and mechanical card-shufflers which would give them the leisure to make enough extra money to pay for their furnaces, potato-peelers, and card-shufflers. And such is the strength of French backwardness that I soon found myself losing the bluntness, the cockiness, the steam-roller self-assertion — in a word, the Northern culture — I had struggled to acquire. I found myself losing the facile use of superlatives and the reverence for bigness. I became aware of a vague tendency to think for myself, to wonder whether there was any sense after all in scurrying about in an ant hill like New York. I even came to suspect that the Northern worldliness I had acquired was little more than a streamlined provincialism, suited to life in the all-steel backwoods, but hardly adequate beyond the end of the Elevated line.

Yes, I like the North, to be sure. But my wife and I are saving our money and dreaming of the day when we can flee to some old-fashioned farmhouse down in the Carolina foothills.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND SEX

By Ellsworth B. Buck
Vice-President, Board of Education of the City of New York

Ever since the Great Commoner requested the thunders of heaven to descend on a Tennessee schoolteacher who suggested that Darwin and Huxley had not lived in vain, there has been quiet amusement in educational circles about the fix in which the biology teachers of that state find themselves. It is, on the whole, unjustified. If the Tennesseans, by fiat of a group of legislators, are compelled to inform their pupils that men are made out of ribs, most educators in the remainder of the country are hardly better off: they are still not permitted to deny that babies are made out of cabbages.

Recently the physical training teacher in a large New York high school was asked for advice by two first-year students. Driven to a state of emotional tension by sexual problems and unable to seek advice at home, they turned to him as someone they could trust. Fear of official disapproval made him send them away uninformed — and his action received official support. When certain members of the New York Board of Education, no longer ago than the summer of 1938, urged that sex instruction, in the mild form of a study of mammalian reproduction, be given in the high schools, they were turned down hard by the Board of Superintendents. The majority of the Board of Education supported this stand for ignorance, and the junior high school principal who headed a special subcommittee on the subject reported:

> It is a question of moment whether it is not wrong for the school to shoulder the responsibility of shortening for these little ones, very precious to us, their period of innocent childhood and of awakening in them an interest in a topic for which they are not ready.

Soon it became tragically clear that about the only innocence this well-intentioned educator succeeded in protecting was her own. The report itself disclosed that a nearby home for unmarried mothers had for some time been receiving an average of two girls a month *from this principal's school.*

This example is more than an ironical incident in the seldom-smooth progress of pedagogy. It is a significant sample of the fogs of emotional Victorianism with which most of our educational system is surrounded, and of what goes on under cover of that obscurity. How much goes on in those sunless precincts was recently the subject of an extensive investigation undertaken for the writer by his confidential secretary, Eugene R. Canudo.

The startling statistics he unearthed from the morgues of public apathy, his interviews with a vast number of officials, the correlation of scattered facts, figures, and opinions all added up to an appalling picture of ignorance and the results of this ignorance. The picture, spread on the front pages of the metropolitan press, may have shocked a few people out of their indifference. But a one-day sensation is no solution. The situation calls for action, not only in New York but in every community.

Mr. Canudo found, for instance, that of 102,045 birth certifications filed in 1938 in New York City, 1347 lacked vital information concerning the father, and therefore may reasonably be assumed to represent children born out of wedlock. This is substantially confirmed by the fact that the Corporation Counsel prosecuted 1381 paternity cases (for the support of illegitimate children) during 1937 — a figure comparable to the number of illegitimate births deducible from the birth certificate information alone for a similar period. Further and most pertinent to our discussion is this:

Of the 1347 illegitimate births, 7 per cent, or about one in every fourteen, *were born to girls of 16 years or less — two to little girls of 13, one to a child of 12, and one to a tot of 11.*

"It's an age-old story, but its pathos and tragedy can never be lessened," said a prominent woman magistrate when interviewed, "the story of the child led astray, disgraced, abused at an age when she should be skating, playing basketball, dancing, tasting all the joys of a happy, carefree, protected youth." Talk of prolonging "the period of innocent childhood" begins to look frivolous against the reality of childhood years wrecked by ignorance.

And there is ample reason to believe that the mere illegitimacy statistics present a comparatively mild side of the whole picture. Mr. Canudo found indications of abortion, incest, and compulsory prostitution among these schoolgirls. He

found statistics of the New York Health Department showing that from January to September 1938 as many as 37,336 cases of syphilis and gonorrhea were reported to the public authorities; and that among them 2388 or *6.4 per cent concerned children under 19*. The ratio of infected children, in other words, was almost the same as that of young unmarried mothers to the total of unmarried mothers. Children's societies in two of the city's five boroughs investigated 285 cases of rape involving girls under 16 during the same period. That is, there were three times as many rape offenses against children in the two boroughs as there were illegitimate births for the whole city.

Further light on these rape cases is thrown by information from another source. The present Secretary of the Social Hygiene Committee of the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association a few years ago conducted a special and detailed study of a thousand such cases. He separated the girls involved by age groups and found that the greatest number of cases came from the sixth grade, with the seventh grade next. And what were the reasons behind these rapes? Many of the victims, it is true, stand on the records as technically having given consent; but the official doing the investigating pursued this matter one step farther. He discovered that the girls in question were almost as frequently below the mental as below the statutory "age of consent." Ignorance — or worse, distorted and fear-ridden half-knowledge — could be seen everywhere. "I didn't know what it was all about" was one of the most usual excuses, and "I only did it to keep my boy friend" which means the same thing, was a good second.

"Had these girls been the recipients of adequate sex instruction and . . . under parental control," says the compiler of the report, "many of them would undoubtedly have avoided the pitfalls that awaited them." The woman magistrate quoted above echoes this with, "I say that 99 per cent of New York parents are delinquent in that they do not tell their young children the simple truth about sex, which all children growing up in this city need as a matter of self-protection."

II

Now this seems to be the nub of the whole question. It is an old story that parents do not know how to present the facts or are too shy

to do so. No amount of railing about such a condition is likely to change it. Parent-teacher associations and similar bodies may help, but it is difficult to believe that they can accomplish much in the face of a taboo against the discussion of sex between parent and child which has become almost inherent in our form of civilization.

That taboo has been defied successfully by fathers and mothers of exceptional mental and psychological caliber. Many enlightened religious leaders have encouraged them in this sensible confrontation of truth. The fact remains, all the same, that the overwhelming majority of parents have neither the intelligence nor the moral courage to give their children satisfactory sex information. Let us face the unpleasant reality: vast numbers among them, having been brought up in a paralyzing ignorance of the subject themselves, simply don't have the information in a form suitable for their children. If the schools make up this lack, the worst that can happen is that the relatively few children from enlightened homes will have the knowledge conveyed by parents also confirmed by teachers.

Today, more than ever before, children's first awareness of sex is likely to come from gutter gossip and in forms that lend the topic the unwholesome fascination of a forbidden mystery. More than ever sex stimuli surround the adolescent and pre-adolescent — in the tabloid newspapers with their lurid descriptions of sex crimes, in the advertising of "love potions," in pornographic literature in certain pulp magazines, through the currently popular innuendoes of the respectable "sophisticated" magazines. Even the carefully emasculated movies contribute mis-education, by frequently showing love as a business of kisses and riotous living, in which marriage is the natural result after couples have pushed each other into the water or bombarded each other with custard pies.

This is not a bill of complaint. It is a simple recognition of the obvious. Mr. Canudo's investigation indicates that the general figures on illegitimate births are a fair index of adolescent immorality. This is strikingly confirmed by examination of the illegitimate birth figures on a country-wide basis. With California and Massachusetts excluded, the total illegitimacies for 1935 were 78,874. *Of these, 35,167 were born to unwed mothers between the ages of 15 and 19, and 1864 more to child-mothers between the ages of 10 and 14.* In other words, a little

less than half the total number of illegitimacies were produced by those girls who "should still be skating, playing basketball, dancing." The ratio of illegitimate births to 1000 total births reported by the Bureau of the Census for the years 1934–36 for the entire country (again *sans* Massachusetts and California) is even more startling:

(Illegitimate births per 1000 births)

	1934	*1935*	*1936*
Entire U. S.....	38.9	39.2	39.8
Cities of 10,000 up	37.9	38.4	40.5
Towns of 2500–10,000.....	31.1	30.5	28.8
Rural.....	41.5	41.9	41.8

Nearly half these illegitimacies, we are justified in deducing from the figures already cited, spell disgrace, tragedy, horror for girl-children under 19, many of them as young as 10 or 12.

The year to year growth of illegitimacy in larger cities indicated by these official statistics needs particular noting. It confirms one feature of Mr. Canudo's findings, though his figures for New York City go back farther and come down a year closer than those available for the country as a whole. He found that the paternity cases prosecuted by the Corporation Counsel's office had shown an advance from 589 in 1930 to the 1381 — more than double — in the most recent year of record. Doubtless other factors than lack of sex education among adolescents are involved, but whatever these other factors may be, it is clear that they operate upon the ignorant adolescent with fully as great force, and perhaps greater, than upon other age groups. For each of the unmarried child-mothers, if the 1938 statistics are fairly typical, one should apparently count something over three times the number of rapes and something like thirty cases of venereal disease.

Are the shocking New York statistics exceptional? They are. They are exceptional in that New York City shows a far better record than the average! The statistics of illegitimate births per 1000 total births show that New York City had the fifth lowest illegitimacy rate of all American cities of 100,000 population or more, in the last national census. (8.8 per cent of all children born in the nation's capital during 1937 were illegitimate.) Following are some representative figures:

(Illegitimate births per 1000 births)

Yonkers, N. Y.....	7.42
Bridgeport, Conn.....	8.70
Salt Lake City, Utah.....	10.59
Paterson, N. J.....	12.13
New York City.....	*12.67*
Chicago, Ill.....	25.76

Detroit, Mich.	28.18
Philadelphia, Pa.	32.75
Baltimore, Md.	59.22
New Orleans, La.	68.54
Jacksonville, Fla.	72.71
Washington, D. C.	73.49
Memphis, Tenn.	91.17
Kansas City, Mo.	94.60
Richmond, Va.	97.49

By the index of illegitimacy statistics, then, New York conditions, with their train of rape, venereal disease, abortion, and incest, are less than one-third as bad as those in the average large city or in the whole country.

III

It would be dangerous to generalize about the reasons for the relatively favorable positions occupied by New York and its neighbor, Yonkers, without data now lacking. It would also be absurd to declare that the introduction of a course in mammalian biology in the junior high schools would instantly be followed by a drop in the illegitimacy rate, and the disease and rape rates that move with it. But it certainly would seem that the removal of the veils of mystery with which the subject of sex has been surrounded would do something to cut down the 2400 annual cases of child venereal disease in New York, or the 1800 cases of unmarried motherhood under the age of 15 in the country. It seems fairly clear that ignorance is the basic explanation for these latter figures.

Not even the opponents of sex instruction in the schools deny that the obliteration of this ignorance is necessary and desirable. Their opposition to handling the matter through the schools turns entirely upon a postulate and its corollary: that the place for sex instruction is the home or the church, and that parents will object to having this instruction given in the school.

The latter is simply not true by the record. Dr. Benjamin C. Gruenberg, editor of the manual, *High Schools and Sex Education*, which is issued by the United States Public Health Service, remarks that wherever parents have expressed themselves on the efforts of the school to orient children in sex matters the comment has been almost unanimously in favor of the effort.

In New York, Mr. Canudo's investigation showed the same result on a smaller scale. The woman physician who conducts the course in sex education at Cathedral High School, a Roman Catholic girls' institution, reported that in all the time this instruction has been given

only one student's parents entered any objections, while hundreds of others had expressed their gratitude.

Such matters as denominational policy, the fact that few children go to church more than once a week and that many have no religious affiliations, make it impossible to depend exclusively upon the churches in a matter so important. The schools, on the other hand, reach every child, and are in daily contact with all of them; their physical education, biology, and social science courses afford points where sex education could be introduced logically and naturally, with a minimum of that parade which now attends the occasional appearance of an outside expert for what the children usually call a "smut talk."

There is small doubt that under ideal conditions sex instruction should and would be the particular charge of the parents. But it is precisely because parents refuse or are unequipped to perform this duty that the present conditions have arisen. To argue that the matter should remain in their hands is to argue for the perpetuation of a dangerous and costly ignorance — costly in terms of human health and happiness for our growing generations. The emotional approach to the subject must be discarded for a rational approach. The dank ignorance must be dispelled. The problem is too real for temporizing.

QUEST PERILOUS

By P. K. Thomajan

Some get
Everything
They desire . . .
On the half-shell;

While I must
Venture on for
What I want . . .
Under endless shells.

FUN AMONG THE FUNDAMENTALISTS

By Charles Francis Potter

If you don't know who was the shortest man mentioned in the Bible, you were not brought up among the pious orthodox Protestants of America. Not that you learned the answer in Sunday School, for that question was never in the "quarterlies." But you might have heard it whispered when the Sunday School teacher could not overhear. And by your answer to the question, you betray the part of the country you come from, since there are many answers, each indigenous to its section.

I was a Massachusetts Baptist, which means I was brought up in a faith as strict as the Scotch Presbyterian. No whistling on Sundays; read your Bible. And I did. I got a prize in Sunday School for memorizing Bible texts before I was three years old. By the time I was seven I had read aloud to my mother the entire New Testament and read most of the Old Testament silently.

When I finished, my mother said, "Now that you know the Bible, tell me, who was the shortest man?" I answered promptly, "Zaccheus, for the Bible says that he was little of stature and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see Jesus because of the crowd." I had remembered that passage particularly, for when I had read the nineteenth chapter of Luke, my mother had quoted the verse from the *New England Primer*, by which her people from way back had learned their A-B-C's, beginning,

> "In Adam's fall,
> We sin-ned all,"

and ending with,

> "Zaccheus, he
> Climb up a tree,
> His Lord to see."

I remember that I had protested that it should be "climbed," but she said it was "climb" with a short i, like "climm." It was old-fashioned language. When I confidently asserted that Zaccheus was the shortest man, my mother said, "No, there was a man in the Old Testament shorter than Zaccheus." I couldn't guess, so she told me it was Nehemiah — only she pronounced it as if it were "Knee-*high*-miah."

A pious boy should never be angry with his mother, but I came near it then. I stuck up for Zaccheus, on the ground that it was Ne-*he*-miah, and that even if it had been Ne-*hi*-miah, it wouldn't have meant that he was only knee-high. And I said soberly that I didn't think it was right to make fun of the Bible, anyway. She only laughed and said she had another question for me.

"Who was the straightest man?" I told her that there were plenty of crooked men in the Bible, especially in the Old Testament, but that I thought Jesus was straight enough for anybody. "Well," she said, "Jesus was straight, and the best man who ever lived, but this is another joke question, and the answer is that Joseph was the straightest man because Pharaoh made a ruler out of him." I smiled a little at that one, but felt guilty as I did so.

For years I found it difficult to reconcile my mother's unquestionable piety with what seemed to me a sort of irreverence. But gradually, as I heard more of the same sort of trick questions about Bible characters, and always from very good orthodox people, I began to understand. My mother, and all these pious persons, had been brought up on the Bible. It was practically the only book they read — at least, they read it more than all other books combined. Now, there isn't much humor in the Bible — not in the King James version, anyway — but in every human being there is a craving for a little fun occasionally. So when the only book they had was the Bible, and the only literary characters they knew were the men and women of the sacred pages, the pious pioneers managed to work in a few jokes about Adam and Eve and Moses and Joseph and the rest.

I even detected an undercurrent of feeling that, as long as the jokes were about Bible characters, the taboo was off joking on Sunday. For Sunday was the day when you weren't supposed to be merry. One Sunday when I caught myself whistling from sheer joy at the beauty of the twilight hour, and suddenly realized my sin, I stopped short right on East Main Street and looked apprehensively into the sky for fear a thunderbolt would strike me down.

Puritanical people permitted themselves to make horrible puns about Bible characters simply because it was sheer relief from the terribly strict lives they led. I have seen large groups of very religious persons go into gales of laughter over the silliest of these trick Bible questions. The extent of the merri-

ment could not be justified by the small amount of humor in the joke, but these good folk were hilarious because they were, in a way, getting even with some of the Bible characters about whom they had heard countless sermons. The laughter burst forth uncontrollably from their subconscious. They had suppressed for so long a very human irritation at these goody-goody heroes that when a joke on Joseph or Paul or Moses was suddenly cracked, the pent-up resentment exploded into immoderate laughter.

II

The thing began to interest me as a phenomenon of the religious life of man, and I started to collect specimens of this type of humor. In over thirty years I have assembled a vast collection and have all the pride of a hobbyist when I find a new one. It isn't mere amusement, for I have learned that these Bible-questions-with-a-catch are really pretty good Americana. They are true folk-lore.

I have plucked these stories from all over the country and from all kinds of sources. Men's noontime luncheon clubs have given me many. Teachers and college professors many more. Three came from a United States Senator's wife. But most are from farm-folk and ministers, the latter whispered confidentially. There was usually reason for whispering, for some of these trick questions must necessarily abide forever in the oral tradition, a fact which strengthens my theory that they are an escape mechanism for the religious repressed. Bawdy Bible jokes are the American equivalent of the merry tales told by medieval monks, as a relief from their long hours of devotion.

The same trick question may have different answers in different sections of the country. In upstate New York a grocer told me that they had Nehemiah beaten as the shortest man in the Bible. Their candidate is Bildad the Shuhite, one of Job's three comforters. "For," as he said very logically, "sence they wore some sorta low sandals for shoes in them Bible times, if this here Bildad was only shoe height, it stands to reason he was considably shorter than Ne-hi-miah."

I was telling the story of the Nehemiah-Bildad rivalry at an Ohio Kiwanis club when one of my listeners spoke. "Huh!" he said, "we got both uv 'em licked to a standstill here in Ohio. We say that Simon Peter was the shortest man by far." I confessed that I didn't

see how he made that out, so he explained. "Wal, you're a preacher an' yorter know that story about Simon Peter and the lame man at the gate called Beautiful, an' the lame man begged for alms an' Peter said, 'Silver an' gold have I none.' You couldn't be any shorter than that, could you?"

In still another state I found that Peter was the winning midget, but for another reason. Because, forsooth, he was the disciple who, according to Matthew 26:40, slept on his watch!

A similar process of reasoning accounts for the wickedest man, the most ambitious man, and the greatest orator. The first is Moses, "because he broke all the Ten Commandments at once." The second is Jonah, "because even a whale couldn't keep him down." The third is a little above the average for humor. It seems that the greatest orator is not Paul or Stephen, as you might suppose, but Samson, "because he brought down the house although it was filled with his enemies." I got that one from the Senator's wife.

She also gave me this one: "Who had his seat changed in a theatre?" It was Joseph, who, you will remember from Genesis 37, was taken from the family circle and put in the pit.

Naturally, there is a whole cycle of Noah witticisms. He was the first electrician, for when he took his family and all the animals out of the ark, he made the arc light. The first mention of money in the Bible is when Noah's dove brought back the olive leaf — the dove had a bill and brought a green-back. Noah ran the first canning factory because he filled a whole boat with preserved pairs. He introduced salt meat into the navy (this is widespread among sailors), when he took Ham into the ark.

When a good Fundamentalist, with a gleam in his eye, asks you who was the first woman mentioned in the Bible, don't fall into his trap and say, "Eve." He will explain that it was Genesis, that is, *Jenny's sis*-ter. If you think that one is bad, be informed that the first man was not Adam, but Chap. 1. At what time of day was Adam created? A little before Eve, of course. Why was Eve created? For Adam's Express Company. What did Adam and Eve do when they were driven out of Eden? They just raised Cain. Why were they driven out? For gambling, so God took their *pair o' dice* away from them. And so on, about Adam and Eve, who must forever be legitimate prey of the pious jokesters because orthodox doctrine holds the original couple

responsible for the entrance of sin into the world. Any man who has agonized over his salvation from original sin and has heard countless sermons on the Fall of Man welcomes the chance to take it out on Adam and Eve.

We get into another class of pun with the question, "What eight men milked a bear?" Men with names like these might do anything — Huz, Buz, Kemuel, Chesed, Hazo, Pildash, Jidlaph, and Bethuel. They were the eight sons of Nahor and Milcah: "these eight did Milcah bear to Nahor," Genesis 22:23. This is a recent joke, based on the Revised Version, for the King James translators spoiled such a mental picture by putting the "did" between Milcah and the bear. In 1631 an English printer was fined 300 pounds for leaving out one three-letter word in the verse which correctly reads, "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

Animal verses, incidentally, are dangerous. It is an actual fact that children have been afraid to go to church because of a verse in the 69th Psalm, "For the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up," thinking the "zeal" was some sort of animal, presumably a seal.

Did you know that tennis, golf, and baseball are mentioned in the Bible? Tennis? "When Joseph served in Pharaoh's courts." Golf? Ananias, you remember, was caught in a bad lie. Baseball? Eve "stole first" and Adam "stole second." The prodigal son "made a home run." Rebekah went with a "pitcher." The first verse of the Bible starts with "in the *big-inning*" — all these are well-known in the Rotary clubs. Others I have picked up will be recognized by those who know the game: Genesis 4:8, "when they (Cain and Abel) were in the field"; Genesis 43:26, "And when Joseph came home"; Exodus 4:4, "And he (Moses) put forth his hand and caught it"; Numbers 11:32, "ten homers"; II Kings 16:17, "And King Ahaz cut off the borders of the bases"; Psalm 26:1, "For I have walked . . . therefore I shall not slide"; Proverbs 18:10, "The righteous runneth into it, and is safe"; Jeremiah 15:7, "And I will fan them"; Ezekiel 36:12, "yea, I will cause men to walk . . ."

The popularity of trick Bible questions has not disappeared in the modern rushing world of science. Even the recent inventions come in for their share. Is it the automobile? You will be told that Nahum 2:4 prophesies the coming of the motor car, "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall justle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem

like torches, they shall run like the lightnings." And you will learn that in Isaiah 3rd, there are five automobile parts mentioned — "chains," "mufflers," "rings," "hoods," and "round tires like the moon." You may expostulate that Isaiah was referring to parts of the costumes of the fashionable ladies of his day, but that won't do you any good. As for the airplane, doesn't it tell in Daniel 9:21 about a "man flying swiftly" in the evening?

And what but the radio can be meant in Zephaniah 1:10 "And it shall come to pass in that day, saith the Lord, that there shall be the noise of a cry from the fish gate, and an howling from the second, and a great crashing from the hills?"

The commonest trick question of all, which I was asked in nearly every rural parish where I preached in my student pastor days, and which I still run across in country sections, is incredibly simple. "Why was Paul like a horse? Because he loved Timothy." It is based on Second Timothy 1:2, where Paul addresses his epistle, "To Timothy, my dearly beloved son." I can explain its popularity only because it links up a common article of the farmer's everyday life with the book he reads most. Timothy is the common name for a kind of grass, named for one Timothy Hanson (who was himself probably named for Paul's disciple) and brought by him in seed form from New England to Maryland early in the Eighteenth Century.

I don't feel supercilious when I hear such jokes and when I look over my collection of the very human, simple humor that Americans have managed to get out of their Bibles. They haven't hurt the Old Book very much, and they know it; only with your friends can you afford to crack jokes. There is a delicate touch of familiarity about these trick Bible questions which is the accolade of friendship and understanding. The Bible is a very intimate part of many people's lives, and when they seem to take liberties with it only a very superficial person would think they are poking fun. They are giving it a superlative compliment.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

A Story

By Morley Callaghan

That night in the tavern of the Clairmont Hotel Henry Forbes was working away at his piano and there was the usual good crowd of brokers and politicians and sporting men sitting around drinking with their well-dressed women. A tall, good natured boy in the bond business, and his girl, had just come up to the little green piano, and Henry had let them amuse themselves playing a few tunes, and then he had sat down himself again and had run his hand the length of the keyboard. When he looked up there was this girl leaning on the piano and beaming at him.

She was about eighteen and tall and wearing one of those sheer black dresses and a little black hat with a veil, and when she moved around to speak to him he saw that she had the swellest legs and an eager, straightforward manner.

"I'm Tommy Gorman's sister," she said.

"Why, say . . . you're . . ."

"Sure. I'm Jean," she said.

"Where did you come from?"

"Back home in Buffalo," she said. "Tommy told me to be sure and look you up first thing."

Tommy Gorman had been his chum; he used to come into the tavern almost every night to see him before he got consumption and had to go home. So it did not seem so surprising to see his sister standing there instead. He got her a chair and let her sit beside him. And in no time he saw that Tommy must have made him out to be a pretty glamorous figure. She understood that he knew everybody in town, that big sporting men like Jake Solloway often gave him tips on the horses, and that a man like Eddie Convey, who just about ran the city hall and was one of the hotel owners, too, called him by his first name. In fact Tommy had even told her that the job playing the piano wasn't much, but that bumping into so many big people every night he was apt to make a

connection at any time and get a political job, or something in a stockbroker's office.

The funny part of it was she seemed to have joined herself to him at once; her eyes were glowing, and as he watched her swinging her head around looking at the important clients, he simply couldn't bear to tell her that the management had decided that the piano wouldn't be necessary any more and that he mightn't be there more than two weeks.

So he sat there pointing out people she might have read about in the newspapers. It all came out glibly, as if each one of them was an old friend, yet he actually felt lonely each time he named somebody. "That's Thompson over there with the horn-rimmed glasses. He's the mayor's secretary," he said. "That's Bill. Bill Henry over there. You know, the producer. Swell guy, Bill." And then he rose up in his chair. "Say, look, there's Eddie Convey," he said. As he pointed he got excited, for the big, fresh-faced, hawk-nosed Irishman with the protruding blue eyes and the big belly had seen him pointing. He was grinning. And then he raised his right hand a little.

"Is he a friend of yours?" Jean asked.

"Sure he is. Didn't you see for yourself," he said. But his heart was leaping. It was the first time Eddie Convey had ever gone out of his way to notice him. Then the world his job might lead to seemed to open up again and he started chattering breathlessly about Convey, thinking all the time, beneath his chatter, that if he could go to Convey and get one little word from him, and if something bigger couldn't be found for him he at least could keep his job.

He became so voluble and excited that he didn't notice how delighted she was with him till it was time to take her home. She was living uptown in a rooming house where there were a lot of theatrical people. When they were sitting on the stone step a minute before she went in she told him that she had enough money saved up to last her about a month. She wanted to get a job modeling in a department store. Then he put his arm around her and there was a soft glowing wonder in her face.

"It seems like I've known you for years," she said.

"I guess that's because we both know Tommy."

"Oh, no," she said. Then she let him kiss her hard. And as she ran into the house she called that she'd be around to the tavern again.

It was as if she had been dreaming about him without ever having seen him. She had come running to him with her arms wide open. "I guess she's about the softest touch that's come my way," he thought going down the street. But it looked too easy. It didn't require any ambition, and he was a little ashamed of the sudden, weakening tenderness he felt for her.

II

She kept coming around every night after that and sat there while he played the piano and sometimes sang a song. When he was through for the night it didn't matter to her whether they went any place in particular, so he would take her home. Then they got into the habit of going to his room for a while. As he watched her fussing around, straightening the room up or maybe making a cup of coffee, he often felt like asking her what made her think she could come bouncing into town and fit into his life. But when she was listening eagerly, and kept sucking in her lower lip and smiling slowly, he felt indulgent with her. He felt she wanted to hang around because she was impressed with him.

It was the same when she was sitting around with him in the tavern. She used to show such enthusiasm that it became embarrassing. You like a girl with you to look like some of the smart blondes who came into the place and have that lazy, half-mocking aloofness that you have to try desperately to break through. With Jean laughing and talking a lot and showing all her straightforward warm eagerness people used to turn and look at her as if they'd like to reach out their hands and touch her. It made Henry feel that the pair of them looked like a couple of kids on a merry-go-round. Anyway, all that excitement of hers seemed to be only something that went with the job, so in the last couple of nights, with the job fading, he hardly spoke to her and got a little savage pleasure out of seeing how disappointed she was.

She didn't know what was bothering him till Thursday night. A crowd from the theatre had come in, and Henry was feeling blue. Then he saw Eddie Convey and two middle-aged men who looked like brokers sitting at a table in the corner. When Convey seemed to smile at him he thought bitterly that when he lost his job people like Convey wouldn't even know him on the street. Convey was still smiling, and then he actually beckoned.

"Gees, is he calling me?" he whispered.

"Who?" Jean asked.

"The big guy, Convey," he whispered. So he wouldn't make a fool of himself he waited till Convey called a second time. Then he got up nervously and went over to him. "Yes, Mr. Convey," he said.

"Sit down, son," Convey said. His arrogant face was full of expansive indulgence as he looked at Henry and asked, "How are you doing around here?"

"Things don't exactly look good," he said. "Maybe I won't be around here much longer."

"Oh, stop worrying, son. Maybe we'll be able to fix you up."

"Gee, thanks, Mr. Convey." It was all so sudden and exciting that Henry kept on bobbing his head, "Yes, Mr. Convey."

"How about the kid over there," Convey said, nodding toward Jean. "Isn't it a little lonely for her sitting around?"

"Well, she seems to like it, Mr. Convey."

"She's a nice looking kid. Sort of fresh and well . . . uh, fresh, that's it." They both turned and looked over at Jean, who was watching them, her face excited and wondering.

"Maybe she'd like to go to a party at my place," Convey said.

"I'll ask her, Mr. Convey."

"Why don't you tell her to come along, see. You know, the Plaza, in about an hour. I'll be looking for her."

"Sure, Mr. Convey," he said. He was astonished that Convey wanted him to do something for him. "It's a pleasure," he wanted to say. But for some reason it didn't come out.

"Okay," Convey said, and turned away, and Henry went back to his chair at the piano.

"What are you so excited about?" Jean asked him.

His eyes were shining as he looked at her little black hat and the way she held her head to one side as if she had just heard something exhilarating. He was trying to see what it was in her that had suddenly joined him to Convey. "Can you beat it," he blurted out. "He wants you to go up to a party at his place."

"Me?"

"Yeah, you."

"What about you?"

"He knows I've got to stick around here, and besides, there may be a lot of important people around there, and there's always room at Convey's parties for a couple of more girls."

"I'd rather stay here with you," she said.

Then they stopped whispering because Convey was going out, the light catching his bald spot.

"You got to do things like that," Henry coaxed her. "Why there isn't a girl around here who wouldn't give her front teeth to be asked up to his place." She let him go on telling her how important Convey was and when he had finished, she asked, "Why do I have to? Why can't we just go over to your place?"

"I didn't tell you. I didn't want you to know, but it looks like I'm through around here. Unless Convey, or somebody like that steps in I'm washed up," he said. He took another ten minutes telling her all the things Convey could do for people.

"All right," she said. "If you think we have to." But she seemed to be deeply troubled. She waited while he went over to the head-waiter and told him he'd be gone for an hour, and then they went out and got a cab. On the way up to Convey's place she kept quiet, with the same troubled look on her face. When they got to the apartment house and they were standing on the pavement she turned to him. "Oh, Henry, I don't want to go up there."

"It's just a little thing. It's just a party," he said.

"All right. If you say so, okay," she said. Then she suddenly threw her arms around him. It was a little crazy because he found himself hugging her tight too. "I love you," she said. "I knew I was going to love you when I came." Her cheek, brushing against his, felt wet. Then she broke away. As he watched her running in past the doorman that embarrassing tenderness he had felt on other nights touched him again, only it didn't flow softly by him this time. It came like a swift stab.

III

In the tavern he sat looking at the piano, and his heart began to ache, and he turned around and looked at all the well-fed men and their women and he heard their deep-toned voices and their lazy laughter and he suddenly felt corrupt. Never in his life had he had such a feeling. He kept listening and looking into these familiar faces and he began to hate them as if they were to blame for blinding him to what was so beautiful and willing in Jean. He couldn't sit there. He got his hat and went out and started to walk up to Convey's.

Over and over he told himself he would go right up to Convey's door and ask for her. But when he got to

the apartment house and was looking up at the patches of light, he felt timid. It made it worse that he didn't even know which window, which room was Convey's. She seemed lost to him. So he walked up and down past the doorman telling himself she would soon come running out and throw her arms around him when she found him waiting.

It got very late. Hardly anyone came from the entrance. The doorman quit for the night. Henry ran out of cigarettes, but he was scared to leave the entrance. Then the two broker friends of Convey's came out, with two loud talking girls, and they called a cab and all got in and went away. "She's staying. She's letting him keep her up there. I'd like to beat her. What does she think she is?" he thought. He was so sore at her that he exhausted himself, and then felt weak and wanted to sit down.

When he saw her coming out it was nearly four o'clock in the morning. He had walked about ten paces away, and turned, and there she was on the pavement, looking back at the building.

"Jean," he called, and he rushed to her. When she turned, and he saw that she didn't look a bit worried, but blooming, lazy, and proud, he wanted to grab her and shake her.

"I've been here for hours," he said. "What were you doing up there? Everybody else has gone home."

"Have they?" she said.

"So you stayed up there with him," he shouted. "Just like a tramp."

She swung her hand and smacked him on the face. Then she took a step back, appraising him contemptuously. She suddenly laughed. "On your way. Get back to your piano," she said.

"All right, all right, you wait, I'll show you," he muttered. "I'll show everybody." He stood watching her go down the street with a slow, self-satisfied sway of her body.

IRISH PERSECUTIONS IN AMERICA

By Doran Hurley

Recently I attended a "Nationalist American" meeting in a crowded Irish-American dance hall. The acrid fumes of Coughlinism were thick in that hall, and these descendants of Irish refugees of an earlier period made the present-day refugees from Hitler's and Mussolini's wrath the special target of their oratory. The spirit of the gathering can be accurately indicated by this quotation:

> When we see hordes and hecatombs of beings in human form, but destitute of any intellectual aspirations — the outcast and the offal of society, the pauper and the vagrant and the convict — transported in myriads to our shores, reeking with the accumulated crimes of the whole civilized and savage world, and inducted by our laws into equal rights, immunities and privileges with noble native inhabitants of the United States, we can no longer contemplate it with supreme indifference.

Second and third generation Americans came in for plenty of attack, too. There were warnings against their rise in politics and business:

> We have warmed into life the torpid viper and the fanged adder, that already begin to show their teeth and spit their venom upon our dear and blood-bought privileges, our sacred and most cherished institutions.

Such, as I say, was the spirit of the speeches and the applause. But the exact words quoted above are history. The first quotation is from an address on behalf of the Louisiana Native American Association made in New Orleans exactly a century ago, in 1839, denouncing the wholesale immigration of Irish Catholics to our shores. The second is from the Boston *Courier* of 1844. It is part of an "Address to the Natives of New York" warning against the rise of the alien Irish and German from the status of refugee to that of active American citizen. "They attempt," the Address declared, "to nominate our magistrates and to browbeat our voters at the ballot box."

Styles of oratory have changed since 1839 and 1844. Styles of thinking have not. The objects of fear and hatred have changed. But the hatreds and the fears themselves have not.

Irishmen in hundreds came to America in the years before the War of the Revolution; but they came as individuals, adventurous gentlemen of substance or unfortunates trans-shipped as bond servants. They had slipped easily into the life of the country, in many cases losing their identity as Irishmen; without parochial care their religion, too, was lost to them. After the United States had been established as a nation the first group-immigration began, and the early years of the last century brought a rising tide of Irish immigrants who had, in the words of the old ballad, "heard whispers of a country that lies far beyant the sea, Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of Freedom's day." This tide reached its high point in the great exodus after the Irish Famine of 1846–7.

These early immigrants were refugees, pure and simple. The first sought a refuge from the English Penal Laws that forbade the exercise of their religion, and from laws that placed a price upon the heads of priests and caused them to be hunted by dogs. After the failure of the Rising of '98, political refugees joined the lists of the *emigrés*. And when the mass emigration to the United States began, in the years of the Famine, it was from a land economically barren that the Irish fled.

On the whole the first Irish refugees after the formation of the United States found peace and some measure of prosperity. Gratitude still lingered for the part Irishmen had played in winning the country's freedom. George Washington Parkes Custis, adopted son of George Washington, eagerly testified in 1829 that the Irish had contributed soldiers to the Revolutionary cause "at a ratio of 100 to 1 above any other nation until the coming of the French." And the volunteer French army was largely composed of the Irish Brigades, refugees from Ireland who had established themselves in France. General Washington himself, an honorary member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in Philadelphia, had prohibited any mocking celebration of "Pope's Day" and had made "St. Patrick" the word of countersign upon the evacuation of Boston by the British on March 17, 1776. In time, however, the Irish of the Revolution were absorbed into the fabric of the nation, and possibly many of their descendants, their Irish entity covered over by intermarriage, joined in the growing mistrust of the newer emigrants from Ireland.

As the Irish arrived in this country charges of alienism began to be made about them. Their church was alien, and in many cases so was their speech; Gaelic was still a much-used tongue. They tended always to group themselves together in the larger cities along the Eastern seaboard; sparsely settled farm country held no attraction for them. That clannishness — an instinctive gathering together for self-preservation and mutual aid, antagonized and angered the Nativists. The Irish, it was said, "huddle together like birds of a feather. They avoid and keep aloof from Americans and literally pronounce a curse of ex-communication on them." The districts in each city where the immigrants settled, were scornfully called "Irishtowns" and the Irish began to be looked upon as pariahs, as an alien element in American civilization. Patrick Donahoe, distinguished Irish-Catholic publisher, often recalled that as a boy in Boston his coat was chalked with crosses by his schoolmates.

II

Over and above the heritage of distrust of the Papistical Irish handed down in the United States from the Puritans of Cromwell days, and from the Separatists, came a growing fear of the effect on the economic life of the nation of the "hordes and hecatombs" of poverty-stricken refugees. The Hartford Convention of 1812 had already gone on record "That the stock of population in these States is amply sufficient to render this nation in due time sufficiently great and powerful is not a controvertible question." Workingmen began to be alarmed lest this new immigrant tide sweep away their means of livelihood. It was all very well to speak of the United States as a refuge for the persecuted and oppressed of every nation. This sounded very stirring when you heard it at a Fourth of July celebration or at a muster of the militia, but a halt had to be made to that sort of talk if it were going to take a man's bread and butter away from him. Everyone knew that a man could not exist on the puny wages these immigrants were willing to take for the same work.

Thus the tinder was ready for the striking of the flint — which came in a series of impassioned Nativist sermons preached in Boston by Lyman Beecher. Sunday after Sunday the Reverend Mr. Beecher fulminated against the alien Irish and the superstitious Papists from the pulpit of his

fashionable Park Street church. The junction where the church still stands is called "Brimstone Corner" today.

In 1833 a Boston mob, inflamed by sermons they had heard (or that had been relayed to them) marched on the Irish section of the suburb Charlestown and stoned and stormed houses. In the following year another mob, brought to rioting pitch by Mr. Beecher's sermons and the rumor that a nun was held captive against her will, burned the Charlestown convent of the Ursuline nuns. It is fair to state that the Reverend Mr. Beecher later loudly disclaimed any connection with the rioters; his sermons could not have inspired the mob — the mob was composed of workingmen, and his was a fashionable church.

A few years later, on a June Sunday in 1837, came the Broad Street riots in Boston, in which over 15,000 people were involved and which were only brought to a halt by calling out the National Lancers. Street-fighting began when a Nativist fire company refused to give right of way on narrow East Street to an Irish funeral procession. Irishmen attracted to the side of the mourners routed the fire buffs and took possession of their engine house, whereupon the outraged firemen set church bells ringing an alarm through the city and the Irish were quickly outnumbered. They suffered severely for insisting on the sacred rights of the dead.

In that same year in Boston an official unit of the state militia, composed of American citizens of Irish birth, was humiliated at brigade inspection when most of the men in the other companies marched from the field as they appeared. After which the Irish were fiercely stoned as they left the field. The records state that the Irish militia conducted themselves admirably.

Dockyard preachers and itinerant evangelists zealously forwarded this campaign of intolerance. Among the most active of these was "Angel Gabriel" Orr, who preached in a long white gown and blew blasts on a brass bugle to attract crowds. His following outstripped that of most of his competing demagogues, and he was ever eager to lead his excited followers in mob attacks upon Catholic churches and Irish homes. Patrick Collins, later mayor of Boston, as a boy watched from a Chelsea hill a train of Orr's followers march over from Boston for a prolonged attack upon Chelsea's Irish colony.

In the Philadelphia Riots of 1844 the mad anti-Irish feeling reached its peak. In the three days and nights of riot, 14 were killed and 39 wounded. In addition, 2 churches, a seminary, and 40 Irish dwellings were burned at a loss of $250,000.

The spark that set Philadelphia aflame was the Nativist objection to a school-board ruling releasing Irish Catholic children from the study of the Protestant version of the Bible in the city's schools. Meetings of protest were held, without incident. Then the Nativists decided to carry the war into the enemy camp. A monster demonstration was planned in the heart of the Irish suburb of Kensington in a spot directly opposite the Hibernia Hose Company, an Irish organization.

At this demonstration the inflammatory speeches caused an altercation between two men on the outskirts of the crowd, which quickly became a public brawl. The 4000 Nativists and the Irish of the neighborhood fought for more than an hour, during which time from thirty to forty muskets were fired. One man was killed outright, and thirty others seriously wounded. The Nativists eventually retired from the field; but the next day, with a force of some 6000, they again marched on Kensington. Irish men and women fought side by side in their barricaded homes. Forty houses were fired by the mob.

On the following day the Nativist mob still rampaged through the city. The Catholic churches of St. Michael and St. Augustine, and their neighboring buildings, were burned, as well as the seminary of the Sisters of Charity. Policemen guarding these churches were knocked down.

Not until martial law was declared and reinforcements of troops, including Marines from the Navy Yard, were added to those on duty did the wholesale destruction of houses and churches stop.

III

The Philadelphia Riots shocked and horrified thinking people throughout the country, but they merely intensified the anti-Catholic hatred of the common ordinary citizen. An attempt to continue the Philadelphia destruction in New York was only thwarted by the firm stand of Bishop John Hughes, who had every Catholic church guarded by a thousand men. The activities of the Leopoldine Society, a German organization for the spread of the Catholic religion in the United

States, provoked riots against German Catholics in St. Louis and other mid-west cities; it was said that the Leopoldines were seeking to extend the sway of the Pope to the United States. Yet wherever the Leopoldines were most bitterly attacked, the Irish paid. Nativist sentiment found the terms Irish and Catholic inseparable, and the German Catholics as a whole suffered little.

Then came the great migration from Ireland after the Famine years. Nativist fear of the economic disaster from the influx of thousands of poverty-stricken Irish crystallized at once. An anti-foreigner secret society called the Order of the Star Spangled Banner became — almost overnight — a major political party. The Know-Nothings began to sweep into political power. The new party — its name derived from the "I Know Nothing" answer of anyone asked about it — had two objectives: the complete disenfranchisement of adopted citizens and their total exclusion from office-holding; and perpetual war upon the Catholic religion. Native American racialism and anti-Catholicism were made synonymous.

By 1855 the new party had gained absolute control of the Massachusetts and Maryland legislatures, and overwhelming majorities in other states. Its members were confident that a Know-Nothing president would be elected in 1856, but the national convention of the party split upon the slavery issue. Sectional politics overrode the Nativist racial issue. From 1855 the Nativist movement declined steadily. It was swept away completely by the time Abraham Lincoln issued his call for volunteers for the preservation of the Union. It has, however, re-appeared from time to time, if never with national emphasis. The Ku Klux Klan movement of the 'twenties is one instance; the APA agitation of the 'seventies and 'eighties another.

It is hardly likely that Nativism, rising, will single out the Irish again for attack, though the Catholic Church might be assailed as such. The Irish have become deeply integrated into American life. In fact, the Irish Americans stand today in relatively the same position as the men who attacked their ancestors on racial and religious grounds in the last century. Their roots go as far back into American soil as did the roots of Nativists of the old riots. Immigration from Ireland has ceased. With their own government at home, they no longer need to seek liberty abroad.

In the flow of immigrants the Irish have been displaced by other refugee groups — first German, then Scandinavian, Italian, Slavic. At the moment the word refugee happens to refer to those fleeing from persecution in central European countries. The Irish, now relatively secure, except for the continuous risk of anti-Catholic emotion against them, in their turn are listening to the Beechers and Orrs of the moment. I heard some few of them applaud the very words, almost, with which their own fathers were hounded.

CAPSULE WISDOM

Joseph Stalin: "None dares question the fact that our Constitution is the most democratic in the world."

Bruce Barton: "We are a more interesting, more colorful, more ingenious and self-reliant people than any in the world."

Fiorello H. LaGuardia: "This Fair is for the benefit of all cities all over the country."

Mahatma Gandhi: "No fast, however prolonged, can dissolve the body."

Adolf Hitler, at a launching: "This battleship is intended to preserve peace and justice."

Oswaldo Aranha, Brazilian Foreign Minister: "American people are the easiest people in the world to deal with, because they have an open mind."

Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe: "Under our system of government, the King is boss."

Sir Samuel Hoare, British Home Secretary: "The American democracy will go its own way and no one here will try to deflect it."

(*Readers are urged to submit entries, accompanied by the press clipping*)

REQUIEM FOR THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

As I turned the radio dial the other night, the voice of an old acquaintance suddenly came to my ears: Edouard Beneš was in America, telling the Americans that the League of Nations was dead. Beneš for so many years the most zealous among the self-appointed guardians of the League! Perpetual Assembly-delegate. Quondam President of the Council. *Rapporteur* in the biggest pother about Economic Sanctions. Signer of the Protocol for Arbitration, and chairman of the committee on that olive-branch. Left-hand of Sir Austen Chamberlain. Aristide Briand's olfactory lobe. And now Beneš reads a requiem over the body of the once-treasured League!

Doctors disagree concerning the time of the League's demise. The so-called Stillbirth School maintains that, like Dickens' Marley, the League "was dead to begin with." Another holds that the *Société* was nine-lived; that it died first, of a broken heart, when its prodigal parent abandoned it; that it died again and again when it winked at Warsaw's rape of Wilna, when it let off the Japs in Manchuria, and when the Germans walked out. But, finally, when such an optimist as Dr. Beneš says it is dead, we can read the last will and testament. And, be the date of dissolution what it may, the cause of it stands demonstrable. . . .

The League died because it was prematurely born (some centuries before the world was ready for it) and because its adopted fathers sold it into whoredom. For what was it begotten? Mr. Wilson, the begetter, told us: to stop war. But it didn't. Instead it developed sidelines — some of which succeeded. For instance:

The Communication and Transit Section. The Refugees' Department, which issued international passports to pre-Hitler fugitives, good pretty much anywhere — except among the Soviets. The Commission on Intellectual Co-operation, which busily co-operated, each member pleading with

his own Government to keep the Commission on the payroll. The illicit-narcotics-trade conferences whereat every drug-producing country fought righteously for the eradication of every other drug-producing country's drugs; so that Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, descendant of Elizabeth's greatest prime-minister, created no amazement by declaring that, though all other opium was evil, British-Indian opium made an excellent soothing-syrup.

Whenever you expressed doubts to a League employee, he would indignantly retort:

"Hasn't the Youth-Protection Section made an all-time record survey of the world's brothels? Hasn't the Hygiene Section reduced syphilis in Kwangsi? And how about the Labor Office and Calendar Reform and our wonderful filing systems?"

But the League's Minorities machinery failed to awaken in the Sudetens or Polish Ukrainians or the various Africans a taste for being kicked. The Disarmament Section's years of preparation produced a Disarmament Conference that set all members to increasing armaments. Despite the Mandates administration, French troops bombed Orthodox Christians in Syria, Stalinites slaughtered them in Russia, Arabs sniped Jews at the Weeping Wall. As for the Arbitration Committee — of which the pre-Nazi title was, if you please, the Committee on Arbitration and Security — what happened to Dr. Beneš will remind you of that.

II

Wilson believed in the League, and there were lesser men who shared his faith. The tragic trail to (and, alas, from) Lac Léman is marked by their spiritual bones. Mr. Wilson dreamed of "open covenants openly arrived at" in an international association for the propagation of internationalism. His diplomatic heirs and assigns forthwith made it one of the best gardens ever manured for the cultivation of nationalism, and quite the best screen in modern times for the old-style diplomatic intrigue. Formerly, if the British premier flew to Paris to see the French premier, Italy knew the pair were hatching annoyance in the Mediterranean. Now the gentlemen waited for that Geneva conference on standardizing electric light-switches in hotel toilet-rooms. What was more natural than that each of these humanitarians should either attend or send a trusty representative, and that there they

should have a quiet dinner together? Mr. Wilson, his admirers said, was an idealist. At Geneva, the word "idealist" came to mean crackpot; you will find it so employed in a hundred speeches.

About the only League games where the wheel wasn't braced were the social games, so they were lots of fun for all the players. The French Delegation's luncheons, the British Delegation's dances, the Italians' banquets — all had the spirit, not to mention substance, which at Brussels in 1815 made Waterloo worthwhile.

Here diplomats permitted themselves mild indiscretions. Monocled Chamberlain, Austen again, told what he really thought about the peace-pretensions of his American grandmother's country. Actor Briand complained because modern women starved themselves — and, said he, "seeking slimness, acquire merely angularity." Minister-Lawyer Scialoja joked at the expense of his *Duce* — until he was suppressed by the *Duce* for defending the case of a New York woman whose high Fascist husband had sued for divorce. The smaller the country, the more sumptuous the entertainment. Rumanian breakfasts lasted until teatime, and lovely Mrs. Wellington Koo, the League's best poker-player, gathered in, with long Oriental fingers, those chips of which even the white ones were worth a hundred francs apiece.

But, meanwhile, there was League-Member Japan invading League-Member China — and where were the League's guarantees of territorial integrity?

If the social bed of the resident League functionaries' wives was not wholly smooth, it was not because they remained unaware of their positions, but rather that the League never evolved a code of etiquette and precedence to promulgate their importance. The *Société des Nations* sadly lacked a *Chef du Protocol.* Should the wife of the Political Section's head go in to dinner before the wife of the head of the Legal Section? Ought Mme. Mandates make the initial call on Señora Minorities? When the daughter of the director of the International Labor Office passed Dame Rachel Crowdy, chief of the Child Welfare Section, which lady bowed first? Nobody quite knew the answers, though everybody argued them. So how could anybody ever quite get to know anybody else?

Geneva is largely populated by descendants of solid French shopkeepers, who hurried thither after the revocation of the Edict of

Nantes, and the Genevese consider no other blood so cobalt. "We do occasionally entertain a foreigner, however," the local *doyenne* assured me. "Oh, yes! There was a person who came to me last summer, for instance. With letters, of course, from a Genevese relative of ours living temporarily abroad. This foreigner was an American, I think. And he was really very nice. I asked him twice to tea. I don't recall his first name, but I think his family name was something Dutch. Yes, it was Vanderbilt.

Well, the Genevese ladies did once try to do their duty by the ladies of the League functionaries, and from the resulting verdict there was no appeal. After the League was established at Geneva, those local ladies waited a decent interval of years. Then the functionaries' wives received printed invitations: "*Quelques Dames de Genève*" would receive the recipients, at 9 p.m. two weeks away, in a certain public hall. The recipients went in their newest frocks and necklaces. They were received by hostesses in instep-long black silks, high-necked and jewelless. "Figure you!" cries shuddering Geneva to even the present day. "Our guests came, many of them, bare-armed — and all of them were *décolletés*!"

Meanwhile, League-Members Bolivia and Paraguay were at war in the Gran' Chaco.

In its lowest stratum, the League joyously gave government-clerks opportunity to play at being statesmen on the loose. "I'm sorry I can't tip you better," a League filing-clerk explained, as he handed a station porter a five-centime piece, "but we diplomats are so beastly ill-paid." And it gave spinster underlings a chance to butterfly.

Only a few of the more meticulous attendant statesmen would bring their wives to Geneva: water-drinking Count von Bernstorff his American Countess, Nicolas Titulescu his beautiful Rumanian Madame Titulescu. Nevertheless, no diplomat can work anywhere without a private stenographer, and women stenographers are notoriously sympathetic. The women stenographers who came to Geneva must have been well paid, for whether from Stockholm's Norrmalm or Tokyo's Kojimachi-ku they wore, and wore well, robes of the Rue de la Paix.

One night an unfamiliar girl quickened the slow pulse of Geneva's Maxim's, so young and charming that she won the hearts of all the men, so gorgeously gowned that she angered all the women.

Alas, Cinderella must disappear at 7 A.M.! But why — oh, *why?* "Because my Delegation meets at ten." Unbelievingly, they laughed. Two hours later they gasped, such as were privileged to see her then. She was the very confidential secretary of a distinguished Minister.

Even the Secretariat functionaries' functionaries, barred by caste-laws from intercourse with their chiefs' families on the one hand, from intercourse with the First Families of Geneva on the other, found solacing intercourse elsewhere. Throughout their onerous working-hours, from 9 A.M. until 1 P.M., from 3 until 6, they were sustained by the satisfaction of toil in a Great Cause, and by a box of aspirin tablets in the upper right-hand drawer of every desk. Thereafter they had the International Club, the Bar Sporting, one another, and the aspirin. A restricted life, they ordered it with such precision as rarely to have pains for their labor.

But there were League-Members Ethiopia and Italy.

III

Well, then, the League's credit-balance for relieving suppressed desires among visiting Americans? These visitors swarmed, and profited. For although, or because, America did not believe in Geneva, those Americans who did believe in it believed in it like martyrs.

There were the American ladies establishing suburban *salons* whither to lure Eminent Names, in lunar imitation of Sir Robert Peel's admirable British granddaughter, who, between battles with the cantonal authorities, really did provide a meeting-place for political scheming. Her American imitators bagged no bigger lions than Papal marquises and British knights-barristers. There were American Equal Rights for Women women to frighten Briand. There were scouts of organizations to abolish war. There were individuals to abolish alcohol, high-heels, chattel-slavery, prostitution, lipstick.

Women, mostly. In a single summer, two from Iowa appeared separately at the Secretariat. "I want to join the League. What is the initiation-fee?" Men, too: for example, George Eastman's Reformed Calendar crusaders. One of them pointed out to an impeccable Lithuanian Princess, of strict Catholic upbringing — a Radziwill, no less — that feminine League workers ought to boost his movement, because calendar-reform would simplify the calculations of women charting primrose paths. No gain-

saying the good the League did to those American devotees.

But there was League-Member Austria. And League-Member Czechoslovakia.

That was the end, of course. Geneva died its ultimate death at Munich. Only a ghost revisits the glimpses of the moon.

"The spirit of Geneva . . . the benefit of disputants sitting down together and talking things over" — the spirits of Castlereagh, Metternich, Talleyrand; the benefit of putting off till tomorrow what might be done today. A club wherein nobody might be posted for non-payment of dues. A law without police-power. A court of cats, not mice, expected to bell aggressor fellow-judges, which never got so far as to define the term "aggressor." Those who didn't like sitting at tables, and didn't bother about manners — Pilsudski, Hirohito, Mussolini, Hitler — evolved their own definition, in deeds.

The League, said the stricken Wilson at Pueblo, in the last speech he ever made, "is going to lead the world out into pastures of quietness and peace such as the world never dreamed of before." What *did* it do? Briand, MacDonald, and Stresemann in Heaven. Beneš in America. The League's genial Sub-Secretary-General and *Directeur de la Section Politique*, Yotaro Sugimura, greasing the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis. The League's first and greatest Secretary-General-in-Chief, Sir Eric Drummond, now the Lord Perth who is Neville Chamberlain's agent for the conciliation of Mussolini. . . . Can you see by the dawn's early light?

PREVIEW OF 1939

By John Ruskin

It is yet little understood by economists, and not at all by the general public, that the employment of people in a useless business cannot relieve ultimate distress.

NEW STYLES IN COLLEGE PROFESSORS

By Trentwell Mason White

Until a few years ago, most of us thought of professors as happy, harmless theorists dealing out second-hand information about broad principles, some of which might work if perfect laboratory conditions could be established. Today that is all changed. The professor is now a force to be reckoned with; we're all back in school again and professors have made the nation their classroom and laboratory. If he runs true to form, our professor may get absent-minded pretty soon and wander off fishing just when one of his major experiments is due to jell. Then, as usual, the janitor will have to clean up the mess.

In the meantime, however, the 1939 professor is so streamlined that you can scarcely tell him from the vice-president of a steel corporation or a politician. His clothes are pressed; he has cocktails with his luncheon and smokes long, expensive cigars; he's ready with the last word on any subject. H. L. Mencken says, "All the professors I know are millionaires; and, in addition, most of them keep women." Mr. Mencken may exaggerate ever so slightly, but certainly the modern professor isn't much like the kindly old chap we used to watch affectionately as he doddered down the Library steps.

Our professor is everywhere! Even when we don't see him around, we shortly discover that he's busy boring away, termite-like, with a sharp, new theory. He is at his very smartest in Washington, where he got his first chance at national recognition. He is amazingly happy there because he's known for centuries just how the government should be run. Of course, he sometimes gets so brisk, so noisy with his theories, that he has to be sent home, but then he's often sidetracked on the way back by some bewildered corporation which believes he still has influence. However, if he stays in Washington, and says "Yes" most of the time (and is properly vague when "Yes" is not the answer) he will live long and comfortably at the public's expense.

Prof. Wilson of Princeton started it. Lots of people smiled ironically when he began to act as President of the United States. He encouraged a few brother professors to join him in his new project, but was so cautious that his administration eventually looked much like anybody else's. Harding, a former newspaperman, had interviewed too many professors to take them seriously. Coolidge was a bit more impressed by the academicians, yet he kept them under better control than Hoover did. It remained for Roosevelt II to go overside, despite the curious fact that, while he was governor, his New York State Brain Trust was no model of efficiency.

How the professors converged upon the Capital in 1933! The general public was vastly impressed, although those of us who'd been to college and knew professors were plain scared. Moley and Tugwell came down from Columbia for a short stay. Kemmerer of Princeton was busy with his money and banking theories. Warren of Cornell was tampering with the gold standard. Sprague from Harvard had a brief whirl as financial adviser. White of the University of Texas became Chief of the Bureau of Marketing. In no time at all the Capital took on a classroom atmosphere. Senators and other low-grade politicians began dusting off textbooks to find out what the professorial jargon was about. The Government presses worked night and day turning out material previously rejected by private publishers. They were exciting years — and still are. But much of the publicity is dying down; the professors are learning to duck. There is, now and again, a terrific to-do when an academic big-shot such as Morgan of Antioch College gets fired, or when a Frankfurter is hired. In general, however, the professors are a lot subtler than they were.

In business and industry, few top-flight companies are without a full complement of professors. Donald Laird of Colgate is with the N. W. Ayer organization. James Rowland Angell of Yale is at NBC. William Strunk of Princeton tells the Warner Brothers and M-G-M how to make Shakespeare box-office. Albert Lewin, now a director for Paramount Pictures, used to teach English; and so did Kenneth Collins, who, after serving Macy's and Gimbel's, has retreated to the more academic atmosphere of the New York *Times*. Walter Spahr of New York University advises a national group of business men and industrialists. A professor

from Harvard tells the carpet manufacturers where to head in, while another from Colorado explains to a number of automobile-makers just what to do and when. Engineering firms would be lost without consultations with professors from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. And few of us would know how we feel about things if it were not for Prof. Gallup's sampling of our national feelings. Professors are currently doing homework for cigarette manufacturers, advertising agencies, ghost-writing bureaus, metallurgical institutes, Washington lobbies, and innumerable other enterprises.

Who, then, is this new figure of destiny? From whence has he sprung? What makes him what he is? Let us turn to the statistics he has gathered about himself and get a picture of the man we are beginning to feel nobody has ever really known — a portrait of a professor, model 1939.

II

The average college professor is born into a small-town, lower-middle-class family. His parents are non-college, and the family income is less than $2000 a year. The home culture is furnished by the mother, who has some social consciousness and belongs to the local women's club. There are two younger children, and when plans are made for our budding professor to go to college, he understands the necessity of earning what he can at school and grabbing a job at once when he is graduated. Under this pressure our young man often does dishwashing, lawn-mowing, fire-tending, and waiting on table — experiences which give him an abiding distaste for any sort of physical work. Probably in his junior year he earns a bit helping out in the library, and as a senior he gets a job correcting papers for some professor. Then he discovers what an easy and comfortable occupation teaching is.

He has heard his classmates run on about their futures in business or industry. They all seem agreed that, at the worst, "there is always teaching . . . more in that than in business for awhile . . . and, boy, those summer vacations!" At this stage he consults his advisor or the professor whose papers he's been marking. They suggest that he apply for one of the teaching fellowships at college. After all, it will mean a chance to do graduate work free, get some teaching practice, and collect a bit of cash — say $1000 to carry him through the

year. Following that there might be a place on the faculty.

It strikes the boy as a good idea; a lot better than the measly, no-guarantee, $25-a-week job that field scouts for corporations have been offering his classmates. Contrasting the uncertainty of commerce with the security of teaching, he decides to take the safe way, a decision which determines his whole life attitude. Hereafter he will always play safe. Though he may talk big and even get pretty radical, he will never dare not to vote with the government. Once he has set his course toward teaching, he begins to rationalize about Big Business. He comes to look down on it, vaguely, as a kind of tainted activity which might, however, be made properly big and fine with the academic touch. He is ready now with that old hokum about service to humanity, teaching the young idea how to shoot, creating tomorrow's citizens, *et cetera*. Even before he gets his baccalaureate he achieves a point of view which requires him to prize theory above fact, logic beyond reality. When he next sees his parents, he announces to them that "teaching is the noblest of the professions."

Our tyro-professor smiles a superior little smile as his classmates go out into the workaday world at Commencement. That fall he will return happily to the cosy, unrealistic atmosphere of the campus, the classroom, and permanent adolescence. So he manages the graduate stint and presently gets his instructorship. He learns to ladle out theories he has never had a chance to prove. He finds out how to color these theories with private opinions of his own, which is called "putting personality into teaching." Now if he acts the wise man with his students and the meek one with his fellow faculty members, he will be looked upon as a dependable citizen and soon be made an assistant professor. He's "in" at this moment and probably gets married to one of the older professors' daughters, settling down into a comfortable reiteration of old principles, old traditions, and old jokes.

He ventures into the world rarely, and when he does, returns to the campus baffled by the curious practices of businessmen. Their formulas are not described in textbooks, and when he meets former classmates mentioned in the alumni journal as "doing big things in industry," he is taken aback by their urbanity, their jargon, and their evident success. College seems anticlimactic after such reunions. Our professor begins to get discontented and a bit ambitious.

The next time a textbook salesman visits him, he talks impressively about "a manuscript I've been working on. Conventional in fundamentals, you understand, but genuinely fresh in approach." The salesman reports to his editor that the professor has something pretty good and all the other publishing companies are after it. Even if it doesn't amount to much, the salesman says, there's a chance of getting rid of a thousand or fifteen hundred copies. The professor looks like a "comer." He's dull, conventional, and safe. The editor checks things up and writes our man a brief note indicating that the publisher would like to look at the project when it is ready. Our professor is excited. It seems like a break. Of course, he has been a bit of a liar about the whole thing, but he figures that what with his lecture notes and the pile of references and bibliographies he has collected over the past few years, he really has a manuscript of sorts.

Now he actually goes to work, tearing through the best books in his bibliography and excising outstanding sections from each. These he puts together in proper order and rewrites completely. It takes him the better part of the summer, and his normally mild wife is about out of her mind, the professor has become such a prima donna. He swears at the dog, yells at the children, and accuses his wife of trying to ruin his career because she falls asleep listening to him read his finest plagiarisms. The script is embellished with a splendid introduction in which he explains that all previous books on the subject have suffered from incompleteness, misconception, and malorganization. The publisher is pleased to find nothing very original; the manuscript is happily conventional and will, therefore, fit most college curriculums. He puts it through the press and the following spring his travelers start to sell it.

III

The tolerable success of this volume encourages the publisher to commission our man to do some "advanced" books. Thus the royalties start coming in and the professor gets a taste of the financial rewards of writing. He is also promoted to an associate professorship "for significant contributions to educational progress." In time, he gets hold of a couple of drudging graduate students and sets them to collecting bibliographies. Later, he may take on a collaborator, who will do most of the work for 10 per cent of the royalties. One thing

pulls another, and soon our professor is invited to speak at educational conventions. He has a growing consciousness of the value of publicity, and will probably talk directly to the bored reporters who wander in toward the end of his remarks. He will make several newsworthy cracks about "the business of education" and "the education of business" which the reporters will play up because that was all they heard.

The publicity clicks. He's now the "well known" professor. His appetites are whetted; he wants to get at some of those smug, well-heeled businessmen, and show them that professors aren't necessarily dopes. So he cooks up a particularly fiery speech to use at a meeting of industrialists. When our professor gets to his feet, he takes one withering look at that collection of overstuffed diners, then lets loose a diatribe which tosses them back on their haunches. He cries out against the inefficiency of business, inveighs against the depression, unemployment, strikes, wars, dictatorships. "You can destroy this disease eating at the vitals of American commerce," he snarls, "in a little matter of six months — six months!" He alludes vaguely to the answer to it all which he has discovered after many years of survey, research, and analysis. He is careful, however, not to mention what it is, and concludes on a simple, patriotic note calculated to bring his listeners to their feet cheering.

After the meeting one of the more timid executives sidles up to our man and congratulates him. Would the professor consider acting as business advisor for his company? He mentions an amount some four times the professor's current income. The professor assumes a grave air; he will give the matter thought. But as soon as he can get to the telegraph office, he wires to the president of his college: "May I take my delayed sabbatical beginning at the second semester? Have been asked to act as business consultant by the Schmaltz Company." The president is pleased that one of his faculty is being recognized by big business. This will mean good publicity; he can show the trustees what a great faculty the old institution really has. Yes, professor, go ahead. There will be a place waiting for you on your return. . . .

Our professor departs from the campus in a blaze of newspaper headlines. He is all set now; having pitted both ends against the middle there is no way of his losing. If he succeeds in convincing business

that he knows what he is talking about, or is so mysterious that business never finds out that he actually doesn't know, he can remain there for many a year. If he fails, he will have adequate warning and will ask to be released before his contract is over. "My leave at college has expired," he tells the relieved executive one morning. "I must return as soon as possible." The executive pays him off and our man hurries back to the campus, where you may be sure he will be hailed as the big-shot of the faculty. He has been "out there" and knows all about business. That he is willing to pick up his teaching again indicates he is a real professor truly wedded to Education. He will be the next dean, or, if prexy doesn't watch out, the next president.

It is not likely, though, that our professor will stay put. His new title gives him a fresh fulcrum with which to pry himself back into business, or into Government. In a year or two or three he is off skylarking again with the commercialists or the politicians. The old-fashioned ones among us — in feelings of annoyance not unmixed with envy — hope in vain that he'll settle down, either on the campus or "out there," and stop commuting between careers. We pray for some scheme of getting the professor, 1939 style, back into the classroom and keeping him there.

Of all the professors we know, we like one at Clark University best. He's as unlike the 1939 model as possible. For years he has been working on a rocket that will fly to the moon. He isn't attempting to become a big industrialist, or a politician, or a novelist, or anything but a professor struggling with a typical professor's idea. He is honest about it and does no harm to anyone. He is the kind of professor we used to know and have faith in. And the most encouraging thing about him is that he isn't insisting on our going to the moon with him. Say what you will, that helps a lot in these troubled times.

A SMALL-TOWN EDITOR SQUAWKS

ANONYMOUS

THERE is no point in blaming William Allen White of the Emporia, Kansas, *Gazette*, though he did start piling phony glamour on the Country Editor thirty-five years ago and is still hard at it. Nor Sherwood Anderson, though he did protest too much when he threw over literature for the editorship of a small-town paper in Virginia. Because in the final check-up the thing can be traced to the big-town reporters. The beloved country editor of our national mythology — mellow, understanding, humanly whimsical; not too well-off, but safe and secure in his nest of neighborly down — is their creation. They molded him through generations out of their own fears. In an underpaid, overworked and insecure profession he has been their great consolation. He has given them the comforting feeling that in the end they would acquire a country paper and purr happily ever after. From my littered and unappetizing editorial sanctum in a small town (in the South, it happens, but typical) I venture to prophesy that with the spread of the Newspaper Guild, the growth of "public relations" work, and other hedges against the newspaperman's insecurity, the myth will go into reverse. Through the artificial effulgence will emerge, at long last, the real, inglorious, soured country editor, flailing for survival, hating his bleak life.

Here, my friends, is one owner-editor of a country paper (circ. 7000) who would not cavil about changing places with Mr. Sulzberger of the New York *Times* or Roy W. Howard. I'll throw in my job-printing business, my membership in all the town clubs and committees, and most of my neighbors for nothing, though that would be an exorbitant price. I happen to know some things Mr. Sulzberger's reporters, dreaming of a small-town paper, do not: that the pressures of village politics and special interests can be as annoying as, and often closer to home than, national or worldwide pressures; that stuffed shirts, like athlete's foot, are where you find them, which de-

cidedly includes small towns. The country editor can either assert himself and defy the moguls of his community, in which case his life is an open hell; or he can knuckle under, in which case it's a secret purgatory. Mine has been for the most part the open-hell variety.

Ed Howe once remarked that the only thing a small-town editor can safely attack is a man-eating shark. But that's exaggerated. If someone in town has a weakness for sharks, it's best to avoid the subject. In recent years country editors have, indeed, hurled verbal hand grenades at such enemies as syphilis and Hitler, but in careful, inoffensive terms. A scattered few have grown pointed as to persons, places, and ideas — but these are hardy, restless souls, goaded beyond endurance by the boredom of their editorial existence. They may or may not find happiness in their revolt. I know only that the life of a small-town editor, if he discharges his duty as he sees it — in printing, for example, news involving his neighbors arrested for drunken driving, or editorializing his convictions on public questions — will not be exactly blissful.

Should he decide to publish legitimate news as it happens and legitimate views as they come to him; should he refuse to prostitute his news columns with advertising disguised as news features, he'll be lucky if he has three friends. It isn't just cowardice. It is simply that in a business nerve-racking at best, they come to prefer as much peace and comfort as they can manage. And who can blame them? The incessant struggle can lick even an Ed Howe, who in 1931 confided in a letter to a young country editor:

> The terrific annoyances of the newspaper business finally drove me to distraction, and I quit; but you are still young. Keep up the fight against free notices as long as possible. We were rather noted for keeping them out, but a good many imposed on us despite our screams.

I did not create or earn my status as country editor. That is my one alibi to myself. I inherited it from my father after leaving college and after an apprenticeship on big-city papers. The paper has grown under my guidance, it is true, but that is simply because the town has expanded and dragged my sheet along with it. Being the son of the town's one editor was no bed of roses; even a minister's son is less vulnerable. I was blamed by schoolmates and playmates for every indiscretion (that is, every piece of truth-telling) in my father's columns. A firm foundation was laid even then for the general

dis-esteem in which, like most country editors, I am held by the people of my area. I know that this runs contrary to the Pollyanna legend around my calling, but I'm writing anonymously — a wonderful release for a country editor, who all his life must take extremely personal blame for every lapse in grammar or conformity.

II

Almost the first thing that happened after I assumed charge of my paper was an invitation to join the Ku Klux Klan, which was then thriving in our community, section, and state. The gent who approached me was none other than the county superintendent of education. I declined, much to his surprise. "Doesn't the creed of the Klan," I asked, "conflict with both the spirit and the letter of the Constitution you pretend to defend?" The educator drew closer and whispered the great secret: "Don't you know that those who join the Knights of Columbus must stand on the American flag and in their own blood sign an oath of allegiance to the Pope?" This from the scholar who supervised the education in the county!

In the ensuing months I lambasted the Klan and its works, estranging friends and making enemies. Many looked at me as though I were some curious monster. None bothered to camouflage their low opinion of me. How many editors similarly placed had yielded to local hysteria against their better sense and more decent instincts in that period? How many of them are yielding today to the new drives for intolerance? With the courage of anonymity I dare assert that the answer is — most of them.

I attended the meeting of the State Press Association, of which a member of my family had once been president. I was named on a committee to draft a resolution deploring the recent death of a former United States Senator. He was a man who had denounced the Klan and fought against Prohibition, and was therefore widely admired by a few and more widely reviled by the rest. We composed a resolution praising his courage on these unpopular attitudes and presented it to the meeting. One of the editors of a weekly, a snorting Prohibitionist and Klansman, rose and moved that the resolution be adopted — he was practically stone deaf and assumed that it was the expected saccharine post-mortem.

But those who heard howled the resolution down. A new committee

was appointed and a new statement drafted. It was smug, complacent, and dripping with meaningless pap: a faint, feeble thing typical of the small-town journalistic philosophy of saying nothing, saying it pleasantly, and repeating it to the point of nausea. I tell the episode in detail because it seems to be far more characteristic of country journalism — generally a spineless, timid, and soulless institution — than the romanticized stuff on the subject generally in circulation.

The editor of a great city newspaper can go in for muckraking. It builds circulation. If he offends a part of his community, it is balanced by others whom he attracts. There are hundreds of thousands of potential readers to whom he can appeal. Not so the small-town editor. He can't afford to offend anyone, except, as I have said, vicious bacteria and foreign dictators. The fact that we know all the dirt about our neighbors — the hypocrisies of the local moral pillars, the short-weighing of the local business men, the stupidity of local "society" — makes his ordeal of enforced silence that much more excruciating. That is to say, if you have not lost the capacity for feeling anything, in the course of a career of public yes-ing.

Our town banker walked into my office one day with a crisp $100 bill. It was on the eve of a town election, after a bitter campaign to sell the municipal power plant to a public utility. He had favored the sale. The paper had favored it. Most property owners had favored it. "This is what our committee has left from the campaign fund," the gentleman said, exhibiting the money. "Because of the grand fight your paper made with us, we agreed that you are entitled to it." I explained indignantly that I just happened to be on their side because I thought the municipality needed the cash more badly than it needed the power plant. It was less than six months later that the generous gentleman was whooping for Hoover, and whispering the ominous warning to farmers who came into his bank: "Don't put any stock in the paper's thunder for Al Smith. It has been bought out by the Catholics and the whisky ring." What he might have said and done if I had fallen for the hundred dollar bait makes me shudder even now!

The country editor who has a mind and speaks it also collides with the clergy, and for insidious tactics the gentry of the cloth sometimes have few equals. With the possible exception of the medi-

cal profession, no group is so resentful of criticism of itself. There was, for example, the issue of Sunday movies in our town. My paper took the view that such innocent pleasures need not be denied to people, and that movies might keep many a youth out of crap games and other mischief on Sunday. The Ministerial Association opposed a referendum. "You can't trust the people's judgment on such matters," they said confidentially. One day the pastor of the biggest church in town came to see me.

"The ministers today discussed passing a resolution denouncing both you and your paper as evil influences in our community," he said. "But as your pahh-stuh I persuaded them to put it off until I could confer with you. Now are you willing to join all right thinking citizens and Christians?"

I suggested that he go back and have them pass that resolution. I promised an eight-column streamer head on the story, and meant it. They never did pass the resolution. It was just political blackmail. But they did plenty to smear my own and my paper's reputation while the fight was under way.

Prohibition was another of the spiked beds on which I was forced to toss. My father throughout his lifetime had been a teetotaler and Prohibitionist. After the turn of the century the wets organized a six months' boycott against him and nearly bankrupted the paper. When I ascended the hot seat in the early 'twenties I reversed the paper's policy — but opposition to the blessings of Prohibition was by that time as heinous a crime in our vicinity as being a dry had been previously. I would need pages to record the slander that was now loosed against the town's "wet editor."

III

In short, it takes more spunk and involves more sacrifice for a country editor to retain his self-respect than for the editor of a national magazine or a metropolitan daily. The whole set-up is nicely arranged to strip him of dignity. Though he knows better, he must pretend that the ignoramuses who run the local schools are educators; that the vulgar gossip-mongers constitute "society"; that the grubby jobholders are city fathers; that the hole-in-the-mud where he's stuck is a significant community.

I admit that for a cantankerous misanthrope like myself there are compensions. Writing this article is one example. There was the time

when two years of editorial hammering finally forced out our decayed aldermanic system and replaced it with a commission form of government. There is the deep satisfaction of jarring the sleepy citizenry out of its small-minded pipe-dreams and sometimes even into wakeful action. But I know that I'm the exception to the rule, and that the rule is a meek or apathetic editor who despises himself as he plays the game of the local stuffed shirts and shirtwaists.

If he's fortunate, he has one friend in the ministry, one in the legal profession, and one among the doctors, with whom he can let down his hair and talk as men. They have bull sessions where everything from enlarged livers to suspiciously enlarged bank accounts are discussed. It's the nearest that most country editors will come to that idyllic vision of life held by large city journalists who yearned to own a country paper and "relax and enjoy life." These journalists, I have learned, were either naive optimists or talking through their crushed hats. Odd McIntyre used to heave his bosom for Gallipolis, Ohio, but he was careful to stay away from there. Maybe Odd was hep to it all, but pitching to the customers. I also notice in reading the New York paper that neither Mr. White nor Mr. Anderson stays away from the Big City very long at a time.

Having made clear what I know and believe about the business, I can state my conclusion, which is not as pessimistic as it might be. It is that the only way a country editor can save himself is not to pitch to his customers, even if he takes a chance on losing his property while saving his soul.

Usually, if he can take it, he'll survive despite the opposition of the town's big-shots, and find satisfaction in a few honest friendships and his own clean conscience. There is joy in using a meat cleaver on local smugness, whatever the risk; and usually some applause too. There is the thrill of critics reversing their attitude, temporarily at least. Whether they like it or not, the local biggies must turn to the editor for help on any important civic undertaking. It's a matter of adjustment. He must learn to accept what all small-town editors know and few admit: that they are not loved, but tolerated. Believe it or not, there are people even in Emporia who hate the *Gazette's* guts.

AS A MATTER OF FACT —

By John T. Winterich

What queen of England was the first to wear silk stockings? What proportion of humanity is left-handed? Why is a spider's web called a cobweb? What was the term of a Roman Senator? Does an Indian's hair turn gray? Where is a snail's mouth? Which American President had the most children?

These questions were among half a hundred asked and answered the other evening on a fifteen-minute program audible three times a week, 156 times a year. Some 8000 nuggets of pure knowledge annually free for the listening! And a dozen similar programs, newspaper features, quiz books, and parlor games are piling up mountains of unsorted tag-ends of information, dates, random quotations, and so on. America to-day wallows in miscellaneous facts. Not, mind you, facts for use, but facts for their own sweet sake, unsullied by utilitarian motives.

Why? Perhaps the psychologists can explain it. Perhaps we hunger for things immutable and irrefutable because our epoch of clashing ideologies and propagandas is so uncertain. Perhaps — well, perhaps we hate the word "perhaps" in a world of stress and change. Fact is an opiate against the painful instability of our times.

But I am obliged to question this consolation. Having consulted men whose business it is to gather and classify information (the makers of encyclopedias and almanacs) I must report that even this seeming certainty — fact — is bogus. Nothing is more slippery, more mercurial, than that which passes as fact. It's a fact that two plus two make four — only until you subject it to mathematical thinking, theories of relativity, and other tests. Columbus discovered America in 1492. Did he, though? Alas, there are authenticated and half-authenticated stories of discoveries of America before him.

Robert Hunt Lyman, for many years the editor of the *World Almanac*, used to say that the facts he was at most particular pains to look up were those of which he was

surest. I mentioned this seeming paradox to the editor of another work of reference.

"That reminds me," he said, "of a particularly egregious error that got into our last edition. Ten experts go over our copy and our proof. Yet in our sketch of South Bend, Indiana, the utterly meaningless date of 1776 instead of 1876 got by all of them. Surely 1776 is a date that should have halted any American meeting it out of its proper place; but there it is, a mistake in cold print. I'll show you."

He reached for the volume, twirled the pages, and was soon in South Bend. But 1776 wasn't mentioned there. His brows knit. "I must be wrong," he said. "I *am* wrong. I was sure it was in the South Bend sketch. Now where was it? Dubuque? Pittsburgh? Minneapolis?" He never did find it, at least while I was there. Some "fact" about some city remains wrong by a century.

A man in North Carolina is reading an encyclopedia, page after page, not as a seeker after knowledge but as a hunter after flaws. And when he brings one down, the author responsible is gleefully notified. He probably has a more extensive correspondence calling him a fool and ignoramus than any other man alive; he has been explosively put in his place by the world's most eminent chemists, astronomers, physicians, historians, bibliographers, and engineers. All the same, he upsets many an established "fact."

For sources can be as wrong as that stammering guess-work artist before the microphone. The editor who mislaid 1776 described with a shudder some of the lapses that reached his desk in copy — copy prepared by the same distinguished authorities who quarrel with the hard-working North Carolinian. Here are a few of their "facts" that might have been enshrined in authoritative print to add to the general befuddlement:

"The number of unemployed in the United States in 1914 was 450,000,000 . . . between 1909 and 1910 Theodore Roosevelt wrote and published 15 books . . . the *Parthenon* is 111,341 feet long . . ." And more of this ilk, including a middle initial for Abraham Lincoln. But my friend the editor could mention only errors that were detected; what of the errors that passed the guards and went down in the books as "facts?"

Remember the slipshod authority, the nodding copy reader, the wool-gathering proof reader who help mold what passes for irrefutable information. Recall how many

crystal-clear "truths" are shattered by every new scientific discovery — if the discovery is a fact. And consider, too, the downright impostor. For there are such.

There is a reputable biographical compendium, long out of print, which I am glad to admit to my reference shelves, though I know its history. The longer sketches in its pages were assigned to competent scholars, but the shorter were parceled out to a miscellaneous company, including bright college undergraduates. Since it was all piece-work, one of these minor assistants conceived the plan of fabricating a whole battalion of notables. The youth got away with it, unfortunately, and these notables, figments of his mercenary imagination, were duly immortalized.

Then there is an entity even more pathetic than the invented fact. It is the fact slain by opinion. Because fact is dubious and opinion certain, an opinion about a fact will stand its ground adamantly against the fact itself.

In my boyhood, we used to take the New York *Herald*. Every Sunday it ran a question-and-answer department. Perhaps it was personally conducted by James Gordon Bennett the younger, for some of the answers were pretty tart. My father invariably read this department aloud to me, whence has sprung, no doubt, my adhesiveness to unrelated scraps of information. Week after week somebody would ask: "Is it Welsh rabbit or Welsh rarebit?" And the invariable answer was "Welsh rabbit." The question had to be answered over and over again.

It *is* "Welsh rabbit." Consult any authoritative source. Consult anything except a hotel or restaurant menu, which is, naturally, the only place you are likely to see Welsh rabbit named unless you are a philologist or an antiquarian. Every day hundreds of thousands of folks are being told that it is "Welsh rarebit" in the one place where they are likely to credit that fact. If the chef doesn't know what he's cooking, who does? I have inspected a thousand menus and flushed but a single "rabbit." A century from now, thanks to popular etymology, "Welsh rabbit" will be as correctly wrong as "ain't."

▶ *This newspaper stunt-girl became a taxi dancer for a close-up of the*

DIME-A-DANCE DIVE

By Mary Knight

I had been a nurse at Bellevue Hospital, an air hostess, a Rockette at the Radio City Music Hall. In men's clothes I had witnessed the guillotining of Bluebeard in Paris. I had crashed forbidden portals for "impossible" interviews. Why not get a job as a taxi-dancer in some "dive" off Broadway? Not as an editor's assignment, for once, but on my own. It should provide me with an exciting chapter in that book on newspaper stunting that was taking shape in my mind.

It ought to be easy, I decided. I'll get away with it. I dance. I can tell as tall a tale as the next one if the game calls for it. I am like thousands of other girls. Neither pretty nor repugnant. Being nondescript has its advantages; you can do things without attracting attention. The lower the "dive," the better for my purposes. Frankly, fear did not enter my head. Dancing and music. One didn't think of fear where there was dancing and music. With a lot of people around, what was there to fear? But I was to learn that there is a kind of fear one cannot see or touch, but which, when it strikes, hits deep inside.

I was neither attracted nor distressed by the highly advertised evils of the dance halls. Years of reporting had taught me that the common human denominator is not much different on the various levels of life. The denizens of the ten-cents-a-dance halls could not be all "bad." I was keen to talk to the girls. What kind of homes had they abandoned? How much could they earn? What did they want from life and what would it give them? "Make big money while you dance," the ads in the papers promised every day. I would try it.

I stood outside the entrance for a long time, watching the people go by, go in, come out. Some nonchalantly. Some slyly. The neon sign blinked uncertainly, its connection broken in spots. Seductive music slithered out of the second story windows (they are nearly always on the second floor) down the front of the building and wriggled across the sidewalk toward the gutter. On its slowly tantalizing way

it touched the foot of a soldier. He turned, hesitated, went up. Next a sailor, a group of college boys, a city slicker, a quiet-looking businessman, a high school kid.

Behind a large roll of pink tickets sat a middle-aged, medium-sized woman in a black dress. Her face was a pasty smear and her hair poorly permanented. Eyebrows, cheeks, and lips came out of pencils, boxes, and tubes. The mascara on her lashes was as hard and set as the lines around her mouth. I had applied for the job early in the afternoon, before the day shift went on duty at two P.M. — and had been hired. I was back now, to go on duty. I looked ordinary enough in my average clothes; this was not a place where the girls were very smartly dressed.

"I'm not sure about you," the ticket woman had said. "But you can't tell by looks nowadays. Come in at eight tonight." Her eyes pierced the iris in mine, did figure eights through my body, and came out under my toe-nails. I went away with that strange, uneasy feeling I was to experience again and again: suspicion, uncertainty, mistrust . . .

The dressing-room was an upheaval of shabby clothes, a bedlam of babbling girls. Practically ignored, I slipped out of my street clothes into a demure black velvet evening gown, and waited. As I looked around I thought, There are two kinds of dirt: the kind that will wash off with soap and water and the other kind that gets in the blood. Being a taxi-dancer might not be as easy as I had thought, or as much fun. I had got in without much trouble, yes. But what had I got into?

A girl came in who had evidently been away some time, from the greeting she received. She put on a sleazy little satin evening gown. Suddenly my fingers felt icy. I looked at the matron, at the girls. Would they let her go on the floor that way? It wasn't the dress, indecent as it was. Her back was covered with open sores. They made her go home.

I knew my dress was not "right," that it didn't show as much of me as the law allowed. I mumbled something about having another at home. "Try it out," said Madge, the ticket woman who had hired me. "You can't tell about men. You might get somewhere with it. Some of 'em get bored looking at flesh all night. If it's no go, I'll help you cut it where it will count!"

I resolved to remember everything clearly because I wouldn't dare write any of it down until I

got home. While I had waited for Madge in the dressing-room I had read some of the house rules:

1. Don't allow men to manhandle you or to feel you on any part of your body, on the floor.
2. Don't proposition a customer in the house.
3. Don't grab or hold any man improperly. Keep your hands to yourself. Be a refined lady.
4. Don't spend too much time on your approach to customers, and avoid spending time with customers not paying to talk to you.
5. Drinking of intoxicating liquors is prohibited.
6. Girls must work six nights a week to receive the full pay of 5¢ a dance on each ticket. No girl is permitted to take off Saturday or Sunday or holidays for any reason whatsoever.
7. Girls are not permitted to keep tips. They must turn them in with their tickets.

I couldn't remember the rest, but I'd get them eventually. Madge told me to sit inside the rail that separated the dancers from the boys and men not dancing. "You may know the ropes," she began, "but there's a few things you've got to know about this particular joint and one of them is that there's no licker served at the bar. Guys can bring it in, but go easy. Cops got an eye out. Don't waste time on mugs that just want to talk. If they won't spend a buck or two to show their good faith, a fat chance you got outside. Learn to spot the plain-clothes men. Don't bite too quick on a take-out. May be a cop." She paused. "I hope you can take it," she went on, eyeing me rather closely. "All kinds of men come in here. You may hit it off with one that likes what you've got." She leaned over and adjusted the little flower in my hair. "Go put on some more make-up. You look sick in these lights. . . ."

I stood for a minute, looking past her. There was a little fence around the floor where several couples were dancing. It was just a rail, however, and when a man and girl were seated at the table — he on the outside and she inside — there was nothing to prevent them from sitting close. Tables were scattered around the edge, covered with red-checkered cloths. Crazy, grotesque pictures of distorted anatomies were painted on the walls in bright splotches. A spotlight in the corner of the room threw red, blue, yellow rays onto a ball made of little mirrors suspended from the ceiling. It spattered colors on the floor.

I tried but I didn't make much that night; only fifty cents, and the house got half of that. The girls all had their regulars and I had to build up a trade and a technique. I put on more make-up and added a few spit-curls and a black beauty

spot. When I came out looking like a first-class fire-engine Madge said, "For God's sake, can't you compromise? Get rid of the spit-curls. They look common."

The dances were all 10¢ apiece. If you sat out with a man it cost him $6 an hour or a straight $3 for half an hour. (If you could get a man to sit out with you, you ought to be smart enough to keep his mind off his watch.) Nobody worked on a salary. The waiters and the woman in the dressing-room who took care of our money and did miscellaneous washing and ironing for us, depended on tips. We had to hand in our money every night because we'd been known to steal from each other. When strong arms were needed to throw loud-mouthed gents down the steps or a good fist to sock a guy who called the dump a clip-joint — the waiters were the ones that did it. There was brawn a-plenty beneath their white waiter's jackets.

A few nights after I began we had a visit from one of the Dutch Schultz gang. It was George Weinberg. He just looked and chewed a cigar, hands in his pockets. He wasn't bad looking but his eyes bored through you. I danced with him, another time. Neither of us spoke a word. Everything that came to me to say seemed to go away before I got the words together. It made me mad to think that dancing with a gangster left me speechless.

II

A male hanger-on helped me really get my first man. He wasn't interested in me but he gave me some good advice. "Do men want to be pawed over like that?" I asked, jerking my head toward the line-up where the girls were running their fingers through oily hair and dry kinky mops, and straightening ties of prospective customers. "Sure they do," he said. "I've watched you for quite awhile. You almost get one and then you let one of those twerps take him right off your hook. Now the next man that comes through that curtain, go after him! I'll sit back here and watch. Don't let him get away."

Here goes, I thought. Now to the firing line. The curtains parted. Not a bad looking guy, either. Luck was with me. I was nearest to him and he caught my eye first. I wasn't sure whether to wink or try to look mysterious, subtle. He let me play him for awhile, and I angled frantically. My mentor edged in and whispered, "Run your finger around the neck of your gown and ask for a cigarette."

He bought ten tickets and gave them all to me at once. I was amazed. I knew he wasn't a cop. There was dirt under his nails but his hands were clean. I don't know why on earth I did it but when he asked me if I'd meet him two blocks away at 4:15 A.M. I said I would. He was there waiting, a cap pulled over one ear. Without greeting of any kind we walked further west and went into a restaurant. We sat at the counter. Without asking me what I'd have he ordered scrambled eggs and a glass of milk — for me. "Eat it," he said, "I've et."

While I et, he proceeded to tell me practically his life history. He was a riveter, from Hartford. His girl had two-timed him, and he was in New York for a blow. "If you had any guts you'd get out of a joint like that," he suddenly announced, as I was swallowing the last of my milk. "You don't look so tough. I may be wrong. Here," he added, writing his name and address on a corner of the menu and tearing it off. "Write me a letter sometime. If me and the girl don't make it up next week, I'll be seeing you again."

I smiled and thanked him. Never before had I felt quite so cheap at taking in a gent whose intentions were somewhere near honorable at least, when my own were clean but predatory. There was no bathing in sentiment. Whatever emotion there was, was cold and hard.

I learned about men from Mickey. She made more money than all the rest of us. Averaged $75 a week most of the time and claimed she went around with collegians and men-about-town. Men would loosen up with $25 and $30 a night, without even taking her out. One came as early as eight o'clock and sat out with her until eleven. She'd turn in the $18 and keep the rest. She said he was president of a big New York corporation and told me his name; he was. He never wanted to go out with her, she said, but "he gets a kick out of listening to me chatter. He's got a wife and kids at home, but no fun. Sitting out with me is being as untrue to the little woman as he'll ever be." Mickey knew her trade all right. There was always business at her stand.

I learned about loan sharks too. And dope peddlers. Marijuana smokers brought the cops one night. Plain-clothes men. They smelled the stuff but couldn't find a single cigarette. We laughed when they went away. The boy who had it in his fountain pen walked to the window. As the cops passed be-

low he took a puff and flicked the ashes down on their heads.

Mabel showed me how to catch a man's eye by pretending there was a spot of something on my evening gown. I wasn't supposed to think anyone was looking. Picking at it and trying to dust it off gave me an opportunity to flaunt whatever charms I had to whomsoever they might concern. Getting a girl to stand in front of me while I pulled up my stockings was another ruse.

Of the girls, Bertha came to be my favorite. She had a sense of humor. She was beautiful too, and everything but dumb. Her face was cherubic and a hard little shapeless stone fitted in where her heart had been. She said she was the black sheep of the family and loved it. She'd been caught cheating on examinations her sophomore year in college and skipped before she was expelled. She said her father would beat hell out of her if she went home and her mother would start praying over her. She came from a small mid-western town. She wanted respectability but thrilled to the new freedom and independence and the adulation of the wrong kinds of men.

"My family are all so damn respectable — on the outside. That's what gets me," she burst out one day. "I'm not bad yet, but I want a fling before I settle down. They've been so afraid I'd go wrong because I'm pretty that maybe I will, just to teach them a lesson!"

III

Men could take women to the better places but they weren't supposed to bring them to ours. Unless to work there. After you had been in awhile and it looked as though you were making money and would stick, you got in with a gang with a boss outside to get you out of trouble — fights, raids, prostitution charges. It was something like being initiated into a fraternity. If you weren't the type and didn't smell quite like the others, or if it was time for a turnover, the gang eased up on you, closed in around you, little by little. . . .

Suddenly I began to wonder if I were really getting by as well as I thought I was. Things had been almost too serene. There were moments when I felt distinctly uncomfortable. There were looks in eyes, around and about, like a gentle nudge in the ribs. It took only a few weeks for me to realize that the game was getting close and that the next move was mine. The cue came at noon one day, by telephone. (I had given my right address along with a false name when I ap-

plied for the job.) The conversation was brief and one-sided. "A friend speaking," said the voice. "Why don't you give up taxi-dancing? It's really not too healthy — for some people. And I wouldn't write about what I know either if I were you; not for a long time." There was a pause. "Good-by." The phone clicked at the other end.

I went back as usual that night, to get my money and test out the authenticity of the call. They needn't think they could cheat me out of what I'd already earned. I'd quit all right, gladly. I appreciated my good health and I needed to keep it for other purposes. I'd found out about all I wanted to know anyway, and I wasn't looking for trouble. I had intended to dance out the evening and ask for my money before I went home. But when I passed Madge's ticket booth on my way to the dressing-room as usual, she reached out and caught me. I turned my head slowly, standing my ground.

There again, unmistakably — that *thing* in the air that had eyes but couldn't be seen, only felt. As my head turned I saw the bouncers standing like statues, staring at me. It was early. The girls weren't on the floor yet. I put down my bag, looked at Madge and cleared my throat to make it easier for my voice to come out. "Okay," I said, "I'm through. I just came back to say good-by. I didn't have a chance this morning. And to get my wages. I'd like to tip Greta and the boys here."

Madge handed me the envelope without a word. They were all very solemn. I wondered what would happen if I smiled. I did. "The cops aren't downstairs," I said, almost whispering. "I haven't breathed it to a soul. It's your secret and mine — so far."

That was a year ago. A year is a long time. Most of the girls I met there have gone somewhere else and new ones have taken their places. I keep in touch. Greta, the matron in the dressing-room, has been fired and is on Relief. Madge comes and goes. And Bertha, who wanted a fling, has had a baby. . . .

THE BIG BASEBALL SCANDAL

By J. L. Brown

On October 1, 1919, the Chicago White Sox met the Cincinnati Reds in the first game of the year's World Series. The game was in Cincinnati, which city, with a pennant-winning team for the first time in fifty years, was wildly hilarious. What appeared to be half the populations of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky had jammed into town. Senator Warren G. Harding, within a month elected President, was installed in the bridal suite of the Sinton Hotel. The White Sox, one of the greatest baseball clubs ever, were heavy favorites in the betting.

In New York, the *Times* devoted a leading editorial to welcoming the annual classic:

> Great things will be done today in Cincinnati. . . . The war against the Bolsheviki, the conflict in the Adriatic, the race riots (Omaha), the steel strike . . . all fade into the background . . . the one great topic of transcendent interest is . . . the nerve-wracking World Series which has ruined the disposition of everybody who has any money on the outcome. . . .

As it turned out, this was a remarkably prophetic editorial.

The first game of the Series turned out to be a strange one. Cicotte, the best White Sox pitcher, seemed to have inordinate difficulty with his control, striking the first batter and nearly decapitating others. Other Chicago players — rated the greatest in the game — performed like bush leaguers. As Cicotte took the mound in the fifth inning he appeared unusually apprehensive. The score was 1–1, so there was no special cause for alarm, but the nervous pitcher scanned the field carefully, giving the outfielders particular attention. Then came the deluge. Singles, doubles, triples rolled from the Reds' bats. Sox fielders missed an easy double play, made errors, threw balls to the wrong places. Cincinnati got five runs that inning, and won the game by a score of 9–1.

The second game was practically the same. Chiefly because of the wildness of Williams, another star pitcher, the Sox lost. But on the third day, with the odds lengthening against them, the White Sox

won, and with a rookie pitcher, Dick Kerr. On the eve of the fourth game Cicotte begged for a chance to redeem himself, and Kid Gleason, the manager, agreed. Neither side scored until the fifth inning, when Cicotte unburdened himself of a wild throw, after which he bobbled an easy grounder. Neale of the Reds hit an easy fly to left field, but to the astonishment of the crowd the great Shoeless Joe Jackson was far out of position. The fly went for a hit. As the throw came into the home plate Cicotte rushed over, needlessly deflecting it, presenting the Reds with their second run, and with it the game. Later the Cincinnati players remarked that not once had Cicotte used his famous shine ball.

So it went for the rest of the Series. The puzzled Kid Gleason, observing the inept performances of his men, remarked, "The Reds are lucky. They're winning on errors my boys wouldn't make in forty games." Finally the Reds won, five games to three. As a disgusted journalist put it, "The Sox folded up like an umbrella." The faithful *Times* expressed what was in a lot of minds when it asked, "Were they doped? The fans are not sure what happened . . . but something happened." Then rumor began to have it that what happened was a "fix."

A few hours before the first game the betting odds had shifted suddenly as a wealth of Cincinnati money made its appearance. The report was that the smart money seemed to be "in a mad rush to go down hook, line, and sinker on the Reds." A National League official said that never before had he seen so much gambling on the result of a ball game. But gambling and rumors are invariably present at sporting events, and few paid attention. Charles A. Comiskey, owner of the Chicago team, publicly proclaimed faith in his boys and offered a reward for evidence that there had been dirty work. Privately, however, he went to the District Attorney of Cook County with a plea that he had been tricked. He also put private detectives on the case.

Nothing important occurred until the following fall, however, although in sporting circles talk of a fix was open and persistent. On all sides it was hoped that the scandal would blow over — and it might have if, in September 1920, there had not occurred an incident which could not be ignored. The day before a game between Chicago and Philadelphia of the National League a Chicago pitcher

sent a telegram to Frog Thompson, a well known sporting character of Kansas City. It read:

BET $5000 ON OPPOSITION.

The telegram came into the hands of Otto Floto, a sports writer on a Kansas City paper and eventually there came from it a thorough inquiry into the gambling end of baseball which uncovered the scandal of the 1919 World Series, the most sordid mess ever to involve a major sport.

II

First, William Maharg, described as a "former pugilist, baseball player and tin-horn gambler," volunteered that he and one Bill Burns had acted as go-betweens during the Series for certain White Sox players and a syndicate of gamblers. The Series had been fixed, he declared, and bribes paid; but both he and Burns had been double-crossed. Maharg furnished names, and the players were called to the office of Alfred S. Austrian, attorney for the Sox. Cicotte confessed. "I have cried-a-plenty over this case," he said.

His statement implicated seven other members of the Chicago team as co-conspirators in throwing the Series, at which Claude Williams, the other star pitcher, and Joe Jackson, the peerless outfielder, likewise broke down. They repeated their stories to Chief Justice C. A. McDonald of the Chicago criminal courts, and again before the special Grand Jury impaneled to sift the scandal. And as Jackson emerged from the jury room a saga of American life was enacted. A group of small boys, representing the some 20,000,000 who take their baseball seriously, crowded about him gravely. "Say it ain't true, Joe," they begged almost tearfully. Jackson walked away, shamefaced, and the hearts of American youth were wrung.

On October 6, 1930, the Grand Jury handed in its report. "Baseball is an index of our national genius and character," it read. "It is more than a national game; it is an American institution . . ." Indictments were voted against the following: Edward Cicotte, pitcher; Joe Jackson, left field; Claude Williams, pitcher; George Weaver, third base; Oscar Felsch, center field; Charles Risberg, shortstop; Arnold Gandil, first base; Fred McMullin, utility; Hal Chase, ex-player; Abe Attel, Joseph "Sport" Sullivan and Rachael Brown, gamblers. The roster, it was noted, lacked one member for a full White Sox team.

The indictment was in two counts, the first of which was entirely novel in jurisprudence. It charged that the public, having paid to see honest baseball, was defrauded. The second count charged fraud upon owner Comiskey. Later, six more alleged gamblers were added to the list of defendants.

With the infamy of the White Sox — or the Black Sox, as they were immediately called — officially recognized, organized baseball was in a bad way. To the skeptical public, baseball was a racket and every game fixed. A conclave of magnates was called to take the game out of the hands of the owners and players and "dedicate it to the American public." In the place of the unwieldy National Commission then supervising the game, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, a bellicose Federal jurist, was appointed high commissioner of baseball.

The trial of the Black Sox opened on July 5, in a courtroom crowded to the last inch of space. Fifteen bailiffs were required to keep out the mob that clamored for admittance. Bill Burns, describing himself as a former White Sox pitcher, proved to be the star witness for the prosecution. He had been persuaded to come back from safety in Mexico to turn state's evidence. In the middle of September, 1919, said Burns, he had been called to a meeting at the Hotel Ansonia, New York. Present also were Cicotte, Gandil, and Maharg. The ball players said that the White Sox were sure to win the Series and offered a proposition to throw games for $100,000. Burns laid the scheme before Arnold Rothstein, who listened and then walked out, offended. "I'll have nothing to do with it," he said coldly. Burns then went to see Abe Attel, a former champion boxer reputed to be a fixer. Attel was more receptive and promised to arrange everything. It was agreed to hold a meeting the night before the first game, in Cincinnati.

At this meeting, he testified, were a half dozen Sox conspirators and several gamblers. Attel agreed to pay the sum of $100,000 to have the Series fixed. Gandil, spokesman for the players, wanted the money in a lump sum in advance. Attel offered to turn over $20,000 after each game. The players then demanded to know who the responsible backer was. Attel named Rothstein, which caused Burns to whistle with surprise. "Why, he turned me down!" he exclaimed. "I know, I know," said Attel. "But I once saved his life so he owes me a favor."

Nominating Burns as the stakeholder, it was testified, the conspirators next took up the question of the order in which the games were to be thrown. Gandil and Cicotte suggested that the first two games be thrown to show their good faith. Attel said he didn't care what the order was, so long as he had advance information. Cicotte asked to be allowed to win one game to help out with next year's contract. One thing all the players agreed on was that no money should be passed on a Friday. This was held unlucky.

When the first game was over, Burns hunted up Attel, who explained that all the money was out on bets, and the players would have to wait until it was collected. A meeting was held in the evening to arrange for the next day's game. Williams, who was to pitch, agreed to throw it. The first $20,000 was promised in the morning by ten o'clock. At that hour Attel displayed a telegraph order for $20,000 from New York, but couldn't cash it, whereupon Burns was delegated to be on the sidelines before the game and signal the players if he received the money. He hadn't; but the White Sox lost anyway. (Trying to trace the truth now in the tangled maze of double-crossing is akin to unraveling a spiderweb.) Forty thousand dollars was now due the players and they were in an ugly mood, but unbeknownst to Burns $10,000 had been left under Cicotte's pillow the night before. Thus, claimed Burns, he had been cheated out of his share, which was an amount equal to each individual player's.

III

Attel, Burns said, now produced another $10,000 in cash, and again the players failed to take Burns into account in the division. According to Burns, Attel wanted the Sox to win the third game so that the gamblers could get better odds. This the disgruntled athletes refused to do, stating that "If they didn't win for their own, they weren't going to win for no busher, Kerr." Giving Attel the impression that they were going to lose, the Sox double-crossed him and won, causing the gambling syndicate to lose an enormous amount. . . . The State, however, had a different theory. It was that Attel had given orders to the Sox to win, and they had won, but the gamblers, double-crossing the players, claimed that they had lost heavily.

After this, apparently, no one trusted anyone else. Burns testified that the gamblers offered

$45,000 for the next three games, but that the Sox turned them down. Since Burns himself was being double-crossed, it is hardly likely that he knew what was going on; and to clear matters up, the State relied heavily upon the reported confessions of Cicotte, Williams, and Jackson. Then came the startling announcement that the confessions were missing. Ban Johnson, president of the American League accused Arnold Rothstein of having paid $10,000 for them.

Chief Justice McDonald took the stand and swore that the confessions had been made, and that they were voluntary. But the effect was lost, and the players flatly repudiated them. Jackson, a Southern yokel who could neither read nor write, alleged that he was half-drunk when he faced the Grand Jury. He thought the paper was "only his address." Cicotte declared that he had been promised immunity.

The defense charged that the State had let the real instigators of the scandal go free, but was trying to make goats of "underpaid ball players and penny-ante gamblers." It was shown that, far from receiving the fabulous sums mentioned in the press, the great ball stars got annual salaries of less than $3000. The claim that Comiskey's business had been ruined vanished into thin air when his books disclosed that his receipts for 1919 had been $421,175.75, and in 1920 $910,-206.59. As for the rest, the players denied they had thrown any games, and added these remarkable defenses: 1) They were under no contract to play in a world series. 2) Nothing obligated them to try and win. 3) Throwing ball games was not a crime in any event.

On August 2, after almost an entire month of trial, the defendants were acquitted on a single ballot. "Hurray for the Clean Sox!" cried spectators in the courtroom, and the judge congratulated the jurors. "It was a just verdict," he said. Jurors lifted players to their shoulders while photographs were taken. But while the courtroom audience showed themselves wildly approving, others were extremely critical. Judge Landis, the new high commissioner, untroubled by respect for quibbles and technicalities, barred the players from the game forever. The Black Sox stayed black, and never soiled organized baseball again.

WORRY AND GROW FAT

By Samuel Hochman, M.D.

Two men sit down at the same table in the dining car and eat the same meal: steak, baked potato, string beans, tomato salad, apple pie, cheese, and coffee. To one man the 3000-odd calories merely supply energy. To the other, they mean fat. Two women at their bridge club confront a plate of cream cheese and nut sandwiches. Says one, "My dear, I daren't. Not one of those. . . . They put pounds on me . . ."

What is it that makes one man's meat and macaroni another man's obesity?

In seven cases of obesity out of ten, the underlying answer is mental, not physical. Worry yourself thin? You are much more likely to worry yourself fat! Some set of thinking habits, some emotional disturbance, creates an inner compulsion which drives people to overeat. In the grip of this compulsion, the victim hasn't the will power to diet and it is futile for his physician to try to enforce a new regime. The first job, doctors have learned, is to ferret out whatever psychological disturbance afflicts this particular patient and correct it before treating the body.

The discovery is important, for obesity isn't funny; it is a disease which is always serious and often fatal. Death certificates frequently read "hardening of the arteries," or "high blood pressure," or cite some disease of the heart, liver, or kidneys when the real murderer is fat. Physicians in general practice are daily required to tell patients to reduce weight because of overtaxed heart or kidneys. One-third of the population, it has been estimated, is too fat for health. Life insurance companies are deeply concerned and recently have been doing valuable work in educating the public to the dangers of overweight, especially in middle age. Further, they are increasingly reluctant to insure men with a waistline bulge.

These are the reasons why the medical profession today is studying obesity as critically as it studies the ailments that nobody ever thought were humorous. There are,

we have discovered, two types of overweight persons, the endogenous — those who show a tendency to put on weight no matter what they eat; and the exogenous whose overweight is due to excessive food consumption. The endogenous suffer from some disorder of the endocrine glands and a breakdown of the normal processes of metabolism. Such cases are in the minority. No less an authority than Dr. R. M. Wilder of the Mayo Clinic said recently, "The role of the endocrine glands in the production of obesity is astonishingly overestimated."

But you still are going to hear a great deal about glands and fatness for the simple reason that any woman would rather attribute her bulging contours to some mysterious ailment of the thyroid than admit she stuffs at table.

Do not judge the lady too harshly. She knows she should eat less. She isn't hungry. An adequate diet has been prescribed for her. In the present state of scientific knowledge of food values, it is a simple matter to tell her just what and how much to eat. When science reached that point, some of us actually believed the problem of obesity was solved; we should only have to determine the food needs of each individual, then write out a formula which the patient would gladly follow. That dream vanished the moment it came out of the laboratory and collided with the harsh facts of life.

The plump lady honestly cannot help eating too much. For the life of her, she could not tell you why she nibbles between meals. The truth is that she has turned to sodas and to candy as other folk turn to alcohol, to seek a temporary solace from some itch or ache of the psyche which they usually cannot even identify.

If you tell that 300-pound shapeless mountain of a man over there, topping off a lunch of black-bean soup, pork chops, mashed potatoes and gravy with a slab of lemon meringue pie, that he is stuffing because he knows he isn't going to get any raise in salary this year, and his wife is nagging him about their deprivations, he will say you are crazy. But it is true.

Etta T — came from upstate New York. Ambition to escape from a whining mother and a no-account father in a dingy house on a back street drove her to work her way through college and get a job in the city. She lived economically, because she had to send money home, but she was independent, keen about her work, and she believed she had a future. She was normal in weight. Etta was 26

when one day a telegram called her home; her mother had suffered a stroke. Etta had to give up her job, nurse the invalid, and keep house for her father for five years. And she got fat.

Etta came back to the city, released from her unhappy home. At 34, and only 5 feet, 4 inches tall, she weighed 187 pounds. She stayed fat; she was sensitive of ridicule, avoided social life though she craved it, and found it hard to break her eating habits. Her physician, probing for the cause of her fatness, finally drew the admission, "I was so bored and unhappy at home, so discouraged, that eating was one of the few pleasures left, and it didn't seem to matter if I did eat too much."

The physician explained that her obesity had a psychological base. He led Etta to change her outlook on life. That accomplished, she found the will power to follow a strict diet. The first twenty pounds she lost changed her amazingly — sent her scurrying for new and becoming clothes and a new hair-do, made people realize she was good-looking, and gave her new pep. The rest was comparatively easy, and her weight is now normal.

When obese patients are put on a diet, they frequently complain that the diet makes them sick. Of course, it isn't the diet; it is the neurosis which is objecting because it is being thwarted of its habitual expression. And a neurosis which doesn't get all the indulgence it craves can kick up a lot of trouble. The thing to do is to treat the neurosis, not change the diet.

II

Idle men are likely to get fat, and when they get fat they are likely to remain idle. All of the normal processes of life proceed at a lowered rate in the obese. Overweight persons tend to be sluggish. There is a vicious spiral — their very obesity makes them too flabby of will to carry out a vigorous campaign to lose weight.

Social workers have learned to accept as a commonplace that men on Relief get fat. The unemployed feel unhappy, restless, bored; they interpret these vague gnawings as hunger, or at least as a craving that can be temporarily dulled by eating. They eat too much, and naturally they eat the cheap foods — bread, potatoes, macaroni, and rice, all of them fattening.

Other case histories further exemplify the general principle. There was Martha, who went to college just a pleasingly plump girl of 17, and within two years was a mon-

strous thing weighing 210. It took a psychiatrist to pry out the reason. She had failed to make a Greek-letter society on which she had set her heart. She imagined it was because she was already too fat, and thus unattractive and unpopular, so she might just as well enjoy her meals. . . . She was taken out of school for a year, cured of her sense of social inferiority, dieted down to reasonable weight, and sent to another college. There she is happy — and shapely.

Marital discord is a frequent cause of obesity. Mrs. W put on weight, worried because her husband seemed no longer to admire her, ate more because she was worried, developed the weird habit of eating a loaf of bread a day. A psychiatrist got her back on the right track, even mended the breach between husband and wife, and she got back to normal. But the sequel is not happy. Husband and wife fell out again; they separated. Mrs. W is fat once more.

The old notion that fat people are serene and happy is wrong. Physicians aren't fooled. Nowadays when they start working to reduce a patient's weight, they begin with a good, thorough psychological probing for some cause of unhappiness. People who are at peace with themselves, who are satisfied, who have other interests and pleasures, seldom overeat to a serious degree. It is the lonely, the dissatisfied, the bored, the unhappily married, those who feel themselves failures or inferior who are the valiant trenchermen at table and the nibblers between meals. They are vaguely groping for some kind of satisfaction, some appeasement of the soul.

The moral of this should be clear. If you are overweight, watch yourself. Analyze your motives when you feel the urge to sneak a mid-afternoon chocolate soda, or to raid the ice box. Are you hungry, or are you bored? Are you, perhaps, trying to dodge for a little while a nagging something in the back of your mind? Would you eat so much if you had something terribly interesting to do right after dinner?

These questions are for the plump. To the genuinely fat, the best advice is to see a physician and tell him frankly you can't stop eating too much for your own good. It is likely he can dredge out of your soul the real reason.

THE HATE-YOUR-NEIGHBOR RACKETS

An Editorial

THERE has been a great to-do about foreign propaganda in America. The nuisance has been investigated and smothered with sizzling rhetoric again and again. But it is really no more than a pimple in the rash of our own, our native propagandas. A recent study of American movements of the fascist and Nazi types showed that more than eight hundred big and little organizations specializing in group hatred have set up shop in our midst. Some of their leaders call themselves "American Hitlers" or "American Mussolinis." All of them help themselves unblushingly to the raw stuff dished out by Herr Goebbels' export department — Berlin is just now to styles in lunacy what Paris is to styles in millinery. But while a good many of the trimmings are imported, the shops are as American as hot-dog stands all the same. They are draped in Red, White, and Blue, enlist the Founding Fathers, and go after the suckers in the good old style of our great nation of joiners.

Eight hundred emporia, each dispensing its own blend of social poison, is not as alarming as it sounds. It doesn't take much political or mental capital to set up shop. Some second-hand slogans, a few colored shirts or nightgowns, a couple of go-getting salesmen — and another small-time Napoleon is launched as a savior. In the welter of fancy causes with which our land has ever been blessed, a few hundred more or less hardly affect the grand total. One lusty breath of prosperity will scatter them like so much chaff. Nevertheless, these eight hundred must be taken seriously. Other organizations to snare the chronic joiners may be merely fatuous; these fascist-Nazi fraternities are mischievous. They are not content with wooden swords and make-believe regalia, but yearn for swords that cut heads and regalia that spells power. They are attacking the underpinning of American democracy — nibbling away with sharp rats' teeth at our civil rights and traditions of tolerance.

The phenomenon has been stud-

ied by sociologists and historians. But we do not need such expert assistance. We can readily understand the thing in all-too-familiar terms, as an ordinary racket. Every period produces its own brand: Prohibition brought bootleggers, rum-runners, hi-jackers, and speakeasies. Depression has evoked endless fascist gangs, bootleggers in race and class hatred, super-patriotic hi-jackers exploiting the country's distress. Economic fears are rife; worried, nerve-racked people seek a scapegoat for their troubles and a convenient outlet for their pent-up angers. That's the demand which unscrupulous political medicine-men are supplying.

Some eight hundred mobs are selling badges, shirts, uniforms, graded memberships, subscriptions to magazines, and options on lots in Utopia-to-come. Some eight hundred self-appointed saviors are cashing in on their fellow-men's gullibility, fears, and hungers for revenge. In the aggregate their movements are raking in millions of dollars, for these racketeers don't disdain the dimes and dollars of little people.

But their principal victims are among the wealthy. There's no sucker like a rich sucker even in normal times. In these abnormal years a lot of rich folks have been utterly demoralized by economic and political reverses. They are easy-marks for the first glib peddler of patented fascist nostrums to come swaggering along.

Wealthy women are known to angel some of the hate-mongering outfits, millionaire manufacturers are behind others. The technique is the time-honored one developed by dispensers of cure-alls. First you scare the sucker, then you unload the snake-oil on him. The rich "client" selected for mulcting is first frightened with spectres of red revolution and black plotting around the corner, then he is sold some hate-your-neighbor medicine. The demonstrable fact that fascism hits the rich even harder than the poor can't spoil the sale, since the victim is in the twilight zone of moral and intellectual hysteria.

The eight hundred messiahs spend money with reckless generosity — for obscene propaganda, radio time, itinerant sub-messiahs. The sale of cotton goods and magazines doesn't begin to pay for these activities. Some gullible men and women are footing the bills. . . . Rich or poor, you are on some political racketeer's sucker list. If you don't look out, he'll get you. E. L.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

A SPORTS note in the Hollywood column of the Los Angeles *Times* puts an extra polish on the glamorous ladies of the cinema capital:

> The glamor girls certainly showed up at the races the other day. You couldn't spit without hitting one.

A LAW of nature is discovered by Dr. O. W. Huff, dentist of Palm City, and conveyed to the masses through the *San Ysidro Border Press:*

> A reliable set of bowels is worth more to the average man than brains.

A MODEST fellow, stimulated by California sunshine, applies for a job through the want-ad department of the Los Angeles *Times:*

> PRIVATE SECRETARY
> EXTRAORDINAIRE
>
> Gentleman of unusual accomplishments from New York, here permanently. Expert stenographer, personal secretary, office and business manager.
>
> Secretarial experience with President and Mrs. Roosevelt; similar previous contacts with Wilson, Taft, Theodore Roosevelt. Well-known writer, author, lecturer, public speaker. Long executive experience in advertising, sales, public relations.
>
> Six-footer of splendid address and personality; pleasant disposition, highly cultured, college educated, well read, social graces, widely traveled. Also good chef and mixer; drives own large car; broadly talented and interesting companion and capable escort. Temporary or permanent engagement. Reasonable salary. Box L-73, Times.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

AN innovation in the arts of oratory is launched by a distinguished political leader at a Washington meeting, as reported in the spotlessly proletarian columns of the *New Masses:*

> The congress did not fully utilize the possibilities for dramatizing and humanizing social issues through other techniques than the ordinary platform speech. Rockwell Kent's imitation of Hitler's hysterical radio voice followed by his quiet, dignified quotation from the Declaration of Independence did more to bring home the contrast between the spirit of fascism and democracy than many orations.

FLORIDA

How a great state has enlisted the elements and the birds in the interests of shoe styles is told in full by the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger:*

> Waves roll up a little bit higher on the Florida beaches these days so they can see Mrs. Benjamin Bullock's

pumps with round box toes, low heels and turnover tongues.

Seagulls hop across the lagoons more often so they may glimpse Mrs. H. Birchard Taylor's step-in pumps with brown vamps, white simulated platforms and stitched pleats running all over the entire pedestrian's dream.

The Southern sun smiles especially with pleasure at the pumps of black suede with cut-out vamps like Spanish lace, that are worn by Mrs. Thomas S. Gates.

GEORGIA

LEGISLATIVE problems of a great Southern province are discussed by Speaker Harris of the Georgia House of Representatives, and duly recorded by the benighted Atlanta *Constitution:*

"I am going to say this," Harris said, "and I measure my words carefully:

"Members ought to let liquor alone on the floor of this house. I have been patient, but the time is short and if members come on this floor drinking I am going to call names and read the rules and let the house take such action as it sees fit. The time has come when we must be sober-minded, sober and vote our honest convictions."

ILLINOIS

POLITICAL skulduggery in the altogether in Joliet, as summarized on the front page of the New York *Post:*

High school morals are under investigation in Joliet, Ill., as a result of finding football star dead in car with nude body of girl. School authorities charge it's all politics.

MISSISSIPPI

LOCAL theologians, as chronicled by the Greenville *Leader*, present a dramatic commentary on rewards and punishments in the hereafter:

A Hell and Heaven Party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Levi McCrainey Thursday evening, for the benefit of Disney Chapel AME Church. Those going to Heaven were served peaches and cake, while those going to Hell played checkers, cards and danced; they were served hot spaghetti. An enjoyable evening was spent by all.

MISSOURI

THE august legislature of a great state devotes itself once more to the well-being of its beloved citizens, according to the AP out of Jefferson City:

The present trend in feminine shoe styles came to the official attention of the Missouri legislature today. A bill signed by 32 representatives was introduced in the house to make it illegal to sell shoes which are open at the toe or heel at any time except between June 1 and September 1.

NEW YORK

HORRIBLE case of infant perversity is reported to the Child Psychology Board of the communist *Daily Worker:*

Dear Psychology Board:

I have a problem which I am sure other parents have and I don't know what to do about it. I have a daughter of 9 who is ashamed of her parents who

are Communists. She does not wish to be seen on the picket line, won't wear a Lincoln Battalion button or other buttons, doesn't want her friends to see me read the *Daily Worker*, etc. She says she wishes she were like other children whose parents are "regular people" as she calls them.

Answer: . . . Your problem is an unusual one . . . your little girl is acting in a natural way. Her desire to be like her friends and to have the same sort of family is normal. . . . At nine there is no real loss if she is not a communist. This is something she must grow up into slowly.

FROM far-off Shanghai and from the pen of Comrade H. S. Tei comes a spirited complaint against the backwardness of the USA, in a letter distributed by the communist *New Masses* to shame subscribers into parting with their shekels:

We are hardly believing that in such a rich country as USA where millions and billions of dollars are spent in films and dances, people cannot sustain such a progressive magazine as *New Masses*, which is now in lack of such a little sum of money as only $30,000 — ! Yet the fact is fact. Our paper *The News Digest* announced it and called for "Help *New Masses!*" O, dear comrades, how sorry we are . . .

OHIO

AMERICAN youth matches its English cousins and the mother country loses another point of superiority, as chronicled by the Associated Press out of Cleveland:

Mrs. Franklin, who has been a college dean of women for 27 years, is here for the twenty-third annual convention of the National Association of Deans of Women.

"Cocktail drinking has become general in colleges in cities," she observed. "More students are drinking than formerly, but in smaller quantities than the campus drinkers of former years. I am convinced that our students are learning to drink as they do in England."

VIRGINIA

NEW cultural activity is indulged by Southern blue-bloods, according to the Lynchburg *News:*

Members of the Rotary Club performed the Big Apple yesterday as a climax to a questionnaire program in which they fared not so well. Led on by William Jones, who was imported to "call" the dance, the members put on a brisk five-minute Big Apple with leading roles being taken by M. K. Duerson, business manager of the Lynchburg *News;* Dr. Theodore Jack, president of Randolph-Macon Woman's College; Colonel William King, John A. Faulkner, president of Craddock-Terry Company; C. W. Gooch, James Noell, Jr., Dr. S. H. Rosenthal, Dabney Lancaster of Sweet Briar College, and Douglas Robertson.

WEST VIRGINIA

A REVISED diagnosis in the *Braxton Central* of Sutton vindicates the medical profession:

CORRECTION: In the account of the illness of Bill Squires, which appeared in this column last week, the phrase reading, "and has failed to re-

spond favorably to treatment," should have read, "and has responded favorably to treatment."

WISCONSIN

THE monthly prize for candor goes to the advertisement in the Rice Lake *Chronotype:*

AUCTIONEERS

We are capable of selling your personal property, pure bred cattle, and real estate. Don't let our competitors tell you we are no good. Prove it for yourself. 23 years on the block. Send post card for dates.

IN OTHER UTOPIAS

ENGLAND

UNDERSTANDABLE error on the part of a lively English matron, as heralded by the sedate London *Evening Standard:*

It was alleged that when police officers visited Mrs. Hopkins's house to arrest a man wanted for burglary, she pushed the two out on to the pavement and screamed abuse at them. She aimed a kick at Detective-Sergeant Lawrence and bit Police Captain Titheridge's left thumb to the bone.

Mrs. Hopkins, pleading not guilty, said she thought she was biting her husband.

GERMANY

THE progress of *Kultur* under Hitler is revealed in a press release by the Nazi tourist bureau:

Berlin is to have humorous monuments. "Why does not the capital city of the Reich possess some worthy commemoration of a humorous local type," remarked Dr. Johann Meinshausen, the well-known educationalist, recently to Dr. Julius Lippert, Mayor of Berlin. "Why not?" said the Mayor and forthwith began to arrange a competition for the best design.

RUSSIA

THE Gertrude Stein influence asserts itself in a surrealist dispatch from Walter Duranty in Moscow to the New York *Times:*

But what he said about the purge they had here, last year and the year before — this Communist party purge, not what happened to other people, to people who were not in the party but found themselves purged by that purge — what Mr. Zhdanoff said would make the mad hatter's tea party in "Alice in Wonderland" look like a Boston sewing bee.

It was utterly fantastic, and — if we are speaking of Boston — they had a crazy madness there, or somewhere in Massachusetts — about witches and Cotton Mather, and Titus Oates in England — what they called a great Catholic plot. Not to mention, of course, Guy Fawkes. . . .

(THE MERCURY *will pay $1 for items accepted for Americana. Those found unsuitable cannot be returned.*)

THE STATE OF THE UNION

By Albert Jay Nock

Liberalism Has Sold Out

In Brussels five years ago I was talking with a friend, a Belgian engineer, about Hitler's regime in Germany, which was then just getting well under way. My friend was very much a man of the people, not too well educated, not at all well read. As soon as I mentioned the new regime, he said, "Oh, that's only Statism. We went through that years ago. It is the same thing as in Italy and Russia. You are getting it in your country, too."

I thought at once what a fine thing — what a saving thing — it is for any country to have such an experienced people that practically the first man you pick up on the street can cut straight through a web of humbugging names and forms woven around a political regime, and show you at once what it actually is. Naziism meant nothing to my Belgian friend, because it is only a trade-name, and ought not to mean anything to anybody. Words like fascism, Marxism, totalitarianism, New Dealism, dictatorship, which seem to mean so much to Americans, would slide off my Belgian friend like water off a duck's back, nor would he think he was doing anything especially clever in letting them slide. If asked, he would probably say that anybody ought to be clever enough to know they are merely different trade-names for the same product.

I wish our people were clever enough for that. It is not fair to expect that they should be, nor is it fair to draw an invidious comparison between the average of them and the average of people like my Belgian friend. The Belgians have had 2000 years of political experience, so it is natural to suppose that by this time the average of them would be born knowing enough about Statism to be able to recognize it at sight, under any disguise it might put on. Such long experience enables a people to *understand* political history, which is a very different thing from knowing political history. Americans have had almost no experience, and however much history they may know, very few of them understand any of it.

What, then, is this Statism? The political organization of society is based on either one of two systems: a system of compulsory co-operation or a system of voluntary co-operation. A perfect example of the first system's typical structure is seen in a band of convicts working under a sentence of forced labor, or in a company of conscript soldiers taking part in a battle. Their co-operation is involuntary; it is enforced upon them by the State. If they do not co-operate as they are ordered, the State punishes them. Statism is the policy of indefinitely extending the system of compulsory co-operation into all departments of human activity. When this policy is worked out to the full, the individual's power of self-direction is completely confiscated; he plants, sows, reaps, under orders; conducts his business under orders; even his amusements and the conduct of his domestic life, his education and cultural processes, are prescribed and supervised by the State; even his personal relations with others, his friendships and sentimental attachments, all are subject to State control.

As to the second system, the system of voluntary co-operation, an example of its typical structure is seen in a business house engaged in the production and distribution of goods, operating only under the obligations of contract, freely and voluntarily undertaken. Individualism, which is the antithesis of Statism, is the policy of indefinitely extending this system of voluntary co-operation into all departments of human activity. Carried to its full length, it would reduce State action to the performance of a very few, very simple, and very inexpensive functions.

Individualism, like democracy and many other terms in common use, is a term which has been so greatly perverted by ignorant persons and scoundrels that when a man speaks praisefully of individualism — especially rugged individualism — you are pretty safe in putting him down provisionally as either one or the other. Nevertheless its true meaning is perfectly clear. If you believe that society ought to be organized on the system of voluntary co-operation, and believe that this system should be indefinitely extended, you believe in individualism. If you believe that society ought to be organized on the other system, and believe in the indefinite extension of that system, you believe in Statism. Whether you call this fascism, Naziism, communism, or socialism is immaterial.

There seems to be no practicable middle ground between these two systems. A society which tries to organize itself on a policy of betwixt-and-between, part Statism and part individualism, always winds up on one of pure Statism. The political history of this country is a striking example of this invariable tendency; we are an example of the kind of republic which Guizot said "begins with Plato and necessarily ends with a policeman." My point is that the self-styled liberals of the present day seem quite unaware of this tendency, and are acting as if it did not exist; and this goes far to make them the most dangerous people of all who have to do with our public affairs.

Liberals originally, as the name implies, like the earlier Whigs, believed in the policy of voluntary co-operation. Their political philosophy rested on the basis of the right of individual liberty, limited only by the equal rights of others. Consequently their test of each and every State interference with individual freedom was whether that specific interference was strictly and absolutely necessary in order to maintain the equal freedom of others. They had no respect whatever for the principle of immediate expediency in questions of State interference. While it might be ever so expedient for the State to step in on this-or-that situation and take charge of it; while there might be a good deal of inconvenience and trouble accruing if the State did not step in; nevertheless, unless it were proven *necessary* for the State to step in for the maintenance of equal freedom, they were against its doing so. Their root-principle was that when it is not *necessary* for the State to act, it is necessary for it *not* to act.

They worked out this philosophy, and formulated it in an extended and complete system, proving that while in all cases State intervention might give quick results, in the long run it always breeds more difficulties than it solves, and gives rise to far more serious disorders than it cures. It also proved, on the other hand, that sticking to the policy of voluntary co-operation, and resolutely refusing the quick and easy short-cut of State interference, will bring about a sure and safe cure, though the process of convalescence be long, troublesome, and attended by a good deal of temporary suffering. It showed — and this was its most important point — that natural law is as fully operative in the realm of human relations as it is elsewhere; and that it is the only agency com-

petent to settle permanently and in the best way the difficulties arising in that realm.

In the field of business, for example, this philosophy whittled down the legitimate range of State activity to punishing fraud, enforcing contractual obligations, and making justice costless and easily accessible. It proved that no further interventions were necessary for the maintenance of equal freedom; and any unnecessary interventions were *ipso facto* pernicious. Therefore in all its operations outside the area thus covered, business should be left free to skin its own eels and bury its own dead. It would undoubtedly get into horrible messes through greed, mismanagement, incompetence, and other causes; but all concerned, including the public, would come out far better in the long run if those messes were left to be cleaned up through the slow remedial and punitive processes of natural law than if they were taken in hand by special opportunist action of the State.

The political tactics indicated by this philosophy were those of wholesale repeal. The early liberals were never strong for law-making, but always strong for law-repeal. They kept pointing out the significant fact, which nobody could deny, that all the actual reforms ever effected in Europe or England — all the reforms that ever stayed put and really worked — did not come about through making new laws, but through repealing great batches of old ones. The early liberals had sound history with them on this point, as well as sound philosophy. The thing was to make the State retreat from one after another of the positions of usurped authority which it had progressively taken over and dug itself into; and it was to this task that early liberalism devoted itself.

Such were liberals in the first half of the Nineteenth Century and they profoundly influenced the course of thought and social action throughout the Western world.

II

Summing up in a word, then, the historic aim of liberalism has been to resist and cut down the coercive power of the State over the individual; and right nobly for fifty years did it make good on its aim. But in the middle of the last century it turned tail, abandoned its philosophy, and went over, bag and baggage, to Statism, which has for its aim the maintenance and increase of coercive State-power over the individual. The interesting

thing about this *volte-face* — and it cannot be too carefully considered — was that it came about as the result of an attempt, conceived in sheer impatience, to find a practicable middle ground between Statism and individualism. The new philosophical principle of the liberals was that coercive State power should be maintained and increased wherever they thought its exercise was immediately or ultimately good for the individual — good for the society of which he is a member, and therefore in the long look, presumably good for him — and decreased wherever they thought its exercise was correspondingly bad; and this curiously simple-minded and fantastic notion has been the mainspring of liberalism ever since.

Once possessed of this remarkable compromise-principle, liberalism promptly forgot all about its historic method of procedure by law-repeal, and went off on a high old spree of lawmaking, scattering philanthropic statutes hither and yon with the reckless prodigality of a drunken sailor. It would take a dozen issues of this magazine to give a précis of the legislative measures propounded or enacted in the name of liberalism in the last seventy years, but all I am concerned with remarking is that each and every one of them increased the coercive power of the State, and that therefore since 1850 the most energetic and effective proponents of Statism have been those who called themselves liberals.

Certainly no Englishman, bewildered as he now must be under the avalanche of coercive legislation which seventy years have launched upon him, could dispute this. All one need do is ask him what has become of the policy of voluntary co-operation in England, and who made it walk the plank. For a specimen exhibit, take the one line of coercive "social legislation" starting, say, with the Factory Acts of 1860–61, and running on to the present time — who were the chief moving spirits behind all that? No doubt Hitler is a fearful fellow for Statism, but with liberalism's record in the 'nineties being what it is, it does not lie in Mr. Lloyd George's mouth to say so.

As for the last half-century in this country, who have been most eager, and have done most, to decrease voluntary co-operation and increase compulsory co-operation? Who are responsible for the greatest amount of coercive legislation? Who have shown themselves most adept, as James Madison said, at "turning every contingency into a resource for

accumulating force in the government?" Was it the hardboiled old Tories, the princes of privilege, the economic-royalist McKinleys, Hannas, Smoots, Aldriches? Indeed it was not. There was more genuine historic liberalism in Elihu Root's little finger than in all the Wilsons, LaFollettes, Roosevelts, put together. Who was the one man in all my lifetime who worked hardest, spoke plainest and loudest, for the old sound liberal procedure of wholesale repeal? Was it a newfangled liberal lawyer of the Holmes-Frankfurter type? No, it was William H. Taft; and if modern liberals rose up whooping as one man, and flocked to his support, I must have been away somewhere when it happened, for I never heard of it.

Sometimes nowadays one hears talk of liberals going over to fascism, communism, Naziism, or what-not, as if it were something strange and deplorable. Once away from these misleading names, you see that such talk is trivial, because liberalism went over to Statism ages ago, and has been there ever since.

Our present crop of liberals were born and bred in Statism, and know nothing else. Mr. Roosevelt and his entourage are all self-styled liberals; does their regime show that they favor voluntary co-operation or compulsory co-operation? We all know the answer; they are dead against every principle and policy that liberalism expressed when it was a power in the world. They, in company with all those who now call themselves liberals, are solidly against individualism, solidly for Statism. As far as true philosophical liberalism is concerned, they can be charged off to profit-and-loss. There are younger minds coming on, however, which are becoming conscious of the anomalous and fraudulent character of the kind of thing offered them in the name of liberalism; and it is to these I suggest that a little independent study of liberalism's original philosophy and history might come in uncommonly handy for them at the present time.

DOWN TO EARTH

By Alan Devoe

The Un-Natural History Of War

There is a widespread conviction, shared alike by capitalist and communist, Republican and Democrat, that before our planet has swung many more times around the sun — perhaps, indeed, before it has spun many more times on its own axis — the United States is going to be involved in war. Perhaps (or so it is being said) this will be the last spring for many years when men of good-will can quietly enjoy the rebirth of earth, can look on greening thickets and listen to bluebird songs without hearing the far boom of cannon, and without scenting, in the warm air, the far-drifted death of mustard-gas.

That is what is being said. It is a sufficiently disturbing prophecy; but it is not, after all, a new one. The same terrifying tocsin has been sounded a good many times, and a good many times has proven premature or needless. The thing that is really frightening, the thing that differentiates our present threat of war from similar threats in the past, is our attitude toward it. We are now viewing the threat of war, for the first time, with a kind of unresistant fatalism; we are using, in connection with this possible next war, the ghastly adjective "inevitable."

Not a few of us are doing even more than that. Not a few of us are bravely asserting, with a tragic stoicism which we fancy to be the "scientific" attitude, that war is, after all, a natural biological phenomenon, an inescapable consequence of the struggle for the survival of the fittest, and that war is thus — whether we like it or not — a necessary and ineradicable part of our animal heritage.

In the past, God knows, men have fought wars beyond counting. But at least there have always been philosophers to cry out that war was wicked and essentially sinful; at least there has been a voice of conscience. That voice, today, is becoming strangely still. Instead there are these many voices, in classrooms and lecture halls and newspaper columns, asserting that war, alack, cannot be helped, and that we must bravely face the fact

that war is a manifestation of natural law. War is Nature's immemorial way, these voices point out, of seeing to it that the fittest survive and that a species does not become dangerously overnumerous.

These are grim doctrines; and, worse, to a generation unlearned in the ways of the earth, they are perilously plausible. They carry that weight of authority which always popularly attaches to any theory claiming a scientific basis; they appear, to many a mind, to offer undeniable sanction for our bloody human carnages. It may be worthwhile, on these accounts, to point out that to the naturalist the Theory of the Biological Naturalness of War is as flimsy and untenable as the theory of the spontaneous generation of blow-flies. It may be worthwhile to point out that war does not follow the classical Darwinian pattern at all, but rather represents a wilful flouting of it; war is not a replica of the natural struggles that take place in field and hedgerow, but rather a reversal of them; war is not a natural device for ensuring that the fittest shall survive, but rather an unnatural device for ensuring that they shall perish.

A naturalist who makes a study of war — as he would make a study of newts, or of mushrooms, or of the ecology of tree-frogs — inevitably reaches the same conclusions that the old philosophers and preachers reached. He concludes that war is always, in the deepest and truest sense, a grossly immoral thing. It is a thing, that is, counter to every tenet of the natural law. It is a thing for which no rule of evolution, no process-pattern of our parent earth, gives any sanction.

II

Nature is pervaded, to be sure, by struggle. All creatures of earth are likewise creatures of prey. The dancing midge is victim of the toad; the toad is crushed in the cold jaws of the snake; the snake is victim of the hawk. This much is patent to any man. Less patent, perhaps, but infinitely more important to remark, is the fact that these combats and these preyings are all of one certain kind. They are all inter-specific — struggles, that is, between one type of organism and another. Unless in some rare and casual brawl, toad does not kill toad; blacksnake does not war on blacksnake; hawk does not battle with hawk. Instead, within the confines of the species there is manifested a real and closely-knit co-operation.

Prince Peter Kropotkin made an astute study of these matters a good many years ago, and his *Mutual Aid Among the Animals* is still a basically correct, if not always factually reliable, treatise. More lately, such shrewd scientific investigators as Prof. W. C. Allee have also explored the realm of animal behavior, and have confirmed beyond any controversy the fact that throughout the world of Nature there exists within each species a deep-rooted internal instinct of harmony, a group-spirit of strong mutualism.

In short it is abundantly plain, to the naturalist and student of earth, that whether or not a case can possibly be made for human war, that case certainly cannot rest on an analogy with the way of the wild. The underlying patterns of animate existence give man ample sanction for warring upon microbes, or upon hostile insects, or upon mammals that may menace him. But no interpretation of the natural history of our planet can offer man a sound biological sanction when he elects to war upon his fellow man.

The glib analogy with Nature, which is now being so widely used to make a plausible apology for war, is particularly spurious when adduced to demonstrate that war effects the survival of the fittest. The "wars" in Nature — the operations, that is to say, of the evolutionary processes of change and selection — do indeed guarantee against the deterioration of species. The warfare of humanity does quite another thing. It is starkly illuminating, in this connection, to consider the enlistment-data of the last great war in which we were participants. Perusal of those grisly statistics reveals that, while intelligent men of robust health were eagerly accepted for military service and bloody annihilation, some 83 per cent of the mentally subnormal were rejected. The implication of these figures — figures which are much the same in any modern war — is plain enough. War does indeed bring about a kind of "natural selection," but it is not the kind of selection which Darwin found operative in Nature. It is a ghastly and monstrous kind of selection that conserves the worthless and destroys the fit; a lunatic selection that exalts the weak and freely kills the strong.

War does not represent evolution-at-work, however ingeniously its apologists may try to argue from that premise. To the naturalist it represents instead, something very like evolution-gone-mad. The bland publicists who urge that war

is "natural" and "a part of the evolutionary pattern," will have something like a scientific justification for their claim only if they will frankly urge (as they do not now seem to do) that we recruit our armies from the ranks of our congenital cretins and let them fight to the death with crutch and club. It would not be a pretty spectacle — a gibbering band of shambling idiots is not so pleasing to the eye as a trim company of stalwart soldiers marching toward their death — but it would be more in keeping with the evolutionary pattern.

The most pathetic fallacy in the entire argument for the naturalness of war is perhaps the assertion that war serves as a natural and desirable check upon populations, preventing them from becoming dangerously over-numerous and crowded. In the first place, every naturalist knows that the question of optimum population, for any given species in a given area, is an extremely delicate and intricate one, not lightly to be decided. (He knows, for instance, the curious fact that under-population brings dissolution to a species at least as fast as over-population does.)

But even assuming that a reduction of population is always desirable, what, actually, is the thinning effect of modern war? According to every anthropologist and expert statistician who has given study to the long-range data of births and deaths, the effect of war is precisely nil. While a war is actually raging, to be sure, deaths increase and births are slowed. But afterward? Prof. Pearl, who perhaps knows more about these matters than any other man, has put it briefly: "Such events as war make the merest ephemeral flicker in the steady onward march of population growth."

It is not the affair of this Department to guess what actually is the cause of war. This much, though, it is possible to say: that by every evidence in field and forest and meadow — by every whisper, if you like, of that Voice of God to which even the faithless must attend — the practice of war is branded needless and criminal and wrong.

POETRY

COCKATOOS

By Glenn Ward Dresbach

They swagger with an arrogant disdain
On squat porch railings looking to the sea —
Most reticent of parrots, they retain
With schooling all their jungle devilry.
On swaying shoulders, gurgling with delight
They go down smelly tropic streets that wind
To not-so-subtle mysteries of the night,
With obvious pleasure of the unrefined.

About their bearing lingers still a trace
Of buccaneers; the sly, ironic eyes
See the ridiculous in the commonplace
And take the pompous moment by surprise.
All cockatoos have some such wicked touch —
And nice old ladies cannot change them much.

INWARD GLANCE

By John Russell McCarthy

Now in the beautiful and dreadful dawn,
When all the blessed weariness is gone
And all forgetful poisons, heavy and kind,
Are burned by sleep and vanished from the mind —
Now do the eyes turn inward, sharp and clear,
To find a naked smallness wet with fear.

HAWAIIAN BLUES

By Clifford Gessler

San Francisco nights, and the fog coiling
between the mute walls, soiling
cold roses that feel no touch of summer wind;
San Francisco nights, and the hills pinned
neatly back beneath that cold gray canopy;
the lights
wearing blurred haloes San Francisco nights
lend briefly and spuriously . . .
and through the panoply
of this strange misty beauty, an old pain
gnaws at the fog-choked heart, a dull refrain
beats on the mind —
I've got those Ha-
waiian,
steel-guitar cryin',
homesick and dyin'
Hilo Hawaiian
blues!

Somewhere mountains thrust savage and black and scarred
with fire into an unframed, deep-starred
sky; somewhere the surf chants sea-songs on the reef
that springs from this same sea whose sullen grief
mutters monotonously along this shore —
and the heart's sad guitars once more
seem to cry into the chill, fog-blinded night
out of those lost, bright, haunted islands, singing
in a dark minor down the wet wind, swinging
into those Ha-
waiian,
sea-foam flyin',
Gauguin, O'Brien
South Sea Hawaiian
blues!

THE LIBRARY

John Steinbeck Branches Out

By Vincent McHugh

The democratic foreigner — a New Zealander or a Swede, say, acquainted with American affairs — who happened on John Steinbeck's new novel, *The Grapes of Wrath*,[1] would be set back on his heels rather sharply. Yes, he would say, I think I understand the story. It is the story of the Joad family of Oklahoma, who became wanderers on the American earth. The Joads had been croppers in the Dust Bowl, but the winds without rain blew much of their soil away and the banks took the rest. At first there were a dozen, then a score, then two or three hundred thousand of these Joads. They bought used cars and set out for California in a great migration.

They had been born under hardship, and married into it, and they suffered agonizing hardships to cross the Texas Panhandle, the mountains and the desert. When they descended into the magical fruitlands of California, they were hunted like wild dogs, given a few days' work at peons' wages, then left to starve in the winter rains. Those who survived had learned that misery has a thousand brothers, but they did not know where to go or what to do.

Oh yes, says the Aucklander or the Stockholm man, I think I understand the story. It's an old story: business as usual, complicated by some savage bull-headedness and a touch of xenophobic hysteria. And I understand that these Joads are a magnificent people. They speak out of the roots of the language, they respect the wholeness of men and women, they know how to keep themselves from being broken. But look now. What's the time of the story? Now, in America? I have some questions the author does not seem to answer.

Why, for example, are these people so completely unequipped for the modern world? Have they no schools? Were there no agricul-

[1] *The Grapes of Wrath*, by John Steinbeck. $2.75. *Viking Press.*

tural agencies to show them, decades ago, that only grasses will hold the topsoil in certain areas of light rainfall? Why, instead of merely hating the tractors, did they not try co-operative methods, as the Amerindians did, and as so many later Americans have done?

Most of all, perhaps, the enlightened foreigner would be puzzled by the almost absolute lack of an effective community and political sense. How is it that, in an old democracy, they did not discover the simplest democratic principles of self-government until these were taught them in a Federal transient camp on the west coast? How was it possible for a man in that camp to say: "This here's United States, not California!"

II

Some of these questions, of course, it is no business of the novelist to answer, though he needs to take them into account. But for the questions he does answer, for the gravity and fullness of their human exposition, *The Grapes of Wrath* puts its author pretty definitely among the major novelists now writing in the United States.

I don't think that Steinbeck belongs in the company of the wild originals. In him, as in Thomas Wolfe, the echoes are noticeable, though he has gone far toward writing them out of his work, as Wolfe was beginning to do. But whereas Wolfe carried things off with a rush of leonine power, Steinbeck works them out with a technical command that is exceptionally acute and various — patient rather than daring, and as yet more effective with scene and texture than it is in the large form. *In Dubious Battle* and *The Grapes of Wrath*, probably his finest books so far, have both been saddled with contrived endings, made necessary only because the demands of basic structure had not been fully met.

So far, his work appears to divide into two genres: the ingenuous legend or folk tale (*Tortilla Flat*, *Saint Katy the Virgin*, the stories of the boy artist, Tularecito, and of the Lopez sisters in the *Pastures of Heaven*), and the full-strength realistic (*In Dubious Battle*, *The Grapes of Wrath*, and the *Red Pony*). His first book, the indicatively romantic *Cup of Gold*, is remarkable only because it is a neat job of prose-writing. I suspect that *Of Mice and Men* was meant as commercial melodrama, like Faulkner's *Sanctuary*.

These genres have their corresponding emotional emphases. Steinbeck's Franciscan, almost animistic tenderness for the quick of life in

every living thing, his gaiety in its presence, come uppermost in the folk tales. The realistic stories are dominated by the other face of that emotion, a practical, hard-muscled anger against cruelty and oppression. Beyond this, his chief feeling is for the luxuries of outrageous character, for good craftsmanship and the things it makes.

Each of these emotions has brought to life a long parade of characters. The *manqués*, the orphans ("Everyone has to be an orphan some time," said Molly Morgan in the *Pastures of Heaven*), from Alice Wicks, the cretin beauty, through big Lennie to Noah Joad in *The Grapes of Wrath*, are almost as numerous as Thomas Mann's. There are the good workmen: Slim, the jerkline skinner; Mac, whose technique was labor tactics; and Billy Buck, a fine hand with horseflesh in the *Red Pony*, who suggests a curious parallel with Melville's Jack Chase. The festivals of character run all the way from the serious and merry *paisanos* in *Tortilla Flat* to the magnificent Ma Joad.

Up to now, Steinbeck has worked almost entirely with agrarian materials and in his own province, the country behind Monterey in central California. With *The Grapes of Wrath*, his longest (619 pp.) and finest book, he gets hold of a national theme — a great migration choked off by terror at the edge of the Pacific — and opens it out almost to its full power.

His concern for the disinherited comes entirely out of the native tradition, the strength of pioneer neighborliness. It is touched with a grave, subdued foreboding, but its dominant tone is warm and good, full of rough laughter and the courage of great misfortune. Steinbeck takes his family of Joads across five states and breaks them up into a vaster unit, the community of the hungry and the lost.

It is nothing for the wall-eyed godly, this book. There are rough words in it, rough deeds, rough people. But if you read closely enough, you see that these are our own people, ourselves, every American; and they have the power to break your heart. So much goodness of heart (almost too much of it for belief here), so much generous and well-meant spending of the flesh, so much willingness to be courageous and never to call it courage but the acceptance of necessity, so much hurt and futile violence. We are a lucky people, if only because against all chance we have good writers who can tell us who we are and how we are, with no prejudice but for the truth, no rancor, and much love.

THE CHECK LIST

FICTION

THE PATRIOT, by Pearl S. Buck. $2.50. *John Day.* Turning from the American scene to the Orient she knows so well, Pearl Buck has written her best novel since *The Good Earth.* The story of a young Chinese, sent by his conservative family to Japan, enables the author to reveal with great insight the likenesses and differences between Chinese and Japanese character, traditions, and life.

THE STORY OF A LAKE, by Negley Farson. $2.50. *Harcourt, Brace.* The author of the *Way of a Transgressor* turns to a novel based on the life and the many loves and disillusionments of a foreign correspondent whose character and prowesses are much like those of the *Transgressor.* Very readable.

FLYING COLORS, by C. S. Forester. $2.50. *Little, Brown.* This department has been happy to invite attention to previous tales from Mr. Forester's pen. *Flying Colors* continues the adventures of Captain Horatio Hornblower RN, whom we met in *Beat To Quarters.* Here the valiant captain, destined for a firing squad at Vincennes, manages to escape, winter comfortably in the midst of his enemies, and regain his freedom and the naval service.

THE POWER HOUSE, by Benjamin Appel. $2.75. *Dutton.* A look at big-city racketeering in prostitution, labor, and kindred fields, which practically parallels the Dewey exposures of New York's Lucky Luciano. Mr. Appel's story is not for the squeamish, but it has a power and brutality that will be admired by those who like their realism neat.

RESIDENTIAL QUARTER, by Louis Aragon. $2.50. *Harcourt, Brace.* A social canvas of Paris in the years 1912–1913, with emphasis on the roles of state, church, lords of industry, peasantry, awakening proletariat. Through the experiences of a number of finely-etched characters, the author discloses his understanding of the sociological basis of French society. Propaganda notwithstanding, this is a novel of permanent literary value.

NO VICTORY FOR THE SOLDIER, by James Hill. $2.50. *Doubleday, Doran.* Story of a musician whose smugness is shaken, but not seriously, by service in Loyalist Spain. Smoothly written, but almost totally lacking in dramatic punch.

SEASONED TIMBER, by Dorothy Canfield. $2.50. *Harcourt, Brace.* An attempt, on the part of a millionaire, to introduce the fascist spirit into a Vermont town by offering an endowment to the local school if it will exclude Jews. New England integrity stands firm against this temptation, however; and the ramifications of the offer provide an excellent subject for the author's skill.

THIS TIME A BETTER LIFE, by Ted Allan. $2.50. *Morrow.* First novel based on experiences in the army of Loyalist Spain. Vivid descriptions of fighting make up for the author's lack of skill in construction and the pallidness of the characters.

DOSSIE BELL IS DEAD, by Jack Boone. $2.50. *Stokes.* A *Tobacco Road* of the Tennessee hillbilly country. A good, tight story for those who like their Americana in fiction doses.

BIOGRAPHY

MY MEMOIR, by Edith Bolling Wilson. $3.50. *Bobbs-Merrill.* Written with charming ingenuousness and even some skill, this book is memorable because it is the first volume of recollections by a President's wife. It reveals no hidden secrets and adds virtually nothing of historic importance to our knowledge of Woodrow Wilson, but it makes him more human without detracting from his historic stature.

EDGAR WALLACE: A Phenomenon, by Margaret Lane. $3.00. *Doubleday, Doran.* A conscientious life-story of the superprolific writer, which depends more on accumulation of biographical detail than on the author's pen for its effect. Wallace's early years were a little dull, but when he found his true *forte* things speeded up — and so does this biography.

ALBERT EINSTEIN, Maker of Universes, by H. Gordon Garbedian. $3.75. *Funk & Wagnalls.* Personal history combined with a readable and understandable explanation of the relativity theories, the whole embellished with explanatory sketches and camera portraits. Einstein today balances himself on an abandoned railroad track near Princeton, wears his oldest and most comfortable clothes, enjoys ice cream cones, puffs his briar, is proud to be an American, and ponders the imponderable. Mr. Garbedian's biography gives a fine picture of his complex character.

SCHACHT: Hitler's Magician, by Norbert Muhlen. $3.00. *Longmans Green.* At last the mystery of Dr. Hjalmar Schacht's financial wizardry is revealed. In a well paced sketch of his "life and loans" we learn that Schacht is a manipulator of finance slightly reminiscent of Ponzi and a political opportunist without a peer. An inside story told by an expert economist.

ANTHONY EDEN, by Alan Campbell Johnson. $3.00. *Ives Washburn.* At 41, Eden is today an outstanding liberal leader of his generation in the broad sense of the word. Whether Mr. Johnson's faith in him as a leader is justified or whether, as Neville Chamberlain is reported to have remarked, Eden is no more than "a first-rate second-rater," time will show; the author has not succeeded in raising Eden out of the two-dimensional plane of the press dispatch.

LEE, GRANT, AND SHERMAN, by Lieut.-Col. Alfred H. Burne. $3.00. *Scribner's.* The English, ever informed and sensible critics of the American Civil War, add another item, this study of leadership in the campaigns of 1864 and 1865. Col. Burne adduces no new evidence, but the established facts are considered with a fresh eye, and some interesting conclusions drawn, at variance with accepted opinions. It is gratifying to find, at long last, a more generous estimate placed upon the services of General Jubal Early: Col. Burne considers, and makes a strong case for it, Early's Valley Campaign of 1864 — the time he rang a spear against the gates of Washington — to have been perhaps "the most brilliant of the whole war, not excepting that of Stonewall Jackson." On Hood, most valiant and least fortunate of them all, he is equally refreshing.

LEONARDO DA VINCI, by Antonina Vallentin. $3.75. *Viking.* Here is just about all the material concerning Leonardo which the author thinks is fit to print. The book is dull and dry — it is really a remarkable feat to have made a record of da Vinci's fabulous life uninteresting. The author evidently thinks that matters of flesh and blood — and especially the heart — should not be discussed in nice circles. Future biographers will find this volume valuable as a source of material — but the average reader will do well to avoid it.

WHITMAN, by Newton Arvin. $2.75. *Macmillan.* This is more of an interpretation than a biography. The socialists have claimed Walt Whitman as their seer and prophet; and the rugged individualists have claimed him. Mr. Arvin attempts, by

setting him against his background, which was the Civil War and the Gilded Age, and by examining his writings and his recorded conversations, to determine just where the poet stood in his own mind. His conclusion seems to be — glozing over some notable evidence of blind spots in the master's vision — on the side of collectivism. It is no matter. Both parties will continue to quote those lines which serve their needs, and there are a-plenty of both.

THE MAD QUEEN OF SPAIN, by Michael Prawdin. $3.50. *Houghton, Mifflin.* History calls this daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella mad, but the author (who had access to letters to Charles V) says not. At any rate the story of Queen Joan is an engrossing bit of history, and helps to explain the subsequent flowering of the Hapsburgs.

MY WIFE AND I, by Sidney Homer. $3.50. *Macmillan.* The story of Louise and Sidney Homer, and their life-long devotion to music and to each other. The music-minded will find it excellent.

MISCELLANEOUS

SURVEY AFTER MUNICH, by Graham Hutton. $2.50. *Little, Brown.* Clear, sober analysis of the new situation of Europe since Munich. The causes which led to the breakdown of the former alliances, the prospects in view of Germany's expansionism, the influence of the surrender of Western Europe on the policies and realignments of Poland, Rumania, and the Balkans, and the new economic problems of Central Europe are very thoroughly treated by a well trained young economist and historian. No fault of his that Hitler moves faster than printing presses.

LINCOLN'S DOCTOR'S DOG, by George Stevens. $1.00. *Lippincott.* A discussion, with case histories of *Anthony Adverse, Ferdinand the Bull,* and a few other outstanding examples, of how best-sellers get that way. Books about Lincoln always sell; books by doctors always sell; books about dogs always sell: hence the astute author who does a book about Lincoln's Doctor's Dog will clean up big — so runs the joke of the trade.

MEIN KAMPF, by Adolf Hitler. $3.00. *Reynal and Hitchcock.* $3.00. *Stackpole.* The gospel and program of the Nazi movement, both editions unexpurgated and the first being slightly freer and more readable. The second, however, has the advantage of annotations that compare Hitler's promises and predictions with subsequent developments, explain certain obscure passages in the text, and generally clarify the historical background. Both editions are defective for lack of an index. *Mein Kampf* is, of course, required reading for all students of totalitarianism.

THE LITERATURE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN WEST (1803–1903), selected and edited by L. J. Davidson and P. Bostwick. $5.00. *Caxton Printers.* This variegated volume catches a century of change and growth in the Rockies by means of contemporary fiction and fact, humor and tragedy, trappers' tales, tall tales, and descriptions of discovery, from works well known and documents rarely thumbed. The authors include Eugene Field, Walt Whitman and Washington Irving.

EUROPE ON THE EVE, by Frederick L. Schuman. $3.50. *Knopf.* Summation of events in Europe since the advent of Hitler in 1933, vitiated by the author's obvious partiality for Stalinism. The entire picture is distorted *à la Moscou* and some of its otherwise intelligent work is unfortunately wasted.

A POET AND TWO PAINTERS, by Knud Merrild. $3.50. *Viking.* The author and his friend were youthful, unrecognized painters who met D. H. Lawrence at Taos, and in a short time came to know the real Lawrence better than most people acquainted with him throughout his lifetime. The author's honesty in presenting a character with which some Lawrence worshippers will not agree, serves its purpose in giving us an absorbing study of a man and not a demigod.

THE STRANGE DEATH OF ADOLF HITLER. Anonymous. $2.50. *Macaulay.* Translated by a German officer from a manuscript supposedly written by Maximilian Baur, the man who resembled Adolf Hitler so closely that he acted as "double" for the *Führer* on many occasions. Baur claims that Adolf Hitler died of poison on September 29, 1938, and that he, Baur, has been substituting for the Leader, even at the Munich conference. Those who should know ridicule the story.

THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION, 1688–1689, by George Macaulay Trevelyan. $2.00. *Henry Holt.* From this scholarly discussion of the so-called "Sensible Revolution" the reader may draw some notion of the political philosophy underlying the English method of "muddling through," for it was at this time that the English chose prudence and pliant wisdom in preference to the stiff-necked tumult of a gory glory.

AMERICA AT WAR, 1917–1918, by Frederic L. Paxson. $3.75. *Houghton Mifflin.* A welcome contribution to the history of the World War and to the study of democratic institutions, free from the bias of the propagandists and the always-jejune meanderings of ex-correspondents. Clear, pungent, and especially timely in these hectic times.

AMERICA FACES A COMPLETE BREAKDOWN OF GOVERNMENT AND BUSINESS, by William J. Baxter. $1.50. *International Economic Research Bureau (New York).* Shrewd, pessimistic analysis of the economic situation here and abroad, lucidly told and attractively presented.

THE MAN WHO KILLED LINCOLN, by Philip Van Doren Stern. $3.00. *Random House.* Colorful, semi-fictional account of the awful act of John Wilkes Booth. Mr. Stern equips his characters with conversations and varied emotions, but nowhere does he seem to overstep the bounds of the record. The second half of the book, dealing with Booth's flight into Virginia, is by far the best and makes unusually exciting reading.

THE RISE OF NEW YORK PORT, by Robert Greenhalgh Albion. $3.75. *Scribner's.* The story of the great harbor of the City of New York from 1815 when, belatedly, it began to be the foremost port in the country, until 1860, when its prominence had become permanent. Mr. Albion's fascinating record covers the emergence of the steamboat, the building of the Erie Canal, and, of course, much lore of waterfront New York and the lusty folk who populated it.

INNS AND OUTS, by Julius Keller. $2.50. *Putnam.* The author is today the boniface of the well known Canoe Place Inn, on Long Island. His rise to this eminence included service at the Gilsey House, Delmonicos, Maxim's, and a hash house in New York's tough Tenderloin. Also among his distinctions is that of first hiring Valentino as a gigolo. A realistic picture of the restaurant game.

THE PRESIDENCY, THE SUPREME COURT, AND THE SEVEN SENATORS, by William H. Murray. $1.00 *Meador Publishing Co.* In which Alfalfa Bill Murray airs his opinions on the past and current political scenes, with emphasis on the Supreme Court imbroglio. He reveals himself as the possessor of some sane political ideas and a sound foundation in Roman history and politics.

NEW YORK IN ETCHINGS, by Anton Schutz. $3.50. *Bard Brothers.* Reproductions in intaglio gravure of etchings by Mr. Schutz of outstanding New York scenes, making a book both attractive and valuable.

DEMOCRACY AND THE CURRICULUM. The Life and Program of the American School, edited by Harold Rugg. $2.75. *Appleton-Century.* A publication of the John Dewey Society, this collaboration surveys the political, economic, and social background of our present-day education problem. While there will be differences of opinion over the value and cogency of some of the opinions, no one interested in education will fail to find it stimulating and important.

THE OPEN FORUM

REPORTERS CRY OUCH!

New York City reporters, this month, were the first to register emphatic protest to the article by Stanley Walker, "The Decline of the Newspaper Souse," in the April MERCURY. Among other things Mr. Walker said, "With certain exceptions the new generation of newspapermen . . . are an extraordinarily dull collection of serious-minded, supposedly socially-conscious, immature moppets. They would rather cover a labor convention than the most romantic murder imaginable. They know Marx and Engels, but they have trouble getting genuine feeling into what they write." First responses to Mr. Walker's heresy are printed below — all from practicing newspapermen:

SIR: There is no great mystery about how newspapermen acquired the reputation of being heavy drinkers. How these same perambulating reservoirs of an earlier and soggier day ever acquired, even through the bottom of Mr. Walker's glass, an aura of mad revelry, glamour, and fun, is a mystery harder to penetrate.

Now I am a contemporary of Mr. Walker's, and knew most of the men he mentioned. I came to New York from the press room which was glorified in *The Front Page* (and where, incidentally, only one of the regulars drank, and then only on pay-day — he was the highest paid and could afford a few drinks one day a week) to see in New York some of this Richard-Harding-Davis-romantic journalism.

As a sympathetic and idolatrous youth, I used to bail Mr. Walker's heroes out of the speakeasies and drag them home. My outstanding recollection of this madly gay group is of tears and suicides and funerals, and collections for Arizona and for undertakers and, above all, the worst, dullest, most maudlin tripe that has ever appeared in the newspapers of any city at any time. Doubters can look at the files in the Public Library for classic examples of unrelieved dullness and insulting equivocation. Few of the "sound and penetrating ideas" were really ingenious; the only one I can recall now was exploited on a paper of which Mr. Walker was then an editor — a long and intriguing series about a rum-palace ship miles at sea. The luster of this was somewhat dimmed when the editors, who had played it big on the front page, discovered it was non-existent. (Yes, the reporter had had a few.) I think it may be seriously questioned that readers of daily newspapers pay their pennies for such "sound and penetrating" ideas.

The real trouble, I fear, is that Mr. Walker and others not allergic to the rum-soaked phrase never did quite realize that every 365 days a new year came; that out beyond the fog about them the world was changing, and a generation was growing up eager for facts, one that looked and still looks — believe it or not, Mr. Walker — to the newspaper for those *facts*, written honestly and intelligibly. As to his ability to recognize a fact, I fear Mr. Walker disqualified himself. He characterized Lucius Beebe as a "reporter."

HENRY PAYNTER

SIR: If Mr. Walker is dissatisfied with the newspaperman of today, it must be that he doesn't think much of the newspapers they make, in comparison with the product of a few generations ago. He probably stands pretty much alone in this, and we'll leave him there. But as for the stupid thesis that drinking and worldly experience make a writer, we know that Shakespeare wrote with

more stuff than Walker's heroes, and did it without going anywhere or doing anything outside the experience of a sober New Yorker true to his family in the suburbs. And we know that some of the greatest feeling ever put in writing was expressed by three young Brontës who hardly ever left their parson-father's house.

Walker has been a success in New York, but he never drank enough, apparently, to observe that writers are made of instinct, sensitiveness, and perception — something you'll find common to all of them — and not composed of an appetite for extra-mural loving, adventure-seeking, or a desire to be well-known drinkers.

You might tell Mr. Walker, if it won't hurt his feelings, that the newspaper business is faster than it was and more exacting; perhaps with not so much room for high art, but room enough for lots of good writing that doesn't originate in the Fifty-second Street lounges, and that the drunks can't stay with us any more because they can't produce as required. I'll get drunk with Walker and enjoy it, but it'll have to be after my day's work is done, and preferably where most of the working press do their drinking these days — in private groups some distance away from the huge intellects of café society.

HARRY MONTGOMERY

SIR: How can a two-fisted, take-all-comers drinker like Stanley Walker lament the decline of the newspaper souse? He's a living refutation of his own argument; and many of the *Herald Tribune's* reporters constitute additional evidence. If you took a blood test on any of them you'd get twelve-year-old Scotch. And he calls Lucius Beebe a reporter. That libels all newspapermen.

But what is worse, Walker dredges up all the Richard-Harding-Davis romanticism about newspaper work that honest newspapermen are trying to bury. He tries to tell us that the lusty fellows of a great profession were arrested-adolescents pickled in beer who went around talking in grandiloquent phrases about "life" and writing tremendous stories between hiccups. Well, it just wasn't so. Their copy was diffuse, long-winded, and larded with purple phrases which city-editor Walker would inevitably have blue-penciled with much profanity.

Furthermore, with rare exceptions, they were underpaid, overworked, kicked from pillar to post, and constantly getting stiff to be away from it all.

What about the "young moppets" that Walker flagellates? Poor devils — they have the five-day week, better wages, opportunities for that leisure which produces mental maturity, and they have learned that all truth isn't found in the bottom of a bottle of dollar gin.

Walker says they don't know about life and can't write. He must know that by any standards newspaper writing today is better than it ever has been. As for life, for the real thing, he won't get the answer from the sodden tosspots he eulogizes and apologizes for in the same breath. Tell him to hang his hat some place else.

WILLIAM D. PATTERSON

SIR: Since I work in the same shop with Stanley Walker, you'd better keep this anonymous. I disagree violently with his castigations. In fact, I'm seriously considering challenging him to a duel, and after that, if either of us can still get off the floor, to a prolonged drinking bout in Bleeck's. I think Stanley is a little tired of it all. Is it his fault if the youngsters today are thinking more seriously, mainly as means to an end and not an end in itself any more?

If I felt sure he meant all he said, especially about Lucius Beebe being the only one who keeps the faith of yore, I'd get every youngster in the shop to gang up on him.

Herald Tribune REPORTER

REPROBATE INFANTS

SIR: I note that in Ernest Sutherland Bates's entertaining article on the Mathers appears an error which probably ranks next to the recurrent references to "Salem witch-

burners" among misconceptions in regard to Massachusetts history and philosophy. Mr. Bates writes of "Michael Wigglesworth whose poem, *The Day of Doom*, is still remembered for its single line humanely consigning unbaptized infants to 'the easiest room in Hell!'"

If Mr. Bates will glance at the poem itself he will observe that the marginal reference is to "Reprobate Infants," that is, infants who from all eternity have been predestined to damnation, and not merely "unbaptized infants." That a mere piece of human carelessness, such as the omission to sprinkle upon the head of a new-born infant a few drops of water, accompanied by the prescribed verbal formula, could result in the deprivation of the benefits of salvation, would have been looked upon by the Rev. Mr. Wigglesworth as an abominable Papist superstition. Had these infants been baptized it would have had no influence whatsoever upon their future destination, according to the theology so ably maintained by the Massachusetts bard.

KENNETH W. PORTER

Vassar College,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

ADVICE TO GEORGE VI

SIR: About the only place where royalty is still accorded all the honors and adulation not due to it is the USA. Nowhere else do titles retail at a higher price. Nowhere else do kings, queens, princes, princesses, and even their boy and girl friends rate so much newspaper space.

But if England moves to Canada, as suggested in Mr. Seaman's brilliant article, even this last refuge for the royal tradition will be ended. With a crowned family so near to us, under constant observation, Americans will lose their respect for the monarchical institution. In the interests of tradition, or illusion, therefore, the British ruling house should be kept at home.

MARTIN LINBERT

Chicago.

REQUEST FOR THE DIRT

SIR: Here's a suggestion to Open Forum fans. Nothing irks a civilized man more than the ballyhoo of his local Chamber of Commerce, local politicians, local editorial writers and so on in praise of his own community. Usually he happens to know how thoroughly corrupt said community is — and how the ballyhoo artists are getting their divvy on the spoils. As an antidote, how about a little truth-telling about *your* city or town? Is it really as wonderful as the boosters, boomers, real estate operators, *et al* claim?

No use my starting the thing, because everyone knows that the Philadelphia government is corrupt, the courts used as a political football, the city treasury empty.

B. B. SARTAIN

Philadelphia.

ABOUT THE CALENDAR

SIR: In connection with the article in the February issue, "The Calendar Is Out of Date" by Anthony M. Turano, I am moved to protest against the insinuations and inaccuracies of the statements concerning the Roman calendar. The author says, "The length of the year remained so uncertain that the high priests habitually shortened it when their political opponents were in office, and lengthened it to please their favorites." There was only one high priest; the calendar was regulated by the college of priests known as pontifices; and the adverb "habitually" is inaccurate and misleading. Such a trick was occasionally played, but not until the last decades of the five centuries of the Roman republic did it come to be regarded as a fair political game.

VIRGINIA MOSCRIP

Rochester,
New York.

SIR: The calendar is out of date — just so; and painfully we will have to admit has been out of date since 45 B.C., as you state in your article. Now after ten years of research and study of the old English Bible and verifying

it as God's true calendar on time, which Noah was obeying up to the time of the Flood, Gen. 7–8 chapters inclusive 23–49, I have duplicated God's true Calendar, just as stated in the Holy Bible with full explanations. I have had this work copyrighted and would like to see it made a universal Calendar for all the world — perfection personified just as God intended it.

WILLIAM HOWARD

Ogden,
Utah.

SIR: There is an aspect to the calendar question which might cause a lot of discussion. That is the proposal that, in order to make each quarter equal and to have the year always begin on a Sunday, the 365th day of the year, or what would be December 31st, should not be counted as a day of any month or of any week. That would mean that every year there would be eight days in one week. It certainly would simplify the calendar very much, but I have often wondered if there would be any strong opposition from the larger churches. I know many people who would regard it as a breaking of divine law and we might get into the position of having Sunday legally come on a different day most years from what many people regarded as the divinely appointed day. I have never seen the result of any discussion of that aspect of the question and it very materially affects the possibility of the change; especially, of course, the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church as the largest Christian body. Could you endeavor to get the reaction, not only of church leaders but of the ordinary member, to such a proposal?

CHARLES D. DONALD

Sault Ste. Marie,
Ontario.

CHOPPING CHICAGO

SIR: I venture to correct Alan Devoe on his derivation of "Chicago" in the article "Meet Mephitis" in the February MERCURY. This word is pronounced "Chica-hay-gay-o" in Cree and means "he chops" — related to "chica-hay-gun" an axe.

JOHN MITCHELL

Vancouver,
British Columbia.

WANTED: A NEWSPAPER

SIR: The editorial in the February MERCURY states that the Conservatives are in need of some sound economic ideas. Assuming that the capitalistic or competitive economic system is sound and, if permitted to function, it would produce that abundance which is required to provide the More Abundant Life, why is it that in the entire United States, there is not a single publication, devoted primarily to explaining and defending that economic philosophy? Here is an unoccupied field of journalism that offers some newspaperman, who understands the competitive system and has confidence in it, an opportunity to establish a much needed enterprise. A market exists for a politically non-partisan, radical weekly newspaper, that has a sound constructive economic program to offer. All that is needed is an editor and publisher who have as much confidence in the competitive system as the communists have in their economic philosophy.

H. F. CRAIG

Lacrosse,
Washington.

HOW TO PREVENT WAR

SIR: The only thing to do to keep us out of war is to amend the Constitution so that, in time of war, the President, his Cabinet, and all Congressmen voting in the affirmative, immediately become class A draftees, regardless of age or disability, and are immediately eligible to be sent to the front.

In the so-called dark ages rulers led their troops into battle, but those were the days before high explosives, poison gas, machine guns, and barrages. Does anyone with a knowledge of the horrors of modern warfare believe that Presidents, Prime Ministers, Cabinet

members, and members of Congress or Parliament, would vote themselves into the front-line trenches? Look at the current war pictures of famished men, women, and children, and then at the pictures of the sleek, well-fed devils in top hats and morning coats who started all this — and are willing to keep up the carnage to the last child!

Put these politicians in the trenches, and you would have to court-martial most of them for rank cowardice. How could you expect those who tremble at the least adverse political wind, to stand what the boys in the trenches have to endure? What President would blunder into war through ineptitude, gross carelessness, or vanity, if he had to leave his comfortable berth in the White House and go forth to war himself? None, I think.

BERNHARD JOSEPHI

Oconomowoc,
Wisconsin.

EXCHANGE OF MEDALS

SIR: May I offer the suggestion of an exchange of the medals recently bestowed on the President and Henry Ford. That is, let Franklin Delano give Henry his Hebrew medal and Henry give Franklin his Hitler medal. I don't know of any gesture that could contribute so much to peace and good will in the national as well as international world in these days of turbulence and animosity.

C. R. BAILEY

Santa Fe,
New Mexico.

CALL FOR MR. STRACHEY

SIR: Mr. Strachey's article "The Future of Nazi Germany" in your February issue provokes me, not to defend Nazi Germany or Mr. Chamberlain, but to refute an argument, the obvious purpose and inevitable consequence of which is to tend to involve America and Britain in a war against Nazi Germany and fascist Italy.

The gravamen of Mr. Strachey's charge is that Naziism now relies on armaments for full employment and that this must lead to continuous wars of aggrandizement. The only important element of truth in this argument is the patent fact that fascism is now in a phase of successful expansion just as the liberal democracies were during the Nineteenth Century. The basic contention of the argument, however, is unfounded both in history and in logic: it is that an expanding nation has to go on expanding until it either conquers the entire world or is overwhelmed in war. The best refutations of this argument are the United States, the British, and French Empires.

Mr. Strachey makes the error, obligatory on orthodox Marxists, of assuming that economic activity under fascism can only be intensified by increasing the profit incentives to private investment and enterprise or war. Marxists cannot recognize that there is any socialism in fascism any more than certain religious sects can recognize that there is any Christianity outside their own. Actually, Naziism is no more dependent on the profit motive for maintaining full employment than is Soviet Russia.

Then, to bolster the Marxist interpretation of fascism, Mr. Strachey distorts the facts about wages and living standards in Germany. The Nazis, of course, in running the most sensational recovery in post-War times, have kept wages down, while re-employing over 6,000,000 and employing an additional 4,000,000 since incorporated into the labor force. They have kept wages down for identically the same reason that the Soviets have kept wages down: to prevent a runaway price inflation and to permit heavy savings and investment in new productive capital. The Nazis, since 1933, have kept wage rates virtually unchanged, though total wage payments have risen by reason of increased employment, longer hours, and the advancement of large numbers of workers to more skilled and more highly paid jobs. As prices have risen some 10 per cent, the real wages of those working the same number of hours and in the same rating now as in 1933 have suffered a 10 per cent reduction. But obviously, the 6,000,000

who were jobless are receiving real wages 100 per cent in excess of the amount they received in 1933.

Mr. Strachey errs in failing or refusing to recognize that, for a country as deficient in raw materials as Germany, just as for a country as deficient in industrial plant as Russia, an indefinite period of heavy saving and investment is absolutely necessary. We, with all our raw material surpluses, can afford large scale unemployment, waste, and high wages. Germany, Italy, and Russia cannot afford the luxuries of democracy, unemployment, neglect of saving and investment, and high wages for small production.

The essence of the Liberal-Communist position today is to disregard the facts and implications of the prior preemption by the democracies of the world's raw materials, current tariff and immigration barriers, and innumerable restrictions on trade, first initiated by the democracies; and, having disregarded these facts, to call for a holy war by the Haves upon the Have-Nots to stop them from expanding in Central Europe, Asia, and Africa. In such a war, I see neither ethics nor American self-interest.

LAWRENCE DENNIS

New York City.

HOW DO PORES BEHAVE?

SIR: In "The Paint and Powder Racket" in the March issue, Lois Miller says, "Your skin won't take nourishment. It is non-absorptive." I offer the opening paragraph of chapter two of the *Technic of Medication*, by Bernard Fantus, M.D., and published by and for the AMA: "In planning applications for the skin, it must be clear in our mind whether we desire epidermic action (action on the surface), endermic action (effect on the derma), or diadermic action (effect after absorption into the blood stream)." Again: *Dorland's American Medical Dictionary* defines "pore" as: "The opening of a sweat gland." Dr. Howard Fox and Miss Miller probably stand alone in the world of science in their opinion that the sweat glands cannot be stimulated or inhibited in their activity (*i.e.*, opened or closed) by any method of treatment. To discover whether or not this is so, the author might try chopping down a few trees in the Florida Everglades in July while dressed in a suit of red flannel undies and then jumping into Lake Okeechobee.

CRESTON COLLINS, M.D.

Hollywood, Florida.

BOMBS FOR JAPAN

SIR: Mr. Chamberlin's insidiously deft extenuation for Japan's invasion of China and the degradation of the United States in supplying Japan with munitions leads me to believe that his ethical perceptions are blurred. The fantastic paradox and climax of the present collapse of all principles of international jurisprudence is that the Standard Oil of California, using an American law firm, is suing a London insurance company for damage to its property in China done by a Japanese aviator flying an American-made plane and dropping bombs manufactured by the father-in-law of our President's son. The last sentence when played on Nicholas Murray Butler's legal slide rule spells DuPont.

The silliest spectacle in the world, from the point of view of the ghost of Confucius, is Franklin Delano Roosevelt praying in his Hyde Park pew for peace at the same time that he permits, or fails to try to prevent, the DuPonts selling bombs to Japanese to drop on Chinese babies.

LEON D. KAUFMAN

Los Angeles.

MR. WOLFE'S CRITIC

SIR: "Portrait of a Literary Critic" by the late Thomas Wolfe, in the April MERCURY, reminds me that it is six years to the day since a lovely lady in a now defunct bookshop placed a copy of a new novel, *The Gold Falcon*, or *The Haggard of Love* (Smith & Haas), in my hands with the request that I identify some of the numerous characters for

her. The Harold Vigor Tinby of *The Gold Falcon* would seem to be a blood-brother of Wolfe's Dr. Hugo Twelvetrees Turner. If that is the case, further light on the subject may be found by anybody diligent in unearthing *The Literary Spotlight*, edited by John Farrar in 1924, wherein the Literary Critic does a self-portrait. The self-portraitist says: "He is devoid of self-consciousness. He is always natural, always himself. . . . The public judgment needs to be inspired with his kind of tolerance and sanity." I seem, however, to recall that he was not altogether tolerant of what he called John O'Hara's preoccupation with plumbing and fashions in fornication, in *Appointment in Samarra*.

E. F. WALBRIDGE

Montgomery,
Vermont.

TELLING MR. ROOSEVELT

SIR: Perhaps you have room in THE MERCURY for a contest to be called "If I Had Your Ear for a Minute, Mr. Roosevelt!" A minute allows for about 150 words, and here is what I, for one, would say to the President if I had that chance:

"Both your adherents and your opponents, Mr. President, agree that a tremendous building of low-cost homes would help solve unemployment, change our slums, and raise our standard of living. I propose that you advocate and urge the immediate abolition of all local and state taxes on private homes and apartment houses, as a method of encouraging a building boom, and the improvement of all present buildings. Any additional necessary local and state taxes should be imposed on the rental value of the bare land, which rental value is created by the community and should be taken by the community for its purposes.

"I am a believer in the Henry George theory of land taxation, and the abolition of all other taxes. I believe that such taxation would be the permanent solution of almost all of our economic ills. I am, however, not arguing that, or urging it upon you, Mr. President, for that would take me more than one minute."

I wonder what others would say?

HARRY WEINBERGER

New York City.

AGAIN, STATE MEDICINE

SIR: Please convey to the writer of "State Medicine, Navy Style," in your January issue, my heartiest appreciation. For thirty-two years I have been the beneficiary (?) of state medicine under the military establishment — not the Navy — and I am in hearty agreement with everything that he says. The whole idea of state medicine is expressed by, "You can fool all of the people some of the time."

N. BRIERLEY

Washington,
D. C.

SIR: It is indeed unfortunate that the author of "State Medicine, Navy Style" cannot emerge from behind the veil of anonymity, for without doubt he would receive the unanimous plaudits of the enlisted personnel of the Navy. Such an exposé of these medical termites, menaces, and fawning sycophants is undoubtedly of untold benefit, not only to the Navy, who thus informed in advance may be able to escape their clutches while they retain some semblance of health, but also to the civil population who are forced to bear the ever increasing burden of taxes which go to maintain these petty bureaucrats.

As the writer of the aforementioned article generously admits, there are exceptions, but these are so subjugated by the brass-hatted war mongers from above, and ever on the alert for their toadying brethren from below, that their chances of practicing their profession honestly and at the same time rising high in the service are nil.

20 YEARS A SAILOR

San Francisco.

SIR: Some nameless neurotic attacked the Naval hospitals in your January issue. The article was ridiculous if it applies to the Naval

Hospital in Philadelphia which is the best hospital that I have ever been in.

GEORGE WAGNER

Norristown,
Pennsylvania.

INAUGURATION — 1940

SIR: Mr. Joseph T. Dietz, who wrote the parody on the Gettysburg Address in your February issue, is going to be terribly lonesome in Washington, on March 4, 1941. To begin with, there will be a Democratic Administration in office for another four-year term. Also may I remind Mr. Dietz of the twentieth amendment, which places January 20th as the day of inauguration, instead of March 4th.

RICHARD W. SIEGRIST

Washington,
Pennsylvania.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

SIR: In the March MERCURY "King James I of Michigan" by Oland Russell carries this statement: "The Coast Guard Steamer *Michigan*, the first ironclad on the Great Lakes." There was no Coast Guard in 1851; it was the Revenue Cutter Service then, and the *USS Michigan* was not a revenue cutter, but a first-class battleship of the United States Navy.

In fact the *USS Michigan* (which is still here as a museum piece at Peninsula Park) was the first all-iron ship in the American Navy, and enjoys the distinction of being the only ship that ever launched herself, and that no living soul witnessed the launching. On the day set for the launching she stuck in the ways, half-launched, and a disappointed crowd on December 5, 1843 went home. Sometime in the night she cleared herself and was found next morning bobbing around in the East Basin. But no one saw it happen.

THOMAS GARFIELD STERRETT

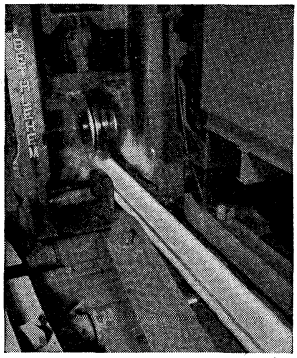
Erie,
Pennsylvania.

IN BRIEF

And still the tide of protest against Miss Post's strictures on cookery in the South keeps rising. A number of the complaints, interestingly, reach us from transplanted Southerners, yearning for Dixie dishes in a Yankee wilderness. Whatever the verdict on Southern cooking, there can be no two opinions on Southern hospitality — nearly all the correspondents invite the editor to come down and try some of their culinary masterpieces. . . . In a whisper we add that there have also been letters of vigorous approval of Miss Post's thesis. . . . Speaking of vittles, Frederic P. Woellner of the University of California has started a "Bake Bread for the Old Man and See What Happens" movement, inspired by Della T. Lutes' article on bread baking old-style. He writes that he has read the article "over the air three times and before six women's clubs." . . . L. Roy Millard of Birchwood, Tennessee, wants us to explain "why the views of THE MERCURY are always contrary to the general views on the same subject." Maybe it's because the general views are generally less than perfect. . . . In Portland, Oregon, however, Herman Dekker discovers alarming symptoms of good sense in recent MERCURY book reviews, and he warns that if we don't look out we'll lose "all our immovable standpat subscribers and shrieking go-backers." . . . Attention J. Frank Wilson of Fort Huron, Mich., Franklin L. Campbell of Harrisburg, Pa., and a score of others: We admit it, John W. Thomason, Jr. admits it — Salem didn't burn its witches but hanged them. . . . The publisher of the Hot Springs, N. M., *Herald*, Hubert H. Heath, apprises that "THE MERCURY is so stimulating that it would wake up even the boobs and dumbklucks if they could be persuaded to read it — pour it on!" . . . It is "bulging population" that is destroying forests and other natural beauty, according to Thomas E. Morse, Watertown, Mass., commenting on Alan Devoe's plea for trees; wherefor nature lovers should frown on the world's rising birth rates. . . .

THE CONTRIBUTORS

ULRIC BELL (*Little Jack Garner*) covers the Washington scene for the Louisville *Courier-Journal.* J. L. BROWN (*The Big Baseball Scandal*) practices law in Paterson, New Jersey, and is a frequent contributor to THE MERCURY. ELLSWORTH B. BUCK (*Our Public Schools and Sex*) has been a member of the New York City Board of Education since 1935, and its Vice-President since 1938; he is the leader in the fight for sex education in the New York City schools. MORLEY CALLAGHAN (*Getting On In the World*), the well-known Canadian author, was most recently represented on the publisher's lists by *Now That April's Here* (Random House). GLENN WARD DRESBACH (*Cockatoos*), a frequent contributor of verse to THE MERCURY, lives in Lanark, Illinois. WILLIAM EDGERTON (*A Southerner Likes the North*), born in North Carolina, now teaches languages in Swarthmore, Pennsylvania. CLIFFORD GESSLER (*Hawaiian Blues*) is writing in Mexico, on leave from the Oakland, California, *Tribune.* DR. SAMUEL HOCHMAN (*Worry and Grow Fat*) is in charge of obesity cases at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York. ROBERT B. HOTZ (*The End of Liechtenstein*) has been a foreign correspondent and is now on the staff of the Milwaukee *Journal.* ELIZABETH HUGHES (*Smith Street, U.S.A.*) is on the Tulsa *World.* DORAN HURLEY (*Irish Persecutions In America*) is a novelist of Irish-American life; his *Herself: Mrs. Patrick Crowley* has just been published. MARY KNIGHT (*Dime-a-Dance Dive*) came from Georgia to become an outstanding reporter here and abroad; she is the author of an autobiography, *On My Own.* REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN (*Requiem for the League of Nations*) observed the League of Nations as the New York *Herald Tribune's* Geneva correspondent; he is the author of many novels. JOHN RUSSELL MCCARTHY (*Inward Glance*), a resident of California, has published three books of verse. VINCENT MCHUGH (*John Steinbeck Branches Out*) is a novelist and critic; his latest book being *Caleb Catlum's America* (Stackpole). IRVING PFLAUM (*Russia's Role in Spain*), who has covered Czechoslovakia as well as Spain, recently joined the editorial staff of the Chicago *Times.* CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER (*Fun Among the Fundamentalists*), founder and leader of the Humanist Society of New York, is the author of *Humanizing Religion, Technique of Happiness,* and other books. TRENTWELL MASON WHITE (*New Styles in College Professors*) is the president of Curry College, in Boston, and the author of eight books. JOHN T. WINTERICH (*As a Matter of Fact*), was editor of the *American Legion Monthly.*



The Bethlehem Steel Quiz

TRY IT ON THE FAMILY

Now that vacations are just around the corner, it is a good thing to increase your store of small talk. With this charitable end in view, we propound herewith five questions about steel and steel-making. To score 60 is highly commendable. 80 or better gives you license to expound authoritatively on one of the nation's basic industries.

Correct answers on page xii

1. In steel parlance "whiskers" are:

(*a*) *the thin fins of steel which cling to the point of a nail*
(*b*) *hoary jokes*
(*c*) *the barbs on barbed wire*
(*d*) *protuberances on a steel sheet*

2. You may be surprised to learn it, but molten steel does not melt the iron molds into which it is poured to solidify into ingots because:

(*a*) *the mold walls are lined with heat-resistant material*
(*b*) *the thick walls of the mold dissipate heat so rapidly*
(*c*) *iron has a higher melting point than steel*

3. In the early days of steel-making, blast furnaces were frequently given feminine names like "Emma," "Charlotte" or "Kitty." This was done because:

(*a*) *of their unpredictable behavior*
(*b*) *the owner's yacht bore the same name*
(*c*) *of the high upkeep*
(*d*) *of a wish to honor the wives, daughters or sisters of iron-makers*

4. Steel helped greatly in opening up the Mississippi Valley to farming and settlement when it was first used to make:

(*a*) *Indian fighters' muskets*
(*b*) *railroad rails* (*c*) *plows*
(*d*) *roofing sheets*

5. What steel company recently built three large American liners for service between New York and the Canal Zone?

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Answers to Bethlehem Steel Quiz

(*See page ix*)

1. (a) Whiskers are the thin fins of steel which cling to the point of a nail as it comes from a nail machine.

2. (b) The thick walls of the molds dissipate the heat so rapidly that the molten steel cools and solidifies before it can melt the molds.

3. (d) In honor of the feminine members of the iron maker's family.

4. (c) Plows. Invented in 1837, the steel plow enabled farmers to till the sticky soil in the Valley without frequent stops to clean the plowshare. The Cambria Plant of Bethlehem Steel Company pioneered in supplying steel for agricultural implements.

5. Bethlehem Steel Company.

Recorded MUSIC

**** indicate an outstanding performance, ** a competent performance, * an acceptable performance. ‡‡‡ denote exceptional recording, ‡‡ efficient recording, ‡ poor recording.*

ORCHESTRAL

***‡‡‡*Tannhaeuser: Overture and Venusberg Music,* and *Prelude to Act III, Wagner:* (Victor Album 530, $9.00). This is the finest recording of the modern orchestra ever made. It is also an intelligent, exciting, and thoroughgoing conception of the Venusberg score, gorgeously realized by the Philadelphia Orchestra. The cyclic range has been extended higher here than was possible even a short time ago, resulting in a rare fidelity of timbre in addition to the mass and sweep already characteristic of the records of this orchestra. It is true that a highly sensitive phonograph must be used to reveal all the superlative merits of these disks. The conductor is Leopold Stokowski, who has tampered with the *Prelude to Act III* (of which no straightforward American version exists), in his familiar manner.

***‡‡*Fingal's Cave Overture, Mendelssohn:* (Columbia 69400, $1.50). Sir Thomas Beecham's conception is masterly. The cave is bigger, the breeze more refreshing, and the sea more tumultuous, in this ultimate interpretation and the London Philharmonic's playing; and except for a little difficulty with the tympani the recording is excellent.

**‡‡‡*The Moldau* and *From Bohemia's Meadows and Forests, Smetana:* (Victor Album 523, $5.00). This may be considered, on the whole, as the best *Moldau* on records; it is coupled with another tone-poem from the same Cycle, *My Fatherland,* not available in any other American edition. The recording is consistently clean, and the full orchestral tone of the Czech Philharmonic very good; but the wood is coarse, the violins a good deal less than insinuating, and Rafael Kubelik's direc-

tion a little rigid. Still, desirable records of melodious, rhythmic, and gracious music, by an uninsistent genius.

CONCERTI

***‡‡*Concerto No. 1, for Harpsichord, K 37, Mozart:* (Columbia Album X-114, $3.25). Not Mozart, but an assemblage of pieces by contemporaries, edited for display of the touring talents of the 11-year-old virtuoso. Pleasant, decorative, Eighteenth Century music, to which is added on the fourth side a Rondo from a Concerto by Bach, superior to anything in the purported Mozart. The playing of Marguerite Roesgen-Champion, one of the very best harpsichordists, and the Paris Symphony Orchestra under Marius-François Gaillard, is exceptionally euphonious; and the recorders have been skilful in the delicate task of preserving their work. A most attractive little album.

VOCAL

***‡‡‡*Brahms Song Society, Volume I:* (Victor Album 522, $12.00). Fourteen songs, with a range in mood from the salacious archness of *Vergebliches Staendchen* to the grim brooding of *Vier Ernste Gesaenge.* Three (*Ein Sonett, Erinnerung* and *Verrat*) are available for the first time. The other six have been more or less frequently recorded, but the present interpretation rarely loses by comparison. A true bass, Alexander Kipnis, and an excellent accompanying pianist, Gerald Moore, have blended sense and conscience with their considerable technical ability, in the production of an album that lends credit to everyone connected with it. The absence of mere competent routine treatment suggests that Mr. Kipnis is a specialist in these particular songs; rare wisdom on the part of the official who composed the program. The recording is characterized by an unobtrusive fidelity to the ideal of what voice and piano should sound like in conjunction.

***‡‡*Carmen: Habanera and Chanson Bohême, Bizet:* (Columbia P-9152, $1.50). Were her voice graced with tonal beauty to match the skill with which she uses it, Ninon Vallin would have achieved here the best of all *Carmen* records. As it is, her knowledge and intelligence, backed by a superbly vigorous orchestra conducted by G. Andolfi, produce a disk of high merit.

—C. G. B.

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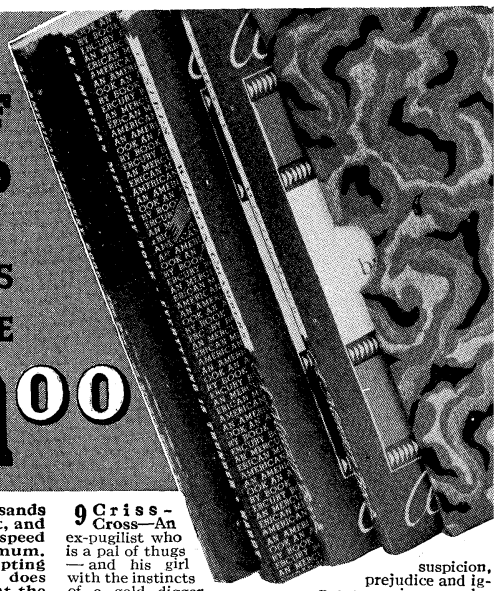

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By HERBERT KRAUSE

Romance and tragedy, beauty and despair mark the pages of this tale of life and death on a prairie farm. Little wonder it won the $1,000 prize for the year's best novel of the Middle West.

PLUS

Special Article by HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

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