

AUGUST 1944

# Newsdigest

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Capital



## HOW HITLER WILL DIE

By Carey Wilson

42 ARTICLES and FEATURES . . . A Complete Mystery Story



## The Hour of Triumph!

"The shape of victory will be the shape of the events which bring victory to pass. Those events will not be altogether military; they will be in part political, in part economic."—George Fielding Eliot, see page 9.

## Should Women Be Drafted?

"There are 10 to 11 million women now doing unessential work or no work at all. Why shouldn't at least one out of every 10 be carefully selected to perform some essential service for her country?"—H. V. Kaltenborn, see page 17.



## The Peace I Want!

"To win a military victory alone would be futile unless we lay a foundation in our post-war world that will secure for all men everywhere their basic human rights."—Senator Harry S. Truman, see page 23.

## Commandos of the Sky!

In a story on page 64, Raymond Gram Swing gives a vivid description of the work of the Air Commandos in the campaign in India.



## We Make Our Own Weather!

The Climatic Research Laboratory, operated by the Quartermaster Corps at Lawrence, Mass. to test Army clothing and equipment, produces artificially snow rain and extremes of temperature. Read this interesting story on page 103 by Lt. Col. John Talbot.

VOL. 3, NO. 9

NEWSDIGEST

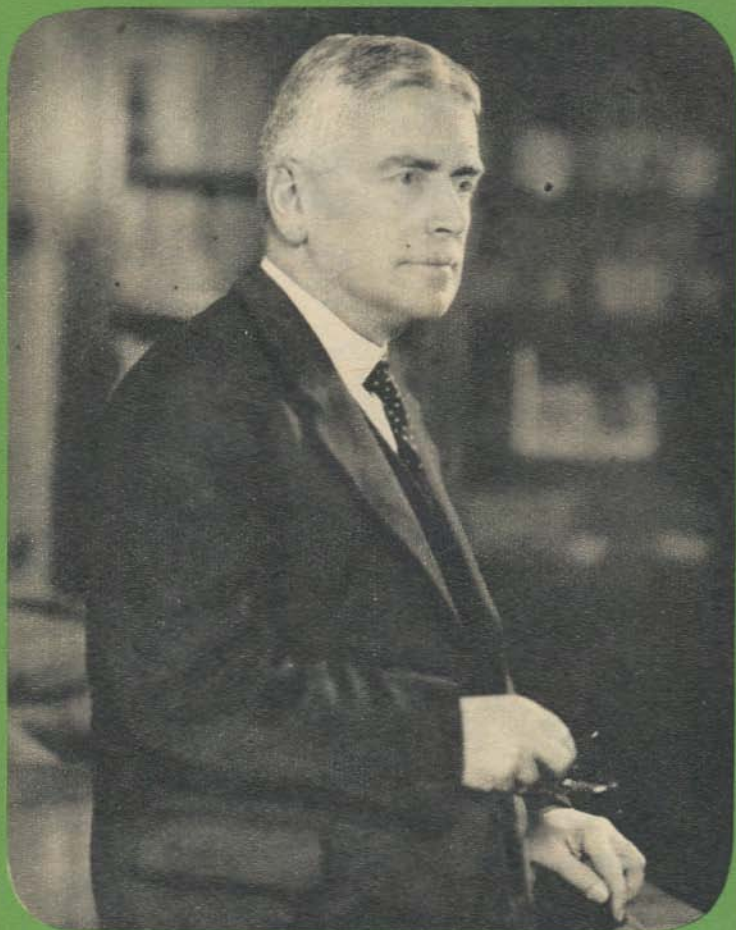
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read in this Issue*

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We can have peace if we will, but if we want universal peace, there's no hope unless the other chap has got as good a chance for a good healthy life as you or I. In the little country I represent, the average length of life is 67 years. In India, they live for 27 years. Nothing is more certain than that you can't have 'peace

with a 67-27 standard. You can have all the planes, and tanks, and carriers in the world, but unless you give the other man as decent a chance for life as you have, then some day he'll fight. And if you are treating him unjustly and he's fighting for justice—in the long—he'll win. Walter Nash, Deputy Prime Minister of New Zealand (WMCA).



# The World Tomorrow

By RICHARD EATON

(Condensed from a broadcast over Station WMCA)



## France Today and Tomorrow



HERE is not a single American who does not want a rehabilitated and Democratic France to take once more a prominent part in the world tomorrow. There subsists, however, a grave danger that post-war France will be pushed into a position not unlike that of Russia between 1918 and 1939, a position of isolation, frustration, and preparation. If this were the case, the rehabilitation of France would be hindered, the degree of democracy which France would enjoy would be subordinated to military necessities, and the preparations made by the France of tomorrow, would make impossible the existence of world peace and security.

There would be three reasons for the dangerous position into which France can drift. (1) Failure to cooperate completely with the French National Committee while tolerating its existence and activities. (2) Failure to restore to France all its pre-war colonies. (3) Failure to admit France to deliberations of world bodies as an equal of the U. S., Britain and Russia. This is not an argument in favor of these measures but a warning as to the consequences which can ensue.

The longer we persist in treating De Gaulle and the French Committee of National Liberation as a poor cousin, the stronger we make their position in France. During a recent raid over Japan,

Tojo is said to have declared that bringing home the war to Japan, was an excellent stimulus for Japanese morale. Certainly, there is no better way to fan the popularity of the leader of a defeated people than to let it be known that he has incurred the enmity of foreign nations. One of the great secrets of Hitler's rise to power was the hostility of foreign nations and its repercussion on the German people. When we let it be known that General Giraud had the full support and approval of the United States and Britain in forming a new French government we gave him a kiss of death as infallibly as if Britain and Russia were to make known that a certain candidate for the Presidency had the enthusiastic open support of our allies, who were opposed to any other candidate.

Inversely, when we let it be known that we are opposed to General DeGaulle and refuse to admit that the French people are capable of making their own decision before the time when elections can be held, we give the kiss of life to the leadership of General DeGaulle.

Our problem is first of all to decide categorically whether General DeGaulle and the French Committee of National Liberation represent an unacceptable menace to the future peace of Europe and then to act in accordance with that decision. If our decision is such, then we must put aside any

scruples as to the rights of all peoples to choose their forms of government and act with the same brutality as the totalitarian nations would employ, that is arrest the leaders of the French Committee of National Liberation, dissolve the movement through our superiority of military strength and assume the full consequences of such an action, which would estrange to a great extent the French people, who would rightly consider that we were acting as if we were Germans or Japs.

If we decide that such a move is unwise for the present and future peace of the world, then compromising ungraciously with the French Committee of National Liberation is certain to bear the

same fruits as appeasement in pre-war Europe. The French Committee must have our full support or be subjected to the full weight of our military power.

I am not blind to the dangers of full support of the French Committee of National Liberation. There is a natural tendency in their ranks to glorify youth. Unfortunately, the enthusiasm of movements of the young can be modeled more easily to suit the needs of dictators. Mussolini and Hitler are living proofs. We certainly do not want to liberate the French people only to throw them back in the hands of another dictator. Certain factions in Britain are said to have given General DeGaulle their support in ex-



There is not a single American who does not want a rehabilitated and democratic France to take once more a prominent part in the world tomorrow.

change for a promise to restore the monarchy in France. On the other hand, the traditional love of liberty of the French people, the power and prestige of the Soviet Union and the vast democratic majority of the French Underground, principal support of the French Committee of National Liberation, would seem to offer greater guaranties for the future of democratic France than any action hostile to the French Committee of National Liberation.

In any case, the importance of France in post-war Europe promises to be greater than ever before. According to the plan for the neutralization of German influence, Europe would be divided into two vast European economic systems. Western Germany would belong to one unit and Eastern Germany to the other. In this new European world France will wield the balance of power as surely as did Britain before World War II. If France turns entirely towards the East the balance of power will turn towards the East. If France turns toward the West the pendulum will swing as inevitably towards that direction. In fact, Rene Massigli, Foreign Minister of the French Committee of National Liberation, made no secret of this when he proclaimed that any disposal of Belgium, Holland and the Rhineland must first meet with the approval of France.

That is the complicated French situation with which President Roosevelt is faced and for which we can be certain he will find a solution, perhaps even before this text is printed.

## IN THE PACIFIC

The grave problem of the political future of Asia grows closer as the liberation of that continent from Japanese aggression progresses. The question raised so aptly by Vice President Wallace as the result of his visit to China is bound to become the key to future American policy. It is in part a repetition of American policy as stated so aptly by President Roosevelt on the Philippine national holiday two years ago. Our treatment of the Philippines must serve as a model for our treatment of all Asiatic peoples.

In Europe, our acceptance of the plan for close regional economic units, was subordinated to the guaranties offered by both Britain and the Soviet Union as to the rights guaranteed by the Atlantic Charter. Autonomy, freedom of speech, worship, and election are all included in this pledge which does not prevent the chief of the group from insisting that the autonomous units under his leadership be one friendly to the head of the group.

In the same manner, it is not impossible that a Pacific Plan appear, one in which the plan applied to the solution of the future of Europe would be applied to Asia. There would be economic groups within which there would be a number of autonomous states, friendly towards the chief of the group.

There would be, however, this difference, the peoples of Asia which are not ripe for self government, would undergo a preliminary training similar to that given.

## LIBERTY AND LICENSE IN WARTIME

It does not seem unlikely that more Americans will die on the battlefield this year than in any other single year in the history of the nation. Their supreme sacrifice in this world is made in complete negation to the principles of theoretical democracy which protects the rights of self-expression of the individual and permits him to pursue his own way of life. Certainly, these heroes of 1944 are dying and are going to die to protect these very principles of democracy but in so doing, like all those who are fighting somewhere on the seven seas, they are obliged to sacrifice temporarily all the privileges of democracy. It appears unfair to these men, for the Home Front, which risks so little to preserve any of these privileges if their preservation is going to render more difficult the task of those who are fighting to preserve democratic ideals. That is why something must be done to prevent American electoral propaganda from doing more harm to our boys than Dr. Goebbels and the Domei Agency together. President Roosevelt accomplished a most difficult task when he succeeded in proving to Marshall Stalin that American friendship

was of greater value realistically speaking than the protection from a Russian controlled Germany. In so doing, he succeeded as well as any man could, in preparing the structure of a post-war world organization and meanwhile, in giving greater emphasis to the term, "United Nations." But, President Roosevelt only succeeded because like Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek, and all the leaders of the smaller members of the United Nations, he made Marshall Stalin believe that our foreign policy was a stable one, that it would not change as in 1920 or with the rapidity of the French Cabinets of the Third Republic. Hitler's chief propaganda today is that a change is certain.

Now, of course, mudslinging is a good old fashioned American democratic right in election year. Our boys overseas or at least some of them will know that. Every effort is being made to educate the British to understand our American privilege. They speak English, however, and can understand us much more easily than the Russians, the Chinese, Czechs, the Poles, Roumanians, South Americans, and all the other peoples of the non-English speaking world, who are going to take all of our mudslinging at its sensational face value. That isn't going to help our boys to do their job. And yet, there is no political voice hardy enough to dare say that either there should be nationwide elections in war-time or else there should be complete censorship of all mudslinging in press and radio alike. Winning the war may be a secondary issue to mudslinging at home but it isn't to the boys who are dying abroad.



# I SAW SHANGRI LA

By DOUGLAS ERDMAN

Condensed from a broadcast on We the People (Gulf Oil) over  
the Columbia Broadcasting System.



**M**AJOR CORNWALL, Lieutenant Scott and myself, left Darjeeling behind us and with a small party of native guides leading three mountain ponies headed into the unknown—up the treacherous slippery trails of the grim, grey, Himalaya Mountains. Our purpose—to attempt to photograph Mt. Everest, highest mountain peak in the world. Civilization vanished from sight and the narrow mountain trail dwindled to a path—and then was no more. We passed the timber line, and a vast desolation of snow and icy mountains lay ahead. The air grew bitterly cold.

For days we plodded on—higher and higher into the mountains across a wasteland no men's feet

had ever trod. We were menaced by 100-foot snowdrifts. Avalanches of ice and snow crashed behind us, blinding them. They stumbled on, blinded by raging blizzards.

"We've been traveling 5 days. Where are these guides taking us?" cried out Major Cornwall.

"My compass points South-West," I replied. "That means they're taking us farther up into the wilderness—to God knows where!"

There was nothing else to do but follow the guides. We climbed higher. Twelve thousand feet. Thirteen thousand. We traversed narrow, icy ledges over deep chasms. One miss-step, and we'd plunge off the narrow trail into hungry space. A screaming, freezing gale lashed us with snow—

In Douglas Erdman's Shangri La, there was no old age.

turned the men into human icicles. Our strength was gone. We were numb, bewildered, lost!

"We're done for men," I admitted. "We can't go on."

"Ah-h. Tell the guides to stop," moaned the major, "maybe they can make a snow shelter. It's better than dying like this in the wind."

But the guides had gone on. We watched them disappear from sight around a sudden turn on the icy ledge. We made no move to follow; they were resigned to Death. Then suddenly, echoing back across the canyon came the voice of one of the coolies—a joyous "Ko ao! Ko ao!" called out the boy.

The sound of the voice gave us hope. The ponies were prodded on once more, pushed ahead into the raging blizzard and around the narrow ledge. And then suddenly there occurred a miracle.

Behind us the icy storm raged, but stretched out below us was a beautiful, lush, semi-tropical valley—a hidden paradise. We stood entranced—and then. Well it was Shangri-la! It was Shangri-la!

I saw Shangri-la. Yes, I stood in that mountain pass—a blizzard raging a few feet behind me—and looked down on an almost tropical paradise. In the distance I could see a small village.

When we reached the village the inhabitants approached us slowly—curious of our strange clothes and pale faces. Our guide took us to the house of one of the people.

They were strange low cottages. Beautiful in their simplicity. Inside, we were seated on woven straw mats, and some strange but

delicious food—unlike anything we'd ever tasted, was served to us in odd hand-made bowls.

They are a very gentle people—gracious and quiet speaking, and filled with great wisdom. I mingled with them freely as a friend. After the war, I'm going to try to find that valley again. I'd like to invite James Hilton to accompany me and perhaps a few others who are willing to risk their lives to make that hazardous trip.

There's just one more thing—in James Hilton's mythical Shangri-la—the people never grow old.

I can't say the valley is a land of eternal youth—but I did ask one of the villagers who was the oldest inhabitant—and he said: "Age, Mr. Erdman? I don't know. Time means nothing to us of the valley." And I saw no old people in Shangri-la.

### Introducing Children to Their Parents

"A great deal has been said recently about the war's influence on juvenile delinquency. There is always pressure at every opportunity to seek to put over some pet hobby. I am rather old-fashioned when it comes to the home. There is a school of thought—and it is sincere—whereby a child of two would be taken and put in a pre-kindergarten nursery, then into kindergarten, then kept later on after school, then it would play under direct supervision and then the child would go back after school in the evening. I wonder who is going to introduce this child to his parents when he is sixteen. I believe that the child should be at home as much as possible."—**Mayor F. X. LaGuardia (WNY).**

*The Hour of*



*Triumph*

By  
**GEORGE  
FIELDING ELIOT**

**A**LMOST a century has passed since Abraham Lincoln said: "This nation cannot exist half slave and half free." America had grown too small for two utterly opposite systems of life to exist within its side by side. Now it is the world which has grown too small, and we must face the fact—and all the grim implications of the fact—that this world cannot exist half slave and half free. Four years of civil war was the result of failure to accept, and to find a peace solution for the inexorable problem which Lincoln then stated; two world wars have been the result of failure to accept, and to find a peaceful solution for

the equally inexorable problems which must be solved today if our civilization as we have known and built it through the centuries is to endure.

The final testing ground will not be the battlefield. It will not be the council chamber. The Civil War was not won when Lee and Johnston surrendered the remnants of their gallant armies. It was not won when the Fourteenth Amendment abolished slavery, its ostensible cause. It was won only when the Southern States again took their places in the Union, when their Senators and Representatives sat in Congress, and above all when all Americans, North and South, accepted in their hearts as well as in their minds the living fact of an indestructible and permanent Union of all the States or this Nation, now and forever.

As it was with the War between



**GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT**

The course of the war will be profoundly affected by how we think now about what will happen when it is won. The shape of the victory will be the shape of the events which bring victory to pass. Those events will not be altogether military; they will be in part political, in part economic. Their character will depend on what we Americans think we are fighting for, and what we now begin to think and do about the use to which we shall, with our Allies, try to put the victory when we have won it.

the States, so it will be with this War between the Nations. It will not be won when the Allied armies have paraded in triumph through the Brandenburger Tor and down Unter den Linden. It will not be won when the last embers of Japanese resistance have been smothered by the hail of bombs and the Rising Sun has sunk back into the obscurity from which it arose to run its dreadful course across the skies. It will not be won when the peace treaties have all been signed, sealed and delivered, however wisely they may be drawn and however noble and unselfish the spirit which animates their authors. It will be won only when free men and women everywhere on this planet have accepted, not only in their minds but in their hearts, the fact that peace is indivisible, that it can be had only at a price, and that every one of us must pay a little part of that price and go on paying it for the inestimable privilege of living in a free and peaceful world. It will be won only when the United Nations has become as unquestionably a permanent and living fact as the United States has now become.

Once there was a period of com-

parative peace which lasted just a hundred years—1815 to 1914. It is generally known as the Pax Britannica, not because the world was enslaved by Britain, but because Britain held the central position in the balance of power on which that peace depended. There were wars during that time, but they were wars of limited extent and duration, because there was always a strong body of neutrals, generally led by Britain, which succeeded in preventing the spread of wars and keeping them within such bounds that they did not threaten the general political or economic structure of the world. There is much of instructive interest in the Pax Britannica, as I shall hope to demonstrate. But the world has grown too small for the balance of power system, and there have been no strong neutrals in the last two wars.

Today most of the men who are bleeding and fighting and dying under the flags of the United Nations, on battlefronts scattered all over this world, have, up to this time, been fighting against something rather than for something. They are fighting to destroy a danger rather than to realize an ideal. But in their hearts most of them cherish an ideal—the ideal

Condensed from "The Hour of Triumph" by the noted C.B.S. commentator.

of home and loved ones, of the coming time when they shall return victorious, to live in their own lands with their own people, at peace and unheeding the rumble of distant drums. As with the fighting men, so with the people at home, whose united effort is so essential a part of the great total effort of total war. In their hearts, too, is the one shining hope—the end of the war, the return of their absent ones, the re-uniting of families, the healing of wounds, and the happy days of peace beneath the skies of the homeland.

Political leaders seek to reassure the public mind by promises of social legislation, unemployment insurance, bonuses for returning soldiers and sailors, housing programs. The great voices of industry speak of an era of expansion, jobs for all, pension and profit-sharing plans. Scientists paint glowing pictures of the coming glories of radio, television, aviation and all the other wonders on whose threshold we stand. Educators, labor leaders, farm experts, and all the rest have their promises for the future. It will be a splendid world, a splendid prospect for our surviving youth, still more so for those whom they shall in their turn beget. But there is a note of anxiety underlying these assurances.

No community has prospered until it has had peace within its own confines. This lesson man has had to learn and relearn, at every stage in his progress from tribe to village, from village to city, from city to nation.

Here in our own United States, we entered upon our longest unbroken era of progress and de-

velopment when the Civil War ended our internal strife, and made us one Union, indivisible, stretching from sea to sea. Yet even during that time, we had sharp reminders of the need for community peace from our Far West, where many growing townships and counties and territories had to go through the same old process of trial and error in establishing local peace and security for their inhabitants, and in every case they began really to flourish and grow great only when this was done.

And in every case, all down the ages, the peace of every free community has been assured only by the use of force in the hands of the law-abiding majority. In every case, when the majority has been unable, or reluctant, or even hesitant to resort to force, there have been those who broke the peace to the despoiling of their neighbors.

These are the lessons of history, and we shall do well to ponder them, for they are the only lamps by which we may guide our course into that future which inexorably awaits us.

Now we have come to a time when we must recognize that our world has grown so small that it has become, in the sense of this argument, a single community, which can no longer prosper unless its peace can be preserved and the lawless minority among its inhabitants restrained.

Only if a tangible beginning is made now, only if the bright banner is actually lifted to the sun for all to see, borne forward by the hands of all, can there begin the growth of that mutual confidence which must be the cornerstone of all our hopes.



### GEE! IS FOR GRABLE

Betty Grable stars in a radio version of one of her most successful pictures, "Springtime In the Rockies," on the CBS "Lux Radio Theater." Production and direction is by Cecil B. DeMille.

# The Truth About the Jap Prisoners

By

ROYAL A. GUNNISON



ONE of the main purposes of my trip to the Pacific Coast was to make a first hand study of the problems arising out of the removal of Japanese nationals and American-born Japanese away from the coast. Harold Ickes, U. S. Secretary of Interior and chief of the War Relocation Authority, and his director, Dillon Meyer, both of whom I've talked with in Washington, D. C., have taken heavy criticism over the administration of the Japanese situation. Some of this criticism seems to me to be justifiable. But most of that criticism is based on decisions of policy—such as releasing Japan-born Japanese from relocation centers while American-born Japanese (American citizens) are still behind barbed wire. Another of their contentions with which I thoroughly disagree, after personally checking into the situation out here, is that American-born Japanese should be permitted to return or be relocated in the war defense areas along the Pacific Coast—from which they were shifted in 1942. For one thing vigilante action that is already threatened would result in much rough treatment and probably in shootings and lynching. And we want none of that.



ROYAL A. GUNNISON

One thing that has been bothering me ever since I reached home a few months ago after nearly two years as a prisoner of them Japanese is the charge that we Americans are "coddling and pampering" alien and disloyal American Japanese whom we have placed behind barbed wire. The statement has been made that we were treating the Japanese in this country too well, while the Japs were maltreating and starving our own people (particularly civilians) in camps like Santo Tomas at Manila. Or Chapei in China. Since I was a prisoner in both of these camps I came out to visit the Tule Lake segregation camp to see for myself—and to report the conditions there first hand to you.

There are about 17,000 Japanese and American-born Japanese down

there; most of these people have either stated openly that they are loyal to His Imperial Japanese Majesty Hirohito, or have indicated in one way or another that they are "disloyal" to the American way of life. There are a few in this camp who have not been classified. But the Tule Lake camp is what is called a "segregation center" as contrasted with nine other camps where the so-called "loyal" Japanese-Americans are being kept prior to their examination and relocation elsewhere in the United States. In other words the Tule Lake camp prisoner more closely parallels the American civilian prisoners under the Jap.

Although I've undergone some pretty strenuous maltreatment at the hands of the Japanese, I want to be unbiased about our treatment of the Japs here. From what I saw at Tule Lake—and I was permitted to go anywhere I wished and to talk with whomever I wished, including the Japanese—several specific comparisons must be made.

First—Where the Japs are definitely maltreating our civilians through slow starvation, filthy crowded living conditions, and through a nerve-twisting existence—a "war of nerves"—we here in America are living up to our obligations to treat our prisoners fairly and humanely.

To the charge that we are pampering the Japanese I want to say this: From what I saw there is no coddling or pampering going on. Life at the Tule Lake camp is pretty bare and spartan. Where discipline before the incident of last fall might have been lax, it

certainly is not today. The U. S. Army guards those people like hawks. Rules are strict, and are enforced. The food is good. The Japanese prepare it themselves, sometimes Japanese style—sometimes American style. But the food is not luxurious as has been charged. I saw menus. They have rice each meal. They have fish at least three times weekly. They have meat three times when it is available based upon availability of rationed meat on the outside. If there is not enough rationed meat on the outside for the local citizens, then the Japanese do not get meat. The supplies for the camp come through the United States Army Quartermasters' stores. The menus are made up by a special camp dietitian. Where we in Jap camps had a calory content to our food of about 19,000 calories these Japanese have been receiving between 3,000 and 5,000 calories daily. And I believe they should. There's no need to "take it out" on the Japanese here just because they are maltreating our people. We are fighting this war for a purpose—a portion of which is the adherence to certain humane international practices; it would be destroying one of the things we are fighting for to maltreat the Japs in our camps—just to retaliate for what they are doing to our people.

As a matter of fact—and this may be an interesting notation for you—I believe the Japanese in the Tule Lake camp actually look better physically than the free Japanese in Japanese-occupied East Asia. The Japs over there have been living a very restricted life and their food has not been at all



what it should be, they have been tightening their belts to win the war.

Another point of comparison. Where we had less than an average of thirty square feet of space per person in the camps out there, the Japanese in our camps are reported to have 110 square feet per person. There's nothing luxurious about their living quarters, but they are adequate under these conditions. They live in barracks buildings divided into small living spaces. There are several barbed wire enclosures. The smaller enclosures hold the "bad boys" who

cause trouble, and who openly state they are going to cause trouble every chance they get. After seeing what I have, I'll give the present administration of the Tule Lake camp a clean bill of health. But I'll go farther than Ray Best, the camp administrator. I would insist that every Japan-born Jap be returned to Japan when the fighting is over, and that every American-born Jap who is in this camp as a "disloyal" Jap, be sent back to Japan at the end of the fighting. I feel, from my investigation, that there are some American-born Japs who have used this



Ex-prisoners of the Japs. Mr. and Mrs. Royal A. Gunnison, inspect our Jap prisoners.

Tule Lake camp segregation center is a dodge to escape the draft into the U. S. armed forces. Not that I feel that all American-born Japanese are going to make good American soldiers—but I don't feel they should be able to dodge responsibility of being Americans in fighting and then be permitted to turn around when the war is over and return to the towns and cities where they lived before. My feeling about these camps is this: While there is no pampering of these people, there is a tendency to "sob sister" the situation the place where we soft hearted Americans—who hate to see anyone suffer—will not be as strict as we should be in keeping behind barbed wire certain people who may menace our national security. Please notice I say "may" menace our national security. Certainly every alien enemy Jap who is released is a potential menace to our security, because he considers himself a blood relation, and a spiritual relation of the Japanese

emperor, hates us and is the greatest symbol of hate and aggression against our way of life of the world today. Thus anyone who is connected with the emperor, is against us. Those people should not be permitted to be free, regardless of how harmless they may look, or seem to be. On the other hand, if there are American businesses, schools and homes anywhere except the coastal areas where American-born Japanese—who declare their loyalty—will be accepted then I feel these American citizens have a right to that freedom. My visit to Tule Lake camp has proved one thing to me. That we Americans who have never believed in keeping people behind barbed wire, nor in being cruel (although we have been at times to some of our own American groups)—we Americans are learning that in the case of the Japanese we have to use the force of democracy, as well as its reason to protect ourselves in the clinches during wartime.

## BETTER LAUGH THAN CRY

**BING CROSBY**—"With those new Wac uniforms the gals have to watch their figures."

**MARILYN MAXWELL**—"All girls have to watch their figures. I have to watch mine."

**BING CROSBY**—"That makes it unanimous."

... V —

**JACKIE GLEASON**—"Boy, I treated Hazel wonderfully. I bought her a strapless evening gown and do you know what she did? Well, she sued me for non-support."

**RALPH BELLAMY**—"You know that house here with the sign that says, 'Washington Irving was born here?' Well, it so happens that the city of Chicago has put up a sign outside the house where I was born."

**LOUIS SOBOL**—"Really? What does it say?"

**RALPH BELLAMY**—"No parking."

... V —

**ANNABELLA**—"One day I saw a man with a shotgun walking down the street. I followed him and discovered he was only hunting. I was very disappointed."

# Should Women Be Drafted

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**F**OR some time past we have enlisted women for our armed forces. They do men's work and help to shorten the war. Women should now be drafted for the same reason that men are drafted. There are not enough volunteers.

Wherever I have been with our armed forces—in the British Isles, in Africa, in South America, in the Caribbean area, in the Hawai-

ian Islands, in the South Pacific, and in the Southwest Pacific—the commanding officers tell me that they need enlisted service women. They all need them and, except for a few antifeminist mossbacks, they would all welcome them. They can't get them while we rely on the volunteer system.

A few weeks ago Colonel Hobby, head of the WACS, reported that

Condensed from America's Town Meeting of the Air over the  
National Broadcasting Co.



**Let us treat women as full and equal partners, says H. V. Kaltenborn, noted N.B.C. commentator.**

she had requests from field commanders for 600,000 WACS. She can supply about one-tenth of that number. We conscript young men on a democratic selective service basis. Why not young women?

There are 27 million women, 18 to 64 years of age, who were not working last year. About 18 million were potentially available for some kind of war services. Many of these are working on farms and should not be drafted. Many others have children less than 14 years of age and should not be drafted. Some are in essential war work and should stay where they are. But there are from 10 to 11 million women now doing unessential work or no work at all.

Why shouldn't at least one out of every 10 be carefully selected to perform some essential service for her country?

Counting up all the women who wear Uncle Sam's uniform—nurses, WACS, WAVES, SPARS, Marines—you get a total of less than 175,000. We need four times as many, and 10 times as many could replace men now doing necessary work for our armed services. The women are available. They are needed. Some of them are now idle. Others are performing luxury services we can and should do without in wartime.

It is because we refuse to draft women that we are now drafting half a million fathers of families.

In the time of grave emergency, when we think nothing of breaking millions of American homes to promote the war effort, we still refuse to utilize the services of even one million able-bodied unattached young women who are now wasting their time or devoting it to something without any relation to total war.

The New York City chairman of recruiting service for Red Cross nurses, writes me as follows: "Red Cross must recruit 2,000 nurses a month and our men must have them, especially with the coming invasion. We are not getting them. The trained nurses' families do not want them to go. We are even calling on their families personally, and trying to educate the nurses and their families to the need of our armed forces."

Here are women, trained to render the most indispensable service to our wounded men and they are refusing to respond to their country's call.

In Soviet Russia, the entire medical corps from head surgeon to stretcher-bearer is staffed by women and only by women.

This is a war of mechanization and transportation. Nine out of ten men in uniform will never do any fighting. Our women could perform at least half the tasks I saw being performed by men in the forward areas.

A few weeks ago I saw an Australian WAC filing precision parts of a fighter plane. I asked her whether she had done any kind of filing before the war and she replied, "I used to file fingernails."

The Office of War Information tells us that women excel men in all tasks that require sharp eyes, suppleness of wrist, delicate touch,

repetitive motion, and exactness. That covers just about two-thirds of the jobs in military communication and mobile supply services.

A girl who used to give idle women facial massages and fancy hairdos, now is chief signalman for the Long Island Railroad. She handles 87 levers, and controls the switches of a maze of tracks of the Long Island Railroad at its Jamaica Station.

In the British Isles where women have been registered for some sort of national service since April, 1941, I watched them handling anti-aircraft guns, barrage balloons, airplane detection devices. Where we waste healthy young men in driving military trucks and cars, the British use enlisted women.

We're supposed to be fighting a total war. Women have struggled for centuries to achieve equality with men. Having won their rights women must now meet their obligations. One of these is war services.

Let us surround selective service for women with every possible safeguard. Let us take only those who can most easily be spared. Let us give them every possible free choice of the kind of service they would like to perform, but let us treat them as full and equal partners with men in a war effort that requires from each one of us the best we have to give.

... V —

"The persistent refusal to face and deal with unpleasant facts was one of the main reasons why democracies were so nearly eliminated by this war."—**Edward R. Murrow** (CBS).



## RADIANT

Although she is now known foremost as a singer of classical songs, blond Vivien, featured soprano on NBC's "Hour of Charm," first got her start singing comic ditties with the Marx Brothers. A recent bride, the ravishing creature, whose real name is Hollace Shaw, announces she'll combine marriage with her career.



## DOUBLE BILLING

Ann Sothorn, blond and curvacious screen star, is heard as a guest on two CBS programs.

## Outstanding Opinions of the Month

"When goods cease to move, armies are apt to march."—**Thurman Arnold (WMCA)**.

... V —

Present plans call for joint occupation of Germany by Russia, Britain and the U. S. Russia would police the East, Britain the West and the U. S. the South.—**Bill Downs (CBS London)**.

... V —

Prospective post-war Europe is moving away from free enterprise.—**Raymond Gram Swing (Blue)**.

... V —

"What counts most in this world is that individuals learn to live as neighbors, regardless of their cultural, racial or religious backgrounds."—**Estelle M. Sternberger (WQXR)**.

... V —



"The common man is the superman of this age. Give him the tools and he will build a civilization out of a wilderness and create, in reality, a new world."—**Dorothy Thompson (Blue)**.

... V —

"Capitalism is learning that it has to be more concerned with the human values of life than the material values."—**Peter de Lima (KECA)**.

... V —

"People fight best when given information to understand how and why they fight."—**Cecil Brown (MBS)**.

... V —

All the wrongs of mankind are perpetrated under the guise of goodness.—**Senator Millard Tydings (WBAL)**.

There is a strong surge toward the liberal-progressive wings in both major parties.—**Drew Pearson (Blue)**.

... V —

"Free advice to all politicians: Never let your hat get bigger than your headline."—**Walter Winchell (Blue)**.

... V —

"Bad as it is to say nothing, it's worse to speak and be wrong."—**Robert St. John (NBC)**.

... V —

A revolutionary change has taken place in our policy since the last war. In 1920 our program went to Congress after we had been pledged abroad, but today we are assured our program will go to Congress in advance of any pledges.—**Gabriel Heatter (MBS)**.

... V —

Herbert Hoover's influence in the Republican Party is now strongest since 1932.—**Leon Henderson (Blue)**.

... V —

Few soldiers are going to vote; whether they do or do not Roosevelt will get just as many votes.—**Richard Eaton (WWDC)**.

... V —

"If there is any danger from Russia it is not that Russia's leaders will promote too many revolutions; the danger is that they will try too hard to preserve or restore too much of the status quo."—**Quincy Howe (CBS)**.

... V —

The Soviet government genuinely wants post-war co-operation, but is disturbed by anti-Roosevelt currents in Congress, fearing they forecast a return of American isolationism.—**John W. Vandercook (Blue)**.



# The Peace I Want

By SENATOR HARRY S. TRUMAN

Condensed from the United Nations Forum.

**A**S WE march forward toward certain victory, we must make the plan for a lasting and just peace. To win a military victory alone would be futile unless we lay a foundation in our post-war world that will secure for all men everywhere their basic human rights. Our President has proclaimed our war objectives as outlined in the "four freedoms." We are fighting now that the "four freedoms" shall not be only freedoms for the United Nations but a heritage for all the peoples of the world. History has bestowed on us a solemn responsibility. We shall, we must, be a mighty force at the peace conference. We failed before to give a genuine peace—we dare not fail this time.

The pattern of post-war action directly affects the lives of every American citizen and will continue to affect the very existence of generations of Americans yet unborn. There have been occa-



SENATOR HARRY S. TRUMAN

sions in the past where we were out-manuevered. Our counsel, while then appearing well-advised, has now been shown to have been hasty and ill-conceived. We must not repeat the blunders of the past. It will be no easy thing to formulate the good peace. We must evaluate carefully every factor, every possible approach to the problems of post-war living. As each separate problem comes before that peace conference, we

should be prepared to meet it intelligently.

In some places it is said, "In view of present conditions, our problems are too big for us to handle alone. We must, therefore, ask Washington to do the job."

This abdication from responsibility, though natural under pressure of war conditions, can only lead to confusion and break-down. We can see the result in Europe. The heart of the democratic process is the voluntary initiative of the individual citizen and his government. When communities grip their responsibilities and resolutely face their problems at the source there comes a new self-respect and a new ability to participate to the full in the destiny of the Nation.

Many Americans today are being led down false paths and enticed by negative un-American brands of thought to fight each other over secondary issues. We need to emblazon across the life of this country the cardinal truths of nationhood—that the real issue is not between group and group within our own country who seem to have conflicting interests. The real issue today is whether we are going to sacrifice personal and group selfishness for the sake of the Nation, or whether we are going to sacrifice our Nation for the sake of our selfishness. The issue also is whether we are going to sacrifice our national selfishness for the sake of the world or insure World War No. 3 by sacrificing the world for the sake of our national selfishness.

Americans must fight on the real issues. The real issue is whether we as a Nation of strong-minded men and women are going

to have the courage to sink our differences which arise out of selfish interests and pour everything we have into the Nation's interest. This is crucial if the great lessons of this war are to be mobilized for the building of a united America and a new world.

It has been well said that what we fight for is a pattern of democracy designed by God and worked by everyone. If a rebirth of our American faith is a necessity for total victory in war as our top militarists believe, it will be even more essential when the guns are silent and statesmen take up the task of putting the world together again. The emergence then of America's fighting faith into full maturity and power is an inescapable must for the future. Without it even the most brilliant military success in Europe and Asia will be of small consequence. Indeed, it will only add to our problems and the world's. It is one thing to occupy a people's territory. It is quite another to occupy their minds and hearts so that the evil we fight can never again be willed by any man or nation.

It has been the history of all nations that their growth and expansion are patterned and shaped by the international struggle for power. The foreign policy of a state has always been determined by the rules of power politics as applied to that state's existing economy. So far, in the world's history, there has been no adequate substitute for power politics. Even if the majority of the nations were to renounce war, it would be merely an idle pretense. As long as there exists one single nation that may make a sovereign choice

of war, all other nations must be prepared to do likewise. It is this fundamental international situation—realistic power politics—which confronts our world leaders now, and will be the major problem to overcome in building the foundation for a decent and sane post-war world.

The only logical basis for erecting a lasting peace and reconstructing a war-torn world must be in a new improved league of nations made up of the United Nations, and controlled by Britain, China, Russia, and the United States, in the name of all and for the welfare of all. We must see to it that there is no post-war scramble for the spoils of war, for more power at the expense of other nations. Lasting peace can be attained only through a new system of collective defense. The world of nations must adopt some adequate substitute for power politics. We must outlaw war by creating a new machine of peace, more powerful than any machine of war. The means of enforcement is a powerful international police force. The question is, Do we really want international law and order and peace, or are we merely talking nice generalities but determined to go back to the old system of international chaos and recurring wars? No government at any level, local, state, or federal, however limited its functions, ever functioned successfully without having somewhere the force necessary to enforce its rules and punish violations.

The League of Nations created after World War No. 1 outlawed aggression but depended on individual nations to supply the

force to make it stick. That did not work. Individual nations will not go to war or risk war simply to save the peace of the world, even though it is now clear that their own peace is involved sooner or later. They will go to war, and this is particularly true of democracies which are devoted to peace, only when their own security is threatened vitally. States will never live in peace among themselves if international law, decency, order, and respect for human life and property are not enforced by armed power wisely wielded by the nations of the world who have pledged themselves to the winning of the war and the accomplishment of a just and lasting peace.

### IN TOM BRENEMAN'S MAIL BAG

An 18-year-old Michigan girl has written Tom Breneman, "Host" of the Blue Network's "Breakfast At Sardi's" program, saying she is now in Kansas working until she can save enough money for a bus ticket to Hollywood. But, she says, she doesn't know anyone in the film city, and it would be terrible to arrive with no one to meet her, so would Tom please meet the bus if she let him know when she will arrive.—A woman in a little Texas town wants Tom to do some shopping for her. She writes that she has received a request from her son in the South Pacific for an item she has been unable to purchase in her community, but she feels certain Tom will be able to find it in Hollywood. The item—mustache wax!



## BABY

A faraway look from her white Persian cat named "Baby," is all the reward that Norma Jean Ross seems to be getting for her charming smile. Norma Jean plays Betty in NBC's daytime serial, "The Guiding Light."

# Playing the Hospitals

By EDDIE CANTOR

Condensed from a broadcast  
on We the People over C.B.S.

**I**'VE BEEN playing the hospitals. I went to a hospital—up to the doctor—and said, "My name's Eddie Cantor—" "Oh, that's serious," he said, "We can't fix that."

But seriously, the hospitals, that's the Purple Heart Circuit.

Yes, I think that today, for entertainers, for the good that we can do, it is the most important job that we have.

Overseas entertaining is great—the boys over there certainly need it. But this is the way that I look at it—the fellows who have returned—wounded—they feel that perhaps they are no longer useful—and that's what the Purple Heart Circuit is, getting to those wounded men. It has a great psychological effect because they say, "Gee, I'm important, I'm all right, they're looking after me." And they are looking after those boys in the hospitals, and music is medicine for them. It really does good.

I'll always remember one incident. I was appearing in a mental ward. I'd like to find a better word for it; there were about forty boys. One boy had his back turned toward me, his face in a corner, wouldn't turn around, even look around. Then somewhere in a song, he slowly faced me, walked over and sat on the arm of another fellow's chair—

he started to laugh and he applauded in the right places. The doctor said to me, "Doctor Cantor, that boy is well." I actually saw a boy cured. It shows you what music can do.

But we never sympathize with them. That would be bad. We just kid; sometimes I'll jump in bed with a boy and say, "Hey, you, move over, you look a lot better than I do." We have a list of "don'ts" we go by.

First, we don't sing any torch songs, or songs about home and mother. We never tell jokes to these boys that we wouldn't tell in front of their mothers and fathers. We don't get patriotic, they'll think it's an act, and above all, don't think that you're traveling too far to entertain these boys; they've traveled much farther to do something for you, and something much more important.

It would be a good thing if some of the people back home got a chance to see the men in those hospitals.

Then maybe they'd stop complaining about sacrifices or sacrifices. After you see those boys, you can't gripe about inconveniences on a train, or that room service was a little late in bringing your food, or that there wasn't enough cinnamon on your cinnamon toast. I defy you to complain.

# Nora



Most recent Eddie Cantor "discovery" is lovely Nora Martin, whose songs will grace the banjo-eyed comic's "Time To Smile" programs over NBC with the start of his new Fall series on Wednesday, September 29, at 9:00 p.m., EWT.

**COMPLETE** IN THIS  
ISSUE



SERENA DALE

*Did  
James  
Shannon  
kill  
the girl he  
loved,  
beautiful  
Serena Dale  
(Joan Banks) . . .  
You'll find the  
answer in this  
dramatic trial*

# THE STATE VERSUS JAMES SHANNON

Condensed from a broadcast over the Blue Network.

## CHAPTER I



**A**BOUT 6:30 p.m. on the night of April 15th, 1940, John Sperlos, superintendent of the Belden Apartments, was sitting in his kitchen, his shoes off, reading the evening paper.

The house phone rang. "It's probably them new tenants again, asking for more hot water," thought John. "What do they do, bathe in it?" He picked up the receiver and said gruffly, "Hello."

It was Mrs. Carter. "Hello, John," she said. "This is Mrs. Carter in apartment 3-G. Our bathroom ceiling is leaking like a sieve. Better do something about it."

"Okay. I'll be right up," John replied.

John went up to the Carter apartment to inspect the ceiling, and then—with Mrs. Carter—climbed the stairs to the floor above and approached the door of the apartment directly above, 4-G—occupied by the beautiful blonde model, Serena Dale.

"Here we are," announced John as he rang the doorbell.

"I could almost take a shower in that bathroom without turning on the water," complained Mrs. Carter.

"It's probably a radiator leak," John assured her. "We'll soon see," he added, ringing the bell several times. "She's taking her own sweet time about answering," he grumbled as he knocked on the door.

"Maybe she's not home," suggested Mrs. Carter.

"Oh, she must be," insisted John.

"She called about her refrigerator just a little while ago."

He rattled the door knob.

"She may have gone out," indicated Mrs. Carter. "You'd better—"

"Wait a minute," John interrupted. "The door's open. Miss Dale!" he called out. "Hello—HELLO—Miss Dale!"

"That's nice. Goes out and leaves the lights burning."

"I don't care about the lights. Please get after that radiator," said Mrs. Carter petulantly.

"Okay, okay, let's go in," John agreed.

The sound of running water could be heard.

"She left the water running in the tub, too. I'll go turn it off," he added. "Some people think just because they're beautiful . . ."

Mrs. Carter's screams cut John off.

"Whatsa matter?" he called.

"There! On the floor!"

"Good Lord!" cried out John hoarsely. "It's Miss Dale. Miss Dale!!! Miss Dale!"

"John, look. The ice-pick," pointed out Mrs. Carter.

"The ice-pick! Oh-h. Right through the heart," cried out the superintendent horrified.

"Call a doctor, quick!" whispered Mrs. Carter.

"It's too late. She's dead," John replied.

"Hello-hello, operator. Give me the police."

The police arrived shortly and after verifying the cause of death, they made inquiries about Serena Dale's associates. Investigation soon led to James Shannon with whom she had been frequently seen, and the surrounding circum-





**The Prosecuting Attorney (Ted de Corsia)**

stances soon led to his arrest and indictment for the murder of the beautiful blonde model.

## CHAPTER II

In a packed courtroom, the Prosecutor opened his case by calling the superintendent of the dead woman's apartment building:

"John Sperlos," called out the clerk.

"Yes."

"Do you swear the testimony you will give will be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"

In response to the prosecuting attorney's questions, the witness described how he had gone to check on the leak, entered Miss Dale's apartment and found her bloody corpse sprawled on the floor.

"But as soon as I saw she was dead, I called the police," John added.

"Now, John, did you see Miss Dale alive any time on the day of the murder?" asked the prosecuting attorney.

"No," replied Sperlos. "But she called me on the phone."

"What time was it when she called?" asked the prosecutor.

"About six o'clock."

"Have you ever seen this man, the defendant, before?" continued the prosecutor.

"Yes, sir. That's Mr. Shannon," replied John. "I seen him many times with Miss Dale."

"Did you see him on the day of the murder?" added the prosecuting attorney.

"Yes, sir," John indicated. "I seen him come into the building about four o'clock."

"Now, John, did you see him leave?" queried the prosecutor.

"No, sir."

"That's all. Your witness."

"John, where did you spend your time between four o'clock when you saw Shannon, and 6:30 when you entered Miss Dale's apartment?" began the defense counsel.

"I was in the lobby till about 4:30, then I went to my apartment and stayed there," John explained.

"Then, as far as you know, Shannon could have left at any time after 4:30 and before 6:30," pointed out the defense.

"Yes. I guess so," agreed John.

"And as far as you know, someone else could have come into the building, gone to Miss Dale's apartment and left between those hours. Isn't that so?" concluded Shannon's lawyer.

"I don't know what could've happened," John admitted in a surly tone. "All I know is I seen Shannon come, and then I went to my apartment."

"All right. No more questions," said the defense.

## CHAPTER III

As its next witness, the State called Dr. Theodore Hackett, of the medical examiner's office.

"Dr. Hackett, on the night of April 15th," began the prosecuting attorney, "did you, in the course of your official duties, examine the body of a young woman in the Belden Apartments?"

"I did."

"Please describe to the court and jury what you found," said the prosecution.

"I found that deceased had been killed with an ice-pick which had been plunged into her chest nine times," Dr. Hackett

said. "It pierced the left ventricle of her heart. I also found a contusion at the base of her head such as might have been caused by a blow or a fall."

"Did you find anything else?"

"There was an abrasion," added Dr. Hackett, "a wide scratch on the third finger of the left hand."

"In your opinion, doctor, could that abrasion have been caused by someone forcefully pulling a ring off that finger?" continued the prosecuting attorney.

"I object," interrupted Shannon's counsel. "That's not a matter of expert opinion."

"All right," agreed the prosecuting attorney, "I withdraw the question."

"Call James Fogarty," he added.

"James Fogarty, please," called out the clerk.

"Your name is James Fogarty," inquired the prosecuting attorney, "and you are a detective with the police department?"

"Yes sir. Homicide squad," precised Fogarty.

"Did you go to James Shannon's apartment on the night of April 15th?" asked the prosecutor.

"Yes, sir," explained Fogarty. "Shannon was one of the persons that were to be questioned, and the job was assigned to me. I arrived at his house about 9:30—a few hours after the body had been found—and rang the doorbell."

"Yes?" Shannon replied.

"James Shannon?" I replied.

"That's right," said Shannon. "What can I do for you?"

"I'd like to have a little talk with you," I told him. "May I come in?"

"Yeah—sure," he said. "What's on your mind?"

"I've got a few questions I

## WHY FOGARTY CAME!

wanna ask you. I'm from police headquarters," I explained.

"Police? What do you want with me?" asked Shannon nervously. "If this is some kind of a joke—"

"No. It's no joke, Shannon," I assured him.

"All right. Go ahead," Shannon said.

"Where were you tonight between 6 and 8 o'clock?" I asked him.

"I don't see that it's any of your business," he told me angrily.

"As a matter of fact, it is," I told him. "Where were you?"

"I was in my office," Shannon replied in a surly tone.

"Isn't that kind of late for you to be in your office?" I asked him.

"Yeah—a little," he admitted. "I was waiting for a customer."

"What's his name?" I demanded.

"I think he said his name was Brindle," Shannon explained. "He called me up in the morning and made an appointment for 7 o'clock."

"And then—" I broke in.

"He never showed up," Shannon told me.

"Is that so," I remarked skeptically. "Ever know anybody by that name?"

"No," admitted Shannon.

"That's too bad," I added. "Did anybody see you at your office?"

"No. My girl leaves at 5:30," admitted Shannon and then he added angrily, "Say, what is this. The third degree?"

"Keep your shirt on, Shannon," I assured him.

"I'll keep my shirt on," he re-

plied, "but I'm not answering any more questions till I know what this is all about."

"You'll know soon enough," I told him. "Get your hat, Shannon. I'm pullin' you in on suspicion."

"Suspicion of what?" he demanded.

"The murder of Serena Dale," I stated.

He didn't say anything to that. He just looked at me, sorta dumb.

"Did you find anything in his apartment?"

"Yes sir. We went through his clothes and in the pocket of a coat hanging in his closet we found a diamond ring."

"I show you this ring, Fogarty," interrupted the District Attorney, "and ask you if it is the ring you found in the coat pocket."

"Yes, sir. It is," agreed Fogarty.

"Will you read the words engraved on the inside band?" asked the Prosecuting Attorney.

"It says 'to Serena from Jim,'" Fogarty read slowly.

"I offer this ring in evidence," cried out the District Attorney.

"No objection," accepted the Defense Counsel. "We concede the ring was found in the pocket."

"The State's not asking for any concessions," corrected the District Attorney. "We'll prove our case without any —"

"Gentlemen!" interrupted the Judge. "Let's get on with the case. Have the ring marked in evidence."

"Just one question," the Defense Lawyer called out, "did the defendant seem surprised when you found the ring in his coat pocket?"

"Yeah," confirmed Fogarty, "he said when he left her —"

"Thank you," broke in the Defense Counsel. "You've answered. No more questions."

"Call Robert Phelps . . . Robert Phelps," requested the Prosecution.

"Yes," replied Phelps.

"Do you swear the evidence you will give is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" called out the clerk.

"I do," Phelps replied.

"Mr. Phelps—what is your occupation?" began the District Attorney.

"I'm an automobile dealer."

"Do you know the defendant, James Shannon?" continued the Prosecution.

"Yes, sir. Very well," Phelps replied.

"What are your relations with him?" inquired the District Attorney.

"Well, I originally met him in the course of business," explained Phelps, "but in the last year or so we have become very friendly, in fact, until recently, I shared his apartment with him."

"Did you know the deceased, Serena Dale?" asked the District Attorney.

"Yes," Phelps declared. "Jim introduced me to her a few months ago."

"Did you ever have any conversation with Shannon about Miss Dale?" continued the District Attorney tensely.

"Why sure," Phelps said. "He was always raving about her. He said he was planning to marry her."

"Did he ever tell you they were engaged?" was the next question of the Prosecution.

"Yes. About six weeks before her death," Phelps stated.

"Now, Mr. Phelps," inquired the

District Attorney in a confidential tone, "did he ever say anything to you after that to indicate that his attitude toward her had changed?"

"Well, he said said he was beginning to think she was nothing but a—a—let me see, what was the word he used? Oh yes, a two-timer. He said she'd been seen around town with several notorious characters . . . and in pretty compromising situations."

"That's a lie!" cried out Shannon. "You—. He's lying, and he knows it. I—"

"That will do," interrupted the Judge. "There will be no further outbursts in this courtroom. Proceed."

"Did you ever hear any conversation between Shannon and Serena Dale about this?" inquired the District Attorney.

"Yes, once, about two weeks before the murder," Phelps declared. "Well, I walked into the Fulton Cafe about nine o'clock that evening and saw Serena and Jim sitting in a booth. I noticed that their faces were flushed and I thought they had been drinking. As I went over, I heard Jim saying:

"Listen, you're gonna give up that job see, and you're gonna quit running around with those play boys —. Or else you're gonna wake up some morning dead. I'll kill you, see?"

"You're sure you heard the defendant say 'I'll kill you, see?'" asked the District Attorney.

"Yes, sir," repeated Phelps.

"He often got excited that way," he explained.

"Even little things would cause him to fly off the handle. For example, he once struck a waiter in a restaurant because he

spilled water on Serena's shoulder."

"Now about the quarrel with Miss Dale, did he ever discuss it with you?" continued the District Attorney.

"Well, a few days before the murder when he was talking to me he said 'no woman can play around with me that way. I'll get my engagement ring back somehow.'"

"That's all. Your witness," concluded the Prosecution.

"You're quite sure, Mrs. Phelps, that you didn't invent the entire story of this quarrel?" began the Defense Counsel.

"Certainly not."

"And you're sure you couldn't be mistaken about the words you heard?" continued the Defense.

"I'm sure," Phelps declared affirmatively.

"You distinctly remember Shannon telling you he intended to get the ring back," demanded the Defense lawyer.

"Yes," replied Phelps firmly.

"You didn't just invent that to sort of fill out the rest of your story," cried out the Defense counsel.

"Of course not," denied Phelps.

"When did you first tell anyone Shannon had said he would get the ring?" demanded the Defense.

"I don't know," admitted Phelps. "I guess I must have told Fogarty on the night of the murder when he questioned me about the case."

"I see," said the Defense counsel. Then suddenly assuming confidential tone, inquired, "By the way, where were you at the time of the murder?"

"What time do you want to know about?" queried Phelps.

"Seven thirty P. M.," indicated the Defense lawyer.

"From six to nine o'clock, I was at the movies," Phelps declared.

"What theatre?"

"The Palace."

"Anyone with you?"

"No. I went alone."

"Anyone see you?"

"I don't know," continued Phelps. "It's dark in movie houses."

"Which makes it a good place for an alibi, doesn't it?" broke out the Defense counsel triumphantly.

"Your honor, I object!" interposed the District Attorney. "This is going pretty far outside the limits of cross-examination."

"Your Honor, the case against my client is built entirely on circumstantial evidence," explained the Defense. "I propose to show that circumstances point just as readily to some one else—in fact, to this witness."

The courtroom was thrown into an uproar as the defense attorney suggested that the State's star witness might himself be guilty of the crime.

#### CHAPTER IV

When order was restored, the defense had no further questions to ask Phelps, but reserved the right to recall him to the stand.

At this point, the State rested, confident that the defense was merely toying to cloud the issue. The prosecutor had shown strong motive, the defendant's alibi seemed incredible and he had been shown to have an ungovernable temper—the kind of temper that would have caused him to strike his sweetheart not once but—as had been proved—many times.

The defense attorney requested a short recess and when it had been granted, he called his assistant.

"John," he whispered, "I want you to get all the dope you can on Phelps—where he comes from, what he did before, the works. And hurry. We may be able to save the man's life."

When court resumed, the defense opened by placing Olive Temple on the stand. She testified that she and Phelps had been going together, and that "Yes, he was very attentive to her," she explained in a sophisticated manner. "You know the sort of things, Your Honor, flowers, candy, even a few pieces of jewelry."

"And what were your relations with each other?" asked the Defense lawyer.

"Well, there was a sort of understanding that we'd get married pretty soon," explained Olive. "At least, that's the way it was until he met her. That is Serena Dale. The deceased. After he met Serena, everything changed. Robert never mentioned marriage any more. One night he came up to my apartment two hours late for a date.

"'Good evening, Mister Phelps,' I said coldly. 'This time you're only two hours late.'

"'Now—now,'" he cajoled. "That's not a nice way to talk to an old friend. Mind if I sit down?"

"'Sure I mind,' I told him getting angrier. 'But it doesn't matter to you any more what I feel.'

"'Now, honey,' Phelps pleaded.

"'Don't you honey me,' I told him pretty plainly. 'I know which way the wind's blowing. Since you met that Serena Dale everything's different. You're crazy about her, aren't you?'

"That's none of your business," he replied snappily.

"None of my business! Well—I—like—that," I repeated. "For months you've been taking me out, buying me things—talking about marrying me—and now since you met that dame . . ."

"Let's leave Serena out of this," he cut in.

"Not on your life I won't," I told him. "She's the cause of all this trouble."

"There isn't any trouble, Olive," Phelps told me flatly. "And there isn't going to be. I'm not under any obligation to you . . . and I don't think I have to account to you for what I do. If you've got any other ideas, we better call the whole thing off."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you," I sneered.

"Yes, I'd like it very much," he told me emphatically.

"Get out of here! GET OUT!" I cried at him. "You—you good for nothing! I wouldn't have anything to do with you if you were the last man on earth."

As its next witness, the defense introduced the jeweler from whom the ring had been bought.

"Mr. Shannon came into my store about one o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th of April," the jeweler testified, "that was the day of the murder—paid for that ring, which I had had engraved to his order and took it away with him."

The defense then called James Shannon. As he took the stand, a hush fell over the courtroom.

"Mr. Shannon, you were engaged to Serena Dale?" asked the attorney for the Defense.

"Yes, sir. We'd have been married by now if—if she hadn't been killed," Shannon asserted.

## DID SHANNON KILL SERENA DALE

"Did you ever quarrel?" was the next question of Shannon's lawyer.

"Certainly we quarreled," admitted Shannon. "If two people really care for each other they're bound to quarrel. But we always made up."

"You've heard Mr. Phelps describe a scene in a restaurant between you and Serena," continued the lawyer.

"Is what he says true?"

"Some of it's true," avowed Shannon. "He did meet us in the restaurant that night. But he's lying about everything else. He's twisting everything I said to give it a different meaning."

"Well, we were sitting in this restaurant, Serena and I—she was wearing one of those crazy little hats with the things in front and she said gaily."

"Why do you keep staring at my hat?"

"Oh, because it's so cute and silly—kinda like you," I told her. "And that reminds me—Serena—where would you like to go on our honeymoon?"

"There isn't going to be any honeymoon," Serena told me.

"There isn't—what did you say?" I demanded.

"No honeymoon, darling," Serena repeated. "Not now, anyway. We're right in the middle of the rush season, and I simply can't get away. Eat your soup, dear, it's getting cold."

"Just a moment. What ever

gave you the idea that you were going to keep on working after we're married?"

"Oh, Jimmy! Be reasonable," Serena pleaded. "Of course I'm going to keep on working. I love my work and everything about it. I like the people I work with."

"I hate them," I told her.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because you like them," I explained.

"That's a fine reason," Serena remonstrated.

"All right, it's a rotten reason," I admitted. "Do I have to have a reason? I ought to treat you the way the tough movie characters treat their molls." And I took on gangster air. "Listen, babe," I said, "you're gonna do what I say, see. You're gonna give up that job, see, and you're gonna quit running around with those playboys—or else. Or else you're gonna wake up some morning dead. I'll kill you, see?"

"Darling, you could have been a great actor," giggled Serena.

Well just then Phelps came along so we stopped the horse-play.

"I see," said Shannon's lawyer understandingly. "Now Shannon, you went to see Serena on the day of the murder?"

"Yes. I got there about 4 o'clock," admitted Shannon.

"Was she pleased to see you?"

"Certainly," Shannon declared. "She was surprised, of course, but pleased. When I gave her the ring she was very happy. Then we talked about a honeymoon again, and she said we could go away

in a month or two. A little later I left. I guess it was about 5 o'clock. I had to get to my office for my appointment.

"And when you left, Serena Dale was alive," queried Shannon's counsel.

"She was alive and radiant," affirmed the defendant. "She looked very beautiful."

"James Shannon, on the oath you have taken here—did you kill Serena Dale?" asked the Defense lawyer bluntly.

"As God is my witness—No." Shannon swore.

The Prosecuting attorney began the cross examination. "So when you threatened to kill your fiancée, Mr. Shannon you were only impersonating a movie actor," he said, mockingly.

"That's right," Shannon confirmed.

"And whom were you impersonating on the night of April 15th," continued the District Attorney savagely. "Jack the Ripper?"

"I object to that inflammatory remark," cried out Shannon's lawyer. "I move for a mistrial."

"The motion is denied," replied the Judge, "but I must caution the prosecuting attorney to confine himself to proper questions. Proceed."

"I suggest, Shannon, that the best acting you've ever done has been your performance here in this courtroom," continued the Prosecuting Attorney. "So let's examine it a little further. This—this Mr. Brindle, whom you say called; did you recognize his voice?"

"No."

"Had you ever met him before?"

"No. I'd never even heard of him."

"And yet you went to your of-

**COMPLETE  
IN THIS ISSUE**



fice and stayed there two hours waiting for a customer you'd never seen or heard of before?" demanded the Prosecuting Attorney incredulously.

"Silly as it may seem, that's exactly what I did," Shannon asserted.

"And I suggest it's not only silly but untrue," charged the Prosecuting Attorney. "I suggest there is no Mr. Brindle except the one you conjured up in your mind, so that you could provide yourself with an alibi for the time during which—in a fit of jealous rage—you brutally murdered your sweetheart!"

"That's not true! I loved her," denied Shannon. "I'd give anything—"

"That's all, Mr. Shannon," interrupted the District Attorney.

Court then adjourned for the day and the next morning, the defense attorney again surprised everybody by calling the cashier of the theatre in which Phelps had claimed to be at the time of the murder. The prosecution objected on the grounds that Phelps was not on trial, but the witness was allowed to take the stand.

"Yes, I remember him," the cashier testified. "He's the absent-minded one. He came up to the box-office the night we were showing a revival of 'My Girl Friday.'"

"The doorman was crying outside 'Seats now available in all parts of the house.'"

"How many?" I asked that man, Mr. Phelps.

"Just one," he replied.

"I gave him the ticket and he walked out without waiting for his change.

"I called after him, 'Your change.' But he was gone. I got

## IS SHANNON INNOCENT

Joe, the doorman's attention. 'Joe,' I said, 'get that man, he gave me a fifty dollar bill and forgot his change.'

The Prosecutor did not cross-examine and then the doorman corroborated the cashier's testimony.

An usher then testified, "Yeah, I know him. About nine o'clock he started to leave and couldn't find his hat. I had to look all around with my searchlight till we finally located it."

"Your witness."

"Thank you. No questions."

It was the turn then of the defense. "I wish at this time to recall Phelps for further cross-examination, he requested. "Mr. Phelps, do you often forget fifty dollar bills and lose your hat?" asked Shannon's lawyer.

"No," avowed Phelps.

"Was it just a coincidence that both these things happened that night?" continued the Defense counsel.

"What do you mean?" demanded Phelps suddenly.

"I mean to suggest that you purposely forgot the bill and lost your hat to establish when you entered and left the movie house," precised the Defense lawyer.

"I didn't—but I don't see that it makes any difference. I was there," replied Phelps.

"Well, let's see now. The Palace has another box office around the corner, hasn't it?" pointed out the Defense lawyer.

"I—er—I think so. Yes," admitted Phelps.

"So you could have entered by

the main box office, slipped out by an exit, and stayed away for an hour. Then you could have come back, and slipped into the crowd going in through the side box office, sat around for a few minutes, lost your hat, recovered it with the usher's aid and left by the front box office at nine o'clock. Couldn't you?"

"I could have," agreed Phelps, "but I didn't. I stayed in my seat throughout the whole show."

"You're quite sure of that?" Shannon's lawyer queried.

"Positive," affirmed Phelps.

"I presume you remember the jackpot award during the show?" was the next question of the defense.

"Jackpot?" asked Phelps getting a little bemuddled.

"Yes, the jackpot," repeated the lawyer.

"Oh yes, the jackpot. I remember," testified Phelps.

"What was the first name announced as the winner of the jackpot?" asked the defense counsel.

"That's a ridiculous question," replied Phelps hotly. "You don't expect me to remember that, do you?"

"Yes, Mr. Phelps, I do," confirmed the defense counsel. "Maybe this will refresh your recollection. I show you this card taken from the records of the Palace Theater for April 15th—the day of the murder. You see the line reading—'Jackpot drawing?'"

"Yes," admitted Phelps uneasily.

"Read the first name on that list. Go on, read it," ordered Shannon's lawyer.

"Robert Phelps," the witness read slowly.

"Did you hear your name called that evening?" cried out the defense counsel.

"No sir," Phelps testified very quietly. "I-er-I guess-I sort of fell asleep."

But the explanation did not satisfy Shannon's lawyer. His next question was:

"Isn't it a fact that you weren't in the theater at all when the jackpot was announced?"

"No, it's not." Phelps denied this charge with spirit.

"Mr. Phelps. Where did you live before you came to this city?" queried the defense counsel, apparently changing the subject.

"In Stradsberg, at the Palace Hotel," testified Phelps.

"Isn't it a fact that at the time you say you were living at the Palace Hotel, you were actually confined to the State Insane Asylum?" demanded the defense counsel in a staccato voice.

The courtroom was in an uproar.

"I had a temporary breakdown," avowed Phelps. "I was no more insane than you are now."

"The time may soon come when you'll be glad to plead insanity," replied Shannon's lawyer. He paused a moment and added, "You say you told Detective Fogarty on the night of the murder that Shannon had threatened to get back the ring. And you've heard the jeweler testify that Shannon had purchased the ring that very afternoon. Now tell us, Mr. Phelps, how did you know—two hours after the murder—that Serena Dale had received an engagement ring?"

Without waiting for Phelps to answer, the defense counsel continued, "I'll tell you how you

knew. You had been there, in Miss Dale's apartment that evening, and had seen the ring flashing on her finger. Hadn't you?"

"No, no. I didn't see any ring," Phelps protested hoarsely. "She was wearing—"

"Oh. Then you admit you were there," interrupted the defense counsel.

"I—I don't," Phelps floundered.

"You were there, weren't you? You just admitted it," repeated Shannon's lawyer.

"Don't shout so, please. It confuses me," protested Phelps. "I'll explain everything to you if you just don't confuse me."

"I'm sorry—Robert," replied the defense counsel patronizingly. "I won't confuse you. Just tell us what happened. Don't be afraid."

"I'm not afraid. The doctor always told me, 'Robert, never be afraid,'" Phelps exclaimed.

"That's right. Now, tell us why you went to see Serena," proposed the defense counsel.

"I went to tell her she was throwing herself away on Shannon," explained Phelps. "He was so ordinary, so—normal. Serena needed someone like me. Unusual, brilliant — unafraid. I'd called Shannon earlier and told him to wait for me at his office that night."

"You told him your name was Brindle."

"That's not my real name," Phelps apologized. "Y'know I didn't want him around when I talked to Serena. He always made me nervous. About six o'clock, I slipped out of the Palace Theater, and went to Serena's apartment. The door was unlatched and I heard water running in the bathtub, so I figured

## YOU CAN'T STOP US, DEFIED SERENA

Serena was home and I walked in. "Who's there?" called out Serena.

"Is that—Oh! It's you," she added as she recognized Phelps.

"Yes, Serena, it's me," I told her.

"I told you I never wanted to see you again," Serena said.

"But you didn't really mean it, darling. Did you?" I asked her.

"I was never more serious in my life," she told me.

"Oh no. You were just hiding your real feelings," I protested. "Don't move away from me, Serena—I won't hurt you," I pleaded.

"I don't want to have anything to do with you!" she repeated. "You've got to stop annoying me, or—"

"Or what?"

"Or I'll tell Jimmie. I'm going to marry Jimmie. Soon. See, I'm wearing his engagement ring."

"Yes, I see it. It's awful," I told her. "Vulgar and ordinary. Like Jim."

"I thought you liked him," Serena asked me as if she had been surprised to hear my description of Jim.

"I did," I admitted, "till he got the idea of marrying you. That, of course, I couldn't allow. He mustn't drag you down to his level."

"You can't stop us," defied Serena.

"Oh but I can, Serena," I whis-

pered softly. "I must. Before I leave here I must know that you and Shannon will never meet again."

"All right, Robert," she replied nervously. "All right. I'll think it over. Now you just go on home—"

"No. If I did," I refused, "I'd begin to have doubts . . . and doubts are bad for me."

Serena heard me lay a wooden object on the table.

"What've you got there?" she demanded. "What did you put on the table?"

"Oh, nothing. An ice-pick I just bought," I assured her. "My old one broke. Why are you looking at me so queerly. Are you afraid of me, Serena?"

"Of course not, Robert," she said softly. "I like you very much—very much."

"But you don't love me, do you?" I demanded. "Do you?"

Oh Robert—please—"she expostulated.

"You think because I was mentally sick for a while that I'm

mad," I explained. "I can see you do. You're staring so. But I'm not. I must do this. You've given me the only peace of mind I've had in years. Your beauty has soothed my nerves and banished my nightmares. But when you marry Shannon, all the old torment will come back.

"That's why I must—kill you." Serena screamed and it was all over.

"And then I took that ring from her finger, let myself into Shannon's apartment with the key which I still had and put it in his coat pocket breaking forever the ties between Serena and James Shannon. So you see it's not I, but Shannon who's responsible for her death."

Following this sensational confession, the district attorney joined in a motion to dismiss the case against James Shannon, which the court of course granted.

Shortly thereafter Phelps was committed to an institution for the criminally insane, and thus ended the mysterious and tragic case of the murder of Serena Dale.

## PICCADILLY PARADE

When CBS European News Chief Edward R. Murrow cites a case to prove that the American soldier is the most resourceful in the world. A GI was supposed to meet a girl at a theater. At the last minute his pass was nullified and he was placed on KP. So the GI sought out one of his luckier brethren to emulate John Alden. The pal never had met the

girl—and London is pretty well crowded with girls. Not one white dismayer, the pal found a "sandwich board" sign and paraded up and down in front of the theater with this scrawled across him, fore and aft: "Mary, I have been a bad boy and can't come to town tonight. Tom." The substitute met the girl and half of London knew Tom was on KP.

# Mission To Chungking

By

JOHANNES STEEL

**T**HE SIGNIFICANCE of Vice President Wallace's trip to China and Soviet Siberia becomes fully apparent from the complete itinerary of Mr. Wallace's trip. His was no mere junket but a mission of the utmost importance for the winning of the war as well as the peace.

Political developments in China have taken a turn during the past two years with which the rest of the world has been only too little familiar.

More than a year ago a book of outstanding importance was published in Chungking, entitled "China's Destiny," it is the work of Chiang Kai-shek. The point about this book is that although it had a wide circulation in China severe censorship was immediately clamped down to prevent any word of its contents reaching the outside world. For almost a year and a half not even a summary of the contents of this book was available outside China. Now, however, a summary of the book has been made available.

It was written and sent to this country by Chen Fai-ta from Yen-an, capital of the northwest border provinces.

"Out of the 213 pages of the



JOHANNES STEEL

book," Chen writes, "only twelve and a half deal with the war problem, while the bulk of the book deals with internal problems—opposition to liberalism and Communism and advocacy of comradore-feudalist Fascism or the New Absolutism (formally still wearing the mask of the Three Peoples' Principles)."

Chiang's theory is that old China was a "golden world." Its economy was perfectly balanced, its social organization assured perfect social and political stability. The survival of the Chinese nation he ascribes to its social customs, consisting of "the elements of faith, honesty, hard work, plain life, esteem of propriety and righteousness, and comprehension of purity and modesty." The Confucian philosophy he proclaims to be "superior to

Condensed from a broadcast over WMCA.

any other philosophy in the world."

This "golden world" was apparently brought to ruin by the impact of foreign influences. "Since the unequal treaties were concluded the cultural circles of China lost their self-confidence. They followed blindly the theories of the foreigners, and some introduced the European thoughts of the eighteenth century to destroy the spirit of the 'rule by law' among Chinese citizens."

China, according to Chiang's reading of its history, was rescued from its moral and physical collapse by the Kuomintang. "The Kuomintang arose from the original, national moralities, with affection, faith, responsibilities, and duty as the basic principles of organizing the Party. Unlike other parties and groups it does not use dexterous tricks and cruel intrigues at all, nor does it resort to self-interest and selfishness as its instinct of combination."

This is, of course, about the same thing that the Nazi Party of Germany said of itself, as well as the Fascist Party of Italy.

"As to the struggle between liberalism and Communism," writes Chiang, "is merely a reflection of the opposition of Anglo-American thought to that of Russia. Such theories and politics are not only unfit for the national life and the people's livelihood of China and opposed to her original cultural spirits, but they also reveal that their promoters have fundamentally forgotten that they are Chinese and have lost the standpoint of learning for China and applying their learning to China."

The book is in fact a demand for China to return to the dark ages of feudalism, scrapping the little democracy that it already has, suppressing all political thought and action to the Kuomintang dictatorship, and isolating China from the outside world.

Above all the book is directed against the Chinese Partisans who continue to do the lion's share of the fighting against Japan.

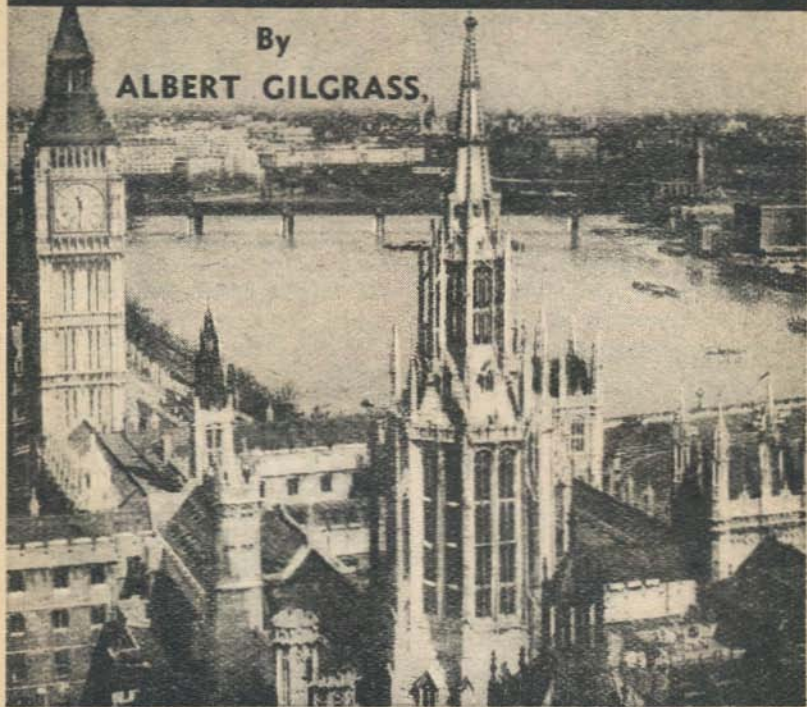
If this book accurately reflects the ideas of Chiang Kai-shek the cause of liberalism in China and international collaboration is seriously in danger. There seems to be, however, some doubt as to whether Chiang himself wrote this book.

There is a possibility that the book was actually written by Tae Hai-shang, a man who is known for his contacts with the Chinese Quisling regime and that Chiang permitted himself to be used as a tool by the worst reactionary and Fascist elements in China, but if the book reflects Chiang Kai-shek's attitude then it is easy to see that it would be extremely difficult to break the deadlock between Chiang Kai-shek's armies and those of the Chinese Communists and Partisans who are now doing most of the fighting against Japan. If Vice President Wallace brings about a rapprochement between Chiang and the Partisans and causes Chiang to retreat from his reactionary position, he will have solved one of the major problems facing the United Nation's now and in the future.

*Newsdigest will welcome letters on the controversial issue raised by Johannes Steel.*

# THE STORY OF BIG BEN

By  
**ALBERT GILGRASS,**



Condensed from a broadcast over the British Broadcasting Co.

**T**HE chiming of Big Ben spells Home to thousands of Britishers in distant parts of the world. It steadied frayed nerves in this country and brought us a feeling of comfort and security in the hour of our peril. To the oppressed peoples, listening in cellars and secret places, it brings a message of hope and a forecast of freedom. To Londoners it has become more London than Bow Bells.

The story begins just a hundred years ago, when the present Houses of Parliament buildings were under construction. The architect, Charles Barry, had included a clock-tower in his design, and in 1844 Parliament granted him the commission to install a suitable clock. Barry instructed his friend, Benjamin Lewis Vulliamy, the Queen's watchmaker, to prepare a design. Many speeches were delivered in the House, and many promises made. A dream-

Literally millions of soldiers from overseas have admired Big Ben in the past months. Albert Gilgrass tells its fascinating history.

clock was created in the minds of the orators. No more was the time to be struck by the little clocks of the district at varying intervals. All were to be eclipsed by the new timekeeper which was already christened 'The Great Clock of Westminster.'

The Chief Lord of the Woods and Forests, now called the Office of Works, promised 'A noble clock, indeed a King of Clocks, the biggest and best in the world, within sight and sound of the heart of London.' Two years passed by with no sign of Vulliamy's proposed design. Then the Clock-maker's Company approached Parliament asking that the making of a national clock should be open for competition. After a heated discussion, Professor George Airy, the Astronomer-Royal, was asked to lay down conditions, obtain designs, and act as referee.

Two of Airy's conditions staggered the clockmakers: that the clock should register the time correct to one second per day by the first stroke of the hour bell; and that it should telegraph its performance to Greenwich Observatory twice daily where a record would be kept. No public clock in the world, controlling heavy striking mechanism, driving long hands exposed to wind and weather, had ever worked within such narrow limits. The trade said that it was impossible and applied to Parliament for less stringent conditions, but the Astronomer-Royal was adamant. He said that the king of clocks must be the prince of timekeepers, that it could and should be made, but how and by whom he did not know. A complete deadlock was reached, and for five years matters were in

abeyance until George Airy called in a man even more determined than himself to act as co-referee.

The newcomer, Edmund Beckett Denison, later Sir Edmund Beckett, the first Baron Grimthorpe, was born at Leeds in 1816. By profession he was a barrister and Queen's Counsellor, and was known to his legal associates as 'a doughty fighter who never knew when he was beaten.' He was also an expert mathematician, an authority on architecture, astronomy, and clocks, watches and bells.

Denison believed that the conditions could be fulfilled, and produced his own design. With the Astronomer-Royal he was in wholehearted agreement on one point, perhaps the only one, and that was the actual manufacture of the clock. Both knew that Mr. E. J. Dent of London, a highly-skilled chronometer maker who had turned his thoughts to the scientific side of clock-making, was capable of producing the precision machine that Denison had designed.

Work was begun early in 1852 under Denison's personal supervision. When Airy, the Astronomer-Royal, brushed aside. Within a month he found it convenient to visit Madeira, handing over to Denison the power to act.

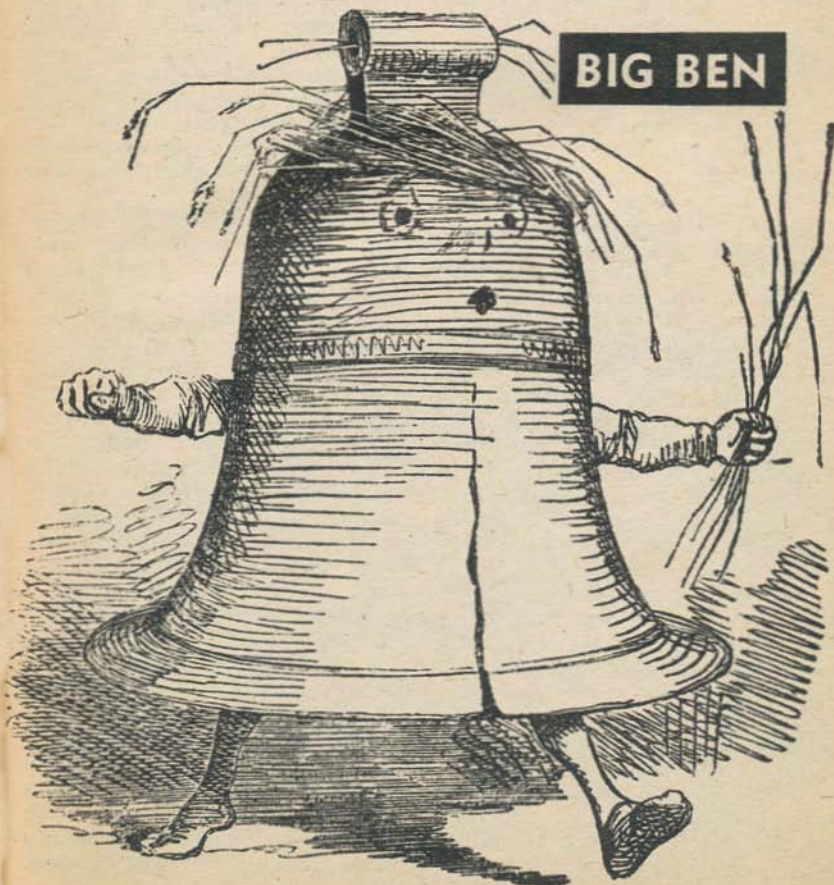
Dent died suddenly in 1853 leaving the great clock unfinished, and six months later Airy resigned his post altogether. So Denison was left solely responsible, with a partly finished clock in front of him and a host of hostile critics behind. After some delay Dent's stepson, Frederick, who had taken over the business, undertook to complete the clock, and he did



so a year later. Although the clock was finished in 1854, the tower was not ready for it, and for over five years the movement was kept on test in Dent's factory, during which time Denison invented his now famous Grimthorpe Gravity Escapement, a masterpiece of applied mathematics which has become almost standard practice in good public clocks ever since.

A fourteen-ton hour bell had

been specified, but no arrangements had been made for its production. A bell of this size had never been cast in England, the largest being the great Bell at York Minster scaling ten-and-three-quarter tons. Denison accepted the contract of Messrs. Warner of Cripplegate, London, for this and the four quarter bells. The hour bell was cast for them at Stockton-on-Tees and was much too thick in the waist, the



completed weight being nearly sixteen tons instead of fourteen.

As it was too heavy to go by rail, it was hoisted on to the deck of a small steamer and shipped to London. A storm was encountered in the North Sea, and the craft with its heavy super cargo nearly foundered. When the bell arrived at Westminster, it was hung for a huge cat-gallows in the Palace yard and struck with a heavy hammer to bring out the tone. The tone was not at all good, so the weight of the hammer was increased. This did bring out the tone, but the flogging was too much for the monster, which cracked and was of no further use. Denison then approached George Mears of Whitechapel, whose firm had been bell foundry since about the middle of the fourteenth century. Mears re-cast the bell to nearly the specified weight, thirteen-and-a-half tons to be exact. It was tested in every way and even Denison expressed his satisfaction before it left the foundry.

The bell went to Westminster in triumph. The streets were decorated, all traffic stopped, and it was mounted on a trolley drawn by sixteen gaily beribboned horses. Admiring crowds roared a welcome to the newcomer.

The bells were hoisted into the belfry, the clock was assembled and fitted, and at long last Denison's troubles were apparently at an end. But the clock would not go! All London laughed, the critics scoffed, and I believe Punch made a cartoon about it.

Denison, more determined than ever, found that the cast-iron hands supplied by the architect, weighing two-and-a-half tons,

were too heavy for the clock to drive. He had another set made of gun-metal of half the weight, and though the hour hands were satisfactory the minute hands had too much "shake." He retained the hour hands and designed a set of minute hands, made by Dent, of hollow flat copper with an interior webbing, which, though measuring fourteen feet overall, weighed under two hundred weight each. At last the problem was solved, and the great clock began its service on May 31, 1859.

The Cambridge Chimes, founded on the Handel aria "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," and the noble tones of the great hour bell boomed throughout the whole of Westminster.

Parliament debated the naming of this great bell and there were many suggestions. The Chief Lord of the Woods and Forests, Sir Benjamin Hall, a man of immense physique and who was affectionately known as "Big Ben," gave a long speech. As he was sinking back into his seat, a wag-gish member, not waiting to catch the Speaker's eye, shouted: "Why not call him 'Big Ben' and have done with it?" The House rocked with laughter, and Big Ben it became, and has remained so ever since.

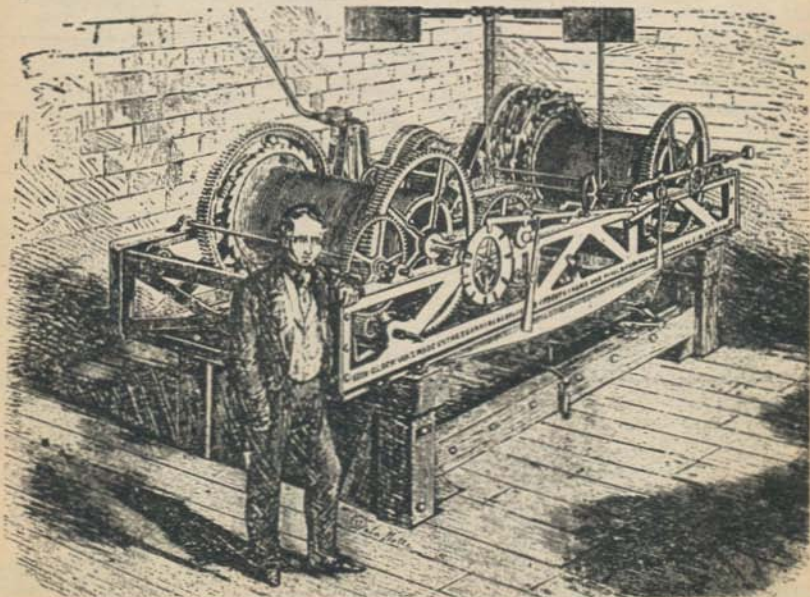
But after two months' service Big Ben's voice broke. A crack had developed. Removal and recasting were almost impossible, so the mechanism was altered and the hours were struck on the largest of the quarter bells. For three years London had to endure this miserable expedient. Then the hour bell was turned slightly and a much lighter hammer used.

The clock itself is the biggest mechanical clock in the world, and its quite revolutionary in design. Although its total weight is five tons, some of its parts are as light and delicate as those of a high-grade watch. It is driven by weights which descend almost to the ground level when run down.

During Denison's lifetime it was wound by hand, taking two strong men five hours three times a week. Since 1913 it has been wound electrically. The pendulum, the heaviest in the country, weighs 685 pounds. It measures about thirteen feet and swings once every two seconds. The four dials are each twenty-two-and-a-half feet in diameter, the figures are two feet in length, and the spaces between the minutes are

one foot square. The minute hands are eleven feet from center to point and travel a hundred miles a year. The dials are made of opalescent glass in a cast-iron frame, and for many years were illuminated by hundreds of gas jets.

The king of clocks did prove to be the prince of timekeepers, and no other public clock, before or since, has achieved such accuracy. Twice a day since 1859 it has telegraphed its performance to Greenwich Observatory. The clock is not controlled in any way from Greenwich—reporting is the only link. Apart from a few stoppages, it has never been more than four seconds away from Greenwich time, and for weeks it has run to within one-tenth of a second a day—a world record that has never been equalled.



THE GREAT CLOCK AT WESTMINSTER—A print from "Illustrated London News" of 1871, showing the clock mechanism of Big Ben.

# OUTSTANDING SPOKEN HUMOR OF THE MONTH

**THE TEXAS OFFICER IN RUSSIA TO HIS MEN:** "Our job here is to promote good will. Be friendly with the natives. If they say Russia's bigger than Texas, AGREE with them!"

Ed Sullivan entertains).

... V —

**WALLY BROWN** (as Sniffles) — "My sister's boy friend was wounded."

**WALLY BROWN** — "Wounded in action?"

**SNIFFLES** — "Yes, he fell down the escalator at Montgomery Ward."

... V —

**FRANK MORGAN** — "I discovered how to dehydrate water itself. As you know, water is H<sub>2</sub>O. I simply removed the 2 and the O."

**JOHN CONTE** — "How did it taste?"

**FRANK MORGAN** — "Like H."

... V —

**DUNNINGER**, hailed into court for overparking — "At present you are thinking of Oberlin College. Is that right?"

**MAGISTRATE** — "Amazing!"

**DUNNINGER** — "And you are thinking whether to send your daughter to Oberlin."

**MAGISTRATE** — "Right again. And now what about this ticket?"

**DUNNINGER** — "The ticket? Oh, I'll just pay the four dollars."

... V —

**EDDIE CANTOR** — "You know, some people think I never finished high school, but that is erroneous."

**HARRY VON ZELL** — "It is?"

**EDDIE CANTOR** — "It was grammar school I never finished."

**PHIL BAKER** — "I spent three years in burlesque."

**WALLY BROWN** — "That's funny. I spent three years in burlesque, too."

**PHIL BAKER** — "Acting or watching?"

... V —

**DON'T BE SO IMPULSIVE!** — Norman Corwin sat down wearily with his friends at a restaurant table after his broadcast recently and, after they ordered drinks, he ordered a double orange juice. The waiter said, "Look, sir—why don't you order one—then if you like it, order another."

... V —

**ARTHUR TREACHER** — "What is that?"

**JACK CARSON** — "This is a saxophone."

**ARTHUR TREACHER** — "Is that what it is! No wonder it took four cans of Prince Albert to smoke it."

... V —

**LULU McCONNELL** — "When I was a girl I was voted 'Miss America'."

**TOM HOWARD** — "When you were a girl, there were very few Americans!"

... V —

**JIMMY DURANTE** — "And, boy, have I got a sensational idea for my campaign! I'm gonna invest in 5,000,000 tooth brushes with Jimmy Durante written on every one of them. Then I'm gonna give 'em to the voters."

**GARRY MOORE** — "What's the idea?"

**JIMMY DURANTE** — "I wanna make sure my name is in everybody's mouth."

# The Sevastopol Stone

By LEONID SOBOLEV

Condensed from a broadcast over the Moscow Radio.

**T**HE old boatswain, Prokhor Vasyukov, regards himself as a real dyed-in-the-wool Sevastopol native. But more than once he has had to leave his beloved city for a year or two. He even left it once for ten years and some months, but turned up again at last. And as he opened the wicket gate of his home, he saw the old plane tree spreading a carpet of dappled shade for his feet, and heard its welcoming rustle.

In 1920, when he and Mikhail Frunze wound up the glorious Crimean campaign, the old bosun returned to his home and settled down snugly, with the firm intention of never leaving again. But fate, as sometimes happens, willed otherwise. The city was temporarily occupied by the Germans, and Prokhor changed his place of abode to the Caucasian Coast. He is still there, but stubbornly refuses to unpack most of his bags and valises. He sits sur-



rounded by his luggage, ready any day to start for home.

"I'm like that Sevastopol stone—I've got to be in my own place—You've heard of the stone, haven't you?" he asked me. I had to admit that I had not heard of it.

He was silent. Then he snorted, blew out his mustache, and in a condescending and derisive tone remarked, "What kind of Black Sea sailor do you call yourself—if you have never heard of the stone? Everybody should know about it. Supposing it was to come into your hands—what would you do with it?"

Thus I first heard the legend of the Sevastopol stone, a noble Black Sea story. I later heard it many times from other sailors in ships and submarines, in dugouts and batteries. But I never had a chance to see the stone itself.

\* \* \*

The story begins at the time we were withdrawing from Sevastopol by order of the Supreme Command. The evacuation of our troops was covered by marines—genuine fighters, the best and bravest. They knew they would be the last men in the city; that most of them would not get away. One against a hundred, they fought to check the fascist onslaught and did not yield a single inch of their positions. We know how they did their duty. Deathless glory to them!

They did not all perish; some reached the mountains and joined the guerrillas; others crossed in rafts and launches to the Caucasian shore. In one of the craft heading for the Tuapse shore were four men. One was dying. The other three rowed in gloomy si-

lence. Their comrade had been struck down by a shell in the streets of Sevastopol. They carried him to the shore and took him out to sea with them; the Germans would not be able to boast that they had taken a Sevastopol marine prisoner.

The men had been four days at sea. They did all they could for their wounded comrade, but they had neither surgical instruments nor medicine, nor even fresh water and hardtack. They ate jellyfish. The wounded man grew steadily worse. On the fourth day he was dying—

When the three men had picked up their comrade at the Sevastopol monument to ships lost at sea, they did not notice that he was clutching in his hand a lump of gray stone chipped from the granite of the embankment by a shell. Later, as they were dressing his wounds, they found it and were going to throw it overboard. But the sailor said hoarsely, "Don't touch it. It is a stone of Sevastopol. Put it in my inside pocket, so that it will always lie on my breast."

So until his last hour he was not parted from his stone. Death came hard to him. His mind wandered, he moaned and begged for water. The youngest sailor leaned over the side of the boat and caught a large, transparently pale orange-striped jellyfish. He tore off a lump of the slippery, watery jelly; there was nothing else to offer his dying comrade. The sun beat down on them, scorched them; nothing was to be seen for hundreds of miles except the sultry blue expanse of sky and the dazzling waste of the calm salt water.

The sailor died. But a few mo-

ments before his death, understanding returned to him. He gave his friends the Sevastopol stone.

"I had a fancy that one day I would return to Sevastopol and put this chip of stone back in its place and cement it there, and then my heart would be at rest," he said. "Until then I would wear it in my breast and let it burn and trouble me and give me no peace day or night until our own Soviet flag flew once more over my own Sevastopol—But it was not to be. Death beat me to it. Take it, boys—you're all from the Black Sea. Keep it safe. My last words to you—it's got to go back to Sevastopol. This stone must be put in its place with strong cement by a sailor's hand and no other—

Toward evening the body of the sailor was consigned to the deep. There were no iron bars on the boat, no weights to attach to the feet, so the body did not sink at once, but floated in the water, a

dark shape, as though reminding the others of his dying words.

The stone was given into the keeping of the marine who was senior in age and service. On their 15th day at sea the men were rescued. First they heard the roar of one of our planes overhead; soon afterward a cutter summoned by the pilot came out and took them ashore, where they were placed in a hospital. The nurse asked if they had any valuables they wanted to put in safe-keeping. The senior marine held out the stone. "There's this," he said. "It must be kept safely. It is a Sevastopol stone." The nurse looked surprised, but said nothing. She brought a receipt on which was written, "One stone, gray, weight 270 grams."

Two weeks later when the marine came out of the hospital, he was told he could go home on leave. His reply was to ask to be sent to the front, to the hottest sector. He insisted, and soon he was at the front.

He fought now as a sniper. Each



While shots were still being fired near Sevastopol families who had been hiding from the Germans in the woods were returning to their homes.

day his score was increased by three, five and sometimes even seven of the enemy. He kept the Sevastopol stone with him, and it became a legend that whenever he sighted a German and took aim, the stone grew warmer until it burned his flesh and his striped jersey showed a scorched mark at the spot where the stone lay.

He knew neither fear nor fatigue, and his aim never failed. Each morning before it was light he would go into ambush. He was taciturn; at night when he returned he simply showed his empty cartridges and his comrades understood: four meant four dead Germans, six meant six. He put them in a box and thus kept count of the enemy killed.

One day the marine crawled back from ambush with a bullet in his breast. When he died, his comrades counted the cartridges in his box and found 311. They were sent to his mother with a letter of sympathy.

The Sevastopol stone passed into the hands of a cheerful marine scout, a dashing fellow who went again and again to the enemy rear to get prisoners who would talk. He did his job as simply as though he was only going to his own garden. When he was sent to the hospital with a serious wound, the stone was given to a signaler from the marines. Soon this man was wearing an order on his blouse, presented for re-establishing communications under fire.

It is said that after him the stone passed into the keeping of the artillery; then some machine gunners had it. It was regarded as belonging to the whole crew. Finally it came into the hands of

a pilot, who brought down three Junkers in a dogfight, and when his ammunition gave out, downed a fourth by ramming.

No one knew to whom the pilot gave the stone before going into a hospital. Some said it went to a sniper; others that it is in a submarine somewhere; another story was that someone actually saw it in the hands of Black Sea pilots who were determined to keep it and bring it back to Sevastopol in the first plane to land there. But no matter who has it—submarine-men, artillerymen or pilots, we need not worry. It is sure to be in strong and reliable hands.

If you want to see it, come to Sevastopol when the war is over. You will easily find Bosun Prokhor Vasyukhov over at the quayside. Everyone knows him. The old men will take you down to the embankment and show you the spot, not far from the monument to ships lost at sea, where the stone is firmly cemented in its place. And he won't forget to remind you that it was placed there by a sailor's hand. Place your cheek against it and see if it is not still warm.



Heroes of the final battle.



# NEW ZEALAND

A Pacific  
Story

**I**T WAS Captain Cook, who discovered the Hawaiian Islands who first annexed New Zealand for Britain, but the government in London didn't want it, and refused to take it. It turned out all right, however, because there was a man named Wakefield—Edward Gibbon Wakefield, who took up the colonization of New Zealand. Wakefield was the first to declare that old haphazard way of settlement had past. "Instead of founding colonies of undesirables," he said, "we should found colonies of our best stock."

The government cannot prevent us, who have organized this New Zealand company, from buying land in New Zealand and moving over there and settling. It is my opinion that we should send an agent to New Zealand and buy land wholesale, and that we should then send a shipload of settlers there regardless of the government in London."

But before Wakefield's ship had sailed with the New Zealand company of colonists, the British government learned that France had organized a company to get to New Zealand first, or to throw out Wakefield and his settlers if they got there first. So the British government got busy. They sent Captain Hobson of the Royale

Navy to New Zealand to annex the country by some peaceful arrangement with the Maoris. Captain Hobson in the H.M.S. Herald sailed into Bay of Islands in January, 1840. And some days later he and some of his officials met with about 500 Maori Chiefs at the mouth of the Waitangi River. They drew up a treaty.

"I have never seen such an array of chiefs in all my years at sea, Mr. Busby," remarked Hobson.

"They are men of high character, Captain Hobson," Busby as-



Condensed from a broadcast over the National Broadcasting Co.

sured him. "In all my years here as British resident, I've found them to be people of intelligence and integrity."

"Has Reverend Williams informed them all of the purpose of this conference?" demanded Captain Hobson.

"He has informed all the head chiefs," Busby replied, "and they in turn have informed the lesser ones."

"I trust they will be disposed to receive our proposal favorably, Mr. Busby." Captain Hobson declared.

"That will depend on Reverend Williams," pointed out Busby. "Being our interpreter, he must communicate with them for us."

Reverend Williams showed the translation of the Treaty of Waitangi to Captain Hobson.

"Here we start," pointed out the Reverend Williams, "by telling the chiefs why you are here as a representative of the Queen—and then, here, we assure them of the good faith of Her Majesty's government."

"Then we get into the treaty proper. It says that as our Queen is desirous of establishing a settled form of government here in New Zealand, that we ask the Maoris to cede all their rights of sovereignty to Her Majesty.

"In turn, Her Majesty will guarantee the Maoris full use of their lands and properties.

"And here, you see, we say that in consideration of these things, Her Majesty will extend her protection to the Maoris, and confer upon them all the rights of British subjects."

Captain Hobson agreed to the terms of the treaty and the conference was called.

The 500 Maori chiefs sat there on the north bank of the Waitangi River and listened to Reverend Williams ask them to turn New Zealand over to the Queen. There was a big discussion. Some of the chiefs were against the whole idea. But at last one of them—a famous Ngapuhi chief—stood up and made a speech. All the other chiefs listened to him. And some days later they signed the treaty and New Zealand came under the British crown—the first time one country was ever taken over by another country by peaceful agreement.

The Maoris had fought among themselves for centuries before we came to New Zealand. The government tried to protect the Maoris. But they traded many of their lands to the white settlers for guns and blankets without knowing that they were really selling their lands, much like the Americans and the Indians. And the Maoris fought stubbornly against the British for many years. It was in 1864, I think, that Brigadier General Carey learned that a Maori force was digging in at a place called Orakau, about seven miles from his quarters. He surrounded the native pa—sort of a fort—with 2,000 men. Then he attacked the Maori inside.

Word was carried to Rewi, the Maori chief, offering to let the women come out before the pa was stormed again. But Rewi sent back the answer that the women would fight as well as the men. So the British attacked again. They used rifles and hand grenades. But the Maori repulsed every attack. At last the fighting stopped completely. And then suddenly about four o'clock in the

afternoon Rewi and his men made a break for the open.

More than half of the 300 Maori were found dead—strewn over the pa and the fields. But Rewi es-

caped. He escaped to live in peace with the pakeha—which means white man in the Maori language. His words: Ka whaiwhai tonu, ake, ake, ake (we shall fight for-



"WELLINGTON IS THE CAPITAL"

ever and ever and ever) have become more widely known than anything else in Maori history.

After the Maori were defeated, they started to go down. They lost interest in their country under the pakeha. And then the white man's disease came. Measles, influenza, tuberculosis. For a while we were afraid they would die out. But toward the end of the century, they started to increase again. Today there are about 90,000 Maori in New Zealand but only about half of them are pure-bloods.

The Maori helped those first settlers that came to New Zealand.—They had a bad time of it when they first came, but the Maori helped them through it. And their leader, Edward Gibbon Wakefield, with his ideas of scientific settlement became one of the great empire-builders of his time. He really was the founder of New Zealand, and he helped to draw up the first Constitution when New Zealand got representative government in the 1850's. New Zealand became even more British than Britain. As the years passed, many remarkable men came along. In the early 1890's a great political leader came along named Richard Seddon. They called him "King Dick," and he was one of the most popular political leaders. He remained Prime Minister for thirteen years, but in 1906 King Seddon died and the government of New Zealand passed into the hands of the conservatives. And the next year New Zealand became a Dominion of the British Empire. This change was received by New Zealanders with little enthusiasm. Some said they don't see why they didn't leave New

Zealand a colony but the change was made and Sir Joseph Ward offered Britain a warship as a token of the new association.

Britain accepted the offer of one warship, and the H.M.S. *New Zealand*, a battle cruiser, was built. It cost every man, woman and child in New Zealand two pounds. But it turned out to be a good investment. Within the next few years Britain was at war with Germany, and the German navy was operating all over the Pacific. Eleven days after the outbreak of the First World War, a force left New Zealand to take German Samoa. They took it without firing a shot, but soon New Zealanders were in the thick of the fighting, and reports came back from the battle-fronts everywhere telling of the part they were playing.

Out of the eligible male population of 250,000 during the First World War, New Zealand had more than 124,000 New Zealanders under arms. A good many of them were Maori. When the war was over Western Samoa was made a mandated territory of New Zealand. And that satisfied most New Zealanders, because they have felt for a long time that any other power in the islands above them is a menace.

Today New Zealand leads the world with its program of social reform, under the leadership of the Labor party. There is government ownership of railways, telegraph, radio, hydro-electric power, municipal ownership of the utilities, hospitals. There is government ownership, too, of insurance, fire, life and complete insurance to protect the New Zealander from cradle to death.

# COMPLACENCY —EVEN IN THE PRISONS

By LOUIS P. LOCHNER

**W**E WHO have grown up in a democracy and have had its blessings extended to us from the moment of our birth, too often look upon democracy as something that simply exists by its own virtue, and not something that must constantly be watched and nurtured and zealously guarded.

Often when I mingle among friends and acquaintances I hear expressions like the following: "Why is it that Nazism and Fascism and totalitarianism have such ardent champions that life itself seems to mean nothing to them? Why is totalitarianism so aggressive? Can it be that there is something inherently wrong about democracy that prevents its sponsors from showing the same zealous, passionate devotion?"

There's nothing the matter with the democracy—the trouble lies with us in having become smug and complacent, in having assumed that, because we have a democratic constitution as the fundamental law of the land, nothing can ever happen here to deprive us of the liberties which that constitution guarantees.

When I contemplate our American democracy, and the complacency with which many people here assume that its fundamental principles will automatically continue to obtain, I cannot but remember what I observed in Germany. During the brief interim between the end of World War I and the fateful year of 1933, when Adolf Hitler seized power, the so-called Weimar Republic of Germany had one of the most liberal and democratic constitutions in the world. The four freedoms for the preservation of which our President has asked us to fight this war were contained also in the German constitution adopted at Weimar.

Despite its democratic constitution, the Weimar republic was bowled over, set aside, and supplanted by one of the most rigid dictatorships in history. I haven't the time today to enumerate all the causes which contributed to the downfall of the German republic. These causes were partly internal, but also partly external and global, such as the worldwide depression of the early thirties which washed up from ob-

Condensed from a broadcast over the National Broadcasting Co.

scure pasts, the Benito Mussolinis, the Adolf Hitlers and the Huey Longs of the world. The lack of sympathetic support from the Entente to the struggling Weimar republic was also a factor.

The founders of the German republic, mostly men without previous governmental experience, and without practical experience in democracy, apparently took it for granted that, if once certain guarantees are laid down in the fundamental law of the land, these guarantees are automatically operative. And so, instead of watching zealously over the observance of their constitution, they devoted themselves to their labor unions, their chambers of commerce, their gesangvereine or singing societies, their little suburban gardens—and before they knew it, gone was the republic, gone was democracy, gone was liberty.

The fate of the Weimar republic should be a warning to us today.

When we go back to the days of the founders of the republic we find that they defended their democratic ideals with the same passionate fanaticism that we now attribute to the devotees of the totalitarian philosophies. In other words, there isn't anything the matter with the democratic principles. It just isn't true that democracy, when clashing with Nazism or Fascism, is handicapped. The fault rather lies with us as the exponents of democracy, in that we are not militant enough, not watchful enough, not zealous enough. We are not true Jeffersonians.

Let me illustrate by an appalling example that has come to my attention: More than fifty thou-

sand German prisoners of war are now scattered over some thirty-eight camps in these United States of ours. The Red Cross and the Y.M.C.A. are permitted to distribute reading matter among these prisoners of war, most of whom, naturally, read no language but their native German. Funds have been pouring in on these two organizations from American citizens of German descent in this country, who naturally, as loyal Americans, and for a large part as persons who came to this country now or in earlier periods to escape European tyranny, want to see the German prisoners of war re-educated along democratic lines.

Now what do you suppose is happening? It seems almost unbelievable, yet is well authenticated. The Nazis used to run a book-store in New York known as Westermann's. It was officially closed by our Government for obvious reasons. But—and this is the grotesque thing—its manager, a certain Herr Eichele, has been appointed purchasing agent for the Red Cross to select what books shall be sent to the German prisoners of war. Herr Eichele, I learn on the authority of Gerhart H. Seger, who these days is speaking in the Los Angeles area on the German situation, has ruled out all books that have been banned by the Nazis. Mr. Seger, I want to say in passing, is a former social-democratic member of the German Reichstag who was put into a Nazi concentration camp when Hitler took over, was whipped and kicked and tortured until he finally made his escape, and is now editor of the liberal-democratic *Neue Volks-*

zeitung in New York. He has been permitted to visit German camps, and knows what the situation is.

But to return to Herr Eichele: the man whose shop was closed by our government because it was regarded as a Nazi outfit is now the official approved censor of prisoner of war thought. He decides, and our PW authorities approve, what books the young Germans may read. In other words, our government sees to it that Nazi ideology is preserved in the camps, and that liberal and democratic ideas are barred. Isn't that amazing?

Time and again I have been asked: What about the re-education of German youth? Well, I'll tell you one thing about it: in our laxity about democracy and what it stands for, we are seeing to it that that part of German youth and early manhood which reaches this country as prisoners of war is being carefully conserved as a future fifth column to undo what the United Nations may want to attempt after this war in the Reich in the way of supervising German education.

These men are being fed better than anybody in Germany is fed. They will return to their fatherland healthy and strong. They will have a voice in post-war Germany, for have they not been imprisoned by the enemy and have they not borne arms for their country? And there we are: doing nothing, absolutely nothing, to acquaint them with democratic ideals. Quite the contrary: we give official sanction to a continued Nazi censorship, to a continued regimentation of their

minds, which Jefferson has described as the form of tyranny which he had sworn eternally to hate.



**LOUIS P. LOCHNER**

Who spent many years as a  
newspaperman in Berlin.

**BERT GORDON**—"I can't leave this inn. I can't pay my check. I've only got 30 cents."

**EDDIE CANTOR**—"Maybe the man will trust you. Did you tell him you work for me?"

**BERT GORDON**—"Yes."

**EDDIE CANTOR**—"What did he say?"

**BERT GORDON**—"He wanted to know where I got the 30 cents."

... V —

**ED GARDNER**—"You've never been to our place before, have you?"

**CHARLES LAUGHTON**—"Never—and I've enjoyed every minute of it."



## At the Listening Post . . .

"Allied diplomats fear that by heckling the present with the past we may lose the future."—**Walter Winchell (Blue)**.

... V —

"The British Government could never agree to a return to the gold standard."—**Edward R. Murrow (CBS London)**.

... V —

The prospect of British post-war economic dependence on the U. S. is what accounts for most of the current Anglo-American friction.—**Quincy Howe (CBS)**.

... V —

"There no longer is a German war in Russia; there is a Russian war on the road to Germany."—**Gabriel Heatter (MBS)**.

... V —

It's the German strategy to keep us on the outskirts of Europe until the last possible moment, and then rush their reserves to the vital spot in time for the decisive battle.—**Richard Hottelet (C.B.S.)**.

... V —

If we really want peace we can have it. The difficulty is that we want peace and a lot of other things that are inconsistent with it. We want Empire. We want a higher standard of living. We want advantages in world trade and politics. In other words, we want something for ourselves that will put others at a disadvantage compared with us. If a nation is going to put this first and peace second, then we will not have peace.—**Frank Kingdon (WMCA)**.

"My mind goes back to September, 1940, when Britain saved the world. But if Britain saved the world then, Russia saved it in June '41. We can't build a world that's worth while unless Russia's in it. We've got to find a way of trusting Russia and of making Russia trust us."—**Walter Nash, New Zealand's Minister to the U. S. and president of the 26th Annual ILO Conference (WOV)**.

... V —

"Nazis control the Bank of International Settlements and are trying to sell Anglo-American big business on a negotiated peace and a 50 per cent interest in German cartels."

—**Johannes Steel (WMCA)**.

... V —

"Just because some bureaucrats are stuffed shirts who don't know what they're doing, we just can't abolish all government departments."—**Peter de Lima (KECA)**.

... V —

This Fall may see a return to peacetime manufacturing, though not on a large scale.—**Lester Velie (WQXR)**.

... V —

O.P.A. has earned the gratitude of the nation for checking inflation.—**Edward Jorgenson (KECA)**.

... V —

We may have to act in Mexico to prevent trouble for ourselves and allies.—**H. R. Baukhage (Blue)**.

... V —

"People who want freedom must stand up and be counted now. The day is past when nations can wait to see which side of the fence will be the most popular."—**Mrs. James E. Sidney Wales (KROW)**.



## FATHERS OF THE RACE



(By his father, in the hour of travail, as a memorial to  
Lt. Robert Neal Ireland.)

*Fathers of the race, I come seeking entry to your fellowship.  
I have the eternal password—"A son given in war."*

*I do not come demanding, neither do I beg admission.*

*Out of my own father heart I know your hearts.*

*We no longer have pride. We no longer believe in demanding.*

*So out of a great humility I come to you, my brothers in suffering.*

*I do not ask your color, your politics, or your faith,*

*Nor does it matter on which side of the tracks—or of the world—  
you may live.*

*If you have given—as I gave—all your heart's pride*

*As your part of Humanity's great sacrifice,*

*Then neither will you ask any questions.*

*You are admitted to our great fraternity.*

*Let us sit together on the banks of some quiet stream,*

*The Volga, the Rhine, the Yangtze, or the Po,*

*And tell each other of the dreams we had for him*

*Whom we loved better than our very lives—*

*Him for whom we planned since early manhood.*

*Let us, by brother-fathers, hold together in loss*

*And in the cleansing flame of pain burn out*

*The ancient hatreds, all vanity and all pride*

*That have made man slay his brothers since the time of Cain.*

*And as we talk together, sharing our common pain*

*You may be sure I'll never hate again.*

*Let us pledge faith that we will hence be brothers*

*Because of this—our Brotherhood of Fathers.*





## Commandos of The Sky

By  
RAYMOND GRAM  
SWING

Condensed from a broadcast over the Blue Network.

**T**HE Japanese invasion of India is now facing hard times.

The part in this campaign of the air commandos will become one of the legends of the war. It started with General Wingate, who last year demonstrated that raiders could work hundreds of miles behind the Japanese lines and sustain themselves indefinitely on airborne supplies. His difficulty, however, was that he could not send out his wounded to safety. But he had proved enough for a new concept of air warfare in Burma to be authorized by the Quebec conference, and to be carried through with a happy disregard of red tape and in the face of all kinds of expert discouragement. The First Air Commando Force was organized by two Americans, Colonel Philip Cochran and Colonel John A. Alison. Colonel Alison, now in this country, has given a vivid

account of his work, telling how enthusiastically General Wingate, who recently was killed in an air crash, collaborated. "The plan," he said, "was this: Air commandos flying their gliders, towed by transports, carried Wingate's troops to guard the fields, while airborne engineers built the airports with bulldozers which had been brought in by the gliders. We were to build the air field, and to operate it, and receive the airplanes of the troop carried command which brought in the bulk of the troops.

"General Wingate would tell us that for strategic reasons he would like to have so many troops to put down in a certain area. Cochran or I would go out in a fighter plane and make reconnaissance of the area, and note on our maps any possible landing spots. Then the photographic planes would go out and photograph all the spots marked. Then

we would take the photographs to General Wingate and say: 'In the strategic area you have chosen we have so-and-so-many picked spots. An air field can be made in any of the spots. For tactical reasons, which spot do you want?' General Wingate would pick his spot and the air field would be duly made."

The Air Commando Force was like Carlson's raiders, in that the officers and men were equals. They worked shoulder to shoulder unloading freight and assembling supplies. At night they slept side by side on hard bamboo racks. They had their meals on the same food lines. They lived in primitive conditions during their training, and couldn't use much native help. It took the highest morale, and as Colonel Carlson demonstrated, this kind of equality makes for the highest morale. The hardest training was done, with such delicate operations as night double-tow of gliders and pickup. Even the transport of mules and bullocks, three to a glider, was rehearsed. The British troops also practiced



GENERAL WINGATE

## "Only an informed America can be an invincible America"

loading and unloading. One detachment of Gurkhas was troubled, and went to the British officer: "We aren't afraid to go, we aren't afraid to fight," they said, "but we ought to tell you—that machine doesn't have any motor!"

I have spoken of three landings behind the Japanese lines. The story of the first, early in March, was briefly told at the time. But now the full account shows how precarious the whole venture was. Two spots were chosen for landings, which were named Broadway and Piccadilly. It had been decided not to photograph them, lest it attract the attention of the Japanese. But at the last minute Colonel Cochrane acted on a hunch and sent up a photo-reconnaissance plane to make sure the fields were undisturbed. Fifteen minutes before take-off time, the photographs arrived. They showed that Piccadilly was hopelessly blocked. The Japanese had felled large trees and dragged them to all portions of the field. So all the gliders were ordered to Broadway. Fifty-four gliders left, thirty-seven arrived in the dark at the designated spot. Eight came down in friendly territory, 9 in enemy territory. Of those which landed at Broadway, all were smashed as they came in in the night one silently after the other. Many piled up and collided so that those who were trying to drag out the injured had to keep alert so as to duck

an incoming glider. Thirty men were killed, and thirty-three injured in the first landings. Headquarters were radioed to call back the gliders which had not yet landed, and some of them did return. In the midst of the confusion and death the airborne engineers went to work, and they had their air field built by the end of the next afternoon. A secondary field was then laid out to handle the congestion. And then the troops of General Wingate began moving in and marched off to their assignments. Within five days thousands of men, 500,000 pounds of stores, 1,183 mules and 175 ponies had been landed. The mules, by the way, had been practiced in walking up ramps, and most of them made good air passengers. A few which became fractious en route were shot in transit.

The Japanese-controlled radio in Batavia denied that the monsoon would halt the Japanese invasion of India. "So far as the Japanese are concerned," it said, "it may rain cats and dogs. They will continue their triumphant march to New Delhi, under all circumstances. The Japanese offensive," it said, "aims at liberating the Indian people, at nipping in the bud all British-American attempts to open the Burma Road. There are no half measures for the Japanese." But the Air Commandos have cut the heart out of this grandiose Japanese plan. The vision of a Wingate, the enterprise of a Mountbatten, the backing of Anglo-American leadership, the hard fighting of English and Indian troops, and then these American volunteer air commandos, all have combined to write one of the remarkable chapters of the war.



As Edgar Bergen laughs, Charlie McCarthy's fingers crawl stealthily into Orson Welles' pocket.



# Tillamook Burn

By JOSEPH SAMPIETRO



HE Tillamook Burn raged through Oregon eleven years ago this month, August, 1933.

Eleven years ago, trees were a solid mass of green below the fire lookout station on Saddle Mountain, 4,000 feet up in the Coast Range. Great towering Douglas firs, and hemlock and spruce. Timber that had taken two hundred and fifty years in growing. It was solid from the mountain top down through the long and sloping valleys. It was the finest stand of timber in the nation. Now below, and for miles to every side, the snags stand gaunt and bare—whitened against the sun and rain—blackened still

by the fire. It is a graveyard, desolate and ugly. A graveyard without hope of resurrection. As far as the eyes can see there are no birds to sing and no deer have replaced the blackened bodies that sprawled along the creeks following the Tillamook Burn. This barren stretch of snag and blackened log is a land wasted and despoiled by fire. That was the Tillamook Burn.

She was born in a puff of smoke on a hot afternoon in August, 1933, just eleven years ago. She lived to see 3,000 sleepless men battering hopelessly against her strength. She lived to see the crown of her smoke darken the sky for a hundred miles. She

Condensed from a broadcast over KOIN and the Columbia Broadcasting System.

engulfed 311,000 acres of timber in her greatest strength, and she died in eleven days. She was the biggest of her time, and she carried with her all the terror and awesome fury that a forest fire can have. She was called the Tillamcok Burn . . . and in Oregon, on the Pacific Coast, she is a legend. The weather was her mother, and the story starts in the U. S. Weather Bureau on August 13, 1933.

"Have you that report, Hill?" the weather man asked.

"Yes, sir," Hill replied. "She looks bad in Oregon west of the Cascade. Very low humidity, and some wind."

The State Forester was told. "U. S. Weather Bureau says humidity continued down," he repeated. "No use taking any chances. We'll take a reading in the morning, and if she's still bad, the loggers will just have to close down. Everything's dry as powder. We'll see what tomorrow brings."

This was the day. August 14th. No one worried very much. Every precaution was being taken. Forest Service men watched the humidity fall, and they talked to the logging operators about it. No one in the woods had so much as carried a match with him for several days. And then, in the morning, August 14th, a brisk north-east wind started, and the order went out to close down the logging. This was fire weather. One by one the logging operations shut down. Men started coming out of the woods.

Gales Creek Canyon lies west and north of Portland, Oregon. Some of the finest timber in the world was being logged there.

Word reached most of the operators before noon. Word that was hardly needed, because their own good sense had told them. But back along the west side of the canyon, a large Douglas fir was all set to be hauled in out of the woods when word reached the rigger supervising the work.

"Everybody's shutting down. It's too dangerous."

"O. K.," replied the rigger. "He's got the choker set on a big fir out there. Want me to yank the log in before we go?"

What would you answer? It wouldn't take more than two minutes to bring that Douglas fir log in to the donkey engine. Not two minutes. And lumber was needed. Sure you would, and they did.

A Douglas fir, forty inches across the butt. Plowing along toward the skidder, with the cable heaving and tugging. Small trees break under the force of its drive as it charges in a thousand feet toward the deck. The log weighs 40 thousand pounds and will make somebody a fine bunch of lumber. But in its way there's a cedar windfall, a fallen cedar log, and as the big fir log crashes toward the landing it grinds its way across the cedar's tinder dry body. Soon there was smoke.

That fir grinding across must have started something.

"Come on," cried the foreman. "Let's get out there. Get that thing put out. This place is dynamite."

"She can't grow that fast," protested the rigger. "She's going up like gasoline!"

"There isn't time to pull the fuel away from her. You can't circle

her. Get the dirt on her. It's so confoundedly dry, it makes it burn faster.

"The wind's up, too. Hand me that shovel. Don't try to beat it out, Porky. You'll just give the wind something to. What did I tell you? Get that brand, Joe. If this wind would just—Wilson, get over there in that dry slash—If anything flies that way, beat it out with your hands if you have to. If it ever catches fire—There she goes! Joe, hit for camp. Get every man you can up here. Call the Forest Grove Station and tell 'em we've got a gal that needs handling. And hurry! If she gets away from us, we'll be lucky to get out with our skins. Of all the dumb tricks, pullin' in that fir. If I had the sense—"

That's the way the Tillamook Burn was born on August 14, 1933.

Just a little puff of smoke that you could have squeezed dead between your thumb and finger. And the men there were ready for her. Men who knew how she could grow. But she jumped through their fingers and it was like setting the air afire. She leaped across on the wind into the dried-out brush and limbs, and in half an hour she was big enough to eat anything . . . the biggest trees flamed under her breath, and she sang in the wind.

She was still just a baby, but she was big enough to demand attention, and she got it.

"Get every bus, truck and automobile in Forest Grove, and all the available men," ordered Cronemiller, the State Forester. "We ought to be able to get some of the school busses, and get men rolling up there. We'll shoot some food in for you right away. If



BUILDING THE FIRE LINE

we can get enough men in we can trench her and hold her.

"Have them bring their own shovels. See that every man has the right clothes. Heavy shoes, remember."

You see, fighting a fire isn't romantic business. You don't stand back with a nice comfortable hose that throws a three-inch stream of water. You work. You work hard. You dig till your back is ready to break. You cut down small trees, and you try to get every bit of food out of her way. You dig down till you hit the mineral soil, because you know she can't live on that. And you keep thinking, "This'll do it. We'll stop her!" and then pretty soon you're not thinking at all. You're using up everything you've got, just keeping that shovel moving. And pretty soon it's dark, and you're hungry.

And you do. It's August 15th, 1933, and you're fighting a small fire at night. It's dark, and you keep bumping into men, and falling over your shovel—and the glare east of you get's brighter and brighter, and the roar get's louder—and you wish you hadn't come at all. You're in favor of letting her burn herself out—but you keep working. And along about midnight, she does crown. You see an unholy glare in the sky and the boss hollers at you to pack up—and then you're all scrambling back down the trail as fast as you can go—scared pink—and you look back, and the trail is lighted up by a roaring leaping flame from the east. If you weren't so tired you'd cheer when they tell you you can grab your blanket and sleep, that another crew's

comin' in. And just before you go to sleep, while you're fingering the blisters on your grimy hands, you remember that what you did didn't mean a thing. The fire took it in one gulp and asked for more, and you feel like bawling.

That's the way the fight against the fire went for the first few days of August 10 years ago. She was growing because of the weather, but she wasn't big enough to be famous. Lines were built and lost as she crowned—and the work went on night and day. She was taking her time. Then toward the end of the week the weather deserted her and came over onto man's side. Men worked like demons to take advantage of it. In the Forest Grove Station, Lynn Cronemiller, Oregon State Forester, fought to keep his eyes open. In the five days of unremitting fight, he'd slept hardly at all.

There was no wind on Sunday morning, and the humidity wasn't terribly low. Everything looked all right. But she wasn't to be licked that easily.

About noon Sunday, August 20, the wind started out of the north and east . . . a hot dry wind. The fire along the ground quickened, and sent its fingers swiftly up along the trees, caught in the dry needles of the fir . . . leaped onto the wind—crowned again—and in scarcely the time it took men to lay down their tools she had leaped the confines of the trenches and was racing south and west. Men stood and cursed her, and waved their fists, and then ran for their lives—up on Saddle Mountain 175 had been working steadily.

Old Tillamook Burn was beginning to hustle a little now. She





SUPPRESSING THE FIRE

was moving right along on the back of the wind. Throwing flame ahead of her, and peppering the forest with burning needles and branches. As she drove west, she nearly trapped 200 CCC boys near Reehers but a runner reached them just in time. They lost their camp, and a year's work—but they kept their lives. Up on Saddle Mountain at the look-out's cabin, the lookout was up in his crow's nest watching her. And she lashed up the hill at him, roaring like a demon.

And minutes later his cabin was a smoking ruin. She was growing up now, and getting tough enough to be news. It was August 20, just 10 years ago yesterday, and Tillamook Burn was building a name for herself. All available labor from Forest Grove and vicinity was sent to the fire. Groups came from Portland. The nation had heard a little about

her, and Forest Service experts from other states came to help direct the battle. To the workers the story was monotonous and heart-breaking—build trail and lose it—build trail and lose it—and always the roaring demoness jumping over their heads, lashing out at them. Down on the southern end of the fire a hundred exhausted men had made camp a safe distance back. They rolled into their blankets and slept like death.

They were awakened suddenly by the look-out who cried out: "Oh-h-h. Hey. Hey! Wake up everybody! Wake up! She's really roaring—and she's fast.

"Throw all your tools and blankets in the creek. Rush it. There's a clearing about a mile down. Maybe we can make it."

They made it. That's one of the astonishing things. No one was burned to death. But the stran-

gling smoke, and the burning airborne leaves and twigs—the exhausting work—left lines in the faces of those men—and every one of them hated that fire with a deep and personal hatred that defies description. And then, on the 21st, the humidity was lower than any other time during her life. She was 7 days old. Men with reddened eyes, and seared faces formed and reformed their lines as she beat against them. They still knew they could stop her. If they'd only get a break. What looked like the break came on the morning of Thursday, August 24th, 1933.

The men worked hard that day. Harder than you could hope for. They made new trails, and they fought her from hillside to hillside, and when dark came they lurched onto the ground and slept. 40,000 acres and Tillamook Burn was 10 days old. It sounded like an overwhelming and terrible victory for her—but if they could kill her now—if they could stop her now.

Day after hot day the fire had burned, and back in the inner forest the moisture that meant safety drew up from the trees . . . and the air got dry—The nights didn't bring relief, you see. The dryness stored up till it was tinder, till it was explosive, till all it needed was spark. That's what happened from August 14th to the night of August 24, 1933. August 24th was Wednesday, and that night, while men literally prayed on their knees that the remorseless tide of weather change—the humidity dropped still lower—the humidity dropped lower—and out of the east.

Cronemiller, the State Forester,

ordered all fire fighters and their families from the west side of the fire.

They raced cars up to the fire lines, and loaded the death weary men in—They got the families from the small farms, and from the logging operations—and they drove them down toward the ocean with the very air burning around them, and the smoke biting their eyes and lungs—and as they drove—the deer from the forest ran alongside and didn't even glance at them—hundreds and thousands of the animals of the deep part of the forests fled with eyes staring wide in terror—enemies forgotten and the wild beat of their hearts clogging their throats. And behind them—Behind them was flaming death. A racing, leaping, ravening beast that roared in unholy fury.

At daylight—or at the time for daylight—the fire was a fifteen mile wide solid sheet of flame, leaping through the tops of the trees driven by the sharp wind from the east. Her roar was the sound of ten million screaming throats. Ahead of her was a vacuum from her own roaring upward surge—a vacuum so great that it pulled enormous fir trees up by the roots and into the cauldron of flame. Rock cliffs cracked with terrible thunder under the terrific heat. Avalanches rolled down the mountain side, their roar lost in her voice. A rolling ball of fire like the moon rose from her center a half mile into the air and rushed headlong through the air for seven miles—falling into new timber. Fifteen mile front did we say? By noon it was twenty-five—By noon

her smoke towered forty thousand feet into the air. There was no day along the coast. It was dark as night, and the pall of her smoke extended a hundred miles at sea. Ashes, fir needles, leaves and charred twigs fell so thickly on coast cities that they could be scooped up in shovels. Along the beaches the spawn of her fury was two feet deep and the canyons ahead of her smoke swelled and rolled and canyons burst into a thundering roar. In ten days, August 14th to August 24th, she had burned 40,000 acres. In 30

hours, August 24 and 25th, she exploded through 200,000 acres, burning enough timber to build a city for 2 million people. That was the Tillamook Burn.

And how did she die? The weather killed her, just as it gave her life. The wind changed—humidity rose from 30 to 86. Men pinned her down, and killed the last life from her, but they did it without victory, for she had had her way. 10 million feet of the world's finest timber, 20 thousand working days, and a loss in beauty which could never be named.



FIRE FIGHTERS GOING TO FRONT

**I** HOPE I've done the right thing," my friend Jack Collins said to me just a few minutes ago. "This being a trustee is something new to me." You see, Jack is now trustee for his little niece whose parents died. He's very much perturbed about the responsibility of selling his brother's business or running it for the profit of the little girl. But, Jack like most of us had to wait until he was named by law, trustee of something or other, in order to feel the full responsibility of being a trustee. As a matter of fact, we're all trustees from the time we're on our own.

## MY HOUSE OF GLASS

We all have the full responsibility of being a trustee even if we haven't the legal title.

Everything we have on earth is only loaned us in trust during our life to use as best we can. We like to think vainly that what we own is ours. It's natural that we should be proud of what we possess. And, of course, in a democracy we have the right to designate those who are to be the next to hold the trust of our property once we've disappeared—but with that right, goes the right to pay the taxes for the transfer.

But we never think of what is going to happen to those cherished possessions even in beloved hands, as the wheels of time turn a little farther.

Yet, what a difference there is when we say "my car," "my house" or "my ring." It makes a change from the time we spoke of the car we've borrowed, the ring a friend has loaned us or the house we've rented.

That doesn't change the handwriting on the wall. We may live in a house for 9 years and never think of it as ours and we can just as easily buy a house, enjoy all the pride of possession and not be permitted to live in it for 9 months.

Every object, every possession, everything we cherish is only loaned us to use in the way God would have us use it—thinking always of others. We're all tenants with a lease which is going to end some day. We're all simply given the privilege of enjoying for a limited time that which we possess. We're all trustees every day of our lives.—R. E.

## WHOSE RESPONSIBILITY?

**I**T'S not a responsibility of industry to guarantee full (post-war) employment; it's the responsibility of Washington, of Congress, the Administration, the economists—it's they, and not private industry, who have to figure out how to provide those orders. The American people can have full employment any time they want, but only at a price. The price is increased Treasury deficits, just as now, and the con-

tinuance into the peace of a large portion of the war economy machinery — rationing, allocations. Let's face the facts. If anybody knows how we can have full employment with a balanced budget and an end of rationing and price control, let him come forward. But until he does, we'll have to take deficits and rationing if we want full employment. We have to take the bitter with the better.  
—Harold Fleming (NBC).



# News and Views of the Capital

By LEON HENDERSON

Condensed from a broadcast over the Blue Network (O'Sullivan).



VICTORY of arms can be predicted. But no one dares predict what chaos will befall Europe after the invasion. Terror and massacre are in the cards when the underground comes out in the open. Will the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse ride roughshod over that entire continent? Will the Russians cut down the Nazis with an eye-for-an-eye and a tooth-for-a-tooth vengeance? Can the liberated Poles, Jews, French, Czechs, Norwegians and Jugoslaves be restrained from slaughtering their hated oppressors?

These are the terrible questions which stirred Washington. And there are few sure answers because there is no pattern to guide our officials, since never before has this entire continent of Europe been enslaved by beasts like the Huns.

Here's a story I do not believe has ever been made public.

It scares me. I hate to say it, but if Victory should come quickly, it would find the United Nations not completely prepared to control the civilian population of Europe, to feed it, and to restore order. Italy has been only a sideshow, with painful disorders.

Still less are the Allies prepared to control and feed and restore Europe—let alone to decide how to unscramble property, fix wage rates, and get agriculture and industry started again.

Let's look at the prospective



LEON HENDERSON

pattern of control. At first the military will be responsible. Eisenhower has just set up a civil affairs section. That means Great Britain and the United States will run France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Albania, and two-third of Germany. When possible, the governments-in-exile will take over in such countries as Belgium, Holland and Norway. But Leopold, King of the Belgians, will go back on his throne just the same. He's been a prisoner for years.

Greece expects to govern itself, under King George, with English and Indian soldiers, and perhaps a few U. S. soldiers as a token force, to help keep order. The big trouble will be with

Greeks who do not want King George.

Tito says he will not welcome help, that he can take care of Yugoslavia. I guess he can—with Russia's advice.

But do you realize what all this leaves for Russia? It means that Stalin for an indeterminate period will be in control of, and presumably feed, one-third of Germany, and all of Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Finland, Poland and possibly Czechoslovakia.

Judging by our own far greater resources, and our own lag in preparations, it's just too much to expect that Russia is completely prepared to carry this gigantic burden.

But just the food and supplies problem for an entire continent staggers my imagination. I just don't believe, from what I know, that the United Nations are ready. So how can Russia be ready? She will need help in feeding her own ravaged population.

Our responsibility is split. That's one trouble.

The Army is responsible at first, just like it was in Italy.

Last November, Assistant Secretary of War John McCloy got the President to authorize the Army to make preparations to feed the people in reoccupied countries until other arrangements were made. Presumably that meant until UNRRA was able to take over. That is still the order of the day.

As for Army arrangements—unless things have radically changed since I last knew the story—the Army purchases just plainly are not enough to feed and supply our share of Europe. That is — unless Germany surrenders

quickly, and does not scorch the earth as they retreat, as I firmly believe they will. Very few know how little or how much the armed services of the United States and England have bought—not even the governments-in-exile.

Some of these governments—like France, The Netherlands, Belgium, Norway and Denmark have funds in England and America. But to the best of my knowledge, they have not bought a dime's worth here, within the last year. The U. S. Government prohibited such buying.

This is an unpleasant story. I believe it is accurate. The United Nations have strained every nerve for combat preparations. Out of the tens of thousands of items needed by Eisenhower, I believe General Somervell, our supply chief, has only a few dozen on his list which are not in plentiful supply. This has been the most efficient large-scale job the world ever knew. But now the United Nations must plan for control, for food, for restoration of Europe before it's too late. Why, just the mere placing of orders for food and supplies takes about twenty weeks.

Here's an example from Italy. It's now nearly a year since Sardinia was captured. Well, the equipment to start up the Sardinian sulphur mines again is just now getting ready for shipment.

That takes me to the lack of preparation for rehabilitating the reoccupied countries. Sewer systems, pumps, water systems, power plants, machinery—all the things needed by blasted cities in order to live again and forestall pestilence. To the best of my

knowledge, again, these are not even estimated yet, let alone ordered. The governments-in-exile may have placed a few orders with neutrals like Sweden and Switzerland. But what about the other countries, both enemy and allied?

It might appear that Crowley's Foreign Economic Administration was authorized to make these purchases in advance. But the FEA can buy for the Army only those things the Army orders, and it cannot order in advance for UNRRA or governments-in-exile like The Netherlands. And, as I said before, UNRRA does not have its full funds and the governments have been forbidden to compete with military procurements for the last year. It's later than you think.

... V —

Senator LaFollette's open break with the New Deal has a hidden significance. The Progressive Party's paper has long indicated that it was against Roosevelt, but some of the Wisconsin Democrats have kept in touch with LaFollette all along in the hope of avoiding a rupture. This hope is gone now. LaFollette did not take all the Progressives with him by any means when the State convention adopted an isolationist platform. None of the three big parties has a majority in Wisconsin, so the State will be classified as doubtful. But in effect Bob LaFollette joined the Republicans and if he found it convenient to adopt the Republican label, he, an isolationist, might, if the Senate should turn Republican, be chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, instead of Senator Tom Connally, when the peace treaty

is negotiated. The two who outrank him are Hiram Johnson and Arthur Capper and both these Senators are nearly 80 years old. For this reason, leading Republicans are genuinely scared and some may speak their minds publicly on the matter later.

... V —

Every now and then some Congressional move is so raw and so phony that even the Congressmen can't stomach it.

A case in point is Senator McKellar's move to cripple T.V.A. and make it a political patronage empire of his own. McKellar got by in the Senate where very few of his fellow club members are willing to fight him because of his ruthlessness and his powerful position as chairman of Appropriations where he passes on the pet projects of his fellow Senators. The House, however, is upsetting McKellar's apple-cart. I feel that if the people could see the proposed grabs now being arranged through amendments to O.P.A., the reaction and results would be the same.

... V —

You know the Congress has practically given a guarantee that there would be no increase in taxes. Well, inflation is a tax. A billion more for oil and textiles is a tax. What is more, it is a two-way tax. It takes money out of your pocket when higher prices are demanded and it destroys values when prices collapse.

... V —

Tom Howard, brave quizmaster on Columbia's "It Pays to Be Ignorant" show, dared ask, "Why do men carry canes?"

He got the answer he deserved: "Because canes can't walk."



## On Your Dial . . .

The Roosevelt influence shows up in all polls taken since Willkie's withdrawal. It's a curious thing, but the vote on every question plainly shows that when it's a matter concerned with the war or with the making of the peace, the Democrats are in the majority, and when war and peace are excluded, the Republicans are in the majority. Since the war and the peace are likely to be unsettled at election time, this means that the Democrats have a slight edge. But I think we must not overlook what the effect on President Roosevelt is likely to be, if he takes the polls seriously to mean that the American people want him as a war president but prefer Dewey for the postwar. This is something to think about. **Leon Henderson (Blue).**

...V—

"It is plain that the most powerful voices that are being raised against any friendship with Russia are the same ones that were raised against our preparing ourselves for defense before Pearl Harbor. The good sense of America decided against them then. The good sense of the people will have to assert itself once again."—**Frank Kingdon (WMAc).**

...V—

"Germany will capitulate by the time three great cities, including Essen, fall to the Allies. Hitler will be alive but alone on the day of his defeat. Japan will strike great blows, but will be beaten, after Germany's defeat, sooner than has been expected. After the war there will be one of the longest eras of peace the world has ever known."—**John Nesbitt (CBS).**

The Supreme Court decision in the Texas Negro case might prove to be another Dred Scott decision.—**Alice Hughes (WMCA).**

...V—

A post-war international air fight is inevitable.—**Richard Harkness (N.B.C.).**

...V—

Instead of laughing at Hitler on his birthday, we might better remember the things he has done to the lives of people and to set back the clock of civilization.—**Joseph C. Harsch (C.B.S.).**

...V—

Finland's ingratitude toward Soviet Russia cannot be measured when it is realized that it was Lenin who first granted independence to Finland after his predecessor, Kerensky, had refused to do so.—**Johannes Steel (WMCA).**

...V—

"Italy without politics is like pastrami without pork."—**John B. Kennedy (WJZ).**

...V—

A major illusion which needs more pricking is the fable about the unfailing pinpoint accuracy of American precision bombing. These are not the ideal days of exhibition bombing when the Norden bombsight was the heroine of the Sunday supplements. The other night I watched a recruiting movie oversupplied with superlatives about the bombardiers and their precision. You would have been interested in the comments of the foot soldiers watching with me. And there's another small lesson here. Recruiting films should never be sent where they can be seen by combat soldiers.—**Eric Sevareid (C.B.S.).**



# "CHOW-HOUND" KLAHN

By EUGENE BURNS

Condensed from a broadcast of *We The People* over the Columbia Broadcasting System (Gulf Oil).

**R**ECENTLY the first Allied carrier force in the Indian Ocean made history by striking at Sumatra!

In the midst of that action, an American airman was shot down two miles off shore. What happened to him then is one of the most amazing stories to come out of the Pacific.

That American flier was shot down during the American-British attack on Sabay—important Jap base at Sumatra. At 7 a.m., we steamed in, and caught the Japs after breakfast with their kimonos up and their planes down. In three minutes, thanks to well-laid plans, Hellcats and other Navy planes had pummeled Jap planes on the ground and their installations, and we were on our way out—having sunk two 5,000-ton cargo ships, two destroyers, three corvettes, and destroyed twenty-two Jap planes on the ground.

Our losses were one plane but what happened to the pilot makes the story.

The flyer was Lt. (j.g.) Klahn, better known as "Chow-Hound" Klahn. "Chow-Hound" was flying a fighter-reconnaissance plane, snapping close-ups of the destruction. His plane was hit by Jap A.A. batteries and set on fire. Lieutenant Klahn wanted to

get those pictures back to the carrier. The other pilots watched him—pulling for him to make it. But no good. The fire got out of control. Two seconds before his plane exploded, they saw him bail out. We thought his chute wasn't going to open. But just a few feet over the water, it blossomed. We thought his back was broken, but then we saw him break out his life-raft, two miles from shore, and climb aboard. Of course, by this time, the attack was over and our planes were retiring. To the Japs, Klahn became a symbol of the carrier force that had just fired their base. So the Japs poured out their spleen on that one defenseless man on the raft.

But our boys were determined they wouldn't get him. Every American flyer volunteered to stand by and divert Jap fire. Commander "Jumping Joe" Clifton picked out twelve volunteers. In went those planes—throwing up a Hellcat umbrella for Klahn. A British submarine, maneuvering in the area, started to sneak in. The Japs let loose everything they had. A Jap destroyer set out for Klahn's raft, but those Hellcats stopped it dead in its tracks. The Japs opened up on Klahn with shore batteries. Our Hellcats left that Jap destroyer burning, dived on those shore bat-

Eugene Burns of the Associated Press—world expert on carrier action—is the author of the book just out—"Then There Was One."

teries and silenced them. Jap planes tried to take off to strafe Klahn, but our fighters nailed them down with 50-caliber bullets.

Lieutenant Klahn sure was the center of attention and that's putting it mildly.

The planes couldn't land in the water. That's where the British submarine took a hand. The submarine approached the raft, right under those Jap guns. Two British boys jumped out with lines to help Klahn as he swam toward the submarine. Jap six and eight-inch shells churned the waters around that sub like giant hailstones, but the British grabbed Klahn, pulled him into the sub. The sub buttoned up. Blew its tanks, and crash dived.

Those maddened Japs were left wondering why, since they hold human life so cheap, we had raised so much furor to save one man's life. Our fellows could have told them, that to us Klahn was a symbol of the democracy and humanity for which we are fighting. So they left the Japs holding the bag. A burning one. The port of Sabay was in flames. And that's the story of the Sumatra attack. A taste of what the Japs will get later on when the United Nations have knocked off Hitler and can turn our full power on the Pacific.

We all met the "chow-hound" as he climbed aboard the-carrier. He said, "Gee, fellows! I hope I didn't cause you too much trouble."

**CHARLES LAUGHTON**, celebrated British stage and screen star, dropped in recently to Duffy's Tavern where he was entertained by Ed "Archie" Gardner, the manager.



# The Nazi Political Commissars

By BARNET NOVER

Condensed from a  
broadcast over WGR.

**T**HE more it becomes evident that the invasion is a success the less the loyalty of these quisling formations can probably be depended on.

So in the long run the only real protection the Nazis will have against the activities of the underground will be that provided by German garrisons. But this very fact creates a very serious dilemma for the Nazis. There simply are not enough German troops to go around.

The memory of what happened in the last war is also responsible for another move made by the Nazi government, namely, the appointment of Nazi political commissars to the German army. While every Nazi leader from Hitler on down has repeated the myth that the German army was not defeated in 1918 but was "stabbed in the back" by the revolutionaries at home, they really know better. They know that what cracked first in Germany in 1918 was not civilian morale but the morale of the Army and particularly the morale of General Ludendorff, the commander-in-chief of the armies. When he realized that Germany's strength was ebbing, while the strength of the Allies was growing, he decided that the time had come to quit. The Nazis are taking no chances—will this time become as panicky as Ludendorff became in the summer of 1918? So they are appoint-



BARNET NOVER

ing party men to stay with the army and watch it for signs of defeatism and surrender. The fighting in Italy has shown no signs of any collapsing morale in the German army. Of the 13,000 German prisoners taken on that front, very few voluntarily surrendered. But Hitler is taking no chances. He knows what happened in 1918. And he also knows what happened at Stalingrad and later at Bizerte and Tunis. For him, for the Nazis, it is, it must be, a fight to the finish—a fight without pity.

... V —

**FRANK MORGAN**—"You know, I'm on the wagon?"

**JOHN CONTE**—"How does it feel to be on the wagon?"

**FRANK MORGAN**—"Well, I feel better off."



## BEARDED BARDS

Robert St. John, left, and John Vandercook, right, famous NBC commentators and foreign correspondents, have more in common than just meets the eye—the beards. Both were born the same year, attended colleges in the same state, broadcast for the same sponsor and are the same height.

# THE DARK NIGHT IS OVER

By **MOTHER SUPERIOR ARKHILIA**  
(Elena Savelyeva), of the Nunnery of the Intercession, Kiev

Condensed from a broadcast over the Moscow radio.

**I** AM 63 years old. I have lived in the Nunnery of the Intercession at Kiev since the age of ten, when I entered it as a novice. We lived in tranquil and prayerful seclusion until the Germans came to Kiev.

The Germans occupied part of our Nunnery and made us do all the hard, dirty work for them. The nuns washed their clothes and cleaned and scrubbed the part of the premises that had been turned into a barracks. Aged women were forced to dig and cultivate a vegetable garden to supply the German soldiers; to peel potatoes and work in the kitchen. The Germans brutally demanded unreserved obedience and were constantly threatening to drive us from the Nunnery.

We prayed fervently that the Red Army might soon return and liberate the unhappy people of Kiev from the German yoke.

When the Red Army in its offensive was nearing Kiev, the Germans proclaimed the center of the city a prohibited zone and ordered all the people to quit their houses. Our Nunnery came within this zone. A representative of the Gestapo came, and seeing that the nuns had remained in

their cells, ordered them to leave immediately. Nevertheless we stayed. Where were we aged women to go?

The Gestapo officials scrutinized all the nuns very closely, as well as our priests who were with us. Some of the nuns seemed suspicious to the Gestapo. I prayed in vain for the release of these de-



View of German destruction of the ancient Kiev-Pechersk Abbey in the city of Kiev.

fenseless old women. The Germans were unrelenting.

After they had questioned the nuns, their attention was drawn to our priest, Alexei Glagolev. They thought he looked like a Jew. They began to beat him and then took him to the Gestapo. His wife was taken there, too. Officials beat them and interrogated them, trying to elicit information from them.

Naturally the priest and his wife had nothing to reveal, for they were absolutely innocent. They took from Father Alexei a large gold diamond-studded cross, the gift of his parishoners, and from his wife gold earrings and rings. We afterwards learned that the Germans had pillaged their home and taken everything of value.

Father Alexei and his wife were led off to the railway station with a large party of Soviet citizens. There they were put on a train leaving for Germany. When the train reached Fastov certain religious people helped Father Alexei and his wife to hide from the Hitlerites. Shortly after the Red Army entered Kiev. Father Alexei returned to his native city.

For 40 days and nights we hid in the vaults of the Cathedral of Intercession. Besides about 250 nuns, there were 50 Kiev citizens who were also evading deportation to Germany. Here we held divine service and prayed to God to save us from the miserable slavery into which the German invaders had plunged us.

The Germans had evidently forgotten about us. They were in two much of a hurry to take away all the property they had

looted. But from the Vedensky Nunnery, which is near the monastery caves, they carried off 100 nuns into Germany. That was on October 30, a few days before our liberators of the Red Army entered Kiev.

We are now living a life of peaceful prayer. Nobody molests us any longer or offends our religious susceptibilities. We have fitted up in our Nunnery, at our own expense, a hospital for 80 Red Army men. We ourselves have supplied bedding and bedclothes. We have also set aside part of our food for the wounded. Among us are nuns who have graduated as nurses, and they take care of the sick. When sufficient food had been brought into Kiev to supply the inhabitants, our hospital began to receive normal supplies from the military authorities.

The dark and unrelieved night of German rule, in which Kiev was plunged for 25 months, is now over. We are able to breathe freely again, and we pray to God to grant an early victory to the Red Army and to help it drive the bloodthirsty enemy from our sacred, long-suffering land.

## THE PROBLEM

Action of conservative, not to say reactionary, forces has far too long a time centered around violent and warlike action against the Soviet Union. Not only the Germans must be de-poisoned, de-intoxicated and de-indoctrinated—many others need a cure to get rid of ideological prejudices and heavy attacks not of yellow, but Red, fever.—**Hans Jacob (WOV).**

# Food For Freedom From Want

By SENATOR GEORGE AIKEN

**T**HE food situation throughout the world before the war was such as to give us little satisfaction. Although 75% of the world's population is engaged in some form of agriculture, yet the best estimates obtainable indicate that 75% of the world's population was also hungry.

While food was being destroyed in America because of over-production, millions of people in other parts of the world were dying of starvation because of the inability of human beings to work out a method of properly distributing that food. The total consumption of the world was estimated to be about one-half of the amount necessary for the maintenance of decent health and living standards.

This unfortunate food situation was due to the inability to work out an adequate system of distri-



SENATOR GEORGE AIKEN

tribution. It was also due to the fact that in so many countries the purchasing power of the people was

Condensed from a broadcast over WWDC.

far too low to permit them to buy food from the more productive countries, such as the United States where a far higher standard of living and scale of wages prevails.

We can't expect the people of the famine ridden countries where 8c a day is considered fair wages to be able to purchase food from the people who enjoy a wage level of fifty to one hundred times that amount. Such inequalities in wage levels and purchasing power among the nations naturally lead to trade barriers which in turn aggravate the very conditions which brought about their imposition.

Whether the post-war food situation is improved through the conquering of famine in some countries and expansion of markets for others will depend largely upon whether the nations are able to work out a plan by which they can live in harmony on one small world.

There is no necessity for anyone in any part of this globe going without the food which is necessary to health and a greater enjoyment of life.

Even though a complete understanding and agreement is not reached by the great nations, I believe that the food situation on the whole will be greatly improved.

The war in which we are engaged has brought about a revolutionizing of transportation methods. If food is not distributed from the surplus areas to the famine areas of the world, it will not be because of lack of transportation. There will be merchant ships available in numbers sufficient to cover the seven seas. A

large part of these ships will be faster and better equipped than those we had before the war.

The air over both land and sea will be filled with other ships carrying both people and commercial goods half way around the earth in two days time.

The ships of the sea and the ships of the sky will both be equipped to carry food from one part of the globe to almost any other part in perfect condition.

The result of this revolutionizing of transportation will be many fold. It will mean, of course, millions of new jobs for people in all parts of the world and a raising of their purchasing power. It will mean an exchange of far greater amounts and varieties of food from one continent to another. It will mean that the seasons will virtually disappear as far as our diet is concerned, for it will be not more than forty-eight hours from mid-summer in one part of the globe to mid-winter in another part. The Arctic Region will be able to enjoy fresh fruit and vegetables the year round. Diseases due to malnutrition will be conquered.

It will mean that if the political leaders of the nations exercise the most elementary principles of common sense and christianity in framing our post-war world, that there need be no hungry millions in any nation. A hungry nation is always a threat to peace.

During the great depression of the thirties when farmers were going bankrupt because of overproduction, millions of city people were living on government relief. Those conditions must not



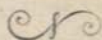
return after this war and I don't believe it will be necessary.

More people should live on the land. Some way must be found to decentralize population. If this is done, more people will live cheaply from their own gardens due to modern processing methods which will permit all surplus to be saved in season to be used throughout the rest of the year.

Methods of food processing will be greatly changed. The quick-freezing processing of food will be universally used. This process remains in the food all important elements which contribute to disease resistance as well as body building. Sterilization of food will likely be accomplished by electronic

rays by which method milk and other food products may be kept indefinitely without losing any values.

As a nation we can easily produce an excess amount of food, yet we haven't learned so far to distribute and use that food properly within our own borders. While the mind of man can look a thousand years into the future and tell at what minute of what hour, of what day the sun will be in eclipse—while we have learned to crack the atom and perform other miracles of science—yet we have not mastered the simple art of distributing food from those producing too much to those who are starving and in need.



These two stalwart gunners of the Army Air Forces in England are leading characters in the AAF Radio Production Unit comedy serial "Roosty of the AAF," heard each Sunday, 6 to 6:30 p.m., EWT, over Mutual Broadcasting.



## *Pioneers*

Anne Seymour and James Monks play the heroic leads in NBC's serial of pioneer life, "A Woman of America." Miss Seymour, as Prudence Dane, relies on Wade Douglas (Monks), forceful leader of the wagon train, although a serious injury he has sustained now threatens the future of the entire group.



# Tree of Life and Death

By ISABEL MANNING HEWSON

Condensed from a broadcast over  
Columbia Broadcast System

**T**HE Tree of Life and Death is growing today, right over in Africa. But the first modern science learned of its existence was ten or twelve years ago in a hospital in Johannesburg.

One night, it seems, two natives died of silicosis—a disease they'd contracted working in the gold mines. Their bodies were placed in the hospital morgue and the doctors intended to perform autopsies in the morning, to examine the lungs. But when morning came the bodies had vanished—disappeared from the morgue without leaving a trace!

But HOW? The heavy locks on the door hadn't been tampered with, and the two windows in the room were heavily barred. It was true, the bars were placed rather far apart, and an acrobat might have been able to wriggle through them—but certainly not anyone who tried to get out with two rigid bodies.

The doctors were stumped. They called in some of the miners who belonged to the same tribe as the dead men—the Bakumu Walengolas up in the Congo. They simply shrugged. And because the white doctors didn't want to be laughed at, they let the thing drop, and in time it was forgotten.

But there was one man present who never forgot it—Commander Attilio Gatti, the famous explorer.

By chance, he'd been at the



ISABEL MANNING HEWSON

hospital the previous day, while the men were still living. And he'd seen something that had struck him as being queer.

The men, although they had only a few hours to live, had appeared to be talking—and by straining his ears, Gatti had heard what they said. "Eat it, Gorogoro," one of them whispered. "Eat it and soon you will die, for it comes from the Tree of Life and Death."

"Yes, we will die," the other had answered. "But you'll see, Bandakwe, tomorrow we will live—and then we will be better."

That's what Commander Gatti heard, and it didn't make sense. But a few minutes later, when the doctor came around to take their pulses, he said, "They're both dead! Poison of some sort! Look at that purple stuff all around their lips!"

And then Gatti wondered. But he wondered even more when the bodies disappeared.

"Eat it," they had said, "you

will die quickly—and tomorrow will live. It comes from the Tree of Life and Death."

So Gatti began to make inquiries. He went to the University there in Johannesburg, where they have a department for the study of native medicine. But nobody there had heard of a tree called the Tree of Life and Death. In fact, it was nine years later before he came across anyone who could even give a clue—a man who had spent his life in the Congo.

"Oh, yes," he told Commander Gatti, "I've heard of such a tree back in the Congo. It was the sacred symbol of the Baboon Men—a society of witch-doctors that no longer exists."

"But tell me," Gatti pressed, "did you ever hear that they could make bodies vanish, or anything like that?"

"Yes, at the time of the slave trade if any of them was captured they always took poison. But when morning came, so they say, the bodies were gone."

"That's it, then!" said Gatti. "I'm going to the Congo." And he did form an expedition and pushed far into the interior until he reached the banks of the Aruwimi River. This, he knew, was the territory of the tribe to which the dead men had belonged.

He said, as a pretext, that he'd come there to hunt, but actually, of course, he wanted the secret of the Tree. He made friends with the medicine-man, Ivele, and discovered he was unusually intelligent, without any of the witch-doctor's tricks or hocus-pocus.

He was tall and thin, with a

wise old face, and wore a bright purple loin-cloth wrapped around his middle. But the thing that fascinated Gatti, most of all, was that he lived in a hut built around a tree.

The tree itself was a queer sort of growth—the trunk looked dead, and there were no leaves on the branches—but all over it were the strangest red blossoms. Furthermore, it threw off such an odor—so acrid and strong—that there wasn't an ant or an insect anywhere about. Gatti sniffed the air—said to himself, "This tree is medicinal. And if Ivele lives beside it, it's probably sacred. So this may be it—the Tree of Life and Death."

But when he asked questions, Ivele just smiled. "What use is the tree?" he'd always repeat. "Oh, we use its bark to make the Gatti thought, "Purple!" and remembered the purple color around the lips of the dead men.

Six months passed without his learning what he wanted to know. Then one day fate took his part. An infuriated antelope, frightened by hunters, came tearing through the jungle and charged at Ivele. Gatti raised his rifle and fired just in time, but even so the long, sharp horns had pierced Ivele's chest, and Gatti was certain he would bleed to death and quickly. Before he could move him, a native came running—held a calabash filled with purple liquid to the medicine man's lips.

Ivele drank deeply—sank back, and for two or three minutes lay perfectly still. The bleeding from his chest began to diminish—and five minutes after it stopped he got up calmly, placed a bandage

over the wound and turned to Gatti.

"You have saved my life, Bwana, and I must repay. Let us go back to my house, and I will answer your questions about the Tree of Life and Death."

So that evening they sat by the tree, and Ivele talked.

After ten years of wondering, Gatti at last heard the story. "This," said Ivele, placing his hand reverently against the dead-looking trunk, "is the secret of the Baboon Men, the ancient order of priests to which I belong. Such trees are rare, but wherever they grow, you will find a house like this one built around its trunk, and in it a priest who spends his life preparing medicines from its fruit and bark and the bulbs at its roots.

"No one knows what's contained in the tree—but if I use the juice to prepare an elixir, it will strengthen a man instantly and close up a wound. But if I use the purple pulp—ah! then what I get is a powerful drug that will stop the heart from beating and simulate death."

"I—I see," Commander Gatti answered. "But tell me, Ivele, is it possible to make bodies disappear with it?"

"No—it isn't," said the medicine man, with a curious smile. "But let me show you something." He struck his hand sharply against a small drum and in answer to the signal two natives stepped quietly into the hut.

Gatti stared at their faces, unable to believe it—for these were the very men whose bodies had vanished from the morgue at Johannesburg.

"It's fantastic!" he whispered. "Why—I saw those men die!"

"No," said Ivele, "you only thought you did. You see, I, too, was there in Johannesburg, working at the mines. And I knew that unless I could get my countrymen out of the hospital they would certainly die. So one morning I had some of the pulp smuggled in to them—told them to eat it late that afternoon. And as soon as they did they fell at once into a coma the white doctors thought was the stillness of death.

"As you know for yourself," the witch-doctor went on, "they were taken to the morgue. I knew they'd wake up in the middle of the night. When they did, I was waiting outside the window—called to them—helped them to crawl out through the bars. After that, of course, they came back to the Congo. And now you can see—they are here and still alive."

"And they're cured?" demanded Gatti. "Their lungs are all healed?"

"Of course," said Ivele. "We may call it magic, and you may call it medicine—but only nature herself understands the real miracle of the Tree of Life and Death!"



"Nothing will guarantee peace without force."—Gabriel Heatter (MBS).



## QUIZ KID

Here's six-year-old Pat Conlon, one of the BLUE's popular Quiz Kids. Bright as a button, little Pat gets so excited in his efforts to answer questions that he beats his feet against the side of his desk. In order to avoid the thumping noise, Quiz-Master Joe Kelly allows Pat to broadcast bare-foot.

# Getting Along With Others

By  
**DR. J. LOWERY FENDRICH**

Condensed from a broadcast  
over WINX



ONE of the basic problems of human life is, of course, the problem of getting along with people. The more highly adjusted we are, the more we live in an atmosphere of harmony, the greater our power to attract and enjoy friends. To be lonely is one of life's chief misadventures. We are made for fellowship and affection. Life, if it is normal and truly expressed, is filled with friendships.

This lesson deals with friends, the capacity for friendship, the ability to win the friendship and love of our fellow travelers on this planet. Strangely enough, the whole idea of friendship must begin with a right understanding of our relationship with God, the Great Unseen Friend. It may be truly said that a right understanding of our relationship to the Divine is the positive guarantee of our right relationship with each other. The opposite is true as well. If one achieves perfect harmony with his fellows he has, although perhaps without knowing it, achieved perfect harmony with God. These two go always together.

There are those of us who could be a lot happier and a lot more effective in our living if we knew the secret of handling our emotional nature. If you are experiencing unhappiness or despondency or sometimes even despair,



**DR. J. LOWERY FENDRICH**

it would be safe to imagine that your problems are probably caused because you have failed to handle your Emotional Self.

Man is, of course, first of all, a physical body. We do not need any argument to prove that. We are all materialists. We can see our bodies. We can feel them. We sense them. We know they are present. They are actual and real to us. Yet this physical body of ours, as important as it seems, is not the only body we have; nor even the most important one. We also have an emotional body. This emotional body is also very real. It, too, is tangible, in that it is a kind of body that inhabits space. Experiments have been conducted which prove that this body can be photographed and has a realness of its own. We can hint at the nature of the Emotional Self by saying it seems to extend apart from as well as within the physical body and to vary and fluctuate in its size and position.

Scientists have made some interesting experiments concerning this self, in the realm of vibrations. For instance, at about an

inch and a half from the breast bone and every three inches thereafter (for about 15 inches) it is possible, under certain conditions, for an operator to press a pin (apparently into space) and for the patient to feel pain. Some of my readers know about those experiments, and have perhaps seen them. Those of you who have not heard of them or seen them, I will ask to take my word that this is so. In any case, there is an emotional body that seems to interpenetrate and surround this physical body with which we are so familiar.

The emotional body is only another name for that portion of personality some call the "cosmic body," or the "cosmic mind." It seems to be our personal portion of that Great Universal Mind.

The Great Mind in us, being creative, reproduces exactly what we visualize. That is why we say "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." It is inevitable. You are the product of all that you have thought.

Not that every passing thought externalizes. That of course is not so as Jesus clearly taught. But the sum-total of what you think, your courage, your optimism, your hope, your faith has made of you a strong, vigorous, successful man or woman, or by the same token, long years of wrong thinking, negative thinking, fear, misgivings have conspired to make you weak and ineffective and unhappy.

Read your newspaper and you will find the record—crime and failure, weakness, disaster and defeat. These negative thoughts tend to make the mind of the race negative and in turn, have a sub-

conscious effect on the individual unless he guards against them. If we are not alert we allow ourselves too often to be unconsciously influenced by the negative flavor of our thinking.

For instance, when you are in the company of people who are successful and happy, who are positive and optimistic in their natures you imbibe something of their strength and hope unconsciously. Out of their wealth of courage and strength they impart to your subjective mind that which reproduces for good in your affairs. We say occasionally, of an individual, "I love to be with him. He inspires me. He does something to me." That something is the "lift" that this positive nature affords your own mind and life. On the other hand, there are individuals with whom we would rather not be associated. They depress us. They create a sense of futility and weakness. After we have been with them for a while we feel depleted and small. We are small because of them. We have taken from their minds and attitudes negative thoughts. These thoughts break through into our emotional body, and touch and vibrate us, and in consequence we are made ineffective and weak.

The answer to good living is to guard your thoughts. Banish by purposeful efforts those negative thoughts of fear and limitation by which the emotions are aroused, and which being backed by emotion etch so quickly and deeply on the creative mind.

"Let the Mind be in you which was in Christ."—Keep your mind clear of pettiness, resentment, jealousy, strife and pessimism.



# The Odyssey of the O'Bannon



By COMM. DONALD J. MacDONALD, Its Commander

**I**MAGINE yourself on the bridge of a destroyer, proceeding with two sister ships at high speed into enemy waters. Our objective is to intercept a possible Jap evacuation. The sun has just set. The ships are darkened. Everything so quiet you can hear a pin drop in the pilot house.

I addressed my crew over the loudspeaker system: "All hands,

please give me your attention for a moment. Our mission tonight is to prevent a possible evacuation of enemy troops. I do not know what we may run into in the way of warships. There may be several destroyers, or even a cruiser. You have always done an excellent job, and I know that if we should happen to run into something I can rely on you. I know some of you are worried, but

Condensed from March of Time over the National Broadcasting Co.



The USS O'Bannon, the fightingest destroyer in the Navy, was awarded a Presidential Unit Citation for outstanding performance in combat against Japanese forces in the South Pacific.

please forget it and let me do the worrying. We have friendly forces on the island to our left and if something should happen, try to make in that direction. Don't forget to take plenty of water to your battle station because you may be there a long time. That is all—and don't worry."

I wish I could convey to you here at home the depth of emotional feeling and cold fear that exists in the hearts of our fighting men just before entering battle. I am not ashamed to say that I have always been afraid. It's like the feeling most athletes have before a very important game, only this time the stakes are higher.

At eight-thirty the ships are still steaming in the general direction of the expected enemy. All hands are called to their battle stations. The moon has risen. Enemy planes have picked us up and much to our discomfort have illuminated our little group.

Then suddenly we sighted a Jap naval force on our starboard bow at considerable range.

At first it seemed the enemy was attempting to run away.

After some minutes of our trying to catch them, one group of five enemy ships wheeled about and proceeded in to attack us. In the distance we could see another group of four enemy ships, which appeared to be destroyers. After the first group started their run toward us, this second made a feint in our direction. At this point our squadron commander had to make a decision—whether to attack a superior force with the possible loss of his own or to withdraw and wait for assistance, with the possibility the enemy might escape. He decided to attack.

We fired our torpedoes at the enemy, who was closing the range very rapidly.

It is impossible to describe the effect of a night battle. In this one visibility was so good, and the range closed so rapidly, we not only had to evade enemy torpedoes and gunfire, continuously, but at the same time we had to put the enemy ships under our own gunfire.

Admittedly, our equipment is superior, but you still have to have good men to use it, and the

way our gunners performed their job that night was magnificent.

From that moment on there were cheers from our ship every time our shells were seen to hit. And with both sides opening up, the entire area was filled with whistling projectiles.

There is so much taking place in an engagement of this nature that no one can see everything that happens, but I did see that we had at least three of the enemy ships on fire. Later two of them blew up with terrific explosions. Then one of our own ships was hit, and we had to be careful to avoid her in the battle-line. But by this time the first Jap group of five destroyers had been fairly well hit and damaged

themselves, so we proceeded in a direction to engage the second enemy group of four which was still coming our way. However, these four decided this was a good time to retire—and the battle was over. We went in to pick up the survivors from our crippled sister ship. And we were fortunate enough to save the greater portion of her crew. While we were accomplishing this, a second enemy ship, which was burning furiously, blew up. Then more American ships arrived and we were ordered to retire to our base. Personally, for fun, fury and excitement, I think you can't find a better place to be than on a destroyer. There's never a dull moment.



**ALOIS HAVRILLA BEGINS 22ND YEAR IN RADIO**—It's Alois Havrilla, announcer for Mutual's "Double Or Nothing," who's smiling and he's got plenty to be happy about. The popular announcer, heard on the veteran quiz program every Friday 9:30 to 10 p.m., EWT, over Mutual, has just begun his 22nd year in radio.

# Debut



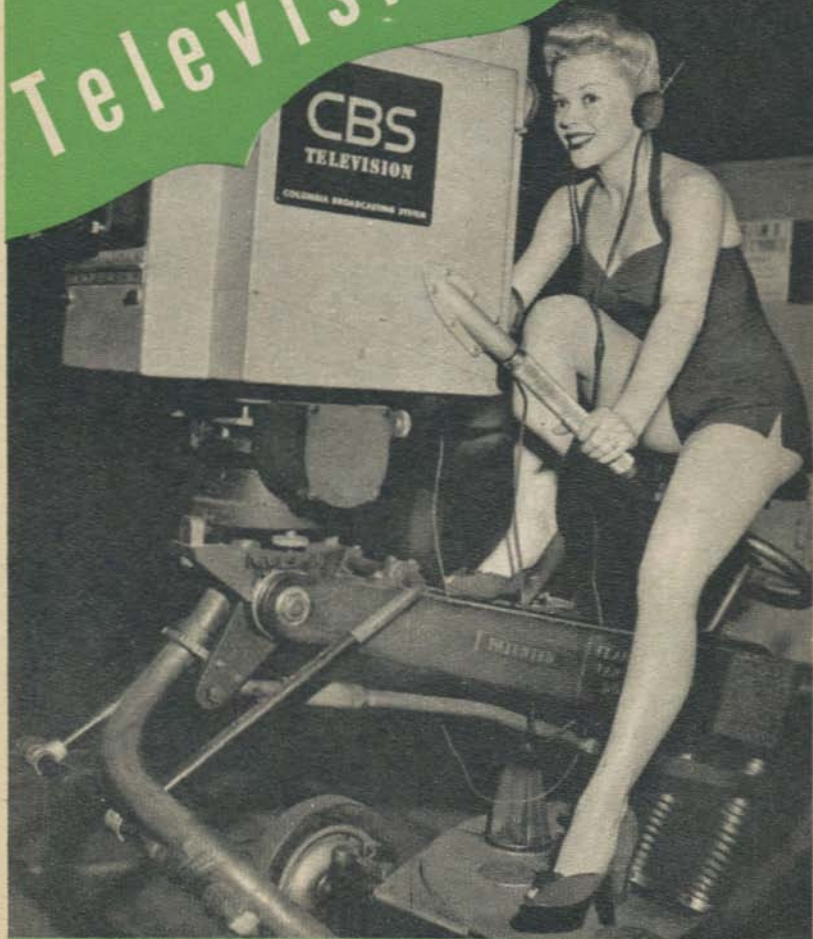
In the role of Anna, a war-torn Polish refugee in NBC's dramatic daytime story "Pepper Young's Family," Annette Sorell has finally made her radio debut. The sweet and pensive girl, daughter of the Polish Consul General in New York, last appeared on Broadway in "The Cherry Orchard."

## ALL WORK AND NO PLAY



David Whitehouse, at the ripe old age of 14, plays the violin and bugle, sings in the church choir, collects stamps, coins and matchboxes. For recreation—plays "Russell" in NBC's "Vic and Sade."

# Television Star



Radio technique will change with television but Betty Jane Smith is sure to star.

# THE LOST SCOOP

By HAL BOYLE

Condensed from Report to the Nation over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

**T**HE story started like this. A Frenchman said to me:

"Messier Boyle, you always appreciate news tips I give you. I have another. Darlan has been assassinated."

"Are you sure?" I asked him.

"Have I ever given you any wrong information?" he demanded.

"Frankly, yes," I told him.

"Nevertheless, Darlan has been assassinated," insisted my informant.

I started checking. I talked to officials.

Nothing to it, Boyle, old boy.

That's a lot of hawg-wash, Hal. Nothing to it.

But ridiculous, messier, ridiculous were the replies.

I kept digging. I went to the garage where I knew Darlan's chauffeur kept the Admiral's car.

"Hiya, boys; have a cigarette," I said. "Take the whole pack. Here's one for you, Pierre."

"Mmmmmmm, American cigarettes. Thank you, thank you," Pierre replied.

"Forget it," I told him. "By the way, where is Jacques, Admiral Darlan's chauffeur?"

"He just went home," explained Pierre. "Very tired is Jacques. A trying day for him. First a flat tire, then they shoot his boss. Poor Jacques."

"Oh," I remarked casually. "Jacques tell you about Darlan?"

"Everything, messier, everything," Pierre assured me.



DARLAN

"Jacques saw it himself. He told us the whole story. Boom, this young man goes, and boom, the Admiral he is dead. Messier, you are ill. I'll be seeing you. I'll be seeing you. Where are you going? Crazy Americans, always running somewhere."

I had a fourteen-carat beat and I was going to do something about it. But there was a censor:

"Yes, Boyle, Darlan's been assassinated, although I'll never know how you found out," admitted the censor. "But you can't send this story."

"Why? You can't do this!" I demanded.

"It cannot be released until the French wireless has broadcast it to France, and that won't be for some time," explained the censor.

"But then everybody will know about it," I protested. "About my story."

"Yes, Mr. Boyle," the censor declared quite pleased, "everybody will know it."

# Greece Fights On

By **BASIL VLAVIANOS**

Publisher and Editor,  
National Herald, Greek Daily.



**A**FTER centuries upon centuries of slavery, Greece gave to the world a new concept—the freedom and dignity of man living under a government administered by the many; not by the few. Democracy—born twenty-five hundred years ago in ancient Athens, where all men, poor or wealthy, famous or obscure, first sat down side by side to make their laws.

The victorious war effort of many months against the enemy is a national epic. It reminds us of the historic stand made by the 300 Spartans against the many thousand Persians at Thermopylae. The Greeks have always fought to their death for freedom, even though vastly outnumbered.

So much is history, but the Greek people are continuing their struggle for freedom, unabated. Since 1941 the Greek people have shown a valiant resistance to their conquerors and the inexorable foreign occupation.

The struggle waged these last three years, is the hardest one ever waged by the Greek people. They have fought on with only a pitiful amount of bread and vegetables for food. But they have not fought in vain. The guerrillas, simple men and women, driven from their homes to fight in the hills and mountains of Greece, have reconquered

thousands of square miles of their homeland. According to a report I received recently from the Greek underground, with the exception of the large centers and the roads leading to the border, no section of Greece, from Athens to the Albanian border, is under German control. And within these regions controlled by the Greeks has been built a new Greece, where college professor and shepherd, business man and beggar, fight and live side by side in true democracy, self-governed and well-governed. That same spirit of freedom and disregard for death, which prevails among the guerrillas in the mountains, exists in the factories and offices. These people have become expert at sabotage, and have resisted every effort of the Nazis to recruit labor.

When the war ends, Greece will face the tremendous problems of reconstruction. What has not been ruined by warfare has fallen into disuse; entire populations of villages have been driven out; and the villages allowed to rot. This is not, however, of primary importance. Buildings can be rebuilt in a few months time—human beings cannot. Almost one third of the people of Greece are already dead or dying.

Condensed from a broadcast by the World Wide Broadcasting Foundation, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.



# We Make Our Weather

By COL. JOHN H. TALBOTT

Condensed from the Army Hour over National Broadcasting Co.



**H**IS is Lawrence, Massachusetts. Four inches of snow fell here today. It rained for two hours.

At one o'clock the temperature recorded here was 60 degrees below zero. At two o'clock the mercury jumped to 160 degrees. But that's not unusual weather here. For this is the climatic Research Laboratory operated by the Quar-

termaster Corps. They make their own weather. And this is perhaps the only place in the world where a dozen steps can take you from the chilling cold of the far north to the sweltering humid heat of the equatorial jungles.

The Climatic Research Laboratory was established for the scientific testing of Army clothing and equipment. The laboratory is lo-



Scene in the jungle room of the Climatic Research Laboratory as soldiers test their clothing under showers.

cated in the Pacific Mills—in the heart of the Textile Industry. This site was chosen for two significant reasons. The mill had a large cold room in operation that was used in the porcessing of wool. They gladly turned it over to the Government. Thereby saving the Quartermaster Corps many months of precious testing time. The test-time done here is what we term physiological testing since experimental soldiers act as subjects for all of the tests. The soldiers used have been selected by us with a great deal of care and we are extremely proud of them. It is their laboratory and all of them realize the special trust placed in them. For what they report regarding a test item may be the determining factor in its acceptance or re-

jection. If the experimental soldiers give the item a favorable report, this is checked by complicated scientific instruments and all the laboratory data is correlated with observations from the field that are being conducted at the same time. To the cold room we have now added two more chambers. A jungle room to study items designed for desert or jungle use and one we call the comfort temperature room to study items for use in a temperate zone.

Through our testing program, an attempt is made to compare as many items of a similar type as possible. If we can report to the Quartermaster General that we have tested four types of field jackets and that in a high percentage of tests jacket—was found



Checker gets "all okay" from tester in cold room.



Sergeant Charles Regis, wearing Arctic clothing in cold room of laboratory.

to be the best by virtue of its design and fit, ability to keep out the elements, ease in laundering, and resistance to wear—This is strong evidence in favor of its adoption.

Each man in the cold room is wearing a thermo couple harness which extends to every section of his body. Running through the harness are fine wires which are all brought together at one point in a connecting plug. This plug is connected with wires which lead out of the room to this machine here—called a potentiometer. Then by throwing these switches we can take the temperature of any part of any man's body. I take a complete reading on each man about once every half hour and all these temperatures are recorded on these charts along with the temperature of the room. The type of equipment being tested,

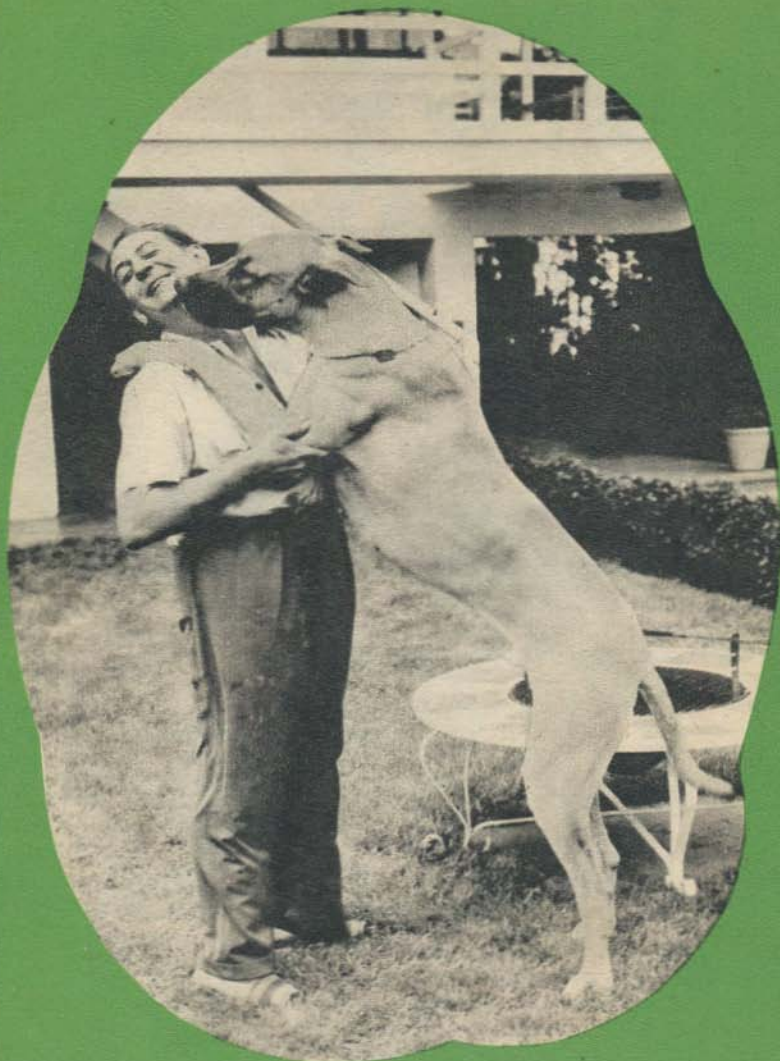
and what physical activity the subject is performing.

The floor of this cold room is covered with a couple of inches of snow. It's made to order on the spot. The jets send out a fine atomized spray of water. It comes out under pressure and when the temperature is right it turns to snow before it hits the floor—if we want a blizzard we throw a switch and we have a man-made one.

Across the hall is the jungle room. Its just about the size of the cold room but it has a lot of different equipment.

In this room we can make it rain or we can have burning hot sunshine from those infra red and ultra violet lamps in the ceiling or if you want a storm we can give you wind.

The work of these men have helped make the American soldier. Wherever he fights, the best equipped fighting man in the world.



## LOMBARDO PET

Gamboling with his personal hound of spring, Guy Lombardo, maestro of the BLUE's Sunday night "Musical Autographs" program, romps on the lawn of his Long Island home with Kirk, Guy's Great Dane.

# WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Condensed from a broadcast over the Chungking Radio.



FOOD Is Heaven" is the name of a new pastry, candy and liquor store in uptown Chungking. The name, one of the many colorful ones in the Chungking shopping district, is taken from an old Chinese saying: "To the masses food is heaven."

There are two small eating places known as "Sweet Honey" and "Honey Garden," which serve such sweet foods as "white tree fungus," a famous food of Szechwan Province, and "light precious rice," which is steamed glutinous rice mixed with candied fruits.

Newcomers in Chungking sometimes get the erroneous idea that there are chains of snack houses in Chungking, like the orange drink, and milk and hot dog bars in American cities. This mistaken notion arises from the fact that many Chungking eating places have similar or identical shop signs. There are twenty small restaurants bearing the name "Three-Six-Nine" and a round dozen known as "Four-Five-Six." They are not chain restaurants. Some of the restaurants bearing identical names are near each other and are strenuous competitors. When a restaurant is highly successful others are likely to adopt the same name and this results in the idea that there are chains of snack houses.

A small noodle shop, which does not close until the early hours of the morning, seeking the trade of those who go to bed late, bears the encouraging name "Don't Sleep Yet Noodle Shop." Another res-

taurant, which can no longer serve liquor because of the ban on drinking in restaurants, still bears the name reminiscent of the old days, "Singing Triumphantly Home," apparently having in mind some Chinese equivalent to "Sweet Adeline."

There are several food shops in Chungking known as "Five Flavor House," and the restaurant which specializes in the peppery dishes of Hunan calls itself "Tung Ting Lake in the Spring." A large downtown restaurant, a merger of two, bears the name of both predecessors and is known as the "White Rose-For Beautiful Spring." The proprietor of a small place who wants to show his customers that he is not out for high gain calls his establishment the "Tientsin Ten Per Cent Profit Food Shop." "Sing Sing," by the way, is not the name of a prison in Chungking but of a popular cafe. Americans sometimes are startled when told by friends, "I'll meet you in Sing Sing at 6 o'clock."

There is a haberdashery in the banking district of Chungking which is known as "Children's Heart Universal Products Store." After Wendell Willkie visited the city a secondhand store was named "Willkie Consignment Agency" but the "Willkie" was changed to "Wilky" because the local authorities thought it was discourteous for the shopkeeper to use the American political leader's name to attract trade. The name of the "Wilky" establishment is in English, of course, but the other names given in this

article are translations from Chinese.

English shop signs are not uncommon in Chungking, especially on secondhand stores, which do a thriving business because the city is so short of manufactured goods, particularly clothing, and because prices on new articles are high. In one corner of a window of a downtown secondhand store prospective customers saw not long ago a group of articles which included an ice cream scoop, a corset, a large tin of powdered milk, a camera, a tin of breakfast food, a brassiere and a can of abalone.

One of the shop names which pleases strolling pedestrians in Chungking is that of the "All Acoustics House" which sells musical instruments and, since the shop owner is a man from Peiping, also sells "general and typical" products of North China, including patent medicines.

There are thirteen theaters in Chungking, showing assorted Chinese and foreign motion pictures and plays, but new arrivals in the city sometimes get the notion that there is not more than one if they happen to see first the show house which goes under the name of "The One And Only Theater."



## IN CHUNGKING

**Women judges dispense quick justice**

**WHEN  
DREAMS**

**COME  
TRUE**

By **ROBERT BALL**

**T**HE DREAM of the Lieutenant has come true. He is home from the Italian battlefield to see his girl, and he has returned as a hero who wears the Congressional Medal of Honor. That is more than Lieutenant Ernest Childers of Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, ever had expected.

The decoration, highest in the nation, had been awarded only once before in the Italian theatre. The citation says that Childers displayed conspicuous gallantry in a single-handed assault against the Nazis. The lieutenant, as a matter of fact, was injured when he set out on the foray in Salino last September. He walked out of a dressing station because his battalion had been pinned down by heavy fire.

Limping on an injured foot, Childers organized a party of eight men and led it to the area where the enemy was concealed. He ordered his men to lay a base of fire against the Nazis while he advanced alone. He crept forward cautiously and opened fire on two Nazis. They fell mortally wounded.

Then Childers slipped behind a machine gun nest and killed its two occupants with his carbine.



**LT. CHILDERS**

He picked off a German in another nest and then seized a Nazi mortar observer. His courage and spirit enabled his battalion to continue its advance despite a savage counter-drive.

Childers offers this explanation—all he did was move fast and fire straight. He says every soldier he ever met can do that much. It is that spirit which makes the Indian lieutenant one of freedom's heroes.

Condensed from a broadcast over W.W.D.C.

# Treatment of Burns

By CAPT. FRENCH R. MOORE, (MC), U.S.N.

Condensed from Doctors at War over the National Broadcasting Co.

**P**LASMA is truly the "life saving fluid" in the treatment of burns, by counteracting shock and replacing vital fluid elements lost by the weeping of the burned area. Many lives are saved by plasma given in large amounts in the veins, coupled with the use of sulfathiazole or sulfanilamide ointment on the burned area, plus compress dressings.

Sixty-seven severe burn cases, which had from 20 to 40% of the body area burned, were received from a combat ship. Each of the cases received an average of 5,000 cc. of plasma the first forty-eight hours. Not a patient was lost. So each man received the plasma from twenty blood donors here at home. If plasma had not been available in such large amounts immediately, at least 25 per cent of these men would not have survived twenty-four hours.

By using sulfathiazole and sulfanilamide ointment on the burned area, compress dressing and sulfa drugs administered orally, these burns remained clean. The new skin was soft and pliable. These patients were all treated in a tent hospital in a combat area on a tropical island, with many flies around, but in spite of this the burned areas remained clean and only a few required skin grafts.

Whole blood transfusions were used a week to ten days later with gratifying results.

This group of patients were treated for two and a half weeks, and when they were sent to a

base hospital were all in excellent condition.

That all of these severely burned patients survived is due to the fact that plasma was used in such large amounts early. A few received as much as 6,500 cc. of plasma, which came from twenty-six blood donors at home. The use of the sulfa drugs both locally and orally accounts for the lack of wound infection seen.

The most effective and simple form of treatment of burns, from our experience at Tarawa and elsewhere in the Pacific, is:

- 1—Give morphine to control pain.
- 2—Plasma in large amounts, early to counteract shock and serum loss.
- 3—Cleanse with soap and water or saline.
- 4—Sulfa drugs locally, either in cold cream or ointment.
- 5—Compress dressings.

... V —

**ED GARDNER**—"Look, I understand the Met needs money."

**LAURITZ MELCHIOR**—"Well, we do have a sort of deficit."

**ED GARDNER**—"Yeah, but you can't count on it."

... V —

**EDDIE CANTOR**—"Last night I was so cold I couldn't sleep. I was shivering and shaking all over."

**HARRY VON ZELL**—"Were your teeth chattering?"

**CANTOR**—"I don't know. We don't sleep together."





**"ALL ABOARD,"** says quizmaster John Reed King as he wheels pretty Miss Dorothy Eaton, selected to represent the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad on the "Double Or Nothing" broadcast.

# Me-Kua Fi Chi



By SGT. MARION HARGROVE

Condensed from a broadcast on Report to the Nation by the  
Columbia Broadcasting Co.

This is a little story about an American Flier who crash-landed in China and was so badly hurt he didn't live long despite everything the friendly Chinese could do to save him. And here's the rest of that story, told with the simplicity of a Chinese villager.

When he was dead the Chinese wrapped his body in white, for white is the color of the honored dead, and they laid it in the finest coffin in the village—and they placed the coffin in a barge in the river. And in a box beside the coffin they put the clothing they had removed from him when he was in pain and with the clothing they put the things that had been in his pockets. They put the little leather case with his money, and the pieces of heavy paper with his picture and the other pictures of the woman and the two children, the two small metal plates on a little chain and the small brown coin with the picture of the bearded man on it. And when this had been done four of the young men of the village took poles and poled the barge up the river to return the Me-Kua fi chi (The American flier) to his people.

And the news ran quickly all along the river. And all of the villagers and all of the people who lived in sampans tied along the banks of the river waited to see the barge go slowly by. And wherever it passed, the people lit long strings of firecrackers and honored the Me-Kua fi chi who had fought for China and laughed and jested and died as a hero should.



**CONGRESSIONAL COMMENT** on the invasion came from the Senate Radio Gallery over NBC when Morgan Beatty interviewed Majority Leader Barkley, Senators Lister Hill of Alabama, Bennett Champ Clark of Missouri and Wallace White, Jr., of Maine, and Rep. Clare Boothe Luce of Connecticut. Here is Beatty (1) with Senator Hill.



**WIVES OF INVASION LEADERS** wished their husbands and the men under their command good luck and Godspeed in a special program from the NBC Washington studios. With Nancy Osgood (center), who interviewed the wives are (l to r) Mrs. Harold R. Stark, whose husband commands American naval forces in the European theatre; Mrs. Carl Spaatz, wife of the lieutenant general who is commander of U. S. Strategic Bombing Forces; Mrs. James Doolittle, wife of the three-star general commanding the 8th Air Force, and Mrs. Alan R. Kirk, wife of the admiral in command of the United States Task force operating as Combined Naval Force in the same theatre.

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## *The Beginning of the End at C.B.S.*



This scene in the New York CBS newsroom, showing (left to right) Major George Fielding Eliot, CBS Military Analyst; Jess Zousmer, CBS Night News Editor; Bob Trout, CBS Correspondent and News Analyst, and Quentin Reynolds, noted author, war correspondent and CBS news analyst, keeping an early morning vigil to cover the momentous story of the Invasion of France, was duplicated in Columbia's Washington newsroom at WTOP, where such veterans correspondents as Bill Henry, Don Pryor, Joseph C. Harsch, Robert Lewis, Bill Costello, Albert Leitch, Joe McCaffrey and others stayed on the job throughout the day. Bob Wood, CBS Washington Director of News and Special Events coordinated Washington broadcasts.

# The Antidote for Pan Germanism

By LISA SERIGO



THE Soviet Union is moving steadily and quite rapidly towards the consolidation and the strengthening of Pan Slavism, which means the greatest and most numerous racial group in the Western World. Pan Slavism which first took shape in the middle of the Nineteenth Century when the first congress of Slav peoples was held, grew in importance until the First World War, chiefly at the instigation of the Russian Tzars who used it to further their imperialistic policy. The family of Slav nations include the Serbs, the Czechs, the Poles, the Montenegrins, the Croats, the Slovaks, the Slovenese, the Bulgarians and the Russians. Together this group could easily represent a mass of some 350,000,000 peoples. During the early period of the Soviet revolution its leaders were too busy organizing their own enormous territory and colonizing and developing their own enormous eastern reaches to try to effectuate a policy intended to keep the other Slavs into a single unit. But the Soviet Union of today is a very different entity, in



LISA SERIGO

the international picture of affairs, from that which the world knew until 1941. Today the enormous prestige which the Russians have acquired through their fight against the Germans has added to their political influence and it is only if we understand the significance and the potential force of a revitalized fully active, well organized and disciplined all-Slav movement, the aegis of Moscow, can we then find the answer to many question marks arising out of Moscow's various political actions. Although we hear little about it there exists in Moscow a permanent All-Slav committee which has held congresses regularly each year since the first one in August, 1941, a couple of months after Russia was attacked by the Germans. The entire policy of Moscow regarding the nations which racially belong into this group is guided by the idea of creating a pan-Slav idea which will become the most formidable and most reliable op-

Condensed from a broadcast over WQXR.

ponents of a possible resurgence of the dreaded Pan-Germanism. This policy, as far as can be judged up to this point, does not at all imply that all the Slav peoples must necessarily embrace the Communist system, or become members of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Of course one might well read into the recent granting of foreign policy and military autonomy to the sixteen republics of the Union a first step towards the transformation of the Soviet Union, which we often erroneously call Russia, into a huge Slav Union. But that is something which must certainly lie only in the future. For the moment it is evident that the Soviet Union is clearing political decks for action in order to have a perfectly unequivocal position when time comes to really define the shape of the post-war world.

Russia's strength at the peace table, or at whatever gathering the division of influence will be mapped out, will not be predicated on her economic or financial wealth, or on her imperial possessions.

Russia will merely come to that gathering speaking for a bulk of some 300,000,000 members of the Slav family. Since the demands of those peoples and the plans which Russia will advocate for their development in the post-war world will be the reverse of reactionary, even if they are not communistic, we can even imagine at this point, that many non Slav people will give the Russian plan their support, if the alternative is the restoration of outmoded monarchies, the restoration of full fledged temporal powers to religious bodies, and an economy

which will make of the have nots, the eternal slaves of the haves.

Certainly the Italian people do not belong in the Slav family group, nor have they ever had much liking or sympathy for the Slav peoples, but it is a safe guess that even at this time the Italians would rather be under the protection of Russia than continue to suffer the disgrace of being ruled by Fascists having the support of the British and American governments. The Austrians who do not want Hapsburgs back would rather turn to Russia if Russia advocates republics and the French incline much more towards the Soviet Union than they do towards possible deals with reactionary heirs to the Petain treason.

At the peace table the dominating factor, the most convincing argument which any participating power can bring is going to be couched in figures of population, rather than in financial figures. If the main threat to peace is going to continue to be the possible resurgence of Pan-Germanism, logically the only way to snuff that out is by creating around Germany enormous groups of populations all united in the purpose of not letting that danger recur. Sixty million Germans will remain in Central Europe. Germany is not dismembered, it will be easier for Pan-German leaders to keep that sentiment alive.

... V —

**FRANK TOURS**—"My wife's in the hospital for a jaw operation."

**JOHN CONTE**—"A jaw operation? Won't that interfere with her talking?"

**FRANK TOURS**—"Oh, it wouldn't dare."

# In the Land of the Rising Sun

## To Fight "Hundred Years"

A Japanese propaganda broadcast, to the United States, scoffed at the speculation of Americans as to when the war with Japan will end and challenged that "Japan is reckoning on a hundred years of war."

"If the present generation cannot fulfill the job, future generations will carry it on," said the Japanese broadcast.

"There is only one thing to state with absolute certainty," it was said. "All the Americans who put their money on an early ending of the Pacific war will doubtlessly come away with a flea in their ear. It is not difficult to prove this. One has only to take a brief look at a map of the central Pacific, China, Burma and the southern regions. It isn't even worth mentioning."

## Decorated Horse

In observing their annual "Horse Day," the Japanese awarded one of their highest military decorations, the Order of the Golden Kite, to a horse named Himegami for "meritorious services" in China and on the India-Burma border.

The Tokyo radio, in making the announcement, didn't go into any details on the privileges the decorated horse was now entitled to enjoy. But the Golden Kite, a green cordon with two white stripes, usually carries with it a life annuity ranging from 1,500 yen a year for the first class to



150 yen a year for the seventh class. Moreover, the annuity is given to the family of the recipient for one year following his death.

If Himegami the horse operates under the same rules applying to other recipients of the decoration, he can lose it only if he is sentenced to death or sent to prison for more than three years.

## Hirohito's "Concern"

The Tokyo Radio said that Emperor Hirohito had made an inspection of a complete representation of Japanese military aircraft and aerial weapons, indicating "how greatly His Majesty is concerned over army and navy aviation.

It was announced that the officers and men of the Imperial air forces were "deeply touched" at the Emperor's "concern."

### *Military "Mothers"*

Existence of a novel Japanese military institution—the "Mother Unit"—was revealed recently by the Tokyo radio. Members of such units, it was explained, are uniformed handymen who go along with Japanese troops in the field and perform such helpful little chores as making charcoal, preparing hot meals, cutting trees, weaving sacks, storing equipment and even mending the soldiers' clothing.

The Tokyo radio told the Japanese people that these non-combatant supply troops were known as "Mother Units" because they minister to the needs of the soldiers "just like the mothers at home."

Reporting on the activities of one of these units in the Torokina area of Bougainville Island, the broadcast dwelt at length on the Herculean efforts of the "mothers" in sewing buttons and patches on torn uniforms.

"The 'Mother Unit' does not confront the problem of mending a few clothes," the broadcast said. "They come in the hundreds as the men who fight vigorously send their torn and tattered clothes to this unit for repair. The 'Mother Unit' works fast and hard to return the fighting men's clothes back to them, if possible even a second sooner. It is a big job they have."

Another "big job" for the "Mother Unit," according to the Tokyo radio, is to prepare charcoal so that the soldiers can cook hot meals without having too much smoke give away their positions.

"In those large, thick forests on the fighting front in the South Pacific, our soldiers cannot burn fire even by day," the broadcast said, "for just as soon as a tiny bit of smoke goes up into the sky, enemy planes are upon our men and they attack with many shells and bombs. The enemy must think that any sign of smoke means that the Japanese soldiers are making ready for real time."

After praising the Torokina "Mother Unit" for braving the danger of plane attacks while making smokeless charcoal for other troops in their own bonfires, the broadcast said:

"When meals are finished at certain locations and our fighting men advance, this 'Mother Unit' must pack up its equipment and sack its charcoal to follow the fighting men. This is one big job."

### *Oil In Fishing Boats*

The Japanese-controlled Korean radio said in a broadcast that the government-general of that Japanese-occupied territory had developed an "epoch-making plan."

One hundred-ton and 200-ton fishing boats would travel in groups of 10 under the protection of "portions of the armed forces," with the first convoy leaving for the "south," apparently the Japanese occupied Dutch East Indies, "early next month."

### *New Jap Transmitters*

The Japanese-operated Singapore radio, in a broadcast, said that two more Japanese transmitters would be set up in Malacca and Ipoh, bringing to seven the number of controlled radios in the Malay States.





# HOW HITLER WILL DIE

By  
CAREY  
WILSON

**F**OUR hundred years ago, there lived a man—who was credited with a power not given to ordinary mortals. This power was the power of prediction. His name was Nostradamus! According to his biographers, most important events in the world for the past 400 years, he foretold.

I believe in psychic phenomena. I know a lot of people don't, but many things have happened to me that logic cannot explain.

I'll tell you the most remarkable one. Back in 1928, every morning I used to drive to the studio in my car with a friend, Paul Bern. One morning we were late. As we got in the car, I discovered I had left the keys upstairs. But I had a duplicate key hidden in the car. To my surprise, the duplicate key wouldn't work. I was fussing with it when suddenly . . . I seemed to hear a voice, faint, calling my name—

Carey! Carey! I sat there stunned. Paul said, "For Pete's sake, give me the key." "No," I said, "No, I have to go upstairs and get the others." I tore upstairs. There they were, right on the bureau. I scooped them up and then, something made me wheel around and look at the bed. I was transfixed with terror. For on it lay—a dead woman. She lay in an odd, twisted position, as if thrown there. Then as I stared, the figure on the bed began to fade. As carefully as in a movie, it dissolved into nothing—and the bed—was empty.

Well, rather weakly I walked downstairs and got in the car. I said nothing to Paul and pretty soon my Cadillac was roaring along at 75 miles an hour. Far up the road was a crowd of people—when we got there we found an express train had hit a coupe. As I got out of my car a cop yelled, "Hey, look. There's a woman." I looked—and saw the same woman,

Condensed from a broadcast of "We the People" on the Columbia Broadcasting System (Gulf Oil).

lying in the same position, as the one on my bed. Well, this was too much for me. I broke down and told Paul all about it. He said, "Carey—I believe you. Because I saw your face when you came downstairs. Now, listen, let's see where our car would have been if you hadn't been delayed." So we re-enacted the whole thing. It was a 57 seconds delay. We found out that in 57 more seconds I would have been on the tracks where the coupe was, and I would have been hit by the train.

But that isn't all. That afternoon I said to the Cadillac people, "This duplicate key doesn't work." They tried it and it worked perfectly. That night my sister Ruth called me long distance from New Jersey, where she lived with mother, who was quite ill. She told me my mother had been unconscious for 24 hours, but that morning she'd suddenly sat up in bed and said "Carey! Carey!" In the afternoon she'd revived and my sister asked her if she remembered calling out my name. Mother said: "Yes, I do. Carey was in great danger, but it's all right—I got him out of it!" Well, Tom, that's the story. So five years ago, when I read a little item about the amazing writings of Nostradamus in a magazine, I had to know more.

As for Nostradamus there's nothing mysterious about the man. Nostradamus was born on a Thursday, the 14th of December, 1503, in Saint Remy, France. He died in 1566. I read a dozen biographies about Nostradamus. Then I wanted his writings. It is believed there are only 3 copies of Nostradamus', complete writ-

ings, in existence. I found one in a Dublin museum. Nostradamus wrote in Medieval French, used current slang, and symbols and poetic language. For instance he would say, "A little upstart island" when he meant England. I have a staff of French refugee scholars working with me on the translations, and for a long time we were stuck by one verse in which Nostradamus said that all the peoples of the world would gather in a great white building on the shores of Lake Lemman. Well, in an ancient Almanac, we saw that Lake Lemman is now called Lake Geneva. Nostradamus said the people would gather on the shores of Lake Geneva and talk and talk about peace, until it was too late for talking. It was a great thrill for me when we translated that prophecy.

In the face of science, this is how I account for these apparently accurate predictions.

Nostradamus himself says that he discovered a principle by which he could use celestial astronomy to figure out what will happen in the future. He'd travelled all over Europe, hoping to stumble upon some new road of learning, some new type of thinking—and I believe he found it.

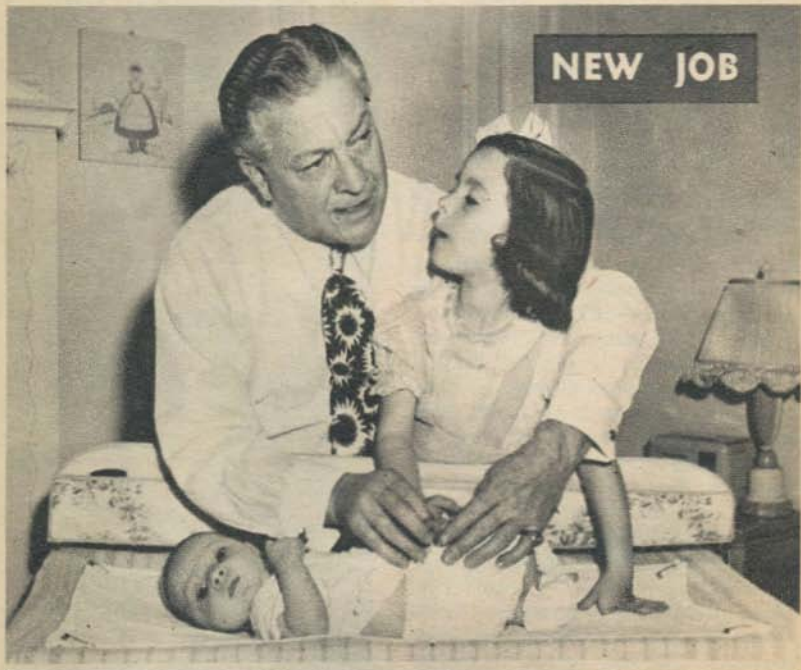
For one thing he predicted that Italy would be the first to leave

Carey Wilson, famous M.-G.-M. producer of such pictures as the Andy Hardy and Dr. Kildare series, the producer and voice of the Nostradamus shorts, is the one man in the world who has made a life-time study of the works of this strange prophet, Nostradamus.

the present conflict. Right now I'm very excited—I'm working on a paragraph that I believe says Japan will be defeated before Germany. I'm not sure about this and want to check more translation sources.

Nostradamus said the last flames generated by this world conflagration will not die down for many years, long after our three main big enemies are defeated. But that when the battles are finally over, the nations shall lock war up in an iron cage for the rest of our time.

As for how Hitler will die, I am only going to tell you what Nostradamus says . . . but I can tell you I have checked my translations very carefully. And here is how I have interpreted Nostradamus. Hitler is not going to die in prison of sickness or old age, or by suicide, or by execution by the Allies. Nostradamus says Hitler is going to be murdered by a man who is supposed to have several hundred thousand trained, hard men who have sworn allegiance to him alone. By his own Gestapo Chief Heinrich Himmler.



**NEW JOB**

Charles J. Correll, otherwise known as Andy of NBC's "Amos 'n' Andy," has taken on a new job—playing nursemaid to his two children, Barbara and Charles Junior. Andy, who successfully slides out of all dilemmas on his Friday night show, looks as though he has met his Waterloo—just a mere safety-pin.

# Women AT WAR



ONE of the first Canadian girls to fly the Atlantic as part of a regular transport crew is a taxi-driver now, but it's only a temporary job. Helen Harrison, who looks almost exactly like Barbara Stanwyck, will return to her flying job in England in the fall. The job of taxiing passengers to and from the Malton Airport is just her way of killing time. Usefully.

Helen Harrison was a first officer in the air transport auxiliary, a rank roughly equivalent to flight lieutenant. She was the first Canadian girl to ferry military aircraft in the British Isles for the Auxiliary. And she was just as much at home flying Spitfires as she is at the wheel of her cab.

Helen was born in Vancouver, but her parents live near Toronto now. She began flying in 1933, took her private license in 1934 and her commercial rating in 1936. She has three thousand hours to her credit—which is a pretty respectable total.

In all that flying time, Helen has only one accident on her record and that wasn't her fault. She was flying an old Lysander from which too much ballast had been removed. She was forced to crash-land and, although she admits she was frightened, she was up in the air again the next day.

At first, Helen says, she was thrilled at the thought of flying Spitfires, but the glamour wears off when you ferry three or four

of them in one day. Her favorite aircraft is the Mosquito bomber, which she says is smooth, light, easy to handle, and very powerful.

WWDC.

## Margaret Tynan

Margaret works for the Marine Division of the Bendix Aviation Corporation as an inspector. She's been working for them three years, six days a week, eight hours a day and never a day off, never late. She inspects laminations. They're precision instruments on anti-aircraft guns. She inspects about 36 thousand a day. It's interesting enough work, although you can cut your fingers badly if you're not careful. Those things are as sharp as razors.

Margaret Tynan is twenty-four. She's typical of thousands and thousands of American girls and women who rarely appear on the radio except as stooges for comedians. She's a war worker . . . a woman war worker with a jaunty ribbon in her hair and a very, very grim determination to help get this war done. She's got a brother in it, among other reasons.

Yes, Margaret Tynan, 24, pretty, jitterbug dancer and a war worker, is blind. Stone blind. —Quentin Reynolds (Report to the Nation, C.B.S.).

Mrs. Raymond Clapper, wife of the famous columnist and Mutual news analyst who was recently killed while covering the news in the Pacific takes over.



## PERSONAL CHARACTER REFLECTED IN VOICE

One of the most valuable assets a woman can possess is a good speaking voice, for no single personal attribute yields more power and influence for her. Since people unconsciously judge the character of new acquaintances from their voices, we should learn, says CBS actress Pert ("Broadway Showtime") Kelton, to improve this natural gift.

Health control, the basic requisite for voice development starts with good posture. A resonant voice is built on proper breathing. Study the voice quality of others, but beware of imitating them. Next step is to your voice as it is thrown back. If possible, have a recording made. Few people actually know how their voices sound.

The secret of talking interestingly is matching emphasis of voice with value of words. A wide range of tone makes a voice more exiting when it is beautifully controlled. Try repeating ordinary numbers like "one, two, three," etc., so expressively that a listener would know what you mean.

...V—

To get the best results out of a new broom tie the strands closely together, then put into a pail of boiling water, and soak for two hours. Dry thoroughly before using and you will find your broom will last you twice as long.—**(Ladies Be Seated, Mondays through Fridays, 2:30 p.m., EWT).**

### DINNER DRAMA

With witty accessories CBS actress Mary ("Report to the Nation") Patton converts a fitted faille suit into dinner acceptability.



### PERFECT STRATEGY

PLOTTING wardrobe maneuverers to provide multiple duty requires subtle functionalism on the part of each unit. This compact fashion theme is expressed in the original Mac-Wise ensemble worn by CBS Actress Karen Stevens. The braid-scrolled champagne broadcloth jacket and mandarin coat may be worn as a daytime costume or either may top a long dinner skirt. Two black marquisette blouses, the coolie hat shown and a swirl of glycerined ostrich feathers for evening are the other mobile units that effect compact strategy.



# War and Religion

By DEAN PURDUE



OR a good many weeks I have been a careful observer of the Gold Star increase. As I go around I rarely find a service flag without some Gold Stars. From week to week these Gold Stars increase. They represent women as well as men. The other day I was in a small church which had just one Gold Star—that Star represented a girl, a nurse killed in action.

The question is this: When we reverently place a Gold Star on our service flag, and when the firing squad shoots its last volley of honor, and when the little white cross is put up on the grave, if the body is found, is that all? What you believe about life after

death is even more important than the issue of the war itself. One is a temporal problem, the other is an eternal opportunity.

You ask me why belief in immortality is so vital to life on this earth. Well, if life consists only of the experiences that we have here in the flesh, life is not worth living. It rules out our hopes. Millions of boys have come to this earth, have been educated, trained, and nurtured. Is all that merely for the purpose of making them into cannon fodder? Such an answer is altogether too preposterous. If our boys are sacrificed for mere earthly gain and not for eternal spiritual concepts, then it

Condensed from a broadcast over the Mutual Broadcasting System.

is civilization's major crime. I, for one, would vote to call the whole thing off and make peace at any price, even with the devil himself. If, on the other hand, we are doing battle with the forces of evil, if we are standing firm for the eternal Christian verities, if death is merely an incident in the eternal progress of the human soul, then death is not so serious, then there is meaning back of the horrors of these present times.

Someone will ask me this question: "Well, how do you know that man has an eternal soul?" "What proof have you?" Well, I know that they have eternal souls. The soul is indestructible, even from the violence of one's own hand, should one take his own life. You cannot destroy timeless personality by physical disintegration. The soul is born into this earthly life for the purpose of experience and growth. That is the only purpose of this earthly school in which we now study. Some do no constructive soul studying and therefore deteriorate. They are even put back a grade or two. But I venture to say that the boys who are going through the rigors and the hell of this war will, for the most part, have advanced in soul experience with great rapidity. And how do I know that there is such a thing as a human soul?

I shall begin my answer by telling you the story of Donald Owen Clark, a nineteen-year-old apprentice seaman in the British Merchant Marine. He is the youngest person to have received the George Cross. He received it, however, after his courageous soul had left his mutilated body. He died at sea in circumstances so heroic that the committee who

presented him with a medal could find no words adequate to express their admiration. They did their best, by giving him the following citation. "By his supreme efforts, undertaken without thought of self and in spite of terrible agony, he assured the safety of his comrades. His great heroism and selfless devotion are in keeping with the highest traditions of the Merchant Navy."

This is what happened. Donald's ship was sailing the Atlantic and was hit by two torpedoes. The hit was so effective that the ship was demolished and he was trapped in the wreckage. Flames swept through the remains of the vessel, they reached him. He was terribly burned. Yet he struggled free; he made his way to the only life boat that the survivors could lower. In it were eleven men, most of them so badly burned or injured that they couldn't row. Something had to be done immediately—they had to pull away from this blazing hulk.

So, Donald took an oar and pulled with all he had. As he pulled away from the hulk of fire, he looked at those poor burnt bodies and tried to cheer them. He rowed for two solid hours until there was no danger of drifting back into the flames. Then, another injured man came to relieve him. "All right, friend," he said, "you rest a while, I'll take over." "Sorry" said the boy smiling, "but I can't let go." He had been rowing with burnt hands, burned so badly that he was rowing with bare bones. What little flesh remained, was stuck to the oar. There was only one thing left to do, and that was to take out



knives to cut his hands away from the wood.

When Donald was free of the oar, he curled up in the bottom of the boat and began to sing. On into the night, he sang, so that he might help keep up the courage of his shipmates. As he sang, three men died, and finally with the morning light he fell silent, and when the remaining eight looked at him, he too was dead. The eight living men wept for they had never seen courage to equal that.

What was that mysterious something that made him rise above unbearable pain? What made him the saviour of his comrades, as well as their source of hope in their time of despair? Only great qualities of character deeply ingrained in his soul could explain Donald.

I once went to a museum which had an exhibit on the subject of the human body. In a case was displayed a series of bottles, in which were contained the various chemical qualities that make up your physical body. There they were—all of a man in bottles. Everything that the science of chemistry could reduce from the physical organs of flesh, blood, and bone, was on public display. These bottles were filled with water, lime, calcium, iron, and all of the other component chemical parts of a body. So there in that showcase was a man. Or is that not true? The materialist says there, nothing more, nothing less. The total cost or worth of those chemicals that were in the bottles was about \$1.25. So, my friends, that is all you are worth. Oh, some of you may be worth \$1.50, and on



the other hand some of you are worth about ninety cents, but your average worth is about \$1.25. All of you can be purchased at any drug store—or is there something else that can't be analyzed or put in bottles? What do you think? Can you in any sensible moment, sit there and listen to me and believe that you are nothing more or less than \$1.25 worth of chemicals? If so, the boy you love, who is in the armed forces, is nothing more than that. Then why don't you go out and buy those chemicals, preserve them in bottles at home, for that's all he is. Did you ever hear such nonsense? You know, and I know, that he who you love is a soul. That boy who fights in the South Pacific,

or in Italy, or in Britain, or in Burma, or in a thousand and one other points of battle, can never be reduced to a test tube, for he is a spirit—he is eternal.

So, my friends, you may be mourning some boy whose body has been destroyed. You may mourn, in the future, the death of the flesh of some youngster to whom you gave all of your love and your life. Remember that he is not merely the component chemical parts that can be displayed in bottles. You know that, and so do I. His life, love, courage, and a spark of God Himself, will continue to live with intelligence, feeling, understanding, and wisdom. May he continue growth in the land of God's right and joy.

## *The Best Prayer of the Month*

By **REV. FREDERICK BROWN HARRIS, D.D.**  
Chaplain of the Senate



**L**ORD of all being, at noon-tide, which is Thy gracious dawn, we would join the undaunted pilgrims of the ages whose God is our salvation we would be of that innumerable company who in darkness drear have found in Thee the one true light. In the dusty caravan of another day's journey over trackless sands we would pause at this altar our fathers builded and where burns the sacred fire, that we may keep the bright torch of truth and faith aflame amid the thick gloom that shuts us in. May that truth make us free from the prejudices which blind our eyes to the things which

are excellent, across the false barriers of race and creed. May that faith lead us on as a pillar of cloud and of fire to the shining city of human brotherhood, whose ways are peace, whose citizenship rests only on character and its laws on human good

In these days of destiny, into Thy hands we commit our feeble endeavors to lead the Nation toward the beckoning towers of that city which haunts our dreams; for its luring plan is Thine, and the strength to labor while it is called day is Thine, and unless the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it. Under the Master Builder make us strong to endure, that we faint not nor fear.

# In The Mail Bag

Write Us What You Think of Newsdigest

Just completed reading your last issue of Newsdigest while convalescing in the Two Harbors Hospital. I admire the frank way in which you express your opinions, whether they agree with the views of top ranking big-wigs or whether they clash. This, gentlemen, is bordering on democracy. All world important news boiled down and skimmed off with what is important left. That's Newsdigest. More power to you.—John G. Noland, 606 5th Ave., Two Harbors, Minn.

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I have been looking over the June issue of Newsdigest. I believe it is the most attractive of all the monthly digest publications. You have shown wonderful judgment in the selection of the great variety of good reading matter. Furthermore, it is gotten up in a way that is sure to get the attention of the reader.—Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas.

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Roslyn Silber, Rosalie of Columbia's "The Goldbergs," talks over gardening problems with one of the lads of New York's East Side Peniel Club. Roslyn contributed the seeds for their Victory Gardens.

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