

THE UNIVERSITY CLUB November  
WAS *The Americana.*

# Mercury



- The United Affront . . . . . *Ernest Boyd*  
New York Elects a Mayor . . . . . *An Editorial*  
The High Cost of Dying . . . . . *Philip McKee*  
Propaganda from the White House . . . *Gordon Carroll*  
The Crime of Being a Witness . . . . . *J. L. Brown*  
To Hell With Farming . . . . . *An Ex-Farmer*  
The Difficulty of Thinking . . . . . *Albert Jay Nock*  
Floyd Collins in the Sand Cave . . . . . *Oland D. Russell*  
Ten Years of Soviet Terror . . . . . *Moscow Correspondent*  
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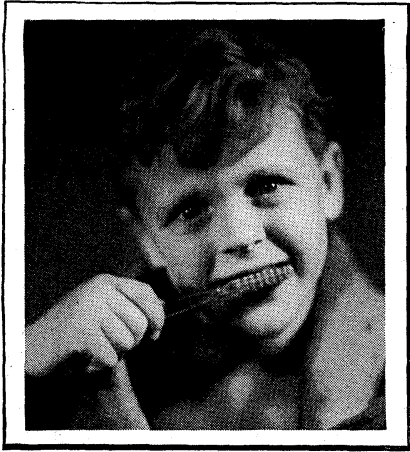
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# THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME  
XLII

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Published by The American Mercury, Inc., monthly on the 25th of the month preceding the date, at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$3.00 in U. S. and Possessions, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Spain and Colonies, and the Republics of Central and South America. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial office, Ridgefield, Conn. General offices, 570 Lexington avenue, New York City. Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1937, by The American Mercury, Inc. Entered as

second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. No reproduction of content allowed without written permission. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. Address all editorial correspondence and manuscripts to Ridgefield, Connecticut.

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★★★ LIFE WITH MOTHER, by Clarence Day. \$2.00. *Knopf*. More of Mr. Clarence Day's literary remains, most properly collected in permanent form. In her inimitable way, Mother was quite as much of a character as Father.

★★ ALBERT GALLATIN BROWN: RADICAL SOUTHERN NATIONALIST, by James Byrne Ranck. \$5.00. American Historical Association. *Appleton-Century*. The life and acts of a Mississippian of the old time, probably more influential within his State than Jefferson Davis, whose con-

temporary and un-friend he was. One of the leaders in the secession of the Cotton States, he, unlike most of the fire-eaters, bore arms and fought bravely in Virginia battles. A politician by trade, he declined high military appointment, asserting that he did not know the business of soldiering and therefore felt himself unfit to command: attitude unique and beautiful in the American annals. For the rest, an honest and courageous leader of his people. Adequate biography, capably presented.

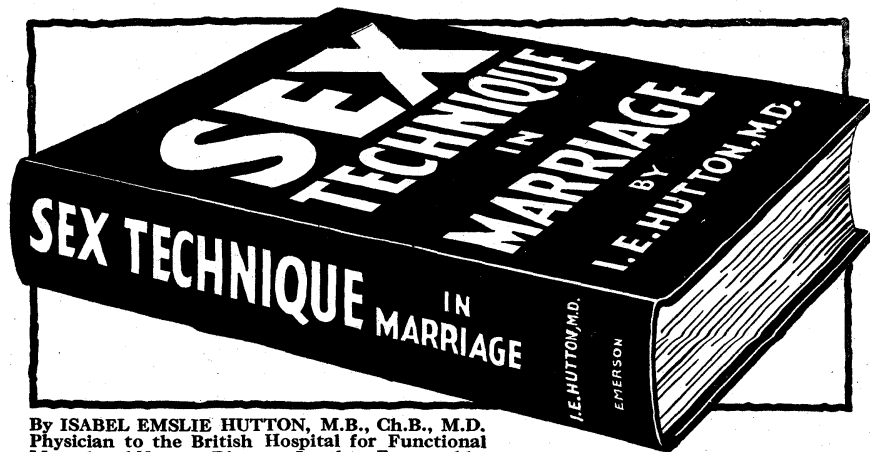
★★ THE LIFE OF EDWARD GIBBON, by D. M. Low. \$3.50. *Random House*. A rather dull biography of the author of *The Decline and Fall*, written with great scholarship and learning, but in too much of the old-fashioned professional biographer's pattern to please the modern reader.

★★ CAPITOL KALEIDOSCOPE, by Frances Parkinson Keyes. \$3.50. *Harpers*. Notes and comments on the people who have been nice to Mrs. Keyes in the Federal City. And those who have not been nice are noticed also: Mrs. Keyes is an artist in her line.

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(Continued on page viii)



By ISABEL EMSLIE HUTTON, M.B., Ch.B., M.D. Physician to the British Hospital for Functional Mental and Nervous Diseases, London. Foreword by IRA S. WILE, M.D., Former Commissioner of Education New York City.

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FROM a very large clinical experience I have come to the conclusion that probably not one in five men knows how to perform the sexual act correctly." Many men feel bitter, in a resigned sort of way, about their "frigid wives." As a matter of fact this problem, which too often is one of "the bungling husband," frequently vanishes completely when both husband and wife know exactly what to do for each other. IN THE SEX TECHNIQUE IN MARRIAGE, Dr. Hutton describes the sexual act in such detail that no one need any longer remain in ignorance of exactly how it should be performed. In the foreword to this work Dr. Ira S. Wile declares: "A knowledge of the science of mating offers greater assurance of successful marriage."

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## THE CHECK LIST

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(Continued from page vi)

sian volumes of collected letters. There is much in them of paths to glory, and of that inner fire which forges messiahs; but little to prove that Vladimir Ilyich Ulianov was other than a proletarian hungry for power.

★ AN ELIZABETHAN PURITAN, by Louis Thorn Golding. \$3.50. *Richard R. Smith*. Pleading notes on the life of Arthur Golding, famous scholar of the Golden Age and translator of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

★ MY WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES, by Ludwig Bemelmans. \$2.50. *Viking Press*. Naïve account of this Hunnish immigrant's war years in the United States Army: almost too naïve. He found the U. S. Army a mother to him; the Army will be pleased to read this. There are, however, numerous turns of expression and observation which ring distinctive: and we will hear more from Herr Bemelmans.

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THE WOMAN WHO ROSE AGAIN, by Gleb Botkin. \$3.00. *Revell*. For the vast stir it made in human affairs, the late World War was singularly unprolific of romantic mystery. Its only contribution to the Lost Dauphin cult is the case of the Grand Duchess Anastasia, who, Mr. Gleb Botkin is convinced, escaped the ultimate of the Ekaterinburg horror, and lives now in Germany, campaigning to establish her identity, and incidentally, her possession of a very large sum of money deposited in the Bank of England by the last Czar. The reader is entitled to his own conclusions.

### TRAVEL

★ ORIENTAL ODYSSEY: PEOPLE BEHIND THE SUN, by R. H. (Bob) Davis. \$3.00. *Stokes*. Further wanderings of the peripatetic philosopher, Bob Davis, with many photographs. Excellent slight vignettes of Japan, China, and Honolulu.

★ MASSACHUSETTS: A GUIDE TO ITS PLACES AND PEOPLE, by the Federal Writers' Project of the Works Progress Administration for the State of Massachusetts. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. What to see in the Massachusetts Bay Colony and how you ought to feel about it; the first helpful, the other gratuitous. Currently, it elicits loud cries of rage from Massachusetts citizens, invaluable in the way of advertising. Illustrated with beautiful photography and gravid with information on the worthies of the State.

### FICTION

★★★ THE SEVEN WHO FLED, by Frederic Prokosch. \$2.50. *Harpers*. Out of Chinese Turkestan ran six men and a woman, because of Asiatic politics, says the tale: but you will understand that they fled, actually, from themselves; and the deserts, the mountains, the vast rivers, the plagues, and the fears that clogged their progresses were the secret places of the human heart. By death in a frozen pass, by oblivion in a Shanghai cabaret, by murder, by this violence or that one, each wins to a fulfilment individually appropriate. Like the great harsh land the author knows supremely well, the book has no tenderness. It is a Harper Prize novel and deserves to be: Mr. Frederic Prokosch is a writer of power.

★★★ RECAPTURE THE MOON, by Sylvia Thompson. \$2.50. *Little, Brown*. A cosmopolitan novel from a cosmopolitan writer, prepared for current public tastes. It concerns the adventures of two families, the English Cables and the French Schuerrers, during the years from the end of the World War to the present.

(Continued on page x)

# How to Cash In on Your Life Insurance While You're Still Living

By Hugh Fenwick

**I**N SPITE of several very interesting new plans which can now be applied to life insurance, many people still buy it like a sack of potatoes. They are persuaded or argued into "taking on" another thousand, or five or ten or twenty thousand. Then all they can do is sit back and resign themselves to being dunned by a new set of premium-due notices.

There is no plan for themselves or their own future in what they are doing. There is virtually no hope that the money they are paying out will do them much good while they are still alive to enjoy it.

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The answer to these questions, which is a definite "yes," has proved surprising to a great many people with whom I have talked about this subject in recent years.

They are deeply interested in it. But many face a dangerous situation in the future simply because no one has ever set them straight on exactly how they could easily provide for it during the present. No one has helped them analyze their particular present situation and future requirements or desires. And no single annuity or insurance plan should be adopted by any person unless *all* the facts about the various plans (of all companies) are explained *fully*.

For example, if you have a son, you may want to make sure that when he is ready to go into business you will be able to provide him automatically with a fixed sum as a good start. Or you may want to get away from worrying about the investment of your own funds; par-

ticularly so in these times of indecision as to how to invest with safety, and yet receive a worthwhile income.

Perhaps you may want to build an educational fund which will mature at the right time for your children, or a travel fund, a mortgage fund, a pension to a devoted employee. Or you may want to "telescope" your plans so that you can retire sooner than you would otherwise be able to.

At any rate, the many various annuity and retirement plans may be adjusted to apply whether your income is large or small, whether you are in your thirties or seventies, or regardless of the age at which you wish to retire. It is all a matter of being thoroughly familiar with the plans obtainable, and applying them, with expert help, to your own case.

That kind of expert guidance has been my work for a good many years. I don't just represent any one company or any one plan. I represent all of the companies which offer plans accepted as sound and worthwhile. During the last six months I have written insurance and annuities representing over \$1,000,000 in premiums.

Perhaps you yourself have hesitated to do anything about this matter because you felt that some angle of it didn't apply to your particular case. But there doubtless is a sound plan, entirely consistent with what you can afford, which will meet any particular future requirement that you have set up in your own mind, but have never provided for.

May I suggest that you write to me, telling me the questions that are in your mind, and giving me as many facts as you care to? I will study the information you give me and, without obligating you in any way, will conscientiously advise you as to which plan may best meet your needs. *Address:* Hugh Fenwick, Fenwick & Company, 99 John Street, New York, N. Y.



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## THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page viii)

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★★★ THE SILVER FLEECE, by Robert Collis. \$2.75. *Double Day, Doran*. A pleasing candor flavors this autobiography of a young Irish doctor, who relates his experiences and adventures while learning his profession in England and America.

★★★ LENA, by Roger Verel. \$2.50. *Randome House*. Melodrama in the literary manner, reminiscent of Mr. Joseph Conrad. The narrative courses the Balkans during the twilight of the World War; a French lieutenant and a Bulgarian woman doctor experience strange and brutal adventures.

★★★ EVE'S DOCTOR, by Signe Toksvig. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. Excellent portrayal of an Irish doctor, his life, and his work in a large Dublin hospital, with a canvass of Erin's politics in the background.

★★★ MADAME FLOWERY SENTIMENT, by Albert Gervais. \$2.00. *Covici-Friede*. Ironic story of a love affair between a French doctor and a Chinese lady — in the lady's homeland. There is a thesis apparent: that it takes a Latin and an Oriental to explore the higher reaches of biological romance.

★★★ HARBOR NIGHTS, by Harvey Klemmer. \$2.50. *Lippincott*. The lives of an American merchant sailor, recounted in biographical style, covering many countries. The theme here is that if a seaman stays away from the ladies ashore, he will be healthier and live longer.

(Continued on page xii)

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(Continued from page x)

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★ **FERMENT**, by John T. McIntyre. \$2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart*. A painstaking assembly of stupid, dishonest and unsalubrious people, most faithfully portrayed. If you like this sort of thing, why, then, you like this sort of thing. But Mr. John T. McIntyre is a ready writer.

★ **ELIZABETHAN TALES**, compiled by Edward J. O'Brien. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. Twenty-five short stories by English writers of the sixteenth century, collected and annotated by the eminent authority on that art-form. Strikingly modern tales, in substance perfectly familiar to readers of our current magazines. There is, after all, nothing new under the sun.

★ **DOWN EAST**, by Lewis Pendleton. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. Forced-draft attempt to create a Bunyanesque saga of the sea; but the characters of Captain Isaac Drinkwater and Jedediah Peabody don't quite come off. Mr. Pendleton's tales are not up to the standard of the Down East jargon which he employs to relate them.

(Continued on page xiv)

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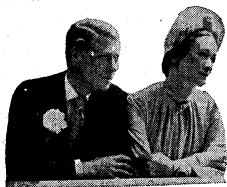
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★ **RUNAROUND**, by Benjamin Appel. \$2.50. *Dutton*. Authentic, painstaking, but depressing novel of the Manhattan proletarians and their political lords and masters, with such biological notes as are necessary to explain why the proletariat exists. Politicians are no doubt as villainous as the author paints them; but they are likely to be with us forever. The proof is here in this book: the Pee-pul can't take care of themselves.

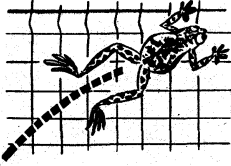
★ **OLD WINE**, by Phyllis Bottome. \$2.50. *Stokes*. Aristocrats, having trouble adapting themselves to the changed standards of post-war Vienna, must cast their ideals to one side in order to fill their dainty stomachs, while an American girl provides Romance. Miss Bottome's characters are not distinguished (except by birth); *Old Wine*, first published in 1925, has not improved with age.

★ **RHYTHM FOR RAIN**, by John Louw Nelson. \$3.75. *Houghton Mifflin*. Saga of the Hopi Indians of Arizona, told in narrative form. The story of the boy Kwayeshva is the story of his tribe during the famous three-year drought, of which history records only death and terror.

★ **THE GODS ARRIVE**, by Grant Lewi. \$2.50. *Lippincott*. Novel of American business: fine department store; fine gals; gals is used advisedly. Documentation excellent: conclusion not convincing. But good writing.

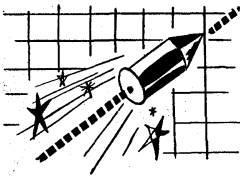
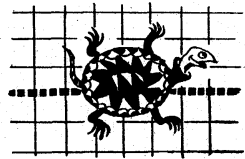
(Continued in back adv't section, p. xx)

# SPEAKING OF CHARTS



A year ago THE AMERICAN MERCURY circulation was less than 30,000. Today it is close to 70,000 — over 40,000 voluntary newsstand sale at twenty-five cents a copy. We expect circulation to stop leaping, but to continue growing.

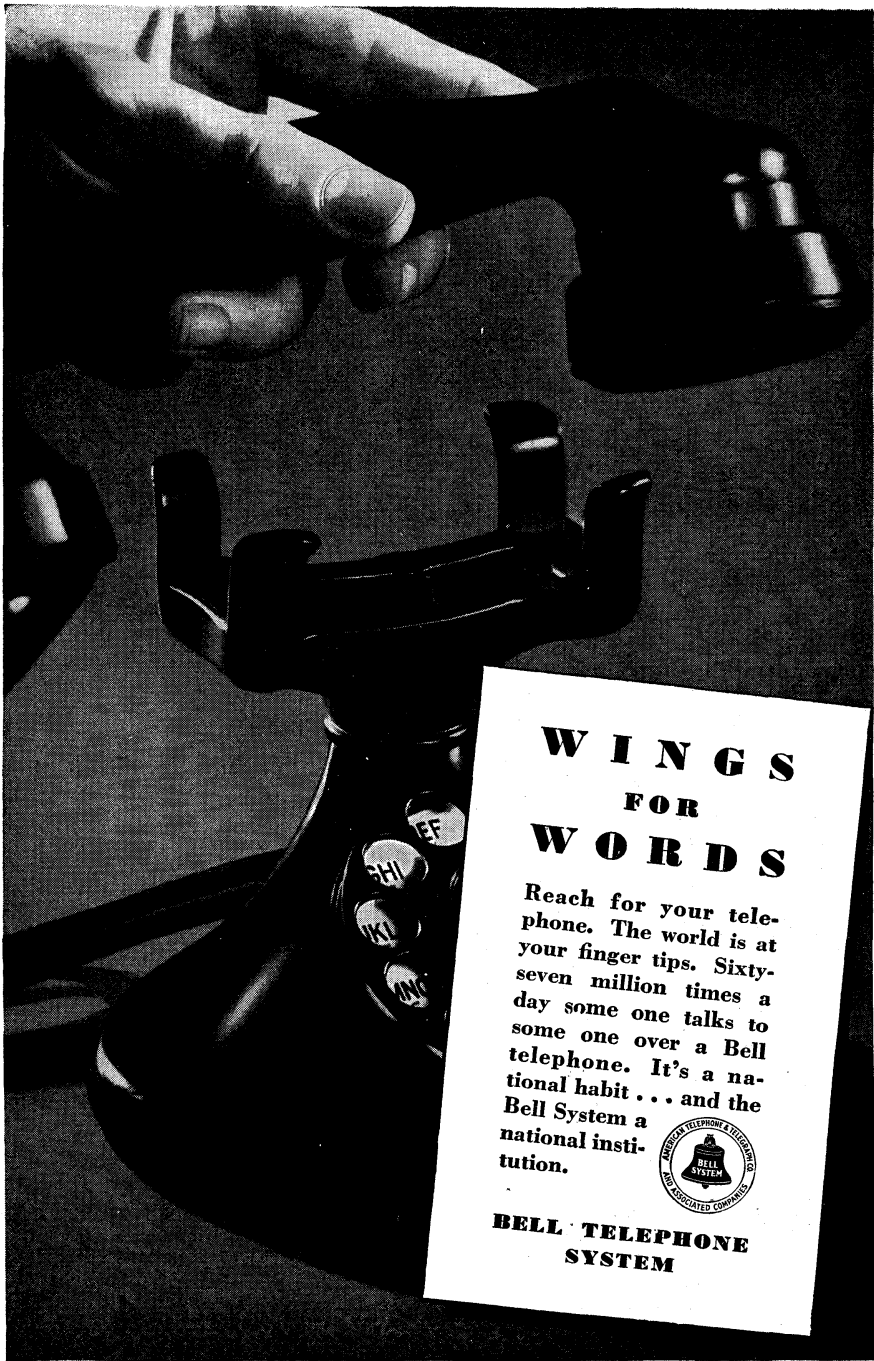
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# *The American* MERCURY

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## FARLEY FOR PRESIDENT!

BY THE EDITORS

THEY laughed when Jim Farley said he could be elected Town Clerk. That was twenty-five years ago, in the hamlet of Grassy Point, New York. Today they would laugh in every hamlet from Calais, Maine, to Coronado, California, if the Honorable James Aloysius Farley should announce himself for the Presidency. For Jim was a somewhat ludicrous local character then, and he is a somewhat ludicrous local character now. But there is this difference—since his Grassy Point days, he has become local character to a continent.

In other words, the gum-chewing, sand-lot baseball player of twenty-five years ago lacked, in the view of the Grassy Point humorists, the personal culture, not to say the mental acumen, required to con-

duct the business of electing himself even to a small bucolic office: and today, nine out of ten voters would probably admit, upon a searching examination of their consciences, that the Honorable James Aloysius is too gross in boobishness, too raw in political methods, ever to be President of this great nation. Yet certain historic considerations must be acknowledged. Chief of these is the indubitable fact that, despite the Grassy Point experts, Jim Farley was elected Town Clerk, and Town Supervisor, and State Assemblyman, and Chairman of the New York State Boxing Commission, and Chairman of the New York Democratic State Committee, and Chairman of the Democratic National Committee; and

that, between whites, he made a President; and that he finally sat down in the Cabinet with the President and the Vice-President, officially enrolled among the nation's twelve most puissant statesmen.

Considering all these prophetic circumstances — not to mention the \$100,000 salary to be paid by the Pierce-Arrow motor company to this newest Economic Royalist — THE MERCURY has decided to come out openly for Jim Farley for President in 1940. Of course this magazine is hardly in the business of sponsoring Presidential candidates; heretofore its attitude towards these gentlemen — both incumbent and electioneering — has been, to put it mildly, unenthusiastic. But Jim is different. We promise him our wholehearted support for two very good reasons: First, because we believe that he can take over the Presidency in 1940 more easily than any other living man. And, second, because we believe he is the most representative American at large today.

We are convinced that our candidate can be elected readily because we know of no other statesman who, simply by pursuing the normal courses of patronage-peddling, can give so many voters such a flattering sense of feeling superior

to their rulers, or so many of his fellow-feeders at the public trough such an admiring sense of being ruled by a master slicker. No other practitioner of the ward-heeling art has had Jim's luck, with the WPA workers, in expanding the boundaries of a personally-conducted Tammany from Coast to Coast. No other culture hero of the present demagogic era, with the possible exception of the European totalitarian pyromaniacs, has spun a more vulgar or more ostentatious success-saga for his family archives, or been less inhibited by the ordinary decencies of corrupt politics. Surely, a democracy which has permitted Farley to become its most potent man-behind-the-scenes, will be glad to help him take the center of the stage.

To phrase it more pointedly, THE MERCURY offers Jim as its first Presidential candidate because it believes he is exactly what present-day America deserves. If we are to have a representative government, Jim Farley accurately represents — in intelligence, honesty, and even gum-chewing ability — that vast, milling majority so firmly in the saddle today. We hope to nominate him from the press stands of the 1940 Democratic Convention — if he lets us enter the hall — and hear him elevated to the supreme

spotlight by acclamation. You may laugh at the prospect of five-stick gum-wads plastered on the molding of the White House Blue Room—but if the Grassy Point boy accepts THE MERCURY'S nomination, just try and stop him!

## II

If Jim, the Potential President, ever ponders the subtleties of Democratic processes, he is entitled to that rare luxury—for a super-active politician—of a sardonic smile. For to this realistic journeyman Hanna it must occur that, as a result of twenty-five years of shrewdly stage-managed buffoonery, every time his public laughs at him, the laughs pay dividends.

To begin with the ridiculous, as we chart Jim's progress toward the sublime, he is, for one thing, the beneficiary of the cynical American tradition that male gum-chewers are not to be taken seriously. For, when a man is known to his street or his nation as Wrigley Customer No. 1, it becomes virtually impossible for his public to consider him in the light of a potential *Übermensch*. He may be an excellent truck-driver or custard-pie chef, or a "You-know-me-Al" sort of third-baseman; but that he should aspire to compose a sym-

phony, organize a revolution, or take a million dollars away from his betters in Wall Street belongs among the basic biological incredibilities. When his lips smack and his cheeks puff out within sound and sight of half-a-dozen counties, it is as plain as a wad on the tablecloth that he is only a great big kindergarten child at heart and that the bile, ambition, and success-drive of less ruminative men are not in him. So that, when a five-stick wad-carrier batters his way into an argument about the Greek aorist, or announces for alderman, or sits at the piano, people laugh.

But while they are laughing, and going about their several affairs and diversions, a nifty gum-chewing pianist who watches his entrances and exits, can move the piano out the back door, load it onto a van, and transport it elsewhere. By repeating the process every moonless night for a full month of Sundays, he sometimes succeeds in setting himself up in a first-class piano store. There is a parable here, if you are listening above the crackle of the gum bubbles, for use in the future biography of an American statesman.

True, it is easy nowadays to exaggerate Jim's role as the nation's No. 1 Wrigley Customer. The looming Presidential portent of

1937 definitely chews less than the 1932 organizer of victory. The amenities of five years of throne-room attendance in Washington, the slowing effect of middle age, and the toxemias of constant patronage controversies seem to have moderated his appetite. Days pass now when his wad never exceeds stick-and-a-half dimensions. Press conferences have marveled on a few recent occasions to find the magnificently-muscled jaws superbly quiet.

But in the heroic days of '31 and '32 when he was whooping up the For-Roosevelt-Before-Chicago movement and making half a million personal friends among the small-fry politicians of the Republic, Jim, except when devouring gobs of ice cream, was seldom without his full-package, five-stick wad. On trains, in hotel suites, in a thousand Elks Clubs of the forty-eight States, in the Tammany Halls of scores of prairie and Confederate metropolises, literally millions of local Democratic statesmen saw the organizer of victory on terms of concrete physical nearness, but none ever saw him miss a single maxillary swing. For what it may be worth in quieting critical voters' suspicions that he is shooting for the *Führer's* throne, Jim's reputation as a gum-chewer is as fixed in

public heroic legend as Roland's for horn-blowing. Not even totalitarian exodontia could deprive him of it.

But there are plenty of other things about the President-designate to laugh at besides chicle addiction. His very physiognomy for years has stirred his fellow countrymen's risibilities. A bald, tall, pink-and-white, fat man with a round, babyish face and the bulbous, slightly goose-like eyes of a bewildered seventh-grader, he casts an aura of ludicrous incongruity by being at the same time the Administration's prize exhibit in physical energy and political alertness. He looks like a musical comedy butter-and-egg-man ripening for apoplexy, yet he bows the backs of five stenographers a day with his dictation orgies, sees sometimes as many as 200 visitors, and walks the occasional short corridor distances he has to negotiate between fast elevators, trains, and automobiles at a pace roughly equivalent to that of a championship football team charging into the Rose Bowl.

Though unquestionably the most ruthless political spoilsman whom backroom specialists in machine-building technique have seen since Martin Van Buren, Jim's personal tastes are the acme of childish innocence. Owing to a confirma-

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tion vow to his patron, St. Aloysius, he is a lifelong, non-smoking, teetotaler. He stokes his big frame for its frantic activities mainly with milk and ice cream, gulping this sustenance in quart flagons and huge double orders, occasionally even between meals. He is, moreover, a model family man, and has no night life except at the office.

Next to his mentor, Dr. Roosevelt, he is clearly the New Deal's most puissant statesman: yet the patter and poses of the Frankfurter ideology are as alien to him as the Chinese classics. In the absence of speech-writing ghosts, he is — as a recent reference to Sir Walter Raleigh as a permanent early settler suggested — dangerously at sea about all but the most elementary points in American history. In press conferences he occasionally has to work fast to cover up his confusion about current issues. He may know slightly more about abstrusions such as the Uplift problem for farm tenants or the theology of the National Labor Relations Board than the average WPA worker, but there are few indications that such things interest him except as means of creating more personal henchmen. His normal conversation is devoted exclusively to political "poissonalities", organization "set-ups" in the sev-

eral-score thousand parochial divisions of the Republic, and, more rarely, to the executive details of Post Office Department management. The correspondence with which he wearies his stenographic brigade seldom rises above the rhetorical level of the "yours-of-the-18th-inst.-received" communications of the grocer complaining about the last canned-salmon shipment. Nor does he cultivate the statesmanly mien in externals any more than in thought or diction. In his lighter moments he is deliberately oafish. Frequently at his office, in the presence of distinguished strangers, he greets a familiar guest by squaring off in a boxing pose.

Finally, his public acts and utterances more often than not have been hailed by his fellow citizens as definitely ludicrous. They have laughed at the patronage abominations he has committed in the name of Civil Service improvement; at his below-the-belt tussles with the hot-eyed New Dealers over the staffing of the shiny new Uplift agencies; at his utilizing WPA, CCC, and some forty billion dollars' worth of taxpayers' eleemosynary expenditure to supply Tammany Hall's pattern of machine-organization with a continent-sized framework. They laughed

when he manufactured \$2,000,000 worth of deliberately-botched postage stamps for the benefit of his philatelically-inclined political cronies; when he defied a little legislation to stick to his three political posts of Postmaster-General and Chairman of the National and New York State Democratic Committees simultaneously; when he killed a few Army aviators to make the airmail safe for the Administration's friends in the mail-flying business; and when he threatened the Senators who opposed the President on the Supreme Court packing plan with political death by the approved Tammany gang-war methods. In fact, a nation of easy chortlers has been agreed for approximately five years running that while Jim, the Gum-Chewer, may be a slick and spectacular specimen of the spoils politician rampant, he is far too crude an exhibitionist in political corruption to get any farther than he's gone. But if any of these reflections have pierced Jim's 220 pounds of carefully tended rhinoceros hide, he is to be pardoned for taking them with a certain insouciance.

As far back as the Grassy Point playing fields, he learned the lesson that the snickering at Jim Farley's capacity to go places never won any betting money.

### III

The process began when Jim was a fast and disco-ordinately growing youngster in the late 1890's and his simian-length arms were trailing around at the ends of their orbits a pair of hands hefty as a finished coal-heaver's. "Get on to the hams!" his chaffinch-sized contemporaries would shrill at him when big Jim squatted on the ground for the annual Spring marbles tournaments. But the big hands packed phenomenal aim-accuracy and shooting power. Jim's collection of agates his last few years in grammar school made him a kind of Diamond Jim Brady of the younger set.

It was the same way with baseball. Jim got his six-feet-two of manly stature early, and when he flung the long arms up and leaped into the air after a fast one out first-base way, he looked plausibly like eleven-feet-seven. "Stretch", his companions nicknamed him for his extension facility while he was still in the sand-lot stage. Later, when he played on high school and semi-pro teams in the neighborhood, hosts in the Hudson Valley estate snuggeries used to bring their week-end guests to the games simply to give them the pleasure of seeing "Stretch" Farley make

himself larger than human. But Farley teams had the habit of winning most of the local pennants.

Not all, however, of young Master Farley's laughable traits had to do with his physical properties. Though born the son of a local brick-manufacturer in a pleasant white-pillared Grassy Point house overlooking the river, Jim definitely was not in a position to claim rank in the Hudson Valley social hierarchies, East or West side. So when as a young high-school boy about town, he began greeting the nabobs of the Grassy-Point-to-Haverstraw terrain by their first names at chance street meetings, it was a minor local scandal. But Jim's greetings were so manifestly free from the money, job-begging, or social-climbing touch that the crustier local aristocrats condescended to laugh off the impertinence and to feel that the attentions of "that friendly-as-a-pup Farley kid" somehow brightened their lives of lonely exclusiveness. Another group which laughed at young Jim was a set of local politicians to whom he confided, in a rare mood of adolescent dreaminess, that his lifelong ambition was to become a State Senator . . . yet some of those same politicians are taking orders today from Jim's subordinates.

All together, the snickers added Jim up into a considerable local personage. And besides the baseball fans, the local aristocrats, and the cracker-box politicians, other important groups were conscious of young Mr. Farley's slightly laughable merits. The Grassy Point day-labor proletariat knew him as the young husky who was crazy enough to take on for ninety-eight cents a day the machine-tending dog-watch from 3:30 to 11 A.M. in Morrissey's brickyard. The declining crew of Hudson River roustabouts knew him as the youngster who fed sugar and carrots to the old bay draught horse in Bannon Sutherland's shipyard, but who was after all the only "spare boy" in fifteen Summers who had ever been able to get any draught-work out of him. It was a decidedly potent list of acquaintances and of points of personal celebrity that Jim had behind him when, in the Summer of 1912, just after he had passed his twenty-fourth birthday, he decided to enter politics.

This was the celebrated occasion when Jim announced himself for the Stony Point town-clerkship. It prodigiously amused the voters not only because of Jim's gum-chewing proclivities and general reputation as a moderately eccentric town character, but also because



Jim announced as a Democrat. The Democrats had not held the Stony Point town-clerkship since the "swing away from Cleveland" in 1894, and things were not made any more promising by the fact that Jim, as a rising young gypsum salesman, was away on the road in Southern New York six days a week and couldn't even come home to talk with the voters.

But Candidate Farley proceeded to foil them all by discovering the United States postal system. For the sum of one cent, it suddenly dawned on him, the federal government would accept a postcard written by him in Troy or Albany and deliver it to a sovereign voter in Stony Point. Farley took instant advantage of this remarkable situation. He squandered pennies on postcards and dispatched them to everybody he knew in Stony Point, which was practically everybody *in* Stony Point. He simply sent greetings—a note about the weather in Schenectady, and a hope-this-finds-you-well-and-happy. But Stony Pointers were flattered by these small attentions. The cards from Jim were often the only pieces of mail they received all the year round. Sentences like "Got a card from Jim Farley yestiddy", and "Yeah, I heard from him last week in Yonkers", stimulated the

conversational life of the town. And in the ensuing election, Farley got all the postal-card vote, and whipped the Republican candidate hands-down.

With election, Jim graduated himself into the two-cent letter class. He wrote letters to every voter in Stony Point, giving thanks for valuable campaign support. (It didn't matter whether the voter actually had voted for him or not—he got a letter anyway.) Mr. Farley, in short, was building his first political machine, and besides utilizing Uncle Sam's postal system, he soon set about in his methodical, super-energetic way, building it on personal favors. If carrots and sugar had worked with the old bay horse, why not a few extra attentions for human constituents?

So Jim discovered the personally-delivered marriage license courtesy. From the beginning of time in Stony Point, couples contemplating marriage had been required to appear in the town clerk's office for a public declaration of intentions—and incidentally to run the gantlet of hall loafers and wisecrackers. Jim wiped out all this tradition of embarrassment by proceeding to deliver licenses to the applicants in their homes. He didn't, in fact,

even wait for them to become applicants. A young man with Jim's talents for picking up gossip naturally knew who was going with whom in a small community such as Stony Point, and whenever a romance was patently approaching the boiling point, he would make his proffer of service in a discreet chance encounter with one of the principals, with the formula: "Just say the word and I'll bring the license around to your house—or *her* house." There are folk-tales around Stony Point that occasional couples not of the marrying kind were frightened into wedlock by the Farley zeal to be helpful; but so far as is known, none of the victims ever bore the town clerk a political grudge for it. Farley, also, on the Sunday before hunting season opened, sold hunting licenses from door to door among the local sportsmen—a use of a town clerk's day off which they gratefully regarded as the height of bureaucratic altruism.

These and a good many similar strategies made it easy for Farley to be re-elected three times to the town-clerkship by consistently rising majorities, to take an earned promotion to the town-supervisorship, and go from there to the State Assembly. Indeed, he might have gone onward and upward toward

his boyhood goal of a State senatorship had he not undertaken one favor too many.

In the thick of Albany's 1923 Prohibition battle, Teetotaler Jim got it into his ingratiating head that his friend and political mentor, Alfred E. Smith, would appreciate it if Assemblyman Farley took his demand for a repeal of the Mullen-Gage Prohibition State Enforcement Act seriously, and that several million New York State voters would be grateful to the hero who would release their favorite speakeasies from the hardship of having to pay off the State enforcement officers. Accordingly, Jim wangled it so that he could cast the deciding vote in the Assembly for the repeal of the Mullen-Gage atrocity—and somewhat exhibitionally cast it.

But the next Autumn, unfortunately, Rockland County proved still as dry as a Georgia campmeeting and proceeded to slaughter its Wet folk-hero at the polls. Local opponents and jealous rivals laughed savagely at the tragedy; but as a matter of fact, Jim the Gum-Chewer's defeat threw him directly into the path of glory. For Al Smith proved grateful—not so much for the Mullen-Gage heroics as for certain words spoken to Charlie Murphy in 1922 about his

gubernatorial renomination — and named Mr. Farley to the \$5000-a-year sinecure of Warden of the Port of New York, and, a few months later, after some highly adroit negotiations, to the puissant State Boxing Commission.

They laughed in Madison Square Garden when the big hick from Grassy Point sat down to the desk of an official chaperon of fighters. But slowly over the next few years the laugh was to creep toward the other side of the face. With the New Deal dawn getting ready to break over the mountains, Jim, although he may not yet have guessed it, already was grounding himself in the New Age's type of Presidential virtues. A populace yearning to chisel a little in the way of coddling extra services out of government, and an inner ring of chiseling specialists hoping to fatten by their rulers' favors, could hardly have given a good once-over to the new Boxing Commissioner without realizing that he was almost ideally "their man".

#### IV

Commissioner Farley quickly became Chairman Farley. The metamorphosis was typical of the man's love for direct action. The late W. O. McGeehan's diagnosis was

that "they had to use chloroform to elect Mr. Farley". It was almost literally true. Commissioners Farley and Muldoon met one afternoon while Chairman Brower, the third member, was in a hospital having his throat x-rayed. Mr. Muldoon, an estimable sportsman in his day, had been rendered a trifle punch-drunk by eighty years of athletic living and a mild stroke or two. Also he had grown extremely fond of flattery. So by a vote of two to nothing, the Muldoon-Farley cabal gave Big Jim the chairmanship. When Mr. Brower later protested, Chairman Farley explained that the post was being rotated; and when Mr. Brower asked about it the next year, Chairman Farley explained that it was not being rotated. When he upped himself, by somewhat less Machiavellian methods, to the Democratic State chairmanship in 1930, Mr. Farley made polite suggestions about resigning. But actually he ran the Boxing Commission until February 28, 1933 — four days before taking the oath as Postmaster General of the United States.

During these years the boxing chairman amused the populace with a long series of what it rapidly came to recognize as typically Farley-esque raw ones. The Com-

mission defied a Supreme Court ruling against price-setting. It astonished ordinarily cynical people by ordering each boxer to buy at ten dollars apiece two pairs of trunks from the Ever-last Sporting Goods Company. It repealed the Marquis of Queensberry rules by announcing that in New York State, no blow was a foul. It confused the more innocent members of the betting population by changing regulations overnight. And it delighted Tammany Hall by its solicitous concern for heavyweights of Italian, German, and Negro extraction. A 100-per-cent American boxer from the West Coast quickly learned the disadvantages of life in a metropolis with no California Quarter to match its Harlem, Yorkville, and Little Italy. Under Chairman Farley's name, the New York *American* of January 8, 1931, published the statement: "If Schmeling had been an American, we would never have awarded him the championship on a foul."

But the big and continuous scandal had to do with Jim's largesse with complimentary tickets. It is true that horrified writers may have exaggerated the number of tickets he gave away. The Farley literature is full of libelous remarks that for one fight he gave away pasteboards worth between twenty

and thirty thousand dollars. Alva Johnston, checking the story, went to the official records for the *Saturday Evening Post* and emerged with a qualification which seems to be significant: the twenty-thirty thousand valuation could be reached only by an appraisal at speculators' prices. Thus the face-value of the Farley donations was something less than stated. It would be difficult, however, to exaggerate the importance of fight passes in the Farley climb to statesmanship. The law allowed him a minimum for each prizefight; but it was not illegal for a promoter to double, treble, or quadruple the specified number. The pugs were fighting here and there every night, and Farley shortly had more people under obligation to him than perhaps any man in the State. These almsmen did not actually convene and elect him secretary and then chairman of the Democratic State Committee, but neither did they protest either promotion. And although a continuous squawk arose from the lowlier breeds of voters who kept on through the years having to pay their way into prizefights, all the evidence is to the effect that Jim was a strictly discriminating Santa Claus. A man of less brawn would have broken under the strain of

handing out tons of tickets, while a man lacking in political instincts would have ruined himself by giving them to the wrong people.

Along with this political fly-casting, Jim proceeded to build himself up as a private citizen in a way becoming to a partner in the Tammany ring controlling State politics. During his Stony Point officeholding phase he had never entirely abandoned gypsum selling. Now, as Boxing Commissioner, he blossomed out as head of James A. Farley & Company, supplying contractors with lime, plaster, and cement. Later, by swallowing six less-favorably circumstanced rivals, it became the James A. Farley Holding Corporation. Today it enjoys a brisk business with contractors interested in State and federal construction programs, to say nothing of affording lucrative jobs to numerous Farley relatives and in-laws. People in the know laughed at the set-up's familiar crudity, but Jim was shortly making considerable money to re-invest in political advancement.

The method he chose stirred new snickers among his more refined contemporaries. Jim the Gum-Chewer, as the 'Twenties turned toward the 'Thirties, became Jim the professional Elk. He

deluged prominent Elks with free fight pasteboards from Dunkirk to Staten Island. No tri-county convocation of his order was too small for his attendance and no national convention too distant. He actually launched his management of the Roosevelt pre-nomination campaign at the 1931 Elks' convention in Seattle. By the time the 1932 free-for-all was in full swing, he was so well known to the backwoods populace as one of the brothers that rival camps often captiously asserted that F.D.R. must be running for Exalted Ruler.

But the dividends of all these forms of self-promotion rolled in on the due date. The chickens of ludicrously whimsical self-advertisement and contemptuously corrupt favoritism came to roost in the Chicago convention hall in the shape of delegates' allegiances. And Farley named his man.

Big Jim had earned those allegiances by eighteen months' of as intensive a brand of man-salesmanship as is recorded anywhere in American political annals. He had taken no important part in Mr. Roosevelt's nomination and election to the New York governorship in 1928, which was an Al Smith-arranged affair inspired by the candidate's manifest winsomeness on the hustings and the

“Happy Warrior” speeches with which he had nominated Smith for the Presidency at various Democratic national conventions. The Athletic Commissioner was a fairly inconspicuous third-string consultant in these high matters of statecraft and in Mr. Roosevelt’s actual triumph of 1928, no more than a first-string wheelhorse.

With his promotion to the Democratic State chairmanship in 1930, however, Jim moved instantly toward the center of the national picture. In Albany he became the Executive Mansion’s most buzzing confidant. He mastered the patter of the Roosevelt sales talk: that the man who could carry New York against the 1928 Hoover landslide and two years later roll up the biggest gubernatorial majority in history could carry Moscow against Stalin; that 3.37 out of every ten trans-Mississippi voters, by test-tube proof, would think they were voting for Teddy Roosevelt anyhow; that the Governor’s physical infirmities were negligible — which they obviously were from the standpoint of those who tried to keep up the work pace with him; that the Roosevelt saga offered the handsomest combination available of an appealing Dry record with a list toward conversion to dripping Wetness; that the

statesman who had fought and bled and risked political death-wounds for the sake of a Catholic’s elevation to the White House and was the official heir of a Catholic gubernatorial dynasty was also the answer to the Ku Kluxery’s prayer for a native white candidate of unblemished Protestant lineage; that Mr. Roosevelt had all the enchanting front of a progressive Reform governor plus a pixie-like devotion to such elegant and efficient practical spoilsmen as Mr. Farley himself. And so on, and so on.

Bearing these and a thousand similarly beguiling seductions in his mind, Big Jim in 1931 set out on his travels — a Peter the Hermit of practical politics. Beginning with the Seattle Elks’ convention, all but a handful of States heard the gypsum salesman’s arguments, and among all the thousands of Democratic statesmen who listened, none but a negligible handful heard any sides of the arguments but those they were interested in. To the job-seekers, Big Jim was a slicker thing in “all but” promisers than even the lamented Harry Daugherty; to the organization enthusiasts a peerless consultant on local problems; to the reformers a zealot for national purification orgies; while for would-be economic doctors to the

sick Republic, he learned to put on a pretty good advance New Deal medicine-show himself. To the Drys he was a humble votary of St. Aloysius, while for the Wets' benefit he could unroll a complete Tammany philosophy of live-and-let-live.

Eighteen months of more or less continuous travel paid dividends. In whatever form the local politicians liked it best, the gospel that Franklin Roosevelt was the most "electable" of all Democrats was relayed to the Republic's remotest hamlets. And the relaying was done by a teetotaling evangelist who looked more like a brother Elk than a politician, and who, to an almost incredible degree, allayed the hinterland's suspicions of Tammany by speaking good Haverstraw Middle Western in Nebraska and looking as blond and amiable as a Kleagle in Alabama. Furthermore, week in and week out, after the great man's visit had ended, the letters continued to roll in:

"That sure was a great evening we had together in the old Elks' club and it sure is fine to hear how you are taking hold of your local problems. Now, Bill, or Jack, or Ed, or Horatio — all we need to do now, as I see it, is to get the real boys out behind the Big Boss in

the primaries, and everything will be jake."

In the Spring of 1932, thousands upon thousands of vanity-stricken Americans were showing letters like this to the neighbors as evidence of how close they were to the man who was next to the Big Man, and of how much the man next to the Big Man cared. The Roosevelt 1932 boom, in short, was the world's most stupendous achievement in pooled pride in important contacts.

They laughed again when he sat down in the Cabinet. But the now definitely Honorable James Aloysius had made a President.

## V

The rest, since this after all is the account of a Boxing Commissioner's translation into a Presidential White Hope, may be interestingly viewed in the light of a preliminary bout.

In Jim's first term of office, the federal government created, in round numbers, 250,000 new employees for itself. Jim's elaborate triple-check patronage system by no means got a stranglehold on all of them. In fact, innocent Jim loves to turn the laugh on himself in a press conference when it develops that a new Emergency

agency has sprouted under his feet without his knowledge, or when some phenomenally virginal organization such as the TVA advertises for help in the technical journals. But he has control of enough of the new public servants so that Jim Farley's interests can count on friendly help from a federal officeholder in every precinct from Wake Island to Eastport.

Moreover, Big Jim will go down in history as the first patronage statesman who completely solved the postmaster problem. The nation's 45,000 appointive postmasters are, roughly speaking, the master local politicians of the continent; and early in his term of office Jim devised a plan for pre-empting every one of them. The law prescribes that a postmaster's appointment must go to one of the three high scorers in a civil service examination. Big Jim merely established the precedent, when the name that he wanted failed to appear on the list of eligibles, of calling for a second examination. When a second trial fails to lift the right man into the upper brackets, Mr. Farley now gives him an appointment as "acting" postmaster. Then after his man has been on the job for twelve or eighteen months, the Farley routine calls for a third examination — in which the "act-

ing" postmaster is given extra credit for his experience.

The Farley machine, in other words, has the Roosevelt reappointments, the lion's share of the Roosevelt new job appointments, and all the postmasters. As to the millions of New Deal voting-beneficiaries under the WPA and allied eleemosynary agencies, there is no evidence that Big Jim ever went to the Hon. Harry Hopkins with the suggestion: "How about you and I getting our gangs together and starting a little machine?" Big Jim hasn't needed to. By seeing to it that the Democratic Party was organized down to the last ward-heeler and precinct glad-hander in the forty-eight States and the District of Columbia, Jim has simply created a force as certain to bore from within among the WPA straw-bosses as hungry cats are to fish in garbage pails. The results of the 1936 election — as to whose outcome Big Jim was so peculiarly prescient — are proofs of how thoroughly this natural process accomplished itself and of how profoundly unnecessary is anything like a vulgar — and entangling — formal alliance with Mr. Hopkins.

There have been, to be sure, errors and even scandals along with these inflations of prestige and



power. But it is questionable if by juggling the airmail contracts and manufacturing perforationless stamps, Jim did not make more deathless friendships than deadly enemies for himself — if even the wounds of the Supreme Court struggle cannot be healed in due season by a statesman with a forgiving heart and history's epically biggest bloc of machine votes to trade with.

Considering all these interesting factors in the Republic's future, the time, not implausibly, has come to issue invitations to a preview of the Democratic National Convention of 1940. THE MERCURY herewith summons up a picture of its own victorious candidate.

In the Convention's amative center will be a small group of passionate mystics incurably devoted to the cause of a third term for Roosevelt. The Uneconomic Royalist, however, conscious of having welcomed too many hatreds to be safe in a free-for-all, and longing for a blissful apotheosis into a backroom boss and elder statesman, will be inclined to kiss off his zealots rather than to risk it. The third-termers, therefore, while they will make some of the most lyrical emotional noises ever recorded by sound apparatus, eventually will get their orders from

headquarters to take the count. They will be at liberty to go on converting their hero into a cult god as the late Wilson is worshipped in League of Nations study clubs, but not (if the forces which feel themselves let down by him know it) to make him America's first life-term President.

Next in order — of social precedence at any rate — will be the candidacy of Governor George H. Earle of Pennsylvania: Labor's friend — or whatever pressure-bloc's friend it seems advantageous for a rich young man shopping for a Presidency to be during the month of June, 1940. There will be more blurbs, banners, tin-pan alley abominations, demonstrational decibels, and mysterious cash reserves behind the Earle boom than any other. But in the long run too many factional chiefs will detest the Philadelphia Playboy because of the friends he has made, and the balloting will filter him down into a fairly gilt-edge Vice Presidential possibility.

Almost as much noise will stem from the Bourbon wing of the Party — the Confederate and big-business individualists whose passion for autocracy has been fired to a dotting lust by eight years of New Deal servitude. Its candidate, however, will hardly be a fire-eating

libertarian from one of the less reconstructed Cotton or New England States, but a statesman — like Senator Wheeler of Montana, for instance — who can be glamorously billed as “A Fighting Western Radical”, with all the temperamental inhibitions of a twentieth-century Jeffersonian fundamentalist. The Bourbons, however, like all other brands of Democrats, have a vested interest in the fruits of election victories and will hesitate before naming their man at the price of a purge which would leave the Party in November without the crucial support of the WPA workers and New Dealers. They will probably hesitate so long and trade so subtly in the back-stage proceedings that they will never name him at all.

The Left-wing New Dealers will also offer several feverish brands of political heat lightning and a candidate who may be an expert juggler of Leftist ideas like Maury Maverick, a true Marxian theologian like Comrade Browder, or, for aught we know, a homespun Economic Royalist of the People's Front like Comrade Baron Tugwell of the Duchy of Molasses. In any case, between the drumfire of the Bourbons and the seductions of Governor Earle's synthetic Radicalism, the Left-wingers are due to

die on the barricades a good many hours before the dog-watch.

The minor candidacies will be rich in piquancy but not dangerous. There will be the usual cluster of favorite sons, and Senator McAdoo will present whichever Los Angeles County Commissioner becomes California's Democratic Governor in 1938, for trading purposes only. The apoplectic groups of home-grown *Fascisti* sponsored by the Reverend Gerald Lyman Kenneth Smith of Louisiana and Representative Cox of Georgia will snarl rival declarations at each other in favor of old-time religion, the immaculacy of Southern womanhood, and three-dollar-a-week millhands.

Mr. John L. Lewis will disappoint his many friends of the current moment by not being entered in the lists. By 1940 he will either be so much more than a President that he will be laying lines from the Throne Room in Alexandria toward founding an imperial dynasty, or so much less than a Presidential possibility that even the Socialist-Labor Party won't have him. The Administration, however, will have its nominal candidate — Secretary Wallace or La Madame Perkins, it makes slight difference which — whose chief function will be to hold a bloc

of patronage delegates together until the time comes for all the big cats to jump in unison.

That high, historic moment seems predestined to arrive about the seventh inning. Suddenly, New York, Illinois, a New England State or two, a small cluster of the more easily purchasable cow commonwealths — after all, it won't do to look too "Eastern" — and no doubt a spokesman such as Virginia for the more respectable roster of the late Confederacy, will switch their votes to that prince of ward-heeling erudition and gum-chewing camaraderie — the Honorable James Aloysius Farley.

On the eighth ballot, Prendergast-land beyond the Mississippi will swing into line along with the rest of the East from Vermont to Maryland. Before the ninth ballot, hosts of Earle-ites, Bourbons, and even Left-wingers will have decided, tallying up memories of back-stage favors in mad aisle-conferences, that Jim is their second-best friend, and there will be even more significant defections. Meanwhile, Senator McAdoo,

Vice-President Garner, and Joe Guffey will be on their way to the hotel suites where prices can be arranged for delivering California, Texas, and Pennsylvania. After a slight delay, prices will be agreed upon, and the tenth will make it unanimous.

Sunny Jim will thereupon dash out of a deluxe back room somewhere, deposit three sticks of his five-stick gum wad beneath a taxicab seat, shove the remaining two-fifths into the muscle-bound cheek hollow above his strong, white, back teeth, flash an expert Elk's smile on the delirious multitudes, and proceed according to twentieth-century Democratic precedent to deliver his impromptu speech of acceptance. If his characteristic modesty and sense of humor stay with him in his hour of supreme victory, the first line of his oration will furnish his schism-haunted Party with the winning campaign slogan:

"They laughed," Jim can truthfully yodel, "when I said I could play the White House piano. But, oh, boy, just look at me now!"



## THE UNITED AFFRONT

BY ERNEST BOYD

KARL MARX said, let there be Hate; and there was Hate. And Marx saw the Hate, that it was good. Thus, in paraphrase, might the first chapter of the modern totalitarian *Genesis* begin. In these days, when terrified Marxists are crawling behind the skirts of democratic governments in the hope of preserving their forces for the future destruction of the principles that may save them; when Fascists, Hitlerites, and every conceivable type of organized fanaticism make their appeal to free-thinking individuals in the name of ideals which all of them have repudiated; when artists and intellectuals are being regimented in support of their deadliest enemies; it is essential to know the unholy scripture of totalitarianism in all its forms. Their own words, not those of hostile critics, are sufficient to show that all dogmatic bullies speak the same language and are spawned out of the reciprocal hatreds which their common intolerance engenders.

When Mr. Heywood Broun re-

cently exclaimed: "I am getting a little sick of the *Nation's* policy of fair play", he frankly expressed that nostalgia for intolerance which haunts the minds of those who still thrive in free-thinking communities. The very notion of free speech and fair play is alien to those who so continuously invoke such principles when, by so doing, they think they can save their own skins. They offer us the United Affront of transparently hypocritical professions of faith in what they do not believe; they degrade our ideals and insult our intelligence by the impudent and cowardly opportunism of the so-called "United Front". There is more "front" than unity in their tactics, for the only thing upon which they are united, and to which they have eloquently testified, is their scurrilous abuse of every personality and every party opposed to them, for whose cooperation, nevertheless, they now whine.

In order to appreciate this contemporary Hymn of Hate, one cannot do better than to begin with

the words of the great, infallible panjandrum himself. In the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* of May 19, 1849, Karl Marx thus presented his compliments to the accursed bourgeoisie, thereby setting a perfect model for future persuasive Communist propaganda: "We are ruthless and want no consideration from you. When our turn comes, revolutionary terrorism will not be sugar-coated. . . . There is but one way of simplifying, shortening, concentrating the death agony of the old society as well as the bloody labor of the new world's birth—revolutionary Terror." It is true, the hapless prophet was somewhat peeved that year because, in the Communist Manifesto of 1848, he had committed himself to the rash statement that the "bourgeois revolution in Germany will be but the prelude to an immediately following proletarian revolution". With the subsequent history of Germany before us, we can almost hear the snickers of Goering, Goebbels, and even the *Führer* himself.

A year later, still daydreaming about the impending revolution, the *Ur-Union Square* soapboxer again painted his dreams in the usual glowing and ingratiating colors: "The revolutionary excitement shall not subside immediately after the victory is won. On

the contrary, this excitement must be kept up as long as possible. Far from stopping so-called excesses, examples of popular vengeance upon hated individuals and public buildings, with which bitter memories are associated, one must not only tolerate these examples but lead and conduct them." That is the original text which the Union Square Comrades have reduced to the simple and familiar formula: "Comes the revolution. . . ." The disciples of the author of these noble sentiments seem curiously disturbed when Brown Shirts, castor-oil administrators, or company guards wreak vengeance on "hated individuals and public buildings". As the friend of Marx and Engels, Ludwig Feuerbach, sagely remarked: "All religions are rationalistic in their attitude toward each other, but as far as they themselves are concerned they are blind. For themselves they make an exception form a universal rule, but in others they dispute what in themselves they never question."

It is illuminating, indeed, to observe the real United Front—the unity in hate of the totalitarians. Before his days of usefulness were abruptly closed, Tovarich Bukharin joined hands with Hitler's Alfred Rosenberg, that Baltic gen-

tleman with the deplorably non-Aryan German name. Herr Rosenberg is the neo-pagan who, in his *Myth of the Twentieth Century*, described the Pope as the "medicine man" of Europe, deplored the corruption of German Aryanism by Christianity, and welcomed the swastika as a finer symbol than the Cross, which was merely a "Roman gibbet" symbolizing mercy—that quality most abhorrent to the Nazi mind. Not to be outdone by a damned atheistic National Socialist, on March 30, 1934, Bukharin fulminated in the *Pravda*: "This victory will be preceded . . . by universal class hatred toward capitalism. That is why Christian love, applied to everyone, including the enemy, is the worst adversary of Communism." One may pardon the inevitable and incurable Russian credulity of this flattering interpretation of the practical workings of the Christian religion, in order to record the fact that, if it were true, the Communists would not like it.

For that matter, neither would the Fascists. Speaking to the students at the University of Padua, Professor Bodrero thus exhorted them: "There is one virtue which should stimulate you, which should be the flame of your youth, and the name of this virtue is hate."

These lofty sentiments are echoed by Scorza, chief of the *Gioventù Fascista*: "Yes, gentlemen, hate your enemies and love your friends intensely. Not to hate, or—what is worse—to love one's enemies, is a form of cowardice incompatible with any principle which aims at lasting and serious conquest."

All the dogmatists confront each other, filled with deep hostility; when they can safely do so they execute, pogromize, persecute, exile, and oppress those who dare to differ, but all the time they vociferously proclaim to the world the excellence of their intentions, the nobility of their purposes, and try to enlist the sympathy of such onlookers as they do not yet dare to bludgeon into surrender to their various and antagonistic fanaticisms. In a world half-mad with fear and hatred, in which all intellectual, spiritual, and esthetic values are being destroyed, our ears are deafened by the discordant cries and irreconcilable claims of sects, parties, races, and nations, whose zealots and their cowed devotees profess to be in possession of absolute Truth and Justice and demand that the world recognize the special superiority thereby conferred upon them. Presumably these appeals are addressed to the jury of impartial world opinion;

but at the faintest sign of objective impartiality, the pleading spokesmen throw off their pretense of reasonableness and shower blustering abuse upon those whose favor they have been trying to curry.

## II

When Trotsky fled to Norway from the Soviet champions of liberty, the Comrades in Moscow were incensed at the presumption of this democratic country in exercising the immemorial privilege of extending the right of asylum, which has always been the mark of free governments. The USSR exerted its power to compel the Norwegian Government to expel Lenin's best friend and Stalin's severest critic, who finally landed in Mexico. Then was staged, amidst the plaudits of one section of America's intellectually unemployed, a commission of inquiry to vindicate this avowed fomentor of international disorder, whose mission it is to destroy the very forms of government under which he enjoys immunity from the despotism which he himself did so much to set up. On occasion, victims of gross miscarriages of justice have aroused the active sympathy of the civilized world, but it is as difficult to envisage Trotsky in this role as

to shed tears over the gangster who has been wiped out by his pals. Let Marxian dog eat dog, since neither party to the dispute has the slightest claim on the assistance of those whose merciless enemies they are. "Trotskyism" is now a convenient bogey with which to terrorize the Russian masses and is as good a pretext as any other for the execution, imprisonment, or exile of unwanted "Comrades".

In other countries, however, this latest Marxian bugaboo takes on a less academic interest: Spain, for instance. There the affront of the United Front may be seen in all its brazen pretentiousness. From the very beginning of the Spanish struggle, Left-wingers of every vintage have been exhorted to forget all other differences in order to support the cause of parliamentary democracy in one of its last possible strongholds in Western Europe. Just as Moscow, in the years immediately following the World War, sabotaged a similar cause in Germany, on the asinine ground that a Communist régime would immediately follow (thereby establishing Hitlerism), so a species of Stalinite-Trotskyite schism amongst the extreme Leftists has deadlocked the various Radical factions in Spain, leaving the alleged cause of democracy to the

tender mercy of Hitlerites and Fascists from without, and Socialists, Communists, and Anarchists from within. As always, the United Front is a betrayal and mockery of the lofty principles and the resounding sentiments invoked to enlist unwary Liberals.

The ceaseless blaring of the contending despotisms, bent upon disrupting a civilization to which, as in the case of Russia, they do not belong, or from which, as in the case of Italy and Germany, they have deliberately cut themselves off, almost silences the voice of reason. All rational discussion of public issues becomes increasingly rare — fists, rubber hose, machine guns, and bombs being the preferred substitutes. Woe to the nation that attempts to mediate or think constructively, rather than in terms of Utopia, when practical problems arise. Apparently the clenched fist of Bolshevism, hostile and threatening, is the fitting symbol of the mood which infects the world today.

That the free governments must deal as best they can with the existing despotisms is inevitable in the very nature of things. But what purpose is served by the intellectuals who so eagerly join in the United Affront? In the report of the first American Writers' Con-

gress, Mr. Waldo Frank calmly declared that "we are held together by common devotion to the need of building a new world from which the evils endangering mankind will have been uprooted, and in which the foundations will live for the creating of a universal human culture". Just that, if you please! No more and no less. Our Stalinized and Trotskyfied messiahs of Marxism have the audacity to attempt to rally the intelligentsia to the support of a system whose effects in Russia are thus described by the pro-Communist André Gide: "I suspect that in no country in the world today, unless in Hitler's Germany, is the mind less free, more bowed, more terrorized, more enslaved." One would think that it is precisely the role of the intellectuals to expose and combat the conditions which Gide had the honesty to admit, once he saw them. But that is so far from being the case that they actually conspire to betray that integrity of mind and spirit which was once considered the essential characteristic of the true thinker.

### III

Some social institutions are favorable to the growth of the mind, others degrade it. Intellectual



values cannot, are not, and never have been produced by the State, nor are they necessarily at its service, despite the notions to the contrary fallaciously held in the dictatorship countries. To identify the intellectuals with the proletariat is voluntarily to reduce them to the mob-status of the victims of totalitarianism. This is all the more inexcusable in the intellectual whose duty is to resist falsehood and to assert the rights of free speech and free thought. People threatened by hunger, poverty, degradation, or death may be pardoned for falling into the nearest ideological trap, but it is outrageous for those more fortunately situated, who are by definition spokesmen for the world of ideas, to subordinate their natural activities of thought and reflection to the spreading of a myth — the myth of the masses as the be-all and end-all of modern civilization. This surrender is prompted, not necessarily by any profound belief in the ideas of Marx, but by the feeling that the masses are either weak and oppressed or the source of all revolutionary strength. Whether the reason be sentimental or pragmatic, no intelligence is involved. Surrender to weakness as such, or to force as such, is simply a form of mental cowardice.

The principal distinction of the

thinking man, as contrasted with the man of action, is that his ideas are not restricted by considerations of human welfare nor bound to serve directly any social purpose. It is essential that the mind shall be protected from the pressure of official dogmas, disciplines, and ready-made ideologies. The mind must not be blinded, otherwise it ceases to function; it must not be regimented to any purpose, however ideal or desirable, for without the free play of ideas no social order can intellectually survive. Writers today are summoned to adhere to a cause or a party, to rally to slogans as meaningless as we now know *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity* to have been. They seem in many cases to be afraid to use their own brains: they take refuge in action to escape from the mind. Instead of dominating movements, they are willingly dominated by them. They do not even exercise their right to independent research into the ways and means of effecting social reforms, but swallow wholesale the ideas held by one particular class as to such reforms. It then becomes easy for them to believe that liberty consists in compelling all to think alike.

The intrusion of the intellectuals into fields of activity alien to themselves and to the part which they

are designed to play in a well-balanced civilization was bound to land them in strange dilemmas. The price of their betrayal is measured by the general confusion and bedevilment of all issues, the incessant appeal to mob-feeling and mass-action, and the increasing abdication of all reason. Those who become fired with a desire to serve what they conceive to be the interests of humanity promptly surrender the only position which differentiates the man of ideas from the political partisan. They commit themselves in advance to a political and economic program, and then denounce all who differ from them as inhuman supporters of tyranny and oppression. They cannot admit that one may be deeply concerned about the same issues as they are, yet reach the conclusion that theirs is not the only solution, or not any solution at all. Hence the naïve indignation of the Left-wingers when their propaganda produces the exact opposite of the results which they anticipated. The obvious evidence in contemporary Europe is that Communist agitation in advanced industrial communities — advanced, that is to say, when compared with Russia — invariably leads to Fascism. In other words, totalitarianism expresses itself in forms other

than Marxism, but it is always in practice the mere exploitation of mob ignorance and mob emotion, and is therefore the last thing which any intellectual should be expected to support. If certain groups of the intelligentsia, however, wish to sign the death warrant of the kind of society whose defense is their birthright and the very reason for their existence, then let the Marxians understand that there are several ways besides their own of committing intellectual suicide.

Contrary to the assumption of the Communists, revolution is not a monopoly of the Left. In fact, beginning with the American Revolution, it can be demonstrated that the middle class has achieved the most successful revolutions, and that Right-wing revolutionaries in Europe today are spreading. Soviet Russia is aware of this fact, which has not yet penetrated to the American Comrades, and is trimming her sails accordingly. There is a prophet greater than Marx, and Nietzsche is his name; thus the creed of the Right-wing revolutionaries might well be described as Nietzscheanism-for-hooligans. Nietzsche's contempt for mob leaders and their dupes was notorious; his concern for the development of superior individu-

als was the keystone of his philosophy; but he made the breaches in the doctrines of democracy and Socialism which opened the way for the anti-Communist dictatorships. His ideas have been "democratized"; that is, vulgarized out of all recognition, until we get such a travesty of Nietzsche as only an ex-housepainter or an ex-Socialist bravo could devise. In theory, at least, the Fascist leaders appeal to the masses for heroism, self-sacrifice, and death; glory, not loot, is to be the reward for disinterested service to the nation. Crowds can be swayed by two kinds of technique. The Marxians try one, their opponents the other. In the former case, the dreams of humanitarian Liberalism are butchered to make a proletarian holiday; in the latter, the aristocratic and individualistic teachings of Nietzsche are degraded to the level of anonymous, goose-stepping automatons. The mass-interpretation for mass-consumption of the finely-shaded doctrines of subtle thinkers inevitably results in such distortion.

Once upon a time the intellectuals were content to leave to party leaders and dogmatists the dubious honor of travestyng intellectual and esthetic values in order to capture sectarian support. Now they are eager and ready to play this

part themselves or to connive at the treason which this abdication of the intellect involves. Because capitalism has defects, those who do not advocate its overthrow are supposed to be the merciless or corrupt defenders of its worst features. Because art and literature are often commercialized and are rarely entirely free under capitalism, we are asked to surrender body and soul to tyrannies which openly and proudly deny to their citizens such freedom as we possess. No totalitarian bread is to be our reward for surrendering the capitalist half-loaf. In a world as complex and troubled as it is today, the necessity for the exercise of reason, for objective thinking, for the maintenance of traditions and standards which civilization has been slowly evolving since the Renaissance, must be obvious to every educated mind. Now, if ever, the intelligentsia should justify its existence.

The intellectuals, however, are in full flight from reason; they are afraid to think; they ask for action. Instead of directing movements and ideas by the exercise of the indirect power which has always been the peculiarity of creative minds, they ask only for the Party Line, the panacea to which they can blindly subscribe. Such is the

new barbarism of our time, the barbarism which defines revolution as the chief end of thinking and estimates all thought by the extent to which it promises, helps, or otherwise serves the purposes of revolution.

Thus we are invited, not by ignorant obscurantists or illiterates, but by persons who are presumed to be the representative spokesmen of the educated classes, to believe that all values must be destroyed or transvalued, that the whole structure of our Western civilization must be torn down, in or-

der that one problem—the economic—may be solved, that one class—the proletariat—may be benefited.

That is the United Affront which Marxism offers to those Liberal intellectuals who have been bamboozled into the idea that a united front is their only salvation. This monstrous simplification of the contemporary situation happens, by a strange coincidence, to suit the purposes of all totalitarians. Which is hardly the highest recommendation to those of us who are still free.



## MIDNIGHT SONG

BY LOUISE McNEILL

CLOSE, weary eyes . . . the unread page will wait.  
 (White herons wade a deep and moveless stream.)  
 Close, twisted lips . . . the lips that you berate  
 Are bound beneath the ether-gauze of dream.

Dull, mind, your arrows without mark.  
 Think of leaves falling from a moon-strung bough.  
 Attend no longer, ears, the close-tongued dark.  
 The bells of huddled flocks will reach you now.

Rest, rest, Oh, Day-Possessed . . . fumble no more,  
 Hands, since a woman's toil is never done,  
 Rest, rest, Oh, Weariest . . . lie on a shore  
 Where tilted orchid-bowls scatter the sun.

## THE CRIME OF BEING A WITNESS

By J. L. BROWN

ONE of the most bizarre twists to the fight on crime in the United States is the havoc created among innocent bystanders. Thumb through the statute laws of any State, and you will find listed no such criminal offense as "material witness". Yet annually, thousands of supposedly free Americans are harassed, jailed, or required to furnish bail for the heinous crime of having been present—or being suspected of having been present—during the commission of a felony. Of course, the police can't always lay hands upon the actual culprit; but it is a distinctly indifferent bunch of coppers who can't round up from one to a dozen witnesses. In fact, to the average gendarme, *witness* has taken on a meaning synonymous with *suspect*, with the result that the public, to say nothing of the newspapers, can no longer distinguish between the two.

Police investigation of felonies is uniform and simple. Receiving news of the commission of a crime, guardians of the law sur-

round the particular premises, block, or the entire neighborhood, depending upon the seriousness of the offense. Thereafter, freedom of movement on the part of the citizenry is suspended until the Chief, the Public Prosecutor, and likely the Mayor arrive on the scene. In due time—varying with the scope of the dragnet cast—a hapless assemblage is brought forward and subjected to searching interrogation, insults, browbeating, and similar methods suggestive of the third degree. Meanwhile, the culprit has likely absconded.

The innocent bystanders are soon hustled off to headquarters where they are obliged to wade through a depressing collection of Rogues' Gallery prints. After as much unpleasantness as possible, the majority of innocents, displaying only the vaguest knowledge of the crime, are dismissed. The foolish talkers, however, may be clapped into the bastille. A typical instance of current police activities is contained in the following

newspaper dispatch, filed from a Mid-Western crime center:

Gang warfare flared anew here today. Jerry Arnold, reputed "Sugar King", was killed by a fusillade of shots as he entered the driveway of his garage. The police arrived on the scene within twenty minutes and immediately surrounded the neighborhood, taking into custody a score of witnesses.

Donald and Richard Marsh, brothers, who run a gas station near the victim's home, were held without bail for further examination. The police allege that they are material witnesses, the brothers having been compelled to flatten themselves on the pavement to prevent being struck by the bandits' bullets.

I have not been able to follow the fortunes of the Marsh brothers, but it does seem that they got a bad break. And it is a safe wager that they will spend more time in jail than the actual killers.

Here is another newspaper dispatch, this one from the East:

#### FIVE HELD IN SLAYING OF N. J. AUTO DEALER

Hackensack, N. J.—Five men were being held as material witnesses today in the shooting of Frank Plano on Friday night in his automobile showroom. Police announced that they expected to take a sixth man into custody soon.

The paper carried a front-page picture labeled: **KEY WITNESS IN MURDER CASE.** The luckless bystander was held on either side by a burly detective, whose clutch

might have served for a Dillinger. Below the photograph was this caption:

Raymond Shane, 27-year-old salesman, is being held as a material witness in the slaying of Frank Plano. Shane, an employee in Plano's showroom, was believed to be the only person there in addition to the slayers when his employer was shot down.

Nine of ten people who read that paper must have been convinced that Shane was the killer.

But the *pièce de résistance* was recently presented by Gotham's celebrated homicide-hunters. The *World-Telegram* reported as follows on how the police, in their fervor to nab innocent bystanders, stop at nothing:

Two boys, one thirteen and the other fourteen, have been held as material witnesses for more than thirteen months because they happened to be playing handball near the scene of a hold-up murder. Another boy, twelve, was held eleven months before the mother was able to convince authorities that her son was not a witness.

The three were placed in the custody of the Children's Society by court order on August 29, 1935, twelve days after Salvatore Benedetto was shot down by one of five bandits when he resisted them in a hold-up in front of his father's paper-stock plant at 518 Water Street. They were committed in General Sessions Court after spokesmen for the District Attorney's Office requested the action "in the interest of justice". Assistant District Attorney Miles

O'Brien, in charge of the Homicide Division, said, "naturally it is hard to keep these boys from their families but it is for their own good".

Mrs. Caruso, one of the mothers, was exceptionally bitter about the whole matter. She said she had suffered severely because they had taken her oldest boy, Paul, from her. "My boy Paulie," she said, "was sitting in the flat eating his peppers when he heard the shooting. He ran downstairs to see what was happening. So they took him away and told him to say that he saw those men shoot poor Benedetto. But he didn't. They kept him eleven months. My baby girl was born and she was sickly because I was running all over town trying to get my boy back. The baby died when she was eight months old, just last week. It was all because they took my boy away."

## II

According to a recent report of the federal Bureau of the Census, the annual harvest of homicides in the United States runs to about 13,000 head. Of the killers, only one of four is incarcerated, the average sentence being five years. There are no equivalent records kept of the fate of material witnesses, but unquestionably vast numbers of the latter are rounded up regularly and juggled for varying periods of time. It is even likely that the aggregate amount of time served by witnesses exceeds that exacted from murderers, for in this connection it must

be observed that homicide is only one in the extensive repertory of crimes. Material witnesses have a way of becoming enmeshed in such sidelines as burglary, arson, mayhem, and assault, to mention a few.

Particularly woeful these days may be the tale of the carefree citizen who happens to be walking the dog at the precise moment when a kidnaping is staged nearby. Buffeted between State and federal minions of the law, he will be fortunate if he doesn't wind up in a dungeon. At best, he will be freed only under proper guarantees, and his waking and sleeping hours henceforth will be at the command of tireless sleuths. He will be harassed with silly questions, concerning the color of the culprit's eyes, or the shape of his hat, and if he flunks any of the answers, the police will put him down as an imbecile. Even worse: they may accuse him of the crime. Furthermore, witnesses receive no special consideration, and are confined in the county jail like any felon. What this means may be gathered from a recent report of federal inspectors. Not one of the 3000 county jails in the United States approaches government standards; many are dens reminiscent of the Middle Ages. In these

nightmarish places, where vermin crawl, rats scurry, spiders weave their webs, and sanitary equipment is lacking, people innocent of any crime whatever are housed side by side with other prisoners, many of them diseased or insane. And when the case is called in court, the witness is likely to take more of a verbal lashing from the defense attorney than the accused will suffer at the hands of the prosecutor.

In the light of this very realistic situation, it is thus in no one's mouth to intone smugly, "do right and fear no man". An attorney friend recently related to me a case which jarred even his hardened sensibilities. He represented a man who was charged with highway robbery, and in the usual manner, secured his release on bail. The matter was not reached for trial until six months later, when the complaining witness was produced in court, seedy in appearance and marked by unmistakable prison pallor. Cross examination elicited that he had been locked up all that time because he was unable to furnish bond. The accused, who had continued to walk the streets a free man, received a suspended sentence.

The experiences of a key wit-

ness may vary, but are always sufficiently soul-searing. Thus, in the notorious Drukman murder case in Brooklyn, the sanity of a police detective, with a long and honorable career, was questioned in court and in a thousand newspapers. In the Gedeon triple-murder case, the aged father of the slain girl, though admittedly innocent of any crime, suffered the third-degree tortures of the damned. The State witnesses in the Luciano racket trial were compelled to scatter for fear of their lives; in Trenton, a girl witness to a slaying required constant guarding to insure her safety; and one hapless bystander reported to the New York police that after he had testified in Night Court, he was knocked down and beaten by three men.

The fact is, that under the strange code of today, it may be safer to be suspected of having committed a crime than to be suspected of having witnessed it. In the first instance, the accused suddenly becomes invested with all the immunities of Magna Charta; in the second, all rules are off, and anything goes. A single example, the Redwood murder case in New Jersey, in which Samuel Rosoff, millionaire New York subway builder was involved, il-



lustrates the singular manner in which the scales of justice are tipped. Rosoff was under suspicion in connection with the crime, but continued about his business undisturbed; Max Friedman, however, suspected of knowing something about the matter, was clapped into jail under \$50,000 bond. The New Jersey prosecutor admitted that he had nothing on Friedman, but was holding him until he got Rosoff across the Hudson River. The long arm of the law, it will be noted, reached no further than the witness. Friedman naturally was caustic in his comment. "I went over as a witness," he said, "and they put me in jail. That's a fine way to treat a witness."

It would have been more correct, however, if he had observed that it was a proper and apparently legal way to treat a witness. And the situation is growing worse. Under the Code of Crimi-

nal Procedure in New York, for instance, the District Attorney may cause a person who is a "necessary material witness" to be arrested and kept in jail, without even the necessity of showing that he would not obey a subpoena to appear; and by a law recently approved, witnesses may be served by publication, and their property forfeited upon non-appearance. Thus is *homo sapiens* caught between the upper and nether stones of police vindictiveness and gang vengeance.

Certainly it is a fair question to ask whether it is cricket to do these things to mere innocent bystanders, while annually 9500 murderers, to mention only the more prominent lawbreakers, thumb their noses at society. Would it not be simple justice, for example, if some of the tender solicitude of the law for the rights of accused were saved to cool the fevered brows of witnesses?



## FLOYD COLLINS IN THE SAND CAVE

BY OLAND D. RUSSELL

**G**REEN RIVER washes down through the fern leaves and limestone beds of central Kentucky. Properly harnessed and rectified by loving hands, it produces a lip-smacking whisky — natives say it's the flavor of Green River that makes such good Bourbon. Unharnessed, it percolates down seams and fractures of the limestone deposit and carves out huge subterranean caverns.

It has been doing the latter since the Miocene period, with some remarkable results. In 1809, a hunter chased a b'ar into a hole in a limestone bluff, lost the b'ar, and found Mammoth Cave. In succeeding years there were many similar discoveries, giving rise to bucolic tales and legends of the region. A plow-hauling mule bogs down in a groundhog hole and opens the way to new underground delights. Long-eared hounds following scents have been known to yelp from deep recesses, their echoes revealing great subterranean chambers. As the tourists poured in to see Mammoth Cave, the hard-rock

farmers of roundabout made farming a sideline and took up cave-hunting, cave-exploring, and guiding. By ear, and by the light of lard torches, they mastered such words as stalactites, stalagmites, crystalline forms, and onyx, and took to escorting trembling schoolteachers through new Plutonian worlds. In the off-season, they hunted more caves on their land, built primitive turnstiles, and hung up grossly misspelled signs.

The Collins family of Edmonson County were of the cave-farming gentry. Indigenous Irish, money-grubbing, and no lazier than the other muck-scrabblers of the region, they rooted their way into every hole they could find, always on the search for new caves. They were Lee, the father, and his three sons, Homer, Floyd, and Marshall. The promising member of the family, from a professional standpoint, was Floyd. In 1922, Floyd was thirty-two years old, of medium stature, strong and agile, and of dark, aquiline features. He was unmarried, had no interest in girls,

and "minded his own business", a desirable local virtue. His close-set eyes revealed a certain shrewdness, but otherwise he was just another farm-and-cave boy who wouldn't have drawn a second glance from an outside visitor.

Prowling about his father's farm in 1922 he tumbled into a brush-covered hole. At the bottom was neither a white rabbit nor magic marmalade, but a passage that led him to a spacious cavern. His discovery became Crystal Cave, a minor rival of nearby Mammoth. The Collinses posted signs, and many of the thousands who became cave devotees on their one visit to Mammoth were attracted to Crystal Cave. It was a profitable find for the family.

During his explorations of the new cave, Floyd on one occasion was lost for forty-eight hours when his torch went out, but from long experience he was able to grope his way to the surface with no dire effects. This feat, together with his discovery, established his reputation as a cave expert. Others of the family were content to be guides and barkers for their cavern while Floyd was launched on a higher career.

With the instinct of a professional, Floyd then essayed a major opus. Some years before, a

new entrance to Mammoth Cave had been discovered and the home-talent geologists of the vicinity were convinced other openings existed. From his knowledge of the terrain, Floyd concluded that the most likely spot would be somewhere on the Estes farm that lay on the same ridge section as did the entrance to Mammoth. Also on the Estes farm, he had heard, was a sandhole that gave promise. Floyd broached the matter to the Estes family and they reached an agreement that Floyd would do the exploring for a half-interest in anything he found.

In January, 1925, Floyd packed his few belongings and moved to the Estes farmhouse which was to be his headquarters. He set to work in a grim, business-like way. He would rise at 5 o'clock each morning, breakfast with the Estes family, and tramp off alone to the sandhole.

On Friday morning, January 30, he rose at his accustomed time and dressed, pulling on high-laced boots. (If he had worn moccasins as he sometimes did when going into caves, he might be alive today.) He followed his usual path across a field which left off abruptly at the farther end into a ravine. The sides of the ravine were limestone. Floyd scrambled down to his almost-

obscured sandhole near the bottom. Lighting his torch and holding it above the slime and ooze at the entrance he crawled into the hole. He never came out.

The next morning the Estes family spoke casually of the missing Floyd. He was probably lost again, they agreed, but hadn't he always turned up before? Jewell Estes, sixteen-year-old son, more out of curiosity than anything else, wandered down to the sandhole that morning, peered in, and yelled "Hey, Floyd!" He thought he heard an answer and crawled in farther. Then he heard Collins far below, who shouted up that he had been trapped by a rockslide since about 10 o'clock the day before. Floyd thought he would need his brother, Homer, to get out. The boy scrambled back and ran for help.

A few hours later, Homer Collins with a lantern made his way down the tortuous passage and was the first to reach Floyd's side, about sixty-five feet below ground but fully 150 feet from the entrance, so winding and looping was the course. Floyd was half reclining, face slightly upward, at the bottom of a hairpin turn in the hole. He was so tightly wedged he could not move hands or feet and could turn his head only slightly.

Below him a boulder had fallen on one foot which he could not extract from his laced boot. He told Homer his leg was numb, the pain gone, but the constant drip of water on his head and face had driven him almost mad. Homer went up for food and gunnysacks. When he returned he fed Floyd and then wrapped the sacks about his head to protect him from the water.

Even Homer thought Floyd would be able to extricate himself. "Anywhere that feller can get his shoulders through, he can get the rest of himself", he told neighbors who had begun to gather at the entrance of the sandhole.

On this optimistic note commenced a great American folk epic.

## II

Saturday night, when Floyd had been in the cave thirty-six hours, country newspaper correspondents phoned the story to Louisville, and barely caught late Sunday editions. Louisville city editors were chary — they knew cave folks were acquainted with the value of publicity and previous cave "discoveries" frequently were attended by some such horror story. But when Collins was still underground late

Sunday afternoon, the country correspondents convinced their papers it was no hoax and city editors picked staff men to go to the scene. In New York City the story made two-column feature heads on page one of the Monday morning papers. One ex-Kentuckian, a news editor on a New York paper, remarked: "If he's one of the Collinses I know, he'll be up for Derby Day."

Louisville staff men arrived on the scene Monday and promptly dubbed the Collins hole "Sand Cave". One of them, a slight, 110-pound youth, was invited to go down the passage to Collins' side and talk with the imprisoned man. An amateur who never before had been in a cave, the reporter made the mistake of going down head first, and without a light. He squirmed, crawled, and slid down the 150 feet, and then as he rounded the last turn, he fell on a sodden mass half-buried in slime and muck and soaking burlap. The obstacle moved, and then groaned. It was Floyd Collins. The reporter was terrified, but he recovered his wits enough to talk briefly with the half-conscious man.

Then the reporter tried to get back uphill, feet first. Even today, twelve years afterward, he shudders when he remembers the panic that

seized him when he found he couldn't move.

"Head down, my feet and arms seemed to have multiplied like those of an octopus", he recalls. "They wouldn't hold against the walls. The more I struggled, the more tightly I lodged. From sheer fatigue, I finally stopped struggling, and, miraculously, my position was eased. Then as I would try to turn around, I'd get terrified all over and swell up like a toad and become tightly wedged again. Eventually I found if I could stay relaxed I might work myself around and get my head up. Painfully and slowly, scared now of getting scared, I finally made it."

By Tuesday the horror of Floyd Collins' predicament had fastened itself upon the nation. Fear of being buried alive is instinctive in man, and a familiar theme of the horror-writers. Here it was in real life. Those who read the thousands of words filed from Cave City nearby lived briefly through the same soul-chilling nightmare that Collins was experiencing continuously. It was morbidly fascinating reading.

Queries of the more practical-minded were readily answered. It was impossible to amputate the foot because physicians could not reach below his shoulders. Drills

and dynamite could not be used for fear of causing new rock slides. There was no way of squeezing a jack past him to lift the boulder that held his foot. Three men crawled down with a crude harness and fitted it about his shoulders, hoping to pull him free. They could work only in single file and when they hauled away at the end of a rope, Floyd's moans and cries so upset his brother Homer, nearest him, that he pulled against the others, and that plan failed.

At times Floyd was delirious with pain. Sometimes he slept and awoke clear-headed. Once he was hysterical, but when an electric light was carried down to him, he seemed to pick up courage. The trip down with the electric light revealed one appalling fact that was not made known at the time for fear of repercussions. Concealed in crevices far above Collins were sandwiches and bottles containing coffee. Some of the early "rescuers" had lost their nerve on the way down, disposed of the food, and after a wait, returned with false stories of having fed Collins.

Tuesday afternoon, when he had been down 115 hours, he told the reporter who lifted the wet cloth from his face to talk with him: "I'm praying all the time, praying that God's will be done. I'm cold (the

constant temperature was about 68 F.) and I'm aching all over, but my head is clearer now than at any time. If I die, I believe I'll go to Heaven." Floyd's latent religion was returning to him. Once he dreamed angels on white horses visited him with trays of chicken sandwiches.

The reporter gave him a drink of whisky. Outside there was some mumbling over that. It was at the height of Prohibition and there were folks in the crowd who believed drinking was sinful. Doctors hastened to explain that it was "medicinal whisky", and apprehension eased.

On Thursday, soon after two men had come up from visiting Collins, a cave-in occurred at an elbow turn in the passage just above him, cutting off all communication. Collins was not seen alive again.

From that day, February 5, until February 16, rescuers worked by every possible means, including a new shaft, to reach him, not knowing whether he was dead or alive. The whole country was held in suspense. Newspapers played the story every day in the "lead" position, the right-hand columns of page one. The circulation records of one New York afternoon paper show that the story sold an average

of 60,000 more papers a day from February 4 to February 17. Morning papers in Manhattan gained from 50,000 to 100,000, and held the circulation for that period. Since 1925, only the three Lindbergh stories—the flight to Paris, the kidnaping, and the trial—have outdone the Collins story for sustained interest.

### III

Meanwhile the scene around Sand Cave had taken on aspects of a county fair. Sinking the rescue shaft was painfully slow. Every foot—it was finally to terminate at fifty-five feet—had to be dug by pick and shovel to avert the danger of new cave-ins. A detachment of National Guardsmen was called out to handle the crowds. The week-end of February 8 saw thousands of curiosity seekers jamming the roads leading to Sand Cave. Hot-dog vendors, dealers in apples and soda pop, sandwich men, jugglers and mountebanks vied for the nickels and dimes of the horde of visitors. An itinerant preacher set up an exhorter's shop and alternately prayed for Collins and tried to "save" the crowd. Another parson rode a mule twenty miles over Kentucky hills to mount a spot above the cave and preach.

The crowd was herded along by the Guardsmen and after morbidly gaping at the cave entrance for a few minutes, dispersed to vantage points from which the animated scene could be watched. The small Cave City post office was flooded with fan mail, most of it addressed to Floyd. Many of the letters were from girls offering to marry the buried man. A few volunteered to go down into the hole with a preacher and marry Floyd, whatever his chances for rescue. The rest of the letters were filled with advice to the rescuers.

In the ranks of the rescuers themselves were not a few crackpots. One man had a bloodhound named Joe Wheeler. He wanted to let Joe smell a piece of Collins' clothes and then send him down the hole with provisions tied around the dog's neck, *à la* St. Bernard. This was after the second cave-in had cut off Collins. On Monday, February 9, banana oil was sprayed in the down draft of the cave and expert sniffers hastened over to Mammoth Cave to ascertain whether the scent would come through, in the belief it would lead them to Floyd's prison. The congregation of the Central Christian Church at Battle Creek, Michigan, prayed most of the night for Collins.

Motor trucks bumped over the

rough roads and dumped machinery of all sorts on the hillside. Wire cables, sledgehammers, hundreds of picks, logs, lumber, beds, coffee-pots, and enough medicines to set up a small hospital were scattered over the scene. All were useless.

Mrs. Jennie Collins, Floyd's sixty-five-year-old stepmother, helpfully contributed the fact that Floyd told her he had dreamed he was going to be trapped by falling rocks some day.

A feud broke out between local rescuers and a group of experts and mining engineers. The situation almost led to a fight, but General H. H. Denhardt, in charge of the troops, instituted an "iron rule" and Guardsmen went about breaking up whispering groups of natives. A handful of Tennessee militia arrived, apparently smelling trouble. The Red Cross set up a canteen at the cave's mouth.

A military court of inquiry was held to track down the author of rumors that the whole thing was a hoax to advertise Crystal Cave. The story was that Floyd Collins had closed up the passage to block off rescuers, had slipped out a back way, and was safe. The military court found for the Collinses, and severely castigated a Chicago newspaperman. Lee Collins was an indignant witness before the military.

A religious man, his chief complaint was that rescuers emerging from the cave frequently passed around a bottle which to him "smelled like whisky".

On February 11, a stranger turned up at Omaha, Nebraska, and said he was Floyd Collins. He was thrown into jail until a detailed description of Collins was forwarded.

And so it continued for another week — hubbub, rumors, charges, suspense, prayer, and digging.

On February 16, a solitary miner, patiently chipping away through the solid limestone floor of the rescue shaft, broke into the cavern that held Collins. Floyd was dead — how long doctors could not say beyond the fact that he had been dead at least twenty-four hours. Probably he had been dead for a week, but the sealed cavern acted as a preservative.

The body was still wedged tightly. Only the head could be moved. An electric light on the man's chest was unbroken, but had gone out. Doctors said death was due to exhaustion, starvation, and lack of water. The coroner's jury climbed down one at a time and officially viewed the cave prisoner.

Attempts to move the body were abandoned after a survey. It was



decided the small entry to the cavern would be sealed. A funeral service was held at the mouth of the cave. The Rev. Dr. C. K. Dickey, pastor of the Methodist Church at Horse Cave, Kentucky, said in his sermon:

"Floyd loved the caverns and the caves, and he was never tired of trying to find one or of exploring those already discovered. He was an artist in his line. He liked to crawl in the subterranean passages, and he saw in the gigantic formations and in the fantastic patterns on the walls the trceries of God."

Mrs. Ira Withers of Cave City sang: *We'll Understand It Better, Bye and Bye.*

After the funeral the cave was "eternally" sealed and the rescue city broke camp. The crowds departed, the soldiers moved out, and two days later Lee Collins was roaming the site picking up pop bottles.

#### IV

Some months afterward, Homer Collins, traveling with a burlesque show, hired a miner to bring up the body to be placed on exhibition in Collinses' Crystal Cave, where receipts had been falling off. Displayed in Crystal Cave, it attracted a few thousand visitors a year until

1929 when ghouls stole it from the coffin.

Since then the body has gone into the limbo of legend. One report was that it was found with one leg missing the next day by bloodhounds on the bank of Green River, a half mile from Crystal Cave, and that it was taken back to the Cave and replaced in the coffin. Residents of the area have always doubted this. The present owners of Crystal Cave — no longer the Collinses — show in dim outline a body which they assert is the body of Collins, but some neighbors say that it is a wax figure and the real body lies buried in an unmarked grave.

Mammoth Cave officials say that present-day visitors infrequently mention Collins. The place where Collins was trapped is just off the main Cave City-Mammoth Cave highway, but few are interested enough now to drive the short distance over unimproved roadway from the highway to see what remains of the winding passage through which Collins crawled to his death. A shadowy figure who stands almost shyly at the roadside beckoning to tourists claims he is a relative of Floyd Collins. For a quarter he will throw back the cover boards of the rescue shaft at Sand Cave and lower a lantern, but

the light reveals only rotting timbers and a gushing offshoot of Green River coursing through the bottom. No shrine or other memorial has been erected to Floyd Collins' memory.

Phonograph records that recited *The Death of Floyd Collins* in doleful lament to the accompaniment of hill-billy music outsold all other of the Americana series for a few years, but they are no longer on the market. These were the words of the song:

THE DEATH OF FLOYD COLLINS

Come all you young people,  
And listen while I tell  
The fate of Floyd Collins,  
A man we all knew well.

His face was fair and handsome,  
His heart was true and brave,  
His body now lies sleeping  
In a lonely sandstone cave.

How sad, how sad the story!  
It fills our eyes with tears;  
The memory still will linger  
For many, many years.

A broken-hearted father,  
Who tried his boy to save  
Will now weep tears of sorrow  
At the door of Floyd's cave.

Oh Mamma, don't you worry,  
Dear Father, don't be sad.  
I'll tell you all my story,  
And an awful dream I had.

I dreamed I was a prisoner  
My life I could not save.  
I cried, Oh must I tarry  
Within this silent cave!

The rescue party labored,  
They worked both night and day  
To move the mighty barrier  
That stood within the way.

To rescue Floyd Collins,  
This was their battle cry:  
We'll never, no we'll never  
Let Floyd Collins die.

But on that fatal morning  
The sun rose in the sky,  
The workers still were busy,  
"We'll save him bye and bye."

But, oh how sad the ending,  
His life could not be saved  
His body, it was sleeping  
In the lonely sandstone cave.

Young people, oh take warning!  
From Floyd Collins' fate,  
And get right with your Maker  
Before it is too late.

It may not be a sand cave  
In which we find our doom  
But at the bar of Judgment,  
We too must meet our doom!



## TEN YEARS OF SOVIET TERROR

BY THE MERCURY'S MOSCOW CORRESPONDENT<sup>1</sup>

Moscow.—(*Uncensored*)—This month rounds out a full decade of supreme power for Joseph Stalin and therefore provides a convenient occasion for summing up what his domination has cost the Russian people in degradation and loss of human life.

It was even before the death of Lenin that the dictatorship was taken over by a triumvirate of Old Bolsheviks — Stalin, Gregory Zinoviev, and Leo Kamenev — whose common denominator was their distrust and jealousy of Leon Trotsky. Stalin, perhaps the most adroit political manipulator in modern history, required less than three years to rid himself of his partners. By 1927, he had all the power of the régime in his own hands, and in the final months of that year sealed his triumph with the arrest and dispersal of all known Oppositionists, among them the other two members of the triumvirate.

When the twentieth anniversary

of the Bolshevik Revolution is celebrated on Red Square here on November 7, it will thus mark, no less, the anniversary of ten years of Stalin's ascendancy. The proceedings, in fact, will be far more a glorification of Stalin than of the Revolution. The reign that began with the exile of those associates of Lenin who threatened Stalin's personal dictatorship, is winding up its first decade with their physical annihilation. Previously the Fathers of the Revolution were regarded as immune to the "supreme measure of social defense" — shooting. Lenin's most solemn instruction had been a warning against killing one another off like the Jacobins of the French Revolution. The immunity is ended, the warning forgotten, and Old Bolsheviks are being shot wholesale, with and without trials.

There is an inclination abroad to consider the present terroristic outburst as an isolated and mysterious event; there have even been melodramatic suggestions of in-

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<sup>1</sup> THE MERCURY will, from time to time, present dispatches from this correspondent. For most obvious reasons, his name cannot be made public.

sanity in high places to explain the fury and seeming strangeness of the present eruption of blood lust. For those who have been eyewitnesses of the entire Stalin epoch, however, such an evaluation is not only false but mischievous. The assumption that every new orgy is exceptional enables the propaganda machine in due time to shut out the memory of every extreme expression of the régime's fundamental brutality by laying smoke-screens of statistics and apologetics. We have seen how the liquidation of the kulaks, the hounding of intellectuals, the famine, the blood purge after the Kirov assassination, have been treated by the outside world as curious aberrations in an otherwise high-minded and benevolent system. The mischief lies in this: that any individual act of terror can be covered with sophistries and excuses, whereas all of them taken together reveal such terror as *a principle of government* and cannot be so easily brushed aside. The fact that needs emphasis at this time, to make the current events comprehensible, is that systematic ruthlessness has marked the entire reign of Stalin. Brutality is normal, and the occasional benevolence is aberrant.

The one constant element in this tumultuous Russian decade

has been terror — systematized, un-deviating, and cold-blooded terror — with only its magnitude and the choice of its victims at a given moment as the variants. The basic fact about the Stalin régime has been its dependence upon official violence as the first and last answer to every question raised by conditions. The answers have been always automatic, rather than reasoned: the language of the knout — executions, exiles, tortures, concentration camps, liquidations — is the only one, psychologically, that the Kremlin is capable of speaking. To the writer, as to other long-term observers in Moscow, it does not seem at all “mysterious” and “shocking” that Stalin is shooting leaders of his Red Army and the makers of the Revolution. His régime is entirely unaware that there are other ways of handling potential claimants to the dictatorial throne. One might as well be shocked by the mysterious fact that a Chinaman speaks Chinese.

The record of the Soviet Government's consistent persecution of the Russian people during these ten years cannot easily be reduced to words. There are no words or figures to summarize a terroristic process which, while revealing ups and downs, has been unbroken.

Even in the periods of comparative quiet, such as between the end of the famine in the Autumn of 1933 and the murder of Kirov in December, 1934, routine and undramatic executions without trial continued throughout the country; the forced-labor battalions continued to dig canals and lay railroad tracks; fear and sudden punishment continued as the most important elements in the nation's political life.

One simple test should suffice, for a Western mind at least, to prove the essentially terroristic character of the Stalin era; namely, the use of the death penalty for "crimes" which in civilized countries are misdemeanors. Offenses which at one time or another during the 1927-37 decade were made punishable by death include:

Killing a cow without official permission.

Hoarding copper and silver coins.

Stealing State property. (In the USSR, this really means theft of any kind.)

Attempting to leave the country without permission.

Refusing to return to the USSR from foreign countries when ordered to do so.

Deliberately sabotaging a machine.

Agitating in any manner against the Soviet system of government and economy.

This, of course, does not exhaust the list. A study of thousands of

extraordinary decrees in these years would disclose dozens of offenses made capital crimes at some time during Stalin's reign. The few listed are enough to indicate the fact that the Kremlin's automatic reaction to any political or social problem is always the same: a threat of death.

A summary of the more important episodes of terror in these ten years should help the outside world understand how natural, indeed how inevitable, are the present manifestations of the same policy. It must be borne in mind, however, that these were only larger waves in the limitless ocean of official brutality, and that these waves overlapped and cannot be recorded with absolute chronological accuracy.

## II

The balance sheet of ten years of Stalin's reign is meaningless if it does not include the following items on the debit side:

1. *Dispersal of the Opposition.* This, the opening scene of Stalin's overlordship, involved the exile to harsh climates and distant areas not merely of the leaders (Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamanev, Radek, Piatakov, Rakovsky, Preobrazhensky, etc., etc.) but of tens of thousands

of their followers. Many of them were allowed to return, but even more were constantly being shipped out to Siberia, Central Asia, and the Far North. The same fate overtook tens of thousands of new malcontents among the Communists as the so-called Right Opposition developed. The violent liquidation of those in the slightest measure disagreeing with Stalin has gone on without a day's interruption. There are at this moment more political exiles in Siberia than ever under the Czars — most of them being punished, it happens, for harboring the same sort of revolutionary ideas.

2. *Engineer-baiting.* The famous Shakhty trial in May, 1928, was the signal for a nation-wide persecution of engineers and technicians, which lasted for fully three years. Hundreds were shot on the thinnest evidence and on mere suspicion of sabotage, thousands were herded into concentration camps. They became the technical personnel in the vast structure of forced labor under the command of the GPU which, at its height, employed more than 2,000,000 prisoners.

3. *Liquidation of the kulaks.* Even Anna Louise Strong, a Kremlin press agent, has described this as "the most spectacular act of

ruthlessness in those years". Sidney and Beatrice Webb, likewise beyond suspicion of exaggerating in the Kremlin's disfavor, estimate that 1,000,000 peasant families were liquidated. Five people being the accepted average for a Russian peasant household, their estimate means 5,000,000 men, women, and children. The horrors of the disaster are fairly well known by this time. Hundreds of thousands were loaded into cattle cars and unloaded in Northern, Siberian, and Central Asiatic wildernesses to shift for themselves. Hordes of others were denuded of their belongings, often including overcoats and boots, and driven into barren districts in their own vicinities. Disease and exposure killed off a vast number, the mortality being especially high among children and the aged; others died in the gruesome struggle to adjust themselves to the harsh conditions of the places where they were dumped. Drove of children were left behind by desperate parents to roam the land as *bezprizorny* or homeless waifs. Probably the whole history of mankind will reveal few tragedies of governmental terror to match the liquidation of the kulaks. The most moderate estimate of deaths would be ten per cent, or half a million. The total

of suffering, of course, is beyond computation.

4. *Persecution of pre-revolutionary intellectuals.* This episode was in many ways an extension of the engineer-baiting. The sharp point of the drive, however, was directed against professors, historians, scientists, and in general people with a pre-revolutionary education. William Henry Chamberlin attests to

the appallingly large number of scientists and men of learning who were imprisoned and exiled without any kind of fair or public trial, in most cases without any public statement of the offenses which they were supposed to have committed. A very brief and incomplete list of the more distinguished men who have been arrested during the Iron Age includes the following names: historians, Platonov, Lubavsky, Likhachev, Tarle; agricultural experts, Kondratiev, Chayanov, Makarov; the physicist Lazarev; the statistician Kaffenhaus; the expert in bubonic plagues, Zlatogorov; the specialist in old ikons, Anisimov; the bee expert, Kutkevitch; the oceanographer, Kluge. To anyone who is familiar with Russian science these names speak for themselves, and one could add to those I have mentioned hundreds, even thousands, of scientists and technical experts.

The most dramatic single act in what might be called this "liquidation of brains" was the Ramzin trial in November, 1930. Only seven scientists were actually tried in public, but the government itself stated that at least 2000 had

been arrested in connection with the affairs. The purge of intellectuals carried off to exile, forced labor camps, and death before firing squads, the cream of Russian scientists, technical experts, and thinkers.

5. *Mass executions of scientists.* Two especially startling acts of official ruthlessness deserve a place to themselves in the balance sheet of the decade. In 1930, the government shot forty-eight professors at one time, without trial, for alleged sabotage of the food industries. In 1933, it shot, similarly, thirty-five experts in the Agricultural Commissariats. In both cases the "evidence", in the form of supposed confessions published posthumously, bore plenty of internal evidence of police tinkering, and contained many childish and impossible details. Numerically the liquidation of thirty-five and forty-eight more or less makes little difference in a total running into many millions, but the prominence of the victims and the wholesale character of the killings made them notable.

6. *Development of forced labor.* As a sort of by-product of mass exiles, an extensive system of what was virtually slave labor came into being, with the GPU police as taskmasters. Most foreigners here estimate the population of concentra-

tion camps, GPU barracks on construction sites, and similar places at 2,000,000. The building of the Baltic-White Seas canal alone involved 250,000 prisoners, tens of thousands of whom died in their tracks. Another 250,000 were engaged in laying new railroad lines in Siberia and the Far East. Approximately 100,000 were employed in cutting a canal between the Moscow and Volga Rivers. Most important constructions of the Five-Year Plans — Magnitostroi, Dnieperstroi, Cheliabinsk, Berezniki, etc. — had contingents of prisoners, in some instances outnumbering the free labor forces. The lumber industries, certain hazardous mining operations, harbor work in the Far North, and similar undertakings received particularly large forced-labor reinforcements.

7. "*Valuta*" tortures. Beginning about 1930 and continuing for several years, the government on an organized basis rounded up people suspected of possessing *valuta*, that is, foreign money, gold or silver, and precious stones. They were put through weeks and months of third-degree torture until they disgorged, if they had anything to disgorge. The fact that the suspect had come by his *valuta* legally — in most cases from relatives and

friends abroad — did not save him. In Moscow and Leningrad alone the victims totalled into the tens of thousands, and the scourge was conducted on a nation-wide scale.

8. *Passportization*. Another major form of terror grew out of the Kremlin's violent methods of reshuffling its population, through the introduction, toward the end of the first Five-Year Plan, of a system of internal passports infinitely harsher than the one used by the Czarist governments. Its effect was to drive millions of families out of their homes in the larger cities to seek a new start elsewhere. Neither the very young nor the very old were spared in this purge of urban centers of "undesirables". Though little is known about it abroad, this passportization period ranks among the major catastrophes of the Stalin epoch.

9. *The man-made famine*. The greatest single act of deliberate terror, probably without precedent in human history, was the famine of 1932-33 in the North Caucasus, Ukraine, and Central Asia. By forbidding foreign reporters to visit the affected areas, and by consistently denying the facts, the Kremlin succeeded in throwing doubt around the very existence of the disaster. By this time, however, the



essential facts are clear. When a yes-man for Stalin like Maurice Hindus recently admitted that at least 3,000,000 perished in this famine, the silly controversy was practically ended. Inside Russia, the estimates, made by Communists in the stricken regions, run as high as 7,000,000 dead. Between four and five million may therefore be accepted as a close approximation. The famine was "man-made" in the sense that the government could have prevented it, but decided to let it take its course as punishment for those Russians fighting forcible collectivization; and stopped the outside world from offering aid.

10. *Purge after Kirov's death.* The latest phase of the cumulative terror began with the ferocious vengeance killings after a young Communist named Nikolayev shot and killed Sergei Kirov in Leningrad. In the following weeks some 150 executions were announced, all but a few of the prisoners being slaughtered without open trial. How many were disposed of without public announcement, and how many thousands were sent to prison and concentration camps, can only be surmised. The trials and executions of a few dozen Old Bolsheviks in August, 1936, and January, 1937, are related directly

or indirectly to the assassination and the purge.

The recent killings of ranking Red Army men, the spy mania, the mass executions in all parts of the country, the suicides of important officials to forestall arrest, thus appear not as a sudden insanity but as a logical continuation of Stalin's reign of terror. They can be judged and understood only as part of the larger picture. The challenge presented to decent-minded, civilized people throughout the world is presented not alone by recent events, but by the whole inhuman spirit of Russia's rulers; by the whole Bolshevik-Fascist theory that a State may murder, imprison, exile, torture, and enslave its people for the attainment of political or economic objectives.

### III

And now, as though it did not have its hands full enough with assorted Trotskyites, saboteurs, erring novelists, conniving Red Army generals, modernist composers, embezzling GPU chiefs, advocates of counter-revolutionary causes like birth control, and other such enemies of the people, the Kremlin is worried, in addition, by rumblings of mutiny in the ranks of foreign correspondents.

What the American public does not suspect is that reporters, when abroad, are a meek lot, especially in totalitarian surroundings. The bolder correspondents do not last long in Russia, so that by a natural process of elimination the more pliable and "diplomatic", or plainly indifferent, boys remain. Until recently, the Press Department here had cause to congratulate itself on the make-up of its American newspaper guests. Most of those with too broad a knowledge of the kulak liquidations, the famine, and other unpleasantnesses of the early 'Thirties — men like William Henry Chamberlin, Eugene Lyons, Ralph Barnes, William Stoneman — were happily out of the way. The newcomers could know these things only at second-hand.

But the new generation of correspondents, too, has now become restive. There seems to be a point at which even newspapermen safeguarding an interesting job forget themselves and attempt to tell the truth. The orgy of terror that began after the assassination of Stalin's associate, Kirov, and reached its recent bloody climax in the slaughter of Old Bolsheviks and Army leaders, has shaken the apathy of accredited foreign observers. A few of them have written dispatches that make distress-

ing reading for busy executioners and their friends in foreign lands. The government can't purge these offenders with a revolver, since they are not privileged Soviet citizens. But in one way or another it must, and in the long run certainly will, rid the press corps of intractable spirits and convince the others that it does not pay to quarrel with an omnipotent government.

The most spectacular act of journalistic mutiny must be credited to Harold Denny, the New York *Times* correspondent. Recently he smuggled out a series of dispatches crammed with ugly truths, which must have amazed *Times* readers accustomed to politer things under a Moscow deadline. For three years Mr. Denny behaved beautifully and upheld the tradition for uncritical enthusiasm established by his predecessor. But suddenly he went haywire and burst the bonds of politeness — with the encouragement of his home office, it is rumored here. Moscow was shocked by this unexpected defection. Here Russians and foreigners alike had come to look upon the New York *Times* as a sort of unofficial mouthpiece of the Soviet Government. The front-paging of Mr. Denny's "low-down" seemed revolutionary — and the Kremlin by this time shies

from anything revolutionary. If the culprit were anyone less influential than the *Times*, its representative would have been cast out forthwith. As it is, conjecture is rife as to Mr. Denny's fate. Will he be expelled indirectly by denial of a return visa next time he leaves for a visit beyond the Soviet borders, as was done with Paul Scheffer of the *Berliner Tageblatt* some years ago? Will he be sacked outright, as has just been done with Nicholas Basseches, correspondent of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*? Or will he be allowed to stay on for fear of giving his dispatches additional notoriety and the further fear of embarrassing his better-behaved colleague, Walter Duranty?

The government worked off a little of its righteous anger at the sinning Mr. Denny by driving out the Austrian reporter. Apparently the expulsion of Herr Basseches received little attention in the American press, though his articles on Russia have been reprinted by the more serious American periodicals. In the foreign colony here it was a major sensation. The Austrian journalist was the dean of the press corps, having been stationed in Moscow since pre-revolutionary days. Without doubt he is one of

the best-informed and most earnest writers on Soviet affairs in the world. Educated in Russia, married to a Russian, his life was deeply rooted here. Expulsion for him is more like exile. The authorities knew this and repeatedly in the past ten years he was brought to heel by threats of expulsion. Several times to the writer's knowledge the Press Department forced him to retract statements as the price of remaining. But the inevitable has happened.

To deepen the Kremlin's annoyance with the mutinous correspondents, there has been the eloquent silence of its regular press agents, particularly in the United States. Not since the famine year at the end of the first Five-Year Plan has the USSR had more need for "authoritative" explanations of its conduct in the American prints. But at this writing there has been scarcely a word from Louis Fischer, Anna Louise Strong, Maurice Hindus, and their kind to set the public right on the latest liquidations. Only Walter Duranty has come through.

The present correspondent will attempt to forward accurate information to THE MERCURY whenever the opportunity offers and it is possible to send off a dispatch.

## THE HIGH COST OF DYING

BY PHILIP MCKEE

WHEN your Grandpa Appleby died ten years ago, they laid him away in the family lot at old Shadyside Cemetery. Shadyside had been known originally as the Methodist Burying Ground, reserved for devout followers of John Wesley; but early in the century other Protestant denominations muscled in, and so the Shadyside Cemetery Association was formed under the directorate of Grandpa Appleby and other leading citizens. No one thought of making money. The prices of single graves and family lots, and the charges for care of the grounds, were based on the original low cost of the land, the adequate yet modest improvements, and the actual running expenses. Nor did anyone worry about unsold graves at Shadyside; it was believed that Nature would solve the problem in her inscrutable fashion.

All that, however, has now been changed. The rite of human burial has been engulfed by Big Business. In most communities today you

will find a new kind of Shadyside, lavishly laid out and lavishly landscaped—Happy Sanctuary Memorial Park, “Where Death Is Dignified”, according to six-foot lettering on a brightly painted sign.

Shadyside consisted of somewhat less than fifty acres of ground; Happy Sanctuary boasts more than two hundred. Shadyside was entered by a simple stone gateway; the imposing concrete portals at Happy Sanctuary suggest an international exposition. There was a small superintendent’s cottage at Shadyside; the Administration Building at Happy Sanctuary is large enough to serve a university. There were a few private family tombs at Shadyside; the Happy Sanctuary Memorial Mausoleum, with its thousands of niches, crypts, and private rooms, looks as large as Buckingham Palace. At Shadyside the dead rested in surroundings of unpublicized charm; at Happy Sanctuary, billboards ballyhoo the obvious beauties, and at night a towering electric sign advertises the Elysian Fields for miles

around. All this splendor, you will say, must have cost a pile of money. Quite right. And you will not have far to seek for the names of those who have paid the cost. Some of them appear already on the bronze tablets which mark the graves; others will appear in due course.

Two factors have spurred the enlightened realtor to the launching of Happy Sanctuary: (a) the absolute certainty of a market for his wares; and (b) potential profits running into millions. The ordinary real-estate sub-divider deals in comparatively large plots of ground — at most six or eight lots to the acre — and the best he can expect is to sell a lot for the price he paid for an acre. But the Happy Sanctuary promoter divides each acre into a thousand graves, and his profit, at the price per grave, puts his sub-division brethren to shame.

Usually the cemetery promoter chooses a community of at least 100,000 population. First, he makes a survey of existing business possibilities, ascertaining the number of deaths annually, and the space still available in old cemeteries. If these factors are favorable, he next negotiates with local undertakers, enlisting their support with promises of liberal commissions on all business they swing his way.

Then comes the political maneuvering. Many citizens are violently opposed to having a cemetery located near their homes. The promoter therefore hires a lawyer who approaches the city councilman in whose district Happy Sanctuary is to be located. The lawyer suggests that something — perhaps a bit of stock in the enterprise — might offset the outraged feelings of the councilman's constituents. After a little haggling, the councilman agrees, and so, perhaps, do one or two members of the city planning commission.

The promoter now forms two corporations — one to buy, develop, and hold the ground, the other to sell it to its future tenants. There are very few stockholders, usually only the promoter, the aforesaid politicians, and a few influential citizens. And now the astute promoter reaps his first profit. He already has an option on the acreage for Happy Sanctuary, and this ground he unloads on the holding corporation at the highest price its stockholders will pay. With these details accomplished, there appears at last the Happy Sanctuary Memorial Park Association. It is the only one of the promoter's organizations which presents itself to the public view, but it does so with great vigor if not with

great candor. Its directorate bristles with the names of highly respected local dignitaries, some of whom, strangely enough, are stockholders in the unadvertised holding and sales corporations. The Association is ballyhooed as a non-profit organization, and indeed it is. But the publicity implies that the whole venture is a sort of community affair — benefits for all, profits for none — an implication at variance with facts.

Let us assume that the holding corporation has paid \$1000 per acre for the raw ground. An additional \$2000 per acre will cover all improvements — platting, grading, roadmaking, installation of sprinkler and drainage systems, landscape gardening, erection of a chapel, an administration building, a receiving vault, and a handsome gateway. Each acre at Happy Sanctuary, developed at a total investment of \$3000, will be divided into 1000 graves. A little arithmetic reveals the fact that the total investment per grave will thus be only \$3. Yet Happy Sanctuary graves will be sold, to you or to me, at an average price of \$100.

The initial slice of this \$100 melon goes to the Association. Usually it is \$15 — small at first glance and smaller still when the Association's functions are considered. At

old-fashioned Shadyside, the Association received the full purchase price for each grave; composed of the purchasers of graves, it owned, developed, and administered the entire property. The Happy Sanctuary Association is also made up of the purchasers of graves. But it has no title rights in the property as a whole, and very little voice in management. It is squeezed, like the ham in a sandwich, between the holding and sales corporations. The former owns the cemetery as a whole, including all unsold graves, all drives, parking spaces, lawns, and buildings. It can set the prices at which graves must be sold, establish sales commissions, determine the nature of all new developments.

But the Association, if of little authority, has important financial duties. It pays — out of its \$15 per grave — all its administrative expenses, and frequently those of the holding and sales corporations as well; it pays for all advertising; it pays for many improvements, such as landscaping, pools, fountains, and statuary — thus enhancing the property value at no additional cost to the holding corporation.

The next \$10 of the \$100 melon goes to the perpetual care fund, which is expected to insure the upkeep of the grounds and individual

graves "forever" — a long word, in any language.

Then comes the sales corporation. It gets \$35. Of this, not more than \$10 or \$15 is paid out in actual commissions. The rest goes to the stockholder-officers in the form of dividends, salaries, bonuses, and "over-rides" (executives' commissions on individual sales).

That leaves \$40, the largest share, for the holding corporation, which leads a charmed life, practically free of expense. And since its few stockholders usually own the sales corporation, they can count on receiving jointly from \$50 to \$60 out of the sale of each \$100 grave.

Raised from the scale of a single grave to the whole of Happy Sanctuary, the figures are imposing. With a raw-ground investment of only \$200,000, the total sales value should be at least \$20,000,000, of which not less than \$10,000,000 should go to the promoter and his associates. Furthermore, if preliminary surveys have established the soundness of this local proposition, the banks will finance both the purchase of the ground and the development of the cemetery, section by section. In other words, the promoter, with a few dollars, has been able to launch Happy Sanctuary, retire the borrowed capital in a few years, and thereafter reap the

full harvest from several million dollars' worth of unencumbered and splendidly developed real estate. And as a final reward, he usually enjoys a legal blessing — for in most cases, land dedicated for cemetery purposes is tax-free.

## II

With such a set-up, the promoter might well sit back and let the Grim Reaper produce customers. But instead, he organizes a sales force and sets about unloading his grave sites.

This sales philosophy is known as the "before-need idea". Salesmen have it pounded into their heads at morning pep meetings. They are taught all the possible arguments in favor of immediate purchase to meet a distant need, and printed sales-manuals arm them with answers to every objection, from "I'm not a dead one yet", to "I want to be cremated and have my ashes scattered."

Prospects are flushed from cover by various methods. There are canvassers (known to the trade as "bird dogs") who go from house to house, alert to single out homes marked by serious illness or mere old age. Regular salesmen call at these homes later and put on the "before-need" pressure. All news-

paper items regarding illness, operations, and death, are acted on immediately. Sub rosa contacts are made with internes, nurses, and orderlies in hospitals, with receptionists in doctors' offices, with druggists and prescription clerks — anyone who knows of a prospective tenant for a grave.

Agents' instructions place great emphasis on large-unit sales:

Don't fall into the habit of selling single graves. Because a man has only three in his family is no reason he should buy a scant three graves. Estimate his full ability to pay — then sell him a family lot (six to eight graves). If the price seems to be a hurdle, quote him then on the number of graves to meet his actual requirements.

Here's another example, illustrating the evil of failure to close the deal early enough:

He [the prospect] was ready to pay \$15,000 for a mausoleum crypt, as soon as certain alterations were made. They were started, but in the interim he died. The relatives who had come with him when he made his selection were his sole heirs. They knew his wishes, but \$15,000 was a lot of money. So they buried him in an \$80 single grave. Their answer was, "Why should we lose \$14,920 just to indulge an old man's fancy?"

Yet even in the case of the one-grave prospect, the salesman enjoys a cynical advantage. The average customer is ashamed to bargain. Whether he is buying "be-

fore-need" or under the stress of actual bereavement, he hates to argue about the values involved. He is buying a Last Resting Place, for himself or a Loved One, and he feels that he should buy the best. Consequently prices range widely at Happy Sanctuary — \$50 to \$500 for graves of identical size and varying only in location.

Occasionally an individual promoter originates a truly startling sales idea. One genius set up on his cemetery grounds a statue of compelling Biblical importance, establishing grave prices in the vicinity at a level in keeping with that importance. Nearby plots sold like hot cakes. Later the statue was moved to another section of the grounds — and there followed another boom. This process was repeated until all the choice locations were sold; then the statue was moved into the mausoleum to help with the sale of expensive niches, crypts, and private rooms.

### III

Needless to say, you can buy your grave at Happy Sanctuary on the instalment plan — ten per cent down and the balance, plus seven per cent interest, in monthly payments. You can even let your payments slip without being dunned,



since in the event of your sudden demise, Happy Sanctuary can collect the full balance due before you are laid to rest.

The \$100 average price is for outdoor burial only. Interment in Happy Sanctuary Memorial Mausoleum runs into real money. For the cremated, a small wall-niche — about the size of a breakfast-food box — will cost at least \$25, and the urn itself, if fancy, may cost several hundred. Crypt prices, for casket burial, depend on whether you choose to be eased into the wall head-on or sidewise — \$200 or \$600, minimum. A sarcophagus, standing by itself in one of the corridors, will probably run to \$3000. And a private family room, containing a varying number of crypts and set off from the rest, will cost from \$4000 to \$50,000.

The purchase of a grave or crypt, however, is not the last of your disbursements at Happy Sanctuary. Opening the grave will cost from \$10 to \$25 — actual labor cost, \$5. Wood, concrete, marble or metal grave-lining, \$10 to \$300. Bronze markers, \$15 to \$45 — turned out by a foundry from standardized patterns at less than \$5. The cremation fee will be \$50 — actual cost \$3.

Furthermore, Happy Sanctuary is now taking over the one remain-

ing money-making element in the burying business — the undertaker's job. Funerals, as everyone knows, cost from \$75 up — far up — depending largely on the undertaker's ability to high-pressure the grief-stricken relicts. Profits are high. A simple wood casket that costs from \$15 to \$30, cloth-covered, satin-lined, sells for what the undertaker can get, perhaps as little as \$75, perhaps as much as \$750. Wealthy customers buy metal caskets. They cost the undertaker from \$75 to \$250, but he sells them for as much as \$10,000. And yet Happy Sanctuary now urges in its advertisements that you have the complete job of interment handled by one "kindly and sympathetic management".

The undertakers, who have sent a lot of business to Happy Sanctuary, resent this invasion. But Happy Sanctuary is so firmly established in the public consciousness that it can afford to break with its former allies and set about beating them at their own game. Already there have been bitter battles, extending to State legislatures and supreme courts, with Happy Sanctuary on the winning end, so far. In fact, the up-to-date cemetery promoter could afford to give a free funeral with every grave priced at more than \$100.

## TO HELL WITH FARMING

BY AN EX-FARMER

I USED to be a timid thin man. I never got on very well in the city. When I was talking to people, they tended to drift away, or they turned to someone else and said: "Having nice weather, aren't we?" I didn't see in my job any of the heroic aspects my superiors were always glorying in, so probably I wasn't very good at it. For awhile I turned to poetry and wrote a beauty about the song of the hermit thrush, but everybody in the office thought it was la-di-da. I didn't like noise or smoke or subways or hurrying or playing golf or getting drunk Saturday nights, so I began to think there must be something wrong.

I went to a psychoanalyst who told me I disliked everything too much. For this I took a great dislike to the psychoanalyst. I refused to pay five bucks for this new hate, and the psychoanalyst ended by hating me. So I decided to Get Away From It All—to move from the city to the great quiet life of the country and simplify my life. I bought a farm far up in New

England, and I bought a cow too. I had always wanted to own a cow and watch it cropping my grass while I dreamed the days away.

At five o'clock the first afternoon I went to the pasture to milk my cow among the daisies and buttercups. The flies seemed to bother her a lot, and she wrapped her tail around my face three times with a loud crack. A good deal of milk went up my sleeves and over my knees, but there remained an additional two gallons in the pail. When I had achieved this result, the cow placed one hoof in the bucket, turned it over, and walked thoughtfully to a patch of clover.

The next day I hitched her in the barn for milking, and then she gave two pailsful and I didn't know what to do with it. One of my farmer neighbors suggested I get a pig, make butter of the cream, and raise the pig on the skimmed milk. This idea fitted in very well with my simple plan for a simple life. I would be a self-sustaining unit in the good old-

fashioned way. So I bought a pig. I also bought a cream separator, a churn and a cream can, a butter worker and some wooden paddles, besides numerous buckets.

I discovered promptly that making butter was a terrific job. The neighbors, however, told me a man couldn't make butter the way a woman could, and that I ought to have a wife. There was nothing else to do: I got myself a wife right off.

She said she'd have to have some ice to cool the cream if she was going to make butter, and that we really should have running water, because washing the separator was a great chore. Consequently I laid in a pipe to a spring, and blasted tons of rocks out of the ditch in order to lower the pipe so that it wouldn't freeze in Winter. When my hired dynamiter had blasted two windows out of the house, I decided the ditch was deep enough. While painting the new window sash and puttying the new panes, I decided it was wonderful what a man's hands can teach him if he's not too far sunk in the decadence of civilization. I felt there was a certain nobility in what I was doing, learning by trial and error, learning as the cave men learned, as the Race Has Always Learned.

The water ran fine for two weeks and then the spring dried up. So I put in a pump from a spring lower down, but the water was hard as a brick and plugged the pipes with lime. Nevertheless, I soon learned to take the pipes apart and knock out the lime deposits, and my wife said it was wonderful how handy I was getting to be. She didn't know the half of it. I had torn the pump apart four times in the first week.

Sifting some dirt to recapture a little brass screw that I had dropped, I couldn't help reflecting that the ramifications of a cow's influence were extensive indeed. My red-and-white bovine had already led me to the matrimonial altar, forced me to undertake a course in blasting, taught me something of geology, made me a pig-raiser, a glazier, a plumber, and now a combination garage mechanic and miner.

## II

About this time, I found I'd have to get some hay into the barn to winter my cow. This necessitated a hand rake, grindstone, whetstone, and scythe, and also brought a bill of \$20 for man-with-team, the loss of some ten gallons of sweat, and another bill of \$10

for beer. Meanwhile the garden was growing full of witch grass, and the woodchucks wouldn't eat any of it, though they did raze the peas and beans, and the cutworms leveled the cabbages. I set to work in the garden and was very busy. The Summer passed and I never once spent a minute watching my cow crop the grass while I dreamed the days away.

This pastime, however, was undertaken vicariously for me by a number of former friends from the city who came and lolled in the shade and told me what an idyllic life I had and how they envied me. They knew a lot about birds and flowers, and they told me what a beautiful view there was from the mountaintop yonder. I would have liked to find out more from them about the country around my home, only I had to put a new roof on the barn because after the rain had leaked in on my hay, the cow wouldn't eat it.

Winter was almost upon me by the time I had finished the roof and built my new ice house. I had always loved to watch the seasons fade into one another and see the leaves turn red, and the first snow, and all the rest of it. But now I felt like a man running through a railway tunnel with a locomotive behind him. I had to cut wood

like mad in order to keep warm. I also had to buy a new ax, a saw, some wedges, a sledge, mittens, boots, and a pair of snowshoes. I already had so much gear piled in the woodshed there wasn't room for more and so I had to keep my snowshoes under the bed. This made my wife mad. But I said I was damned if I was going to build a snowshoe house, and that was that.

It wasn't long, of course, before I slashed my foot with the new ax. While I was resting in bed, studying the Department of Agriculture pamphlets on how to raise bees, caponize roosters, install cement floors in stables, and build hen-houses, I decided it was silly to work day and night for the sake of one cow. I decided I would buy some more cows, now that I had a new separator and pump and ice house and cream can and so many buckets. After all, two cows can live as cheaply as one.

So, when Spring came, I bought six cows and seven pigs. I soon found, however, that my pasture wasn't big enough for seven cows and that I'd have to clear some of the scrub. And the fences were down everywhere. I had to go into the woods and cut 500 cedar fence-posts. And then I spent the Spring dodging loops of barbed wire

which chased me up and down and coiled round me like the tentacles of an octopus.

It was now apparent that I'd have to plant a lot of crops to feed my seven cows over the Winter, and this entailed buying a team, a plow, harrows, a wagon, harness, corn-planter, cultivator, and various other implements. It also entailed feeding and watering the horses twice a day for the next fifty years, or however long they lived, or however long *I* lived.

That Summer, even more city people came to see our farm; it seemed we were a realization of their dream, a crystallization of their longing for a place in the country. My wife was busy with the canning and the garden and the butter-making and the house and the pullets, and God knows I had enough to do without sitting and listening to the city people tell me what an idyllic life I had and how they envied me. But I didn't notice any of them grabbing a hay-fork and pitching in.

When my crops began to grow I realized I'd have to have an addition on the barn for storing them, so I set to work on that. By the time it was finished I had collected so many tools I had to build a toolshed to put them in. My hogs were big and it was time to butcher

them. I decided I'd buy some more tools and go ahead and learn to butcher. Hadn't I already become something of a carpenter, plumber, blacksmith, painter, lumberjack, tinsmith, mechanic, and veterinary? Well, it was a bloody job, but I had learned not to think, which is very useful.

My cows commenced having calves. I couldn't bring myself to kill them, so I had to feed them, which was worse. I fought rats, thawed frozen pipes, fixed machinery, cut ice, cut wood, and performed prodigies of midwifery for my cows. Occasionally I recalled with awe a vision of myself sitting on a boarding-house porch with nothing to do, thinking life was a vacuum.

And thus I sank into a bog of work from which I emerged but rarely for fifteen minutes late Sunday afternoons, just before chores. I kept it up for five years, and then I began figuring and found I was losing \$500 a year on an investment of \$8000, coupled with fifteen hours of toil per day. I felt that I'd come to the end of my rope.

That was the year I didn't get the storm windows on until March, and in April my wife wanted them off again. I said, "To hell with it!" I said, "Pitch a flat-

iron through them if you want air." And I put on my best suit and took the train for the city.

When I got to the city it smote me in the face, and I knew right away that I didn't like it any better than before. I walked right past the psychoanalyst's door, however, without going in. Yet soon I felt so lonely I thought I'd look in at the office and see the boys. Maybe I'd ask for a job again. But they wouldn't want me. My face was like cordovan leather, and I had calluses on my palms like warts.

It began at the reception desk when Miss McEvoy came out and shook hands. "Why, where *have* you been?" she cried. "I'd hardly know you. You're positively bronzed."

"I've been on a farm," I said. "I'm a farmer now."

"A farmer! Oh, you always were lucky. And here I am at the same old desk. Well, I suppose you want to see Mr. Stewart. He'll be so pleased."

In the president's office, Mr. Stewart said: "Why, how you've grown, how well you look! A farmer, eh? Master of your own time, down to the city for a spree. Y'know, I've always wanted to break away and have a little farm in the country." He shook his head

sadly. "And a cow maybe. . . . But I guess I haven't the courage. Say, Blinks will want to see you." And he pushed the buzzer.

Blinks came in. "Boy, put 'er there!" he said. I didn't think I was squeezing very hard, but Blinks howled. "For heaven's sake don't crush my knuckles. Stewart, the fellow doesn't realize his strength. Take a look at this mitt, look at those calluses."

Mr. Stewart ran a fingertip over them, awe-struck.

Soon there were three more men in the office. One of them put a hand on my arm and asked shyly, "Let me feel your muscle." I flexed my arm and the chap's eyes gleamed with envy. "Hard as nails," he said, and they all nodded their heads.

"You chop down big trees, I suppose," said Mr. Stewart.

"Pretty big," I said. "I cut my foot with the ax once when I was new at it."

Finally, there wasn't any way out of it but for me to take off my shoe and show them the scar, and roll up my trouser-leg and exhibit the two white marks the horse's caulks had left. This was so much of a climax that I thought I'd better leave before the spell was broken. They all wanted to take me out to dinner, but I told them

to come up to the farm in August instead for a big blow-out, "golden bantam picked just twenty minutes before, clotted cream, wild berries, home-cured ham". And then I tore myself away, feeling very airy.

### III

In August the office-workers came out to the farm and I met them at the station with a load of hay. I let them fish the brook and pick berries and chop down all the trees they wanted to. I also showed them the actual horse that had kicked me.

The following Winter they came again, bringing more pals with them to see the snow. And so, as time went on, my farm became a mecca for businessmen whom I allowed (at \$6 a day) to play around the woods with sharp hatchets, provided they remembered that once in the house they mustn't whittle furniture. The chairman of the board of the Amalgamated Gas Corporation was the worst one for whittling, but he paid extra for the privilege, so we let him go ahead.

More and more came the next Summer and I hired two maids for my wife, and I didn't do a thing except play with my paying guests and teach them to shoot woodchucks and make wooden whistles. Most of them were pretty well behaved and spent their time jumping in the hay and practicing milking, hiding in the corn, going about naked, and teaching a cow to kick.

Now that I have two hired men and don't personally delve in the fruitful earth for simple fare, or cut my fuel in the Winter woods, or scythe the lower meadow in Summer dawns while the dew is on, or roam the hills at sunset looking for the cows, or feed the horses, I have become quite famous as a genuine Nature Man and Woods Dweller.

And last year, I installed an oil-burner, a chauffeur with station wagon, a home electrical plant, and three new bathrooms to take care of my paying admirers who come on reverent pilgrimages. You should hear them saying wistfully, "Oh, how I'd like to break away and live the simple life like you do."

# PROPAGANDA FROM THE WHITE HOUSE

By GORDON CARROLL

*In two preceding articles, "Dr. Roosevelt's Propaganda Trust" and "How the WPA Buys Votes", THE MERCURY has set forth the promotional methods employed by the New Deal Administration in selling itself to the American voter — in perpetuity. This concluding article discusses Democratic propaganda as distributed through periodicals, the radio, and motion pictures, and from the Executive Offices of the White House itself.*

IN ADDITION to the various publicity techniques utilized by the New Deal in regional areas, there are certain sideline activities conducted in Washington which are worthy of the American citizen's attention. For instance, in the field of magazines and kindred periodicals, the Administration is by way of becoming a genuine competitor to private business, to the extent that the Government Printing Office now lists more than seventy publications, exclusive of mimeographed material, for which subscriptions are taken by the Superintendent of Documents. The subscription price, naturally, does not cover the cost of compilation and printing, but this proves no detriment to Dr. Roosevelt's aides.

There is always the taxpayer to foot the bill.

The result of this generous financial policy is a ceaseless stream of gaudy magazines from Uncle Sam's presses, each dedicated to the propagation of the More Abundant Life (in an "educational" manner). Covers printed in color contain "news bulletins" and "public information" necessary to the conduct of Good Government; full-page photographs and drawings illustrate stories on such assorted topics as highways, Indians, consumers, schools, crops, co-operatives, and soil erosion; feature articles limn the message of how to Make America Over — with Treasury funds; editorials discuss a variety of topics, including the



late Rooseveltian plan for packing the Supreme Court; even poetry is used to spread governmental goodwill among the Downtrodden. Yet oddly enough, the largest of the magazines in point of circulation, the *Consumers' Guide*, is not on the Printing Office subscription list. More than 100,000 copies are distributed each month, but the figure might as well be 10,000,000. For the *Guide*, one of the most vociferous of the New Deal propaganda organs, is free. The expense of printing, a mere \$70,000, is passed on to the taxpayer.

The *Guide* was born of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and is issued by the Consumer's Counsel of the Administration in conjunction with the Bureaus of Agricultural Economics, Home Economics, and Labor Statistics. It is lavishly illustrated, bears photographic covers, and is distributed to consumers, individual or organized. The *Guide* has explained its editorial policy to its palpitant readers under the heading, "Our Point of View". In part, the broadside reads as follows:

It [the *Guide*] aims to aid consumers in making wise and economical purchases by reporting changes in prices and costs of food and farm commodities. It relates these changes to developments in the agricultural and general programs of national

recovery. It reports on co-operative efforts which are being made by individuals and groups of consumers to obtain the greatest possible value for their expenditures. . . .

While the *Consumers' Guide* makes public official data on the Departments of Agriculture, Labor, and Commerce, the point of view expressed in its pages *does not necessarily reflect official policy*, but it is a presentation of governmental and non-governmental measures looking toward the advancement of consumers' interests.

This last paragraph is a masterful piece of writing, conforming in full to the Rooseveltian policy of always calling something by any name but the correct one. If the *Guide* does not represent the government's point of view, why, one might ask, does the government publish it? Such statements are tantamount to saying that Executive Orders issued from the White House today do not express the point of view of Dr. Roosevelt, but are merely excerpts from Thomas Jefferson's philosophy of democratic government.

Another of the New Deal's magazines which enjoys a heartening circulation is the *Reclamation Era*, issued by the Bureau of Reclamation, Department of the Interior, for "educational" purposes. Approximately 27,000 copies are distributed monthly, some free and some paid for by public-minded

subscribers, at the rate of seventy-five cents a year. But despite such helpful contributions, the *Era* costs the taxpayer about \$10,000 annually. The Interior Department publishes another periodical, not so imposing in tone, entitled the *Park Service Bulletin*. It carries a reassuring note from the forward-looking Dr. Ickes: "By direction of the Secretary of the Interior, the matter contained herein is published as administrative information and is required for the proper transaction of public business." Under this benediction, the *Bulletin* is passed around free to all Park Service employees — who no doubt read it carefully.

A third publication from the Interior Department concerns the activities of the original Rugged Individualists — the Indians. The redmen, however, are now in the process of being collectivized, and so their magazine, *Indians At Work*, explains how this can best be accomplished, under the leadership of the Left-wingers who control the Indian Bureau. The publication is described officially as a "news sheet for Indians and the Indian Service", and is produced in mimeographed pamphlet form, illustrated by photographs and line drawings. Mary Heaton Vorse, one of the Republic's leading Radical

writers and an active agitator in the current CIO strikes, was a recent employee of the Bureau, and as such was quite helpful in an editorial capacity. The Bureau's chief, Commissioner John Collier, is equally class-conscious. A recent issue of *Indians At Work* contained one of his editorial blasts, aimed at critics of the Supreme Court packing program. Apparently, there is a close connection between Indians at work and the Capitalistic machinations of Charles Evans Hughes, C.J.

Other magazine projects of the New Deal are *School Life*, a tasty periodical devoted to the New Leisure in education; *Child*, a monthly news summary sponsored by the Children's Bureau, Department of Labor, in which the tots of today are told how to vote tomorrow; the *Labor Information Bulletin* and the *Monthly Labor Review*, both issued by the Department of Labor, in which the Wall Street Bosses are regularly taken for a ride; the *Extension Service Review*, published by the Department of Agriculture; *Public Roads*, from the editorial sanctum of the Bureau of Public Roads; *Soil Conservation*, an Agriculture Department puff-sheet which explains, among other things, how the Supreme Court

is responsible for dust storms, droughts, and floods; and the *Journal of Agricultural Research*, a semi-monthly scientific journal.

Many other government agencies publish periodicals, some of which do not come directly in the magazine field. But the entire output of Uncle Sam's presses in Washington is classified as "public information", and anyone who challenges this statement is clearly an Enemy of the People.

Of all such New Deal periodicals, none is more enthusiastic about the Good Life than *Rural Electrification News*, issued monthly by the Rural Electrification Administration. Produced at the Government Printing Office, the *News* is ultra-modern in typography and art work. But throughout the magazine runs a note of protest against private industry. It appears that private industry is a merciless exploiter of the poor, whereas bureaucratic government is the key to Utopia. For instance, a recent article, "Economic Feasibility as Vital for Rural Electrification Projects", is a paradoxical treatise on collectivism from the pen of the eminent Dr. John A. Becker, director of the Wisconsin Rural Electrification Committee. He sees fit to inform his Utopia-minded readers that

the development of a project is not just a matter of sending an application to REA in Washington. *Let me emphasize that REA is a business proposition. . . . We are not interested in hurting anybody.* We are interested in building for the common good. REA cannot duplicate existing service, but *it will attempt to prevent the power companies setting up lines that serve only the most accessible customers in an area where an REA project has been outlined to serve them all. Private utilities have been asleep at the switch far too long.*

The back page of a recent *News* contains an advertisement of Roosevelt propaganda films now available through the kind co-operation of a paternal government in its ceaseless struggle to place "educational and informational" material before the public. The advertisement reads as follows:

Another film strip, "The Rural School", REA 5, has just been completed by the Rural Electrification Administration. This film strip, depicting some of the most important uses of electricity in the school and the present trend toward practical education, is valuable to those areas anticipating electric service.

*Modern teaching methods include training the hands as well as the mind, and the development of social consciousness that enables boys and girls to live happier and more profitable lives.* Where such methods are used children are being fitted to earn their living while learning the "three R's". . . . Film strips are suitable for large or small audiences. . . .

All are 35 mm. films to be shown through film-strip projection ma-

chines. Many county agents and automobile dealers have these machines. If not, they can usually be borrowed or rented from commercial firms. Each film is *accompanied by a written lecture* and costs 55 cents. . . .

Such offers of lush "educational" material to the Republic's schools are not limited to the REA; the great majority of the New Deal agencies are constantly on the alert, seeking fresh channels of indoctrination among the adolescent ranks. The United States Office of Education, under the direction of that erudite "Liberal", Dr. John W. Studebaker, is particularly active in this field, proselytizing the teachers as well as the pupils. The soaring vision of an American future in which all citizens, from cradle to grave, will be thoroughly indoctrinated with the New-Life philosophy, was described early this year by Dr. Studebaker. Speaking on February 22 at the convention of the National Education Association in New Orleans, the good Doctor remarked:

If education is to meet the crucial issue of preserving and improving American democracy, we must move forward with a program which reaches from early childhood through active adulthood. In each stage *we have new devices and techniques at hand with which to vitalize our educational programs.*

Continuing on this juicy theme of how collectivism is to save de-

mocracy, Dr. Studebaker quoted a "scene from our exciting American history", in which Thomas Jefferson is discussing the Bill of Rights with "his friend, George Mason, in Mason's home in Virginia". The good Doctor then informed his educated listeners:

The above scene is taken from a coast-to-coast radio network broadcast which will be on the air a few minutes from now. It is part of a series of educational radio programs arranged by the radio project in the Office of Education on the theme: "Let Freedom Ring". This series of 13 half-hour programs will dramatize the long struggle for the rights and liberties set forth in the Bill of Rights of the Constitution of the United States. It will first be produced over the Columbia network for 13 Monday evenings at 10:30 E.S.T. Then the scripts, with supplementary materials, will be made available to schools and colleges. Local producing groups, dramatic art and social science classes, and radio workshops may adapt the scripts to present in their classrooms or assemblies, or over local or nearby radio stations. . . . A script exchange service has been organized, and hundreds of student groups are adapting and rewriting these radio scripts for their own productions.

We now know that educational broadcasting can be as interesting and appealing to radio audiences of both youth and adults as are commercial programs. With five programs on the air reaching fewer than half of the affiliated network stations, we have received, in seven months, 250,000 communications from radio listeners. . . .

It is my conviction that education

must move rapidly forward in making use of the airways, both in local communities and throughout the Nation, as one means of vitalizing the educational approach to our problems and of stimulating an intellectual curiosity. *I think we should reserve certain high frequency wavelengths for the exclusive use of local educational agencies and for the free discussion of civic affairs. I have officially made a request for this reservation in Washington.*

I dwell on this particular technique of vitalizing and democratizing the educational process not because it is by any means the only one but because we have been able to make new headway in this field in the past few months. *We have yet to make adequate use of the motion picture as an educational medium.*

The above quotations are classic examples of the "Liberal" theory that the way to salvation lies in pumping the proletariat full of political propaganda. In Italy, such a process is Fascism: in America, it is Uplift. Dr. Studebaker's educated listeners in New Orleans applauded vigorously, and then went home to spread the good tidings to their pupils. But perhaps they need not have bothered, for on May 14, Dr. Studebaker staged a supreme effort to attain mass-coverage for the Rooseveltian philosophy. On this date, the federal government decided to let the nation's children join, free of charge, in a country-wide "Radio Commencement". The avowed purpose of this joy-

ful ceremony was to advise youngsters on their "democratic" careers, but a study of the radio script reveals that the Economic Royalists came in for a tongue-lashing. The *New York Times*, under a feature headline, reported as follows on this example of class-war propaganda:

Washington, May 14. — Several million American school children, in thousands of schools throughout the country, sat today simultaneously in special assemblies in four separate time zones to hear the first National School Assembly program arranged by the United States Offices of Education.

Broadcasting over the Blue Network of the National Broadcasting Company, the government, in its "innovation" on the air, endeavored to present a commencement program for the smaller schools throughout the States, which ordinarily could not obtain speakers with a *national point of view*.

Edward A. Filene, Boston merchant who founded and is now president of the Twentieth Century Fund, speaking from New York, apologized for the failures of his generation and hailed the arrival of a day "*when power has passed into the hands of the people and we businessmen must obey*". . . . Mr. Filene added that those who made money in the last generation might "drink champagne, for instance, when children all over America were crying for milk which they couldn't get," and added that, "*at any rate, that game is about over now*".

Secretary Ickes likened the momentous scale of the new school broadcast to the bigness of Boulder

Dam. He added that the two great responsibilities for youth were conservation of natural resources and preservation of "*the sturdy traditions of democracy*".

The "Radio Commencement" is proof of several points raised in these MERCURY articles. For one thing, it indicates the manner in which the radio is used by the Roosevelt Administration to put over its message to the greatest number of persons in the briefest possible time. Second, it presents the spectacle of prominent citizens dispensing governmental publicity based openly on the principle of class-hatred. Third, it reveals conclusively the divergence between material of an "educational" or "informational" nature, and straight propaganda. Last, it offers the remarkable paradox of New Deal officials preaching collectivism on the one hand, and, at the same moment, whooping up "traditions of democracy" on the other. In essence, there is no difference between such tactics employed in America and the tactics employed abroad by Stalin, Hitler, and Mussolini.

## II

Not only Dr. Studebaker, but many other Washington magnificoes as well, evince a rugged inter-

est in motion pictures as a medium of propaganda. Unfortunately for them, Dr. Roosevelt has not yet been able to take over the Hollywood studios in his march toward the Full Life. As a result, the movie-goers of the nation still have the privilege of seeing films produced by private industry. Nevertheless, the federal government is waging an active campaign to correct this undemocratic situation, and each year it succeeds in getting more and more of its films into public channels. Considering the productive record of movie propaganda in Russia, Germany, and Italy, it is no wonder that the movement has spread throughout this country. As the WPA propaganda manual says: "A picture is worth 10,000 words."

In the field of "educational and informational" films, the Department of Agriculture is the most prolific producer. Production was started on an experimental basis in 1913; three years later, a skeptical Congress allowed the Department \$10,000 for film work; today, the appropriation is \$80,000 per year. The Department and its scores of regional propaganda bureaus now have 200 separate films available for distribution, and since the New Deal came into office, one or more of these pictorial blurbs for bu-

reaucocracy has been shown in every State and in virtually every county. The Department produces films in two sizes — one for theater projectors and the other for so-called "home-movie" machines. The result of this friendly co-operation is that at least 10,000,000 American citizens view the New Deal's agrarian pictures every year. Music for these "educational" epics is supplied by the Army and Marine bands; sound effects are recorded in government studios at Washington; and Washington radio announcers, paid from the taxpayers' capacious pocket, furnish the heart-warming comment.

The titles of some of the Agriculture films are up to the gaudy standards of Hollywood. For instance, *She's Wild* has nothing to do with Mae West, but is a pictorial saga of cowboys, Indians, and broncho-busting in the West. *Blood Will Tell* does not concern the genealogy of Thomas Jefferson, but whoops up the New Deal's campaign for bigger and better dairy sires. *The Charge of the Tick Brigade* stars "Mrs. Tick", who thanks cattle-owners for not dipping their herds; *The Golden Fleece* visualizes the up-to-date methods of handling wool; *This Little Pig Stayed Home* is all about hog cholera; *Winged War-*

*fare* depicts commercial dusting of cotton to control boll weevils; *T.B. Or Not T.B.* gives the low-down on tuberculosis in the farmer's hen house. Other snappy titles from Uncle Sam's booking office are: *Sir Loin of T-Bone Ranch*, *The Tale of Two Bulls*; *Persimmon Harvesting and Storage in China*; *Million Dollar Pockets*; *Along the Firing Line, or the Story of a Spark Plug*; and *Making It Tough*.

The Interior Department is also a busy manufacturer of films, having already produced more than fifty-five. The Interior's little Hollywood also does work for other New Deal agencies. It produced *The Story of Wool* for the Farm Credit Administration, and many films for the Civilian Conservation Corps. In production at this writing is an opus entitled *The Price of Progress*, which the Department believes will be a smash hit, like the Resettlement Administration's *The Plow That Broke the Plains*. According to advance notices, *The Price of Progress* will extol the virtues of Rooseveltian conservation, and emphasize the various ways in which the Republic's natural resources have been abused by J. P. Morgan and Co. As musical background for the film, the Department has

obtained rights to Dvorak's *New World Symphony*.

The Bureau of Air Commerce produced *Safety on the Skyways* in 1935. The Bureau of Fisheries has recently completed *Speckled Beauties, or the Natural History of Trout*. National Archives has also felt the urge to enter the movie field in the belief that its files should contain pictorial and sound records of the great master minds of today — for instance, Dr. Roosevelt taking his oath to uphold the Constitution (with reservations) at his 1937 Inauguration; James A. Farley defending the pork-barrel

principle in dedicating a new post-office building; Madame La Secretary Perkins telling the Captains of Industry where to get off, etc., etc.

Recent figures disclose that the Interior Department makes 500 shipments of films each week. With an average of 100 persons viewing each movie, annual attendance is placed at approximately 2,500,000, exclusive of regular theater attendance, which brings the number to about 4,000,000. Available statistics in Washington give the following tabulation<sup>1</sup> for separate government agencies:

	<i>Number of films produced in 1936</i>
Office of Motion Pictures, Extension Service,	
Department of Agriculture.....	296
Bureau of Air Commerce,	
Department of Commerce.....	1
Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce,	
Department of Commerce.....	1
Motion Picture Section,	
Federal Housing Administration.....	1
Division of Motion Pictures,	
Department of the Interior.....	34
Geological Survey,	
Department of the Interior.....	2
Bureau of Reclamation,	
Department of the Interior.....	5
Bureau of Mines,	
Department of the Interior.....	49
Children's Bureau,	
Department of Labor.....	4

<sup>1</sup> Other agencies which distribute films, but for which figures are not listed, are as follows: Army Pictorial Service; Bureau of Aeronautics (Navy Department); Bureau of Navigation (Navy Department); National Park Service; Division of Venereal Diseases, Bureau

of Public Health; Federal Emergency Administration of Public Works, WPA; Inland Waterways Corporation; Pan-American Union, Motion Picture Section; and Information Service, Social Security Board.



*Number of films  
produced in 1936*

Women's Bureau,	
Department of Labor . . . . .	3
Resettlement Administration . . . . .	1
Tennessee Valley Authority,	
Knoxville, Tenn. . . . .	4
United States Coast Guard,	
Treasury Department . . . . .	1

In the *Journal of the Society of Motion Picture Engineers* for November 2, 1936, appeared an authoritative article by C. M. Koon of the Office of Education, Department of the Interior. Under the heading, "Is the Federal Government Interested in Educational Films?", Dr. Koon remarked in part as follows:

. . . The Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor has produced and is circulating four films dealing with employment conditions of wage-earning women. The Tennessee Valley Authority has produced four films during the past year which are available for general distribution. These films depict the work being done in the Tennessee Valley. The Federal Housing Administration has had a number of films produced for theatrical showings, which are now being released for school and club use. Two films depicting the activities of Relief workers were produced in Los Angeles last Spring under the auspices of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration; and this Fall a Motion Picture Record Division has been established by the Works Progress Administration to record the progress on public works projects. . . .

Scarcely a week passes but an urgent request is made upon the Office of Education to take a more active

part in having films made and distributed to the CCC camps and schools of the nation. Other plans call for some form of federal aid to schools for purchasing equipment to assist in the school motion-picture work. Judging from the large number of plans and requests for grants from the four-billion-dollar Relief fund, many persons in or near the motion picture industry believe that the government should assist further in the development of the educational film field.

To be sure, the film activities of the New Deal often serve an "educational and informational" purpose; but they also serve, in a wider sense, the interests of Dr. Roosevelt. Each movie distributed from Washington emphasizes a central theme—that the State owes everyone a living; each manages to plug the celestial accomplishments of the New Deal Administration; each takes a fling at the iniquities of private industry; and each broadcasts the hint that if voters are wise, they will mark the Democratic ballot in 1940. On the Washington movie front, every indication points to an intensified program of film propa-

ganda within the next three years. In the manner that the WPA has attempted to control the artistic urges of the masses through the Federal Cultural Projects, so will the Administration strive to make every American movie theater a potential distribution point for collectivist propaganda.

### III

Our inquiry into the promotion program of the federal government has now touched upon most of the major New Deal agencies and their regional bureaucracies. Only one publicity agency remains to be considered—the White House itself. Here is located the headquarters of New Deal missionary work; here is the source to which all bureaucrats turn for inspiration; here is the inner chamber in which the schemes for a New America are hatched with virtually no effort; here are situated those publicity-minded persons who analyze all propaganda campaigns in advance. Thus, an examination of the President's own promotional bodyguard will disclose in intimate fashion how the *Führer*, in the sanctity of his official home, goes about perfecting the propaganda technique which his federal government has al-

ready introduced on a profit-sharing basis throughout the United States.

The history of the White House as a super-propaganda bureau commences, of course, on March 4, 1933. Through the ensuing years, hardly a day has passed that news of an "educational or informational" nature has not been passed out from the north portico. To recapitulate this four-year record of publicity disguised as news dispatches would require the contents of a ten-foot shelf of books. It is enough to say here that in the long history of American government, no Chief Executive has ever before devoted so much of his time, his efforts, and the public's money to ballyhooing himself as a supernal savior. Nor has any Chief Executive ever before succeeded so ably in implanting his own philosophy upon an unsuspecting nation, under the guise of high-sounding phrases. No political issue has been too trivial to produce, sooner or later, a pontifical statement; no vote-snaring device known to mankind has been overlooked by the *Führer* and the handful of promoters who dog his footsteps every minute of the day. The result of such ceaseless vigilance has been to make of the White House a small but compact federal propaganda

bureau, whose personnel, publicity activities, and political influence grow in the same manner and at the same pace as those of the regular federal establishments.

A clue to current happenings in the Washington regal palace may be found in the public prints. On July 27 of this year, the Washington bureau of the New York *Times* broadcast the following tidbit of news to the country:

The House passed one of four government reorganization bills today to give the President six executive assistants at \$10,000 a year each. The roll-call vote was 260 to 88, after the Republicans had been snowed under, 227 to 73, on a standing vote. Representative Robinson of Utah, author of the measure, declared that its aim was to give the President adequate staff assistance.

The six assistants, he said, would be his direct aides in dealing with the managerial agencies and administrative departments. They would be in addition to his staff of three secretaries, who would continue to deal with the public, the press, radio, and Congress.

On the surface, this appears to be merely a generous, public-spirited measure to lighten the pressure of work at the White House, and thus enable the *Führer* to award more of his time to the tangled affairs of his faithful followers; but actually, the six new assistants are merely part of a Fuller and More Complete propaganda

plan. Their primary duty will be to put the pressure on recalcitrant Democrats and Black Republicans, and to co-ordinate still further the vote-snaring schemes of Dr. Roosevelt. This enlargement of personnel appears even more remarkable when we learn that the White House already enjoys the services of approximately 170 secretaries, clerks, and stenographers, each of whom devotes some twenty-four hours a day to the task of solidifying the Great White Father's political future. Apparently, the addition of six "executive assistants" to the palace staff, and the addition of \$60,000 to the public payroll, will put the White House publicity campaign into what Mr. Farley terms "the bag".

The Executive Offices on Pennsylvania Avenue operate today in an atmosphere of furious activity; there is an endless clatter of typewriters, mimeograph machines, and human voices; girl secretaries, serious-faced clerks, negro messengers, and kindred functionaries pass through corridors and doorways, each engaged on matters of high State import. In the waiting room, a diplomatic receptionist meets the scores of voters (mostly Democratic) who call at the White House daily in the hope of seeing the *Führer* in person — or at least

of hearing his soothing voice through a building partition. The majority are disappointed; only those who come on missions of real political or financial importance are allowed to linger. Sooner or later, the latter have the privilege of laying their problem before one of the Leader's assistant secretaries. But while they wait in ante-rooms, they may watch the White House bureaucracy go about the job of selling the *Führer* to the country as the greatest Democrat since Jefferson. On the outskirts of this promotional staff hang the newspaper reporters, always alert to pump a visitor departing the Throne Room or to launch a new rumor which may ultimately make Page One.

At this writing, Dr. Roosevelt maintains an inner secretariat of five persons, each of whom is well-equipped to look after general publicity affairs. First is James Roosevelt, who, brought last year into the White House offices after a most remarkable and as yet unpublicized career in private business, bears the full title of Presidential Secretary, and thus brings \$10,000 a year into the family coffers. His primary duty is to keep the Leader in close touch with government departments, *i.e.*, to keep Black Republicans from interfering with

Democratic Party matters. Unlike some other members of the palace staff, James has had no newspaper experience. But he is rapidly learning the finer points of the publicity game through his daily contact with White House correspondents.

Stephen Early and Marvin McIntyre, two other members of the Praetorian guard, are former newspapermen, and as such are of supreme importance to Dr. Roosevelt's propaganda trust. Mr. McIntyre is somewhat proud of his title of "buffer-man" between the *Führer* and the public; he is perpetually vigilant to see that the Skipper (euphemism for President) appears in the most favorable light when engaged in meeting the voters face to face. Mr. Early, on the other hand, is known as the "trouble-shooter". Translated into plain English, this term means that Mr. Early's duty is to humor the White House correspondents and make certain that all are treated on an equal propaganda basis, including the misguided representatives of Republican publications. Although the White House "Spokesman" no longer exists, the *Führer* issues a constant stream of Good-Life statements, all of which are composed in Mr. Early's office. There is also

from time to time the delicate question of permitting the newspaper boys to quote indirect statements from Rooseveltian press conferences. This problem, too, is handled by Mr. Early. But strange to remark, no member of the White House bureaucracy ever smiles at the obvious inanity of current press relations. On the contrary, such phrases as "indirect quotes", "off the record", "background stuff", are treated with the utmost gravity on Pennsylvania Avenue, as they are throughout the voting sections of the country. Such devices have a high propaganda value, as they permit the *Führer* to disavow any statement which, upon publication, rouses public criticism.

Occasionally, Mr. Early blunders in his delicate censorial duties, and then there is excitement around the White House. For example, on July 27 of this year, Dr. Roosevelt was quoted in the newspapers as denying that the National Labor Relations Board was biased in favor of John L. Lewis' CIO. In fact, he said, the Board had been accused of being *biased in favor of management*. The President's singular comment was obviously in answer to Senator Nye's earlier manifesto that the NLRB was a CIO "adjunct".

On the heels of Dr. Roosevelt's comment came a clarifying order from Mr. Early's office, indicating that the CIO was an unhappy subject around the White House. Of course, the CIO was not mentioned, but the coincidence was somewhat singular. The Associated Press reported the occurrence as follows:

President Roosevelt redefined today the rules governing publication of his remarks at press conferences. Basically, he retained the four categories of treatment that have been in effect since he entered the White House. But he revised their definitions to prevent what he termed any misunderstanding by interviewers. The categories were defined as follows:

1. Background — Remarks which can be attributed to the President without direct quotation.
2. Direct quotation — Presidential remarks may be printed within quotation marks when specifically authorized.
3. Information not to be attributed to the President — Mr. Roosevelt said this treatment rarely would be required, but that, when it is, the information involved could be attributed neither to him nor to the White House.
4. Off the record — Information that must be kept confidential and not published in any manner.

Correspondents had requested a new definition of "background" because of some confusion as to its meaning.

In addition to the McIntyre-Early team, there are two other members of the *Führer's* palace

secretariat — Miss Margaret Le Hand and Rudolph Forster. Miss Le Hand, who served Dr. Roosevelt wisely and well during his Albany days, now decides what letters he must see, while Mr. Forster, the executive secretary, serves as White House manager — that is, he rules on what formalities the *Führer* must observe in the daily round of political duties. All in all, the White House secretariat is splendidly efficient, and overlooks no opportunity to paint the Skipper as the Messiah of the Downtrodden. In fact, it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between the activities of Dr. Roosevelt's personal ballyhoo brigade and those of Herr Hitler's Propaganda Ministry.

In addition to the inner guard, Dr. Roosevelt also avails himself of the services of another intimate, auxiliary group of propagandists who, while officially attached to the Democratic National Committee, spend considerable of their time in hovering like angels over the White House. This group comprises General James A. Farley, Emil Hurja, and Charles Michelson. The high intellectual and fiscal attainments of General Farley are set forth elsewhere in this magazine so there is no need to recount them here. Mr. Hurja, a

somewhat mysterious gentleman who adds to his mystery by maintaining the impassive countenance of a Tibetan lama, has been called the master-statistician and soothsayer of the Committee. It seems that Mr. Hurja, by glancing at a map of the United States, can tell a visitor just how Siwash County, Minnesota, will vote in 1940. The fact that Mr. Hurja has daily access to the WPA records of cash hand-outs in the agrarian regions, may have something to do with his omniscience. The third member of the triumvirate, Mr. Michelson, is the former newspaperman who was first hired by the Democratic wizards to smear the unsuspecting Herbert Hoover. Since 1928, Mr. Michelson (at \$25,000 a year) has become the champion smearer of history, revealing a phenomenal facility for getting in his best licks at the same time that General Farley is out stumping the country, explaining to the voters in monosyllabic words how Dr. Roosevelt bears nothing but love for his Republican opponents. In July of this year, Mr. Michelson climaxed a successful career by accepting a public relations job from a private radio company at an annual salary of \$10,000. According to the Committee, this is highly ethical. That is to say, Mr. Michelson can ad-

wise the President — who dispenses government favors — at the same time that he advises the radio company — which wants government favors. In America, such singular goings-on are called the Good Life. And the men who share in them are to be found in the President's innermost propaganda council.

While the White House secretariat and the Democratic National Committee take care of the intimate details of White House promotional work, the balance of the Executive Office staff, numbering more than 150, occupy themselves with handling a flood of daily mail, sent to the *Führer* from all sections of the Republic. On an average, 5000 pieces are received every twenty-four hours. Recent investigations have disclosed that much of this correspondence concerns the financial worries of Dr. Roosevelt's underprivileged voters, and is written in reply to the Leader's radio requests that the public take him into its confidence. Mrs. Roosevelt has also issued similar appeals, based on heart-warming sentiments. But strange to relate, the bulk of this fan mail is forwarded to the Correspondence Division of the famous WPA, where it gets bureaucratic attention.

The Correspondence Division

passes the buck to the State WPA office where the appeal or complaint originated. The missives themselves are promptly embalmed in the government files, where they are forgotten. So far as the writer Back Home is concerned, he might as well have saved his stationery and postage for nobler efforts. But unfortunately for the average American, he cannot resist the propaganda appeal of a Fireside Chat. With the soothing words still ringing in his ears, he rushes to the nearest post office, bearing a stamped message of goodwill for his Leader. Such civic consciousness, according to the Democratic National Committee, is worthy of the highest praise.

In essence, then, the secret of the White House publicity machine is the personal touch. Dr. Roosevelt's own secretariat, the Democratic Committee, the Executive Office staff, the various government departments which assist in routine affairs, even the White House correspondents, are inoculated with the Service virus. Virtually all promotional material emanating from Pennsylvania Avenue is aimed at presenting the *Führer* to the country as a sincere friend of the People, as a savior of the poor, as a St. George fighting the Wall Street Macaulays. Day after day,

news stories originating in the White House Mind are broadcast throughout the country, carrying the message of Uplift to the masses. Dr. Roosevelt's public speeches, his radio sermons, his newsreel appearances, his published articles, bear the Good-Neighbor imprint.

But throughout all this heady material is a note of class-war propaganda. By ceaseless impact, the idea is put over that only under the New Deal can the Republic fulfill its destiny, that only the Democratic Party understands the needs and desires of its 128,000,000 wards. In Europe, such subtle propaganda has been instrumental in creating dictatorships. But in this country, Dr. Roosevelt shrewdly avoids the collectivist stigma. As he so often says when confronted with a delicate Party problem:

"I will take this issue to the People."

#### IV

This article concludes the series on New Deal propaganda. THE MERCURY trusts that its readers have profited thereby, and that they now possess a clearer, more helpful knowledge of the ways and means by which their philanthropic President is fostering a program of National Socialism, under cover of

"democratic" slogans. As pointed out before, the information set forth in these articles has not derived from partisan sources; it has been taken direct from the record of the Roosevelt Administration. Insofar as is possible, our inquiry has touched upon the representative channels and techniques through which the United States is being indoctrinated with a form of political philosophy imported from Europe and points East. There is, however, one more revelation in order, without which these articles cannot be considered fully documented. It has to do with legislation — legislation enacted by Congress to safeguard the American public from unregulated propaganda and to ensure that the party in power does not abuse its publicity privileges at the taxpayers' expense. Written on the statute books, in plain English, are the following two laws:

Section 54, Title 5, United States Code: "No money appropriated by any Act shall be used for compensation of any publicity expert unless specifically appropriated for that purpose."

Section III, Title 44, United States Code. "All printing, binding, and blank-book work for Congress, the Executive Office, the Judiciary, and every Executive Department, Independent Office, and Establishment of the government shall be done at the Government Printing Office."



There, in brief, is a forthright, conclusive answer to the defenders of the New Deal's promotional program. Not only has Dr. Roosevelt violated the ethics of human decency in his furious crusade to sell himself to the country as a perpetual savior, but he has violated the law as well. His press agents by the hundred clutter the federal payrolls under euphemistic titles; millions of pieces of propaganda material are printed by surreptitious methods. Under an Administrative régime devoted to the creation of countless laws, regulations,

and penalties, the Leader has disregarded those which affect his personal political fortunes. Convinced that an effulgent grin, a honeyed voice, and a press agent's guile are sufficient in themselves to mesmerize the public, he moves forward to a totalitarian goal, carried on the shoulders of the greatest army of propagandists ever assembled.

Not even the Dictator States of Europe—the same States which are excoriated daily in the American press as pawns of tyranny—offer a shabbier spectacle.



## FOR A SORCERESS

BY ROBERT WISTRAND

**T**HEN take a wall and set it up  
 Between the here and there, and cup  
 This new division of the world  
 Into the valley of your curled  
 Warm hand: and while you hold it tight  
 Between your fingers, set the night  
 Beyond the barrier, the day  
 Before us here, and seek a way  
 To pass at will from here to there  
 And back across the sundered air:  
 To temper too-bright light with shade  
 And touching darkness make it fade  
 To match the pastel blossoms of  
 The tree that bears our wilted love.

# TIGER — SISS — BOOM — AH!

## *A Story*

BY HOBART LEWIS

MILLER and I sat in our room on the top floor of Edwards waiting for Briggs; it was the evening before the Yale game. We sat there drinking whisky and soda and feeling very proud of ourselves. Outside, somebody was beating a drum. From all over the campus came cries of "All out, All out!" Up and down the floor, doors slammed and we could hear feet hurrying away; we could hear the old stairs creak, we could hear the band and the shouting. We felt the excitement, and we sat across from each other, sipping our drinks, waiting for Briggs and being very conscientiously matter-of-fact.

The shouting trailed away to another part of the campus, leaving us alone and magnificent on the top floor of Edwards. In order that we might appreciate the full significance of our position, we sat a long while without saying anything. Four flights down, we heard the outside door open and swing to.

"There's Briggs," Miller said. Then we heard footsteps on the stairs, and along the hall we could hear someone going from room to room, opening all the doors and closing them again.

"That's not Briggs," I said. "That's one of those cheerleader fellows."

"Very systematic, what?" Miller said.

We sat listening to the doors opening and closing below us. There would be six steps and then a door would be slammed shut. Six more steps and then another door; in the interval between the sixth step and the closing door we knew the door was being opened. Although we couldn't hear it open, we knew it so thoroughly that it was just like hearing it. We knew how the cheerleader looked when he stuck his head through the open door and into the empty room. All this secret knowledge, together with the whisky, made us feel all the more superior.

We listened to the footsteps coming up the stairs to our floor and along our hall. Doors began slamming again.

"Determined beggar," Miller said. (We were very English the first part of that year.)

And then our door opened halfway and the cheerleader put his close-cropped head through the opening; he was about to close the door automatically as he had the others, when he saw Miller sitting on the couch waving his drink at him. In his white flannels and black crew-neck sweater, he was the symbol of college spirit. He was a senior named Mike Roberts.

Miller stood up. He was wearing riding boots. He began to be an English gentleman. "Hallo, Mike," he said. "Come in and have a drink. You know old Spence there. Spence, Mike Roberts, number one cheerleader, finest fellow in the world. Sit down, old chap, sit down."

Roberts stood in the doorway looking at us. "Why aren't you guys at the mass meeting?"

Miller appeared pained. "Mass meeting?" He looked over at me. I took a drink from my glass. Miller turned back to Roberts. "Fact is, old man, I don't quite twig. Pour yourself a drink and tell a chap the news."

Roberts acted pretty well. "The news is, Miller, that you and old Spence there are a couple of self-centered bastards."

"That's not news, Roberts," Miller said, "that's old stuff, Roberts. Tell us some real news."

Roberts just stood in the doorway looking sorry for us. He wasn't pretending to be sorry, he really felt unhappy about us. He was sorry we couldn't all be like Mike Roberts.

"Come on, Roberts," Miller urged, "the real dope, right from the shoulder." He was forgetting to act like an English gentleman. Roberts was being decent and this upset him.

"No," Roberts told him. "I've said enough. Good-night, you guys." He really was sorry about us.

"So long, cheerleader," Miller said, bowing and waving with his glass.

Roberts looked at Miller and then at me and turned around on the rubber soles of his sports shoes, and went out. He closed the door quietly, and we heard him going slowly down the hall. We listened to him going down the old stairway and then we heard the outside door slam after him. Far across the campus we could hear the cheering in Alexander Hall.

Miller went over to the table and poured some whisky from a decanter into his glass. The decanter was amber and on its face it bore a pewter plaque. On the plaque, in bas-relief, an English sporting gentleman was riding a horse over a three-barred fence. It was a beautiful decanter and Miller was very proud of it. When he had poured his drink he stirred the liquor carefully with a long pewter spoon.

We sat across from each other sipping our drinks, waiting for Briggs and hearing the cheering in Alexander Hall.

"Well," Miller said, "I guess we sort of polished off old Roberts."

I didn't say anything.

"Old cheerleader Roberts," Miller said.

"He was nice about it, though," I said. "He's not such a bad guy, Miller. He can't help it if he's a cheerleader."

"Well, we certainly polished him off, anyway," Miller said.

"No we didn't. He gave it to us."

"Like hell!" Miller said.

"Yes he did. He was sorry for us."

"Like hell!" Miller said; he knew Roberts had felt sorry for us and he didn't like it. He wanted to feel sorry for Roberts. He was

trying awfully hard, but he couldn't quite make it.

Over in Alexander Hall they were still cheering the football team. Miller got up and closed the window. He was slightly drunk and he didn't want any cheerleader to feel sorry for him.

"Where in hell's Briggs?" he said, sitting down on the couch again.

"Maybe he's gone to the mass meeting," I suggested.

"Old cheerleader Spence," Miller said. "Give us a cheer, Spence."

I didn't say anything. I was beginning to feel sorry for Miller, too.

We sat for a long while without saying anything, and then we heard them all coming back; all over the dormitory we could hear the rooms being occupied again. After a while Briggs came in. He looked excited about something.

"Hallo, you chaps, let's have a drink," he said. He was wearing his black sweater that had crossed oars in orange on the front of it. In his sophomore year he had rowed on the 150-pound crew.

Miller looked up at him. "Hello, cheerleader," he said. "How was the meeting?"

"Swell," Briggs said. "Boy, they certainly whooped it up!" He went over to the table and lifted the

decanter and began to pour himself a drink. Miller got up a little unsteadily.

"Wait a minute, letter man," he said to Briggs. "We don't drink with cheerleaders."

Briggs put the decanter down. "What's eating you, Miller?" he asked.

"Nothing," Miller said, "we don't drink with cheerleaders, that's all."

Briggs looked at me. "What's got into old Miller?" he asked.

"Roberts," I told him. "Roberts got into him."

"Like hell he did," Miller said.

"Roberts came in here and felt sorry for us because we weren't cheerleaders," I explained to Briggs.

"Oh, is that all?" Briggs said, picking up the decanter again.

"We don't drink with cheerleaders," Miller said to him again.

Briggs put the bottle down and looked at Miller. "Oh, for God's sake, Miller, can the prep-school stuff."

"And we don't shoot with cheerleaders, either," Miller told him.

We were going shooting the next day, Miller, Briggs, and I; it was the day of the Yale game, so we were going shooting. It was all very sporting and superior. Briggs liked to shoot, but he didn't look

as disappointed as Miller had hoped; he only looked at Miller a little queerly in the way that Roberts had looked at him and then he said, "Old Miller, the sportsman," and he went into his room and shut the door.

## II

The next morning Miller and I got up early. The room was cold and we dressed rapidly. Outside, the campus lamps were still lit and showed faintly; the glass was covered with moisture. From under the bed, Miller took out our guns and a box of shells. We went down the stairs making a great deal of noise in our heavy boots. "Try not to wake the sleeping sons of cheerleaders," Miller said to me over his shoulder, and I laughed. I was glad we were going shooting.

We got our bicycles and went over to Joe's to get some breakfast. The dining halls didn't open until eight. Joe was standing behind the white counter. It was the day of the Yale game, so he was wearing a clean white apron. We put our guns against the wall and moved to the counter.

"Big day today, Joe," I said.

"Issa bigga day, you right, Mister Spence. You tink we beat dem guys?"

"Sure," I said, "we'll beat hell out of them."

"Old cheerleader Spence," Miller said.

We ate a quick breakfast and bought some chocolate bars for lunch. As we went out the door, Joe called to us, "So long, boys. I hope we beat dem guys."

"Sure," I called back. "We'll beat them all right."

"Let's get moving," Miller said. He was disappointed that Joe hadn't noticed that we were going shooting, but he couldn't bring himself to call it to his attention. I was disappointed, too, but I knew that if Joe had thought it was all right for us to go shooting on the day of the Yale game, he would have mentioned it. Joe always avoided unpleasant topics when talking to a customer.

We peddled out Nassau Street and down Bayard Lane hill to the Great Road and out into the country. There were no cars on the road and we made good time. It was a fine November morning and we were anxious to get started shooting. We turned off the road a couple of miles from town and went into a patch of woods. We chained our bicycles to a small tree and were ready to start.

Miller broke open his gun and slipped the shells in. "This is the

stuff," he said. "Come on, Spence."

We began to go through the woods slowly. The trees were mostly ash and hickory, and they still held their leaves. The old leaves on the ground were damp, so that we didn't make much noise walking on them. The sun was up a little and we walked toward it.

"This is the stuff," Miller said. "Boy, this is it!" He had his shooting cap well down over his eyes, against the sun. The collar of his jacket was turned up. He carried his gun in the crook of his right arm; he looked very professional.

We walked in the woods a long time without seeing anything and then we came out into a field of corn that was planted along the edge of it. The corn had been cut and gathered into shocks. Long rows of it stood in wigwams across the field. Everywhere the red ground was spiked with stubbles.

"This looks like the goods," Miller said.

We went into the field, up and down the rows, kicking at the shocks, but there was nothing in them. The ground was soft from the Fall rains and our boots were covered with the mud. The walking was not so good.

"What the hell," Miller said, after a while. "Let's get out of this, Spence."

We came out of the field at the east end where the ground was higher. There was a lot of tall dead grass and we stopped to clean our boots. The sun was high now, and we had seen nothing. It looked like the right sort of country; it was great country, but there just wasn't anything in it.

"What rotten luck," Miller said.

"It looks good down there," I said. The high ground gave way to a sloping gully filled with yellow Indian grass. Here and there a stunted sumach stood out like a red hat thrown down in a straw pile. We went into it. The grass in places came to our waists; it was splendid pheasant cover. We expected something every step.

"It won't be long now," Miller said.

We were walking side by side, about ten yards apart, our guns ready. A pheasant got up, crowing, right at Miller's feet. It began to travel away, rising slowly. When it got above eye level, Miller fired and the bird dropped into the tall grass ahead.

"That's one," Miller said. He broke the gun and the shell popped out and over his shoulder. We walked forward in a straight line.

"There may be more," I said.

We watched as we walked, but

nothing more got up. Miller was walking in the line of flight. The bird hadn't traveled very far.

"He dropped about here," Miller said, stopping. The Indian grass was tall and dead; it was all around us. There wasn't a sign to show where the bird had come down. There wasn't a bent spear anywhere except in the trail behind us.

"It must be further on," Miller said.

We walked on a little, but it was all the same. There was no bird in it, not anywhere.

"Oh, goddam it," Miller said.

I ran back over Miller's trail until I came to the empty shell lying in the grass. Miller stayed where he was. He was too far away. I waved to him and we covered the ground between us again. We tramped down the tall grass.

"I guess you missed him," I said when we came together.

"Like hell," Miller said. "I hit him all right. I hit him right in the pants."

The bird had come down all right, but an old bird will drop at the sound of a gun. They can run better than they can fly, and they know it.

"Well," I said, "he wasn't hurt very bad. He ran away on us."

Miller was sure he'd killed the

bird. He was a good shot and he hated to miss them. But the bird wasn't there; he couldn't get around it. He'd killed it with one shot and then it had run away on him; it was a rotten trick.

That was the morning. We hunted around in the gully a little more, but it was no use. The game just wasn't in the country.

"There's no profit in this," I said to Miller. "Let's knock off."

Miller was sick of it, too, but he wouldn't admit it. "What the hell," he said. "We just came out."

"I've had enough," I told him. "I'm through with this walking around."

Miller was a little sore about losing his bird. The morning hadn't gone the way he'd planned it and he didn't know what to do about it.

"All right, cheerleader," he said, "go on back and be a cheerleader."

"Sure," I said. I knew he wanted to come too, but I knew he wouldn't. He was going to shoot pheasants while the other boys played with footballs.

"Old cheerleader Spence."

I took the shells out of my gun and put them in my pocket and closed the gun again.

"Give 'em a cheer for me, Spence."

"Sure," I said.

"So long, Spence."

"Good luck," I told him. "I hope you get something."

"Thanks," Miller said. He walked on, and I turned and went back through the gully and up the hill.

### III

When I was out of Miller's sight, I began to run. I ran across the cornfield and through the woods and it didn't take so long. We had spent most of the morning covering it for the shooting, but in a straight line it wasn't so far. I was through with the shooting now, and I wanted to get to the game. The hell with that shooting stuff. I felt sorry for old Miller, the sportsman.

When I got to where we had left the bicycles, I remembered that Miller had the key. The chain went around the two front tires and then around the tree and it was locked and the key was in Miller's pocket. Out on the road the cars were streaming past and I could see through the trees the sun glinting on all that nickel. They were all going to the game.

I went out and stood by the road for a minute and then a big gray touring car pulled up. It was full of people. The driver was a big



fellow with a red face and a raccoon coat; with him in the front seat were a couple of girls. They looked pretty snappy. They looked like New York. The rear seat was full of people and they were all drunk and singing. They were having a fine time. I got on the running board and we went up the road.

The driver was an old grad. His name was George. He knew all the college lingo and he was very anxious to demonstrate it. We went sailing up the road in the big car and he kept shooting it at me out of the side of his mouth.

He knew the names of some of the players, too.

"You know Taylor?" he asked me.

Taylor was in chemistry class with me, so I said, "Sure, I know him."

"He's a great guy."

"He sure is," I said.

"He's one great guy all right. You know Harvey?"

"George just loves football," one of the girls said. "Don't you, George?"

"Nothing like it," George said. "Ab-so-lute-ly nothing like it. Take football — take boxing or wrestling — they're physical contact sports."

"That's right," I said.

"It develops you," George said. "It makes a man out of you."

"George is a great believer in physical contact," one of the girls said. "Aren't you, George?"

George grinned at her. "All kinds," he said. And then he turned to me again. He hadn't finished naming the players yet. "You know Rankin?" he said.

"He's a great guy," I said.

One of the fellows in the back seat leaned forward, and put his arms around one of the girls in front.

"Whosa grea' guy?"

"Rankin," George told him. "Left end. This boy knows him."

"And hesa grea' guy, eh?"

"Yes," I said.

"Rankin's a louse," the fellow said. "A creeping yellow louse, that's what your Mr. Rankin is."

"Don't mind him," one of the girls said to me.

"Don't mind me at all," he said. "Just don't mind me, you go right ahead."

"Shut up, Herb," George said. "This boy's all right."

"I don't like him," Herb said. "I don't like his hat."

We were in the town now and there were a lot of cars, so we were moving slowly.

"I'll get off here," I said to George. "Thanks very much."

"And I don't like his eye-glasses," Herb said. I was trying not to pay any attention to Herb. George stopped the car. "So long," he said. "So long," I said. "Thanks."

I began to walk across the street. I felt foolish wearing shooting clothes and carrying a shotgun at high noon in the middle of town. When I got to the sidewalk, I looked back; the gray car was moving slowly, Herb was standing up on the rear seat waving his arms at me and shouting.

"So long, you shooting son of a bitch!" he called. Everybody in the street laughed, Herb was having a wonderful time. He began to sing. "Oh, the rootin', tootin', shootin' son of a bitch." George jerked the car forward and Herb fell in a heap on the floor of the tonneau. The car went up the street. Everybody was watching it and laughing. I made my way across the campus to our rooms.

Briggs was there. He was mixing a drink.

"Hello, Nimrod," he said. "Where's all the birdies?"

"There aren't any."

"I say, what dismal luck!"

"Shut up."

"I mean what absolutely rotten luck, old man. Or was it just foul shooting?"

"Shut up," I told him again.

"I say, that's rather good! Feller goes fowl shooting, what? Feller does some foul shooting. Result, no fowl. Not bad, eh, Spence, old boy? Just foul shooting."

"You're drunk," I told him.

Briggs was using Miller's decanter and glasses.

"Drink, old Spence."

"Sure," I said.

He poured out a drink into the amber glass. He stirred it with Miller's pet spoon.

"What old foul shooter don't know won't hurt him, eh?" He handed me a glass.

"Still out there?"

"Still at it," I told him.

"Stout feller, Miller."

"Miller's all right."

"Oh, quite," Briggs said. He was feeling pretty good. "Bit of all right, Miller is, if you ask me."

I didn't say anything. I was tired of all this English stuff. I put the gun under the bed. Briggs kept it up.

"Only thing is — gotta constitutional aversion to cheerleaders. Don't like 'em. Don't like 'em at all. Right, old Spence?"

"That's right," I said.

"Can't bear to hear the cheering. Tiger-Siss-Boom-Ah! Upsets him."

I was changing my clothes. Outside the window, four flights down, people were going over the campus

toward the stadium. You could hear the girls laughing and it sounded good. It was the only time you heard a woman laugh, just on the Saturdays when they played football. The band was playing somewhere. The old drum was boom-booming. Fellows in the dorm were shouting. They would lean out the window and when a pretty girl went past they would holler "Fi—re!" The girls never looked up. They walked along in a hurry with their heads down. They pretended to be embarrassed. They loved it. You only called fire after a pretty girl and they knew it. From where we were on the fourth floor, though, almost any girl looked pretty.

Briggs was still on the subject of Miller. "Cheerin' upsets him something awful. Know why?"

"Sure," I said.

Briggs began to lead a cheer. "Tiger-Tiger-Tiger; Siss-Siss-Siss; Boom-Boom-Boom—Ah; Miller, Miller, Miller!"

He was pretty tight and he was shouting. "That's the one he'd like to hear," he shouted, "that's the one." He began again "Tiger-Tiger-Tiger—"

"Come on," I said. "Let's get to the game."

It was the year of Taylor's run. If you didn't see it, you missed it,

that's all there is to it. All the slow-motion pictures in the world won't give it to you.

The little Welshman's last game for Old Nassau; score was Yale 13, Princeton 7: forty seconds to play. Taylor was behind his own goal line. The Yale boys were singing the *Undertaker's Song*; the sun was setting in the West; old Miller, the sportsman, was out there somewhere potting away at pheasants in the twilight; and little Tommy Taylor from Baltimore was standing behind his own goal line, waiting for the ball.

The pass from center was good; it was fourth down. The Yale team was lined up for a kick. Taylor tucked the ball under his arm and began to run for it. He went through the Yale line like a dose of salts; the secondary defense was spread wide and Taylor was out in the clear, his short legs pounding away up to the 40, up to the 50, into the Yale territory to the 40, to the 30, to the 20, to the 10-yard line and a touchdown! Tiger-Siss-Boom-Ah! Princeton! *Taylor, Taylor, Taylor!* Briggs was shouting, I was shouting; the cheerleaders were jumping up and down and rolling on the ground. Sixty thousand people went wild. There was a sudden lull while somebody or other kicked the extra point.

"Boy, what a game," Briggs said. "What a game!" All the way back to the room he kept pounding me on the back and shouting. We went into Edwards, singing.

*Mighty rough on the Eli,*

*Mighty hard luck for the Blue.*

We clambered up the old stairs. Briggs stopped at every landing to roar, "Miller!"

"Ye-oh, Miller!" he would roar and then he would take breath and tear up another flight. "Ye-oh, Miller!" We burst into the room but it was empty. Miller wasn't back yet. Briggs went to the window and put his head out and shouted some more for Miller.

"Sit down," I told him. "He'll be along."

It was beginning to get dark now and he would have to be in soon. We both sat down and waited for Miller. Briggs slumped in the easy chair. He was still wearing his hat and coat. I lay down on the couch. After a few minutes we stopped talking and I lay there listening to the sounds outside. I could hear them all coming back from the game. It seemed a long time since the morning.

#### IV

After a while Miller came in. I hadn't heard him coming up the

stairs. He was standing in the middle of the room.

"Hallo, you chaps, done in?"

Briggs woke up too. "You missed it, Miller," he said right off. "Boy, you missed it."

"So I hear," Miller said. He was standing by the table. He was taking the shells out of the loops in his vest and putting them back in the box. He was doing it very methodically. He looked pleased about something.

"Any luck?" I asked him.

"Plenty," he said. "They began to fly about sundown. You should have stayed out, Spence."

I didn't say anything. I was glad Miller had had luck, but I wasn't sorry I had come away. I wouldn't have missed Taylor's run.

Briggs began to talk about it. He was full of it. "Honest to God, Miller, you should have seen it." He got down on the floor on his hands and knees. He broke open a box of matches. "Look," he said. "Here's Taylor, here's the goal line." He lined up the matches in a six-two-two-one defense. "Here's the whole goddam Yale team!"

Miller let him go on with it. He'd had a good day. He stood by the table pouring out three drinks from that decanter of his, and watching Briggs on the floor

working out Taylor's run with match sticks.

Finally Briggs picked up all the matches. He got up. His face was flushed.

"Taylor's run is now history," he said. He shut the matchbox with a dramatic flick. "History, Miller, and you missed it!"

Miller smiled at Briggs and handed him a glass. "Let's drink to Taylor's run," he said. He said it as though he meant it.

Briggs took a drink and looked at Miller.

"Old Miller, the sportsman," he said. He couldn't understand it. He couldn't see how Taylor had played right into Miller's hand.

Miller raised his glass.

"Old cheerleader Briggs," he said and smiled.

He was the man who had gone shooting on the day of Taylor's run. It would be something to remember.



## SONNET

BY MARJORIE W. JACKSON

I HAVE not seen that maples grieve the Fall,  
 The year's excoriation of their leaves.  
 They doff their blaze-red scarves and orange sleeves  
 As gayly as they don green April's shawl.  
 Root-poised, aloof from seasons, deep in thrall  
 To some sap-urged design, each subtly weaves  
 Its pattern — fragile, firm — nor begs reprieves  
 From fertile winds, nor equinoctial brawl.  
 Their ceaseless chemistry is fact, not duty:  
 The delving roots that drink the earth-spring lees,  
 The reaching leaves and arms that conjure breath;  
 Theirs is the essence of all willing beauty —  
 Bud, leaf, stripped bough, they live their trceries,  
 And do not know how lovely is their death.

## EDITORIALS

### *New York Elects a Mayor*

A STRANGER getting his first sight of New York during these few weeks would agree with one of our Southern contemporaries who said editorially the other day that it is notoriously the lousiest town in America. It is not, as a matter of fact. We are free to say that we ourselves have no love for New York and wish we never need set foot in it again, but nevertheless we can name some American towns which are plenty lousier. We also admit with pain and disappointment that forty years ago New York had the makings of one of the most interesting cities in the world. If only it had known what to do with itself it might have grown up by now into something which had the interest of a cosmopolitan town like Vienna — something which could command a civilized man's affectionate loyalty. All the material was here, but nobody knew what to do with it, so the town grew up nondescript and *ungeheuer*, and living in it became about as exhilarating to a civilized man as

kissing the back of his hand.

But what makes New York look so especially lousy just now is the municipal election, for New York certainly has the lousiest system of municipal elections that the world ever saw. We hasten to say that almost all American towns have the same system, and that it is actually no lousier in any one town than it is in any other, and the only reason why it makes New York look so conspicuously lousy is that New York is bigger than any other town. We are not thinking of the iniquity of this system at the moment; what we are thinking of is its imbecility, its idiocy. A stranger examining it would say at once that it is a system devised by a low order of crooks and palmed off on an uncommonly low order of half-wits. So when he sees a town of seven million people putting up with such a system instead of carrying it out to the incinerator with the tongs and holding their noses while they do it, what is he to think about the manifest lousiness of that town?

The way the prewar German towns were run was one of the world's wonders. We do not know how they are run now under the new régime, but for cheapness, efficiency, farsighted wisdom, and all-around competence, the prewar German system took no beating. Now, how was this? First and foremost, the German towns grew up with the idea that running a town is a *business*. It is a job, like running any other corporation, and therefore it has to be run by somebody who knows how to run it. We do not know where they got this idea or how they came to get it — though it seems a simple idea and easy enough for anybody to get — but at all events they had it, and anybody who ever lived in an old-time German town knows the results it got.

What they did was this: the town elected a small council of more or less eminent local men. There was no money in it for these men, and no politics. Their political opinions, if they had any, cut no figure. Moreover, they were not supposed to know anything about running a town, and they did not pretend to know anything about it. Old Mommsen was a member of his town council for years, and while he knew the whole history of civilization for-

ward and backward, he did not know any more about the actual business of running a town than one of Hagenbeck's zebras. Like all other citizens, these councilmen would know whether the town was run right or wrong, but they knew nothing about the actual routine of running it, nor were they supposed to know anything about it. They were supposed to find somebody who did know how to run the town, and hire him to do it.

Therefore, being the mayor of a German town was a non-political job. It was purely a career-job, like a professor's or a preacher's. A young man trained for it, as he would for any other profession, and German training for any profession in those days meant that if you were alive when you were through — well, you were through. Then he started his career as mayor of a small town, much as a preacher starts in a small parish. If he were relatively a mediocre man, he would be unlikely to rise higher. If on the other hand he showed signs of promise and made a good go of his small job, he got a reputation. Larger towns heard of him and when there was a vacancy, one of them would call him; and so on, until perhaps he became mayor of a city of the first class.

Moreover, since towns have a special character which gives rise to special administrative problems and conditions, the German mayors sometimes specialized, like doctors, to meet the demands of waterfront towns, university towns, towns which ran mainly to textiles, coal, iron and steel, general commerce, and so on. Thus if Hamburg needed a mayor, the city fathers would be likely to call in the chap from Stettin, if his record were right, or from Bremen, if they could get him. Or if there were a vacancy coming on at Bonn or Göttingen, they would have had their eye on what the fellow at Freiburg-im-Breisgau was doing. In short, mayoring was a distinct, honorable, and highly skilled profession during those days before the War.

Now, by contrast, see what is happening in New York. Here, as in the vast majority of American towns, electing a mayor is a matter of straight politics. A few of the more enlightened towns — Cincinnati, for instance — have apparently got the prewar German idea that politics has no more to do with the business of running a city than it has with running a monastery, so they have gone on the plan of getting what they call a "city manager". There is some-

thing to be said about this, but it is not to the point just now. In the enormous majority of American cities, the mayoralty is not a business job, but a purely political job, as it is in New York, and the utter lousiness of that system, which New York is just now working overtime to show up at its very lousiest — this is the whole point of our comment.

To begin with, there were three candidates at the primaries. Was any one of them a trained man who had been thoroughly drilled in the whole theory and practice of running a town, and who had graduated up to his candidacy through years of experience in smaller communities? Hardly. They know all about politics, but that is no recommendation for the business of running a city. They know how to get votes, how to make trades and deals, how to stand in with the boys, how not to get tangled up with the flywheel of the "organization", and all the rest of it. But that sort of thing is a business in itself, and knowing how to run it does not qualify a man to run a city any more than knowing how to run an assignation house qualifies him to run a photo-engraving concern. There, incidentally, is where the silliness of talk about "a businessman for mayor" comes



out. When a publishing house wants a president, does it pick a businessman? It does not. Instead it picks a businessman who knows the publishing business.

One of these candidates has already been mayor of New York for four years. Was he good? Well, just for the sake of the argument, let us say he was as good as he knew how to be. In other words, let us say he gave as good an administration as one could expect from a political adventurer. Actually, what an old-time mayor of Cologne or Stuttgart would think of his administration is something not fit to repeat—but let that go. The point is, how does a man who has spent his whole active life as a jobseeker and jobholder find time or energy to master the very special and intricate business of running a city like New York? The answer is, of course, he doesn't.

One of the prime stupidities of the American system is this bland disregard of ignorance, this bland assumption that a rank tyro can learn enough as he goes along to make his administration successful. Every once in a blue moon, New York gets as proud of itself as a boy who has just shot his grandmother, because it has elected a man of high character,

and standing to fill the mayor's office; and just as regularly New York discovers that it has been sucked in. Strong, Seth Low, McClellan, were very much the kind of men whom a German town would be proud to have on its municipal council, but would never dream of putting in the mayoralty. They were fine men, able men, but as some of us are old enough to remember, their administrations showed them up as nothing but stuffed shirts. They had not been trained for the job, and before they could learn enough about it to go on with, the bottom dropped out of it.

There are a few American Macaulays in New York, and our notion is that what they would like is to have the city run by somebody who knows how to run it. Now, Macaulay was no doubt full of sin, and his ways were evil and against God, but the miserable fellow usually knew what he was talking about, which is more than we can say for some of his detractors. He also was quite a hand to pry into the whole logic of a situation, and he had the filthy habit of speaking his mind about it and also of raising questions and making pertinent suggestions, all of which was fright-

fully embarrassing to his betters.

The American Macaulay (if, as we are assured, we may speak for him) is pretty well fed up with municipal misgovernment by crooks and amateurs. The logic of the matter, as he sees it, is that nothing better can be hoped for under the existing system, and it seems to him that something like the prewar German system would be an improvement. But under that system, New York would vote solid for a city council composed of venal jack-leg politicians who would certainly elect an amateur as mayor, and no doubt a crook as well. Exactly; so it would, because that is what Dr. Roosevelt's "democracy and more democracy" and his "majority-rule" come to, just as Macaulay knew they would — and we may add for Dr. Roosevelt's benefit, just as Mr. Jefferson knew they would; and if the good Doctor wants us to prove it, we have the stuff to do it with, straight from T. J.'s pen. Well, then, the American Macaulay says, that state of things would seem to point to a restriction of the suffrage. But we *had* a restricted suffrage right up to the passage of the Twentieth Amendment, and things did not go so much better, at that. So we did; and the reason why things

went no better is that the basis of restriction was absurd.

That basis has always been sex and property. A sex-qualification is obviously too absurd to talk about. A property-qualification is also absurd, for two reasons. First, the possession of a million dollars does not make a knave or a blockhead one whit less a knave or a blockhead than he was before he got it; and there is no reason why knaves and blockheads should vote, but every reason why they should not. Second, a property-qualification is a standing temptation to a voter to use his voting-status to further his own economic interests, which is bad all round.

Therefore, the best the American Macaulay can see for it is restriction based on intelligence and character. Pass all intending voters through an intelligence test conducted by high-grade men of science; a good grueling test, too, for participation in public affairs clearly demands all the intelligence that can be got into it. Then pass them through a character test at least as searching as a bank would apply to a candidate for a fairly responsible job; because if a man has not character enough to be a runner or a third assistant teller, he has not enough to be trusted in public affairs.

But that is not "democracy and more democracy". Maybe not — we don't know. The American Macaulay is told on high authority that he is all astray on that subject. His idea is, however, that some such system as this might result in fair-to-middling good government, and that, after all, is what really interests him. He *knows* what Dr. Roosevelt's "democracy and more democracy" will result in, and therefore he knows that however badly his own proposals might turn out in practice, their effect could not possibly be worse, and might even be better.

### *Power of the Press?*

We have recently noted what, in modesty, we must refer to as a coincidence. Our readers will recall an article in the August issue, *Propaganda From Spain*, by Fletcher Pratt. This was a review of the Spanish war news, as reported in the *New York Times*. We printed Mr. Pratt's piece not as a criticism of the *Times*, which is our favorite newspaper, but as an indication of the ease with which propaganda from abroad is disseminated in this country, the point being made that European propaganda similar to that now issuing from Spain was a vital factor

in getting America into war in 1917.

Then, immediately after the appearance of Mr. Pratt's article, we were surprised to note a marked change in the *Times'* manner of handling news from Spain. Overnight, you might say, the whole method of presenting this news — which Mr. Pratt's article had criticized — was abandoned. As we write these lines, the *Times'* handling of the Spanish war dispatches has become fair, unprejudiced, and as accurate as possible under the circumstances; while the editorial page, referring to a recent Red liquidation, frankly states:

This latest development of the struggle within the class struggle in Valencia and Barcelona dispels any remaining illusions that the fate of Spain as such is the first consideration either among these conflicting forces or in the calculations of the foreign powers backing Franco. As for democracy, can any clear-eyed observer still hope that among the contending despotisms that issue is any longer a reality?

Well — far be it from us to insinuate that this modest magazine could influence the editorial policies of a great institution such as the *Times*. We simply wish to compliment the *Times* on its present able editing, just as we criticized it before.

# AMERICANA

## ARIZONA

**T**IMELY note on the career of a hitherto Unknown American, as reported from the city of Tucson by the Associated Press:

Percy Patrick Posey is leaving for Hollywood and a film audition. He has been unemployed since the demise of the NRA. His job then was to imitate the cry of the blue eagle on radio broadcasts.

## CALIFORNIA

**E**XPLANATION of the low state of literary culture on the West Coast is contained in a letter from one of San Francisco's public figures to a progressive civic group:

I regret to advise you that the Board of Trustees of the War Memorial of San Francisco did not approve your application for the engagement of the War Memorial Opera House for a lecture proposed to be given by Thomas Mann on March 29, 1938, for the reason that no one present knew what Mr. Mann intended to talk about, *nor who he was*. I was instructed to obtain from you further information as to the subject of his lecture, his position as a lecturer, and to secure proper circulars from you showing the above, and further advice as to where he had been lecturing in the past.

Very truly yours,  
SELBY C. OPPENHEIMER,  
*Managing Director*

## GEORGIA

**N**EW FIELD for CIO organizational work is revealed in an Associated Press dispatch from the village of Tifton:

Until further orders from the Tifton Superior Court, movie-goers here must refrain from booing commercial advertisements flashed upon the screen. Judge R. Eve signed a temporary restraining order today following a petition filed by R. E. Martin of Columbus, owner of the theater, which asked \$10,000 damages.

The clerk of the court said that the petition named seven reported members of the Tifton Booing Club.

## IDAHO

**S**TRICT observance of law and order in the Boise area, as reported by the United Press:

Seven polo ponies and riding horses burned to death today when flames roared through two suburban barns housing Boise polo-team stock and academy animals. The fire department was on the scene, but did not attempt to stop the fire or save the horses. The barns were about ten feet over the line defining city limits. . . . Firemen said they had strict orders from the mayor not to fight fire outside the city limits.

## INDIANA

**T**HE Associated Press notes an alarming affront to civic pride in

the historic township of Linton:

Citizens of Linton are incensed because of the theft of the shaft which marked the center of population of the United States. . . . Investigation revealed that a needy family had used the marker for fuel last Winter.

### IOWA

DRAMATIC incident in the saga of an American on tour, as chronicled by the *Clarence Sun*:

Mrs. William Boettcher reached home last Thursday after her trip to Germany, which covered ten weeks. Mrs. Bruno Hauptmann was on the boat going over.

### KANSAS

INEVITABLE result of the PWA's modernization campaign in the backyards of the thriving town of LeRoy, as advertised in the *Reporter*:

For Sale:—Good Chic Sale 3-holer. Cheap. S. T. Ferguson.

### NEW JERSEY

ALARMING sociological conditions at a famous seaside resort are brought to light by a subscriber to the Ocean City *Sentinel-Ledger*:

A friend of mine in the police department estimates that at least 60,000 young couples pet in parked cars within the city limits per Summer season, and that this indecency is viewed by at least 15,000 impressionable boys and girls of tender years, who are never the same thereafter. This appalling situation requires desperate remedies.

### NEW YORK

ANOTHER vile Wall Street plot is uncovered by the alert sports editor of the *Daily Worker*:

There can be no doubt in the minds of any thinking people that the terrific barrage of sports ballyhoo . . . is part and parcel of the whole pattern of deadening, diverting entertainment consciously fostered by American capitalism. If you've seen cowboys on the Western prairies heatedly debating the relative merits of the Chicago Cubs and St. Louis Cards, without ever having seen the teams; if you've heard poor farm boys who have never been to the city rattle off the names and batting averages of players they will never see—you'll understand.

### TENNESSEE

SOCIAL note from the Mississippi region, as recorded by the *Sumner County News*:

Complaining that her husband made no effort to find her when she was a refugee during the flood, Mrs. Marjorie Mae Peake of Louisville has obtained a divorce from Robert Foster Peake.

### WEST VIRGINIA

THE editor of the *Braxton Central* comments on the effects of the Good Life dogma in the Appalachian region:

Two Sutton gentlemen were picking blackberries this Summer in an endless brier patch when suddenly one of them gave voice to the fear that they were lost.

"Never mind," came the answer. "Roosevelt will send airplanes after us."

## IN OTHER NEW UTOPIAS

## ALASKA

EFFICIENCY of bureaucratic government in the Far North, as chronicled recently by the Associated Press:

Matanuska colonists, farming the government's most ambitious Resettlement project, have lost a year's work. All seed wheat bought by the Alaska Rural Rehabilitation Corporation, governing body of the colony, for resale to the Matanuska pioneers, was found to be Winter instead of Spring wheat. It will not produce until next year.

## CANADA

THE Comrades of the picket line introduce a new technique in class-conscious Belleville, Ontario, according to the United Press:

Pickets at the Stetson Hat Works here turned the tables today on provincial police detailed to keep them in marching order. During rest periods when the police attempted to relax, the pickets forced them to snap to attention and stand that way for as long as twenty minutes at a time by playing *God Save the King* on harmonicas.

## ENGLAND

INDICATION of the influence of monarchy upon the animal kingdom, as advertised in the *Exchange and Mart*:

For Sale.—Quite unique kittens, born during Coronation procession.

## GERMANY

DELICATE point of proletarian ideology is settled by the *Führer's* disciples, according to a correspondent of the *New York Times*:

The National Socialist Labor Front, to which every German worker is virtually compelled to belong, has expelled a worker because he threw a sausage from a window. The worker argued that as it was his sausage, he could do what he pleased with it. The Labor Front, however, ruled that he had been disloyal to "the unity of the German people".

## SPAIN

ESOTERIC pen picture of an up-and-coming messiah, as written for the French magazine, *Candide*:

He is not tall, he is a little heavy, his body is timid. Ah! His glance is unforgettable, like that of all rare beings. A troubled and trembling glance, full of sweetness; the man is delicious and mysterious. . . . His forehead is beautiful . . . with feminine sensitiveness and delicate features. In the smile of this warrior one sees a woman's soul and a child's heart. The ravishing thing about Franco is his purity.

## USSR

CZAR STALIN foils another fiendish Fascist conspiracy, according to the Associated Press:

Leningrad firing squads today executed three restaurant cooks who were accused of serving spoiled pork. It was charged that fifteen persons had been poisoned by eating pork cutlets served with what the court called "willful counter-revolutionary intentions."

# THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

## *The Difficulty of Thinking*

MR. ERNEST BOYD'S paper, printed elsewhere in this issue, should be read with the closest attention. It points to a structural weakness in human nature which has always existed, and which seems likely to exist forever. This one weakness accounts for every one of the mistakes and absurdities which men have committed in their efforts to create a stable society, and it is the only thing that will account for them. The dullest mind must sometimes wonder why the whole political world should be permitted to get itself in such a filthy mess as it is in at present. It seems inexplicable. Why does Fascism exist? Why is Communism? Why the New Deal? How can anyone explain such fantastic figures as Stalin, Hitler, Roosevelt, Mussolini?

The answer to all these questions is the same. These preposterous nightmares exist only because Nature has for some reason made it so easy for human beings to feel and to act, and at the same

time has made it so hard for them to think. There is no other reason. Nature has fitted us out with self-starting, automatic, high-powered machinery for emotion and action; while our machinery for thinking is at best low-powered, has to be laboriously cranked by hand, and must be watched and coaxed along all the time, or else it will run down at any moment, and stop.

There the fact is, and no one has ever been able to get around it. Without exception the human being has always found it easier to feel than to act, and both much easier than to think. Nature made him that way, and also gave him a strong tendency to follow the line of least resistance; and just there is where the poor devil of a human being has always run himself out of luck ever since the world began.

So, if one cares to take that view of it, one might conclude that Nature never intended man to be a social animal. Or, if she did, it certainly seems that she has

built his whole psychical structure wrong end to. It is impossible to guess what her idea was. A stable organization of society must be based on right thinking. There can be no doubt of that. A stable society obviously cannot be set up haphazard by trusting to luck—there are too many chances against it. Neither can it be set up to function by trial and error—it will not hold together long enough for that. Nor can it be set up on the basis of ignorant good feeling and unintelligent, well-meant action. Feeling and action are all very well in their place, but that place is under the strict control and direction of right thinking.

Moreover, in order to be stable, a society must not only be set up on a basis of initial right thinking, but it must be kept going under direction of *continuous* right thinking. An individual has to do more than start his life straight by right thinking and then leave it to itself; he has to keep it straight by right thinking as long as his life lasts. He meets new conditions and changing circumstances to the end of his days, and if he does not continually apply right thinking to them, his life goes off the rails. Likewise, human society cannot be stabilized once

and for all and then left to itself; it has to be kept stable, and nothing will do this but the continuous application of right thinking.

All this would be a simple matter if only Nature had made thinking easy for us instead of making it so very hard. If she had made thinking as easy as feeling or action, the vicious absurdities of Fascism, Communism, and "the corporative State" would be laughed off the face of the earth, along with the imbecile witchmongering of the New Deal. Hitler would be peaceably working at his trade, Roosevelt pottering at some harmless trivial pursuit like stamp-collecting, Stalin probably tilling the soil and tending goats in his Transcaucasian home; all amidst stable communities of quiet, prosperous, and happy people. But if Nature ever had any such design as this, it would seem that she did not do her part. By making emotion and action so easy, and thinking so hard, she has brought about the exact opposite. Undeclared wars of aggression, rebellions, piracies, tyrannies, restraints, strikes, riots, production everywhere suffocating under ruinous taxation—such is the delightful order of our day!—and over all is the spirit of passion which knows no rational control,



and which vents itself in ignorant, bestial, and frenzied action.

An observer of the state of the Union, therefore, has to face the strange provision of Nature whereby not only are human beings so largely incapable of right thinking, but so many are incapable of thinking at all. They are capable of blazing emotion, with its corollary of dogged prejudice; they are capable of energetic action; but they cannot think. In this respect, too, the Union is worse off than many of its neighbors, because American education is notoriously not aimed at the cultivation of thought. Strictly speaking, it is not education, but training. It does a great deal for the "average student", for the motor-minded, for the incompetent, for the person who shows promise of being able to "do" something; but for the person who shows promise of some day being able to think, it does simply nothing.

One may reasonably doubt that there are now in the United States thirty thousand persons who are able to think closely, consecutively, and disinterestedly on any subject, or to carry out a line of thought — any line — to its full logical length. For my own part, I doubt there being half that many. So when Mr. Ernest Boyd

blames the Liberal intellectuals for being in full flight from reason, for demanding a united front in action, for being "afraid to think", one must wonder whether, after all, he is not suggesting something quite beyond their power. Mr. Boyd knows the Liberal intellectuals far better than I do, so I speak under correction, but what little I know certainly leads me to believe that they are appearing quite in character. None of their works and ways has ever associated them in my mind with any capacity whatever for thinking, but only with a great capacity for emotional ardor and a great urge for hand-over-head action in all circumstances, even the most serious.

When Mr. Roosevelt says he believes in "democracy and more democracy", he is talking sheer clap-trap; nevertheless we may take him at his word, as we may when he offers lip-service to the ideal of "majority-rule". But the proper object of democracy and majority-rule or any other kind of rule, is the maintenance of a stable society, and a stable society cannot be maintained except by the prevalence of right thinking. Very well; in this Republic where everybody has a vote, and the majority is supposed to rule, what

kind of material have we which can presumably supply a right-thinking majority?

According to statistics cited by Dr. Alexis Carrel, there were in this country five years ago, in State institutions, 340,000 insane persons, 81,500 feeble-minded and epileptics, with 10,930 on parole. This takes no account of the number of cases in private institutions. The rate of increase is about 68,000 new cases annually. At this rate about 1,000,000 of the children now in our schools and colleges will be in asylums. There are now in the whole country 500,000 feeble-minded, and 400,000 children who have not intelligence enough to meet the very moderate requirements of our public schools. The deranged are a much more numerous group; neurosis and psychosis run the number of the afflicted far up into the hundreds of thousands. In New York State, one person out of every twenty-two, at some time in his life, and for a longer or shorter period, does a turn in the bughouse. In addition to all the foregoing, one of our most eminent alienists tells me that by the very lowest possible estimate, there are 1,500,000 drug addicts in the United States, and the same number of alcoholics.

These statistics are a good beginning—but they are only a beginning—for a person who is trying to get a little real light on Mr. Roosevelt's sublimated drivell about "democracy and more democracy", and his devotion to majority-rule. Taking these facts as a starter and going on to sift all the other evidence available, it is only a very intrepid person who would affirm that the average power of reflective thought in the United States is a hair's-breadth above the normal twelve-year-old level. For my own part, a careful study of the matter leads me to believe it is far and away below that; but unquestionably it cannot be higher.

Very well then, first, in order to have democracy and more democracy, you must first have a *demos*, and is a populace whose power of reflective thought stands at this level a *demos*? Clearly not. Mr. Roosevelt has no *demos*; he has merely an *ochlos*—for the Greeks had a name for it. That is to say, he has merely masses with infantile mentality, infantile sensitiveness to any stimulus which a demagogue may see fit to apply to their passions, and an infantile instinct for blind and violent action. Second, what likelihood is there that majority-rule

under these conditions will tend towards stabilizing our society? None whatever; the thing is simply impossible and fantastic. On the contrary, it tends towards just such a state of anarchy and confusion as it brought upon France in 1792—such a state as Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Lewis, and their entourage are doing their best to bring upon this country within the next three years.

Furthermore, when one examines this majority and takes its measure, one has no trouble about seeing how little chance there is for the saving power of thought to make any headway whatever against its ignorant excesses. In the years before 1792, as my friend Mr. Hendrik van Loon has lately pointed out, there were men who could have saved France. Turgot could have done it, and so could Quesnay, the elder Mirabeau, Necker, or any one of a dozen others. But in the period 1789–1792, the power of reflective thought stood no more chance than it would stand today in a discussion with Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Lewis, or in a memorial addressed to Congress. Some years ago the president of Columbia University said most truly that “thinking is one of the most unpopular amusements of the human race. Men

hate it largely because they cannot do it”. The masses resent it with the resentment that ill-bred children display against any appearance of superiority, and their leaders and representatives resent it because it interferes with what they want to do.

Consequently, what little power of reflective thought exists in the Union is pretty effectively sterilized. Suppose the whole force of it could by some sort of miracle be concentrated upon Washington, Wall Street, our captains of industry, organized labor, our newspapers, colleges, universities, pulpits, forums, yes, even our Liberal intellectuals—what then? Could it impress twenty-five persons out of the entire lot with the simple truth that America is now precisely where France was in the period 1789–1792, and that the American New Deal is headed straight for the point where the French New Deal of 1789 arrived in the days of the Terror? I greatly doubt it. Yet it remains true, as Bishop Butler said, that “things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be”.

In the face of Mr. Roosevelt’s rabble-rousing fustian about “democracy and more democracy” and his homage to majority-rule,

could it even impress twenty-five people with the plain common sense of the French painter, Horace Vernet, when he said that "before you can have an ideal republic you must have ideal republicans, and Nature cannot afford to fool away her most precious gifts on a lot of jack-leg lawyers and hobnail-booted riff-raff"? Again I doubt it. Yet it remains true that before you can have "democracy and more democracy" you must have democrats who can think, and Mr. Roosevelt's ideal of majority-rule is merely rule by a majority of bumptious and turbulent twelve-year-olds.

Still, ineffectual as it may be, the power of reflective thought

does exist, and those who have it are of all men the most to be envied, because they have the future with them — a very distant future, certainly, but it is theirs. For the present, too, while all about them are blindly following some dubious leadership and violently taking such sides as ignorance and prejudice dictate, they follow no one blindly and remain on the side of truth and fact, content to go fearlessly wherever reason leads them. In a sense, they are not particularly useful to their fellow-men, but they are as useful as circumstances allow them to be, and their only regret is that they cannot be more useful than they are.



# THE LIBRARY

## *The Art of Prophecy*<sup>1</sup>

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

IT is nearly twenty years since the armies of the First World War went home, to enjoy the arts of peace and to take up the matter of pensions. They had settled war. There wouldn't be any more war.

Since then, hardly a season, and never a year, has passed without violent military episodes in some quarter of the world. Fighting has run in scale from small border skirmishes to major national efforts involving metropolitan armies. One need not search the annals to recall the protracted Polish struggles against the Red evangelists in the early 'Twenties; the Syrian troubles; and the Riffian wars that broke the back of Spanish monarchy and drew in, unusually, army corps of Frenchmen from France to reinforce the tough French Colonials. There was the debacle of the Greeks in Asia Minor, when Mustafa Kemal

was leading the Turk to his own again. In the depths of South America, Bolivia and Paraguay fought each other to exhaustion in little-regarded but exceedingly deadly and resolute battles. Throughout the period British regulars were steadily occupied on the Indian Northwest Frontier: I remember the report coming back to Peiping, a month or so after the Royal Scots were transferred to the Indian Station, how this chap and that one, fellows we played polo against, were lately killed in action. The American Marines have had battle casualties in several theaters. And Mussolini conquered Ethiopia, not scrupling to employ poison-gas against naked natives, the first time, I think, white men have done it.

China has been continuously in upheaval, and the present episode begins to look like a big war, the

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<sup>1</sup> *The Struggle for the Pacific*, by Gregor Bienstock. \$4.00. Macmillan.  
*Europe in Arms*, by Liddell Hart. \$2.50. Random House.  
*Poison in the Air*, by Heinz Liepmann. \$2.50. Lippincott.

end of which is unpredictable. Also, there is the Spanish civil war, a snug convenient laboratory where interested parties may test under service conditions all the new and improved devices for killing. And withal, throughout the years, disarmament conferences one upon another, solemn pacts of peace, and the sober thought of honest, apprehensive men, and the shrill ululations of the pacifists.

Somebody said the other day — and it is a thing I wish I had said myself: That the reading of history may not necessarily make a man wise, but it will certainly make him sad.

Remembering is even worse for the spirits.

It is an old story now, all of five years ago, the last days of January, 1932, that the previous Shanghai affair occurred. Shanghai is a modern city. The statistics, which I forget, are impressive. It is one of the first seaports in the world, and in point of population, one of the great cities. Long like a snake, and with a snake's morals, it sprawls along the Whangpoo estuary that feeds into the Yangtze River, a stream comparable to our Mississippi, and called Yangtze only at its mouth; and only there by foreigners. The

Middle River, the Chinese name the Great River, or the Long River; and above the Gorges, they call it River Flowing Over Golden Sands. At any rate, the cluster of godowns the Son of Heaven allowed to be located by the Outer Barbarians on the Whangpoo mud flats in the 1840's is now very populous and thriving, and its customs imposts are no small item in the funds of the Chinese government.

There was an Incident in 1932: some Shinto priests were mobbed, or some Japanese bluejackets blackjacked, or some such thing. The Japanese Army was culling easy laurels in Manchuria those days, and — there may be a connection and there may not be — the Japanese Naval Command on the Station issued an ultimatum, after the best Western models: they have learned their lessons from us excellently well, those chaps. One heard that the Chinese mayor of Greater Shanghai met every demand, well within the time limit; and no doubt the details can be dredged out of the current press dispatches. However that may be, there came a Japanese Landing Force, sailors in blue uniforms, with shrapnel helmets, and high white leggings making them conspicuous in the

dark: and there were three divisions of South China troops, Cantonese, lying outside the International Settlement, where they had been since the previous December, on an obscure gambit of Chinese politics, between Sun-fo, or was it Eugene Chin, and the Nanking government. The collision occurred at the North Station, where the railroad comes in from up-country, and we never learned the particulars of what happened to the Landing Force. One gathers that they went off the strength. Presently a battle line built up some fifteen kilometers long, from Chapei on your left hand, as you stand across Soochow Creek in the International Settlement, to the Woosung Forts where the Whangpoo joins the River. The fighting was fiercest in Chapei, a frightful rabbit-warren of a place, all tenements and narrow blind alleys, dangerous even to an armored car; and in front of Kiangwan, where the highroad runs north from the city to Lui Hoo on the Yangtze. Four weeks they fought, all that bitter February, rain continuous, and the thermometer just above freezing. Eventually, three Japanese regular divisions appeared, a very large naval contingent, and a reinforced brigade; and the river was vexed

with Japanese destroyers and light cruisers: and three central China divisions were added to the troops of the 19th Route Army.

It was grotesque. Shanghai is a cosmopolitan city: its bars and cabarets and sing-song houses are notable. The international forces — American Marines and English regulars, French Colonials and Italians, and the local defense force — some 10,000 to 11,000 — stood to arms continuously. Except for the restrictions of a 10 o'clock curfew, the hardy cosmopolitan society of Shanghai went on its way, which is bridge and cocktails and other indoor amusements. You met a charming lady in the cocktail bar of the Cathay Hotel, say about noon: she was going to a bridge luncheon, but she'd have a Dry Martini, and she was bubbling over with excitement: she had just stopped, on her way down from her apartment in the French Concession, to look in on Tom, or Dick, or Harry, lieutenant in that strong-point on Soochow Creek, and peeped through a sort of porthole between sandbags, and saw men killing each other with hand grenades and machine guns right across the Creek — maybe a hundred feet, or a hundred and fifty. And if you had business near the Astor

House, a few blocks down the Bund, you walked carefully on the left hand side of the street, for stray machine-gun bullets were droning along the other side, knocking chips out of the walls, from some position up in Honkew. You could ascend in a lacquered elevator to the roof of the Cathay, and observe the pillar of fire by night and the column of smoke by day, over the tortured outer districts; and listen to the shells, and watch the Japanese bombers, low under the leaden clouds, lifting their tails as bombers do when they let go a bomb-load. And you could motor out, fifteen minutes to half an hour, and investigate developments at Chinese Army Headquarters or at Japanese Corps Headquarters, taking your chances with whatever heavy stuff was being laid on the high-road. And then return and dine delicately, for they do you well at the Cathay — only, it was well not to dwell upon the homeless native dogs you saw feeding unspeakably in the seared debris of Chapei. . . .

Off the Bund, moored orderly one behind another, the foreign warships lay, flying the flags of all the great maritime powers: the same flags floated over the several consulates-general in the Interna-

tional Settlement; and the accredited representatives of the same great peace-loving nations were, you understood, laboring day and night to terminate the horror. I can testify that they labored: but the Oriental mind has no points of contact with the Western mind. What ended it was a Japanese Division, the 11th, landed from the Yangtze squarely in the Chinese rear, where it could have been landed a month before. Immediately the Chinese Divisions shook loose and retired up-country in good order, and that was that. Some thirty to forty thousand soldiers had become casualties, and from a quarter to a half-million civilians were homeless, and how many of them dead, nobody that I heard of ever knew, or cared particularly, for life is cheap out there. Now it is being done again.

I remember worse fighting and more thorough devastations: the Champagne country in 1918, white chalk and rolling hills, looked like a photograph of the moon, and ancient towns, built for the centuries in solid masonry, showed there only on the map. And they were sad, the little wrecked stone villages of the Marne country. But nothing I have seen appeared so pitiful as



the places like Kiangwan and Taitsang, after a few medium-caliber shells and bombs had stamped them flat. For they are frail places. Chinese construction is frail construction. Where your village stands, there has always been a village, of lath and bamboo-weaving and mud walls, and light tiling, but renewed by each generation as it saw its need. In China, only ideas are imperishable. Even their carved stone is soft and weathers down. And a few shells level all. But in the ruins, you turn up, along with the cadavers of simple folk suspended in the act of doing homely things, bright shards of porcelain and brittle ornaments, and scrolls; cheap lures and penates of a people who find their pleasures and their usages in humble simple ways.

It all seemed so perfectly useless, and so utterly silly. And it is happening again, this time in the heat of the Summer: if you have been in China, consider what they must be like, the smells along Soochow Creek, and the flies. It has other features also: the Chinese, who were content in 1932 with mere resistance, are now hitting back. It may be the intervening years have brought them the sense of national unity they have lacked.

They are using artillery, and Chinese aviators bomb friend and foe with bland impartiality.

With all this loose in the world, it is no wonder that the writing profession turns to war, and adds to the current afflictions interminable discussion, tempered but infrequently with sound sense. I would except Mr. Gregor Bienstock, who writes with more reason than the average of the *Struggle for the Pacific*: a book showing careful preparation and much thought. It does not apply directly to the debate along the Yangtze and across the North China Plain: if there actually are Nationalistic Chinese, they are fighting invasion; and the Japanese, right or wrong, believe that Japan is fighting for national existence. It is not, you understand, the truth that makes men act; but what men believe to be the truth. Mr. Bienstock views the Pacific area as an area of mounting pressure, where trade jealousies and national aspirations—usually the same thing—provoke increasing friction. The United States is in that area, and England and Russia; with Germany and Italy on the fringe. It is a problem that must be solved, probably by this generation; and whatever solution is attempted, the author concludes

grimly, will be conditioned less by man's will than by his destiny. On the whole, I think it as intelligent a presentation as I have seen.

Into another category, and a more popular one, falls Liddell Hart's *Europe in Arms*, which appears to be a compilation of his journalistic articles through the past year or so. Captain Liddell Hart is one of the brash young men who emerged from the World War to rebuke their seniors for their deficiencies. There is honorable service on his record, and he has attained eminence as a critic, being no less than the military editor of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and the military correspondent to the *Times* (London), and that paper's advisor on national defense. He is astonishingly prolific. His biographic studies embrace Scipio Africanus, Genghis Khan, General W. T. Sherman, whom he admires, and most of the important World War figures, for whom his admiration is generally qualified. He produces at least one important book a year, or so it seems to this observer of the lists.

*Europe in Arms* is a valuable report, though not a specific one, on the present progress in rearmament. Over there, Captain Liddell Hart finds all the trend mechani-

cal, with particular emphasis on aviation. He sees in the next war great preliminary slaughters, falling particularly upon the civilian population, to be followed by a stalemate of armies and a disintegration of societies. It is a very gloomy picture indeed; and Captain Hart speaks with as much authority as anyone: further, it is always safe to prophesy disasters.

It became apparent in the First World War that the weapons placed in the hands of the Admirals and Generals were so huge that they could no longer be handled by the old techniques. Mass warfare, the gross resort of democracy, was thrust upon the disgusted professional soldiery; and the resulting efficiency of every national effort was, and is, debatable. Perhaps the Germans were the most efficient, and they lost their war. After the war, it was a German, von Seeckt, who attempted a return to the old systems; that is, his "army like a flail", a small, compact, highly-mobile and highly-trained group of specialists. Those two remarkable German Armored Corps, in which every unit is mechanized, are his children, and they are probably the most formidable soldiers in the world today. But Germany has turned again to the

conscript mass. The chances are that we will all go that way when the war comes.

Prophecy is a chancy business. The only safe guide is: that what has happened will happen again: meantime you watch the trends. We have seen the modern weapons applied in Ethiopia, where there was nobody to upset them, the Ethiopian military thought not comprehending the internal-combustion engine, the weapon of precision, or the Gas and Flame Service. In Spain, however, the experiment goes blithely on. There are capable fighting men on both sides, as well as the Spaniard's racial leaning to protracted bloodletting. And one conclusion emerges: the weapon of decision is still the infantryman with his rifle or light automatic, supported by the machine gun. The airplane and the tank have been disappointing: indeed, it is noted that the Spanish war may prove a positive deterrent to world conflict, because it showed certain optimistic staffs that their new stuff did not work so well. The planes and tanks are, as they were in 1918, quite effective under the right conditions — but no more so. The anti-aircraft gunnery alone shows increased efficiency: it has forced the bombers to such altitudes that

accuracy is impossible. And in the light of what we know now — as distinct from what we simply imagine — the next war will hold few, if any, surprises.

Then, there is *Poison in the Air*, by Heinz Liepmann. Of him I know nothing except that he produced, a while back, the atrocity report entitled: *Murder — Made in Germany*. This time he tells how civilization will be destroyed by poison gas. He starts with Augustus the Strong and his alchemist Boettger, and proceeds into the future, to culminating horrors. Gas attack, augmented by disease bacilli, he asserts, will be the death of the world.

Now, the airplane is an extremely useful auxiliary weapon; and certain gases are fatal to human life — the engine in your sedan produces one of the most deadly, every time the motor turns over — and anthrax and Asiatic Cholera are bad for people. But airplanes and military gases are both subject, in production and in employment, to certain economic and logistic laws. It is not possible, by any means we know, to concentrate enough military planes with military loads over a modern city to destroy that city and gas its inhabitants. It is not likely to be possible. And the disease bacilli,

unfortunately, have no patriotism, for they infect friend as well as foe.

Sounder than Herr Liepmann, and much better reading, is the *Book of Revelation*. You recall the great sixth Chapter: when the Lamb breaks the Seals of the mystical Book, and how, with the breaking of the first seal, there sounded as it were the noise of thunder, and one of those unusual beasts there present said to Saint John: Come and See. And he saw a white horse with a crowned archer astride him, who went forth conquering and to conquer. There was the second seal, and the second thunder, and John saw go out a red horse, whose rider had a great sword, and was given power to take peace from the earth. After that, the third seal, and again the thunder, and the third horse came out, a black

horse. Its rider was a lean dry man carrying a pair of balances in his hand. Here Saint John lapses into pure theater — he reports a thin voice speaking between the thunders, among the beasts: *a measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny, and see thou hurt not the oil and wine* — here, for all the world, the corner grocer instructing his clerk, when bad news from the Front sends the prices of commodities climbing. . . . Then the Lamb broke the fourth seal, and with thunder the voice said: Come and See. The Pale Horse rode out, and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed after him. *Pestilence and War: Famine and Dissolution*.

Thus the Sainted John on Patmos, to the admiration of all the after time. He'd have no difficulty finding a publisher today.



# THE OPEN FORUM

## THE ROOSEVELT REVOLUTION

SIR: The Professor was reading aloud to me:

“At first in the early days of his power he is full of smiles, and he salutes everyone whom he meets; — he to be called a dictator who is making promises in public and also in private! Liberating debtors and distributing wealth to the people and his followers and wanting to be so kind and good to everyone!”

“What’s Mark Sullivan writing about now?” I interrupted.

“It’s not Mark Sullivan,” the Professor said impatiently. “Listen to this:

‘In all well-tempered governments there is nothing which should be more jealously maintained than the spirit of obedience to the Constitution, more especially in small matters; for transgression creeps in unperceived and at last ruins the state, just as the recurrence of small expenses in time eats up a fortune. The change does not take place all at once, and therefore is not observed.’”

“That sounds like Frank Kent,” said I.

“Not at all,” said the Professor testily. “Here’s another one: ‘The citizens begin by giving up some part of the Constitution and so with greater ease the government changes something else which is a little more important until they have undermined the whole fabric of the state.’ And again: ‘Sometimes the citizens are deceived into a change of government and afterwards they are held in subjection against their will.’ And further: ‘Again the revolution may be accomplished by small degrees; I mean that a great change may sometimes slip into the Constitution through neglect of a small matter.’”

“Is this Karl Marx?” I asked.

The Professor snorted. “Don’t insult my favorite author,” he said. “Marx was an ignorant theorist. This man knows what he is talking about. He is the first and greatest authority on how to transform a democracy into a dictatorship. You ought to get to know him. He can help you to understand what is happening today, not only in Europe but here.”

“You mean,” I interposed, “that this friend of yours has written a handbook on how to become a dictator?”

“Yes,” was the Professor’s reply.

“How do I go about it?” I asked.

“He says, to begin with, that you ought to set the poor against the rich and attack all persons of prominence. This not only insures great popularity for the would-be dictator by enabling him to pose as the champion of the people and as a great benefactor, but it also gives him a chance to put into effect schemes for sharing the wealth. The approved technique is to take over the income of the rich by imposing increased taxes, and then to divide their property. You end up with confiscation of all wealth and redistribute it among your friends.

“After the period of smiles and sharing the wealth comes the great era of distrust — let me quote to you once more: ‘Then some of those who joined in setting him up speak their minds to him and to one another and the more courageous of them cast in his teeth what is being done. Then the dictator, if he means to rule, must get rid of them. He cannot stop while he has a friend or an enemy who is good for anything. Therefore he must look about him and see who is valiant, who is high-minded, who is wise, who is wealthy. Happy man, he is

the enemy of them all and must seek occasion against them, whether he will or no, until he has made a purgation of the state.”

“That sounds to me like the recently expressed desires of F.D.R. to purge the Democratic Party of those who opposed the President’s plan to pack the Supreme Court,” I said.

“So it does,” said the Professor.

“Is this from a memorandum of one of the Brain Trusters?” I asked.

“No,” the Professor replied with a wise smile. “I have only been quoting Plato and Aristotle to you,” he said.

“I never knew they were so modern,” I remarked.

“What you really mean,” said the Professor, “is that you never knew the New Dealers went in for such old stuff. It’s all there—including the steps not yet taken by F.D.R. but already history in the cases of Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin—the black shirts or storm troops (Plato called them the bodyguard), the violence, the suppression of the last vestige of liberty, the resort to war. To date, the formula has worked just as they prescribed. Begin with small changes in the form of government, promise the moon, damn the rich, and then do what you want. Governments, as Aristotle pointed out, do not change at once. At first the dominant party is content with encroaching a little upon its opponents, the laws which existed previously continue in force, but the authors of the revolution have the power in their hands. If they can fool the people as to their intentions, they can make over the government as they see fit. Changes creep in unnoticed, and when at last the people understand what is being done it is too late.”

“It sounds to me,” I said, “as if F.D.R. had been studying Aristotle.”

“Not a chance,” said the Professor. “Rather is it that Aristotle and Plato foretold what ambitious politicians grasping for more power have done ever since. The tricks are among the oldest in the politician’s bag

—smile constantly, promise everything to everyone, help the debtors at the expense of the creditors, denounce the rich as the source of all evil, promise to share the wealth, and, above all, exude benevolence and helpful intentions. It worked 3,000 years ago and it works today.”

“A ‘New Deal!’” I said.

“New?” the Professor snapped indignantly. “The oldest deal in the world—and the rawest.”

NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

New York City.

☞

### TIMEO DANAOS ET —

SIR: In the September MERCURY, there appears a letter to THE OPEN FORUM from Mr. Rutledge of Richmond, California, in which he complains about the communications to THE FORUM from Astrologers and Greek Restaurant Cooks. I am not an Astrologer; I am a plain Greek Restaurant Cook that came over in the steerage, in contrast to Mr. Rutledge’s ancestors who, judging from his opinion and contempt of other people, must have come over on the *Mayflower*. What a proud ancestry must Mr. Rutledge have had to be so haughty. I was born within a stone’s throw of where the Peripatetic School of Philosophy flourished, and my teachers pointed out the illustrious ancestry to the students of our class in high school, but cautioned us never to assume a superiority complex on that account, but to treat fellow human beings as equals, as all men are born equal, and only education is the mark of a true Gentleman.

Since Mr. Rutledge saw fit to pick me for one of his berated individuals, may I suggest to him to ask and find out the curriculum of Greek high schools. To save him the trouble, the curriculum includes such teachings as Plato’s *Republic*, Homer’s *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, Aristotle’s *Politica*, Demosthenes’ *Orations*, Lucian’s *Deorum Concillium* and *Necromantia*, Aristophanes’ *Ecclesiazusae* and a plethora of such small works of Euripides, Sophocles, Aeschylus, and Anacreon

on such subjects as *Oedipus Rex*, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, *Oedipus in Colonos*, *Medeia*, and others.

With such educational background, which is compulsory in intermediate and high schools, a fellow gets pretty broadminded and considers all men his equals, and when voting time comes he can make up his mind how to vote to keep Tyrants (Dictators to you) out of office, to keep them from cramming down his throat theories that were discarded thousands of years back and which are rehashed in the United States in general, and in California in particular (see the Townsend Plan, EPIC, McPherson, etc., which the gullible Californians swallow — hook, line, and sinker), yet the rest of us not being bigots, we accept as the result of the not proper education and when they come to Washington we throw them in the ash can.

I have been reading *THE MERCURY* for a number of years and I find *THE FORUM* very interesting. I even agree with Mr. H. L. Mencken, because I learned to respect the educated scholar's opinion; and if Mr. Mencken is not a scholar then there ain't none, as we say down here in the middle Bible Belt.

So please, Mr. Editor, don't take Mr. Rutledge's admonition too seriously, but give us opinions from a cross section of the people, be they scholars, silly, or plain goofy, and people can make their own opinions.

GEORGE TRIANTAFILLOU  
(*Greek Restaurant Cook*)

*West Memphis,  
Arkansas.*



### CHILDREN DISLIKE PARENTS TOO

SIR: I want to say this to the author of "I Do Not Like My Children": I think it was all entirely your own fault. In the first place, since obviously you did not like children, why did you commit the unutterable

folly of having four of them? The folly was all the more unutterable since you point out clearly enough that you could not afford them. It seems to me that bringing up children is a talent and a propensity. A great many women don't have this bent. You didn't face this fact until you had finished off your brood and then realized that it was all a great mistake. Since you were not talented in the maternal line and had four children anyway, your only way out was to become a bleeding parent.

There is no greater bore to the child and to the world at large than the bleeding parent. I had two of them and I think they are a public menace. *You* are the reason your children turned out to be completely inadequate, if indeed they are, because of your bleeding propensities. You made your children selfish egoists. I was like your Alicia, only more of a beast. I blame this partly on the laws of nature, but largely on my own parents. They should have beaten me and beaten me every day. They should not have bled for me. If I was a selfish monster, why did they let me get away with it? If I would take the shirt off their backs, why did they let me do it? I wanted nothing but clothes, just like your Alicia. I didn't care how my mother got hers or whether she had any or not. As a matter of actual fact this was not really my concern. Why did my mother have to be such a spineless dummy (just like you), assume a martyred air and say "I don't suppose you care if I go about the streets naked or not?", sigh and hand over the family's last five dollars for an extraneous bathing suit. Why didn't she go over the actual facts with me — outline the family budget, tell me what things were necessary, tell me how much, exactly, the family income was, point out the impossibility and ludicrousness of the new bathing suit at that moment and that in fact she needed a new hat desperately. If I kept my stony and carnivorous attitude — why didn't she then tell me quietly but firmly that if I wanted the bathing suit, I would jolly well have to go out and earn it.

I would have thought she was marvelous instead of loathing her. (I think my instincts made me revolted by her martyr complex.)

Every one of your sacrifices just made your children so much more soupy. And I am also sure it made them dislike you all the more. A mother who becomes a general family drudge is a disgrace to the children. They hate her more and more for her decline. They like to have a mother who remains a person, whom other people of her generation like, who is alive and *independent*. That is the curious thing about it. All the sacrifices you made for your children made you less and less independent. In the first place you probably gave up your place in the community because of them. You probably gave up most of your appropriate social activities because you could not keep up with the Joneses. And I am willing to bet anything that you told your children all about it, day in and day out. You became, therefore, absolutely dependent upon your small home center for everything. You were probably always around and you took it out of your children. Every sacrifice you made tied you around each of your children's necks like an albatross. *You* had done it for them. *You* were the poor thing who went without. *You* were the person to whom they owed everything. That was how you got your satisfaction and made yourself feel important. I think you were very wrong. Your children realized all this subconsciously. They couldn't be wise enough to ask you for God's sake not to make any more sacrifices for them. That was your part—the part of the wise mother which you were not.

I thank you for the graphic example you have given me of how unhappy and unwise a mother can be. You remind me of that mythical bird whose breast was plucked by its offspring until they had drunk every drop of her blood and who, *I* maintain, enjoyed every moment of their feast.

ANONYMOUS

*New York City.*

SIR: Because the article "I Do Not Like My Children" stirred me to much thought, I have tried to frame a reply from my personal experience as a daughter. Ten years ago, when all his five children were being assisted rather expensively through varying stages of school or early adult life, my father frequently remarked that he looked forward with great pleasure to the time when he and mother could enjoy themselves according to their own tastes, without considering the needs or desires of a single one of their offspring. He envisaged an easy, rather sporting life, with a good car, expensive hotels, fifty-cent tips, and a generous and carefully-selected wardrobe as elements in his pleasure. He was earning ten thousand dollars a year then and spending all of it. Mother, I remember, never looked particularly happy when he talked in this strain, for mother is not sporting by nature. We, his children, felt that he showed an unpaternal eagerness to get rid of us. We did not really mind, however, for we all had interests leading us in different directions; still, we did think that we ought to have a place to come back to when we wanted mother again. We thought that we ought to be able to find the two of them in some familiar environment, glad to see us and eager to share our excitement over our lives.

Today we always know where we can find them; for we are supplying their living. As a matter of fact, father never had the opportunity to travel with a dash; the dash-quality has been eliminated from all our lives. We children scratch and fend, like chickens in a barnyard, for the wherewithal to maintain our own and our parents' lives.

The period of depression brought to father, first, an income cut in half. Then it presented him with the alternative of a second halving and the loss of his executive status, or whatever he could find to do in some other field of work. Father, after years in familiar activities, chose to stand on his dignity, damn his employers, and quit. That was six years ago. He has earned since then perhaps a hundred dollars, all told. We, his



children, have managed, nevertheless, to keep him and mother in the apartment, to keep the old car going, and to see that he has had the necessities, but very few of the luxuries, of life. He has no bathrobe. He had his first new suit last year. His overcoat once belonged to his son-in-law. He sits sunk deeply into a shabby over-stuffed chair, endlessly reading newspapers, detective stories, pulp magazines, and smoking occasional six-for-a-quarter cigars. He can tell you just what fraction of a cent his daily shave costs him. He can spend an hour, easily, washing and wiping the breakfast dishes for four people. He can explain, with nerve-wracking circumlocution, exactly why "this new line will not sell". He is becoming noticeably deaf. He alternates between moods of superficial cheerfulness and frankly cynical despair.

Mother does not ignore him. She still pretends that he is the head of the family, that his wishes are important, and that his plans must be consulted first. Mother is heroic. Her hair, although curly and luxuriant, is white. Her plates do not fit properly, but she wears them without complaint. Her fingers have been deformed by arthritis, and her hands roughened and blackened by heavy housework. Her clothes are practically all hand-me-downs from her daughters' wardrobes. She has had no new shoes for years. She no longer goes to church, for she feels that she cannot afford to contribute to the collection as she once did, and she will not give less. She still talks most easily about us, her children. She forms the nucleus for what family life is left to us.

In September, for the first time in eight years, I am going back to live with my mother and my father. I am going home, not because I choose to, but because only in that way can I afford to give them the money which they need from my salary. To borrow the phrasing of "A Mother", brutally frank, who wrote "I Do Not Like My Children", perhaps it will be wonderful when I come—but it will be far more wonderful when I go. I want it to be over.

Soon! I shall enjoy being with mother part of the time, but I shall dread being in the house with father. I do not like my father.

When I was ten or eleven, father became a person to contend with. He had gone through a business failure of some sort. The five children who had been his diversion and his wife's responsibility were crowded into his consciousness, figuratively and literally. We found his reactions unpredictable. When we giggled or made a joke, we were never sure whether we would be laughed at, ignored, or sent from the room. Today, on a different level, the same conditions hold true. I never go to a family meal without a brief prayer that father will act as if he knew that we were there, and that he won't get on a tear about some innocuous scrap of a remark that happens to irritate him. He no longer scares me, of course, but he makes me sick and embarrassed and indignant. I am conscious of mother's shame, and I want to hit him, or tell him to shut up. I don't do either; I try to change the subject, pretending that I didn't notice all that was being said. When he turns on mother to hold one of her shortcomings up to ridicule, in the belief that he is demonstrating a superior wit, I frequently, in spite of her frantic signals, start an argument that ends in angry words or morose silence.

Today, even while I look on the pathetic spectacle of my father's disintegration, I cannot help blaming him for the attitudes that have contributed to bring it about. His extravagance and self-assurance when he was on the crest; his refusal to save money because "he could always earn all he needed"; his contempt for insurance as a piker's safety; his rudeness, which he considered a form of humor; his arrogance, which he thought proper pride; his delight in deriding other people for what he supposed to be their inadequacies; his love for telling others what to do and why; his passion for being in the limelight; his mockery of what he did not understand—these ugly attributes crowd out my appre-

ciation of his twenty-five years of generous economic provision for me. He irritates and depresses me. I do not like my father.

So I shall go home with mixed emotions. I shall suffer with mother and be annoyed by her feeling of inferiority; I shall fit as well as I can into the old habits of living — the alternating moods of cheerfulness and gloom, of indifference and explosion. I shall make careful conversation with father when common humanity impels contact. After years in a tranquil and beautiful environment, I am going back to a jerry-built apartment with leaking pipes and stained walls. Mother, Father, and "Home". Still again I borrow the phrasing of "A Mother". I no longer want to be drained, squeezed, torn off in little bits by these parents. Because, viewing them as individuals, and not as units in my family, I have never liked the way they live.

ANONYMOUS

California.



### MORE CROOKS

SIR: Re: "Crooks in the Legislature", may I not add two instances from my own experience?

In 1915, I was retained by a group of so-called "irregular" osteopaths (*i.e.*, those who were not graduates of recognized colleges, but most of whom were men and women of years of experience, and highly reputable practitioners) in an Eastern State, to represent their interests in securing the passage of an amendment to the Osteopathic Act then before the legislature, which would give them better standing. I was not retained as a lobbyist but as legal adviser in drafting a compromise measure with the "Regulars", which we felt would come at some stage of the proceedings, which it did. One day I was standing at the railing of one of the chambers when a member approached and said: "Of course I cannot represent your people as attorney on the floor here, but if your people will see Mr. Blank, who is the chairman of the county com-

mittee in my county, and make arrangements with him, I will take care of your bill in this house." The man he mentioned had an office in the Capitol and was subsequently sent to the penitentiary for some crookedness in his office. On calling at his office he promptly shook down my people for \$500. The man who approached me subsequently became auditor-general of the State and later State treasurer. Later I learned from the secretary of the "Regulars" that their crowd had been shaken down to the tune of \$70,000 in the two sessions their bill was before the legislature, before final passage.

In another State the land title insurance companies control this business to the point of exclusion of all attorneys. Several years ago an attorney, becoming incensed at having to pay a fee of some \$700 for insuring a mortgage title just a few days after he had paid the same fee for like service in the *purchase of the identical* property, prepared and presented to the legislature, then in session, a bill requiring county recorders to certify titles with like effect as if insured. The bill passed its second reading and then was smothered in committee. Some months later this attorney told this story to a group of professional men, a number of whom proved to be title insurance men. After the meeting he was fairly mobbed, and they said: "So it was you who did that, was it? Do you realize that it cost us more than \$40,000 before we finally got that bill smothered in committee?"

GEORGE J. SHAFFER

Hollywood,  
California.



### IN PRAISE OF THOMAS WOLFE

SIR: I had intended to send Thomas Wolfe's "April, Late April" to my son, who is a psychiatrist in an asylum for the insane in Nebraska, but a friend tells me that that would be a bad break. The story, he says, is literature — not the half-conscious musings of a schizophrenic.

However, I'll send it on anyhow, for my son, who knows German, will get some amusement out of "*im Butter gekocht*" and "*im besten Butter gekocht*". And I think his opinion of "April, Late April" will be along the same line as his opinion of the author's German.

S. MILES BOUTON

*Ashville,  
New York.*

SIR: After reading Thomas Wolfe's "April, Late April", in the September issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, I immediately burst forth with the following:

APRIL 31ST — TO BE EXACT  
(*A résumé of the story, "April, Late April",  
by Thomas Wolfe*)

As near as I could gather — it was sort of vague (in spots) —

This guy was in a lather about a little What's-

Her-Name, who used to come each day to rustle up his chow,

(And according to the author — Say! she surely did know how!)

She had a strange effect on him — each time he saw the gal

He'd give a yell and get a whim to be a cannibal.

For I'm no exaggerator, if you saw her in the nude,

She'd resemble a refrigerator-full of fancy food

Such as celery and cherries, and plums and cuts of meat;

She simply was *the berries*, and looked good enough to eat.

At last he couldn't wait, her charms were such a toothsome question

That he went and took and ate her, and she gave him indigestion.

It seems she was the poison kind, the sort who is a drain,

Who takes and takes, and leaves the mind with spiritual ptomaine.

And during all this violence (I really can't tell why!)

A cat walked on the backyard fence, and traffic rumbled by.

Perhaps you will think I owe the author an apology, but I feel that he owes me one.

WINONA M. GILLILAND

*Indianapolis,  
Indiana.*

SIR: Have just finished reading your September number. This is the first time I have read THE MERCURY. I should probably be ashamed to admit this as it seems to be a splendid magazine. There are lots of good articles in this issue, but the one that came the closest to zero or zero-minus, in our opinion, was "April, Late April". We read this twice carefully, although we disliked to waste the time, but we wanted to be sure. It is either too deep for us, or the worst lot of rot we ever read. How an intelligent management could figure that it was worth the space it occupied is beyond our comprehension.

W. A. MOON

*Aston,  
Virginia.*

SIR: We enjoyed reading the September number of the MERCURY. The story "April, Late April" was quite astonishing. If the author is still at large would it not be prudent to confine him in some reliable institution for his own safety, as well as for the protection of the public?

EMILY S. SMITH

*New Canaan,  
Connecticut.*

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## PROPAGANDA

SIR: I have just read your article "Dr. Roosevelt's Propaganda Trust" and want to thank you for it. We need more of such outspoken articles. We are almost all in a mental stupor here in the South where most of the people have blindly accepted Mr. Roosevelt's promises of a More Abundant Life, but in fact he and his gang are selling

us down the river. I am looking forward to your next article further exposing the New Deal propaganda machine. *May your health and courage and ability not fail you. Pour it on.* Maybe it will awaken some of us to what is being done to us by Mr. F. D. (Fooling Democrats) Roosevelt.

S. J. PHILPOTT

*Baytown,  
Texas.*

SIR: I was glad to see your exposure of the Roosevelt propaganda machine. In this region, for instance, we have long been secretly amazed at the vociferous support given Roosevelt by certain of our previously looked-on national citizens *until*, it was discovered, they were getting checks from Washington, from the AAA, the NYA, etc., or were being found "advisory" jobs — to report, or spy on, their neighbors. I think most Americans have long suspected the source of the propaganda with which they were being bombarded. Your candid, conclusive exposé is one more milestone on the way back to sanity, decency, and the American way of living. By all means keep at it.

RUSSELL H. GWYNN

*Newport News,  
Virginia.*

SIR: As chief press agent of the Federal Housing Administration I would feel somewhat flattered by the statements of Mr. Gordon Carroll in his article, "Dr. Roosevelt's Propaganda Trust", if it were not so inaccurate. As it is, I am disappointed. Mr. Carroll, it seems to me, contradicts his own argument. It is obvious to me, after reading his article, that our publicity hasn't been nearly so effective as he fears. In fact, it seems plain that we have fallen down pretty badly in our propagandizing efforts when we miss the mark so completely as we have in the case of Mr. Carroll.

For example, he evidently labors under the impression that the Federal Housing Administration either lends or gives away

money. It does neither. It merely insures home mortgages made by banks and other private lending institutions, and then only after our underwriters have determined that the security behind the loan is sound. We have stressed this over and over in all our publicity. Also, the article is somewhat out of date. Mr. Carroll says: "Feature articles, accompanied by mats, are broadcast generously, telling the housewives of America how to convert — at federal expense — cellar space into recreational area, how to decorate the sun parlor, how to panel the living room in Circassian walnut, how to brighten the bathroom, etc., etc." He undoubtedly is referring here to our modernization and repair campaign. All that ended months ago with the expiration of that part of the National Housing Act on April 1.

And so I say if we haven't established in the mind of the public any clearer understanding of the Federal Housing Administration than we have in Mr. Carroll's, surely his apprehensions concerning the effect of our propaganda on the future of the republic are quite groundless.

ROBERT B. SMITH

*Assistant to the Administrator,  
Public Relations Division.*

*Washington,  
D. C.*

SIR: Am sending this letter for your OPEN FORUM as an echo of Gordon Carroll's story of Dr. Roosevelt's Propaganda Trust.

When Dr. Roosevelt was begging us to vote for him back in 1932, he promised to reduce federal expenditures twenty-five per cent. In the nearly 1700 days of his reign he has squandered our resources at the rate of over \$10,000,000 a day above our income.

He promised to simplify federal bureaus and improve the merit system. He has multiplied federal agencies almost beyond computation and also beyond the capacity of the English alphabet to yield initials for

them, and has put federal employment on a purely political basis, a *quid pro quo* system, "vote for me or else".

He expressed horror at the mere idea of tampering with our money, but he proceeded promptly to chisel the dollar and to embark on the mad attempt to buy all the gold and silver in the world at 1½ to 3 times its value, till in sheer desperation he has started digging holes in the earth to re-bury it.

He proclaimed that he would not permit any silly attempt to control farm prices such as the fiasco of the Farm Board, and then plunged headlong into an elaborate agricultural OGPU in which every one of our 6,000,000 farmers was to be told when, where, how much, and what, with penalties for any off-side play.

He boasted of his intention of promoting research and educational activities to help the farmer achieve greater crop production. And now his yes-sir Secretary of Agriculture informs us that he must have a billion dollars of the taxpayers' money annually to bribe the farmers not to do as well as they know how to do.

His fireside chats and innumerable speeches have echoed from coast to coast with the word Recovery. Yet his every effort has been to restrict output and increase the cost of production, with the result that today the United States stands at the tail end of the list of important nations in recovery from the slip of 1929.

How can any administration hope to get away with such deliberate insults to the intelligence of the voter and such cynical disregard of every pretense to sincerity? A simple and adequate answer lies ready to hand. It was supplied by Harry Hopkins in one of his peevish moods when he explained that the people are just "too damn dumb" to catch onto such smart tricks. It still remains to be seen whether they are that dumb.

E. V. WILCOX

*Chevy Chase,  
Maryland.*

SIR: This is a line to congratulate you and your managing editor on the splendid article entitled "Dr. Roosevelt's Propaganda Trust". Mr. Gordon Carroll displays logic and accuracy throughout his work and I am looking forward to the supplements that are to follow. I hope *Fortune* or the New York *Herald-Tribune* may see their way clear "for conducting a protracted, widespread investigation" on this matter.

LUCIEN B. CLARK

*Canton,  
Ohio.*



### SEX AND TAXES

SIR: I am only an occasional newsstand buyer of your very excellent magazine, which has only one flaw. Why does a magazine of informative prose, intended supposedly for intelligent people, have to discuss sex continually? Sex is purely animal, and beneath the dignity of your magazine. Bernarr Macfadden is perfectly able to take care of the subject.

Bravo! on your articles, exposing F.D.R. Each and every year of F.D.R., we have had here in Stevens County more tax delinquency than in Hoover's entire administration, and in 1934, three times as much. I am a very heavy taxpayer, and the fact that we now have \$80,000 back-taxes, in place of Relief that should have been furnished by the county, shows that F.D.R. hates the taxpayer.

DWIGHT STEBBINS

*Morris,  
Minnesota.*



### FROM THE AUTHOR OF "I BELIEVE IN THE DOUBLE STANDARD"

SIR: It appears that the tumult and the shouting over my Double Standard article has not yet died down. Like the true fiendish female my lady readers picture me to be, I am taking a cannibalistic delight in de-

vouring their comments. What has struck me particularly (I know the girls would be glad to hear that *something* struck me) is the fact that all the rabid ravings come from the women. "*Sic semper natura uxoris*" — the eternal feminine fighting for family, prodded by the primitive policies of neolithic housewives. The men are apparently casually content with the Double Standard. And old Mother Nature is probably smiling with smug satisfaction to see that her boys and girls are behaving so true to biologic form. At any rate, drunk or crazy, I have enjoyed it all, and the jeers and cheers are added fun and fodder for this chortling monster in her cozy lair.

A WIFE

#### ANOTHER CRITIC

SIR: This is written in answer to Mr. Antonio Gapelli's letter which appeared in the June issue. Judging from his name he is an Italian, but he should be ashamed of himself. He agreed with the believer in the Double Standard — the fool! He stated that he comes from a country where a woman does what her man tells her to. That sort of thing happens to any wife in any country who is unlucky enough to be married to a brute of low intelligence. There are good and bad in all races, and it is unfortunate that we can't exterminate the unworthy ones. When a man marries, he expects his bride to be true to him. What about the woman? Doesn't she expect him to be faithful to her, also? Of course — it's part of the marriage bargain. Any person incapable of keeping his vows should remain single. I, myself, am Italian and I resent Mr. Gapelli's remarks. I wish I could do more than just berate him in print.

CHARLES PIZZANO

*Dedham,  
Massachusetts.*

#### ORCHIDS

SIR: The article "Propaganda From Spain" in the August issue is, itself, the

rankest propaganda I have seen in a supposedly unbiased publication since the War. You insulted the intelligence of your readers by publishing such an article, and owe them an apology.

R. H. HENDERSON

*Lynchburg,  
Virginia.*

SIR: I like THE AMERICAN MERCURY because it makes me angry. It makes me crimson. And from that nervousness comes a desire to sit down to devise a rebuff to your arguments and opinions. Usually an adequate rebuff comes, and with it the satisfaction that thought affords. And that's the reason I like your magazine.

ABBOTT FERRISS

*Jackson,  
Mississippi.*

SIR: While not agreeing with most of the Roosevelt policies, don't let us get maudlin about the situation. The main point in Mr. Nock's "Autopsy on the New Deal" in the September number, namely "its suffocation of a decent humanitarian spirit", is preposterous nonsense. Any man who permits the antics of the present administration to have that effect on him, never really had any humanitarian spirit to begin with.

G. L. JONES

*Wichita Falls,  
Texas.*

#### LESS MAGNIFICENT

SIR: The panegyric on "Indiana's Magnificent McNutt", by James Stevens, is filled with deviations from verity, as shown in the following, page 430: "It was news of some sort when McNutt's gubernatorial candidate ran ahead of Dr. Roosevelt in '36 by a large number of votes". From the library of the Indianapolis *News*, from the office of the Secretary of State, and from the files of the State Democratic Committee I get the following statistics:

Total Votes in Indiana, November, 1936	
Roosevelt . . . . .	934,974
Townsend (the McNutt candi- date for governor) . . . . .	908,494
	<hr/>
Roosevelt excess . . . . .	26,480

And this former Hoosier wants to make the people of the United States believe that McNutt is more popular in Indiana than the President. I could be hanged for saying what I think of him. (I'm not in politics.)

W. J. GREENWOOD

*Indianapolis,  
Indiana.*

### MR. STEVENS REPLIES

SIR: On the question of fact concerning the Indiana vote for Roosevelt and Townsend in 1936, the homicidal Mr. Greenwood has me caught, and I must yield him the honors as gracefully as I can. The sentence in paragraph two of "Indiana's Magnificent McNutt" should have read ". . . McNutt's gubernatorial candidate ran ahead of all others on the State ticket by a large number of votes. . . ." My slip was the result of losing some reference material in a move from Indiana to Seattle. There were other reasons for it, but let them pass. The remaining factual material in the article stands up under my re-check.

Let Mr. Greenwood get what consolation he can from Roosevelt's 934,974 votes over McNutt's 908,494 through his proxy Townsend, while the Young Democrats are whooping it up for the colossal colonel in their Indianapolis convention. The formidable fact remains that in no other State did a candidate for governor ring up such a high percentage of votes beside those of the New Deal's great bell. Regard the Roosevelt runaway from Lehman, who was to have saved New York for the New Deal. In New York, as in Michigan and Pennsylvania, all the power of the Roosevelt machine was behind the Democratic gubernatorial candidate. In Indiana McNutt not only had a strong Republican organization to fight

but the Farley gang as well. A few figures one way or another do not affect the fact of McNutt's strength as a national political figure.

JAMES STEVENS

*Seattle,  
Washington.*



### POTATO BUGS, MAYBE

SIR: Your article "I Was a Communist Martyr" interested me profoundly — but the zealot who lived exclusively on potato peelings puzzled me. Who ate the potatoes? Not the bourgeois — there aren't any.

I remember the violent oratory of the Communists at Passaic, but the wicked New Jersey mill-owners certainly did not herd the toilers into bug-infested barracks. Mr. Beal's description of the American Communist bringing his bride home to a bug-infested room shared with eight others doesn't sound like the millennium. I am more than ever contented with my bourgeois but bugless surroundings.

E. T. ROYLE

*Maywood,  
New Jersey.*



### SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

SIR: Your article on the Strip-Tease was very interesting to me. But you are wrong in thinking we country hicks are anxiously waiting for the teasers to visit us. We are way ahead of New York and have been for years. We have been laughing at your puritanical closing of the mild strip-tease you had in New York. We would not walk around the corner to see that stuff. You get a much better tease act in Los Angeles than in New York, and in San Francisco, one that will curl your hair. But if you want to see the real thing, come down here to our County Fair in October. We have it down here right. Nothing on but a smile. We do not have them shaved or powdered to look

like statues either, just the natural thing as it is. No old worn-out harlots either. Girls of around twenty as good-looking as you find on the New York stage. We had only one year-before-last, but two last year. And were they good-looking — well, ask the police force. And could they dance in the altogether? Come down and see the sights. New York is a back number.

M. H. CARTER

Troy,  
Alabama.



### SOUTHERN INHOSPITALITY

SIR: Unaccustomed as I am to public letter writing, I nevertheless feel compelled to express my sincere appreciation both to your magazine and to Mr. Peake for his fine article, "Why the South Hates Sherman". It is excellent.

After having enjoyed several years of Southern Inhospitality, and having been exposed to "the chawm of the Deep Sow-th," it behooves me to say Mr. Peake has not exaggerated a single item. They are still fighting "The War" and never failed an opportunity to remind me that I and my kinfolks were Damnyankees. Personally I considered it a compliment. Then after a pilgrimage to the thousands of small white headstones at Andersonville, I was doubly proud of being "nothin' but a Nuthern Bluebelly".

We need more articles like Mr. Peake's and less sentimental slop like *Gone With the Wind*. Thank you for publishing it and please extend my thanks to the author.

A Damn Proud Damnyankee,

H. M. MORRIS

Trenton,  
New Jersey.



### CRITICISM

SIR: I wish you would tell the idiot who runs your checking department on literary books that he made a very asinine error in his pronouncement on George J. Nathan's *The Avon Flows* by saying "A critic should

never write plays". *The Avon Flows* was not a play written by George J. Nathan but an assemblage of three plays — *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, and *The Taming of the Shrew* by William Shakespeare. All that Mr. Nathan tried to do, and which he did do very cleverly, was to speculate on the outcome of the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* by substituting various lines of *Othello* and *The Taming of the Shrew* into the mouths of the characters of Romeo and Juliet.

This is the only disappointment I have ever had in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* since I started reading it back in 1925.

BENNETT BERMAN

New York City.

[Editor's Note: *THE MERCURY critic was cognizant of the facts Mr. Berman states. Perhaps he had been more exact to say: "Critics should never rewrite plays."*]



### NEW ENGLAND FARMERS

SIR: The April *MERCURY* had an article praising the Yankee farmer, and intimating that he is too independent to take money from the (iniquitous?) New Deal. Fiddlesticks! If he is the same farmer I knew so well, he would take money from the devil. I haven't been in New England for sixteen years, but if your Uncle Sam is paying out money to any tobacco growers I'll bet a dollar to a plugged nickel that the Connecticut River Valley tobacco growers are getting their share of it. If our good Uncle is paying potato growers to grow fewer spuds, I'll bet another dollar that the Maine potato growers are in on that too.

GRENVILLE T. CHAPMAN

El Paso,  
Texas.



### IN DEFENSE OF THE EDITOR

SIR: I am very tardy in answering a communication from David H. Shelling, M.D., which appeared in *THE OPEN FORUM* of November, 1936. Dr. Shelling refers to



the editor, Paul Palmer, and says: "He reminds me of another Palmer — the father of the quack science known as Chiropractic." Here he makes a statement of fact as if everyone knew it to be the truth and nothing but the truth. I must repeat that statement made by Spencer: "There is a principle which is a bar against all information, which is proof against all argument, and which cannot fail to keep a man in everlasting ignorance. That principle is condemnation before investigation."

I beg those who are interested to investigate Chiropractic for their own good.

ARDEN D. ZIMMERMAN

*San Jose,  
California.*



### SYPHILIS

SIR: It has just been my pleasure to read Anthony M. Turano's splendid plea for an intelligent campaign to control and eradicate venereal disease. I wish to commend Mr. Turano for writing and *THE MERCURY* for publishing this courageous article.

Mrs. Grundy to the contrary, copulation is here to stay, with or without benefit of clergy, and the idea that we must pay and pay and pay for the pleasures received in so natural a function is regarded by most of us to be out of date as the Pony Express.

Why does not *THE MERCURY* make a million reprints of this article and distribute them? If the expense is prohibitive, assess the subscribers. All of us, I am sure, would shell out just so we could dream that our children and their children would some day live in a country free of these diseases.

J. A. WHITTINGTON

*Torrington,  
Wyoming.*

SIR: Anthony W. Turano's illuminating article on "Syphilis: Mrs. Grundy's Disease" in the April *MERCURY*, revealing the shrinking attitude toward treatment of venereal afflictions, brings to mind the physical examinations of some twenty years or more ago at Townsend Harris Hall, New York

City. Whether the check-ups are continuing I cannot say. But when I was a student there, I was required along with other youths, to undergo a thorough physical examination in the nude, from scalp to soles, every six months. Those who had physical defects, poor teeth, poor eyesight, skin diseases, hernia, fallen arches or any other ailment, including personal filth, were obliged to undergo treatment by family physician or clinic, or be barred from classes till treatment was undertaken. The six months examination frequently caught ailments in their incipient stages; and early treatments were less costly and less painful than later cures. I know those check-ups sent me to the dentist on two occasions.

If every student, male and female, in every school and college were subject to regular inspection, the diseases of which Mr. Turano writes could be detected easily in youth. In addition a healthier and sounder next generation would result. And incidentally, there would be no employment question for thousands of doctors.

G. HARRIS DANZBERGER

*Scarsdale,  
New York.*



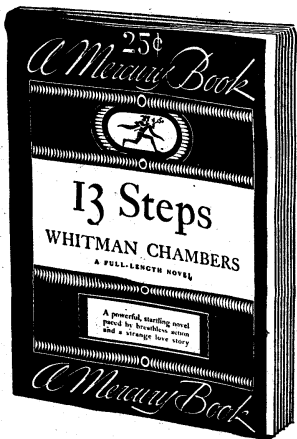
### NOTE TO FORD MADOX FORD

Dear Mr. Ford: This letter is written from the profoundest of all instincts, that of self preservation, because it is well known that curiosity killed a creature possessed of nine lives. Twice in a recent *AMERICAN MERCURY* you raise a question which endangers the unique and brief existence of each of your American readers. Once in one number of a publication we are injured to, and survive like Mithridates, but twice — twice; for this we need an antidote.

Won't you please be so good as to tell us, why, when you find yourself in a steam-heated room of excessive temperature, why don't you turn off the heat?

ROSE WILDER LANE

*Columbia,  
Missouri.*



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

### ORCHESTRAL

\*\*\*††† Variations on a Theme by Handel, Brahms: (RCA-Victor, two 12-inch records, \$4.50). Another remarkable performance by Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, flawed only by the knowledge that the number of unreleased recordings by him is now minute. Perhaps that will be remedied during his next Winter's visit. The superbly modulated dynamics and lovely phrasing lavished by Toscanini on this work would be a welcome embellishment of any score in the repertory, but it is doubly welcome here, since a first-rate recording of the Variations has been wanting.

\*\*\*††† *Khowantchina (The Introduction)*, Moussorgsky: (RCA-Victor, one 12-inch record, \$2). One of the earliest examples of impressionism in music, finely performed by Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony.

### VOCAL

\*\*\*†† *Bauern Cantata (No. 212)*, Bach: (RCA-Victor, two 12-inch records, \$4.50). An abridged version of the most humorous and charming music Bach ever wrote. Unfortunately, a French text is used, there are several excisions from the complete score, and a piano is used in the recitatives instead of an instrument more nearly resembling those of Bach's time. These things are particularly deplorable since Jeanne Guyla and Martial Singher, the soloists, are excellent. Gustave Bret conducts with plenty of spirit.

### CHAMBER MUSIC

\*\*\*†† *Quartet in D (opus 44, No. 1)*, Mendelssohn: (Columbia, three 12-inch records, \$5). Though much of this composer's music has faded, his mastery of his craft, as displayed in such a work as this, remains an object lesson for any aspiring composer. The Stradivarius Quartet offer their sound

## RECORDED MUSIC

abilities for what they are worth, but the results are not very stimulating.

### VIOLIN

\*\*\*†† *Concerto in D, Tschaiikowsky*: (RCA-Victor, four 12-inch records, \$8). Jascha Heifetz enjoys a fiddler's field-day with this venerable showpiece, also contriving to give it more character and profile than it ordinarily possesses. Altogether, a musical and technical accomplishment of a high order. John Barbirolli conducts the London Philharmonic in a sonorous and well-disciplined recording.

### DANCE

*Symposium of Swing* (RCA-Victor, four 12-inch records, \$1.25 each). America's current vogue, ennobled by an album which includes performances by such eminent practitioners as Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, "Fats" Waller, and Bunny Berigan. Most of the merit in this volume is confined to the Goodman free fantasy on *Sing, Sing, Sing*—one of the most original and ingenious disks that swing has produced—and the Dorsey account of *Stop, Look, and Listen* and *Beale Street Blues*. However, swing being the personal matter that it is, there will no doubt be those who will enthuse about Berigan's *I Can't Get Started With You* and Waller's *Honeysuckle Rose*.

*Blues* (Brunswick, one 10-inch record, \$ .75). This diverting job by Art Shaw and his band is worthy of a place in the *Symposium* above, for it is quite the best thing Shaw has accomplished. Bright ideas and warm performance add to its attractions.

*You and I Know* and *Goodbye, Jonah, Goodbye*. (Victor, one 10-inch record, \$ .75). Not the best of Arthur Schwartz's tunes, these two from *Virginia* are nevertheless well above ordinary. Tommy Dorsey and band perform dexterously, and there are vocals with each.

*I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues* and *Ain't-cha Glad, Texas Tea Party* and *Dr. Heckle and Mr. Jibe* (Columbia, two 10-inch records, \$ .75 each). Re-issues of performances by an all-star swing ensemble, the players including Benny Goodman, Jack Teagarden, Gene Krupa, Dick McDonough, Artie Bernstein, and Joe Sullivan. Not for neophytes, these disks belong in every swingers library. Each has a vocal by Teagarden.

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## THE CHECK LIST

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(Continued from front adv't section, p. xiv)

★ EITHER IS LOVE, by Elisabeth Craigin. \$2.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. Of romantic love, and also of the old cult of Lesbos; by a fine woman so unusually gifted that she had capacity for both. It is very sad: her Sappho grew tired of her and went on to another sweetheart, and her man died. But she treasures unusual memories.

AMERICAN STUFF: An Anthology of Prose and Verse by Members of the Federal Writers' Project. \$2.00. *Viking Press*. Proletarian musings from the proletarian jobholders of the proletarian WPA. In a foreword, Comrade Henry G. Alsberg regretfully confesses that WPA writings have not been welcomed by private publishers. Evidently, the private publishers are pretty smart fellows.

THE EVENING HERON, by Philip Freund. \$2.00. *Pilgrim House*. Poorly constructed, pretentious novel of an American girl, who tells the story of her life to a Frenchman in Paris. Mr. Freund was praised for an earlier novel, *The Snow*: he will hear little from this one.

PEACE IS WHERE THE TEMPESTS BLOW, by Valentine Kataev. \$2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart*. The publishers announce Comrade Kataev's book as the "outstanding success of the 1936 Moscow literary season". Which leads one to sympathize with the literary bourgeois in the land of the Soviets.

HORTENSIVS: FRIEND OF NERO, by Edith Pargeter. \$2.50. *Greystone*. Tale of Nero's Imperial Court, as Miss Elsie Dinsmore might have imagined that bawdy and tempestuous scene. Very, very slight.

YOUNG ROBERT, by George Albee. \$2.50. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. Novel of the West: it starts strong and it finishes weak. Mr. Albee may do well hereafter.

THE EMOTIONAL JOURNEY, by W. B. Maxwell. \$2.50. *Appleton-Century*. Novel of the literary life in London.

WASHINGTON CALLING, by Marquis W. Childs. \$2.50. *Morrow*. An unconvincing novel of political Washington and an ex-Senator's daughter who falls in love with a swimming instructor.

THE SONG OF THE WORLD, by Jean Giono. \$2.50. *Viking Press*. We are informed that M. Jean Giono is one of the giants of modern French letters. Nevertheless, we prefer Zola undiluted.

THEY NEVER GET TIRED, by Catharine Macadam. \$2.00. *Stokes*. A first novel, about perfectly crazy people, inducing a slight dizziness in the reader. The publishers do it a disservice in mentioning on its dust-cover *The Constant Nymph*; yet, such as it is, it stands on its own legs.

NOT TONIGHT, by Parkhurst Whitney. \$2.00. *Farrar & Rinehart*. A story about a roadhouse: it doesn't come off.

### MISCELLANEOUS

★★★★ SPAIN: A TRAGIC JOURNEY, by F. Theo Rogers. \$2.50. *Macaulay*. Bad news for the Comrades, inasmuch as the author, a competent journalist, relates the technique by which the forces of "democracy" seized power in Spain. His evidence cannot be waved aside on sentimental grounds. Here is the sordid account of what occurs when Marxists take over, on the pretext of inaugurating "Liberal" reforms.

★★★ THE FAR EAST COMES NEARER, by Hessel Tiltman. \$3.00. *Lippincott*. Timely and documented evidence tending to prove that Japan's war in China is not exactly old-fashioned "imperialism", but the product of genuine socio-economic forces. The impression lingers that China's choice is not so much between autonomy and conquest as between the brands of civilization currently dispensed by Tokyo and Moscow. Like Spain, China is on the horns of a painful dilemma.

(Continued on page xxii)

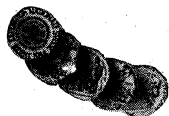


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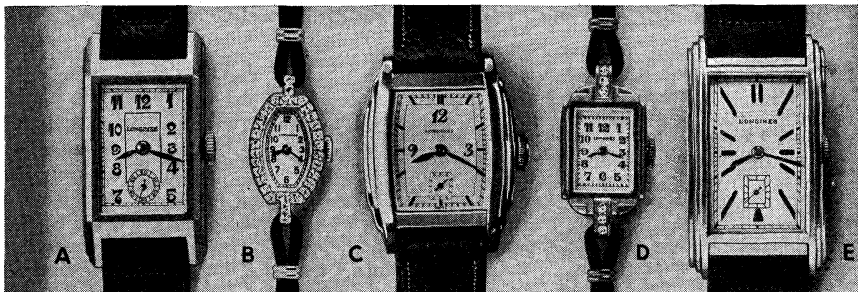
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★★★ THE ETIQUETTE OF RACE RELATIONS IN THE SOUTH, by Bertram Wilbur Doyle. \$2.50. *University of Chicago*. Race relations in the late Confederate States have always had more than a fair share of uninformed and nonsensical discussion, most of it irritating and much of it mischievous. Here is an intelligent, unbiased survey, accomplished by a rare scholar who took the trouble to examine the matter as a preliminary to writing about it. Soundly documented: altogether a valuable contribution to an important social question.

★★★ SMALL TALK, by Harold Nicolson. \$2.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. Twenty-eight essays on whatever happened to come into Mr. Harold Nicolson's head: and there is nobody today writing better English. Books like this one make good companions, and are much too rare.

★★★ THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A SPANISH TOWN, by Elliot Paul. \$2.50. *Random House*. There is a profound (if obscure) moral in this persuasively written book: *i.e.*, if a people, under the tutelage of "Liberals", talk about Revolution long enough, they are bound to get Revolution — and in the neck. Mr. Paul traces Spain's current woes to the ignoble Fascists; but the Marxists turned a similar trick in Russia, not so long ago. The price of Revolution is always blood and terror: people who live in idyllic villages need to weigh their Uplift dreams in advance.

★★★ A NEW SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY, by Werner Sombart. Translated and Edited by Karl F. Geiser. \$3.50. *Princeton University Press*. On page 39, a pessimistic note is struck: "The life of mankind has become meaningless." There follows a remarkable analysis of Socialism — the German kind — as it operates in the Third Reich today. Professor Sombart will flush enemies by the score; but his philosophical study is worth anyone's time. Facts are often more plausible than propaganda.

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## THE CHECK LIST

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★★ **THE TRAFFIC IN HEALTH**, by Charles Solomon. \$2.75. *Navarre*. Common sense about human ailments and nostrums and quackeries; particularly, of patent medicines and cosmetics. It is rendered into plain language, with authority and some humor. There is a bibliography and an index. A worthwhile book, desirable to have in the house.

★ **HEADLINING AMERICA**, by Frank Luther Mott. \$2.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. The reporter works in a medium less enduring than sand-sculpture on a beach; and considering the literary quality of these news stories that Mr. Frank Luther Mott and his staff of experts rescued from oblivion, one reflects that it is just as well. As a picture of contemporary life, however, the collection is both edifying and instructive.

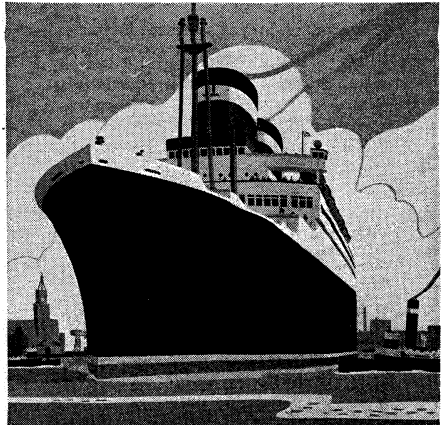
★ **GENEVA VERSUS PEACE**, by Comte de Saint-Aulaire. \$2.50. *Sheed & Ward*. The former French ambassador to Britain briefs a damning case against Geneva's gaudy idealism; but he dulls his attack with words. Less bombast, more logic, might have raised this book to the level the topic deserves in troubled days.

★ **GIANT LINERS OF THE WORLD**, by Alan L. Cary. \$2.50. *Appleton-Century*. Excellent illustrations and lucid text, compiled by a marine expert for the edification of landsmen. Ocean travelers will find use for this encyclopedic volume; so will technicians of the sea.

★ **SURREALISM**, edited by Herbert Read. \$3.75. *Harcourt, Brace*. Four practitioners of the art strive soulfully to explain surrealism and its origins. In essence, it appears to be a party line for the parlor Comrades in their furious efforts to stir Revolution. But then, one person's guess is as good as another's. Mr. Read's anthology is notable mainly for its illustrations.

★ **THE ART OF GOING TO COLLEGE**, by J. Franklin Messenger. \$1.25. *Crowell*. Suggestions for the prospective student,  
(Continued on page xxiv)

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## THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page xxiii)

turned in the style of Mr. Dale Carnegie, who no doubt would have lent a hand here had he been afforded the opportunity. The actualities of campus life will likely prove more startling than Mr. Messenger's pious hopes.

★ "DEAR MR. PRESIDENT", by Ben Whitehurst. \$1.00. *Dutton*. Excerpts from Dr. Roosevelt's daily fan mail, selected by the former chief of the Correspondence Division, FERA and WPA. Most people will laugh at these illiterate effusions; but behind the humor lies the realization of how easily votes are bought in this great democracy.

★ THE WRITER'S MARKET, edited by Aron M. Mathieu. \$3.00. *Writer's Digest*. Up-to-date edition of the book which lists more than 2500 markets for free-lance authors. Invaluable for followers of the trade, amateur and professional.

★ GERMANY: THE LAST FOUR YEARS, by "Germanicus". \$1.75. *Houghton Mifflin*. The authors of this compact volume are Reich economists who prefer to remain anonymous. Their socio-economic statistics are often impressive; but their conclusions sometimes plausible. But fundamentally, the book is another of the countless diatribes against Hitler's régime, the truth of which can be proved by future events alone.

★ DO YOU WANT TO WRITE?, by Margaret Widdemer. \$2.00. *Farrar & Rinehart*. Another added to the unending list of books addressed to aspiring millions whose answer to the question is Yes. Miss Widdemer, who should know, adds a few helpful hints on a subject concerning which the most honest advice is at once the simplest and the most resented by tyro authors: "If you want to write — write!"

★ EARLY MEDIEVAL MEDICINE, by Loren C. MacKinney. \$2.75. *Johns Hopkins Press*. The practice of medicine in the Dark Ages, which, the learned doctor finds, were not dark at all.

(Continued on page xxvi)

# "By the mark, ten... the deep, twelve..."



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(Continued from page xxiv)

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★★★ **ONE MORE MANHATTAN**, by Phyllis McGinley. \$2.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. Light verse, skillful and sophisticated, with an occasional yearn to fetch the lovelorn.

★★★ **PRISMATIC GROUND**, by Marguerite Young. \$1.75. *Macmillan*. A slender volume of lyrics, admirably conceived and touched with an objective imagination. Miss Young exhibits an original talent.

★★ **THE TEN PRINCIPAL UPANISHADS**, put into English by Shree Purohit Swami and W. B. Yeats. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. A modern translation of the more easily-understood philosophical songs of India, culled from the ages. Rather rough going for Westerners, but of interest to scholars and mystics.

★★ **COLD MORNING SKY**, by Marya Zaturenska. \$1.50. *Macmillan*. Pure lyrics, sincerely and delicately wrought, with a fine feeling for beauty in nature.

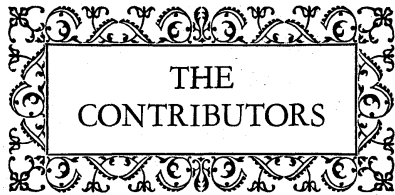
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★ **51 NEGLECTED LYRICS**, edited by Tom Boggs. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. Some readers will feel that Fate has dealt justly with most of these poems in allowing them to be neglected; but the book will interest those who scorn the choice of popular anthologies.

★ **RECONNAISSANCES**, by Mary Linda Bradley. \$2.00. *Harrison*. It is worth wading through these poems of uneven quality, to find here and there a well-turned verse.

**THE MEASURE OF THINGS**, by Graham H. Whiting. \$1.50. *Harrison*. This volume may contain, as the publisher's blurb announces, "lofty verity"; it also contains considerable trite verse, under a pall of mediocrity.

**CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN MEN POETS**, edited by Thomas Del Vecchio. \$3.00. *Harrison*. A collection of verse by famous and not-so-famous poets which the anthologists have so far missed — many of them with good reason.



**ERNEST BOYD** (*The United Affront*), the well-known Irish author and translator, has published books of essays, biography, and plays, and contributes frequently to literary periodicals. **J. L. BROWN** (*The Crime of Being a Witness*) is a practicing attorney of Paterson, New Jersey. **MARJORIE W. JACKSON** (*Sonnet*) lives in Jonesboro, Arkansas, with her husband, three English setters, and thirteen foxhounds. She has written poems and short stories for various magazines. **HOBART LEWIS** (*Tiger-Siss-Boom-Ah!*), a recent Princeton graduate, now teaches in the Mercer Junior College. **PHILIP MCKEE** (*The High Cost of Dying*), formerly a newspaper reporter, now writes motion-picture reviews and articles. He is the author of *Big Town (John Day)*. **LOUISE McNEILL** (*Midnight Song*) teaches school in West Virginia. Her verse has appeared in several magazines. **OLAND D. RUSSELL** (*Floyd Collins in the Sand Cave*) is the telegraph editor of the *New York World-Telegram*. **ROBERT WISTRAND** (*For A Sorceress*) begins this Fall his senior year at Pennsylvania State College. "For A Sorceress" is his first published poem.

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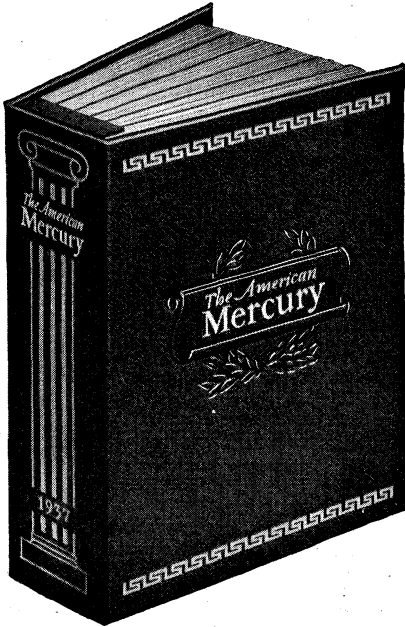
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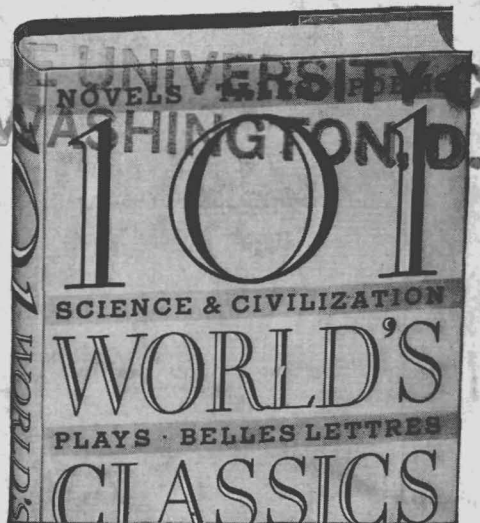
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Critique of Pure Reason  
Immanuel Kant  
Faust  
Goethe  
Antigone