SOLDIERS IN THE TROPICS

By LIEUTENANT GENERAL HIROSHI KAMBAYASHI

The second year of the Greater East Asia War has just come to an end. It was marked by a series of battles on land, sea, and in the air in the southwestern Pacific which have gone down in history by such names as the Solomons, New Guinea, and the Gilbert Islands. People all over the world have been tensely following the many reports which make up the war history of this year. And as this war has shown again and again that, more than anything else, it is the moral and physical stamina of the individual soldier which counts, it has often been asked how it was possible for the human organism of the Japanese soldier to endure the hardships entailed by the tropical campaigns so well.

Upon our request, Lieutenant General Kambayashi, the Head of the Medical Bureau of the Imperial Japanese Army, has contributed the following article in which he answers this question on the basis of his own experiences on the South Pacific front.—K.M.

“TROPICAL campaigns mean hygiene campaigns.” This is the lesson taught by colonial wars in all places and at all times. Strategic preparations and movements as well as methods of supply naturally vary according to climate and actual hygienic conditions. But in the tropics the success or failure of sanitary measures against that invisible foe, disease, really forms the keynote to military victory or defeat. It is hardly necessary to say, therefore, that in our tropical warfare a decisive battle is being waged against this silent but deadly enemy.

Not long ago I returned from an extensive tour of the southwestern Pacific fronts after being in command in the van of an army. The morale of the officers and men at the various fronts was excellent, and sanitary conditions very satisfactory: once again I have been confirmed in my belief in our certain victory. While I had been commander in chief of the medical corps in the warfare in China, I had prided myself on the fact that the standard of hygiene in the continental campaigns had been unsurpassed by any in the history of military hygiene. However, during the two years of the Greater East Asia War the success of our hygienic measures in the tropics, in places said to be the earth’s worst centers of disease, has excelled even that obtained in China. The fact that even on the southwestern Pacific and Burma fronts, where fighting continues day and night and where the rules of sanitation and health are hard to abide by, exceptionally satisfactory hygienic conditions and fighting power are being maintained, seems almost incredible.

Europeans brought up in a climate where summers are cool and comfortable and winters damp and cold, find the high temperature and humidity of tropical regions hard to bear. Indeed, they are actually handicapped by the climate. The Japanese, however, raised as they are in a climate where the summer is of practically the same high temperature and humidity as the tropics, do not find living in the tropics such a trial, nor are they handicapped by the climate. As, moreover, there is throughout the year a more constant breeze in some tropical regions than in Japan proper, the temperature on the whole seems lower to the Japanese than that of July and August.
in their own country. Thus these regions can be regarded as belonging to the comfortable zone and quite endurable to the Japanese.

Even in the low-lying areas along the coast, where the worst effects of tropical climate are to be found, the climate alone has not in any way hindered the advance of the Japanese. Hence it goes without saying that in the mountain districts of the tropics, where the climate corresponds to that of spring and autumn in Japan, efficient action on the part of the troops can be relied upon.

A comparison of the climograph of Shonan with that of Tokyo and London, as shown in Chart I, clearly reveals the similarity between the Japanese summer climate and the all-year-round climate of Shonan.

![Chart I](image)

Consequently, the climate of the tropics is no obstacle to our Japanese Army; indeed, when compared with the difficulties of the American, English, Australian, and Canadian forces, it represents a considerable advantage on our side. In many tropical places, our Army—

from a climatic point of view—finds military operations easier than summer maneuvers in Japan proper. And in many respects concerning clothing, food, and shelter, the Japanese Army may find tropical operations simpler to conduct than those on the Asiatic mainland.

Since the outbreak of the Greater East Asia War, there have been no cases in the Imperial Japanese Army of physical disturbances directly attributable to the influence of tropical climate; in particular, there has been no case of disorder of the nervous system of the brain, nor has any instance of sunstroke been reported.

**MALADIES OF THE TROPICS**

As a result of their climate, the tropics are a region where epidemics and endemics are rampant. It is, therefore, generally believed that this zone forms a great menace to newcomers, especially to those whose activities must take place under unfavorable conditions, such as in military actions. However, scientific study has proved that tropical maladies and endemics all occur in lower forms of civilization; they are not limited to the tropical zone but have at times been prevalent in the temperate and frigid zones too and actually even break out in these zones. That is to say that epidemics and contagious diseases once widespread in Japan and Europe now only prevail in the tropical regions, because in the civilized world these maladies have been wiped out as the result of improved medical knowledge and sanitary conditions.

Thus we see that the chief maladies of the tropics—malaria, plague, dysentery, typhoid, typhus, cholera, smallpox, leprosy, etc.—can be ousted with the improvement of social and economic conditions among the peoples of the south and with the diffusion and perfection of preventive sanitary facilities. Among these are the supply of clean drinking water, the prohibition of contaminated food, the provision of appropriate sewerage and drainage systems, the maintenance of cleanliness, the improvement of living quarters,
In conjunction with these, the organization of a sufficient number of suitable medical institutions, a thorough education and training in personal and group health, and the cultivation of healthy habits, will prevent the greater part of these tropical diseases and wipe them out from native life. America, England, and Australia have in the last few decades carried out a number of sanitary measures, with the result that some of these plague regions have been transformed into places fit for Europeans to live in; but these places were limited to a few residential districts, while wide native areas have remained in their original disease-ridden state.

It was through such haunts of ill-health that our Army made its advance. Yet the incidence of disease among our troops was really very low. The reason for this may be no other than that the proclamation of war accorded with the will of Heaven, so that all advantages of this struggle have been with our Army. On the other hand, it is also due in part to the excellent hygienic provisions and measures undertaken by the Army.

In comparing the health statistics of the Greater East Asia War with those of former European and American wars, we find that the ratio of incidence of illness among our troops is exceedingly low. The fact that we have achieved an unprecedentedly low mortality rate from sickness in the field is a proof of the progress in war-time medicine made by the Imperial Army and of the indomitable activity of the members of its medical staff.

After victory, a statistical study of the incidence of field diseases and mortality from such diseases will be published; but I can already say here that at the present time, even on the southwestern Pacific fronts where violent fighting is raging in a most unsanitary environment, the ratio of incidence of field diseases is remarkably lower than that of the China incident, not to mention the Sino-Japanese and Russo-Japanese Wars. The following chart shows the ratio of mortality from field diseases in former wars fought by Japan.

This chart, as well as any study of former wars, clearly reveals that, especially in tropical warfare, an army is usually persecuted by epidemics and endemics. In the following I therefore present a résumé of the Imperial Army's experience regarding the most important of these in its pursuit of the Greater East Asia War.

**MALARIA**

In the various European and American wars of the nineteenth century, especially in colonial wars, the belligerent nations suffered terribly from the ravages of malaria. Many of these experiences have taught our century important lessons in war-time hygiene. Nevertheless, during the Great War of 1914/18, a malaria epidemic severely harassed even the German and Austrian armies, to say nothing of the Anglo-French forces. The damage was particularly heavy during the third and fourth years of the war; and on the Macedonian front malaria disabled such numbers of troops that war action became impossible. Chart III shows the incidence of malaria in some of the foreign wars of the past.

Let us now turn to the China incident. With the extension of the battle zone from North to Central China and to the tropical and subtropical regions of South China, and with the advance of the Imperial Army into the interior of China—notorious for the fact that the majority of the natives are carriers of the malaria germ—a comparatively large number of malaria cases broke out among the Japanese troops. However, the total
number of patients and the death ratio were far lower than expected, and no such alarming condition occurred as in the history of former foreign wars.

The following table shows the ratio of malaria cases during the China incident according to years and regions. From it we see that, on an average of four years, the aggregate number of patients was 0.540 per thousand. Among the various former wars and incidents in which our country was involved, the Sino-Japanese War and the North China incident had shown the highest rate. Although the China incident had twice as high a ratio as the North China incident, the death rate decreased tremendously, dropping from 6.1 per cent to 0.3 per cent (see Chart II).

TABLE I
Ratio of Malaria Cases by Years and Regions in the China Incident
(per thousand)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>North China</th>
<th>Central China</th>
<th>South China</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1937 *</td>
<td>0.008</td>
<td>0.237</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>0.108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1938</td>
<td>0.093</td>
<td>1.329</td>
<td>1.125**</td>
<td>0.719</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1939</td>
<td>0.178</td>
<td>1.446</td>
<td>0.603</td>
<td>0.812</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1940</td>
<td>0.090</td>
<td>0.754</td>
<td>0.990</td>
<td>0.567</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1941 ***</td>
<td>0.040</td>
<td>0.427</td>
<td>0.694</td>
<td>0.329</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4-Year Average:</td>
<td>0.098</td>
<td>0.846</td>
<td>0.882</td>
<td>0.540</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* July-December
** October-December
*** January-June

Looking at the ratio of incidence by regions, it is only natural that it was low in North China and high in Central and South China. Table II shows the prevalence of the various types of malarial fever, with three-day fever and tropical fever well in the lead. Three-day fever occurred most frequently in midsummer, while there were many cases of tropical fever from late summer through the autumn into early winter. The types listed under "Others" represent mixed infections or symptoms.

TABLE II
Ratio of the Different Types of Malaria Cases in the China Expeditionary Army
(in per cent)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Region</th>
<th>3-Day Fever</th>
<th>4-Day Fever</th>
<th>Tropical Fever</th>
<th>Others</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(1939)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>North China</td>
<td>51.2</td>
<td>1.3</td>
<td>47.0</td>
<td>0.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Central</td>
<td>67.7</td>
<td>2.3</td>
<td>28.4</td>
<td>1.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South</td>
<td>66.6</td>
<td>2.4</td>
<td>13.8</td>
<td>17.2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(1940)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>North China</td>
<td>55.8</td>
<td>0.4</td>
<td>2.2</td>
<td>41.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Central</td>
<td>61.6</td>
<td>1.0</td>
<td>6.8</td>
<td>0.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South</td>
<td>75.6</td>
<td>0.6</td>
<td>9.2</td>
<td>14.6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The regions of southern Asia are hotbeds of malaria, and the proportion of natives contracting the disease varies between 100 per cent in the most severely affected districts and 10 per cent in those least affected.

Consequently, good use was made of our experiences in China in working out a preparatory campaign against malaria for our southern strategy. Owing to preventive measures now being employed against malaria on the spot, exemplary results are being achieved. In the southwestern Pacific and in Burma, the number of cases reached its peak in May 1943 and has since then fallen considerably, so that there is no longer any danger whatever of our fighting power being impaired by this disease.
CHOLERA

East Asia is the original home of cholera, and during the first two years of the China incident the Japanese Army suffered quite a number of infections. However, Chart II shows that, as a result of positive clinical endeavors, the death rate was greatly decreased. Since then, by concerted action on the part of military and civilian health staffs, the outbreak of this disease has been stemmed to the utmost, with the result that today epidemics are practically nonexistent. Even in the most seriously affected districts of Burma, Thailand, and French Indo-China, only a few cases have appeared among the troops.

DYSENTERY AND TYPHOID

In the past, dysentery and other intestinal diseases constituted one of the greatest problems to any army at war. Especially in colonial wars of the past, these epidemics were extremely virulent, and it is unnecessary to quote any examples to show that they were the chief cause for the decline in fighting power. Intestinal diseases still represent the nucleus of war diseases. In the various southern regions these diseases are looked upon as common ailments and are widespread among the natives, thus doubly exposing the Imperial Army to their menace. Nevertheless, their incidence and mortality rate among our troops are very low, and it is a fact that there are even fewer cases in the tropical war areas than in China.

We can say that the credit for this lies entirely with the tireless activity of the troops of the Army Medical Corps in controlling water supplies—an activity of which we may well be proud—and with the discipline of officers and men in abiding by health regulations.

PLAGUE, TYPHUS, BERIBERI, ETC.

In Burma—which adjoins India, the hotbed of plague—as well as in Djawa, Thailand, and French Indo-China, in all of which places there have been frequent outbreaks of plague, the cases of plague in the Japanese Army can practically be counted on the fingers of one hand. This is due to the fact that the spread of the disease among the natives in the occupied regions is being controlled and has been reduced to a minimum. The
Army Medical Corps has come to place great faith in its countermeasures.

In many wars of the past and in the present European war, there have been typhus epidemics in various camps which have caused heavy damage. To an army at war, this is one of the gravest diseases; but in our Army there have been but a few cases so far. In the tropical regions, not a single case has been reported yet. Aside from the fact that typhus is not a tropical disease, it may be that the habits of the Japanese, who love to bath and wash, account for this.

Although beriberi and scurvy were so prevalent in past wars in the tropics, a marked decrease in their incidence and mortality rate was to be noted in the China incident, while in the southern war area we have hardly seen any such cases at all. This is credited to the fact that the southern regions are nearly all geographically favorable to the residence of the Japanese and are rich in food resources appropriate to the Japanese, so that a suitable diet is provided.

As for dengue fever, kala-azar, and other such maladies peculiar to the tropics, their incidence is extremely slight and no hindrance to military operations.

In past colonial wars, mortality from sickness in European and American armies by far surpassed that caused by enemy action. In the Greater East Asia War, however, the health of the Imperial Japanese Army has been maintained at an excellent level. Not only has the fighting power not been diminished by field diseases, but the general state of health is in fact better among the troops in the south than among the forces operating in China.

Ever since the Manchurian incident, (1931) the many years of experience in hygienic measures in zones frigid or tropical, on islands large or small, have led to new research. The practical application of the results of this research has in turn led to further precious experience, thus enabling us to make rapid strides in army hygiene. Hence when Japan faced the forces of America, Britain, and Holland, her Army Medical Corps was prepared.

In our numerous recent campaigns we have been able to obtain a hygienic level never reached in any war of the past. And with our reserve forces it is our aim to develop sanitation in the various southern regions and to provide medical treatment and disease prevention to the natives. Some of the results we have thus achieved entitle us to the belief that we are contributing our share toward the acquisition of final victory.

THE WORLD'S YOUNGEST REPUBLIC

By ADAM VOLLHARDT

Adam Vollhardt, the head of the Tokyo office of the German DNB news service, was the only foreign journalist to participate in the recent ceremonies on the occasion of the Philippine declaration of independence in Manila. In the ensuing weeks he had ample opportunity to become acquainted with the conditions and problems of the world's youngest republic in the course of numerous discussions with the leading personalities of the country.—K.M.

WHILE coming down to land, our plane slowly made three wide circles over the capital of the Philippines. This gave us a fascinating, bird's-eye view of the city lying embedded in tropical green at the edge of a deep bay. Manila was a peaceful sight. Nowhere was there a sign of destruction or any other trace to indicate that a bare two years ago a battle had been waged for the city.

This impression of peace was strengthened when, later in the evening, I went out into the gay, brightly lit streets of Manila. Coming as I did from war-time Germany and war-time Japan, these sur-
roundings seemed almost unreal to me. A Spartan arriving in Egypt may have felt as I did. The streets were crowded. Everywhere were carromatas—the typical two-wheeled horse vehicle of the Philippines—pedicabs, and large American luxury cars. Taxis no longer exist, but the carromatas and pedicabs take care of most of the traffic. There were large crowds outside the Hai-Alai, where every evening thousands of enthusiastic Filipinos, Chinese, and other sport fans go to watch this ball game from the Basque country. Besides homemade whisky, rum, beer, and other beverages, the restaurants also serve food which in many countries can hardly be obtained today, or at least not without ration cards.

However, the first impression gained of the daily life of the Filipinos must undergo a certain adjustment after a more lengthy stay. It becomes apparent that their lives, too, their food and their clothing, are affected by the war. For instance, the authorities have introduced allotment and rationing of the chief staples such as rice and sugar, as well as price control. In addition to this, they have meanwhile also issued stricter regulations against black-market activities and profiteering. Clothing and many textiles can only be obtained against coupons. But various goods which were formerly imported and are at present not yet being produced in the country itself still change hands over and over again, so that gradually they can be obtained only at fantastic prices. The Government is trying to put an end to this unhealthy economic phenomenon, too, by the necessary measures, including severe penalties.

VISIT TO THE PRESIDENT

Today, the fate of the Philippines is held chiefly in the hands of their President, Dr. José P. Laurel, whose political career has shown that he is able to steer a clear course with determination. My first interview with the President took place on the Day of Independence. The celebrations were over, the state receptions concluded, and it was nearly ten o'clock in the evening when I arrived at the Malacanan Palace, the official residence of the State President, which lies a short distance from the center of the city. Surrounded by large, well-kept grounds with gravel paths and huge palm trees, it is built in typical Spanish style, which harmonizes well with its natural environment. The interior of the palace is simple and shows great taste. The heavy, beautifully carved furniture made of Philippine wood supplies the right touch to the high, airy rooms.

The President had just finished his interview with the representatives of the Japanese press. On this particular evening he was wearing the Filipino barang t'alog, a richly embroidered shirt, and was enjoying a cigar. The atmosphere was almost one of intimacy. The President answered my questions in a soft, level voice. Seeing him sitting there like that, it was hard to imagine that this was the born orator who on that very morning had spoken with so much temperament to the vast crowds attending the celebration of independence.

President Laurel has had an interesting life. He was born the son of a farmer. His father was so great a fanatic of Filipino independence that he would not permit the use of Spanish and—after the United States acquired the islands from Spain—English in his house, as he considered these languages instruments of his people's oppression. A true child of the sunny islands and their gay, music-loving people, young Laurel had many adventures which are still being narrated among his compatriots. Eventually he went to Manila to study at the University. Devoting himself enthusiastically to his studies, he passed all his examinations with flying colors. His main interest was centered on law. Soon the educational facilities of Manila no longer sufficed him: he went to America and graduated in law at Yale University, to continue his law studies in Oxford and Paris, where he also took up political subjects.

THE "CONLEY CASE"

A man of maturity and experience, José Laurel returned to Manila. With sur-
prising swiftness he succeeded in realizing his dream of becoming a politician. At the age of thirty-one he was already Secretary for the Interior, thus assuming a prominent position in the administration as one of the youngest politicians of the country.

An unpleasant recollection from those days for the Americans is the “Conley case,” which at that time caused a serious crisis in the relations between the USA and the Philippines. Laurel had opposed the reinstallation of an American policeman by the name of Conley, who had committed a number of offenses. Laurel refused to be the puppet of the American Governor General and resigned. This unequivocal attitude of the young Secretary for the Interior caused a sensation in the press of both countries and also ensured Laurel of the sympathies of the Philippine nationalists.

Later on, Laurel was included in the committee preparing the constitution and was appointed a member of the Senate, Secretary of Justice, and Judge of the Supreme Court. In between he continued to practice as a lawyer. When the Japanese occupied Manila, Laurel was made Commissioner for the Interior. He appeared in the limelight of world publicity in June 1943 when an attempt was made on his life on the Manila golf links and he was seriously injured.

MOVIES AND SCHOOLS

No one can say that the future facing the President and his colleagues now that the independence of the Philippines has been achieved is an easy one. Here a country has been made independent which for centuries has been under foreign influence. For that reason the Filipinos must pass through a tremendous transformation, economically as well as politically and culturally.

Film, radio, press, and education have already been adjusted for this purpose. American movies have disappeared from the cinema houses of Manila. Beside Japanese newsreels and war pictures one can now also see the first products of the young Philippine movie industry. Gradually more and more schools are being reopened and new educational institutions founded. It cannot be denied that the problem of education is still causing serious anxiety to the authorities. Even during the time of the Americans, there were still many illiterates in the islands. In those days, only some sixty per cent of all children went to school or received any education; today this figure has sunk even lower because of the shortage of teachers, the closing of foreign schools, and the difficulties of transportation. Nothing causes so much justified apprehension as a neglected and undisciplined youth; hence the efforts at training new teachers and opening more schools. Hand in hand with these go the plans for looking after the health of the younger generation and its physical training.

THE "KALIBAPI"

The authorities are supported in these tasks by the Philippine national movement, the “Kalibapi,” which was brought into existence a year ago. This is not a political party but a national movement on a broad basis which is to embrace all classes of the population and can be more or less compared in its aims with the Japanese “Taisei Yokusankai” (Movement for the Support of the Imperial Rule).

“We want to work for the good of the country and the unity of the people,” the head of the Kalibapi, Camilo Osias, told me in an interview. “You see, we are now a young, independent republic. We are confronted with many problems which can only be solved if the entire nation is aware of the responsibilities entailed for each individual by the liberty and the defense of the independence of the country. Thus we wish at the same time to create a bond between government and people through the Kalibapi. First we shall train a body of leaders. At present our movement already numbers about 700,000 registered members, mostly young men. Every Filipino man or woman over the age of eighteen can become a member of the Kalibapi. In addition to this, we are now systematically building up a youth organization. Our program plans for
Meeting place of new republicans: the City Plaza of Manila, seen from the Manila Hotel.

They have bananas. An inter-island steamer being unloaded.

Motorboats, sailing craft, and small outrigger vessels are used to catch fish.
Nothing easier than moving house in the Philippines; you simply call in all your friends, and they carry the whole house to whatever new location you may have chosen.

Teresa smiles at the camera, while her mother does not let herself be disturbed in her work of winnowing the new rice harvest.

Memory of the past: a luxurious former military post of the United States.
gradually including about twenty-five per cent of the total population of the country in the Kalibapi, about one third of them women. Thus we hope to be able to increase the membership of the Kalibapi to about 3.6 million within a year. We want to establish a kind of voluntary labor corps and to lead back our young people to a simple, natural life. They are to be given back their true ideals and no longer to regard American materialism as desirable.

“We shall send out young settlers all over the country, and we intend to train agricultural experts who will be able to advise the young farmers and peasants. By this means we hope to achieve an increased production of the essential foodstuffs. We want to educate the population to become independent of many articles of daily use which were formerly imported from abroad and which we can replace or produce ourselves.

“The ideal for our young people is to be our great nationalist and fighter for liberty, José Rizal. For that reason, December 30, the day on which Rizal was shot by the Spaniards in 1896 on the famous Bagumbayan field in Manila, has been made a national day. Rizal, by reason of his struggle for freedom and his patriotic poems and publications, has gone down as the greatest Filipino in our history. We cannot do better,” Osias concluded, “than continue his work and make true his ideals.”

UNCLE SAM’S STRINGS

Rizal’s work is now being continued by a man who holds in his hands almost dictatorial powers. On studying the constitution of the young Philippine Republic, one is amazed at the far-reaching rights it grants to the President although, on the other hand, it is a liberal constitution. In his speech on Independence Day, in which he outlined his program, Laurel spoke of a “military regime” which would have to exist especially during the first phase of the Philippine Republic. Only by concentrating all forces, Laurel emphasized, could all the problems be mastered which were now facing the Philippines as an independent country.

I was told on one occasion in Manila that the present constitution of the Republic had almost the same wording as the constitution of the former Commonwealth of the Philippines. In a way, this is correct. But the old constitution contained a little appendix which actually revoked everything stipulated by the constitution. There was almost nothing that was not subject to the control and permission of the United States. Any law passed by the National Assembly of the Commonwealth of the Philippines could always be annulled by the President of the United States. No measure, whether it affected import, export, immigration, or currency, could be put into force until the President of the United States had approved it. Even in the case of legal decisions, the Americans had reserved the right of veto. However, Uncle Sam had so little confidence that he was always adding new measures of control. Should any of the paragraphs of this Constitutional Appendix have left some legal loophole to the Filipinos, a formula was found in Paragraph 19 which gave the Americans sufficient excuse for any measure they might have wanted to take. For it contained the words:

The President of the United States shall have authority to suspend the taking effect of or the operation of any law, contract or executive order of the Government of the Commonwealth of the Philippines, which in his judgment will result in a failure . . . .

Thus the Filipinos now have for the first time a constitution which actually stipulates the rights and duties of the people and their leaders without giving any foreign power the right to determine or influence the destiny of the country. On the other hand, the Philippine people have undertaken a responsibility and duty to which they must show themselves equal in the course of the next few years.

ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE, TOO

If one studies the present political and economic situation of the country, one is always brought back to the realization that the key to the solution of all the
problems and difficulties of the young Republic is to be found in the economic sphere. The pacification of the Philippines and the winning over of possible political opponents would become a secondary question as soon as a solution is found for the many economic problems. These problems can only be properly understood if one considers the unnatural economic structure of the Philippines before the war and their complete economic dependence on the USA. While almost the entire exports of the country went to the United States, even the tiniest machine part had to be imported from America, as the islands had developed no industry of their own under American rule. It will now require immense labor, costs, and sacrifices to build up an independent economic system in the country, a system which would provide the Philippines with the necessary stability as well as the income to cover all the expenditures to be borne by the new state.

The individual Filipino will probably find it not entirely easy to adjust himself to the new conditions. In Manila there are quite a lot of people who still dream of the days of the gold boom, when the Philippine gold-mine shares sometimes rose overnight to fantastic heights. At the time, this gold boom brought a sudden stream of money into the country and considerable luxury to Manila.

However, my interviews with all the important Philippine statesmen and personalities have shown me that these circles fully realize today that no sound economic system can ever be built up on so unnatural a basis. Consequently, an economic program has already been drawn up which is soberly founded on the conditions and possibilities such as they are in the country. "We have no intention of becoming an industrial country," I was told in Manila, "for that would mean an unnatural development for the Philippines. We are a country of farmers and shall remain so. However, at the same time we shall fully exploit our natural wealth of minerals such as coal, iron, manganese, copper, gold, etc."

FOOD PROBLEM?

It is only logical that the chief point of the economic program should be the safeguarding of the national food basis. It is true that, on coming to the Philippines, one is at first surprised that there could be any such thing as a food problem here. A tropical climate and a fertile soil make almost all vegetation flourish in this country. Indeed, according to the estimates of experts, the soil could feed at least four times the number of the present population. The intention is now to grow enough rice in the Philippines to cover the entire requirements of the population. Similar plans have been made with regard to cattle and chicken raising, fishery, and other fields.

If, in spite of all this, there is a food problem in the Philippines, chiefly in the cities, the main reason for this is to be sought elsewhere. First and foremost, there is the difficulty of transportation, to be met with everywhere. One must bear in mind that the Philippines consist of thousands of islands spread over a vast area. No efforts were made by the Americans to develop railway communications on the main islands. Hence what is required for the transportation and distribution of goods is, beside ships, trucks of all kinds and fuel to drive them with, fuel which was formerly imported from abroad.

DRIVING ON SUGAR

This is where the country's most important product, sugar, comes in. What has sugar to do with the problem of transportation, one asks? Well, strange as it may sound, the Philippines have for some time been using sugar to drive with, or rather, the alcohol obtained from sugar by a comparatively easy process. Molasses, the residue in the manufacture of sugar, is simply fermented and turned into alcohol. Nowadays, the alcohol is also being manufactured directly from the cane without sugar being produced at all. As the Minister of Agriculture, Rafael Alunan, told me, the Philippines intend to produce enough sugar again within a year or two to
cover the entire fuel requirements of the country as well and thus to become independent of any gasoline imports.

Incidentally, sugar alcohol is nothing new in the Philippines. Even in the old days, many motor vehicles were driven with it on the sugar island of Negros. Although the Americans destroyed most of the sugar factories during their retreat, especially on Negros, it is hoped that a total of 500,000 tons of sugar will be produced by 1945. (The prewar production was about a million tons.) Of this quantity, 150,000 tons are to be used for exchange with the other nations of Greater East Asia, 150,000 tons for local consumption, and the remaining 200,000 tons for the production of alcohol.

At present, however, conditions are still such that, in Manila, for instance, the capital of a sugar country, sugar is to be obtained only with difficulty and at a high price because of the American “scorched earth” tactics. Formerly, about nine to ten pesos were paid for a bag of sugar; today, more than two hundred pesos are being asked for the same quantity.

MILLIONS OF CIGARS

What is the situation regarding tobacco, the second most important product of the Philippines? Here, naturally enough, the war put a sudden end to the huge Philippine exports of tobacco and cigars. Thus one might be led to the assumption that the country’s tobacco industry had suffered a serious blow. Curiously enough, however, the political and military events have so far had little adverse effect on this branch of industry. Its production is still considerable, but the factories have quickly adjusted themselves to local consumption and now manufacture chiefly cigarettes, which used to be imported largely from the USA. For, by means of widespread advertising, the Americans had succeeded in supplying 50 to 60 per cent of the entire cigarette consumption of a country that itself produces vast quantities of tobacco. The dark-brown, strong-flavored Philippine cigarette not being particularly popular, experiments are now being made to grow a Virginian tobacco for cigarettes by distributing imported seed to the tobacco growers in the provinces of La Union and Pangasinan. The first harvest of this year has been said to be a good one by experts. From January to September 1943, some 107 million cigars and about 1½ billion cigarettes were produced.

Tobacco growing, however, has suffered considerably from the war. Here again transportation is one of the main reasons. Once this problem is solved, there will be nothing to hinder increased cultivation.

Thanks to the rapid advance of the Japanese after their landing in northeastern Luzon, the Americans had no time to carry out their work of destruction in the tobacco regions of those parts. For the best tobacco district in the Philippines is to be found on Luzon in the valley of the Rio Grande Cagayan, a river about 350 kilometers long which flows through the tobacco provinces of Isabella and Cagayan. During the rainy season (October to December), the river overflows its banks and, like the Nile, deposits a thick layer of slime which makes all artificial fertilization unnecessary. These two provinces produce about 15 million kilograms of tobacco a year. The tobacco is planted between the end of December and the beginning of January, and it is harvested from the end of February to May. After the harvest, the same fields are usually planted with maize, so that the Philippine farmers, at least those in the valley of the Rio Grande Cagayan, obtain two harvests a year on the same soil.

The tobacco trade in the Philippines is in the hands of a few firms which maintain their buying organizations in the provinces. In normal years, the total tobacco crop of the Philippines amounts to some 45 million kilograms, of which about eight million kilograms are used by the farmers themselves. Incidentally, the largest customers for raw tobacco in former times were not the Americans but the Spaniards, who bought about 38 per cent of the raw tobacco of
the Philippines. Only five per cent went to America, while 40 per cent of the raw tobacco was cured and processed in the country. On the other hand, the Americans bought almost 200 million cigars out of a total annual production of nearly 330 million. The Filipinos themselves smoked some 100 million cigars a year. As for cigarettes, the twelve factories of Manila used to produce about 3½ billion a year, practically all of which were sold in the islands.

The well-known Manila hemp is already playing an important role in the clothing of the population, now that the import of textiles has ceased. But in addition to this, many other articles of daily use are now being manufactured from this Philippine product. Consequently, production has diminished only slightly, especially as the Japanese armed forces represent one of the chief customers for hemp and hemp goods.

BUDDING ARMY

Every day, on my way from the Manila Hotel into town, I could observe a military spectacle in the vast Luneta Park, a spectacle that has already become an institution. For some time now, young Filipinos are being trained by officers for enrollment in the "Constabulary Forces" of the country. They are to preserve peace and order in the Philippines as a sort of military policy. The importance attached to the building up of these Constabulary Forces on the part of the Government can be gauged from the large sums budgeted for this purpose. At the same time, the Constabulary Forces are to form the nucleus for a future army.

During the next few months, the Constabulary Forces are to be increased to about 40,000 to 50,000 men. Nothing is yet known concerning their final numerical strength. Of course, their training and equipment and thus the formation of an army depend mainly on the financial condition of the country, which at present does not permit any large expenditures of that kind. In its first session, the National Assembly approved a Government proposal according to which the officers' corps of the Constabulary Forces is to consist of several brigadier generals, ten colonels, 24 lieutenant colonels, 37 majors, 97 captains, and 221 first lieutenants. Their Supreme Commander is the President of the Republic.

In this connection, President Laurel's statement on the occasion of the signing of the alliance with Japan deserves special attention. This pact, the President announced, does not mean a declaration of war on the part of the Philippine Republic against any foreign power. No Philippine soldier will be used for military service outside of the frontiers of the country. If, however, the independence and territorial sovereignty of the Philippines should be threatened, arms would be taken up for the defense of the country. Thus the agreement was solely of a defensive nature.

Consequently, the Philippines occupy a unique position among the states of East Asia. For all the countries of this sphere which have ties of friendship or alliance with Japan, viz., China, Manchoukuo, Thailand, Burma, and the National Government of Free India, are at present at war with Britain and America.

Today the Philippine Republic is the youngest independent state in the world. Its path in the future will be lined in the next few years by many difficulties and many worries for its leaders. But the prerequisites are available in the country for the gradual building up of a sound state. In this respect, the healthy optimism is notable which one meets with in all leading Philippine personalities:

"We shall succeed, we are convinced of that," President Laurel said to me. "But we need time!"
INTERVIEW WITH THE NETHAJI

By WILHELM SCHULZE

A new name has appeared like a meteor in the headlines of the newspapers of East Asia, that of Subhas Chandra Bose. Since his arrival in East Asia after a mysterious trip from Germany, his fiery speeches and confident enthusiasm have made him a celebrated personality. As there are not many people, however, who have met him face to face, we are now publishing a living portrait of him drawn by Wilhelm Schulze, the East Asia correspondent of the "Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" in Berlin.—K.M.

In my life as a journalist I have interviewed all kinds of prominent people. Yet to this day I have a feeling of tension and uncertainty when I am about to meet some particularly outstanding personality. The question of what to say to such a man always disconcerts me.

In the case of Subhas Chandra Bose, the man who for so many years has been fighting the British Empire with singular daring, this feeling of uncertainty did not survive very long when I called on him a few days ago. And as for the question of what to say to him, this did not arise at all. I had been in his presence for less than two minutes, and tea had hardly been served, when his ease of manner and personal charm drove away the last vestiges of my shyness. After an hour of animated conversation between the two of us, my feeling of unfamiliarity had given way to complete agreement with his ideas and sympathy with his problems, more so than is usually possible with other people even after months of acquaintance. I admit quite openly that Subhas Chandra Bose has won me over to his cause—lock, stock, and barrel.

Subhas Chandra Bose is the Head of the Provisional Government of Free India and Generalissimo of the Indian National Army of Liberation. To capture him must be the dream of every British Secret Service agent. Subhas Chandra Bose has offered the members of this organization plenty of opportunity since his flight from India to Germany and his adventurous journey to Japan; but the British always missed the bus. In Tokyo, where he was staying as an observer of the Congress of the Independent Nations of Greater East Asia and was, no doubt, the most sensational personality present, a single Japanese policeman stationed at the gate of the beautiful villa housing him and his small staff was enough to guarantee his security.

But, even without the policeman at the gate, it would probably be no easy matter to capture him; for, sitting in the comfortable armchair before me, Subhas Chandra Bose was the personification of physical strength and mental vitality. His broad figure, stocky rather than tall, radiates health. He was wearing a well-cut uniform of the Indian Army of Liberation, distinguished from that of a private only by two small disks on the right breast. His movements are vigorous but controlled, and one can tell that they are only indications of what they can be if necessity arises. His clean-shaven, almost light-skinned face and spectacled eyes radiate an energy and intensity of life which make it seem inadvisable to start a quarrel with him.

In contrast to his enemies and opponents in India, the impression he gives is one of untouched reserves of latent power. When his chief aide-de-camp Hassan comes in to ask him something and addresses him as "Nethaji," which means leader, I must admit that Bose merits this title if only for his tremendous vitality. He is the exact opposite of all we imagine an Indian to be in the way of passivity, tolerance, and uncomplain-
ing acceptance of the sufferings dealt out by a hostile fate.

In the last few months he has proved that he may lay justified claim to the title of Netaji by having created a disciplined, powerful organization out of the chaos in which he found the Indian movement in East Asia on his arrival. He has demonstrated his talent for leadership in dozens of negotiations with the statesmen out here, from Prime Minister Tojo to Dr. Ba Maw, the Burmese chief of state. It stands to reason that these men would not have chosen him as an ally and co-fighter on a decisive front if they were not convinced of his ability and carried away by his enthusiasm. And finally he proved himself a leader at the Congress of Nations as well as in the many interviews which he granted to the press and which made great demands upon his presence of mind.

He was still somewhat inclined to be the leader when, after the first few exchanges of courtesies and compliments, we turned to the sober facts of his struggle. It was he who put the questions at first, for he wished to quench his thirst for knowledge of the situation in Europe, of political developments in Germany, his first place of exile; and this thirst for knowledge reveals his desire not to overlook events in the outer world in his preoccupation over his own affairs. Then only could we approach his own theme: India. His inquisitive eyes grew soft when finally he began to speak about India and her troubles, about his own plans and intentions, about the difficulties facing him and their undeniably approaching solution, and about the coming victory of free, independent India.

Bose has one firm, unshakeable conception of the events of the future which he repeats in all his interviews and all his speeches: India’s independence can only be a real independence if it is gained by her own sacrifices. Only an independence that has been paid for by the Indians with their own blood can be defended in time of need, and Bose rejects any other independence for India. He has sometimes been reproached for this firm attitude, and it has been said that he was bloodthirsty, or at least spoke bloodthirstily. Indeed, many of his utterances seem to justify this reproach, and it is true that he never forgets to mention the necessity of sacrifice in lives.

In this conversation he surprised me by not speaking of his determination to make such sacrifices but, on the contrary, by emphasizing the more unwarlike sides of his struggle for his country. Knowing his subject, India, by heart as he does, and never having recourse to notes in his public speeches, he preferred on this occasion to discuss the political aspects of his campaign, and with them the idea of India from the cultural point of view. Perhaps I was partly responsible for this by remarking that he was to be envied for the satisfaction of knowing that he had done all that was possible for the conquest of India, but that I did not envy him the probably much more difficult task of one day having to unite the 380 million Indians with their different languages, religions, castes, and classes and to weld them into one nation.

“That will not be nearly as hard as you may perhaps think at the moment.” Bose replied softly. He always speaks softly in a deep voice, and his English is sometimes slightly guttural. “But I see that you have been reading English literature on India, and that your ideas correspond to what the English like to spread everywhere. Let me tell you that neither religions nor castes, neither the maharajahs nor the ‘depressed classes’ invented during the last few years by the English, the ‘untouchables,’ offer serious problems in the way of Indian unity. Neither will the parties, once we have driven out the British. And even less the differences in language.”

Then I was given a little lecture on Indian history, which rapidly led from the earliest origins via the mutiny of 1857, the first organized Indian revolt against England, to the recent past and the present. The maharajahs! It stands to reason that, as the beneficiaries of the British rule, they are without exception opposed to the Indian struggle for free-
dom. But the unarmed population will drive them out with sticks and scythes as soon as the British have been beaten; for England’s friendship has not extended so far as to permit the maharajahs to have their own troops. The conflict between Hindus and Moslems? It has only existed for a few decades, having been invented by the British Viceroy Lord Minto and taken up and furthered by Mohammedan dignitaries for selfish reasons. But the Congress Party has more Moslem members than the Moslem League. And finally, the depressed classes? They were not discovered by the English until the latter found that even religious disputes were no longer enough to sustain their policy of “divide and rule.” They are by no means a political problem but a purely social one which, however, must be dealt with far more thoroughly than the British have ever pretended to do.

“The English have seen to it.” Bose then continued, “that the world forgot that India has actually always formed a cultural unit in her history, although not always a political one. In spite of all differences in language, an Indian from the North will find all he needs for his private and religious life everywhere in the South. In our prayers for our country we include by name all the holy places from one end of India to the other. In former days the numerous founders of philosophical schools in India, who benefited by the proverbial Indian tolerance and provided the outer world with a constant stream of new thought, had, if they wished to obtain recognition for their new doctrines, to travel from one holy place to another to debate with the representatives of the existing schools before they could say that they had won India over. This feeling of all India’s unity is something the English have never been able to take from us, no matter how many allies they bought and used from Indian ranks. The very fact that at present the innermost British circles are planning and preparing to split up India after the war into four or five completely separate countries shows more clearly than anything else that all their other measures for the destruction of Indian unity have failed. No, indeed, not for a moment am I anxious about Indian unity after the war has been won against the English.”

Bose waxed so enthusiastic over his theme that he even let his cigarette go out. Lost in thought, he took another out of the box beside him, pulled out his lighter, lit it and, without having lit the new cigarette, went on speaking. He hardly noticed that I finally gave him a light and blew out his own lighter. It was not until a few seconds later, in the midst of a sentence, that he thanked me. But soon that cigarette went out too, and neither of us bothered about lighting a third.

“It is a really fine gesture but at the same time it is an auspicious deed,” he continued, “that at the Congress of the Independent Nations of Greater East Asia Premier Tojo promised to hand over the Andaman and Nicobar Islands to the Provisional Government of Free India. A fine gesture because everyone in India knows the Andaman Islands to be the compulsory home of political exiles, as the Indian counterpart to Siberia, and as the penal settlement for the Indian fighters for independence. That these very islands should become the first bit of Free India, that on them the Indian flag should for the first time fly over free Indian soil, is almost symbolic. The association of ideas from the prison to the home of Indian liberty is inevitable. It will have in-calculable effect within India.

“And the handing over of the islands to the Provisional Government is an auspicious deed because the British have already given out in their propaganda that India would never get back these islands unless Japan were beaten and defeated. The islands are ancient Indian possessions, and this propaganda may have had some effect, especially since it was coupled with the claim that the Japanese would establish bases there from which they could dominate the Indian Ocean. Tojo’s promise has knocked the bottom out of this propaganda. The entire trend of the future
Japanese policy toward Free India is already contained in this promise; and no one should be surprised if we have more confidence than ever in the Japanese policy, if an increase in confidence were possible."

After this climax, our conversation turned to other affairs. In a few strokes the Nethaji outlined the personality of Gandhi who, he said, would in the last few years of his life probably not abandon his principle of rejecting force but would more likely retire into the background. He spoke about Nehru, who by no means subscribed to the principle of passive resistance but only regarded it as a temporary means to an end, until a better means had been found. Peoples and names passed in review, and in every case one could feel that they were registered in Bose's brain as if in a well-kept card index, with all their qualities and weaknesses. Finally, Bose professed himself and his followers to be supporters of the Congress Party, although they had meanwhile formed the Forward Bloc within the Congress Party and were in part opposed by the official leaders before the outbreak of the war.

"But all this is past history," he concluded in a firm, conciliatory tone. "We can and will take up the threads, but the past must not hinder us in our progress, and it will not hinder us. You can rely on that."

His chief aide-de-camp Hassan—who with his pointed black beard looks deceptively like a maharajah in the movies but who can make good jokes in fluent German and keeps a close watch on the Nethaji's timetable—had meanwhile discreetly indicated for the third time that it was necessary to conclude our chat and had left the room for the third time without success. My host even offered me a whisky. When I lifted my glass to drink to his campaign, Bose thanked me and said:

"Please do not forget to send my regards to Germany. I think back with pleasure and gratitude to the time I was allowed to spend in Germany during the war and to the great sympathy and support given to me by the German Government and the German people in our struggle for independence. We are determined to fight to the end with the Axis powers and their allies, no matter what sacrifices it may cost, as long as final victory is won."

Broad-shouldered and self-confident he stood there before me as he said this, and he shook my hand firmly as I took leave. "Good luck," I said on going out, and "Au revoir in Free India," replied the Nethaji with a friendly smile.

**Statues**

In the days of Cato, it was customary in Rome to erect statues to all more or less deserving men, as long as they managed to acquire fame in one way or another. There was no statue of Cato. An inquisitive friend questioned him about this.

"Don't worry," Cato replied. "I would rather the world asked why no statue has been erected to me than for it to wonder why there was one."
EASTERN SIBERIA—
UNDERPOPULATED TREASURE HOUSE
By KLAUS MEHNERT

Two years ago, in December 1941, we published an article entitled "The Bolsheviks' Chances in Siberia," which presented the economic and military situation of Siberia on the basis of material available at that time. Meanwhile, a development of such importance and extent has taken place there that it would seem advisable to bring the picture up-to-date. However, we have so much material at our disposal that we cannot deal with the whole of Siberia in this article and are obliged to limit ourselves to Eastern Siberia, which is of special interest to readers in East Asia.

The following pages are the result of years of careful assembling of material and contain, we believe, much that has hitherto not been generally known. They include, for instance, numerous place names of which but few people have ever heard and which, nevertheless, are of the greatest economic and military importance. Our map on page 77, which was specially drawn for this article, is probably the first one to show the new face of Eastern Siberia. Additional detailed material will be found in the Appendices.

Eastern Siberia is that part of the Soviet Union which lies to the east of a line running from the western border of Tannu Tuva—slightly to the west of and almost parallel to 90° eastern longitude—to the Arctic Ocean. In our discussions we shall disregard the Mongol People's Republic (Outer Mongolia) and the Tannu Tuva People's Republic.

THE word Siberia, especially Eastern Siberia, is not in very good odor in the world. Those foreigners who have seen it themselves—usually from the window of the Trans-Siberian Railway—hardly ever contribute toward Siberia's reputation by what they have to tell. On their journey they see little that remains in their memory as having been beautiful. Perhaps the crossing of the Yenisei at Krasnoyarsk, or the bit along the southern end of Lake Baikal. On the whole, the journey is monotonous. Those in the train see untended forests, wretchedly clothed people.

Moreover, grim memories assail those who are historically minded. Since time immemorial, numerous native tribes of the most varied racial descent had lived here in primitive barbarism and poverty. They had adapted themselves to their environment and, moving around with their herds of reindeer and continually at war among themselves, they led a nomadic existence which was yet in harmony with Nature, like that of the wolves and foxes of Siberia. Then came the great upheaval. According to a legend of the Yakuts (the largest of the Eastern Siberian tribes) told in the work of S.A. Tokarev, published in Moscow in 1940, it happened about as follows.

THE STORY OF CHIEF TYNGYN

Many men worked for the Yakut chief Tyngyn, whose grazing lands were on the River Lena. One day Tyngyn noticed among them two men of unknown origin. They did not look like Yakuts. Their eyes were deep set and blue; their noses high and sharp; their faces covered with hair; their heads shaven. They did not know the language of the Yakuts. Tyngyn was friendly toward them. After two years the strangers asked the chief for two cow-hides. Tyngyn gave them to them. Then they laid the hides on the ground and explained that they wished to be given the ground covered by the hides. Tyngyn said: "Very well. Take it!"
Now the strangers cut up the hides into thongs as thin as threads. With these thongs they surrounded a large area and marked off the borders with posts. Then they disappeared, and the Yakuts soon forgot them. But in the following spring the strangers returned, not alone but with many others. On the ground that had been given to them they built many houses and a fortress. Now Tyngyn was seized with alarm. He assembled his warriors and decided to drive out the strangers. These, however, replied to the arrows of the Yakuts with loud thunder, and at every stroke of thunder one Yakut fell. Many Yakuts died. Even Tyngyn and his sons. Those who survived fled into the forests or surrendered to the strangers.

FURS AND DEATH

Popular legends are inclined to look at history through rose-colored glasses, just as in the course of time the memory of the individual eliminates what is painful. The actual conquest of Eastern Siberia was not nearly so romantic and represents a dark chapter in history. Seen through the eyes of the Russian conquerors, it bore many heroic traits; for the natives, however, it brought nothing but misery and death. Before me lie the works of the Tsarist historian G. F. Miller (1705-1783), the author of a many-volumed history of Siberia containing hundreds of documents. These documents reveal a staggering picture of brutal exploitation.

The first Russian conquerors came to the Yenisei in 1619. At that time, furs were among the most important items of export of the Russian Empire, which had little else to offer to the rest of the world. Thus it was Siberia's originally vast wealth in furs which lured the Russians to the conquest of that territory. The natives were employed as fur collectors. While unrestricted killing rapidly diminished the number of fur-bearing animals, increasing fur tributes were demanded from the natives, because the number of Russians who wished thus to enrich themselves grew steadily. The natives were forced to neglect their herds and fields in order to hunt the dwindling prey and consequently sank into ever deepening misery. As the fur reserves were depleted, the conquerors moved further and further east to open up untapped regions and to subject new tribes. In their desperation, the Eastern Siberian tribes rose in countless revolts against their oppressors, only to be bloodily quelled every time.

GOLD AND EXILE

When the wealth in furs started to dwindle, a new object of exploitation was discovered: precious metals. In 1704 the first pound and a half of silver was smelted in Nerchinsk. Later, gold was found, and soon after that the high customs income from the lucrative trade with China was added. Much of the riches which now began to flow from Eastern Siberia to European Russia never got further than the pockets of the officials and merchants on the way. When Prince Gagarin was appointed the first governor of Siberia, his fortune began to grow astonishingly. At his own expense he built himself a palace with a private theater and orchestra. At his banquets the food was served on silver platters, while he himself ate off golden plates.

For the exploitation of the Siberian furs, the natives had sufficed; but for the labor in the silver mines and for the washing of gold, workers from European Russia were required. The quantity and quality of men who went voluntarily to Siberia were at that time low. Men who ventured out into almost trackless Eastern Siberia were adventurers, who wanted to get rich quick but had no desire for steady work. So the state made use of slave labor. The stream of exiles, the first of whom had already been sent out in the sixteenth century, a few years after the conquest of Siberia had begun, swelled from decade to decade. Among them were personal enemies of the Tsar; political opponents of the regime; members of such foreign populations, hostile toward the Russians, as the Poles, tens of thousands of whom...
took the bitter road to Siberia in the nineteenth century; members of religious sects which did not agree in every detail with the Orthodox Church; and ordinary criminals. Two classical works, Dostoyevsky’s House of Death and Siberia and the Exile System, written by the American George Kennan in 1891, draw a realistic picture of this system. Later, all that was described by these two men in the nineteenth century was completely overshadowed by the deeds of the Bolsheviks of the twentieth century. The Bolsheviks have, in the last twenty-five years, sent ten times as many people into Siberian exile as were sent by the Tsars in four hundred years.

CHEAP LABOR

In 1933, I visited a Siberian concentration camp whose inmates worked in a coal district that had just been opened up. A few years previously, at the time of the destruction of the free peasantry, called “de-kulakization,” when the first eighty thousand people—men, women, and children—were unloaded from cattle trucks, nothing but a few buildings for the GPU guards stood here. Winter came long before the exiles had finished building their barracks, and many of them, especially children, fell victim to the cold. But other exiles followed. At the time when I visited the camp, 130,000 people were vegetating there, most of them exiles. And every day trainloads of coal were dispatched to the neighboring ore district.

In 1934 the Soviet Government, which until then had granted the population full license in matters of sex, unexpectedly promulgated a law against homosexuality which led immediately to a wave of arrests. Among the numerous people arrested in Moscow there was also a Russian married to an American woman. By dint of great energy and courage, she succeeded a year later in visiting her husband for a few days at his concentration camp in Eastern Siberia where he and the other prisoners were employed in building roads. She was able to convince herself that it was not anxiety for the moral welfare of the people but solely the desire for an added instrument of terror and for more slaves for the development of Siberia which had caused the law to be promulgated. For she discovered all the men who had been exiled to Siberia for allegedly infringing this law herded together in one camp in a few overcrowded barracks.

THE GOOD SIDE

Yet Siberia has its good sides. In fact, its notorious characteristic, its climate, is much better than it is reputed to be. It is true that Eastern Siberia is the coldest part of the earth, much colder than the North Pole (Verkhoyansky has the lowest annual temperature measured anywhere in the world). But, with all their cold, the winters of Siberia are usually clear and windless, though sometimes broken by blizzards, and the cold is easier to endure because it is quite dry.

The summers are short but very intense, with all Nature’s energy of growth concentrated into a short period. Then the country is covered by an intoxicating carpet of flowers. “In Siberia there are two seasons: July and winter,” runs a not entirely unjustified saying. The most disagreeable consequence of the Siberian cold is that much of the ground is frozen deeply, so that, when in summer the topmost layer thaws, the water cannot flow off through the frozen underground layers. This is the reason for the many marshes which, in northern Siberia, permit only the tundra with its stunted trees instead of forests, and which are the breeding place for clouds of mosquitoes. It is preferable to travel in winter, when everything is frozen hard. Near the Arctic coast there are no trees whatever, and the only available fuel is driftwood.

The nature of the Russian fits him well for Eastern Siberia. He loves its vastness. It means freedom to him and satisfies the anarchistic trait which is to be found to a greater or lesser degree in many Russians. It is this vastness which has attracted Siberia’s soundest elements, the peasants. Siberia offered them a
twofold freedom: while serfdom, from which the majority of the peasants had suffered for centuries, was not abolished in European Russia until 1861, Siberia had never known peasant serfdom (although the natives were until recently the slaves of their Russian conquerors, and the exiles are to this day the slaves of the state). This was the reason for many an independent-minded serf to flee to Siberia. Even after the abolishment of serfdom, Siberia lured many to emigrate there; for it offered wide spaces and freedom of action to the Russian peasant living in the agricultural overpopulation of European Russia and in the oppressive restriction of his village community. Especially after the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway, the peasant emigration to Siberia increased considerably. It was, however, Western Siberia which benefited chiefly, as only few of the peasants moved further east.

During the first few generations after the conquest, those who came from Russia were almost exclusively men. The result was a frequent mixing of blood with the Siberian tribes. The more Siberia was opened up, the more women arrived. That the Siberian women of today are not without charm can be seen from the fact that, of 7,500 American soldiers who marched into Siberia after the Revolution, 500 married there.

The greatest advantage of Eastern Siberia, however, became known only recently: its vast wealth of valuable minerals. Under the last Tsars, and especially under the Bolsheviks, numerous expeditions have explored Eastern Siberia in its remotest corners. And, although its resources are, even today, by no means fully known and probably also partially kept secret by the Soviets, there can be no doubt that Eastern Siberia is one of the richest territories of the earth. What stage of its development has it reached by now?

AREA AND POPULATION

For a study of the eastern Soviet Union, a knowledge of its administrative division, its size, and its population is essential. Table I has been compiled by us exclusively from Soviet material published in the years 1939 to 1942. Since the figures were taken from various Soviet publications, they do not always agree entirely. This fact will hardly diminish the skepticism generally felt toward Soviet figures. But there are no other figures available. The population figures are those of the last census carried out in the USSR in 1939. We shall have more to say later about the changes in population since then.

In the course of the twenty-six years since the Bolshevist regime came into power, the administrative division of the Soviet Union has undergone many changes. At one time the reason was the desire to include the largest possible areas in one administration; the next time it was, on the contrary, the desire to reduce the size of each unit; the third time it was the intention to strengthen the Russian influence over the national minorities; the fourth time it was the necessity of harmonizing the administrative division with the new economic development of the country.

The administrative borders of Eastern Siberia shown in our map are in force today and are based on the ukases of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR of October 20, 1938, and May 26, 1939. (By these ukases the Khabarovsk Oblast disappeared, its major part being included in the Khabarovsk Krai and the rest in the Primorsk Krai.)

COUNTELESS NATIONALITIES

Eastern Siberia represents an ethnographical mixture of the first water, as some forty to ninety nationalities—depending on the viewpoint of the statistician—live within its borders. These nationalities consist of three main groups:

1. Members of native tribes
2. Immigrants from other parts of East Asia
3. Immigrants from European Russia

and their descendants
As a consequence of the colonization policy of the Russian Empire, some native tribes, especially in the northern regions, have died out almost completely, some of them being represented now by only a few—so to speak—museum pieces. An exception is formed by the Yakuts. Other tribes, however, which had an opportunity of receiving new blood from across the borders of the Russian Empire, have maintained considerable numbers. Table II presents a list of those tribes for which we possess population figures. These figures are not reliable, but they serve to give an approximate idea of the native inhabitants of Siberia.

Table II

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tribe</th>
<th>Population</th>
<th>Rayons</th>
<th>Towns</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Yakuts (Yakut ASSR)</td>
<td>300,000</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buryats (around Lake Baikal)</td>
<td>280,000</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Khakass (south of Krasnoyarsk)</td>
<td>150,000</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tunguses or Evenks (Evenks Nat. Okrug and Amur)</td>
<td>40,000</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chukchi (Chukot Nat. Okrug)</td>
<td>13,000</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Koryaks (Koryak Nat. Okrug)</td>
<td>8,000</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lamuts (Okhotsk Sea coast)</td>
<td>6,800</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golds (Amur)</td>
<td>5,500</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kamchadals (Kamchatka)</td>
<td>4,500</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gilyaks (Amur)</td>
<td>4,400</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uds (east of Khabarovsky)</td>
<td>1,500</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aleuts (islands off Kamchatka)</td>
<td>350</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manegres (Amur)</td>
<td>59</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yukaghir (Kolya region)</td>
<td>45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ainus (Sakhalin)</td>
<td>31</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total: 814,185
In all, there are somewhat less than a million natives living in Eastern Siberia.

Immigrants from the rest of East Asia are headed by Koreans, whose number is stated to be 190,000. They are followed by Chinese, with about 50,000. The number of Japanese is negligible.

Thus in 1939 the Asiatic population of Eastern Siberia amounted to some 1.2 million people. The remaining 6½ millions were immigrants from European Russia.

MIGRATION

The history of Siberia during the last four hundred years is the history of its more or less voluntary settlement by people from European Russia, at first by Russians and Ukrainians, later also by Poles and Jews and, during Soviet times, by all other peoples living under the Red flag. Millions came as exiles. But, by means of numerous ukases, the Russian governments have also tried to encourage voluntary migration to Siberia.

What was the result? When we bear in mind that Eastern Siberia, with its almost 10 million square kilometers, is considerably larger than Australia with its barely 8 million square kilometers and 7 million inhabitants, we must arrive at the conclusion that the reproach raised against Great Britain of having insufficiently populated her colonial areas also applies to the Russian policy of settling Eastern Siberia.

However, this reproach holds good chiefly for the government of the Tsars. The Bolsheviks were early to recognize the necessity of filling the rich treasure house of Eastern Siberia with people, especially as the presence there of troops of four great powers after the Revolution had shown them that they were not the only ones to be interested in Eastern Siberia. Above all they wished to populate the Khabarovsk and Primorsk Krais because of their strategical importance and devoted special attention to this task during the thirties.

HOW MANY PEOPLE TODAY?

The population of the Soviet Far East was doubled from 1926 to 1939, i.e., in thirteen years the increase in population was about as much as the total population had amounted to after almost three hundred years of Tsarist regime.

Table III

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Population</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1926</td>
<td>1,244,433</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1928</td>
<td>1,354,200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1929</td>
<td>1,443,500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1930</td>
<td>1,478,900</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1939</td>
<td>2,338,095</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Since the census of 1939 almost five years have passed about which no statistics have become available. In the prewar years of 1939 and 1940, immigration proceeded at probably the same rate as during the thirties. With the outbreak of war, however, abnormal conditions set in. It is to be assumed that, when the Soviets evacuated large areas of European Russia after July 22, 1941, parts of the pitiable crowds of evacuees reached the easternmost regions of the USSR. But in view of the tremendous demands made on the entire Soviet system of transportation and the necessity of carrying out a considerable part of the evacuations on foot, it seems a foregone conclusion that the major part of the evacuees got stuck before reaching Eastern Siberia, if they did not, indeed, perish on the way. At the same time a part of the male population of Eastern Siberia has been sent to the front against Germany.
As it is important for the evaluation of the present situation of the Soviet Union to have an idea of the total number of people in Eastern Siberia, we have attempted to calculate it approximately, by taking into consideration all available material on evacuation, immigration, mobilization, new construction, etc. We have come to the conclusion that today it must amount to about $8\frac{1}{2}$ million people. From this figure we must deduct about one million natives whose use to the Government for labor and military purposes is limited. In the case of the remaining $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions there is another problem that must be considered.

THE UKRAINIAN ISSUE

A large percentage of the Slavic population of Eastern Siberia, especially of the Far East, consists not of Great Russians but of Ukrainians. This is explained by the history of its settlement. After the peasant revolts in the over-populated agricultural areas of European Russia of 1891/92, which were caused by famines and cholera, the Government decided to urge and promote migration to Siberia. Since in those days there was no Trans-Siberian Railway yet, part of the migration took place by ship from Odessa to Vladivostok. Odessa is in the Ukraine, and it was a natural consequence that the number of Ukrainians thus moved to the Russian Far East was comparatively high. Even after the building of the railway, the proportion of Ukrainians remained large.

It is a well-known fact, however, that statistics of nationalities are among the most disputed problems, since it is impossible to find an objective standard for them. According to Ukrainian sources, the Slavic population of Eastern Siberia consists of one third Ukrainians and two thirds Great Russians; and of the roughly $2\frac{1}{2}$ million Ukrainians, about half are said to be living in the Soviet Far East, especially in Primorsk Krai; Great Russian authors, on the other hand, assume much lower figures of only a few hundred thousand Ukrainians. We mention this problem because, as has also been shown by the course of the war so far, the attitude of the Ukrainian parts of the population toward the Bolshevist regime has been more negative than that of the Great Russians. Consequently, the Soviets can rely on the Ukrainians of Eastern Siberia to a lesser extent than on the Great Russians.

TOWNS AND MODES OF TRAVEL

There is no necessity for a detailed discussion of Siberia's geography here, since that has not changed and can therefore be looked up even in old geographical works or encyclopedias. But, as works about Siberia published only a few years ago are, in view of the rapid development of this country, already largely obsolete, we have assembled all available recent information on the towns of Eastern Siberia in Appendix I of this issue. A study of this Appendix will aid our readers in the understanding of the discussion of Eastern Siberian problems. At the same time we call the attention of our readers to our map (p. 77), drawn according to most recent advices, since some of the information contained in it—for example, about roads and air lines—is not mentioned specifically in the text.

When Siberia became Bolshevist, Eastern Siberia's network of communications was hardly developed at all. Its backbone was the Trans-Siberian Railway, whose easternmost part was paralleled by the Chinese Eastern Railway running through Russian-controlled northern Manchuria. Besides these there were a few short branch railways, a few roads, and a certain amount of shipping on the main rivers. From one Five Year Plan to the next, the Soviets have been moving the center of gravity of their economic development further and further to the east and have sacrificed billions of rubles and hundreds of thousands of concentration-camp inmates for the opening up of Eastern Siberia. As a result, economic life is no longer limited to a narrow strip along the Trans-Siberian Railway. Eastern Siberia is now covered by a network of railways, motor roads, shipping, and air lines which, although still wide-meshed, is becoming denser every year.
Apart from some widely scattered short railways as, for example, the one that carries the oil from Okha to the coast of Sakhalin, and in addition to several branch lines connecting the Amur with the Trans-Siberian Railway, the Soviets have developed two vast railway projects, the BAM and the Northeast Asia Railway.

**WHY BUILD THE BAM?**

With the outbreak of the Manchurian incident in 1931 and the eventual loss of the Chinese Eastern Railway, the Soviet Union had only one remaining railway in Eastern Siberia, the Amur Railway, running from Karymsk (near Chita) to Vladivostok by a large detour to the north and in dangerous proximity to the border formed by the Amur and Ussuri Rivers. When the Trans-Siberian Railway was being constructed, northern Manchuria seemed firmly in Russian hands. Hence the railway was built along the shortest route from Krasnoyarsk to Vladivostok, i.e., around the south end of Lake Baikal and on via Manchouli and Harbin (1891-1903). The Amur Railway was not constructed until 1907 to 1917 and was not built so much for through traffic to Vladivostok as for local requirements of the Russian Amur territory. Since the loss of northern Manchuria by the USSR, however, the direct route to the lower Amur no longer runs south but north of Lake Baikal. Moreover, it became desirable for the Soviets to possess a railway less close to the border. Out of all these considerations were born the plans for the Baikal/Amur Magistrale (BAM), which were announced by Molotov in February 1934 in the following words:

> Among all new railway constructions, the grandioseness of the BAM, with its length of 1,400 kilometers, stands out. It will serve to include into economic life a vast territory which has hitherto been inaccessible to human beings.

The projected route of the BAM is shown on our map. But the Soviet Union's policy of secrecy has succeeded in hiding from the world the progress made in the construction of this railway. It can be stated with some certainty that the westernmost part, Taishet/Ust Kut, and half of the easternmost part, Komsomolsk/Soviet Harbor, have been completed. There are no reports, however, about the large intermediate section. Of the four railways planned to connect the BAM with the Trans-Siberian Railway, the westernmost, Cheremkhovo/Ilimsk, and the easternmost, Volochayevka (near Khabarovsk)/Komsomolsk/Onda, have also been completed, while no reports on the lines Tygda/Zeya/Dambuki and Katon/Ust Niman are available. In view of the fact that the Tsarist regime built the Chinese Eastern Railway in three years and the comparatively difficult Amur Railway in ten, there is no reason why the Soviet regime, working as it does with greater efficiency and especially with greater ruthlessness, should not have been able to complete the BAM in the nine and a half years that have elapsed since Molotov made his speech. The difficulties of terrain to be overcome in the construction of the BAM are no greater than those which the Tsarist engineers had to surmount along the Amur.

**AMERASIAN PROJECT**

The second huge project in the sphere of railway construction is the Northeast Asia Railway, which is to be linked up with the Alaska Railway planned by the USA. American capitalists already had ideas of an America-Asia railway through Alaska and Siberia in the last century. These plans foundered, not only on the resistance of the Tsarist Government, but also on the lack of a need for such a railway. Today the situation has changed. The Soviet Government is actively developing northeastern Asia and may possibly have the desire to create a railway connection with allied America which, moreover, Moscow hopes, is moving toward Bolshevism.

Early in 1940, Professor V. N. Obraztsov, a member of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR, declared that the completion of a railway connecting the Trans-Siberian Railway with the Bering Strait could be counted on by 1950. This sounds rather optimistic, and it is not known here whether the preliminary work for the
construction of this railway has been begun yet. The planned route is marked on our map. The topographical difficulties inherent in the construction of such a railway should be less than those of the BAM. The valleys of the Lena and the Kolyma favor the construction of a railway, and it is only between these two river systems that a mountain range has to be crossed. It is well known that the construction of the Murmansk Railway, which is 1,450 kilometers long and part of which runs north of the Arctic Circle, did not offer great technical difficulties and could be completed within less than two years during the Great War.

ROADS AND RIVERS

The most important roads of Eastern Siberia are the motor roads Bolshoi Never/Yakutsk, which connects the valleys of the Amur and the Lena; Okhotsk/Yakutsk, which forms the shortest connection between the Sea of Okhotsk and the Lena River, which flows into the Arctic Ocean; and Magadan/Ambarchik (at the mouth of the Kolyma). A Soviet report that has become known recently speaks of a steady stream of hundreds of three- and five-ton trucks and passenger busses on this latter road and states that the approximately 750 kilometers between Magadan and Seimichan are covered in fifteen hours.

The early Russian conquerors of Siberia were quick to recognize the possibilities offered them by the huge river systems in this country of dense forests and swamps. By making use of those tributaries of the three giant rivers Ob, Yenisei, and Lena which flow parallel to the equator, they were able to go by boat from the Urals to the Pacific, a process in which they only had to carry their boats for a few kilometers when crossing from one river system to the next. This river network of Siberia, seemingly so ideal when looked at on a map, nevertheless suffers from three great drawbacks.

First of all, Eastern Siberia is the coldest part of the world, so that the rivers are frozen over for a large part of the year, as can be seen from Table IV. Although large propeller-driven sleighs have been built for winter traffic on the rivers, they cannot replace the paralyzed shipping. The rivers flowing into the Pacific or its parts benefit from the milder climate of this ocean and are frozen over for a shorter period.

Table IV

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>River</th>
<th>From</th>
<th>To</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Yenisei</td>
<td>End of Apr</td>
<td>Middle of Jun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lena at its mouth</td>
<td>Beg. of Oct</td>
<td>Middle of Sept</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kolyma at Ambarchik</td>
<td>Middle of Sept</td>
<td>Beg. of Nov</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anadyr</td>
<td>Middle of Nov</td>
<td>Beg. of May</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kamchatka</td>
<td>Middle of Nov</td>
<td>Beg. of May</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amur</td>
<td>Middle of Nov</td>
<td>Beg. of May</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

There are no figures whatever available on the number of river boats in Eastern Siberia. However, the long periods during which these rivers are frozen are enough to indicate that their role in the economic and military fields should not be overestimated.

Secondly, the Siberian rivers are comparatively shallow. The mighty Yenisei, for example, can be entered only by freighters up to 3,500 gross registered tons. As normal river ships waste too much time getting off sand banks, the Soviets have now taken to using gleezer, flat-bottomed boats driven by air propellers.

The third difficulty in Siberia’s river shipping is to be found in the fact that almost all the great rivers of Siberia flow into the Arctic Ocean, which in turn is also navigable only during a few short months in summer. Within these limits imposed by nature, the Soviets are trying to derive the greatest possible benefits from the Siberian system of rivers.

OCEAN AND AIR

The handicap of freezing also imposes restrictions on maritime transportation. Although the Bering Sea and the Sea of Okhotsk do not freeze quite as long as
the Arctic Ocean, they, too, have only limited periods of navigation. During winter a further handicap is added by the polar night. (Nevertheless, the Soviets seem to have succeeded in maintaining year-round shipping connections between Vladivostok and Petropavlovsk and between Vladivostok and Magadan.) For that reason the short period of navigation in midsummer with its midnight sun is made use of all the more intensively; and the scientific geographical and meteorological exploration of the Arctic, which has been vigorously carried on since the early thirties, has turned navigation of the Arctic Ocean from the extraordinary adventure it still represented fifteen years ago into an almost commonplace activity.

German sources have estimated that at present some 260,000 tons of goods can be shipped every year to Siberia from the USA via the Arctic Ocean, where the presence of the first German submarines was reported a few weeks ago.

Air lines, as far as they are known to us, are shown on our map. No figures on the quantity of freight and number of passengers carried by them have been published.

PARADOX EXPLAINED

The paradox between the miserable standard of living of the population and the vast industrial development brought about by the three Five Year Plans (1928-1942), a paradox which struck everyone who lived in the Soviet Union, is to be explained more than anything else by the fact that the emphasis of economic development is placed almost exclusively on heavy industry. Thus the growth of production did not benefit the individual Soviet citizen in the form of consumption goods or foodstuffs but only the heavy-industrial basis of the country and subsequently its war industry.

This also applies to Eastern Siberia, only that there the paradox is even more striking. For, in contrast to the rest of Russia, there had hardly been any industry at all in Eastern Siberia before the first Five Year Plan, and only a very modest economic life with minor industries had developed in a narrow strip on both sides of the Trans-Siberian Railway. It is significant that 10 per cent of the total expenditure of the third Five Year Plan of the USSR went to the industrialization of the Soviet Far East, i.e., of Khabarovsk and Primorsk Krai alone, although not even 1½ per cent of the USSR's population live there. To Russians who knew only pre-Bolshevist Siberia it sounds almost like a fairy tale when they are told that automobiles, tractors, turbines, motors, submarines, locomotives, and machines of all kinds, are being manufactured today in Eastern Siberia.

The basis of this economic development (details of which will be found in Appendix III) is the vast wealth of Eastern Siberia in important minerals of all kinds, especially in iron and other metals. The power needed for their smelting is supplied chiefly by the rich coal deposits distributed throughout Eastern Siberia. In future, Eastern Siberia's water power is to be added to its coal as a producer of electricity.

Eastern Siberia's vulnerable spot is its comparative lack of oil. Although northern Sakhalin contains oil deposits, which have been exploited for decades, and a large oil industry, they have the disadvantage of being located on a distant, exposed island. Hence the Soviets are making every effort to discover oil on the mainland. The best deposits found so far are on Khatanga Bay and at Cape Nordvik (both on the Arctic coast) and suffer from poor communications. Others have been found along the tributaries of the Lena between Olekminsk and Yakutsk, at Palana (on the west coast of Kamchatka), and at Bogadiryovka (on the west coast). Oil is also produced from a kind of coal called bogkhed by the Russians and found in large quantities in the neighborhood of Irkutsk. Yet there still remains a considerable deficit. Besides Sakhalin, refineries are located at Irkutsk, Khabarovsk, and Vladivostok.
All of Eastern Siberia, with the exception of its northern part, is covered with forests. As a result of the marshy floor of most of the forests and because of the lack of proper care, the timber cannot be compared to that of countries with highly developed forestry such as Germany. But in quantity it represents one of the main riches of Siberia and is among the most important export products. Most of the timber consists of pine, larch, spruce, silver fir, and cedar. Irkutsk Oblast is the leading timber area of the USSR. 75 per cent of the Buryat-Mongol ASSR and 80 per cent of the Yakut ASSR are covered with forest. There are lumber mills to be found all over Eastern Siberia.

NONFERROUS METALS AND GOLD

Eastern Siberia is especially rich in nonferrous metals, which play an important role in the manufacture of armaments. As such metals as zinc and lead are usually found near silver and gold deposits, many of which have been known for centuries, it was comparatively easy to discover them. Yet new deposits are constantly being sought for. As recently as August 20, 1943, Tass reported from Moscow that in 1943 the People’s Commissariat for Nonferrous Metals had sent out a hundred geological expeditions to Asiatic Russia, in particular to Krasnoyarsk Krai, Yakutia, and the Kolyma River.

Gold mining has developed into a large-scale industry during the last few decades. While new deposits are constantly being opened up, improved machinery and methods are being introduced at the old ones. Among the gold-producing areas of the Soviet Union, the Yakut ASSR takes first place, Chita Oblast second, and Krasnoyarsk Krai third.

MACHINERY AND CHEMICALS

Russia’s industrialization started later than that of other European powers. And when it got under way in the second half of the nineteenth century it consisted essentially of a few heavy industries, such as coal and iron, and a rapidly growing light industry, which had to rely for its raw materials (e.g., cotton) and for its machines almost exclusively on imports from abroad. As late as during the thirties, I found on visiting Soviet industrial plants—including some that had just been completed—that, with few exceptions, they were equipped only with foreign machines, mostly of German origin.

All this has been changed. The Soviets have built up a giant machine industry which enables them today to conduct a technical war with quantities of war machines which even a few years ago would have been inconceivable. After the USA and Germany, the USSR now holds third place as regards the quantity although not the quality of its machine industry. As a result of the Soviet Government’s tendency to move the center of gravity of Soviet economies eastward, Eastern Siberia has come in for a very large part of the newly created machine industry. Today, Eastern Siberia is already in a position to satisfy its most important economic and military requirements with machinery manufactured there.

The same holds good for the Russian chemical industry. It, too, was in its infancy before the Revolution; also dependent on supplies from abroad, 60 per cent was located in St. Petersburg and 16 per cent in Moscow. East of the Urals there was no chemical industry whatever. Even under the Bolsheviks, the chemical industry was slow in starting. But the third Five Year Plan (1938/42) was largely devoted to the development of this industry, and here again a considerable part of the newly built plants were erected in Eastern Siberia. The vitamin works in Yagodnoye on the Kolyma, so far the only ones in Eastern Siberia, represent one of the most modern branches of chemical industry. Their product, an extract made from the needles of the dwarf cedar, is a prophylactic and cure for scurvy, so prevalent in arctic regions with their lack of vitamins.
During all the years in which they have been in power, the Bolsheviks have always reckoned first with coal, iron, tractors, and tanks and only secondarily with human beings. But even the Soviet Government could, of course, in the long run, not afford to let its population perish for want of goods of daily use; and so it was forced to provide for a minimum of existence. In order to relieve its groaning system of communications, the Soviet Government decided to decentralize light industry and agriculture, so as to produce consumer goods at the place where they were needed.

Up to the end of the twenties, Eastern Siberia was dependent on imports from other parts of Russia as regards consumer goods. There was practically no Eastern Siberian light industry, and agriculture in Russia was concentrated in the fertile “black earth” regions of southern European Russia, in comparison to which the rest of Russia offered far more difficult working conditions. This latter fact applied more than anywhere else to Eastern Siberia. Its terrain is largely mountainous, and its climate harsh. There are few places here which do not have at least 180 days in the year with an average temperature below freezing point. The ground is frozen, the rainfall scanty, and for the most part it is impossible to grow winter grain.

To make Eastern Siberia as independent as possible in goods of daily use, the development of light industries had to be forced. Moreover, the demand for their products had grown as a result of the urbanization of its inhabitants. Large numbers of people from rural districts, where they provide themselves with everything including food, clothes, and shoes, can only be transplanted into towns as industrial workers if they are supplied with industrially produced consumer goods. The artisan class, which had formerly produced a large part of the urban requirements, had also practically disappeared. Thus it would be wrong to assume an improvement in the population’s standard of living from the increase in the production of consumer goods. All that has taken place is a shifting, and the increased production is offset by a sharply increased demand and the absence of an influx of goods from other parts of the country. Hence the announcement of the Soviet President of Khabarovsk Krai on February 2, 1943, that the Soviet Far East had been able in 1942 to cover all its requirements in consumer goods should be accepted with great reserve.

The transforming of the peasant population into a rural proletariat and its combining in large-scale agricultural enterprises, the kolkhozes and sovkhozes, have facilitated the opening up of new agricultural areas. Production was increased by the raising of cold-resistant varieties of grain and by the introduction of crops formerly unknown there, such as the sugar beet. The Soviets sought to overcome the shortage in man power by the extensive use of machines. It is also easier to replace men mobilized for military purposes by women in large enterprises than on small farms.

On the other hand, this development placed agriculture in a dangerous dependence on machines and fuel. Since the outbreak of war, with factories building tanks instead of tractors and with every drop of oil going to the army, this has led to grave reversals and to the return to primitive methods of agriculture. Nevertheless, the cultivated area and the total production had increased considerably up to the outbreak of the war, as can be seen in detail in our Appendix II. Since then, however, as indicated by the numerous complaints by the Eastern Siberian radio stations addressed to the rural population, a retrogressive development has set in as a result of the war.

The figures in Appendix II show among other things that the area of grain cultivation has increased three times. If we assume the grain harvest to have grown proportionately, it would have amounted to 1,280,000 tons of grain in
1941. However, in view of the fact that the output per hectare may have been increased through more intensified cultivation, we shall give the Soviets the benefit of the doubt and assume an output of $1\frac{1}{4}$ million tons of grain per year.

How does this production of grain compare with the demand for it? To sow the acreage available in 1941, 550,000 tons of grain seed are necessary (1.2 tons of grain seed for 10 hectares is the average quantity used). This leaves roughly 1 million tons for human consumption. Bread being the main food of the Russian people, half a kilogram of bread per person per day has to be considered a barely satisfactory minimum. To bake 180 kilograms of bread, 150 kilograms of grain are required for one person per year, and 1,275 million tons for $8\frac{1}{2}$ million people. This would leave a shortage of about a quarter of a million tons, making Eastern Siberia almost self-sufficient in its most important food item.

As regards domestic animals, the picture is far less favorable. During the years of forced collectivization (1928/30) many peasants killed off large numbers of horses, cattle, and other animals rather than give them to the collective farms. Even after all these years, the losses have not yet been recovered except in the case of goats and sheep. The number of horses is only two thirds of what it used to be before the Revolution, which is particularly bad at a time when many are required not only by the Army but also by the farms owing to the lack of tractors and gasoline brought about by the war.

Even today, agriculture is still limited essentially to the territories opened up by the Trans-Siberian Railway and its branch lines. In the other parts of the country it is still in its infancy. Model farms such as "Polyarny" on an island in the Yenisei near Igarka are more for show and have not yet achieved any great practical importance, although they help to provide the scanty population of the polar regions with fresh food.

As regards fishing, Eastern Siberia produces more than it needs itself. It has numerous canning factories. From the rich fishing grounds of the Eastern Siberian rivers and the Sea of Okhotsk, part of the catch is sent to other regions of the USSR as well as to foreign countries. Game hunting also contributes toward feeding the population.

* * *

Our survey of Eastern Siberia has shown us an amazing picture: a country as large as all of Europe up to the Urals, with immense resources and future possibilities, and at the same time with a population no larger than that of Greater London. We have described the rapid economic development of Eastern Siberia during the last fifteen years; yet it is nothing but a bare beginning when compared with the tremendous wealth of the country. The reason for this is its sparse population. Under the influence of the present war, the economic progress of Eastern Siberia is being greatly intensified, while the human shortage has simultaneously grown more acute as a result of the drawing off of part of the male population in its prime.

Human beings have never counted for much in the Soviet Union. But, under war conditions, even less regard is paid them. The divergence between industrial expansion in Eastern Siberia and the living conditions of its inhabitants, a divergence that has always existed, has grown to incredible proportions during the last two years. Consequently, we can expect as a result of this war a considerably increased opening up of Eastern Siberia and a corresponding deterioration in the standard of living of its population.
EVERYBODY has heard of the Dalai Lama. Yet this eminent specialist in controlled metempsychosis, dwelling on the highlands of Asia, is certainly the most mysterious and the least photographed of the few theocrats now living in the world.

Paul Valéry says somewhere that priests are *préposés aux choses vagues*; but the Dalai is charged with things very exact and concrete: those of government. Though he constitutes a visible symbol of celestial worlds—a real living god, in fact—he administers a most respectable portion of the earth's surface; and his influence extends not only over Tibet but over Nepal, Sikkim, Bhutan, and parts of Mongolia, Siberia, Manchuria, and China. How did he attain such an exalted position?

I purposely say “he.” Even though we must look back several centuries to find the origin of this political power, we must not forget that theoretically it is still held by the same man who founded it. The whole Tibetan system of government is actually dominated by the theocratic principle of reincarnation. Bodies change, but the soul is always the same. If, for instance, in speaking to the Dalai one should happen to refer to the past history of his predecessors down the centuries, etiquette requires that one should not say: “The Great Fifth Dalai founded the Potala nearly three hundred years ago,” but: “Your Holiness founded it, some time ago.” It is indeed a miraculous cosmic masquerade: a body is the make-up; a human life the role. But the actor dwells unchanging, eternal, a pillar of the Absolute.

And who is this actor? Here politics become tinged with metaphysics and shine with that celestial glamour which gives the Dalai his peculiar charm. According to Mahayana Buddhism as found in Tibet, the Absolute, personified in the remote and rather uninteresting Adi Buddha, emanates five beings, the Five Celestial Victors or Dhyani Buddhas. These in turn each emanate a celestial Bodhisattva, who by now is sufficiently removed from noumenal sublimities to take an interest in the world and in man. Amitaba, one of the five Dhyanis, emanates Avalokitesvara (Tibetan: Chen-re-zi; Chinese: Kwan Yin; Japanese: Kwannon), and the Dalai Lama is Avalokitesvara himself.

It must further not be forgotten that a Bodhisattva is a being on the verge of becoming a Buddha who, in the Tibetan conception, renounces this divine beatitude, descending to earth and submitting to the drudgery of reiterated reincarnations so as to help all men on their way to salvation. Among the five Dhyani Bodhisattvas, Avalokitesvara is moreover, the very God of Mercy.

The Dalai is thus backed by a portentous halo of divine benevolence which would make his acts seem inspired by the loftiest and most compassionate love of humanity, even if in practice they are just the contrary. To tell the truth, Tibetans are often fiendishly cruel, and...
the Dalai seems no exception. When Ekai Kawaguchi—the Japanese monk who secretly visited Tibet in 1900/02—was subsequently found out to have been a foreigner, many people who had befriended him were tortured. His Holiness the Dalai even had some pairs of eyes gouged out by way of punishment!

A picturesque and imaginative official Tibetan genealogy provides a series of over sixty earthly reincarnations for Avalokitesvara. The divine origin of the power held by the Dalai Lama has thus conveniently been pushed back into the depths of legendary history. The most exigent intellect of Central Asia could hardly resist the emotional compulsion of such a hoary tradition which takes its life from the very origin of things, descending indeed from the sky. In reality, the genealogy is very short, dating only from the sixteenth century. While there have been 124 Emperors of Japan and 266 Popes in Rome, the present Dalai Lama is only the fourteenth of his series.

Prior to the seventh century of our era, when Buddhism was first introduced to the highlands beyond the Himalayas, little or nothing is known of Tibet. It seems that the resistance of the native Bon religion was very strong, proving that an indigenous culture was not altogether lacking. At that time the Tibetans were notorious for being warlike brigands; and one of the kings, Srongtsan-Gampo, forced a Chinese emperor to a humiliating peace in which he obtained a princess of the blood in marriage. Another princess had been given to him previously by the King of Nepal.

Even if these matrimonial successes were only a legend, they admirably symbolize the two influences which have contributed toward building the Tibetan civilization: India and China. It seems that both these royal spouses were devout Buddhists and soon converted the youthful king, who sent for teachers and books both from India and China. Later, in 746 A.D., the Indian sage Padmasambhava was summoned to instruct the existing Buddhists and convert the remaining Bon worshipers. Buddhism then took that firm hold of the country which it has held to this day.

When I say Buddhism, one must not think of the beautiful and highly ethical teachings of Gautama, which modern scholarship has restored to something like their original form. As probably stated by the master himself in his first sermon at Benares, they may be summed up in four points: (1) human experience is essentially one of suffering; (2) the root of all suffering is desire; (3) suppression of desire means suppression of suffering; (4) this final goal is reached by the path of the Eight Virtues.

Such a philosophy can be easily criticized as negative; yet it evinces a noble virility not without a certain heroic beauty of its own. Man stands alone with his suffering in a great cosmos, perhaps cold and barren from a human point of view but wonderfully pure. There is no cajoling of gods or saints to obtain a good place in another life, no hope in supernatural grace or miracles. Actions and thought alone are of value. The system is scientifically complete, it works independently of all supernatural interference. Original Buddhism seems to have been not so much a religion, in the accepted sense of the word, as a philosophical theory.

But man is by nature a creator of gods. Such a mythological void did not satisfy many of Gautama’s successors, and a fertile theogony proceeded most speedily. Considering the number of gods and goddesses known to northern Buddhism, one might even speak of an industry of gods. By the time Padmasambhava introduced the religion of Buddha to Tibet, the original philosophy had become a polytheistic and metaphysical jungle, with a vast and picturesque pantheon living in intimate symbiosis with demons of all descriptions and fiends of all appearances.

As we have seen, the Buddhists of later times spoke of an Adi Buddha and of five Dhyani Buddhas who emanate Bodhisattvas; these, finally, were considered
to manifest their presence five times on earth, in five different living beings (Manushi), one for each Kalpa or age of the world. Gautama was only the Manushi of Avalokitesvara for the Kalpa in which we are still living, namely, the fourth. Thus the philosopher who had preached a lofty, serene, stoic way of deliverance without gods, ended by taking a humble place as the emanation of an emanation of an emanation in a vast congress of supernatural beings.

And what supernatural beings! Nearly all emanated female energies (Shakti), with whom they hastened to engage in fantastic celestial orgies of bejeweled obscenity. Morals and ethics were superseded by sacrifices and appeasement or, worse, by sorcery and magic. The Elysian social climber no longer needed to behave well or be good; all he had to do was repeat certain formulas and perform (correctly) certain ritual acts. The original teachings were no longer recognizable.

This form of religion was promptly accepted in Tibet. Gradually the power of the monks became paramount. The ancient kingdom broke up into a number of independent fiefs, the lords of which actively fought each other. When Kublai Khan, in the thirteenth century, wished to receive the blessing of the greatest Church in Asia, he invited the lama of the Sakya monastery (near Shigatse) to his court. In return he granted this religious ruler the temporal sovereignty over Tibet. Thus the priest-king tradition was established.

However, that tradition did not become a driving force in the country until two centuries later. Buddhism, as a religion, had sunk to a degenerate form of devil worship, and the power of the Sakya lamas had once more dwindled to nothing in the face of the turbulent feudal lords, until a great reformation, which had both religious and practical results, was undertaken by Tsong-kapa (1358-1417), the founder of the "Yellow sect." A centralized hierarchy and administration, a sound educational curriculum, strict supervision, and a high moral tone (marriage and concubinage were forbidden) combined to give this organization an outstanding position in the religious life of Tibet.

Tsong-kapa's nephew, Gedundub (1391-1475), was the first Great Lama of the Yellow sect. At his death the succession was shrewdly based on the theory of reincarnation; but the extension of this idea to the metaphysical refinement of appearing as an Avalokitesvara in the flesh seems to date from the fifth Great Lama, Nagwang-Lhozang (1617-1682).

This last-mentioned pontiff was a man of great energy, of ruthless ambition, and perfectly adapted to succeed in that atmosphere of transcendent Machiavellism so typical of Tibet. After having attained a strong position as head of the great Depung Monastery, he persuaded a Mongol prince, Gusri Khan, to conquer the country, an enterprise which seems to have been completed quite easily. Naturally the barbaric potentate, who was under the spiritual sway of the monks, ended by presenting Tibet to the Great Lama (1640) and by granting him the Mongol title of Dalai, meaning "(vast as) the ocean." Ten years later this sovereignty was also recognized by the Chinese Emperor.

To give this newly acquired power of his a dignified setting, the "Great Fifth" (as he is known in Tibet) built a majestic stronghold near Lhasa, which he called —after the mythical Indian residence of his celestial self, Avalokitesvara—the Potala. He also set out to invent picturesque legends magnifying his own power and drastically limited that of the other sects, which ended by acknowledging his supremacy as the head of the Lama Church.

Only one lama, the Panchen ("Great Gem of Learning") or Tashi Lama, living at Tashilumpo (near Shigatse), was allowed to hold a position in some ways comparable to that of the Dalai in Lhasa. Here philosophical niceties come in again: the Panchen is considered to be the incarnation of Amitaba, one of the five Dhyani Buddhas, and actually the "fa-
THE
13th DALAI LAMA
AND HIS REALM

"... looks very brave ... eyebrows very high ... very keen-eyed"
The Sakya Lama, Kublai Khan himself, in the 13th century, gave political power to the lamas of Sakya. It is perhaps because of this that even now their surroundings are more regal than monastic.

A hermit's life of meditation is the supreme ideal of all lama sects. He who has chosen the great road is often enclosed in a small room for years on end, devoting all his energies to exploring unknown depths of the spirit. Tsampa Tendar has lived for eight years in his cell high up on the side of Mount Shopta near Gyantse.
J. E. W. E. D. 

THE LIVING GOD OF LHASA

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..." of Avalokitesvara. Hence, from a strictly theological point of view, the Panchen is superior in saintliness to his colleague in Lhasa. The idea seems, however, to be that to deal with the world is not worthy of such a great god as Amitaba, and that politics should be left to the Dalai.

The fifth Dalai perfected the system of succession by reincarnation. It is interesting to note that the other sects started at once to copy such an excellent idea; now there are several hundred "living Buddhas" in Tibet and Mongolia, every monastery wishing to have its own. Indeed, the whole past history of Tibet has been readjusted on incarnation lines. The ancient king Strongtsan-Gampo was fitted into the series of Avalokitesvara's lives on earth, and Tsong-kapa was declared to have been a living Manjushri, or "God of Wisdom."

Thus we see that the actual political power of the lamas is a comparatively recent acquisition. It is also amusing to notice that while Comte, the French philosopher, used to say that man proceeds from a theological to a metaphysical and lastly to a positive stage, in Tibet exactly the reverse has happened. The kingdom was succeeded by the Sakya pope and ended in the Lhasa living god.

The sixth Dalai (1683-1706) seems to have been a most entertaining youth who passed most of his time elegantly carousing and making love in the gardens around Lhasa. He wrote many poems, which are still popular in Tibet. The elders of the Church said that, for once, the reincarnation must have been mistaken, and the remarkable Dalai was soon deposed and ultimately killed.

As one faction believed him really to have been Avalokitesvara's soul, a long period of disturbances ensued. The Chinese were also dragged in, and finally the Emperor Kang Hsi sent up an army. He restored some order but curtailed the power of the lamas by appointing two representatives (Amban) with great power.

The men in the political game were now the Dalai, the various party leaders among the heads of the principal monasteries, the principal feudal lords, and the two foreign representatives. The Machiavellian game of chess on the roof of the world continued, now even more varied and entertaining, mingled with treason, assassinations, and torture, against the invisible background of subtle theological theories and in the dubious glamour of celestial glory.

The poor living god cannot be said to have enjoyed a good time. Four Dalai Lamas, the ninth to the twelfth (from 1805 to 1874), all died very young and in a mysterious way, one at eleven and the remaining three at eighteen. Evidently the exalted position was not conducive to a patriarchal age. The strange haste in the transmigration of Avalokitesvara's soul is easily accounted for: the political powers preferred to have a mere regent at the head of the state rather than a living god whose hold on the populace would have been too strong for them to cope with.

In 1876 the thirteenth Dalai was born. He soon gave proof of an unusual energy and flatly refused to die at the canonical age of eighteen, like his predecessors. By a clever stratagem he practically got rid of the Ambans, and then he set out to reorganize the government of Tibet independently of Chinese rule.

The Japanese monk Ekai Kawaguchi, who saw the Dalai in 1902, when the living god was about twenty-six, says in his book Three Years in Tibet: "The Dalai Lama looks very brave. His eyebrows are very high, and he is very keen-eyed." Further on he adds: "I judge that he is richer in thoughts political than religious."

His reign needed a man rich indeed in "thoughts political!" The hermit country had come into touch with new and formidable forces. At the beginning of the present century, Russian influence had become very strong, especially since the Dalai had fallen under the sway of a Siberian-born Buriat monk called Dorjiev. The British, fearing a threat to their frontiers of northern India, then sent an
armed expedition to Lhasa (1904). The Dalai fled to Mongolia and then to China.

The moment the British retired from Lhasa, the Chinese renewed their traditional policy and claimed sovereignty over the country. The Dalai returned to Lhasa in 1909 but had very soon to flee again, pursued this time by the Chinese. He passed the next few years in India. At last, when the Republican revolution in China had made Lhasa untenable for his enemies, he returned to the holy city in 1912.

From then on till about 1920, frontier incidents with the Chinese continued to give much trouble to the Tibetan Government. Later on a period of comparative peace permitted the Dalai to undertake a series of internal reforms and to continue the reconstruction of a power which had been handed to him greatly curtailed. The most notable incident in these last years has been the open dissension between the Panchen Lama, who was pro-Chinese, and the Dalai Lama, who was pro-British. The Panchen Lama left Tibet for China and then tried several times to return with the aid of a Chinese escort, but without success. He finally died in exile, shortly after the death of his more fortunate rival, the Dalai, in 1935.

The new fourteenth Dalai has been found at Jekundo, in Eastern Tibet, and was enthroned a short time ago. What does the future hold in store for this young gilded living god, in whose unknown person are concentrated the adoration of humble believers and the envy and hatred of crafty rivals?

Religious Fervor

Louis IX, known to the world as Saint Louis, loved to have the Norman sea rovers baptized en masse and was convinced that thereupon they immediately took a turn for the better. For the solemn ceremony each of them was presented with white garments which they were allowed to keep.

One Easter Sunday there were such crowds of people seeking baptism that there were not enough robes to go round and coarse substitute garments had to be provided in a hurry. A Norman nobleman flung his baptismal robe down in a rage and cried: “The devil! This is the twentieth time I have had myself baptized—but I have never yet been given such rags!”

Friendship

The Duke of Villeroy, a governor under Louis XV, was asked who was going to be appointed Minister of Finance.

“I have no idea who will be given the post,” he replied. “But no matter who it is—I am a close friend and a distant relative of his.”

Death, Where is Thy Sting?

It is hardly news that Veronal, the well-known sleep-inducing drug, is very popular among would-be suicides as it is fatal when taken in an overdose. But it is news that the manufacturers have now taken steps to prevent this misuse. Every tablet still contains exactly the same dose of the effective substances; but in addition to this every tablet now contains a small quantity of a powerful emetic. A sleepless patient taking the proper number of tablets will get his sleep without any unpleasant sensation. A would-be suicide, however, who swallows what he imagines to be a fatal dose of Veronal will simply be very, very sick and probably feel sorry the next day that he ever thought of suicide.
NATURE and mind, life and machines, seem to have become more and more opposed in the course of modern history. Civilization is to a certain extent still doing its best to provide man with an artificial, unnatural environment. His dwelling has an artificial climate that is milder and more temperate than that of nature; but he has to pay for his increased comfort with an increased susceptibility to the raw conditions of nature. Our advanced hygiene has almost completely wiped out the epidemics which in former times often altered the course of history; but death as man used to know it, from one of a limited number of diseases, has now been replaced by a multitude of afflictions of all kinds. Cancer, diseases of the heart, occupational diseases, and diseases directly attributable to civilization occur with growing frequency. Technical knowledge which, on the whole, was developed by the desire to enhance the enjoyment of life and to increase comfort as well as the protection from danger, simultaneously produced means of destruction. These are to be seen not only in modern instruments of war but also in the increasing number of victims of traffic and industrial accidents.

Thus we have finally arrived at the stage where the greatest suffering of our times is no longer the result of natural phenomena—as was often the case in the distant past—but almost entirely a by-product of man's own deeds and creations. This has made the tension between nature and mind, between life and machines, a central problem of our time.

Rousseau's cry of "Back to nature!" has become just as meaningless and impossible to fulfill as the "metropolis" dreams of certain American circles. "Back to nature" would mean a betrayal of our history, a reverting to primitive conditions—conditions, moreover, with which modern man is in many respects no longer able to cope. And the metropolis dream come true—the dream of a city of tomorrow where man lives in an entirely artificial, technical environment—would mean a further deterioration of man's mental, moral, and physical health. Under such artificial conditions, all natural instincts and systems would degenerate and disintegrate and would have to be replaced by arbitrary ones. So we see that the path must lead neither to Rousseau nor to "metropolis," whose inevitable fate was already discernible in the Tower of Babel.

All that remains is a middle course—not the "golden mean" of compromise and comfort but a stern, straight middle course. And the first steps of this middle course are indicated by what we call "biotechnics." The Greek word bios means "life," and techne originally meant "art." The ancient art of the artisan gradually developed into that which today we call "technology" in its widest sense and which, to a large extent, is directly opposed to bios, life.

What is biotechnics? It is not the artificial bridging of two contrasts, not a compromise, but a true fusing of two forces. If we compare the earliest aircraft models with the latest pursuit planes, we see at once that, from highly
artificial, complicated constructions, very simple, clear outlines have finally developed, outlines which no longer seem arbitrary but rather in complete accord with the laws of nature. The same is true of machines, motorcars, microscopes, telescopes, ships, and many other things. Machines have taken on organic form: gliders resemble soaring seagulls; airplanes and automobiles are approaching the shapes of insects; and the submarine is unmistakably related in shape to the fish. All this is not coincidence. The organic form is the final aim of all technical designing; for the organic form represents the experience of hundreds of thousands of years. It is the perfect form for its purpose, permitting the ultimate record achievements. Technical science is recognizing this fact more and more clearly. The same applies to the interior construction of machines, of the factory plant, and of engineering in general, which has suddenly awakened to the realization that living nature can provide it with matchless designs.

Today man identifies himself as never before with the creature of his brain, the machine. While in its early stages the railway was regarded with intense suspicion and people entrusted themselves to this new mode of traveling with the utmost reluctance—the same was the case in the development of aviation—nowadays the crew of a dive bomber or submarine is one with its craft, just as a scientist is one with his microscope or even the personnel of a factory with its plant.

Yet all this represents only one aspect of biotechnical developments: only the influx of life into technical work is revealed here. At the same time, however, our machine age is also beginning to make more and more use of life. In the sphere of production a difference has hitherto been made between two sectors: the agricultural and the industrial. In the farmer's association with animals and plants—this also, of course, includes the fisherman and the forester—technical innovations were accepted comparatively slowly. In many respects, agricultural and industrial thought seemed irreconcilable. It was only the agricultural, forest, and fishery products which underwent industrial processing; the living plants and creatures were not affected. However, there is one industry which has always belonged to the biotechnical border zone: the brewing industry. Here we find in the midst of a technical process, under purely artificial conditions, a living fungus—yeast. This living microorganism has thus become the determining agent of a technical-industrial process. So here the disparity between life and machines has to a certain extent been overcome.

This disparity is now being overcome in many other spheres, especially in Germany. Among the indispensable raw materials of modern industry are coal and mineral oil, both substances produced by living organisms. Now the oil and coal reserves of our planet are not inexhaustible. On the other hand, industrial demand for them is constantly rising, so that the exhausting of these reserves can already be foreseen. To find adequate substitutes for these geological supplies is a problem which can only be solved by biotechnics.

This is where the young but very promising science of microbe chemistry appears on the scene. Mineral oil was produced by microbes living in water and using sunlight for building up the substance of their body. German biologists have now succeeded in raising such quantities of diatoms (microscopic algae) on spun glass kept in stream water that an entirely new process of obtaining oil can be based on this, a process which has already passed the stage of scientific experiment and is now being tested on an industrial scale. For diatoms—whose tiny skeletons are the basic element of the diatomaceous earth known as kieselgur—in contrast to most other cellular plants, do not form starch as a reserve substance but oil. And the same diatoms which are now being exploited in a process which is neither purely agricultural nor purely technical in the old sense had a large share in the geological formation of petroleum. Thus biotechnics is now repeating a geological
process and has thereby opened up an inexhaustible source of organic raw material. The fact that this new source is still of minor importance from an economic point of view is insignificant in the face of the fact that the beginning of an extremely promising path into the future has been found.

Other examples of biotechnics are the process of employing a living fungus to transform indigestible peat into an albuminous cattle feed of high value, available independently of climate or season, and the successful experiments on producing sugar from wood by means of microbe chemistry.

But the field of biotechnics is much larger. Wood is being used more and more as an industrial raw material. A growing number of articles of daily use, of fodder substances, building materials, and chemical products are being obtained from wood. This means a considerable saving in coal. However, the increasing demand of the various industries might represent a deadly peril to our forests, especially in densely populated areas. This peril can only be dealt with effectively by biotechnics, whose task it is to develop fast-growing timber. Here is an example of what has been done.

About ten years ago, German experimental stations crossed various fast-growing species of poplar and developed a new variety whose seeds produce shoots which grow to a height of more than one meter within a year. More recently, they succeeded in changing the innate qualities of this new variety by injecting colchicum, the poison contained in the saffron plant—in other words, one more natural product. This poison, twenty milligrams of which are deadly to human beings, is beginning to be used in the treatment of cancer because of its retarding effect on cell division in humans and animals. In plants, however, the poison causes the chromosomes (known to be the carriers of heredity) to double or even treble. The effect of such treatment is an extraordinary speeding up of growth. Thus it was possible to produce record poplars whose seeds grew into shoots three meters high in one year and four and a half meters high in two years. In this way, the production of wood could be immensely increased. Although this particular wood may not be much good as lumber for building purposes, this is of no importance, since what is needed is the raw material wood for use in technical and industrial processes.

This brings us to the vast field of animal and plant breeding as a whole, the biotechnical importance of which has hardly been recognized. We may readily admit today that, without the achievements of German research in this field, Germany's war situation would be a serious one.

But it is by no means true to say that the young science of biotechnics, only a few of whose manifold achievements have been indicated here, gives us the right to rest on our laurels or to indulge in a feeling of superiority toward nature. On the contrary: this vast, hardly begun work enhances our respect and awe of the laws of life, which very laws permit us to increase the effectiveness of some biological processes far beyond the ordinary limits. Any feeling of superiority toward nature which the old-style technology may have entailed, vanishes in the face of biotechnical developments. Life cannot be cheated, the laws of life cannot be circumvented, without man suffering grave harm. But if we learn once again to work and live with nature and in accordance with its laws, we may look with confidence into the future of mankind, a future whose face is new and unfamiliar but nevertheless healthy and open.

Biotechnics is certainly no panacea; but it is one of the strongest indications for the fact that we are on the right road and may look into the coming dawn with confidence.
FRENCH DISSIDENTS

By PAUL-FRANÇOIS CARCOPINO

Since our last article on the French situation (March 1943), which carried the story up to the assassination of Darlan on Christmas Eve 1942, the French dissident movement has been drawn completely into the vortex of power politics. Hence the contradictions existing among various factions of the dissidents have been multiplied by the intrigues of Washington, London, and Moscow. The alternating news about alleged reconciliations and fresh quarrels between the dissident leaders and the coming and going of their supporters finally became so confused that most people abandoned the effort of keeping up with events. On the basis of all material available here, our French collaborator has now prepared an analysis of the developments in the dissident camp for the past twelve months.—K.M.

DARLAN'S LAST WILL

Shortly before he was assassinated, Darlan made a statement over the radio which has since become known as his "last will" and in which he explained his own position. The Admiral took great pains to point out that he was not a rebel opposed to Marshal Pétain but was acting on the Marshal's behalf. He claimed that Marshal Pétain had become a prisoner of the Germans when they marched into unoccupied France following the Anglo-American invasion of French North Africa, and he called himself "the trustee of the legal powers of France." Darlan said: "We do not intend to form a government in North Africa. I simply represent the interests of France in North Africa in the name of the Marshal who is a prisoner of the Germans."

To the French mind the question of legality has always been important. Therefore it might have been of the utmost consequence for the further course of events if Darlan's theory had been generally accepted. Two facts, however, interfered with his plan. In the first place, Marshal Pétain himself, instead of declaring himself a prisoner of the Germans, clearly disavowed the Admiral on November 14, 1942, that is, as soon as the latter's treason became certain, and thus denuded Darlan of every pretense of acting in his name. In the second place, the Allies were not in agreement in their attitude toward Darlan. While Washington showed willingness to cooperate with him, England had its own pretender to the leadership of the French dissident forces in the person of General Charles de Gaulle, while in Moscow's eyes Darlan remained a "Fascist."

On December 24, 1942, the problem of Darlan was eliminated by his assassination; but the conflicts between the French dissidents and the Allies remained. The first to take up where Darlan had been interrupted was General Henri Honoré Giraud. (Giraud was at this moment in North Africa after breaking his pledged word to the Germans and to the Marshal, while de Gaulle was still in London.) For Giraud there was no longer any possibility of pretending that he possessed the legality which Darlan had still claimed for himself. But, as a general, Giraud did not care much about politics. One of his first actions was the transformation of Darlan's "Empire Council" into a simple "War Committee," also in Algiers. He believed that it was enough to have a common aim—that of fighting against the Axis—to unite all dissident forces.

But there were many political controversies of a domestic nature to be taken care of. In North Africa alone—not to mention the other French possessions under dissident rule—there are at least three clear divisions among the population: French, Arabs, and Jews.
In addition there were the difficulties arising from the presence of large foreign armies and from the scarcity of food and supplies. It seems that General Giraud hoped to overcome these difficulties and to maintain order simply by continuing to employ the laws of Vichy and the men whom the Marshal had entrusted with the administration of North Africa—General Nogues in Morocco and Governor General Boisson in French West Africa. M. Peyrouton he made Governor General of Algeria and a member of the War Committee.

THE MEN BEHIND GIRAUD

In 1936 Abel Peyrouton was Resident General of Morocco. As he was frequently accused of having authoritarian and Fascist inclinations, Blum's Popular Front Cabinet transferred him in September 1936 to the post of French Ambassador to Argentina, replacing him in Morocco by General Nogues.

After the collapse of France the Marshal recalled him from Buenos Aires and made him Vice-Minister, later Minister, of Internal Affairs. But it seems that from the start Peyrouton was opposed to the Marshal's policy of collaboration with Germany. He was a bitter enemy of Laval and responsible for the latter's dismissal on December 14, 1941. Upon Laval's return to power he resigned and returned to Buenos Aires. It was only after the assassination of Darlan that Peyrouton went to North Africa.

Apart from Peyrouton and his military colleagues, the men behind Giraud were mainly leading capitalists. Among them we have heard the names of Rene Mayer (nephew of the Rothschilds of Paris, representative of Jewish high finance, and agent of the Lazard banking group) and Lemaigre-Dubreuil, who some years earlier had headed the French Employers' Organization. Another important political group in France linked with the dissidents consists of men close to Colonel de la Roque's "Social Party." For some time it seemed as if they were supporting Marshal Pétain; but when they realized that the Marshal was sincere in his policy of collaboration, and particularly after Laval's return to power and the Darlan affair of November 1942, they turned more and more in favor of the dissidents.

RELENTANT HANDSHAKE

The most important inner-political question, which Giraud could not ignore in the long run, was the clarification of his relations with General de Gaulle, who had headed most of the dissidents before Darlan and Giraud had appeared in North Africa. From the start a sharp conflict existed between Giraud and de Gaulle. The War Committee itself was composed almost entirely of men who had not long ago pledged allegiance to Marshal Pétain and more or less approved the domestic policy of the Marshal's national revolution. Quite apart from personal ambition and enmity, this fact alone made it impossible for de Gaulle to submit himself to the War Committee, as he had always most severely criticized not only the Marshal's collaboration with Germany but also his internal policy. The efforts of the American Commander in Chief, General Dwight Eisenhower, to reconcile all French dissidents faced great difficulties. Even the theatrical handshake of Giraud and de Gaulle during the Casablanca Conference in January 1943 did not settle the question.

As time went on, the political problems in the dissident camp became more pressing and could no longer be overlooked. For the sake of unity, General Giraud, who wished to concentrate his energies on military questions, began to compromise here and there with de Gaulle. He abandoned some of Vichy's authoritarian laws, such as the laws about the Jews, and he freed political prisoners—former Communist deputies, Red Spaniards, and various anti-Vichy elements. Finally, on June 3, 1943, he merged his War Committee with de Gaulle's organization "Fighting France" into the "Committee of National Liberation." With every concession he made, Giraud opened the gate of North Africa a little wider to de Gaulle and his followers; yet the ten-
sion between the two leaders did not diminish.

CHARLES DE GAULLE

From the “Free French” via “Fighting France” to the “Committee of National Liberation”; from the desire to continue the war against Germany at the side of England via mercenary service to England to the recent submission to Moscow—can we find some explanation for these ceaseless changes in the policy of de Gaulle?

If the “Free French” had fought on the battlefield against the Germans, anyone would have considered the sacrifice of their lives a guarantee of their sincerity, no matter what he may have thought about the political views of their leaders. But the fight against the Germans hardly ever materialized. From the days of Oran and Dakar (July and September 1940), de Gaulle’s “Free French” fought almost exclusively against other Frenchmen and for the benefit of England. To be sure, England had promised de Gaulle the restoration of France and her colonial empire after the end of the war; but after the Atlantic Charter and the conferences of Casablanca, Moscow, and Teheran, not much has been left of this promise. The development has gone far beyond those early conversations between Churchill and de Gaulle in 1940, and it is a long time since anybody on the Anglo-American side mentioned the restoration of the French Empire.

When, under the constant pressure of General Eisenhower and public opinion in America and England, Giraud and de Gaulle finally reached some semblance of co-operation, they both still realized that, as far as the world was concerned, they did not represent much more than their own bands of followers. This is why they have tried incessantly to obtain the status of a recognized government.

NO RECOGNITION

The question of recognition of the Committee of National Liberation has been discussed in the newspapers over and over again. Finally, on August 27, 1943, Great Britain, the United States, and the USSR defined their attitudes toward the Committee of National Liberation in Algiers—each in its own way.

The British note states that it regards the Committee as an institution “which is able to safeguard the direction of French war efforts within the framework of inter-Allied co-operation.” Thus, in the eyes of the British, the Committee is not an organ lawfully representing France, nor an exile government, but merely an instrument of the Allied war effort. To make this quite clear, the note declares that there can be no question of an exchange of diplomatic representatives between the Committee and the British Government. M. Vienot, once a member of a Blum cabinet, whom the Committee had sent to London, is neither an ambassador nor a minister but merely an agent; while the British representative in Algiers MacMillan bore the title of “Minister Resident,” the customary title for the representative of a great power in a state without sovereignty, until he was replaced by Duff-Cooper on November 22. This attitude of London places the Committee of National Liberation on a lower level than Egypt who, at least outwardly, is recognized as sovereign by London.

Just as unsatisfactory is the wording of Washington’s note, which reads:

The Government of the United States takes note with sympathy of the desire of the Committee to be regarded as the body qualified to ensure the administration and defense of French interests. The extent to which it may be possible to give effect to this desire must, however, be reserved for consideration in each case as it arises.

On these understandings, the Government of the United States recognizes the French Committee of National Liberation as administering those French overseas territories which acknowledge its authority. This statement does not constitute a recognition of a government of France or of the French empire by the Government of the United States.

Thus, as far as the governments of London and Washington are concerned, the Committee does not represent the French nation—in contrast to their attitude toward the refugee governments of Poland, Norway, and others—but is
merely a body with very limited administrative functions.

The Anglo-Americans' attitude is easy to understand. They want North Africa as a base for their war against Europe. They need its man power, ports, grain, phosphates, ore, railways, and they wish to keep their hands completely free in order to deal with the French colonial empire at their own will and without being bothered by any considerations for a French governmental body.

THE SOVIETS GO THEIR OWN WAY

The Soviet note of August 27 is quite different. It reads in full:

The Government of the Soviet Union, after becoming acquainted with the declaration of the French Committee of National Liberation, has decided to recognize the French Committee of National Liberation as the representative of the state interests of the French Republic and as the leader of all French patriots who fight against Hitler tyranny and to exchange representatives with full powers.

Moscow has very cleverly used the situation for its own purposes. While London and Washington have refused recognition, Moscow, in extending full recognition, has made up for its lack of military power in North Africa by firm diplomatic ties with Algiers. The Soviets immediately dispatched Bogomolov to Algiers as an ambassador. This choice is significant. Prior to his appointment to Algiers, Bogomolov was Soviet Ambassador to the refugee governments of Greece, Norway, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia in London. By transferring him to Algiers without appointing a successor in London, Moscow has clearly shown that it has far higher regard for Algiers than for the London-supported refugee governments, exactly the opposite attitude to that of Great Britain. We can be sure that the Soviet Union will utilize its diplomatic relationship with Algiers to the best advantage. Before the end of August, sixty Soviet "commercial representatives" arrived in Algiers to be attached to various Soviet trade commissions.

THE LEBANON REVOLTS

The nonrecognition of the Committee of National Liberation by the Anglo-Americans has had many sad consequences for that body. Time and again the Committee has complained that it was not invited to participate in any of the important Allied conferences—as, for instance, those in Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran—that it has no seat in the Allied Advisory Council in London, and that it was not allowed to participate in the armistice negotiations with Badoglio, although in all these cases French interests were affected.

In November 1943, M. Helleu who, in the name of the Committee of National Liberation, was High Commissioner for the Republic of Lebanon, arrested the President as well as the Chief of Government of Lebanon, because they had proclaimed the independence of their state and the abolition of the French mandate. This step of the Lebanese statesmen was the result of promises of liberation and independence for the Lebanon which the dissidents had made when they conquered the Lebanon and Syria from the Vichy authorities. A revolution broke out in the Lebanon. Even General Catroux (de Gaulloist predecessor of Helleu and former de Gaulloist Governor General of French Indo-China, a close friend of the English, and probably a better diplomat than most other ex-generals among the dissidents) was unable to calm the Lebanon when he was sent there. Although the Committee of National Liberation had publicly claimed that Helleu had only obeyed its orders, Catroux was unable to find any solution to the conflict except by discarding Helleu and releasing the Lebanese leaders.

This case again showed the importance of legality. The Committee of National Liberation has no claims on Syria and the Lebanon because it does not represent France, to whom these states were given as mandates by the League of Nations. The British cleverly turned this to their own advantage by taking the side of the Syrians and Lebanese, thus harming French prestige in the Near East and replacing French power by their own.
THE LEGALITY OF VICHY

In contrast to the dissidents, the Government at Vichy is a government both in name and in fact. Laval in particular has always been aware of the importance of legality and has strictly adhered to it, even when this was most inconvenient. When on July 10, 1940, Laval obtained legal powers for the Marshal from the National Assembly, almost all the members of the assembly were sons of the Third Republic. Being even at that moment traditionally unwilling to yield their rights to one man, they put various restrictions on his powers. To observe these restrictions scrupulously and to keep the promises made, even those made by former French governments, has been the policy of the Marshal and of Laval in order not to give their enemies any justified grounds for attacking the legality of their government.

This is the reason why the Government has remained in Vichy instead of returning to Paris, thereby keeping intact the status resulting from the Armistice of June 1940. (The part of France not occupied before November 1942 is still considered legally unoccupied territory, as the entry of German troops after the Anglo-American invasion of North Africa was not an "occupation" but an action for the defense of the coast of southern France.)

This is the reason why the French Fleet scuttled itself at Toulon in November 1942. (The Government thereby combined its obligation resulting from the Armistice, i.e., not to give the Navy to the British, and its pledge to the British Government made in June 1940, i.e., not to hand the fleet over to the Germans.)

This is, finally, one of the reasons why no peace has been signed between the Vichy Government and Germany. (The previous French Government had promised its ally England not to conclude a separate peace.)

As a result of this careful policy, Laval's government has a clear legal basis. Even today, with German troops in all parts of France and with large numbers of young Frenchmen in Germany as workers or prisoners of war, the Allies still fear the Vichy Government, as it is the only legal government for forty million Frenchmen. Allied radios are trying their utmost to incite the French against this Government. They warn them that French towns and industrial plants will be destroyed if the French people do not rise against the Germans; and day after day Allied bombs fall on French territory, killing and wounding thousands of French civilians.

FROM ROYALISM TO BOLSHEVISM

How different is the situation of de Gaulle. He has broken with all principles of law and order. He has lost his citizenship. He is in the pay of the British. (Even though the money comes from the riches which the Allies have taken from the French, de Gaulle must obey the orders of those who control it.) If one of his followers does something which displeases the British or Americans, de Gaulle is forced to disavow him. This happened, for example, in the case of Helleu in the revolt of the Lebanon.

The absence of recognition, his fight with Giraud, and the necessity of maintaining his position against the swarms of politicians whom defeat had thrown out of France and who do not wish to be forgotten—all this has forced de Gaulle to look for any support he might be able to find. In order to avoid complete dependence on Britain, to get rid of American-supported Giraud and the ex-Vichy politicians, and to win new supporters for himself, de Gaulle threw himself into the arms of the Reds. The law of September 1, 1939, banning the Communist Party and all communist political organizations from French territory, was revoked on June 15, 1943. Twenty-six Communist deputies were released from prison. A large number of Communist organizations were permitted, such as the Communist Party, the Communist Fighting League, the Union of Syndicates, the Committee of Socialist Action, the League for Human Rights, the Society for French-Soviet Rapprochement, etc. Communist in-
fluence has risen enormously. On November 1, Communist demonstrators in Algiers demanded the proclamation of an Algerian Soviet Republic.

The road of de Gaulle is one more proof that there is no longer any intermediate solution for Europe and that the choice is only between a German victory or a Bolshevist Europe.

ECLIPSE OF GIRAUD

At the same time de Gaulle has forced many of Giraud’s partisans—such as Peyrouton and Noguès—out of office. The result is that there is now nobody left in North Africa willing or able to fight the Bolshevist influence. All new vacancies provide opportunities for de Gaulle to reward his henchmen and to strengthen his prestige among them by making colonels into generals and small unknown officials into governors general.

All this has strengthened the inner-political position of de Gaulle to such an extent that Giraud has been increasingly eclipsed. In the last days of July, the dualism in the leadership of the Committee of National Liberation came to an end, when it was agreed that de Gaulle was henceforth to take care of all political questions, while the domain of Giraud was to be limited to the command of the military formations of the dissidents. This, however, led to new conflicts which reached their climax during the occupation of Corsica. Giraud, claiming supreme command of the troops, sent some dissident formations to the island without asking de Gaulle for permission, the latter only learning about this action through the British radio. Toward the end of September the new post of “Defense Commissioner” was created and given to General Le Gentilhomme, who thus became Giraud’s superior. And a month later, on October 26, Giraud’s powers were further curtailed when his military authority was limited to Corsica and the ports of Algiers, Bône, and Bizerta, the rest being placed under Le Gentilhomme.

CARICATURE OF A PARLIAMENT

Parallel to the gradual elimination of Giraud, the originally authoritarian regime of Darlan and Giraud had to be replaced for the sake of appearances. A “Provisional Advisory Assembly” was established by the end of September, at first with twenty members, viz., 5 Socialists, 5 Radical Socialists, 3 Communists, and 7 Centrists, which latter include the rightists. Later this number was increased until the Assembly became a miniature caricature of the old French Chamber of Deputies. Needless to say, the Assembly has little actual power, as all important decisions are made by the Anglo-American occupation authorities.

To characterize the type of men prominent in Algiers we shall name a few:

Mendès-France was a former Under-secretary of State for the Treasury in the second Blum Cabinet. With his own funds safely in Egyptian pounds in Alexandria, he was responsible in 1937 for the prohibition of transferring funds abroad and worked for the devaluation of the franc. In May 1941 he was condemned to six years’ imprisonment for desertion, as he had left France in July 1940 while still a soldier. Both he, who is a Commissioner of Finance in the Committee of National Liberation, and M. Diethelm, Commissioner for Stores and Supplies, are Jewish.

Pierre Cot was Minister of Aviation in various French cabinets, especially those of Daladier. After the collapse of France he was accused of having neglected the preparation of her national defense. Having fled from France, he lectured at Harvard University. His pro-Soviet inclinations are of long standing.

André Marty has been known for many decades as a radical Communist leader in France. He made a notorious name for himself during the Spanish Civil War. The leading Communist in Algiers, he is one of the most important men there. He is loud in demanding the arrest of Giraud, whom he considers a Fascist. Another Communist is in charge of the “Office of Purification” and will become
very important in this position as soon as the trials start which have been announced for Peyrouton, Boisson, Noguès, Flandin, and other prominent men.

Needless to say, the Communists are not interested in helping de Gaulle. They are cleverly exploiting the situation in North Africa and the prevailing mental confusion among the French people to prepare their way to power. They are trying to make use of the discontent of the Arabs by proposing the creation of a free state or something similar, and of the Jews by spreading Communist ideas among them and by scaring them with the consequences of an Axis victory.

Will they also be able to win the French? This should be more difficult. The dissidents' situation is almost a repetition of that under the Popular Front regime. Even if we agree with Marshal Pétain that the French people have a short memory, we cannot but hope that they still remember the reasons for the collapse of 1940.

France has recently been told by Prime Minister Smuts of South Africa what she has to expect from her former ally England. On November 25, 1943, while taking Churchill's place in London during the latter's absence, Smuts declared:

"We may talk of France as a great power, but talking will not help her much. France has gone and will be gone in our day and perhaps for many a day."

* * *

All these divergencies of opinion and this confusion of mind show that the French are still unable to achieve the moral and political unity so necessary for the rebirth of France. But we should not base our conclusions as to France's future only on the facts mentioned in this article and to be found in the dissidents' camp. There are four other facts of which the world hears little and which in the end are likely to be of more consequence:

(1) The living and working of hundreds of thousands of French laborers in Germany for three-and-a-half years. This has given them and the Germans an opportunity to get to know and understand each other better than ever before.

(2) The mistakes made by the British and their American allies. They were frequently misled by their dissident advisers, who were motivated primarily by hatred for Germany and the new regime in France and who only thought of what they themselves had lost. But hatred is a bad adviser, and a strong anti-British feeling is growing among those who have had to pay for England's policy.

(3) The contrast between the actions of Germany who, for example, allowed the French to reoccupy Savoy and Nice after the surrender of Badoglio, and the Anglo-American grabbing of the French colonial empire.

(4) The fact that almost four years of dissidence have led to nothing better than to the return of those men and ideas that failed to settle the problems arising after the Great War and to whom few Frenchmen would wish to entrust their destiny again.

* * *

Once bitten...  

Danton, the overthrown leader of the French Revolution, had been condemned to death and was being taken to the guillotine in a tumbrel. With a bitter smile he turned away from the screaming mob and said to his companion Chabot:

"One thing I'm sure of: if there ever should be a revolution in heaven, we'll keep out of it!"
SKYSCRAPERS

By ALFRED ROMAIN

When we mean "America," we often say "Washington," because this is the official capital of the USA and the site of its government. But in reality the United States has two capitals, the other being New York. New York sets the style and pace for America in practically every field that is not directly connected with the government. New York is the center of American capitalism, the center of American publicity and propaganda, the center of the American fashion industry, the American theater, American music and art.

New York is a unique city, and no single article could possibly do justice to its character. But undoubtedly its most prominent outward feature is the mountain range of its skyscrapers. Looking back on his own experiences, Alfred Romain describes life in and among the skyscrapers.—K.M

SEEN from the top of a skyscraper, people look small, insignificant, very much alike, whether they are street-cleaners, women in fur coats, white-collar workers, beggars, kings, or queens. This applies even to the King of England, as I found out one bright summer morning in 1939 when I looked down from the roof garden of New York's forty-five-story Downtown Athletic Club.

Thousands of other people were gazing down like myself from skyscrapers. On a straight and remarkably empty strip of asphalt below, a small dot, surrounded by even smaller dots, was moving slowly along. The King and Queen of the British Commonwealth of Nations had come to visit the United States of America. Although it was a unique spectacle, with flags waving and bands playing, sensation-hungry New Yorkers were not particularly impressed, nor were they conscious of the fact that history was passing by, flea-sized, forty-five floors below.

The King of England had come to bow before the mighty skyscrapers, smiling modestly, insignificantly. The towering buildings of Battery Place and Wall Street, those money tyrants of gigantic dimensions, stood by unmoved. Was it symbolic?

New Yorkers were not yet thinking much about history and symbolic actions at that time. Somebody laughed: "Look, even the Nazis have put out their flag," and pointed at a huge German flag which greeted the visiting monarch from the nineteenth floor of the old though still impressive Whitehall Building. Somehow it tickled New Yorkers to see the King pass under the swastika flag.

As soon as the royal visitors were out of sight, life quickly returned to normal. Cars started to move and were soon speeding around the corner of Whitehall again. Thousands of elevators resumed their vertical traffic. People were again rushing in and out of them and returning to their jobs through spacious, well-lit corridors. Typewriters rattled and telephones rang again, and the pretty secretary in front of me was obviously thinking of her lunch date.

Like millions of Americans she would later glance through the papers, hardly noticing the reports about the King's reception in New York and Washington, stopping only to read perhaps that the Roosevelts had offered "hot dogs" to the royal visitors at Hyde Park or that a wreath had been placed on George Washington's tomb in Mount Vernon by the King, whose ancestor George III had spent many years of his life trying to crush the American Revolution.

In those days England and the rest of Europe were still far from the minds-
of the skyscraper people. The idea of war, of a conflict which might involve the United States, was remote. "We won't get into it this time," the Americans thought and said. "Why should we bother about dirty European politics? Nobody can solve their troubles anyway," and: "Look what we got out of it last time."

Baseball and golf, next Saturday's party, the motorcar and the joys and sorrows it brought, were paramount in everybody's mind—save for the unemployed. They had other worries.

COMING OUT

Way up in the sky, people were dancing. The big hotel ballroom was crowded with beautifully dressed women and men in tail coats. Mrs. Astor was there and Mr. and Mrs. Pratt of the Standard Oil. The Vanderbilts had come, and there were many other names from the Social Register. It was a "coming out" party. A young debutante was being presented to society by her parents, who stood at the head of the reception line, smiling, introducing friends, receiving congratulations. For the girl, the former subdebutante, this was the formal beginning of social life, a life of parties, orchids, dances, lovely clothes. There was music and gaiety. The doors were open onto the roof garden.

The picture that presented itself from there was truly remarkable: a symphony of electric lights, white, red, green, blue, all competing with each other. Thousands and thousands of bright windows. Neon light painting pictures, jumping, running, falling off, and starting all over again. Light from the illuminated skyscraper-tops all the way down to the streaks of cars crowding the streets.

At the foot of the building there was a dark spot. Traffic flowed around it. The skyscrapers had left just enough room for a little square. A small crowd of people, most of them chewing a piece of gum, was listening to a hoarse voice. A few people moved on, others joined the crowd. The speaker was standing on a small stepladder to which he had attached an American flag. He used the word "America" often and with great emphasis. He also said something about the "American way of life" and about "our democratic form of government."

"While we go hungry, four thousand women from Park Avenue spend eighty-five million dollars on dresses and twenty million dollars on jewelry every year," he shouted. Somebody in the audience started to heckle him. "If you don't like it here in this country, why don't you go back where you came from?"
A few people laughed. The speaker protested angrily. His family had been in America for generations, he claimed, and with increasing vehemence he cried: "We Americans must make democracy work!"

Then there was a movement in the crowd. A "cop," as policemen are called in New York, pushed his way through. The speaker got off his ladder. A melee of voices, over which rose the cop's Brooklyn accents: "You ain't got no right to soap-box here without no licence." And the hoarse voice of the soap-boxer: "This is a free country!" Then the arguing and talking died down. People dispersed. At the top of the skyscraper the dance music continued.

CITIES IN THE AIR

New York has skyscrapers for every purpose. It has skyscraper office buildings, skyscraper hotels, skyscraper apartment houses, skyscraper jails, skyscraper clubs, skyscraper hospitals, skyscraper department stores, skyscraper factories, skyscraper courthouses, skyscraper universities, and skyscrapers which are cities of their own with a population of 5,000, like one of the buildings on Wall Street, and even with some 25,000 people who work there and 125,000 who visit it every day, like Rockefeller Center in uptown New York. In such cities-within-a-city you can find everything from a shoe-shine and shave to a swimming pool, a movie, or an ice-skating rink. You can get a visa for a foreign country, you can dance, you can breakfast, lunch, or dine in dozens of restaurants according to your taste and purse. Of course you can
work there too—if you have a job; and you must do so at breath-taking speed, because time is worth more money in New York than anywhere else in the world.

In your skyscraper city you can buy everything from a fur coat to an aspirin to chase away the after-effects of the night before. If your case is more serious than that, there is a first-aid station, doctors, or even a hospital waiting for you. If you want to divorce your wife, you just step into the elevator, a couple of floors up, and you are at your lawyer's office, which is impressively furnished and decorated with genuine prints of old New York and the legal profession, to show you that his firm is founded on a venerable tradition.

VERTICAL LIFE

Traffic in your skyscraper city is mostly vertical. Indeed, New York's vertical traffic is bigger than its horizontal one. Every day, elevators carry more people than the subways, motorcars, and busses combined. Every morning you let yourself be tossed up into the sky by one of the forty elevators of your building at fifteen miles an hour, silently except for the hissing and howling of air pressure inside the elevator shaft. You first take an express elevator that races past twenty or thirty stories before making the first stop, gradually reducing its speed like a train entering a station. Then you change into a local that stops tediously at every floor until it finally reaches your own.

In your skyscraper city you do not know the people who are its citizens, and you never bother to get acquainted. It would be hopeless to know the other 4,999 people who work in the same building, just as hopeless as counting its 3,181 windows. You might, of course, get yourself invited to the penthouse that sits on the top of your building like a little mansion. The elevator stops at a private entrance, and as you step out of the lift you enter the atmosphere of a private residence which may not be any different from that of other homes of the wealthy except for the fact that it is located fifty-seven floors above the ground. Unfortunately, your chances of getting invited into the millionaire's penthouse are rather slim, unless you happen to be a celebrity, a political “big shot,” or a millionaire yourself and belong to the Social Register class for reasons best known to the editors of that famous volume. The world of the rich is exclusive, very exclusive. And the anonymity of the skyscraper, its vastness and inaccessibility, favor such exclusiveness.

New York's skyscrapers seem particularly huge and magnificent because they stand next to the slums, those endless rows of ugly three-storied buildings, blackened by smoke and neglect, one as hopelessly desolate and depressing as the other. To the street they present a tangle of rusty iron fire escapes where washing is hung up to dry. There is the Bowery, where the “scum of the earth” hangs around, there are the vast slum areas of lower East Side. There is Chinatown, only sadly reminiscent of China's splendor and customs.

Skyscrapers and slums typify the contrast between concentrated wealth and the abject poverty of ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed masses that, according to President Roosevelt, make up one third of the American people.

THE SKYSCRAPER MIND

When you work and live in a skyscraper, you are far away from the ground. You forget the smell and the feel of the brown earth. But still you have a longing to be out in the open, where trees grow and farmers plow their fields. Deep within you there is a feeling of emptiness and nostalgia. This is why rich business executives have elaborate little roof gardens planted in front of their office windows fifty or sixty floors above the street. But for most people who do not happen to be business executives, this longing for fields and trees remains unsatisfied. And so they gradually give up all hope of getting back to nature and grasp whatever enjoyment and pleasures skyscraper life has to offer.
When you reach that stage, you become part of the skyscraper world. The giants of concrete and steel begin to dominate you, and you begin to enjoy their domination. You become intoxicated with bigness and height, with speed and the thrill of standing on the top of a sixty- or eighty-story building, looking down on the world beneath. You begin to think that skyscrapers represent the biggest and most important things in the world, that they are right because they are big. You get a feeling of superiority that makes you look down on everything that does not have gigantic dimensions. And you end up by assuming that you can judge everything better than the "backward" people of Europe and Asia and that you are entitled to determine their frontiers and forms of government.

You become a creature of the skyscraper and its mentality. You have lost touch with the earth, and you lose touch with your old ideals and traditions. Once your spiritual roots are severed, the skyscraper world quickly completes the process of assimilation.

Like a magic world, the skyline of Manhattan's skyscrapers has greeted most of the immigrants from Europe as their ships entered New York harbor past the Statue of Liberty. It was in the shadow of these giants that they started life in America. They had come from towns and villages where churches are the highest buildings, cathedrals that it had taken generations to build. Now they gazed up the fronts of skyscrapers which hopelessly outdistanced any church they had ever seen. The immigrants started to compare the Old World with the New, and their yardstick was the number of floors of the buildings. They had heard much about the fairy-tale world of America, which had attracted them, though much of it they had not believed. But the first thing they saw in the New World, its skyscrapers, surpassed even their wildest imagination, and after that they accepted the rest of the American myth without reservation. They capitulated before the skyscraper world.

For the immigrants, the American myth was, of course, soon debunked by realities. There were the slums, unemployment, and strikes. Life was drab and impersonal; it was standardization and speed, and it was empty. Even if the magic world of the skyscrapers remained—its glamour was confined to the movies or reserved for the rich. And yet the skyscraper mind continued to dominate those who lived in their shadow. They adopted its mentality, a mentality which has lost touch with nature, tradition, and human values, which worships the dollar and the stock-market ticker. Even beyond New York itself, the spirit of Americans became infected with the ideology of those who sit in the towers around Wall Street and believe that everything can be bought like stocks and bonds—be it fur coats, Congressmen, South American politicians, love, divorce, the editorial policy of a newspaper, opera stars, guns and tanks, art, or public opinion.

THE WORLD TAKES ITS CUE

The skyscraper mentality would be of no particular concern to the world outside the United States were it not for the fact that only a short while ago the skyscraper mind dominated almost the entire world and still radiates all over America and the nations allied to it. Revolutions have been bought and paid for in the towers of Manhattan, and so have wars.

In fact, New York with its skyscraper mentality is ideally suited to be the capital of American propaganda. Housed in its gigantic buildings is one of the biggest and most powerful propaganda machines in the world.

In Rockefeller Center's seventy-story "Radio City," the National Broadcasting Company of America has forty studios where most of the "nation-wide hookup programs" originate which are rebroadcast all over the States. Other leading broadcasting companies with nation-wide chains also have their offices and studios in New York's skyscraper districts.

Most of America's leading magazines, with a combined circulation of sixty-
seven million, are published in New York's skyscrapers, as are seventy-five per cent of all the books of the United States. The publishing and printing business, with 2,500 commercial printing plants, forms New York's second largest manufacturing industry. Concentrated in the skyscraper area of midtown Manhattan, there is a 1.5-billion-dollar advertising business with nearly two hundred advertising firms, molding the habits and tastes of the American public.

New York, the newspaperman's Mecca, has an overwhelming influence on the press of the entire continent through news services such as the AP and UP as well as through its papers, which are sold all over the United States and are used as reference material by publicists and scholars even in the most remote parts of the country.

The New York Times is published in a skyscraper, so is the Daily News (with a weekday edition of two million copies of 64 pages each and a Sunday edition of 3.5 million), and so are the magazines Time and Life—to mention only a few of the best-known instruments of the skyscraper mind. Their influence is enormous, for American propaganda—whether intended for business or for war—is efficient and scientifically designed, incorporating the latest principles of technology, psychology, and mass production. It shows all the characteristics of New York and its skyscrapers. And these giant edifices spew it forth in huge quantities, all over the city, all over America, and even far beyond America's frontiers. They spew forth hate and distortion, misrepresentation and half-truths, "human interest" stories and "objective" reports, day and night without interruption.

THE SKYSCRAPERS' SHADOW

A skyscraper may not have a soul, but it certainly has a personality. Yes, a building of sixty or eighty floors, of functional design, constructed of steel, concrete, and glass, fitted with standardized steel windows, does have personality. Its personality is not that of a human being; it is that of a monster. There is something sinister and menacing about skyscrapers, particularly during winter nights when one can hardly see the upper floors, which disappear into the dark misty sky.

One day while I was sitting at my desk, an explosion shook the building. It sounded as if all eighteen elevators in our building had fallen to the ground simultaneously. Dust, dirt, and small objects were blown up to the floors above. The air pressure was terrific. People ran around feverishly. Police arrived to cordon off a section of the skyscraper. A few people had been injured.

What had happened? Someone had bombed the German Economic Organization, located one floor below our office. The time bomb had been slipped in unnoticed, wrapped in a newspaper which was delivered every day at that hour.

The two years since we had looked down on King George passing through the canyon between the skyscrapers had brought great changes. Nobody laughed any more at the idea of American intervention in European or Asiatic affairs. Of course, the huge majority of the people who were living in the shadow of the skyscrapers did not want war, but everyone felt that it was coming nearer and nearer. People still hoped, but they no longer felt sure. It was like the dark ominous shadow of a monster.
THE LOTUS
By ELEANOR CONSTEN

Flowers have gladdened the heart of man since time immemorial, and it is not surprising that people in all times and places should have chosen flowers to symbolize their feelings and ideas. The East has perfected such symbolism to an extent unknown in the West. Eleanor Consten, who has already interpreted various aspects of the East to our readers in her articles "Landscape Painting East and West" and "Brush and Hand," now describes the role of the lotus in China. She has been assisted by the Peking photographer Serge Vargassoff. Our author has translated the Chinese poems herself and in doing so has tried to reproduce the original flavor without clinging to a literal translation.

The text illustrations are lotus motifs taken from ancient Chinese designs.—K.M.

Of all the flowers of the four seasons which mean more to the people of the East than just a joy to the eye, the lotus is probably used more than any other flower in Chinese art and decoration, outranking even the plum and the bamboo. This is chiefly due to its significance in Buddhist religion. The lotus itself was known in China long before the Indian faith migrated north and east. It is already mentioned in a poem of the Shih Ching (詩經), China's oldest collection of songs, as the flower gracing the lowlands. But not until Buddhist teaching and art spread in the first millennium of our era did the Chinese look upon the lotus as something more than an admirable manifestation of nature. Its leaves and flowers rise above the impure waters of stagnant pools; they do not even float, as do those of the water lily, but leave the element of their origin behind. They are thought to grow out of their own substance, without nourishment from the earth, and it is said that, at the beginning of the world, Adi Buddha was manifest in the form of a flower emanating from a lotus flower.

The lotus became the symbol of self-creation. Buddhist deities are seated on lotus thrones to indicate their divine birth, independent of matter. In the hand of the Bodhisattva Padmapani, the "Lotus Bearer," this flower indicates creative power. Even if the lotus springs from muddy water it stays pure—a befitting symbol of purity. When the child Buddha first walked, lotus flowers grew under his feet, marking his early steps.

REBORN IN A LOTUS

No Asiatic paradise is conceivable without its lotus pond. The first thought a human being directs toward achievement of bliss in the Sukhavati Paradise will cause a lotus flower to blossom there; as the pious advances in sanctity, so it unfolds its petals until it emanates rays of light. After his death the originator of this flower is reborn in it and is thus able to partake of the glories of paradise. To this day, the corpse of a Chinese is dressed in shoes embroidered or cheaply painted with lotus designs, and the head rests on a pillow similarly adorned.

Buddhist doctrine knows many variations of the lotus flower as symbols or attributes; black, pink, red, white, and blue lotus, all with their special meaning; the open lotus, for instance, may symbolize the day and the closed the night. The shape—often with scalloped and flamboyant petals—and the use to which the blossom is adapted stray far from nature's original intentions. This
LOTUS -
THE QUEEN OF SUMMER

Five pavilions on the north shore of the Pei Hot in Peking, during lotus blossom time.
Two rows of lotus petals support an octagonal pagoda of white marble at the Jade Fountain not far from Peking. Guardian deities are carved in relief on the walls and also on the huge petals.

Detail of painted cloth panel, probably Tibetan. Out of a pond grow lotus leaves, buds, and a flower carrying the dagoba.

Mural in the Fa Hai Ssu Temple near Peking, dating from the Ming Dynasty. An Arhat, disciple of Buddha, with a lotus flower in his left hand and a lotus seed in his right.
is especially true of the heavy, compact thrones or bases for Buddhist statues or even pagodas: huge open flowers, sometimes inverted, with many stylized petals, on which, if they are big enough, ornaments or even Buddhist pictures may be traced. This omnipresent lotus throne becomes a handy convention for painters, sculptors, craftsmen, and architects—the outstanding visible evidence of Buddhist faith. Often it is the only reminder of splendor on the site of a once prosperous temple. So many neglected places of worship haunt the soil of China and the imagination of the Chinese poet in their melancholy decay.

Looking at the

"Temple of Buddha's Footsteps"

On the lotus throne—the god's austere form
On the pine precipice—traces of his wondrous presence.

Time dims the traces of gold,
Time has widened the cracks in the stone.
Stone petals drop and fall on stone steps.
The god's shadow leans forward and falls over the steps.
We sigh—
How long would it take to change hill into valley?
Yet how soon might we face the void of Nirvana?

(Wang Po 莊。唐 dynasty, 618-907 A. D.)

ONE SOUND AND MANY MEANINGS

The Chinese have always been very fond of puns; and the names of the lotus, which have undergone several changes, oblige them in many ways. Ho (荷) was the original name of the flower, and it still often appears in poetry. Nowadays lien (蓮), formerly applied to the edible seeds only, is used for the whole plant. Under this pun aspect we again find the lotus in Buddhist temples, now more realistically represented. Among a set of pictures of the Four Seasons, the one which stands for Summer shows the lotus in a vase flanked by peonies and morning glories. The names of these flowers, properly arranged, form the sentence: "Why must there be honors and money?"—a question befitting the Buddhist monk, who has relinquished both. Instead of the present name for lotus lien, an older appellation has been used: ho, which sounds like the word for "why" and thus starts the question.

This picture of the three summer flowers, with the lotus in a prominent position in the vase, must not be confused with a somewhat similar composition often found on small articles, such as embroidered fan or spectacle-cases, or a vase with a lotus flower and three halberds. Such little tokens of friendship and encouragement were given to candidates before examinations, the pun indicating the desire of the donor that the receiver pass the three big examinations, leading to the highest official career, one after the other. The three halberds stand for the examinations, and the lotus lends its sound to the meaning of "one by one" (lien 蓮). The same pun makes the lotus a welcome decoration on wedding gifts, especially pictures and cushions. Here the implication is that many children may appear "one after the other."

The name ho has led the lotus into the realm of Taoism. Ho hsien Ku, the only woman among the Eight Immortals, is given the lotus for an attribute just because of the similarity of sounds. There is nothing else in her history or in the characters of her name to support such a choice.

In the case of Han-shan and Shih-te we once more have a real pun. They were two exemplary friends who lived in the T'ang dynasty. Earlier pictures present them as jolly men, often with a broom. But the numerous later representations—pictures, porcelains, carvings, or small toys—show a pair of happy, laughing boys carrying a lotus flower and a big lotus leaf over their shoulder. They are called ho ho erh hsien, (two living together in perfect harmony). The sound ho has again admitted the lotus to an important, non-Buddhist symbolical task. With these boys the lotus once more appears on wedding presents, advising peaceful partnership in married life.

Thus we see that many of the lotus flowers emancipated themselves from Buddhist terminology. From a Buddhist
point of view, the name of "golden lotus" for the bound feet of China’s women would be quite shocking. An anecdote tells us the reason for this choice of name. An emperor of the late T’ang dynasty, in the tenth century A.D., had a favorite concubine with exceptionally small and pretty feet. She danced for him on a carpet strewn with lotus blossoms. The fame of her little feet gave rise to the cruel practice of foot-binding, and the lady’s dance was commemorated by embroidered lotus flowers on women’s tiny shoes and the name given to their crippled contents.

USEFUL AS WELL AS BEAUTIFUL

Besides its many engagements in the field of fancy, the lotus plant makes several contributions to the practical necessities of everyday life. The roots of the white and the seeds of the red variety are good to eat, and in the voluminous leaves the vendors wrap anything from a slice of pork to a live cricket. From the seeds a medicine is made which is supposed to be good for fever and shortness of breath: it "cools the heart.” The lotus is thought to be always cool, rising as it does from the water; hence it appears as an appropriate decoration on mats and curtains for summer use.

The lotus flower, aloof and short-lived on its slender stem, has fired the imagination of the East more than any other child of nature. Its color, a strong-willed pink, is difficult to match, but to this day it is one of China’s favorite hues. Innumerable articles are fashioned in lotus shape: baskets large and small, bowls and cups, delicate playthings of jade and other precious materials, remind us throughout the year of the queen of summer flowers.

LOTUS VS. PEONY

When the lotus first entered the field of decorative art, it was on account of its Buddhist significance. This is the case in the caves of Yün Kang, Lung Men, and T’ien Lung Shan, which date from the late fifth and sixth centuries A.D. They are purely Buddhist, and the lotus is widely used in their decorative scheme. Stylization has already got hold of the flower, and a queer thing has happened to the leaves: the characteristic and unmistakable round leaf, which alone is botanically correct, has disappeared, and in its place we find a kind of Greek acanthus leaf, which traveled many miles and many centuries until it finally joined the flower of the East. The fact that blue-and-white Ming porcelain is often decorated with a mixture of lotus and peony motives is explained by this stylized lotus flower with its foreign leaf, slit and cupped, with winding tendrils. It is really closer to the peony than to the lotus; yet it is called “joined lotus pattern” on account of the thin stems in regular scrolls. A misinterpretation of this motive was godfather to the “onion pattern” of Dresden china fame.

The T’ang dynasty artisans, who fashioned silver cups in lotus shape or incised lotus leaves or blossoms on pottery plates, must have been aware of using a sacred symbol. In the Sung dynasty the lotus was already detached and loved for its own sake. But being simply a beautiful flower and no more, it now had to face competition, notably of the peony, which had become popular during the T’ang dynasty. A Sung dynasty writer, Chou T’un-i (周敦頤, 1017-1073), has left us a little essay:

Loving the Lotus

There are many flowers on shrub or tree, on water and on land, which we love. Tao Yuan-ming of the Chin dynasty loved only the chrysanthemum. From the T’ang dynasty up to now everybody loves the peony. I love only the lotus: it comes out of the mire, but it is not tainted; it bathes in the clear ripples, and yet it is no heartless beauty. Inside it is hollow (full of understanding), outside it is straight (outspoken). It does not creep, wind, or ramify. From far away the fragrance is clear. It stands alone, clean and straight. One can see it from afar but cannot reach it to break it wantonly. I say the chrysanthemum is like a hermit (retired official), the peony is like a man with office and riches, the lotus is a prince. Alas, I hear of very few people loving the chrysanthemum after Tao Yuan-ming. And who loves the lotus as I do? Everybody seems to love the peony.
Lotus in Religion

He Hsien Ku, one of the Taoist Eight Immortals. The first character of her name is often mistaken for the lotus—hence her attribute.

Statue of Kwan-yin, of unbaked clay, colored and gilded. The lotus petals of the base are tinted white and pink: a touch of realism which is rarely thought necessary.

"Why must there be honors and money?" A pun on the flowers of summer from a series of the Four Seasons to be found in a Buddhist temple.

Paper lantern for the Lantern Festival, composed of many lotus blossoms made of delicately folded and tinted paper.
Lotus as a Decorative Motif

Lotus on porcelain. Covered teacup with simple blue lotus petals. Tea jar with a naturalistic group of lotus in water. Water pot for the ink stone; slightly raised petals are outlined in gold; other flowers in colored enamel are strewn over them (by courtesy of P. C. Huang)
Today the author would find no cause for complaint if he were to mingle with the people who turn out every summer to admire the blossoms on Peking's lakes, or if he were to watch the loving skill that goes into the making of lotus lanterns, elaborate compositions of delicately tinted paper. They are sold for the fifteenth day of the seventh moon of the lunar calendar, when "sacrifices are made to the ancestors and the ancestral graves are swept." In the evening, children proudly carry their lighted lanterns along the streets. Sometimes it is just an ordinary lotus leaf with a candle stuck in the middle—probably the origin of the custom. They sing:

Lotus-leaf candles! Lotus-leaf candles! 
Today you are lighted! Tomorrow thrown away!

THE LOTUS'S BIRTHDAY

In Kiangsu the people go out on the twenty-fourth day of the sixth moon to view the flowers on moats and lakes; they call it the birthday of the lotus.

The West Lake is also famous for its blossoms; on its shores lies Hangchow, the capital of the Southern Sung dynasty, a city called by Marco Polo the most beautiful in the world—high praise indeed from a native of Venice. Su Shih (蘇軾), brilliant essayist, poet, and painter of the Northern Sung dynasty, picks the lotus season as the most glorious time:

No season on the West Lake like July, 
An endless sea of green leaves joins the sky. 
The lotus flowers in a strange red tone 
Reflect the brilliant light of the sun.

The lotus is so closely connected with pleasure on the water that a certain kind of song, sung by beggars and entertainers on the boats of the Imperial Canal and other waterways, is called lien hua luo “amusing lotus songs” (蓮花落). Their themes are not confined to the flower in their name, nor their performance to the boats. They can still be heard in the streets of Peking to the accompaniment of bamboo clappers. Though originally a beggar's stunt, they have recently made the radio—a long way from the lotus-covered waters.

We may enjoy the ever-recurring lotus motif in arts and crafts, the paintings in ink and color, the delicacy of jade petals, the endless variety of snuff bottles in glass, porcelain, or stone, the brocades and velvets in ever new shades—we might even get complacently used to the products of so many creative minds and skillful hands; but the mysterious appearance in midsummer of the first lotus leaves on impassive ponds, the thrill of discovering the first blossoms among the billows of green, remote, proud and un-touchable—these will stir us anew every year, and the last poem to their glory has not been written yet.

Eight, nine leaves cluster, 
Tender leaves, just emerged from the water 
Make scattered spots of young green. 
The round shadow of others 
Already conceals the fishes, 
Their stems make clear pools in the duckweed. 
A few shiftless weeds wind around the stems. 
Under the waves the spring growth is hidden. 
Above—still closed—is the fragrant heart of the flower.

(Li Ch'ü-yü, 李賀, Tang dynasty)
THE MARCH OF WAR

THE BATTLE OF THE SEVEN SEAS

Since the publication of our detailed article "The Battle of Tuns" in our issue of August/September 1942, we have brought regular reports on the course of this battle extending over all the seas of the world, and we have always attempted to unearth the actual facts from the mass of contradictory and largely tendentious items of news.

Since our last review in June 1943, this battle has entered upon a new phase, which is analyzed in the following pages.

Unless otherwise stated, all tonnage figures represent gross registered tons. — K.M.

For many months now the whole world has been wondering about the U-boat war. Since April 1943, U-boat activity has taken a sudden downward turn as compared with previous results. Have the Allies really found an answer to the German U-boat, to Admiral Dönitz's tactics and strategy? The reply to this question, given by both camps, is that the Allies have developed new technical methods of defense which have caused the German Admiralty to recall a large part of their submarine fleet until effective countermethods have been devised.

It appears that the two most important of the new Allied devices are an improved electric submarine-detector and the mass protection of convoys by naval and air forces (including blimps and helicopters which are able to move slowly with the convoys). Salvage vessels also regularly accompany convoys on the high seas now. Moreover, stokers on Allied ships have undergone a special training, and fuel is carefully selected to avoid the forming of heavy smoke which gives away the ships' position.

The protection of the convoys is no longer undertaken chiefly by destroyers and corvettes but by planes based either on coastal airfields or, where this is not possible, on convoy aircraft carriers, which are converted cruisers or merchantmen equipped with a flying deck. The aircraft carrier sails in the center of the convoy, and its planes observe the surface of the sea from a great height. Not only do they report U-boats to the convoying destroyers; they also attack them with bombs and machine guns. The fight against the combined destroyer-airplane protection of the convoys requires entirely new tactics and the utmost in training on the part of the U-boats.

U-BOAT LOSSES

Allied leaders have recently made very confident statements on the destruction of German submarines. Thus, in his speech in the House of Commons early in June 1943, Churchill said that during May the destruction of U-boats had for the first time surpassed the number of boats newly put into service; and the navy correspondent of the Daily Express reported on June 21 that in May and June 50 U-boats had been sunk. During the whole war, he claimed, 250 Axis U-boats had been destroyed, which must amount to about one quarter or one third of the new production. We recall that in 1942 the First Lord of the British Admiralty declared that no less than 500 German U-boats had been sent to the bottom of the sea. Apparently the Allies have no idea as to how many U-boats they really have destroyed.

According to a Rome report of October 22, 1943, Admiral Legnani stated in a radio broadcast that Italy had lost 84 U-boats during this war. This would mean that in 36 months of war she lost a monthly average of 2.33 boats. The German losses during the Great War amounted to 185 boats lost in action, while seven were interned in neutral ports. The monthly average was thus 3.63. At the rate of her Great War losses, Germany would have lost in the present war a total of 180 U-boats up to the end of October 1943. During the Great War, the heaviest losses occurred in the mine barrages laid in the Channel and the North Sea and by means of decoy ships, which need not be taken into account in this war. Consequently, there is no reason why the German losses should be higher now. This all the more so since the modern U-boat is much better adapted for its job than those of the years 1914/18.
It is only natural that early in 1943 the U-boats should have suffered some losses until they were fully aware of the new weapons on the Allied side; but Admiral Dönitz is not likely to have left his U-boats exposed long enough for them to suffer grave losses. From the somewhat abrupt halt of the great submarine offensive last spring, one might rather conclude that he started withdrawing them as soon as it became clear that the new Allied tactics required new counterdevices.

According to German reports, far-reaching decentralization has resulted in submarine production not having been interfered with by the Allied air bombardments of coastal towns. Toward the end of November, Admiral Dönitz and Minister of Armaments Speer were reported to have taken part in trial runs of newly equipped submarines. Moreover, Admiral Dönitz has predicted that German science will keep up with the advance of the Allies and that the German U-boats will reappear on the high seas with new fighting methods and new weapons more devastating than ever before.

The Allies do not seem to doubt this. Early in September, Colonel Knox, US Secretary of the Navy, declared: "We have by no means disposed of the submarine menace, and attacks will be made on Allied merchantmen as sure as the sun will rise." On October 4, the Washington Post gave some details on a new magnetic torpedo used by German U-boats. On October 9, the US Office of War Information released a joint statement by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill pointing to the

![Graph showing the battle of the seven seas]

The curve showing sinkings does not include Allied losses inflicted by the Japanese and Italian armed forces.

The second curve showing the total tonnage available to the Allies each month reveals that in only eight out of the 51 months since the start of the war have Allied replacements of tonnage exceeded their losses.
fact that on September 19, after a four-months' lull in the North Atlantic, a pack of at least 15 German U-boats had attacked a west-bound convoy and sunk three escort vessels. The statement went on to say: "This resumption of pack tactics is evidence of the enemy's intention to spare no efforts to turn the tide of the U-boat war, and the utmost exertion and vigilance will be required before its menace is finally removed."

In view of the fact that this statement was issued shortly before the Moscow Conference, the alarm expressed in it was perhaps somewhat exaggerated in order to impress the Soviets. Indeed, we are inclined to believe that it will be some time before the submarines are again fully at work. It takes time to refit all the vessels and to give the crews the required new training before the boats may be sent out again. The isolated but successful attacks recently announced by the German High Command are, therefore, to our mind not yet the start of a new offensive but rather an indication of trial action.

### TABLE I

**Sinkings of Allied Merchant Tonnage**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>By Germany</th>
<th>By Japan</th>
<th>By Italy</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Ships</strong></td>
<td><strong>Tons</strong></td>
<td><strong>Ships</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Up to April 30, 43</td>
<td>26,001,053</td>
<td>2,443,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 1943</td>
<td>430,000</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June</td>
<td>148,000</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July</td>
<td>500,241</td>
<td>(\times)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug.</td>
<td>377,000</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept.</td>
<td>315,700</td>
<td>(\times)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct.</td>
<td>301,700</td>
<td>(\times)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov.</td>
<td>309,000</td>
<td>(\times)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total to Nov. 30, 43</td>
<td>28,520,394</td>
<td>2,679,409</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Grand total (incomplete): 33,690,178 tons

\(\times\) no figures available

While the German High Command regularly issues figures of sinkings for each month, Japan and Italy have published their figures at irregular intervals and incompletely. But this does not mean that Japan has been idle since August 1943. According to official announcements collected by us, 74 transports were sunk during this time. No tonnage figures were announced, but most of the transports were designated as having been large. Hence about one million tons may have to be added to the grand total calculated above.

To these actual sinkings must be added further tonnage reductions in the Allied camp originating from other sources. Of course, the figures given below in Table II are only approximate.

### TABLE II

**Allied Tonnage Temporarily or Permanently Out of Service**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ships permanently under repair</th>
<th>Losses through mines</th>
<th>Ships seized by German armed forces only, as per official announcement of April 1941</th>
<th>Ordinary hazards and depreciation in 51 months of war</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2,500,000</td>
<td>2,500,000</td>
<td>2,000,000</td>
<td>2,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>9,000,000</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Grand total of tonnage lost or temporarily out of service up to November 30, 1943: 42,690,178 tons

### REPAIRS

Table II needs some explanatory remarks. Hitherto our figures for tonnage under repair, for losses through mines, and for losses through ordinary hazards, have been based on our estimate made at the end of July 1942 (see August/September 1942 issue). Sixteen months having passed since then, a revision of those figures has appeared necessary to us, and we have increased them by 500,000, 500,000 and 200,000 tons respectively.

As to the tonnage permanently under repair, our figure of 2,500,000 tons seems a very conservative one. According to a report from Stockholm dated August 18, 1943, this figure includes only repairs due to German submarine action (i.e., not those due to German Luftwaffe action or to action by the Japanese and Italian forces) and vessels tied up in British dockyards (i.e., excluding USA dockyards and those in other parts of the world open to the Allies). Nor does this figure include the ordinary repairs which every ship has to undergo from time to time. Much higher figures have frequently been mentioned by Anglo-American official sources and commentators during the last year. During the last six months in particular, the total of ships damaged by military action was extremely high, owing to the various landing operations on the part of the Anglo-American forces. According to the German High Command, the number of ships and the aggregate tonnage heavily damaged by the German armed forces were as follows:
THE MARCH OF WAR: THE BATTLE OF THE SEVEN SEAS

TABLE III

Allied Ships Damaged by the German Armed Forces in 1943

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ships</th>
<th>Tons</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>June</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July</td>
<td>220</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Ships damaged but not observed by the German forces, as well as ships damaged by mines and by the Japanese and Italian forces, should be added to the above figures. Moreover, many of the heavily damaged ships may never have reached port. The total Allied tonnage damaged by the Axis during the first eleven months of 1943 is estimated by Berlin at over 5 million tons.

A comparison with Great War figures seems also to justify our figure of 2,500,000 tons. In his book The Crisis of the Naval War, Admiral Jellicoe says that the number of vessels which completed repairs during August 1917 was 382, with a tonnage of 1,183,000 tons, and that in November it was 542, with a tonnage of 1,509,000 tons. In addition to this there were 326 ships in August and 350 in November awaiting repairs. The Admiral estimated the total of ships under repair every year to have been between 3,600 and 4,000.

MINES AND OTHER HAZARDS

During the 51 months of the Great War the German Admiralty estimated the losses inflicted on enemy shipping and ships in enemy service through mine warfare to have been 3,700,000 tons. After the war it was ascertained that this estimate was too high. Hence our figure of 2,500,000 tons for 50 months of warfare, i.e., an average of 50,000 tons a month, representing about 65 per cent of the losses estimated by the German Admiralty for the Great War, would appear to be well within reason. As a matter of fact, a German commentator, Admiral Brueninghaus, quoted in The Shanghai Times of June 14, has estimated the Allied losses from mines at more than 3 million tons.

Our estimate of 2 million tons of shipping lost through ordinary hazards and depreciation likewise seems conservative. It amounts to 1,625 per cent per annum of the 39 million tons (ships of over 1,000 tons) the Allies started with in 1939, and 2,375 per cent per annum of the average tonnage available to the Allies during the four years of war. Although vessels are kept in service longer during war time, ordinary hazards are increased by the fact that ships must travel at night without navigation lights, must avoid the use of wireless, etc.

REPLACEMENTS

We do not intend to take our readers over the long, tortuous road we have again traversed in our endeavor to appraise the actual Allied replacements of tonnage—one of the most controversial topics in the present war. On the basis of all information available, including data published in neutral European newspapers of recent date—neutral, with a good dose of Anglo-American sympathies—we have, since our last survey of the Battle of Tons, raised our estimate of monthly Allied replacements from 600,000 tons to 1,100,000 tons as from June 1943. Thus we assume that replacements by new constructions in all Allied countries up to the end of November 1943 amount to 18,700,000 gross registered tons (corresponding to about 27,000,000 dead-weight tons).

Although our analysis is concerned only with merchant tonnage, there is one fact that must not be overlooked here. Exceptionally high naval losses necessarily reflect unfavorably on the building of merchantmen; for, in order to overcome a dangerous shortage of men-of-war, priority is sure to be given to the building of these latter in the way of material, skilled labor, equipment, etc.

TABLE IV

Allied Naval Losses from June 5 to December 3, 1943

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sunk</th>
<th>Damaged by Japanese forces</th>
<th>Sunk</th>
<th>Damaged by German forces</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Battleships</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cruisers</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aircraft</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carriers</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Destroyers</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Motor Torpedoboats</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

These extremely high Allied losses due chiefly to their large-scale landing operations in the Pacific and the Mediterranean cannot but interfere with the replacement program of merchant tonnage.
THE MEDITERRANEAN

Since our last analysis of the shipping situation, great changes have taken place in the Mediterranean. The House of Savoy and its accomplices handed over the Italian Navy and merchant marine—as far as the ships were not seized or sunk by German forces—to the Anglo-Americans. But more important than the Allies’ gain in tonnage is the fact that, owing to their stronger position in the Mediterranean, the Anglo-Americans can now largely dispense with the detour around Africa which hampered their efforts when Rommel’s army stood in Libya and Egypt. There can be no doubt that the Anglo-Americans have derived great advantages from these changes. On the other hand, the Allied hope that the Mediterranean would now be proof against submarine attacks has been dispelled by the German High Command’s announcements on October 5 that German submarines in the Mediterranean sank seven ships, totaling 59,000 tons and one destroyer, out of a convoy near the North African coast; on October 21, another seven ships totaling 54,000 tons; and on November 6, thirteen transports totaling 140,000 tons.

Undaunted by Badoglio’s treason, Germany has been forming a small, efficient navy in the Mediterranean which includes German U-boats and fast motor torpedoboats as well as all the Italian corvettes, destroyers, U-boats, and motor torpedoboats which voluntarily joined the German forces or were captured by them. In addition to this, the German Navy has taken over all the French naval units lying in Toulon and partly sunk in November 1942. The major part of the lighter vessels are back in service, while the French battleships Dunkerque and Strasbourg, a few heavy cruisers, and an aircraft carrier, as well as the Italian battleships Cavour and Impero and some modern Italian cruisers, will soon be ready for action.

Aside from the fact that the Luftwaffe can strike with great effectiveness at ship concentrations in Italian waters, the advantages of the shorter passage through the Mediterranean are probably largely offset by the need of supplying the great number of forces now landed in that area. It has been claimed that the opening of the Mediterranean route equals a gain of about 2 million tons of shipping. On the other hand, from a report emanating from RAF Headquarters and dated May 31, 1943, we learn that the provisioning of one soldier requires no less than 18 gross registered tons a year. If this figure is correct, it means that the new demands made on shipping by the landings in southern Europe considerably surpass the tonnage saved owing to the opening of the Mediterranean.

THE BALANCE

Adding our estimate of 18,700,000 tons of replacements to the 39 million tons of Allied shipping in 1939, we reach a grand total of 57,700,000 tons at the Allies’ disposal up to November 30, 1943. Subtracting from this the sinkings and other shipping losses sustained by the Allies since September 3, 1939, which we have estimated at 42,690,178 tons, we arrive at a balance of about 15 million tons in favor of the Allies on November 30, 1943, counting only ships with a tonnage of over 1,000 tons. (The way in which we arrived at the figure of 39 million gross registered tons of ships of over 1,000 tons in Allied service—including the USA but excluding Soviet Russia—is explained in our issue of August/September 1942.) This figure is to the best of our knowledge as close to reality as it is possible to get with the information here. On the whole, it tallies with serious Allied estimates.

In our last report on the Battle of Tuns we spoke of the “scissors” of sinkings and replacements in Allied shipping. Since June 1943 the Allies have been able to close the “scissors” and, for the time being, even to reverse the former trend. Their total available tonnage has risen from an all-time-low of about 12 million tons to some 15 million tons. But the Battle of Tuns is a constant struggle between production and destruction, between Axis offensive and Allied defensive. Ups and downs are part of this struggle; and while Germany had the upper hand for 43 months, the Allies have had the advantage for eight months.

In spite of the help given them by French and Italian traitors, the Allied forces have made slow progress in their North African and Italian campaigns. They have still not established a real “second front” but are instead trying to destroy Germany from the air. All this shows that the almost 34 million Allied tons sunk by Axis forces represent so heavy a blow that a reprieve of a few months has been not able fundamentally to alter the shipping situation.
THE SUICIDE

By HENRI TROYAT

The author of this story is a man of two countries. Henri Troyat was born in Russia. But when he was six or seven, his parents fled from the Bolshevik Revolution and settled in France. There he grew up to become one of the foremost young authors of that country, winning the Prix Goncourt in 1938 for his novel “L’Araignée.”

Although his childhood memories are vague, such Russian authors as Pushkin and Gogol awaken in him indefinable echoes. Yet he claims that it was the discipline of French authors that truly formed his writing. Perhaps it is these two influences which explain his mixture of romanticism and cruel realism, of enthusiasm and irony.—K.M.

FOR three months and eighteen days, Jean Dupont had been looking for an opportunity to break with his mistress without having to say to her: “I don’t love you any more,” or “I am sick,” things which it is hard to make a woman in love believe. On December 7, at nine in the evening, he went to her apartment to prepare the ground for an attack on the following day. It is never out of place to feign a melancholy absent-mindedness, condescending boredom, or smiling pity toward a person whom one wishes to leave. There are certain preliminary phrases which have to be said whatever happens, and Jean Dupont was saying them over in his mind: “I am somewhat preoccupied. . . . Don’t worry about me. . . . Nonsense, it will pass. . . . It is a kind of lassitude. . . . You wouldn’t understand . . . . Yes, yes, I’ve been working too hard at the office. . . . Tell me what you’ve been doing, chérie.”

However, the “chérie” who received him on that particular day did not have her usual appearance of a well-fed mare. Her eyes were damp, her nose was red around the nostrils, and her lipstick was smeared all over her mouth like a rash. She did not return the young man’s little peck on her cheek. She did not ask him to sit down in the big armchair in which he had settled every Wednesday and Saturday for the last five years. She did not press her face against his male chest, murmuring: “You smell of the street.” She did not whisper into his ear: “The bed is ready.” No. Denise Paquet looked him straight in the eyes, with the expression of a woman who is hiding a bottle of vitriol in her bag. And, in a sepulchral voice, she uttered the following words:

“Jean, I don’t love you any more. We must part.”

“What?” yelled Dupont.

Surprise and joy overwhelmed him.

“Darling! Darling!” cried Denise. “I have hurt you, haven’t I? But just the same, I had to. I love someone else. An Australian dentist. I have told him about you, too. He thinks very highly of you, without knowing you.”
The scene which followed was wonderful. Jean Dupont, relieved, relaxed, happy, feigned manly despair: the mirthless smile; the muscle working at the corner of the jaw; the fingers clenched on the back of a chair, as on the parapet of a tower; the heaving chest, as if he were breathing with difficulty.

"I understand, I understand," he groaned.

And Denise, in tears, her hair in disorder, her clothes half falling off, told him her story in detail:

"At first I resisted. But it was stronger than I, stronger than us."

Jean Dupont asked: "Is he your lover?"

"Yes," said Denise.

Then, with an air of magnificent dignity, the young man took up his hat and his umbrella: "Good-by, Denise."

"We'll always be friends, won't we?"

"Between us two, there is no room for friendship."

"But we shall be forced to see each other every day at the office."

"I shall have myself transferred. The French Company for the Manufacture of Sterilized Coffeepots has at least a dozen departments. All I have to do is choose."

"Do you hate me?"

"No. I am already trying to forget you."

"Are you suffering much?"

Jean Dupont recalled a movie in which a bearded and taciturn actor had replied to a similar question with the simple word "horribly." And he said:

"Horribly."

Then he opened the door, crossed the threshold, and shut the door behind him, with the expression of a man drawing a sheet over the face of a corpse.

As soon as he was alone he cried "Oof!", clapped his hands, and ran down the dark, winding staircase which smelled of a grubby concierge and oily cooking.

In the street, a fresh wind whipped his face, and he stopped a moment to rest.

Free! Free! Free! Cars streamed by with a silken murmur. Passers-by all had gay, laughing faces. Shop fronts crackled with light. On the top floors of the houses, green, red, and blue advertisements went on and off in a frenzied throb. And even the rain fell with a slightly festive air around the street lights with their golden panes of glass. Jean Dupont felt as if the whole universe were sharing in his joy.

To go home by subway seemed absurd. What he needed was a taxi. A taxi and a movie. A movie and half a bottle of white wine after the show. Half a bottle of white wine and perhaps a passing adventure, "something to tickle the palate," as his colleague Cliche won say.

A row of taxis was standing in the middle of the Boulevard Montmartre. Traffic had come to a stop. Jean Dupont made for the waiting taxis. But he had not covered half the distance when the sound of a klaxon horn turned his stomach to ice. A car, coming up beyond the row of stationary vehicles, was making straight for him. He tried to step back, slipped, and fell. Two glaring headlights bored into the night. A shining advertisement spat blood onto the damp pavement.

"Ah!" screamed Jean Dupont. And suddenly he felt an enormous mass of something bowling him over, crushing his shoulder. There followed a great darkness, a great silence. When he opened his eyes again, he saw muddy shoes almost touching his face. And, higher up, there were unknown, frightened faces looking down at him. He was afraid. A searing pain shot through him. He lost consciousness.

Jean Dupont was suffering from multiple fractures and bruises. "Two months rest in plaster," the doctor had said. And he had added: "We'll fix you up all right."

Two days after the accident, Jérôme Cliche, the young man's closest colleague,
came to see him. He sat down next to the patient and, with a grave, sympathetic expression, said: "Poor old chap!" And one could hear that he meant it sincerely. Indeed, there was not much of Jean Dupont to be seen. His head was bandaged so that only a little square of flesh was visible where his eyes, nose, and lips poked out. A plaster tube imprisoned his left arm. His hands were two lumps of cotton wool bristling with safety pins. And his voice sounded as if it came from beyond the grave.

"Yes, I'm in a pretty bad way," he said.

His friend shrugged his shoulders: "And all that for a woman! What a business!"

"What do you mean, 'for a woman'?"
"Don't be so naïve!"
"What woman are you talking about?"
"Denise Paquet, of course!"
"I don't understand."
"Wasn't it because of her?"

Jean Dupont let out a cry as if a car had knocked right into him all over again: "You're crazy!"

"I don't see why. Denise Paquet has told me everything. Weren't you her lover?"
"Yes."
"Didn't you go and see her on the evening of the accident?"
"Yes."

"Didn't she admit to you what the whole office already knew, that she loved someone else?"
"Yes."
"Well?"

Cliche wore the triumphant smile of an acrobat taking his bow.

"Go on," said Dupont.

"The rest is simple. Having learned of your misfortune, you go out into the street and throw yourself under the wheels of a car."

Jean Dupont uttered a sort of rattling noise: "You poor idiot!" he groaned. "You forget that I myself had been wanting to break with her for nearly four months. Denise made the job easy for me by getting in first. She spared me a horrible task. She—"

"That's funny! You never told me you were getting tired of her."

"Because I am a decent fellow, well brought-up."

"One does not exclude the other."

"Listen, Cliche, I ask you to believe me: on the evening of December 7, when I left Denise, I was as happy as a man escaped from prison, as a drowned man coming back to life, as—"

"And that's why you went and threw yourself under a car?"

"But I didn't throw myself under a car!" shouted Dupont. "I slipped, I lost my balance, that's all!"

Cliche smiled with the exasperating air of one who knows better.

"Very ingenious," he said. "But what a pity that the witnesses are of a different opinion. 'It could only have been the act of a desperate man,' that's what they all say."

Jean Dupont was almost fainting with rage. "You cad!" he sobbed. "But Denise? Did you ask her at the office? Didn't she explain to you?"

"She explained that you were hypersensitive, and that she had been wrong not to be more considerate in telling you."

Jean Dupont's face streamed with sweat. He moved his big white snowman's paw to his chin and pushed aside the bandages. His breath came in gasps. He looked drunk, demented.

"Listen!" he said at last. "I am going to tell you something. Not only do I not love Denise, I hate her. She no longer excites me. You could present her to me naked on a platter and I would reply: 'Thanks, not for me. I pass.' She is clumsy, unappetizing, utterly colorless. She has ugly teeth. She walks
like a duck. She dresses badly. She has
the fingers of a woman who strangles
little children.'"

"Sour grapes!"

"Cliche," groaned Jean Dupont. "I
shall loathe you if you go on like that."

"If you loathe me like you loathe
Denise, I shall have nothing to complain
of," replied the visitor with a maddeningly
malicious look.

Jean Dupont, exhausted, beaten, rolled
his head from one side to the other on
the pillow.

"You know," went on Cliche, "your
misplaced vanity surprises me. What is
there to be ashamed of in loving a woman
so much that one wishes to die on learning
that she no longer loves one?"

The patient had closed his eyes, as if
to gather all his energy for the final
assault.

"Cliche!" he said at last in a dying
voice. "I don't want to see you any
more. Leave the room. Go away. And
never come back. It will be better for
you as well as for me."

But Cliche did not seem to have heard
him. With the sweet, indulgent expres-
sion of a nurse, he arranged the bed-
clothes of the wounded man.

"There, there," he said, "you are
moving around too much, you are getting
uncovered, you will catch cold. What a
funny little man you look!"

"I forbid you to call me a 'funny little
man.'"

"Do you know that Malandrin, the
chief, is coming to see you this evening?"

"I don't care!" screamed the unfor-
tunate fellow suddenly. "I don't care!
I don't care about anything!"

He raised himself on one elbow, but a
violent pain shot through his shoulder.
He fell back into the pillow. He even
thought he was going to faint. Through
the mist of dizziness he saw Cliche stand
up, put on his overcoat and a hat with a
drooping brim that looked like a mush-
room. The clock next door struck one
o'clock.

"I shall be late for lunch," said Cliche
in a voice that seemed to come from
very far away, through layers of fog and
the noise of jangling bells.

"I want to be left alone, I want to be
left alone—"

Footsteps faded away. A door slammed.
And Jean Dupont knew that he was
alone.

Monsieur Malandrin was a plump
little man who smelled of beef tea.
He had a puffy, fat, yellow face,
a bulbous nose, and small eyes as black
and shining as flies that feed on manure.

"Well, well, my young friend!" he said
as he sat down next to the sick man.
"You can be proud of having completely
disorganized the peaceful life of our
department!"

"You are too kind!" said Jean Dupont,
for the sake of saying something.

"What an adventure! Do you know
that I admire you?"

"Whatever for?"

"It is a fine thing to love so much
that one despises death!"

"But I do not love, and I do not
despise death."

"My young friend," said Monsieur
Malandrin, "I am forty-seven, but I too
was young once. And all I shall say to
you is this: 'I sympathize with you. In
your place, perhaps I should have
done the same thing.' It is the quietest
and most respectable men who nourish
the wildest passions."

Jean Dupont was exhausted by his
conversation of the morning. Neverthe-
less, he protested in a weak voice: "It
was an accident, it wasn't suicide, Mon-
sieur Malandrin."

The latter replied with a fatherly
smile: "You're a nice fellow. And your
discretion does you honor. Do you know
that I have asked Monsieur Mourgue to
hasten your promotion?"
"Thank you, Monsieur Malandrin," Dupont stammered, "but I assure you—"

"Let's shake hands, Monsieur Dupont. We are both men. We understand each other."

And Monsieur Malandrin pressed the huge bandaged paw of the patient between his plump midwife's fingers.

When he was alone again, Jean Dupont reflected on this last visit. He had at first protested against the romantic interpretation which had been given to his accident. No doubt Denise Paquet was oozing with pride at the thought that he had tried to kill himself because of her. No doubt she was enjoying this role of vamp, of femme fatale. She was probably boasting, saying "the poor fellow" when she spoke of him, wearing false jewels in old-fashioned settings, enlarging her mouth with a blood-red lipstick, making up her eyelashes to look like black brooms. How disgusting! And he, who did not love her any more, who had wanted to break with her long before she had had any such intention on her own part, here he was relegated to the grotesque role of discarded lover! In the eyes of all he was the victim, the sucked lemon, the toy that no longer amused and that a wilful child had kicked under the radiator. That was what was so unbearable!

However, since Monsieur Malandrin's talk, Jean Dupont was no longer so sure of his rage. Indeed, it seemed as though sympathies were all on his side. All the nice people condemned Denise's conduct and admired his. The idea that one could die for a woman appealed to all women and many men as well. But the point was that he had not wanted to die for a woman. This reputation was just as false as that in which Denise was reveling. Oh! why wouldn't they believe him, admit the truth, and give him back his lost peace of mind!

Jean Dupont had a bad night. The next day at noon, one of the typists in his department dropped in to see him. She was a pretty girl, made up like a model in a shopwindow.

"That was a wonderful thing you did," she said to him, blushing. "You loved her very much, didn't you?"

Jean Dupont writhed in torture. He wanted to explain everything but, lacking the courage, turned away his head.

"Ah! if only all men were like you!" she went on, and it was clear that she was thinking of someone in particular. "Did you suffer much?"

Jean Dupont looked at her. She was anxiously awaiting his reply. She was afraid of being disappointed. He felt sorry for her and said: "It was pretty bad."

"Did you decide suddenly to do it?"

"Yes—no—well—one does not think much at such moments."

He stopped. His own lie astonished and slightly disgusted him. He was ashamed of being admired for something he did not deserve. He felt as if he were deceiving someone, robbing someone.

"When one meets men like you, one feels reconciled with love."

Jean Dupont assumed a modest expression. "Let's not talk about it any more," he murmured. And the typist left, marveling.
During the days that followed, the patient was visited by several of his colleagues, and all assured him of their profound admiration for his chivalrous attitude and for the violence of his feelings. His mail contained anonymous letters which warmed his heart:

_I should love to be loved like you love._
Signed: Unknown blonde.

There was also a little poem:

_You who wished to die for her,_
_Would you not like to live for me?_  
_Give me a sign and I’ll be yours—_  
_For I am not as cruel as she._
Signed: A stenographer who admires grand passions.

All these suggestions began to gnaw at Jean Dupont’s innermost convictions. He tried to recall the frame of mind in which he had gone to see Denise for the last time. Had he really wanted to break with her that day? Had he really felt relieved at hearing that she no longer wanted him? Had he really felt “Oof!” when he shut the door? He no longer felt quite sure. Of course, at the time of the accident he did not feel for Denise the exalted passion of former days; but his affection for the girl had remained the same. And he must have suffered secretly at seeing an Australian dentist preferred to himself. He had not wanted to admit it to her, he had not wanted to admit it to himself for reasons of vanity. But, at the bottom of his heart, there was a burning wound which had not yet healed. When that car had come straight at him, might he perhaps have had time to save himself? Some unconscious command had rooted him to the spot. He had not literally thrown himself under the wheels of the car; but not having avoided it meant that he no longer cared whether he lived or died.

“That’s the truth, the real truth,” he thought.

When Jérôme Cliche came to see him again and said: “How’s the old spirit?” he replied:

“Not so good, old chap! Nothing has changed.”

And he asked him for news of Denise: Was she worried about him? Did she seem sad, dejected, guilty? Was she thinking of coming to see him?

Jérôme Cliche, very embarrassed, was obliged to reply that Denise Paquet had not even inquired after him.

“She is just as proud as I am” said Jean Dupont. “She does not want to appear to be grieving for me.”

When his friend had left, the young man had the charwoman bring him a certain shoebox in which he kept the letters and photographs of his mistress. He reread the long missives of which every sentence awakened a definite memory. He was touched at the mere idea that she used to call him “My Sunday sugarplum,” “My icing-sugar angel,” “My little stove of love,” for Denise was inclined to become lyrical. He tried to recall the dress she had been wearing that Saturday when they had gone boating together on the Marne. He leaned her photos against his raised knees. He spent an hour looking at all those faces of Denise, all those smiles of Denise. Finally, he pinned the effigies of “her for whom he had wished to die” to the wall. Lying embedded in this sanctuary, he relived his past with painful acuteness. He was disheartened and sad. Work, eat, and sleep, and work again: that was what his future life would be like. He began to weep gently because it made him feel better.

But why didn’t Denise come to see him? She was responsible for his accident, and she knew it. Was she afraid of yielding to pity? Was she afraid of taking up again with him? If she was afraid, it meant that she still felt herself to be weak. If she did not come, it meant that she still loved him. She loved him! She loved him! She loved him!

He asked the charwoman to write a letter at his dictation:

_My Denise, I forgive you and I am waiting for you. Come. JEAN._

The week that followed was a terrible ordeal. Jean Dupont started up at the
slightest sound of the bell, and when one of his friends came into the room he received him with a sullen face and asked him to shorten his stay in order not to exhaust him. Soon his colleagues, feeling discouraged, gave up visiting him. He remained all alone throughout the interminable days, dreaming, talking out loud, weeping. He spoke to Denise's photographs, he answered his own questions the way he would have liked her to answer them; he chewed the corners of his pillow. The charwoman felt somewhat apprehensive and said "that creature had turned his brain." Nevertheless, she agreed to write again to Denise Paquet. But the second letter remained unanswered like the first.

AFTER two months, the doctor allowed Jean Dupont to go out for an hour's walk. When he went out for the first time it was to go to the girl's apartment. He had shaved carefully, put on clean clothes, and doused himself in perfume. He did not feel dissatisfied with himself.

On arriving at Denise Paquet's front door on the fifth floor, his heart was beating so violently that he had to lean against the wall. "I am going to see her, I am going to see her!" he said over and over again, "and everything will be like it was before!" At last he rang the bell. No one answered. He rang again. Once, twice, three times. After every sound of the bell, the silence of the empty apartment froze his heart. He started to bang on the door.

"What do you want?" shouted a voice from one of the floors below.

Jean Dupont leaned over the banister and saw the concierge coming upstairs. "Miss Denise Paquet, if you please?" "She moved out three weeks ago." "Three weeks ago?" "Yes, after she got married!"

Jean Dupont felt his knees turn to water, and his brain reeled.

However, he went down the stairs, one by one, and out into the street. He wandered around for nearly two hours, stunned, miserable, and yet quite calm. A strange life was beginning for him, a life which had nothing in common with his former life. He looked at the people hurrying by, at the brightly lit shop windows; and he was filled with a kind of astonishment that the world should continue to exist while he himself was already out of the world.

He arrived at the Boulevard Montmartre; it was raining. The electric signs lit up the wet surface of the road with bright colors. Jean Dupont was reminded of the day of his accident. So this was the place. Cars had halted in the middle of the road. He had taken one step, two steps—

He looked up toward the black sky, then down at the gutter where dead leaves were rotting. A car was approaching, almost scraping the sidewalk. Jean Dupont drew his head down between his shoulders, pressed his elbows against his sides and, when the car was only two yards away, let himself fall under its wheels.

There was a sudden roar, a horrible shock, a blazing crash. When they picked him up, he was no longer alive.
BOOK REVIEW

Buddhist China, Vol. I, No. 1. Editor-in-Chief and Publisher: D. W. S. Kelambi. (Shanghai, 1943)

A new magazine has made its appearance in Shanghai. In the first issue of this quarterly, illustrated and published in English and Chinese, the Editor sets forth the aims of the magazine as follows:

“Our greatest hope is to make Buddhist China the organ of the revival and reform of Buddhism in New China and one of the voices of all the Buddhists of the world, who will unite in the cause of the Dhamma,—a realisation of which will save a war-torn world from anguish, suffering and fear, and give it peace, serenity and contentment.”

* * *

Schicksal und Geschichte (Destiny and History), by Th. A. Bäuerlein. (Tokyo, 1943)

In this thin volume, the author has attempted something entirely new; he has looked at and described German and Japanese history side by side. To use his own subtitle, the book represents “three thousand years of German development seen through the history of the Japanese Empire.”

The result is more than a comparative table of two different courses of history; it is a unified study in which the eyes see both subjects as one. The parallel or contrasting nature of events supplies surprising new points of view. Above all, it supplies the Japanese reader with a simplified approach to German history, which, indeed, is the purpose of the book.

A careful selection of illustrations and maps as well as a detailed index enhance the value of this volume, which may be welcomed as a contribution toward spiritual understanding between the two Axis partners.—W.B.

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Hsingkinger Lektorats Bücherei (The Hsingkinger German Language Library)

No. 1 Deutsche Märchen (German Fairy Tales)
No. 2 Der arme Spielmann (The Poor Fiddler), by F. Grillparzer
No. 3 Die Erzählung des Obersten Morse (Colonel Morse’s Tale), by Charles Sealsfield
No. 4 Gespräche mit Lenz (Conversations with Lenz), by Georg Büchner
No. 5 Undine, by Friedrich de la Motte-Fouqué
No. 6 Erinnerungen an Beethoven (Memories of Beethoven), by F. Grillparzer

C. H. Eickert and W. Heissig of Hsingking, the publishers of this series of excellently put out little volumes, are to be congratulated on their enterprise in providing students of the German language in East Asia with interesting selected readings in German literature. The binding and printing are of a quality so far beyond that of the customary reprints obtainable here that these books are an enhancement to anyone’s library.

* * *

So wurde Grossdeutschland (How Greater Germany Came To Be), by W. Bretschneider. (Shanghai, 1942. 106 pp. German-Japanese, German-Chinese, and Chinese editions.)

The author has set himself the task of presenting the East Asiatic public with more than a thousand years of German history on scarcely a hundred pages. In spite of all the limitations entailed by such an undertaking, this number has been carried out. The long, tortuous path from the migration of peoples to the Greater Germany of Adolf Hitler is reviewed in a constantly increasing tempo. The author always sees Germany and Europe together in their reciprocal dependence, and the almost impenetrable undergrowth of historical detail has been cut down ruthlessly. The little volume seems particularly valuable because it does not follow many previous attempts to present historical facts in table form. With sharp political penetration and in impressive sentences it provides a comprehensive idea of German history and thus a key to the understanding of present-day Germany.

* * *

Aus deutscher Dichtung (Selected German Poems), edited by the Deutsche Informations-Stelle Shanghai. (Shanghai, 1943. Max Nösler & Co., 73 pp.)

Deutscher Almanach 1944 (German Almanac 1944), edited by the Deutsche Informations-Stelle Shanghai. (Shanghai, 1943, Max Nösler & Co., 180 pp.)

One often hears it said that the Germans are a nation of poets and thinkers. Although not every German is necessarily a poet or a thinker, almost every one of them has a deep thirst for poetry and philosophy. As the war has cut off the Germans in East Asia from their fatherland for two and a half years, the demand for German books published in East Asia has steadily increased. Now the German Bureau of Information in Shanghai has come forward with two volumes of selected material from Germany which are sure to be snapped up in the next few weeks. Excellently printed on good paper and beautifully bound in Chinese silk, both books are an ornament to any library. Non-Germans, too, who are interested in German literature, will be grateful for this opportunity. The volume of poems, for instance, in addition to containing outstanding masterpieces of the past, devotes one third of its contents to living German poets, most of whose works are still practically unknown in the East. And the almanac, intended as it is for glancing at, is made up of numerous short excerpts from the works, speeches, and letters of well-known Germans of all times.
The capital, Krasnoyarsk (190,000 inhabitants), derives its main significance from the fact that it is a center of communications; for, like almost all important towns of Eastern Siberia, Krasnoyarsk is situated at the point where the Trans-Siberian Railway crosses one of the great Siberian rivers, in this case the Yenisei. It is the seat of many factories, a forestry institute, a teachers' seminary, and twelve technical schools.

Minusinsk (25,000) is the center of an agricultural and industrial district and the gateway for commercial relations with Tannu Tuva. Other towns in the environment of Krasnoyarsk are Kansk (30,000), Achinsk (13,000), Yeniseisk (18,000), and Abakan (17,000). The station of Taishet has been mentioned frequently in the press because the new railway to the lower Amur, known as the BAM, branches off here from the old Trans-Siberian Railway.

As a result of the encouragement of maritime traffic through the Arctic Ocean, four towns near the mouth of the Yenisei have grown rapidly during the last ten years. All lying north of the Arctic Circle they are: Igarka (20,000), Dudinka (30,000), Ust-Yeniseisky Port, and Norilsk. By means of a short railroad, Norilsk supplies coal to Dudinka and thus to the Arctic/Yenisei maritime traffic. In the midst of the wilderness there is Tura, the administrative center of the Tunguses living in the Evenks National Okrug.

Achinsk on the Trans-Siberian Railway is connected with Abakan and Minusinsk by rail. From the latter town, a highway leads to the capital of Tannu Tuva (formerly Kizil, now named Krasny), meaning red, by the Bolsheviks) and on to Ulasuatu (Djibulanu) in Outer Mongolia.

IRKUTSK OBLAST

Irkutsk (243,400) is situated where the Trans-Siberian Railway touches the Angara, a navigable tributary of the Yenisei, 66 kilometers below the point where the Angara flows out of Lake Baikal. Irkutsk has a university, seven high schools, fifteen technical schools, five scientific institutions, and four theaters.

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On the railway line northwest of Irkutsk there are the towns of Usol'ye (8,000), which lies in a salt-mining district; Cheremkhovo (10,000), surrounded by a large coal district; and Tulun, with agricultural surroundings. Slyudyanka, on the southeastern corner of Lake Baikal, is the center of the nica industry. Bodaibo (10,000), situated northeast of Lake Baikal on a tributary of the Lena River, is important on account of the gold found in its environments. Ilinsk, on the Ilim River, a tributary of the Angara, has large iron and steel works. The BAM railway touches it, and it is also connected with Cheremkhovo by another railway line running south. Its great wealth of coal and ores has made Irkutsk Oblast the third largest coal- and metal-producing district of the USSR and the main center of Siberia's armament production.

BURJAT-MONGOL ASSR

The majority of the population living in this republic consists of Buryats and other natives. The capital is Ulan-ude (129,417), formerly called Verkhne-Udninsk, situated at the point where the Trans-Siberian Railway crosses the Selenga River, which flows into Lake Baikal. In the course of the war, not only industrial works but also scientific institutions have been transplanted from European Russia into Siberia. But such removals become known only by chance. Of Ulan-Ude we know that, among others, an optical-institution with its workshops has been evacuated there. Besides this, the town possesses a number of educational institutions from former days. A railway is being built from here to Ulan-Bator, meaning "Red Hero" (formerly Urga), the capital of Outer Mongolia. Its completion as far as Kikha has been confirmed, but it is not known whether it has reached Ulan-Bator as yet. In any case, Ulan-Bator is connected with Ulan-Ude by a motor road and, since 1929, by an air line.

CHITA OBLAST

Although the Amur Railway does not branch off from the line running on to Manchouli and Harbin at Chita itself but a few kilometers further east at Karymsk, part of the importance of Chita (102,600) is to be found in the fact that it is situated near the junction of these two lines. Chita is regarded as the military center of the territory between Lake Baikal and the border of Manchoukuo and is for that reason connected with the border by numerous motor roads and probably also by a number of railways. However, the positions of these routes of communication are veiled in such secrecy that we are not able to show details on our map.

Petrovsk, Nerchinsk, and Srytensk are important industrial centers with more than 10,000 inhabitants each.

YAKUT ASSR

This republic, three quarters of whose inhabitants are natives, is still at the very beginning of its industrial development. In 1939 its capital, Yakutsk, had only 25,000 inhabitants, a large part of whom were the pupils of numerous high schools and institutions, since the republic lacks trained experts more than anything else. Thus Yakutsk has special schools for pedagogy, mining, structural engineering, medicine, agriculture, furraising, water transport, and finance.

The town of Aldansk (50,000) has developed more rapidly, as it is situated in an especially rich gold area, which supplies 25 per cent of the total gold production of the USSR.

A similar rapid development has been experienced by the towns in the northeastern part of the republic on the Kolyma River between Verkhne-Kolymsk and Amurchar. These regions were once inhabited by the Yukaghir, of whom there were about 30,000 at the time of the conquest of Siberia by the Russians, while hardly more than a few dozen remain today. The settlement of the lower reaches of the Kolyma, which
are rich in gold and furs, is being carried out mainly with Russians. In the years from 1933 to 1937, 57 towns and settlements were established here. The economic development has been placed in the hands of a single organization, the "Dalstroj."

**KHABAROVSK KRAI**

Khabarovsk, with its 200,000 inhabitants almost of the same size as Vladivostok, surpasses this town in economic and political importance and may be called the most important town east of Lake Baikal. During the last ten years its appearance has changed considerably. Numerous large buildings have been erected—factories, schools, theaters, clubs, etc. Khabarovsk lies at the crossing of the railway and the Amur River.

In the sphere of economics, the town of Komsomolsk, 370 kilometers downriver, has become a dangerous rival to Khabarovsk. Not founded until 1932 on the spot of a Cossack settlement and, as indicated by its name (Komsomol—Communist Youth Association), chiefly the work of Slavs assembled here for this purpose from the various parts of the Soviet Union, Komsomolsk now has a population of about 200,000. From year to year it is developing more into the military and heavy-industrial center of the Soviet Far East. Over Khabarovsk, Komsomolsk has the advantage that it is not situated, like the former, barely 50 kilometers from the border. As soon as the BAM is completed, its situation as regards communications will also surpass that of Khabarovsk, as it probably possesses by now a direct railway connection with Soviet Harbor, a port on the Gulf of Tartary. Its connections with Khabarovsk are formed by the Amur, a railway, and a motor road. Further down the Amur, near its mouth, there lies the town of Nikolayevsk (15,000), known for its role in the fishing trade of the Sea of Okhotsk, and near the river's mouth the fortress of Chynyrakh.

The third most important town of the province is Blagoveshchensk (58,000) on the Amur, connected by a branch line with the Amur Railway. Its importance has, however, decreased during the last few years, probably as the result of its proximity to the border. On the other hand, another town, considerably in spite of its closeness to the border—Birobidzhan (50,000), the capital of the Jewish Autonomous Oblast. In order to gain Jewish sympathies and to put a spoke in the wheel of Zionism, the Soviet Union has established a kind of Jewish state in the last big bend of the Amur before it reaches Khabarovsk. The plan did not meet with much success. In spite of intensive propaganda and more or less gentle pressure, the Jewish population of this district is only around 50,000. There was little attraction for the Jews in the prospect of doing pioneer work in the midst of virgin forest and a few kilometers from a border suffering at times from great political tension.

A place marked on very few maps even of recent date but whose importance is growing every year is Magadan (15,000), which has turned from a poor native settlement into an important port with large buildings, technical schools, hospitals, and theaters. The significance of Magadan is to be found in the fact that it is the starting point for a road which connects the Sea of Okhotsk with the navigable Kolyma River and thereby with the Arctic Ocean. This route saves the huge detour around Kamchatka and through the Bering Strait. Moreover, it runs so far in the interior of the USSR that, in contrast to the route through the Bering Strait, it is regarded by the Soviets as quite safe.

Kamchatka Oblast, which includes the outermost corner of northeastern Asia from the Arctic Ocean to Cape Lopatka on the southern point of Kamchatka Peninsula, is the most thinly populated region of the Soviet Union and among the most thinly populated regions of the whole world, as there is only one inhabitant to every eleven square kilometers. Into this corner of Siberia, remains of the original population of Siberia withdrew before the onslaught of the Russian conquerors. As a result, Kamchatka Oblast has become a kind of ethnographical museum, where one can find the strangest tribes existing nowhere else in the world, among them the Nymylans, the Luoravetlans, the Itelmans, and the Nuangans. Most of them live in the Chukot and Koryak National Okrug, while the population of the far more developed Kamchatka Peninsula contains many Slavs.

The capital of this Oblast is Petropavlovsk (20,000) on the Avacha Bay, which is contained for purposes of navigation, as it is large enough to hold all the ships of the world. Petropavlovsk possesses dockyards, a dry dock, factories, and high schools; it is developing rapidly as an administrative as well as military center. The town gains special importance by the fact that it is situated approximately at the point where the American Aluitans meet the Japanese Kuril Islands.

Khabarovsk Krai also includes Sakhalin Oblast, which covers the northern part of that island, while the southern part belongs to Japan. It is inhabited almost entirely by Slavs, as only a few of the original inhabitants remain. The capital is Alexandrovsk (18,000), a sea and air port. Economically of greater importance is Okha (12,000), the center of oil production in the Soviet Far East. The town has grown rapidly during the last few years.

**PIMORSK (i.e., MARITIME) KRAI**

The capital is Vladivostok (206,400), terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway, naval port and the most important commercial port for maritime traffic to the coasts of Eastern Siberia, containing industrial establishments as well as several higher schools and a university. In comparison to Tsarist times the city has lost somewhat in importance. At that time, northern Manchuria was under Russian control. As this is no longer the case today, Vladivostok, at the end of the narrow corridor between Manchoukuo and the sea, is now in a very unfavorable position from a strategic point of view. There are signs that the development of Soviet Harbor, which is being linked up by a railway with the Trans-Siberian Railway and which is closer to Khabarovsk than Vladivostok, will lead to a further diminution of the latter's importance.

The second most important town of the province is Voroshilov (70,600, the former Nikolosk-Ussurisk), as far as is known the center of military preparations in this province. It supplies the cement needed for the numerous new buildings and military fortifications; Lesozavodsk supplies timber, and Suchan supplies coal. The environments of Tetyukhe are rich in nonferrous metals.
APPENDIX II

EASTERN SIBERIA'S PRODUCTION

(Note: In comparing recent production with that of the period before the Great War, it must be borne in mind that the administrative division of Taarist Russia was different from the present one. However, Krasnoyarsk Krai corresponds more or less to the former Yenisei Oblast; Irkutsk Oblast to the Irkutsk Gouvernement; Chita Oblast and the Buryat-Mongol ASSR together to the former Trans-Baikal Oblast; the Yakut ASSR to the former Yakut Oblast; Khabarovsk Krai to the former Amur Oblast; and Primorsky Krai to the former Primorsk Oblast.)

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<th>COPPER (in tons)</th>
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<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<td>1942</td>
<td>1909</td>
<td>1942</td>
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<td>2,956,000</td>
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APPENDIX III
INDUSTRIES IN EASTERN SIBERIA
(Only the most important sites of each industry are mentioned)

COAL

The most important coal deposits being worked so far are at Minusinsk-Chernogorsk; on the right bank of the Yenisei between Angara and Stony Tunguska; at Norilsk on the lower Yenisei; at Cheremkhovo (northwest of Irkutsk); on Goose Lake (between Ulan-Ude and Kikhita); at Chernovsk (near Chita); at Nerchinsk; in the river system of the Bureya; at Suchan (northeast of Vladivostok); at Onda below Komsomol'sk; in the Kolyma Basin; and at the northern end of Sakhalin. Some of these deposits, especially those on the right bank of the Yenisei, are among the richest in the world, with reserves amounting to tens of billions of tons. The annual production was rising steadily before the war. In 1941 new mines were to be opened throughout the USSR, but chiefly in Eastern Siberia, with a potential total annual production of 27 million tons of coal. Eastern Siberia also possesses peat deposits.

IRON

In Eastern Siberia large iron deposits are usually to be found conveniently near the large coal deposits, for example, at Minusinsk; in the Angara and Ilim basins; on the island of Olkhon in Lake Baikal; at Petrovsk (southeast of Ulan-Ude); at Bukachinsk (north of Nerchinsk); in the Lesser Khingan (Jewish Republic); at Onda below Komsomol'sk; and—in rather poor quality—at Olga and Station Usuri (southern Primorsk Krai). Consequently, the most important smelting works are situated in the Cheremkhovo-Ilimsk area; at Petrovsk; in the Bureya/Lesser Khingan area; and in Komsomol'sk. 75 per cent of the furnaces provided for by the Third Five Year Plan were to be erected in the Soviet Far East.}

ELECTRICITY

The largest of the electric power plants now in operation and using coal are in Krasnoyarsk, Cheremkhovo, Nerchinsk, Khabarovsky, Komsomol'sk, Suchan, Vladivostok, Verkhno-Kolymsk, Petropavlovsk, Alexandrovsk, Okha.

Five sixths of the USSR's total reserves in water power are located in Siberia and Central Asia, the majority in Eastern Siberia. The Angara River, for instance, could supply ten times as much power as the Dnieprostroy. As far as is known, however, all water power plants are still at the stage of construction. The largest of these are on the Yenisei (fifteen kilometers from Krasnoyarsk) and on the Angara (one at its mouth on Lake Baikal and one at Bratik, where the BAM crosses the Angara); others are being constructed on the rivers Yana, Indigirka, Kolyma, and Amur.

NONFERROUS METALS

The following nonferrous metals are found in large quantities, usually in so many different areas that we can only name the most important of these: copper (Norilsk); platinum (Kolyma); nickel (Norilsk); tin (Chita Oblast); tungsten and molybdenum (Tsakir in the Buryat-Mongol ASSR, Ulan-Ude, Nerchinsk); mercury; bismuth; lead; zinc; and silver. Particularly rich in nonferrous metals are the regions of Mangut, on the border between Chita Oblast and Outer Mongolia, and Tetyukhe, on the coast of Primorsk Krai. Hence the four most important nonferrous metal industries are to be found today in Tsakir, Mangut, Nerchinsk, and Tetyukhe.

GOLD AND VARIOUS DEPOSITS

The largest gold industries are in the areas of Norilsk, Yeniseisk, Abakan, Bodaibo, Krasny Yar (east of Kikhita), Barguzin (on the eastern shore of Lake Baikal), Nerchinsk, Vilyuiisk, the system of the Aldan River (the richest gold area of the USSR), the Djugdzhur Mountains (along the western shore of the Sea of Okhotsk), Magadan, Okhotak, Ayan, Nikolayevsk, Selendjin, Arkhara (east of Blagoveschensk), and the system of the Bureya River.

Among other important minerals mined in Eastern Siberia we mention: graphite (at Kureika, east of Igarka, and near Lake Khubsugul); mica (around Lake Baikal, which area provides 90 per cent of the total mica production of the USSR); feldspar; bauxite; asbestos.

CHEMICAL INDUSTRY

The following places have important chemical works: Krasnoyarsk (oxygen, cellulose); Igarka (cellulose, alcohol, plastics); Cheremkhovo (chemical products from coal and wood); Usolye (chemical products from rock salt); Ulan-Ude (sulphates); Slyudyanka (mica products); Nordvik; Nerchinsk; Suchan; Tetyukhe.

MACHINERY, ETC.

Below are listed those towns which possess noteworthy industries.

Krasnoyarsk: general machinery, mining machinery, rolling stock, machines for heavy industry, armament works, river-shipbuilding works.

Irkutsk: gold-mining machinery, mica-mining machinery, armament works, insulators.

Ulan-Ude: locomotives, rolling stock, tanks, airplane motors, aircraft.

Chita: general machinery, locomotive repair shops.

Sretensk: river-shipbuilding works.

Yakutsk: river-shipbuilding works.

Blagoveschensk: river-shipbuilding works, tankers, agricultural machines (at present tanks).

Khabarovsky: river-shipbuilding works, automobile repair shops, agricultural machinery, locomotives, rolling stock, motor trucks, airplane parts and accessories.

Komsomol'sk: river-shipbuilding works, general machinery, railway workshops. In Komsomol'sk alone there are 27 armament plants erected between 1932 and 1939.

Nikolayevsk, De Castries Bay, Magadan, Petropavlovsk, Klyuchi, Vladivostok: ship-repairing works.
SHOULDER STRAPS—AND THEN?

By KLAUS MEHNERT

Russia has always been considered a riddle. Even in bygone centuries, writers stressed the difficulties involved in traveling in Russia and in studying that country. A deep clef has always separated the ruling class from the rest of the population; for this reason, the picture of life in Russia presented to the rest of the world by the ruling class differed considerably from reality. But it would be mistaken to conclude that nothing could be learned about Russia, as many people claim, or that the little one could learn was all propaganda. It is simply a matter of adopting one's methods of study to the peculiarities of that country and its regime.

We have already shown this to be possible in our article "Inside Russia," published in February 1942, in which we surveyed the latest trends within the USSR by means of material available in Shanghai. That survey, partly based on minute indications usually overlooked, included the forecast of certain events, such as a change in the Soviet Government's attitude toward the Orthodox Church, which have taken place since then. The present issue's analysis deals with one particular aspect which has aroused much comment in the world.

Of all the cities outside the Soviet Union—with the possible exception of Ankara—Shanghai is best equipped for the study of developments in the USSR. It is the only place in East Asia, and one of the few places in the world, where one can simply step into a bookstore and purchase literature—newspapers, magazines, novels, plays, pamphlets, scientific treatises—fresh from the Moscow presses; where three Soviet dailies (two in Russian and one in English) as well as three Soviet magazines (two in Russian and one in Chinese) appear; where Bolshevist editorials are frequently made available verbatim to Shanghai readers and radio listeners within a few hours of their publication in Moscow; and where a Soviet radio station transmits daily from morning to night in Russian, Chinese, German, and English.

That which strikes one more than anything else in the study of recent Soviet material is the efforts on the part of the Soviet Government to raise the fighting morale of the Russian people. Nobody would expect anything else in time of war; what counts is the methods being employed for this purpose. What are the slogans by which the Bolshevist state is trying to achieve this goal? With no knowledge of the latest developments, one might be tempted to say: the slogans of Bolshevism, of course. Since the days of Karl Marx, and especially since it came into power in Russia, Bolshevism has, after all, been proclaiming day in and day out that it offers the answer to all the problems of life; that it has brought happiness to the Russian population; that conditions in the Soviet Union represent, if not Paradise, the penultimate step to Paradise; and that the peoples of the Soviet Union believe the masses of the rest of the world to be thirsting for a chance to adopt the blessings of Bolshevism.

If these claims corresponded to facts, one would expect the inhabitants of the Soviet Union to march into battle with Bolshevist slogans on their banners, as they did in the campaigns of 1917/18. But this is not the case. In the Soviet propaganda directed at strengthening the
fighting morale, the traditional Bolshevist slogans have no part. Indeed, they do not even appear. Which, then, are the slogans that have taken their place?

To obtain the answer to this question, we can start at any given point. We shall always arrive at the same result. Let us, for instance, turn to the Soviet policy of awarding decorations. Decorations have been awarded everywhere for centuries. After the abolition of the Tsarist regime and its decorations, the Soviets were quick to create their own decorations. During the Civil War, there was already the “Order of the Red Flag”; and soon after that the “Lenin Order,” the “Order of the Red Labor Flag,” and the “Order of the Red Star.” The very names show that the Soviets took over only the outward form of orders, filling them entirely with a Bolshevist content. There is nothing incongruous in citizens of a Bolshevist state wearing an “Order of the Red Flag” or of the “Red Star” on their chests.

THREE NEW SAINTS

But on July 29, 1942, when, in the midst of heavy blows being suffered by the Soviet Southern Army at the hands of the Germans and their allies, Stalin created three new decorations by a decree of the Supreme Soviet, he departed essentially from the previous Bolshevist policy as regards decorations. The new decorations were: the Suvorov Order, the Kutuzov Order, and the Alexander Nevsky Order. The three men after whom these orders are named have as much to do with the Soviet regime as Lenin with ancient Greece. Suvorov and Kutuzov were extremely unrevolutionary generals of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, pious Orthodox Christians and devout servants of their Tsars, who granted them the title of “Prince” in recognition of their loyal services. Both were typical representatives of Tsarism, and Suvorov conducted some of his campaigns against Russian insurgents under the popular leader Pugachyov, whom the Bolsheviks regard as one of their precursors. Alexander Nevsky (1218-1263) was a grand duke, a member of the Russian ruling house of those days. He is venerated by the Orthodox Church as one of its greatest saints. These three men personify all that the Bolsheviks have been opposing and vilifying for years. For Stalin to create orders with their names is as paradoxical as if Hitler were to create a Karl Marx Order for the German Army.

These three new orders of the USSR show the efforts of the Soviet Government to carry out a symbolic fusing of Russia’s past and Bolshevism. This is why all three historic Russian heroes are framed with the symbol of Bolshevism, the five-pointed star. In the case of the Tsarist General Suvorov (left), this is particularly noticeable. The head of Kutuzov (center), Tsar Alexander I’s marshal, is shown against the background of the Kremlin, the tower of which is crowned by the Bolshevist five-pointed star instead of the old Tsarist eagle. Alexander Nevsky, a member of the ancient Russian ruling house and a saint of the Orthodox Church, has for his symbols not only the battle-ax of his times but also the hammer and sickle of Bolshevism.

What made Stalin conceive this curious idea? This is made quite clear by the voluminous literature which has appeared in the USSR since the creation of the three orders.

In Suvorov, the Soviet propaganda celebrates the robust Russian who, in spite of his rough manners, rose to be one of the greatest generals of the Napoleonic era. His memory is to instill the Red Army with confidence in its own leaders who are often equally uncouth.

Kutuzov, who effected the Russian retreat before Napoleon in 1812, was glorified as an expert on the Russian mentality and a master of the strategic withdrawal when it was necessary to make the withdrawals of the Red Army in the summers of 1941 and 1942 plausible to the people. In countless books and articles it was explained how Kutuzov, with his knowledge of the Russian character and terrain, insisted on the withdrawal to Moscow against the will of
many other generals, and how he was ready to retreat even five hundred miles beyond Moscow if this should prove necessary for final victory.

Alexander Nevsky's great merit in the eyes of the Bolsheviks is his victory against the Knights of the German Order on Lake Peipus, which is supposed to prove the superiority of the Russian warrior over the German.

THE DAVYDOV CASE

The skill with which Soviet propaganda works is perhaps best shown by the case of Denis Davydov (1784-1839). Davydov was a loyal officer of his Tsar who would never have dreamed that one day men who had overthrown the Tsarist regime would make him the object of a hero's cult. How did the dead general acquire this honor? Davydov was the inventor of guerrilla warfare against the French in 1812 and was himself a successful guerrilla leader. He wrote the first book on the theory of partisan warfare (O Partisanskoj Voine). From this book and other writings of Davydov's, which are at present being republished in the Soviet Union in tens of thousands of copies, we quote the following sentences which throw a light into the workshop of Soviet propaganda. This is what Davydov taught the Russian peasants living in the rear of Napoleon's advancing army:

When the enemies enter your village, treat them hospitably, bowing deeply (for, as they do not know the Russian language, they will understand your bows better than words). Bring them everything you have in the way of food and especially drink. See that they go to bed drunk; and, when you notice that they have fallen asleep, seize all their arms, which usually lie in a heap in the corner of the hut or stand on the street. And then do what God has commanded us to do to the enemies of our country. As soon as you have killed them, bury the bodies in the stable, in the forest, or at any other place which is hard to reach.

Davydov taught that not only food and ammunition transports but even the transport of hospital supplies and medicines, of sick and wounded, should be the object of guerrilla warfare. Davydov does not hesitate to reject the rules of warfare valid in other countries:

Foreign authors interpret the laws of warfare not for us Russians but for those states of which they are citizens. Consequently, they do so according to the standards and characteristics of military power as they know them but not according to the standards of a state whose means of military power and whose geography have always lain beyond their comprehension and calculation.

THE GOOD AND THE WICKED

Along with Davydov's, many other historical names have suddenly been lifted out of the past again during the last two years and have been set up as ideals for the Russian people. General A. A. Brussilov is extolled in numerous newspaper articles as the hero of the Russian offensive during the Great War, and even a novel The Brussilov Offensive has appeared. The best-known modern historian in the Soviet Union, E. V. Tarle, has written a biography of Admiral P. S. Nakhimov, who fell in 1855 in the defense of Sevastopol. The writings of General M. I. Dragomirov, who distinguished himself in the Turkish War of 1877/78, are recommended for study to Soviet officers. A copious literature has been published about Prince Dmitry Donskoi, the victor over the Mongols in 1380. The memory of Peter the Great also plays an important part.

Even men who did not belong to the military profession are made into heroes if they happen to fit into the general trend. Professor Tarle gave a lecture in Moscow on October 6, 1943, on the Russian foreign policy of the nineteenth century, in which he glorified Gorchakov, that rather mediocre but anti-German Foreign Minister of Alexander III.

An entirely new branch of literature has sprung up which exclusively serves the glorification of various figures and episodes of Russian history. The Red Star, the organ of the Red Army, regularly publishes military monographs on the Russian past. A number of authors have specialized on such monographs. They are headed by S. N. Sergeyev-Tsensky, whose Sevastopol'skaya Strada, a historical novel on the Crimean War of 1854/56 covering 774 large pages with small print, represents the most pretentious product of this literary genus to have appeared so far.
Another special field of recent Bolshevist literature is the misrepresentation of the history of Russo-German relations. During the last twelve months we have read a lot of articles in the Soviet press which all amount to the same thing: the Germans have always been deadly enemies of the Russians and have done them nothing but harm.

Those who try to prove their thesis of the evil influence of the Germans have their work cut out for them. It is difficult to describe Russian history without recognizing the constructive Germanic influence ever since the days of the earliest foundation of a state on Russian soil by the Scandinavian Varangians. Consequently, everything in Russian history that does not please the authors of these articles is ascribed to the Germans; and where the originators of some evil are undeniably Russians—for example, the tyrant Arakcheyev—these are said to have been “under German influence.”

But in those cases where a beneficial German influence cannot be denied it is explained that those were Germans “who loved Russia and felt Russian” as, for instance, the poet Fonvisin (von Wiesen). The fact that Catherine the Great was a pure German is treated most discreetly, as is Suvorov’s descent from the Swedish family Suvor.

In a recent essay by V. Ivanov we are told that it was only the Germans of Russia who were responsible in the nineteenth century for Russia becoming a reactionary gendarme for the rest of Europe. The traditional friendship with the Hohenzollerns, he claims, was a betrayal of the Slavic cause on the part of the Romanovs. Will he be telling us next that the Bolshevist Revolution was necessary only because the Romanovs were pro-German, and that otherwise there was little to object to in the Tsars?

OATH TO THE FLAG

Decorations were not the only attributes of the Tsarist Army to be reintroduced in the Red Army. It started with the restoration of Guards regiments, which we already mentioned in our article “Inside Russia.” This development has meanwhile progressed considerably. A revealing picture is presented by the book Our Guards by A. Krivitsky, which appeared in 1943 in an edition of 30,000 copies and has frequently been reprinted in newspapers. The sole aim of this book is to represent the Guards formations of the Red Army as the direct continuation of the Guards of Tsarist Russia, indeed, as their culmination. The author does his best to draw a straight line from the army of knights in the battle on the Kulikovo Field (1380), which he calls the “Russian Guards,” up to today. Of course, there is no hint to be found anywhere to the effect that before and during the Revolution the Bolsheviks bitterly hated the Russian Guards regiments as the “bodyguards of the Tsar,” which in name and fact they actually were; or that to belong to a Guards regiment was at that time in their eyes a deadly crime.

The form in which flags are presented to Guards units is interesting from a psychological point of view. The ceremony, which in its details goes back to Peter the Great, is obviously intended, in a highly un-Marxist manner, to endow this act with a sort of mystic consecration. Let us quote a description of the ritual:

The ceremony of presenting the flag is carried out according to strict rites. The whole unit parades. The flag is carried out to the strains of the divisional march. Before the order presenting the flag is read out, the command is issued: “Under the flag, on your knees!” The flag is handed over to the commander of the unit, who is assisted by its most outstanding heroes. After a congratulatory speech by the representative of the People’s Commissariat of Defense, the commander of the unit accepts the flag, kisses the crimson material three times on his knees and then, raising himself up again, reads out the oath of reply. After the commander, the whole unit rises from its knees. Then the commander passes the flag to the standard-bearer. At the same time the order is given: “Attention! Present arms to the flag!”

Having read the description of the flag ceremony this far, one might feel inclined to assume that the Bolsheviks have succeeded surprisingly well in welding the past and the present in presenting a Red flag according to a Tsarist ceremony. But the next sentence shatters all our illusions. It runs:
The band plays the International.

What has this song of the World Revolution, written by the French Communist E. Potier (1816-1887), to do with a national Russian ceremony going back to the days of Peter the Great? Even Stalin was conscious of this inconsistency: on December 20, 1943, he presented the population of the USSR with a new national anthem.

FORCED RHYMES

It is not the first instance of changed times having produced a change in songs. The International was a suitable song for the Bolshevist revolutionaries when they were fighting first for power and then for the maintenance of this power. For it is a summons to revolution, revolution in one's own country as well as all over the world. For ten years, however, especially since the new constitution of 1936, Moscow has been emphasizing the completeness of the victory of revolution in the Soviet Union, and it was rather embarrassing for the national anthem still to be calling upon the masses to revolt against their oppressors. Hence the summons to revolution could only be directed at the outer world. On the other hand, the Soviet Government has been trying for some time to prove to this outer world that there was no such thing as a world revolution threatening from the USSR. The International was thus no longer suitable either for domestic or foreign purposes.

What is interesting is not the fact that there is a new anthem but what this anthem looks like. It consists of three verses of four lines each; each verse is followed by the same refrain of four lines. A whole book could be written about the social significance of these sixteen different lines and about the light they throw on the psychological situation of the Soviet Union. Here we must limit ourselves to pointing to the fact that the new anthem fits perfectly into the propaganda of the last two years in its appeal to Russian patriotism. It, too, seeks by every means to link up Russia with Bolshevism, even at the cost of a forced rhyme especially ugly to Russian ears—that of Rus (the ancient Kiev state of the tenth century) and Sovietsky Soyuz (i.e., Soviet Union).

The nationalistic character of the new anthem has also been emphasized by Soviet commentaries. The Moscow Izvestiya, for example, wrote on December 21:

The great Rus has welded the Union of the Republics for all eternity, and its powerful national traditions are embodied in the Russian labor class. It is to the immortal credit of the great Russian people to have created our state. The Russian labor class has created the great Bolshevist Party.

SHOULDER STRAPS

On January 10, 1943, shoulder straps were reintroduced into the Red Army by a decree of the Supreme Soviet. The Bolshevists did not even bother to invent their own form of shoulder straps—they simply took over those of the Tsarist Army, the same shoulder straps which in the Revolution they had torn off the shoulders of their officers before killing them, because they saw in them the symbols of class differences and of the old regime they hated so much.

When the Soviets began to build up their own army after the Revolution, they took pains to show unmistakably by all outward attributes that their army was different from all other armies of the world and especially from that of the Tsars. For that reason they abolished not only the shoulder straps but also all the titles of rank of the old army. Instead of "soldier," they said "warrior"; instead of "officer," they said "commander"; instead of "lieutenant" or "colonel"—"company commander" and "regimental commander," and so on.

In the meantime, all this has been revoked again. Decrees of the Supreme Soviet of July 29 and August 11, 1943, established rankings for army and navy which correspond in every respect to those of Tsarist days and by which the words "officer" and "officers' corps" came into their own again. In a leading article of July 29, 1943, the most prominent newspaper of the Soviet Union, the Pravda, even went so far as to declare: "The designation 'officer' is one of the most
honorablc in our country.” While Soviet propaganda used to claim it to be the Red Army’s special advantage over all other armies that it was like one big family and knew no difference between officers and men, it now proudly proclaims that the restoration of the officers corps has led to an increase in the fighting strength of the Red Army.

To make the Red Army an exact outward counterpart of the Tsarist Army, only two more things are needed: the introduction of the word “soldier” instead of warrior and of a national flag instead of the Red Flag.

This reactionary development is not limited to the Army. Moscow, which used to ridicule the colorful uniforms of foreign diplomats and always boasted that it was represented by diplomats in ordinary clothes, has decreed that in future its diplomats (and even its judiciary officials) will appear in uniform. And when one reads the list of rankings for law-court officials issued by the Supreme Soviet on September 25, 1943, and consisting of eleven ranks, from “State Counselor of Justice” down to “Third Class Jurist,” one feels transplanted to the heyday of Tsarist bureaucracy, which has been immortalized by Gogol and other Russian satirists.

THE NEW PATRIARCH

In the late summer of 1943 an event took place in Moscow which no one would have believed possible three years ago. Stalin received Metropolitan Sergius of the Orthodox Church and gave him permission to call a Bishops’ Council for the election of a Patriarch. (In the Orthodox Church a metropolitan has approximately the position of an archbishop in the Catholic Church, and the Patriarch corresponds more or less to the Pope. The last Patriarch had died in 1925.)

The Bishops’ Council met in Moscow on September 8. Sergius was elected Patriarch and given the historic title of “Patriarch of Moscow and all Russia.”

The news of Stalin’s reconciliation with the Orthodox Church proved a sensation throughout the world, and this is not hard to understand in view of Bolshevism’s well-known hostility toward the Church. One of the official doctrines of the USSR is: “Religion is opium for the people.” For twenty-five years the Church had to suffer the worst oppression. Sergius himself spent several years in Bolshevist prisons. The number of Orthodox priests murdered by the Soviets or sent into Siberian exile is appalling. And in its issue of December 1938 the Moscow periodical Bezbojnik (The Godless) stated that the priests and servants of all denominations, whose number had amounted to 300,000 in Tsarist Russia, had “practically died out” by 1938.

SECOND FRONT AND ANATHEMA

The first deed of the new Patriarch consisted, not in having the many clergy-men released who were still languishing in concentration camps, not in opening closed churches, not in obtaining permission for religious instruction to be given to the country’s youth, but in issuing a propagandistic flood of paper. On that very September 8, Sergius already signed three documents. First was a letter of salutation to the Soviet Government, which contained the following sentence:

May the divine Head of the Church bless the efforts of the Government with His merciful blessing.

Next came an appeal calling upon the “Christian brother-warriors now fighting in the armies of all our allied nations” and all the Christians of the world to “unite in a friendly, brotherly spirit, firmly and powerfully in the name of Christ for the final victory over our common enemy... for the freedom of the Christian Church.” The cloven foot of political propaganda became apparent when it continued: “The Orthodox Church hopes that... the long-awaited second front will finally be established.”

The third document signed by the Bishops present was a decree containing the following sentences:

There are persons among the clergy and laymen who, having forgotten the fear of God, have ven-
tured to build their personal welfare on the common misfortune. They receive the enemies like welcome guests, enter their service, and sometimes fall so low as to commit outright treason, betraying to the enemy their brothers, as, for instance, the guerrillas and others who are sacrificing their lives for our country . . . Just as Judas lost his soul and underwent extreme physical suffering while still on earth, these traitors, too, are preparing their eternal perdition and will not escape Cain's lot on earth . . . .

We, who are gathered here today in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost . . . resolve:

Everyone guilty of treason to the common cause of the Church and deserting to the side of Fascism as an enemy of the Cross of God shall be cut off from the Church, an anathema being pronounced on him; and if that person is a bishop or clergyman, he shall be shorn of his dignity. Amen.

This decree shows that the clergy of the occupied areas have willingly cooperated with the German authorities, and that Stalin’s churchmen are prepared to assist the GPU in punishing them.

"SLAVS OF THE WORLD . . ."

It is not only in the domestic sphere that Stalin has shifted from an exclusive emphasis on class consciousness to a recognition of the importance of racial feelings. In his attitude toward the rest of the world a similar change is to be noted. For many years the foreign-political propaganda of Moscow was built up on the battle cry with which Marx ended his Communist Manifesto of 1848: “Proletarians of the world unite!” The Bolsheviks recognized only classes as actual factors in politics. Everything else, especially races, they regarded as negligible quantities which had either been invented by class enemies for wicked ends or at least magnified beyond all reason. Consequently, until recently Bolshevism also condemned Pan-Slavism as wrong and reactionary. Shortly before the outbreak of the German-Soviet war, the official Soviet news agency Tass still called Pan-Slavism a “reactionary phenomenon of Tsarism.” But the war was only a few weeks old when a complete change in course was effected. On August 10, 1941, the first Slavic Congress met in Moscow. The second followed on April 4, 1942, and the third on May 9, 1943. Since June 1942 a Russian monthly has been published in Moscow called Slavyane (Slavs) which bears on its cover, surrounded by old Slavic ornaments, the motto, “Death to the German conquerors!” It serves chiefly to describe alleged German atrocities and to glorify the fight of the Red Army against the Germans as well as all wars of the past conducted by Slavs against Germans.

The speeches held at these congresses and the entire propaganda surrounding them challenge the “300 million Slavs” to recognize their racial ties and the necessity of their throwing their weight on the side of the Soviet Union in the present war. Incidentally, the figure of 300 millions is vastly exaggerated. To give two Slavic authorities: the Czech statistical work Slavanský svět (Slavic World), which appeared in Prague in 1910, estimated the total number of Slavs living in Europe and Russia at 138,500,000; while the Ukrainian scientist T. Florinsky, in a similar work that appeared in Kiev in 1907, estimated this number to be 148,521,000. Even if we take into account the increase in population since the beginning of the century and include the Slavs overseas, the total number of Slavs would on the basis of these estimates hardly exceed 190 millions today.

Those who are acquainted with the Pan-Slavism of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century will recognize most of the old slogans in the propaganda of the neo-Pan-Slavists of Moscow. In the last analysis, it is the return of imperialism, as can be seen, for instance, from a lengthy article in the Shanghai Soviet paper Novaya Jizn (June 9, 1943) on the Slavic question, in which Vsevolod N. Ivanov writes:

Draw a straight line approximately from the spot near Hamburg where the Elbe, i.e., our Slavic Laba, flows into the North Sea, southward to the point where Venice is, up to our River Plava, now called the Piave. All the territory east of this line—is the territory of Slavic tribes.

Replacing such revolutionary saints as Spartacus and Karl Marx, Bolshevist literature has lately been creating a new pantheon of Pan-Slavistic saints like Hus, Kolar, Skobelev, and all those men who had ever been militant exponents of Slavism. Women are also included as,
for example, Saint Olga (tenth century), although it is very doubtful in her case whether she was of Slavic blood. (B. Pares, the London professor of Russian history, takes it for granted that Olga, i.e., Helga, came from a Scandinavian family.) Naturally the new Bolshevist policy toward the Orthodox Church has as one of its aims the support of the Pan-Slavist propaganda by a Pan-Orthodox propaganda.

RETURN FROM AN ICE FLOE

While the rediscovery of Pan-Slavism and the Orthodox Church did not take place until after June 21, 1941, the beginning of the trend toward a new kind of patriotism can be sought in the early summer of 1934, almost ten years ago.

On June 19, 1934, the Soviet Union celebrated a great festival. The crew of the Soviet vessel Chelyuskin, which had been rescued by planes from an ice floe in the Arctic Ocean, was to be honored in Moscow. In a country in which countless people are constantly being arrested and disappear without trace, Bolshevist propaganda had managed to make the fate of those people on an ice floe the main object of public interest. The train carrying the 104 persons saved and the seven aviators who had saved them was showered with gifts and flowers on its entire journey from the Pacific coast to Moscow. In addition to being decorated with the Order of Lenin, the seven airmen had been given a sort of new title of nobility, that of "Hero of the USSR."

Everything had been done to make June 19 a great popular festival. Factories and offices closed at noon. The streets were alive with flags, banners, and huge portraits of the aviators and crew members. The policemen regulating the traffic had been issued clean white uniforms and gloves.

ON THE RED SQUARE

At 5.30 p.m., when I finally succeeded in reaching the press tribune beside the Lenin Mausoleum, the Red Square was already covered with tens of thousands of Red Army men, athletes, and other young people in organized groups. The walls of the large central buildings were hung with vast portraits of Lenin and Stalin, flanked by those of the seven aviators and the most prominent men of the crew of the Chelyuskin. At one end of the square a huge map had been fastened to the wall of the Historical Museum showing the course of the Chelyuskin around Siberia. And at the former place of execution there stood a mighty papier-mâché iceberg with an almost life-size model of the ship. Shortly after six o'clock the heroes arrived in about fifty cars decked out with peonies as for a flower carnival, received by the deafening applause of the multitude and the thunderous "Urraaah" of the troops echoing from one end of the square to the other. The Chelyuskinites made their way to a special tribune erected in front of the mausoleum. Hardly had the cheers died away when they started again with even greater force: from the Nikolsky Gate of the Kremlin, Stalin, surrounded by other prominent Soviet leaders, walked across the square to the mausoleum, while the band played the International.

Kuibyshev addressed a welcoming speech to the men who had been rescued. After that, some of these men and the aviators made rousing speeches through the microphone. Then again the International and then the parade. First the units stationed on the square filed past in rows of thirty-two men. Then came air-force troops and cavalry on picked horses, motorized units, cannons, light and heavy tanks. And while the iron fortresses were still rumbling across the square, a host of heavy four-motored bombers roared up from the north, followed by a giant plane, the Maxim Gorky, which had recently been completed. And finally—by this time it was half-past eight—the flood gates of the streets leading to the square were opened, and the population of Moscow streamed in a wide front across the entire square, carrying red banners, flags, portraits of leaders and Chelyuskinites with music, songs, and countless "Urraaahs." The procession, divided up according to districts, lasted until after midnight.
The Red Square had already seen many parades. Every year May 1 is celebrated as the day of World Revolution and November 7 as that of Lenin’s seizure of power, in other words also as a step toward revolutionizing the world. That which took place before my eyes on June 19, 1934, was something different.

**RODINA REHABILITATED**

Eleven days previously a new word, which had been taboo for many years, had made its appearance in the USSR. As a result of the force with which it had been thrust into the masses and the echo it had found in the hearts of the population, this word became within a few days one of the most widely used expressions in the country. On the day of the Chelyuskin celebration, it leaped at us from every mouth, from every poem and song, from every newspaper—*rodina* (native land).

The new wave of propaganda had begun with an ominous note: on June 8 the Central Executive Committee of the USSR had passed a law against “betrayal of the *rodina*,” which provided for the severest penalties for espionage, betrayal of military secrets, and similar offenses. By means of this law, the word *rodina*, which had long been ridiculed by the Bolsheviks as being sentimental and bourgeois, had suddenly found official recognition. Until then, the furthest they had ever gone was to use the word *otechestvo* (fatherland), but even this never alone, only in conjunction with other words, e.g., “*otechestvo of the workers*” or “*socialist otechestvo*.” Now suddenly they said, and without any qualifying word: *rodina*, and in Russian this word is much stronger than *otechestvo*. For its root is *rodit* (to give birth). So *rodina* is the land which has given us birth, to which we are bound by the ties of blood.

There can be no doubt that the reintroduction of this word was no coincidence or slip of the tongue but an intentional preparing of the ground for an appeal to sentiments in the Russian people which up to then had been neglected, indeed, even mocked. A proof of this was the commentaries on the new law. In its issue of June 9, the *Pravda* associated the new law with the heroism of the Chelyuskin crew in an editorial entitled “For the *Rodina*.” It raised the question as to what had enabled these men to carry out such deeds of heroism, and answered it as follows: “Their boundless love and devotion to their *rodina*.” In the following sentences, the central organ of the Bolshevik Party called upon all Soviet citizens to fight “for the *rodina*, for her honor and glory, her power and prosperity,” and went on to say: “The defense of the *rodina*—that is the supreme law of life,” a sentence which a few days earlier would have been unthinkable in a Bolshevik paper.

**“WE RUSSIANS”**

This new *rodina* propaganda reached its climax on June 19. In all the speeches which resounded throughout the Soviet Union from the Red Square that evening, again and again we heard the new word with especial emphasis. “Love for the *rodina* sent the Chelyuskin on its perilous voyage . . . . Love for our native land made us save her crew . . . . For love of our native land we are prepared at any time to sacrifice our lives . . . . The old Russia, whom anyone could beat who so desired, no longer exists. The time has come for us to beat the others.” Every sentence was intended to hammer into the brains of the listeners that this had been a *Russian* arctic expedition which had been rescued by *Russian* aviators in *Russian* planes with *Russian* motors. And it was no coincidence that the first trial flight of the largest land plane in the world, the eight-motored *Maxim Gorky*, formed the climax of the celebration. “We *Russians* have built that,” was the feeling one was supposed to have.

And, as if officially to emphasize the new course now taken by the Soviet Union, the Central Executive Committee of the USSR decreed, on the day following the Chelyuskin celebration, that the Army was to be placed directly under War Commissar Voroshilov, thereby liquidating the collective command of the
Red Army known until then as the Revolutionary War Council. The next day a new badge was created for young people, to obtain which they had to pass not only athletic but military tests.

What I have said about the rediscovery of the rodina by the Bolsheviks is quoted verbatim from an article which I wrote in Moscow ten years ago, on June 22, 1934, for some German newspapers. In view of the developments of the last two years, it is interesting to note that this appeal to patriotism was actually in preparation for years. Our theory that the beginning of this development is to be sought in the early summer of 1934 is also confirmed by the fact that, almost at the same time, another event took place which was paid even less attention by the rest of the world but which was to become of the utmost importance for the path leading to Soviet patriotism. We mean the decree of May 16, 1934, signed by Stalin and Molotov, which reintroduced the traditional teaching of history into the schools of the USSR. After long years of repudiation of Russian history, this decree laid the foundation for its present renaissance, which during the last few years has assumed almost the proportions of a cult of Russian history.

COLLARS AND STUBBLE

The last few decades have shown the importance of symbols and myths in the life of the nations. Perhaps no other age has so consciously made use of them for political purposes as ours. The raised hand of the Hitler salute and the clenched fist of the Communist salute are only two of the countless symbols brought forth by the years since the Great War. Since all that lives is subject to evolution, no one should be surprised at the change of symbols in the Bolshevik state. However, some changes are of an organic evolutionary type and others nothing but conscious deception.

As an example of an organic change in symbols, I recall the history of the collar in the Soviet Union. In the years after the Revolution, the white collar was abhorred by the Bolsheviks as a symbol of the bourgeoisie, the class enemy. Even the former middle classes no longer dared to wear a collar, as they feared for their lives if they did so. But, as the Revolution receded into the past and new paths began to open up, so the problem of the collar changed. Anyone wearing a white collar in Moscow in the early thirties was regarded not as the wicked bourgeois of prerevolutionary times but as a successful Soviet functionary or Soviet engineer. In those days the Tur brothers, the well-known humorists, published an article in a Moscow paper in which they sarcastically—and correctly—predicted a time when it would be good form to wear, not only a white but—imagine!—a clean white collar.

At about the same time, there was a report in the Soviet press to the effect that Comrade Ordjonikidze, the People's Commissar for Heavy Industry, had not received an important engineer who had come to Moscow by the night train on urgent business because he had called on him unshaven. This meant that the proletarian stubble, by which one had formerly tried to distinguish oneself from the well-shaven bourgeois, had also fallen into disgrace overnight.

Changes of this kind are quite natural since they correspond to human nature. They do not represent the abandoning of principles but only an evolution arising from circumstances. But when Stalin presents the Red Army with the officers' ranks and shoulder straps of Russian Tsarism—that same Tsarism that he, the non-Russian from the Caucasus, has opposed all his life in principle and in deed; when he, the militant atheist and international revolutionary, drags out the Orthodox Patriarch from his oblivion and Tsarist generals from their coffins and parades arm in arm with them before the world; then these are not the actions of an organic evolution but the costumes of a masquerade.

BUT WHY ALL THIS?

We now come to the question: what was the reason for this development?
Every modern war which involves the participation of the entire nation leads inevitably to an intensification of national feelings. No one would comment on the growing patriotic propaganda in Russia had not the leaders of the Soviet Union for decades been proclaiming a doctrine which is diametrically opposed to all patriotism. How they decried all those as reactionary and bourgeois before and during the Great War who fought for Little Mother Russia and gave their lives for her! How they lauded the solidarity of the world's proletariat, and how they made nationalism out to be utterly obsolete and noxious! After having adopted this attitude for so many years, they should not be surprised if their complete turnabout today has astonished the world, and if one wonders as to the reasons.

During the last ten years, Soviet patriotism experienced its most obvious impulses in the early summers of 1934 and 1941. The reasons for it having happened in these two particular periods are easily recognized and closely related. In both instances, Soviet patriotism was stimulated by Stalin owing to events on the western border of the USSR; the first time by the victory of National-Socialism in Germany, and the second by the outbreak of the German-Soviet war.

LOOKING WEST

My stay in the Soviet Union in 1933 and 1934 showed me that the Bolshevist leaders were immensely impressed by the fact that Hitler, after acceding to power in 1933, defied all prophecies of his early collapse and established himself firmly in the government without any resistance to speak of on the part of the German proletariat. They desperately sought for the cause of this complete failure of all their calculations. When it became clearer from month to month that an increasing proportion of the German people, including the working classes, were supporting Hitler, the Red leaders began to see the reason for the utter defeat of Communism in Germany in the fact that its international ideology had despised and mocked the national feelings of the German people, while National-Socialism had directed its strongest appeal at the patriotism of the Germans.

The Kremlin was still far from assessing the effectiveness of patriotism as highly as it does today. Yet it was clever enough to lay the foundations for a rehabilitation of patriotism. This led to the developments of May and June 1934 which we have already described. Furthermore, the Communist International was instructed at its Seventh World Congress in the summer of 1935 to take the national feelings of the various peoples more into account in their propaganda. The reintroduction of various old officers' ranks and of the title "Marshal" followed in November 1935. And in the literature of those days we find again for the first time somewhat more national tendencies.

BANKRUPT IDEOLOGY

However, those first steps were hesitating ones. The overwhelming outward impetus was still lacking. This was provided on June 22, 1941. The terrible defeats of the first few months of war, and the loss of millions of soldiers who surrendered after brief resistance, showed Stalin that the Russian soldier was not prepared to die for Bolshevist slogans. After only a few days it had already become clear that no help was to be expected from the "class brothers" abroad, i.e., from the proletariat in Germany and other countries. In the German Army, all classes were fighting in complete unity shoulder to shoulder against the Red Army. And when help finally began to arrive, it did not come from the "workers of the world" but from the capitalist governments of America and England, whose leaders are as far removed from the Bolshevist ideology as can be imagined.

Under the impact of this knowledge, Stalin has been trying to rouse and fully to awaken the national feelings which had been appealed to so hesitatingly and unsystematically between 1934 and 1941. We described the first few steps taken by
Stalin in this respect in our article "Inside Russia."

For consumption abroad, national imponderables were also mobilized. For almost twenty-five years, Soviet propaganda had been riling against capitalism in the USA and Great Britain, reiterating to the Russian people the terrible situation of the workers of those countries, their exploitation by capitalism, their hosts of unemployed, their lack of culture, etc. Of course, it could not be expected now that the Russians should suddenly feel great confidence in the same America and England under the same capitalist regime and the same plutocratic leaders, just because they had become allies. The disappointment over the nonforthcoming help of the world's proletariat could not be made up for simply by pointing to the alliance with capitalist countries which had been decried as being rotten and ripe for their downfall. Stalin had to find something that appealed to ideas slumbering deep within the people. As we have seen, he found it in Pan-Slavism.

In other words: in the severe crisis which the war with Germany meant for the Soviet state, the Bolshevist ideology suffered so terrible and complete a bankruptcy that it had temporarily to be supplanted by two entirely new—or, more correctly, the two oldest known—ideologies: patriotism and religion.

MARBLES FOR THE CHILDREN

We need hardly add that this change of slogans represents only a change of slogans and not a change in the essence of Bolshevism. It goes without saying that Stalin is still the same Bolshevik, atheist, materialist, and world revolutionary that he has always been, and we shall not waste time over proving this. It is sufficient to point to the fact that Stalin himself has never claimed a change in the essence of Bolshevism. Even when he dissolved the Comintern and replaced the International by a Soviet anthem, he did not utter a single word that could be interpreted as a renunciation of his conviction that the final goal is world revolution. Stalin’s attitude toward patriotism, religion, Pan-Slavism, etc., may be compared to Lenin's attitude toward capitalism in March 1921. At that time, Lenin had decreed the New Economic Policy (NEP), which represented a temporary retreat from the socialization carried out in the first few years after the Revolution. He did this, not because he had relinquished his enmity toward capitalism, but only because he saw that the time was not yet ripe for its complete abolishment and that further progress along the path of socialization must lead to a terrible disaster.

Stalin has also had to acknowledge since 1941 that the population of the Soviet Union is not yet ripe to follow him in his international ideas, and that he has to make certain concessions to this "immaturity" of his subjects if he wants to get them to die for the Soviet regime. For an inveterate Marxist like Stalin, it must seem funny that there are people whose willingness to sacrifice their lives is increased by a Kutuzov Order or a shoulder strap. But, since there are such people, he is prepared to give them their decorations and shoulder straps, just as a child is made happy with a gift of colored marbles.

Finally, Stalin kills two birds with one stone by his nationalist camouflage. He appeals on the one hand to the strong Russian national sentiments, and on the other he reduces the anxiety of the Anglo-Saxons and certain neutrals over the Bolshevist threat to the world.

WAS IT WORTH IT?

Now we come to the obvious final question: has this masquerade been worth while?

At first sight one feels inclined to answer this question in the affirmative. There can be no doubt that the Russian fighting morale has been strengthened by the new national slogans. It can hardly be a coincidence that the military achievements of the Red Army have increased considerably since the summer and autumn of 1941 and that, in comparison to the first few months, only a fraction of
the former number of prisoners has fallen into the hands of the Germans in the last two years. While the Bolshevist ideology failed in its first serious test, the appeal to patriotism—properly supported by Bolshevist methods of terror—has been successful.

But on closer inspection we find that matters are more complicated. In addition to enhancing the fighting morale, the change of slogans has had other consequences which are less apparent and with which we shall now deal.

DANGER FOR THE RUSSIANS

The increasing identification of Bolshevism with Russia brought about by Stalin is having its effect on the Russians as well as on Bolshevism. For the Russians there is a grave danger inherent in this. It is a very different matter whether the Russian people patiently endure Stalin's rule as victims of Bolshevism, as they have already endured so many things in their history; or whether they let themselves be carried away by false propaganda in the spiritual upheaval of a war to accept Bolshevism as the historical continuation of old Russia and the modern embodiment of the true Russian soul. The latter danger is the greater as various traits are actually to be found in Russian history whose affinity to Bolshevism cannot be denied. After all, it is no mere chance that Bolshevism has so far only been successful in Russia. Bolshevism's ideas of world conquest, of the equality of all men, of its mission of redemption, of the use of violence as a means of educating the people, are reminiscent of outstanding trends in Russian history. We need only recall the conquest of one sixth of the globe, the propertyless equality within the Russian village community, the Messianic complex of the Russian people, and the knout of Ivan the Terrible or Peter the Great. Were this not so, Stalin would not have found it possible so successfully to establish the theory that Bolshevism represents the crowning glory of all Russian history.

But can the Russians forget that Bolshevism was brought to them from abroad and chiefly by non-Russians, mainly Jews? That Joseph Djugashvili-Stalin, to whom all Russians and Slavs are now supposed to pay homage as the protector of their cause, has not a drop of Slavic blood? Or that one of the most vociferouscriers of "Russia!" is the Jewish author Ilya Ehrenburg?

In spite of all assurances of admiration and comradeship-in-arms rendered by England and America for the last two and a half years because the Russians have been bearing the main burden of the war, Bolshevism still remains the deadly enemy, not only of Hitler Germany, but also of England, America, and the rest of the world. Those Russians who have been induced to identify themselves with Bolshevism, and to aid it with the great gifts with which nature has endowed them, are contributing to the inevitable fact that all of Russia will have to suffer one day for the sins of Bolshevism.

SENSATIONAL ADMISSION

What are the consequences arising for Bolshevism from this progressive identification of Bolshevism and Russia?

In No. 9 of Voina i Rabochiy Klass (War and the Labor Class)—which although only founded last summer has already become the most interesting political magazine of the Soviet Union—we find a remarkable editorial urging the allies of the Soviet Union to fight more energetically and to end the war as soon as possible. The fact that Moscow desires a more active support on the part of its allies is not in itself surprising. What is surprising is that the necessity of the earliest possible conclusion of the war should be motivated in these words:

War intensifies the internal conflicts existing in modern society and causes new and all the more acute political processes the longer it lasts . . . . In the same measure in which the war drags on, the relationship inevitably changes between the military and political factors which determine the course and end of the war. The longer the war lasts, the more does the military factor, which is under complete control of the government, decline in comparative importance; and the more do the political factors grow in importance as do the complicated and contradictory social processes, which are far less under the control and regulating influence of the belligerent governments.
In spite of the involved style of these sentences, their meaning is only too clear. They contain the sensational admission that it is necessary to return to peace as soon as possible because otherwise the "new and acute processes" in the social and political sphere threaten to become a grave menace. But has not the Soviet Union been proclaiming to the world for years that by means of the panacea of Bolshevism it had successfully solved all domestic conflicts? What has happened to have forced them to make such an admission? What internal conflicts created by the war does this editorial mean?

If we draw the conclusions from what we have shown so far in our article, the answer to this question is clear. The simple truth is that, when Stalin was forced by the exigencies of war to resurrect old slogans directly opposed to Bolshevism, he also revived old problems, although, of course, on a new plane.

SIX EXAMPLES

Before the Bolshevist Revolution, there were numerous conflicts in Russia which were partly responsible for the collapse of Russia in the Great War. Among these conflicts there were: (1) that between administration and army, which finally led to the army turning its bayonets away from the enemy and against its own government; (2) that between officers and men, which broke up the inner cohesion of the Tsarist army; (3) that between the Great Russians and the minorities of Russia, which led to the defection of all the western territories and to serious revolts in Central Asia; (4) that between Russia and other Slavic states, which became most apparent in the conflict with Poland; (5) that between the intelligentsia and the Orthodox Church, which contributed toward the crisis in morale; and (6) that between the older and the younger generations, which had been fermenting during the entire nineteenth century and which reached its climax in the Bolshevist Revolution.

For all these conflicts, the Bolshevist ideology offered definite solutions: to remove (1) that between administration and army by thoroughly permeating both with the same—i.e., Communist—Party; (2) that between officers and men by almost completely abolishing the difference between the two; (3) that between the Great Russians and the minorities by the doctrine of the equality of all Soviet citizens and by minimizing the Russian factor; (4) that between Russia and the other Slavic states by dissociating itself from the imperialistic past of Russia; (5) that between the intelligentsia and the Church by almost completely wiping out the Church; and (6) that between the generations by turning entirely toward youth.

Many non-Communists will reject the solutions propagated by Bolshevism as wrong and insincere. Nevertheless, they were solutions of a sort. By the consistent application of these solutions since 1917, the six conflicts lost much of their significance in comparison to pre-Bolshevist times. But, above all, these solutions formed a compact and consistent ideology with the rest of the Bolshevist principles.

Today this compactness and consistency have been destroyed. That is the price Stalin has had to pay.

DEAD AND LIVING GENERALS

(1) By having created an officers' corps and endowing it with a growing esprit de corps through the provision of shoulder straps, decorations, and increasing authority, Stalin has invoked the danger that this officers' corps may one day follow its own laws and slip out of his hands. Stalin is well aware of this danger. What other explanation is there for the fact that among fifty laudatory books and articles about Suvorov, Kutuzov, and other dead Tsarist generals, there is hardly a single one about a living Red general? Bolshevist propaganda, which otherwise loves to crow about Soviet successes, is exceedingly taciturn about the Red generals. Except for their names, their decorations, and perhaps their places of birth, the Soviet public knows hardly anything about them.
The Bolsheviks have carefully studied the history of the French Revolution and have always felt anxious about what they call Bonapartism, i.e., the rising of a counterrevolutionary leader from a revolutionary army. It was this anxiety which contributed some years ago to the execution of Marshal Tukhachevsky and his friends and which now causes Stalin to praise the generals of the Tsars more than his own. The danger of Bonapartism has become particularly acute since last summer: In order to strengthen Russian morale, Soviet propaganda has been celebrating the withdrawal of the German front since August 1943 as a chain of mighty victories. This made it inevitable that the popularity of the Red Army and its generals should rise tremendously at the cost of the Party.

STALIN STARTS A CAMPAIGN

Stalin tried to anticipate a possible conflict between Party and Army by having himself—the head of the Party—made a Marshal on March 7, 1943, exchanging his simple tunic for a smart Army uniform, complete with shoulder straps, gold collar, and decorations. But apparently this was not enough. Now he has opened a powerful propaganda campaign for enhancing the authority of the Party, which indicates his anxiety over his own officers’ corps. The entire second part of the speech he made on the occasion of the twenty-sixth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution (November 6, 1943) was a paean to the Party and contained the catchword which Soviet propaganda has since been drumming into the minds of the Russian population in daily variations: “The inspirer and organizer of the war against Germany is the Bolshevik Party!”

For two years after the outbreak of war with Germany, the Bolshevik Party was hardly ever mentioned in Soviet propaganda, in order to maintain the fiction at home and abroad of a national Russian war. But since the beginning of November 1943 a new flood of literature has been poured out over the Soviet population, which represents the Party, and especially Stalin himself, as the originator of all victories and the Red Army as nothing but an instrument. Here are two examples: the Party organ Bolshevik (No. 19/20, 1943) published a long article to prove that the victories of the Red Army were due to Stalin’s brilliant command, trying to show at the same time that Stalin was the inventor of modern war science; and on November 29 the Pravda published an editorial on the Red Army in which almost every sentence began with the words, “Led by the Party . . .” and in which the words “Party,” “Bolsheviks,” “Stalin,” and “Lenin” appeared altogether ninety times.

UNIFORMS BEFORE AND AFTER

(2) In 1929, when I was in the Soviet Union for the first time, it seemed to me that I saw no officers at all, only soldiers. Everybody in the Army was wearing the same simple uniform. Only by looking very closely could one discover the little insignia distinguishing a divisional commander from a private. The Army lived outwardly in complete equality, except that during duty hours the superior had powers of command over his inferiors. Hence no conflict worth mentioning could arise between officers and men.

But in the middle thirties one could already recognize an officer even from behind and some way off by the smart appearance of his uniform. And today the outward differences between officers and men are so striking that a certain estrangement is bound to occur. The longer the war lasts, the more will the officers be set apart from the masses of the Army. They have their special food, their special hospitals and sanatoria, even their own batmen—a system which had formerly been denounced by the Bolsheviks as the worst form of exploitation. The cadet training of future officers which was opened on December 1, 1943, primarily for the sons of outstanding officers, will contribute all the more to a further segregation of the officers’ corps.

RUSSIANS AND NON-RUSSIANS

(3) The German High Command has withdrawn from a large part of the ter-
ritory gained in the summer offensives of 1941 and 1942. But the deep penetration into the Soviet Union has led both sides to the realization that the Soviet Government can rely far less upon the non-Russian minorities of the USSR than upon the actual Russians. The Ukrainians, the Cossacks of the Don and the Kuban, and the inhabitants of the northern slopes of the Caucasus, took an entirely different attitude toward the German armies from that of the Great Russian population. The guerrilla warfare in the rear of the German armies was far more intensive in the Great Russian areas than in the others. And the eagerness with which the inhabitants of minority regions joined the German troops in evacuating these districts, preferring to abandon their old homes rather than to fall into the hands of the Soviets again, speaks for itself.

It is not easy to distinguish between cause and effect here. The more the Soviet Government has to rely on the Great Russians, the more does it emphasize the idea of Russia in its propaganda. And the more it emphasizes Russianism, the slighter become its chances of employing the non-Russian sections of its population in the same way as the Russian ones for supporting its regime.

Moscow's former propagandistic trend of placing all inhabitants of the Soviet Union—at least theoretically—on the same level (although the Russians and the Jews actually held the leading positions) had far greater chances of gaining the sympathies of its one hundred and fifty non-Russian peoples for the Soviet state than the new emphasis on Russianism. I have seen over and over again how native members of the minorities, with little knowledge of history, let themselves be carried away by the catchword of "Soviet patriotism." For centuries these minorities had been fighting a heroic struggle against their subjection by the Russians. Consequently, the Bolsheviks sought to win them over by making themselves out to be internationalists who knew no differences of nationality. In order to gain the sympathies of millions of Tartars, for instance, a movie was made showing the Tartars' struggle for freedom against Tsarist oppression. This film, which I saw some years ago in Moscow, showed the capture of the Tartar fortress of Kazan by Ivan the Terrible and painted the Tsar in the gloomy colors of an oppressor. And now suddenly the Russian part of the population is being exalted far above all others; it is being appealed to as the main pillar of the state, and the conquest of Kazan is being extolled as a great deed of the Tsar's.

If, for instance, the German Government should suddenly begin to glorify the Prussians at the cost of the Bavarians, Saxons, etc., this would provoke great annoyance among the non-Prussian inhabitants of Germany, although these latter are closely related to the Prussians in language, race, and culture. One can imagine the reaction of the non-Russian peoples of the Soviet Union, who are in many respects entirely different from the Russians, when, after an interval of twenty-five years, things which they have been fighting for centuries are suddenly brought into the limelight again.

**They Sing of Blue Eyes**

Of course, the men of the Kremlin have recognized this danger, and they are doing their best to manufacture antidotes. From time to time they have some nice things to say about the minorities and speak about the "brotherhood of nations" within the Soviet Union. On October 11, 1943, a "Bogdan Khmelnitsky Order" was created, named after a historical leader of the Ukrainian people. And then they see to it that members of the minorities themselves sing hymns of praise to the Russians for the benefit of their own racial brothers. It is easy enough to find scriveners who are prepared to write whatever suits Stalin in his policy. Before us there lies a volume of poems by Armenian, Georgian, and Azerbaidjanian authors published in 1942 through which the glorification of Russianism runs like a scarlet thread. The Armenian poet Gegam Saryan, for ex-
ample, has composed a poem, "To the Russian People," containing the following lines:

I believe in the great Russian people,
Famed throughout the centuries,
In its blue eyes blossoms victory
And the destruction of our enemies,
I know, the Russian warriors
Have the hearts of their hero-forefathers,
I believe in the great Russian people
And in the sacred vow of the brave.
I see the dome of Heaven, as blue
As the eyes of the Russian warriors.

The whole anthology is filled with the praises of the Russians, of Russian history, of Moscow, the Kremlin, and Stalin. The person of Stalin is the only thing that fits into this association. As a non-Russian, in spite of having been absorbed into Russian imperialism, he probably arouses a feeling of pride in some of his racial brothers in the Caucasus because he, one of themselves, now reigns in the Kremlin of the Russian Tsars.

Beside the sugarplums of propaganda, the whip of threats has not been forgotten. Those who do not acknowledge the "brotherhood of nations" are traitors, as are those North Caucasians and Ukrainians who, instead of joining the Bolshevist partisan units, welcomed their liberation from the Bolshevist yoke by the European armies; and what happens to traitors is told in countless articles and pamphlets.

A LIFE FOR THE TSAR

(4) The present strong emphasis on everything Russian has also caused conflicts with the other Slavs living outside of the USSR. One cannot sing the praises of the military past of the Russian people and at the same time ignore the fact that the Russians conducted more wars against their Slavic brothers, the Poles, than against any other people.

As a part of their Great Russian propaganda, the Bolsheviks have unearthed Glinka's opera A Life for the Tsar from the grave of oblivion into which it had been thrown after the Revolution. By extolling the example of Ivan Susanin, the Russian hero of the opera who sacrificed his life for the Tsar in the war against the Poles, they may be able to fill present-day Russians with militant patriotism. But at the same time they have torn open an old wound caused by the fact that, next to the Mongols, no one has exploited periods of Russian weakness so maliciously as the Poles.

And again, in founding a new cult of Minin and Pojarsky as the prototypes of

CARTOON OF THE MONTH

By SAPAJOU
old Russian heroism, the Bolsheviks cannot possibly hide the fact that the patriotic merit of these two men was to have fought against Polish oppression (1612). Suvorov, too, cannot be extolled as a military genius without it being admitted that he won some of his laurels in fighting against Polish insurgents from 1768 to 1794. The more reasonable elements even among the Serbs must be gaining the conviction that the Moscow policy of the last few months is not an expression of Slavic solidarity but pure imperialism. Thus the Bolsheviks' insincere propaganda is enmeshing them in more and more new conflicts with the other Slavs.

(5) In the same way, Stalin has created a welter of new problems by the revision of his attitude toward the Orthodox Church. Above all, he has destroyed the unity of the materialistic outlook which, however much one may criticize it, one must admit to have been consistent. What are young Russians, who have been intensively trained for years in atheistic materialism to think when they see Stalin not roaring with laughter as he accepts the prayers of church dignitaries?

PARTY AND COMSOMOL

(6) Speaking of the younger generation takes us to an interesting development to which, as far as we know, no attention has been drawn yet because it has been overshadowed by more dramatic events.

In 1940 the Bolshevik Party of the Soviet Union had some two million members, most of them men. No figures have been given on the number of Party members called up for the Red Army (as soldiers, propagandists, commissars, etc.). But it can be assumed that, in view of the desperate efforts to mobilize all possible forces for the Army, their number is considerable, so that probably no more than about three to four hundred thousand Party members are left who are not in the Army. These have to carry out duties which used to be taken care of by a much larger number of men, and this at a time in which the responsibility of the Party members as the backbone of the Bolshevik state is greater than ever.

Beside the Party, there is a second organization in the Soviet Union which has similar functions: the Comsomol (Communist Youth Union). At the outbreak of the German-Soviet war, it had some eleven million members. Naturally, there are also many Comsomol members in the Army; nevertheless, the number of those who are not yet in the Army is very much greater than that of the Party members. The theoretical conclusion to be drawn from this fact, viz., that the influence of the Comsomol within the Soviet Union is greater today than ever before, is confirmed by many indications in the Soviet press and radio.

From these it can be seen that the Party organs, because of this thinning out of their ranks, can no longer cope with the tasks set them by Moscow, and that they are being replaced by the Comsomol. When one follows the Soviet press, one gains the impression that the Party is limited far more to the central administration than it used to be, while the executive work, especially of a local nature, is in the hands of the Comsomol. In the reports on the industrial and agricultural work in the various parts of the country, members of the Comsomol are mentioned noticeably more than those of the Party. In view of the perceptible shortage of hands in industry and agriculture, recourse is being had to younger and younger people. As a result, the average age of the labor forces of the USSR has become very much lower, which gives added importance to the Comsomol.

FATHERS AND SONS

The backbone of the Bolshevik Party are workmen who grew up in the revolutionary fight against Tsarism and capitalism. The members of the Comsomol, on the other hand, know the time before the Revolution from hearsay only, and millions have had middle- or high-school education. According to the ancient law of fathers and sons, it is inevitable that, in the ranks of the younger
SHOULDER STRAPS—AND THEN!

Soviet generation—especially in those of the Comsomol, which contains its most active forces—new ideas should have arisen which differ from those of Stalin and the Party.

In view of the strict censorship in the USSR, it is impossible to tell from here just what these differences are. But no amount of censorship can conceal the fact that there are differences. For, parallel to the above-mentioned propaganda campaign directed at strengthening the authority of the Party as opposed to the Army, there is another one. This second propaganda campaign, which started on October 29, 1943, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Comsomol, has been reiterating every day and in every possible variation that the Comsomol is an instrument of the Party and must remain so. In its leading article of October 29, 1943, the Pravda provided the leitmotiv: “The Comsomol is a child of the Party.” And the whole chorus of propaganda immediately joined in. To give only three examples:

The Party inspires the Comsomol to its deeds. (Kalinin, President of the USSR.)

The source of the Comsomol’s strength has always been the fact that it is led by the Party of Lenin and Stalin. (Mikhailov, Secretary-General of the Comsomol.)

All attempts on the part of enemies of the Soviet people to force the Comsomol off the path of Lenin and Stalin ended inevitably in a complete fiasco. The Comsomol has remained loyal to its mother, the Communist Party. (Bolshevik, No. 18, 1943.)

Does this not sound more like an entreaty than a statement of fact?

In 1917 the Russian Empire had shoulder straps, church dignitaries praying for victory, books about Kutuzov, and the opera A Life for the Tsar. Yet it was not capable of solving the problems existing then, and it collapsed. The Bolsheviks who took over the power in the state tried to solve those problems in a diametrically opposed manner. The officers’ corps, prayers, Russianism, and Tsarist operas were abolished. But halfway along their road they turned back again. In 1943 there are again shoulder straps, church dignitaries praying for victory, books about Kutuzov, and the opera A Life for the Tsar.

What reason is there to assume that the Bolsheviks will have more success with these methods than the Tsar? True enough, they have for the time being strengthened the fighting morale of the Russian people. Simultaneously, however, they have created problems and conflicts similar to those on which the Tsarist Empire foundered. We do not by any means wish to encourage an overestimation of the domestic problems of the USSR, or go so far as to claim that the collapse of the Bolshevik regime is discernible on the horizon. What we have tried to show was this: for his introduction of national slogans which has created so much attention and even admiration abroad, Stalin has had to pay a high price. He can be compared to Goethe’s Sorcerer’s Apprentice—he cannot get rid of the spirits he has invoked.

This is the position in which Stalin finds himself: just as he destroyed capitalism after the period of the New Economic Policy, when it had served to rebuild the Soviet Union from the ruins of revolution and civil war, so he is bound to crack down on Russian nationalism as soon as it has served its purpose in fighting the war. But this he can only do if he wins the war before the consequences of nationalism have undermined the foundations of Bolshevism. And herein lies the reason for Stalin’s insisting on a much greater war effort on the part of his allies and on the quickest possible conclusion of the war.
THOUGHTS AT NIGHT

By KURT E. WOLFF

The following pages, which came into our hands recently, were written by a young German officer. The writer is neither a philosopher nor an author; he is a lieutenant in a Panzer regiment. But his groping words give us some rare insight into the great changes taking place in the souls of those men who have been in the thick of battle for the last four and a half years.—K.M.

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HROUGHOUT the day a gale had been blowing, and our hair was gritty and our faces encrusted with sweat and dust. Then the sun set in a fiery glow and the wind calmed down. Darkness and silence settled on the wide plain.

But hardly had the stars begun to twinkle when we heard the deep drone of the British bombers. While we were still sipping our hot tea from the field kitchen and smoking a cigarette, the dazzling magnesium parachutes were already floating over our heads, turning the young night into day again. Tired but sleepless, we stood in our turrets, staring out into the hellish night. For three, four, five hours the bombs crashed, meteors near, sometimes far off, but always there was a flare of fire somewhere, coloring the dust clouds rising from the bomb craters red and yellow. Not until toward morning did the attacks gradually subside, so that we could close our inflamed eyelids for a little sleep.

In nights like that a lot of things fade in importance. During the day there had been an engagement; my tank had been hit and my driver seriously wounded. And now in the night, when we had hoped for rest, the British bombers were roaring overhead. There were some men who cursed the day and the night and the whole world, who stood exhausted, staring in front of them, no longer grasping what was happening around them. There was suffering and sometimes perhaps even horror; and sometimes the thoughts rising from such harassed hearts can no longer see any meaning. Dark questions assail one, and they become more difficult to answer every night. Yet the answers must be clear and strong so that they may not blow away like fog in the first breeze of morning.

Where is the meaning?

Oh, it is no use to say that it was not we who began this war. Or to say that it is a matter of safeguarding the life of our tormented nation. No, we know all that, we know what we are fighting for. We know about the Anglo-American plans, about the intrigues and intentions of the Bolsheviks, about principles and order and chaos. No, we know all that and have explained these things to each other in long conversations. But what is behind all that, what is even more profound, so profound that even death can no longer mock at it: that is what we do not know.

When there are only a few tanks in our section—some having been left behind, shot to pieces, with dead comrades in them—and when thirty, forty enemy tanks appear on the opposite slope, accompanied by antitank guns and field artillery, when we are thus outnumbered and the order comes for us to attack: then we no longer think of great slogans, however true they may be. But we always have the courage of our hearts to help us. The lieutenant takes the lead, and his men follow him, as they are accustomed to do. Later, however, when night falls and each man is alone with himself in the raging darkness, his thoughts begin to overpower him.

Where is the meaning?
One man has asked me, and another. Two men, but one question. And one heart, too, I believe.

A night watch is long; often one feels that it will never end. There is ample time for thinking, for brooding.

* *

I shall try to explain it, although perhaps, like any faith, it cannot be explained at all. One can only speak in metaphors of what one thinks, in allegories, and hope that the other will discover the meaning in the metaphor. And also: one must have experienced it, already know it in one’s heart, in order to comprehend it.

When I first drove into France in my tank, I was a different man from the one I am today. It was there, on the battlefields of Arras, where my father, too, has lain buried at the side of a road for more than twenty years, that it began. The storm of the battle embraced us and tried to change us.

But we were still too strong, and victory came too fast. Hence it was only a beginning, and we did not experience all of it. We had set out as young men full of faith, and we returned, tanned by the sun, with the feeling of having, through our surplus of strength, done a deed to which we were entitled. We were the victors.

But then it went on. For some in Africa and Italy, for others in Russia. And for each and every one there came, at one time or another, the feeling of horror. And having passed through horror, we came out differently, changed. We had dropped all that was nonessential, all that we had acquired by training, by living, by study, and what remained was only what really counted, was the heart.

As the moon now rises, a narrow silver crescent turning the land around us white and our tanks black, I know what it is: we have become simple.

I remember that hard battle when my friend fell and lay smashed on the ground beside me; when two young lieutenants were burned alive in their turrets; when finally no one could make headway any more against the almost unassailable enemy position. At last only our commander advanced in his tank, calling us all to his side with a stern order. And all those apparently exhausted men made one more attack, truly with the courage of those who have finished with life. And took the position.

There was this battle and another. Time and place, what do they mean? But time and place gave us that vast change in our hearts. Now we are no longer the smiling youngsters who drove across the blooming fields of France: now we are changed men, men of another time which has not yet come but will come one day.

The moon is now at its zenith, and the shadows have grown shorter. And the stars have paled slightly because of its brilliance. But on our right and left there are red flames which cast blacker shadows than the mild light of the moon and the stars. The men of the supply corps are lying in their holes, awake and waiting. In the distance a heavy AA battery is barking away, tracing the sky with white points of fire.

When we get home, we think, when we get home, an entirely new life will begin, the simple life. Shall we be able still to become angry at all the thousand little annoyances, we who have come through the war? We shall smile. Perhaps we shall not be understood, not entirely, and people will say that we have lost our feeling for everyday life, that we are still living in the past. But the truth will be that we shall have conquered that which is small, confused, nonessential, that we shall have entered upon a new life. Those who have gone through the fire can no longer be touched by these things.

We have become simple, and all has become simple to us. We see all events through new eyes, even the future. This gives us a deep sense of happiness, which nobody can destroy. Our faces may have become hard, but when we return to our little sons we shall laugh with tears in our eyes.
We know that in the lives of peoples, too, there will be simplicity. Europe had become a confused affair, with borders without meaning, treaties which were in contradiction to life, peoples who infringed upon the holy heart of the earth. Now one day new laws will be set up, simple laws, based on reason and on the heart, as God wills. Hatred will not disappear—we are not dreamers—but, as the new laws gain ground, the much-maligned European continent will recover, as will the rest of the world.

In this dark night the British bombers are still circling overhead, pursuing our supply columns. The struggle is not yet ended, but, just the same, it has already been decided, decided in our hearts.

The front stretches endlessly; and, when we moved day and night to penetrate deep into the enemy’s rear, only the sun and the stars had been with us. There was only a compass direction and a narrow track. Those who wandered off that track got lost. But those who kept to these simple things were there when they were needed. The red ball of the sun rose over the new day and, as we recognized the enemy on the opposing slope, the order came to attack.

Now that it was light we laughed again and fell into line with our tanks. Nothing could exhaust us, neither fire nor questions. Those who are transformed by death and have won a new life for themselves have become so simple that there is nothing that can shake them. It is said that that which does not destroy makes stronger. Strength is always founded in simplicity. This is the strength the war has given us.

I have spoken about it with my men. And there are many who understand. For it is not a philosophy which must be pressed into a system: it is only the meaning that has come to us through the war. To be simple, when we get home, in everything; to have simple pleasures and simple happiness again, to take pleasure in flowers, trees, children. How we shall enjoy seeing the birches again in our home village! How we shall be received again by the tall cathedrals and by the old songs which we had almost forgotten. The other day someone began to sing one of the old songs, and many more joined in, and it was like an entirely new melody.

And how we shall look at the stars, which we have learned to love here, those shining lights in the dome above us. No one can forget them who has passed through the fire.

Thus war is to us not a destroyer but a transformer. Now that we are so close to death we have really begun to understand life. Before—but we have forgotten all that was before. All our longing goes out to the future. Our love will be new, and our faith. We lost all our bonds and won them again entirely new.

And this change is reaching out beyond the individual, we know. What is happening today is only a beginning and inadequate, as all beginnings are; but the life of the nations will become new too. The fact that the nations are uniting today is only an outward happening, but it is an indication. The holy heart of the earth will open the eyes even of those who are still blind.

* 

Now the moon is in the west, and on the other side the red sun is rising out of the plain. The night is over, and the tanks are getting ready for combat. There is still much to be done before the meaning of our days is fulfilled.

The wind, too, that has rested so long, is rising again. From the left, where a scattered company is forming up again, yellow clouds of dust blow across. The motors of our tanks are throbbing, and radio signals whistle in our earphones.

Gradually the English batteries begin their concert again. But they cannot stop us. Their time is measured, ours is still ahead.
STORING UP ENERGY

We generally use three forms of energy: energy of motion, a substitute and supplement for human labor in transporting men and objects; energy of heat, for providing warmth and for manufacturing goods the production of which is possible with high temperatures only; and energy of radiation, for lighting our rooms, for instance.

As shown by the questions above, the places and times of supply and the places and times of demand usually do not tally. In the tropics and in our summer there is a surplus of heat, whereas in the arctic regions and in our winter there is a deficiency of heat. The same unsatisfactory situation prevails with regard to motion and radiation. We see the waterfalls with their natural motion of water but cannot employ this motion directly for driving our cars, which need motion in other places than that of the waterfall. In order to obtain the right amount and kind of energy at the right place, we need means of storing, transporting, and transforming energy.

Mechanical energy, i.e., motion, can be stored in the form of water kept at high places, whence it can fall and thereby re-produce motion. The energy contained in the raised water is called potential energy, a fourth (auxiliary) form of energy. Clocks are likewise driven by raised weights. Similarly, wound-up springs release their energy when unwound, and compressed gases when expanded. These latter devices are transportable but possess only a very limited capacity for storing energy. On a large scale, mechanical energy can be stored only in the form of raised water, viz., in a nontransportable form.

It being almost impossible to store and transport heat and radiation, we must look for other, more convenient forms of energy. Thus for transporting energy we widely employ electricity, a fifth (auxiliary) form of energy, because it can be easily distributed to many distant places of consumption and easily transformed there into the required forms of energy: motion, heat, or radiation. But for the purpose of transporting energy, all points of consumption—whether our houses or electric streetcars—must be connected with the central source of electricity by means of conducting wires, for it is impossible to store electricity as such or move it freely. This makes it difficult to supply electricity to every consumer, especially to such movable consumers as motorcars or ships.

Fortunately, there is a sixth (auxiliary) form of energy: chemical energy. It is the energy contained in chemicals and released by them when they are decomposed. Contrary to the other forms of energy described, such decomposition can be carried out at any given place or time. Thus chemical energy represents the best form for storage and transport. As,
however, chemicals—the carriers of this form of energy—possess weight, and the transport of heavy carriers consumes energy itself. It may happen that over long distances all the energy is consumed for the transport. Hence only those carriers which contain a lot of energy within a small weight are economical. The differences in capacity of some carriers are shown in the following table:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chemical Carrier</th>
<th>Chemical Process</th>
<th>Yield</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Coal</td>
<td>Burning</td>
<td>12 hp-hours of heat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gasoline</td>
<td>Exploding</td>
<td>2 &quot; &quot; heat &amp; motion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dynamite</td>
<td>Discharging</td>
<td>0.04 hp-hours of electricity</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

We see that when weight has to be taken into account, as in motorcars and airplanes, gasoline is the best carrier of energy. We also see that, contrary to general belief, explosives do not contain vast quantities of energy. They are used, not because of the amount of energy they contain, but because of the velocity with which they deliver it, in other words, because of the energy they deliver in one second.

ENERGY FROM THE SUN

The energy used at present by mankind is derived almost without exception from the sun, which sends it to us in the form of radiation.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Table II Estimate of Sun Power</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Total power of the sun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun power received by the earth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; absorbed&quot;, &quot; atmosphere 80 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; water surface 80 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; land surface 40 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; received by 1 square meter of earth surface at a middle latitude about 1 hp</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Table III Estimate of Some of the Earth's Energy Deposits</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Clouds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wind</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vegetation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Petroleum</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The enormous amount of energy which the earth receives from the sun in the form of radiation is transformed by nature and man in two ways: physically from radiation to heat and thence to motion and electricity; and chemically, from radiation to chemical energy and thence likewise to heat, motion, and electricity.

PHYSICAL TRANSFORMATION

The heat produced by the radiation of the sun is transformed physically. Heated gases rise owing to their decreased weight. Air warmed by the sun also rises, forcing colder air to flow into the vacuum thus formed. Wind is produced in this way and can be used by sailing ships and windmills. Though the energy content of the winds is very great, wind power engines are used only to a small extent as the inconstancy of the wind reduces the effectiveness of such engines. Moreover, there are only limited means of transforming wind motion into chemical energy; and where the windmills are situated there is usually no natural possibility of storing the energy in the form of raised water.

The evaporation of water produced by the sun's rays is also utilized. If pipes filled with water are arranged in the focus of lenses or concave mirrors, and the lenses or mirrors are exposed to the sun, the water evaporates and the steam may be used for moving engines. However, this process is restricted to regions of a sunny climate, and even there its use is limited by the inconstancy of sunshine.

For this reason it is more economical to use the natural evaporation of water. The energy carried by the rising moisture of rivers, lakes, and seas can be recovered as mechanical energy when the water falls again as rain. Where the rain falls onto elevated regions, a small portion (less than one per cent) of the energy of the rainfall is stored (as potential energy), and we concentrate it by means of dams. When this water falls to lower places, it delivers this small residue of the rain energy as water motion, turning mill wheels and turbogenerators for producing electricity.
CHEMICAL TRANSFORMATION

The radiation of the sun may also produce chemical substances which absorb the energy of the rays in the form of chemical energy. This process is carried out on a huge scale by the earth's vegetation. With the aid of sun energy, the plants transform the carbon dioxide of the atmosphere into carbon compounds. These carbon compounds (wood, coal, petroleum) release the energy stored in them when they are burned. Although this read from radiation to heat is already a long one, it is, nevertheless, sometimes economical further to lengthen it by converting the carbon compounds primarily produced by the sun into other, more convenient carbon compounds. For instance, coal is sometimes converted into artificial fuel oil, a liquid carrier of energy being more convenient to handle than a solid one like coal.

The heat produced by the combustion of carbon compounds is either used directly in our stoves or transformed by heat power engines—e.g., internal-combustion engines or steam engines—into mechanical energy. The mechanical energy thus produced is in turn either used directly as motion—for instance, for moving vehicles and other engines—or transformed by means of a dynamo into electricity. This electric energy may then easily be conducted to any desired place of use and transformed there into any desired form of energy, such as radiation (light, X-rays, or radio waves), heat, or motion.

SHORT CUTS

Both the physical as well as the chemical methods of transformation involve the turning of heat into motion. This step, however, yields only a small percentage of mechanical energy, as a great part of the heat used remains as heat. So it seems reasonable to try to avoid this step.

The direct transformation of radiation into motion without the production of heat would allow us to drive our cars with sunlight. Unfortunately, this transformation has so far only been possible with an infinitesimal yield. In a vacuum, the pressure of sun radiation is capable of moving small wheels; such radiometers or light mills are used to measure the intensity of a light beam. But any application of this phenomenon to practical use has so far been impossible.

If the direct production of electricity from radiation were possible, we could obtain all the electricity we wanted without any connection with a power plant, simply by using the sunshine on the roof of our house. But this transformation, too, is possible only on a tiny scale. The devices used in this process are photocells. In these photocells, the negative electric charges (electrons) of a plate are moved by radiation and produce an electric current when forced into a uniform direction by means of an electric field or by a layer which allows the electrons to pass only in one direction. Almost every photographer uses a photocell of this kind in the form of a photometer; but for any practical gain of electric energy they are, for the time being at least, too expensive to manufacture and yield too little energy. There are also photocells which transform radiation into chemical energy in a galvanic cell and release this energy when the cell is discharged.

The commonly known galvanic cells and accumulators represent devices for transforming chemical into electrical energy. As the metals producing the electric current are generally prepared with the aid of sun-produced coal, an accumulator actually converts sun radiation through chemical energy into electricity. However, for industrial production of electricity from sun energy it is inconvenient, being suitable only for the storage of comparatively small amounts of energy.

Far more useful would be devices which, instead of preparing metals first with the aid of coal and then obtaining an electric current from these metals, employed coal directly as the decomposing electrode of a galvanic cell. Since the present production of electricity from coal via heat and motion inevitably entails considerable
losses, the construction of such fuel cells is an important problem facing science and industry. In a fuel cell, coal is decomposed, not by burning with the evolution of heat, but by oxidizing with the evolution of electricity, thus promising a more economical use of the energy contained in coal. Experiences have proved that such fuel cells are feasible; but so far their efficiency has not yet reached that of the ordinary coal power plants. In future times, however, they may become a serious competition to the present methods.

In nature, the direct transformation of chemical into mechanical energy without the detour via heat is effected by the muscles of the animal or human body. They transform the chemical energy contained in food into the motion of the limbs. But we are not yet able to imitate this natural process by technical means, except on a small scale. In fire extinguishers, the mixture of two chemicals produces a gas the pressure of which acts on the water contained in the extinguisher and forces it out in a jet. Devices of this kind are useful when it is necessary to start the transformation easily and swiftly and when it is a matter of avoiding high temperatures. But as far as capacity is concerned, they cannot compete with the combustion devices which transform chemical energy into motion via heat.

The direct transformation of heat into electricity without passing through the stage of motion is carried out by means of thermoelements. These consist of two kinds of metal wires whose ends are connected with each other, forming a circuit. If one end of the circuit is heated, the other being kept cool, a current is produced. Such devices are often used for measuring heat, especially high temperatures. The yield of electricity produced by such thermoelements is, however, too small to permit their use for the large-scale production of electricity.

**ENERGY FROM OTHER SOURCES**

The methods of obtaining energy explained above are possible only under certain natural conditions. The physical method requires water reservoirs; the chemical method, deposits of coal or petroleum. Without these deposited reserves, they are uneconomical. Moreover, the short cuts have not as yet yielded sufficient results. Hence we must now consider whether there are any other ways of obtaining energy.

The atmosphere of the earth always contains a certain electric charge varying according to the place and the distance from the surface of the earth. The difference in the charges of air layers of various heights is enormous, about 1,000 volts, for instance, between two layers ten meters apart. However, the quantities of electricity flowing between these layers are very small, so that the total amount of energy obtainable from this source is too slight for economical use.

A high electric power is contained in lightning, and it is already possible to overcome the technical difficulties of handling millions of volts discharged in a split second. The German scientists Brasch and Lange have used lightning as a source of high voltages. This method of gaining energy is, however, too inconstant and too uncertain for general use.

One might imagine it to be possible to make use of the rotation of the earth; but as yet we know of no means of harnessing this energy.

A somewhat easier problem is that of exploiting the tidal energy supplied to us by the moon. Tidal mills have been known since the Middle Ages. They consist of a basin which fills with seawater when the tide comes in and empties over mill wheels during ebb tide. Those in use are constructed for obtaining comparatively small amounts of energy only. Bigger power plants of a similar kind have been planned from time to time; they have, however, not yet been built on any large scale because of the high cost of construction, as enormous quantities of water have to flow through the turbines within a few hours at varying pressure, since the height of the water sometimes changes as much as three meters an hour.
One might also think of magnetism or of the earth's force of gravity as being sources of energy, but it must be remembered that these phenomena are not forms of energy but the properties of magnetic and gravitational fields. For that reason it is not possible to transform them into other forms of energy but only to transform one mechanical energy into another mechanical energy within such fields. In this way, for instance, the rise of moisture caused by the sun contrary to the direction of gravity needs more energy than a movement in other directions; this surplus of energy is stored (as potential energy) and released when the water falls again in the direction of gravity. Without the gravitational field, there would be no rise consuming energy and no fall releasing energy, but only movement.

Another source of heat is the heat contained within the earth. This heat appears at some places of the earth's surface in the form of hot springs. In Japan and Italy, hot springs are already being used for obtaining energy. Houses are heated directly with the hot water of the springs, and steam is produced by means of the heat of the springs, this steam moving turbogenerators which produce electric current. As these possibilities are limited to places possessing hot springs of a sufficient strength, it has been proposed that we try to produce artificial hot springs by boring deep pits and filling them with water. So far this has not yet been attempted. Other proposals to utilize the differences in temperature of the surfaces and the bottoms of tropical or arctic oceans have likewise not yet proved economical.

**RAYS FROM THE COSMOS**

In addition to the ordinary rays of the sun, the earth is also bombarded by cosmic rays. They are to be found everywhere, especially in the upper layers of the atmosphere, as has been proved by balloons sent into the stratosphere. We do not yet quite know where they come from, whether from the sun or from the galaxy, nor even to which kind of rays they belong. They represent a high concentration of energy; they penetrate lead plates two meters thick and are capable of disintegrating atoms and destroying life. These interesting rays cannot, however, be handled in any way; they cannot be artificially produced, nor can they even be deflected or concentrated.

A remarkable source of energy is to be found in the radioactive elements. To give one example: radium develops, until it is entirely decomposed, an energy 50,000 times as great as that produced by the same quantity of coal. The practical use of this source is, however, hindered by the fact that radioactive substances are available only in very small quantities, and that the energy contained in them cannot be obtained in a convenient form. Radium, for instance, takes no less than 1,750 years to release half of its great amount of energy. This means that its power, that is, the energy delivered in one second, is very small, much smaller than that of coal. On the other hand, there are other radioactive substances which discharge their energy with such extreme speed that half the substance is decomposed within a thousandth of a second. Science, observing these tremendous differences in velocity, is now trying to accelerate or retard them but has not succeeded in influencing the radioactivity in any way. Any practical use of the energy contained in radioactive substances can, therefore, only be expected if we are able to prepare radioactive substances artificially and then decompose them artificially to cause them to discharge their energy. Science is thus aiming at artificial atom disintegration instead of natural atom decomposition.

**TINY BOMBSHELL OF ENERGY**

The atom, the smallest unit of a chemical element we know, consists of a minute nucleus surrounded at a relatively large distance by one or several shells. If an atom were enlarged to the size of a house, the shells would be its walls but the nucleus only a grain of sand in its center. These shells consist of negative
electric charges (electrons), the outer layers of which are responsible for the chemical qualities of the atom. As for the nucleus, we know nothing beyond its weight and its positive electric charge. Whoever intends to crush the nucleus has first to crush the electronic shells. The problem somewhat resembles that confronting a soldier who has to crush an iron-clad tower. He needs bullets of a suitable size and piercing power, and guns to fire such bullets. So we must investigate what bullets and what guns are available for crushing the nuclei.

As the bullets have to penetrate the electronic shells, they must possess a high speed. Furthermore, it is necessary to use the smallest possible particles as bullets, since a bullet should not be bigger than the target. Atoms, surrounded as they are by electronic shells, are too big for this purpose and are unable to move at a sufficient velocity. But atom nuclei, freed of their shells, are suitable bullets for artificial atom disintegration. Such nuclei are, for example, available as the fragments of natural radioactive decomposition. As a matter of fact, the first atom disintegration was carried out in 1919 with such fragments (alpha particles) as bullets and with the self-decomposing radium nucleus as the gun. Nuclei can also be obtained by removing the electronic shells of atoms by means of positive electricity. In this way, proton, the nucleus of the hydrogen atom, is produced.

For using proton or other artificial nuclei as bullets, complicated devices giving them a high speed are needed as guns. One of such devices is the cyclotron. It consists of two metal plates which are charged alternately, one positively and the other negatively and vice versa in rapid sequence. Attracted by these plates, a nucleus put between them begins to move to and fro like a pendulum. There is also a big magnet attached to this device, which deflects the nucleus from its straight path into a curved one, so that the nucleus moves in circles with increasing speed. When the speed is high enough, it leaves the device and is directed at the atom to be disintegrated.

The curious gun makes only one hit in a million shots. With this poor marks­manship it shoots invisibly small bullets at invisibly small targets: yet it is as big and heavy as a fully loaded railway carriage. Although this method may seem rather uneconomical, the device supplies us with a shooting power greater than that of all the radioactive material available put together. By thus bombarding nuclei, scientists have succeeded in disintegrating most of the atoms and in identifying their fragments. These fragments are often new, unknown atoms, and sometimes atoms so unstable that they decompose spontaneously, releasing more energy than that used to start this series of decompositions.

In artificial as well as in natural radioactive decomposition, energy is always delivered, and exact experiments have proved that the total weight of the fragments is smaller than that of the original nucleus. The loss of weight, i.e., of matter, and the simultaneous evolution of energy, allow the conclusion that matter has been converted into energy. The energy-equivalent of matter is extremely high. Whereas one kilogram of matter delivers 12 hp-hours when burned like coal, and 640,000 hp-hours when decomposed like radium, it would deliver 1,200,000,000,000,000 hp-hours when entirely converted into energy. At present we are able to convert only a tiny percentage of the original substance into energy. Nevertheless, the annihilation of even an infinitesimal amount of matter delivers quantities of energy as great as are otherwise available. For widespread exploitation of this source of energy, all we lack is a substance which is so cheap and amply accessible that the small percentage of hits does not matter, and which, through the bombardment of its nucleus, produces fragments so unstable that a large amount of energy is rapidly delivered. At present it is impossible to say how near we are to the practical use of atom disintegration, which may one day be the main source of energy.
* * *

We have seen that there are several sources of energy and many means of transforming and storing it. But it may be said in general that nearly all our energy is derived from one source, from the sun, and that it is transformed and stored mainly by the two ancient, natural methods: physically, by utilizing the mechanical energy of the wind and the potential energy of raised water; and chemically, by utilizing the chemical energy of carbon compounds. There has been no great progress, and there is at present practically no artificial method. Grandfather saw the sun raise water, conducted the water over his mill wheel, and got motion; we do the same now in our big water power plants. Grandfather let the sun produce carbon compounds (wood, coal), filled them into his stove, and got heat, i.e., he regained the heat stored in summer; we still do the same. Grandfather let the sun produce carbon compounds (grass, oats), filled them into his horse, and got the motion of horse's legs; we fill the carbon compounds (coal, gasoline) into our motors and get the motion of wheels. In principle, there is no difference, although the new processes may be more convenient.

The difference between former times and the present is not in the method of obtaining energy but in that of distributing and transforming it. Grandfather could obtain energy only at the place and time where there was either moving (or movable) air or water, or where there were carbon compounds. Thanks to the invention of the dynamo, we have electricity, which can be used independently of places and times where there is motion of air or water or where there are deposits of carbon compounds. We have also got new means of transforming energy: we transform the motion of falling water into electricity and the latter at the place of consumption into motion, heat, light, radio waves; and we transform the chemical energy of carbon compounds not only into heat or animal motion but also into the motion of steam- and combustion engines. Because we make a better use of the old methods of gaining energy by better distribution and transformation, each of us now enjoys more energy than his grandfather did.

Nevertheless, our grandsons will not be satisfied with this. Probably they will make use of far more water power for producing electricity, using coal for this purpose only where there is not enough water power. They may use electricity for driving their cars or even their airplanes, if in the meantime they have found better means of storing this type of energy. At places where there is no wind, no raised water, no vegetation, and no connection with a power plant, as in the desert, we can foresee the direct use of sun radiation for human comfort, by means of an improved form of photocell, for instance. And if they should succeed in harnessing atom disintegration for practical use, they will obtain quantities of energy such as we have never known; then the danger may arise that they fight for the best raw material for disintegration, just as we fight for oil or a place in the sun.

**How Many Calories Do You Need?**

According to Dr. Hermann Schall's diet tables, the minimum requirement of a human being is one calorie per kilogram per hour, i.e., if he weighs 70 kilograms, he needs $70 \times 24 = 1,680$ calories per day. The following additional calories are required for every hour of the following types of work:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Activity</th>
<th>Calories per Hour</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mental Work</td>
<td>7 to 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Typewriting</td>
<td>16 to 40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bookbinding</td>
<td>43 .. 71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sewing</td>
<td>31 .. 88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Piano-playing</td>
<td>40 .. 105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shoemaking</td>
<td>80 .. 115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Housework</td>
<td>87 .. 174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Organ-playing</td>
<td>80 .. 130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sawing Wood</td>
<td>290 .. 420</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laundrywork</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conducting</td>
<td>44 .. 95</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE SCIENCE OF LABOR

By E. BRAMESFELD

During the last hundred years or so, the independent craftsman who made his raw material into a finished product has been turned into a factory worker. For that reason a science of labor has now evolved whose object it is to study human reaction to industrial developments and how man can be made to work most efficiently under mass-production conditions. The author of this article is a doctor of engineering and by profession a labor psychologist, in which capacity he is a member of the German Reich Committee for Labor Studies.

This study differs in many respects from previous works along these lines. Hitherto, especially in America, the labor problem was regarded from the point of view of capitalism, which saw in the workman something which differed from the machine only in that it could do something which the machine could not. Dr. Bramesfeld, however, takes an entirely different attitude. We need hardly add that, at a time in which a world war demands in all countries a maximum of efficiency with a minimum of labor, the problem of labor is one of outstanding importance.—K.M.

MAN IS NOT A MACHINE

There are fundamental differences between the work done by men and that done by machines. Even if we entirely disregard mental work—which is hardly possible, as there is no such thing as purely physical work—the human body cannot be treated as a motor.

While two machines of the same kind produce the same quantity and quality of work, there are no two human beings exactly alike. One man works at his lathe with gusto, another does it ponderously, painstakingly. One man chooses this, the second another sequence in the intermediate steps of his work and in this way develops his own particular skill. We may draw on athletics for comparison: there we find entirely different styles being used for record-breaking achievements, and individual successful athletes who have developed their own style being copied by others.

Not only is the manner in which each man works different—even the manner in which the same man works at the same job is subject to ups and downs. These ups and downs are a natural characteristic of human labor, and hence it is unnatural to demand that a man should completely adapt his working tempo to the mechanical rhythm of a machine.

Observations such as the following have frequently been made. The work in a factory was split up into simple, constantly repeated manipulations and distributed in such a way that one man took up where the last left off. A condition was hereby achieved in which the work could be done almost automatically and hence at a very regular speed. But at the same time the factory management noticed a certain dissatisfaction among many of its workers with the monotony, the "mechanical" nature of the new process. Thus that which from the point of view of mechanical efficiency had seemed practical—namely, the assimilation of human work to that of the machine—turned out not to be equally advantageous when seen from the point of view of the workman.

INDIVISIBLE LABORER

Since there is no single partial process in the human labor process which is not dependent on and determined by the physical and mental state of the entire human being as an indivisible whole, we cannot detach a certain working process and regard it independently of the laborer. We must regard the laborer and his work as a whole.

This relationship of human work with all the physical and mental conditions in-
herent in man cannot be plucked apart by even the most skillful organization of labor in order to isolate something like "labor energy" per se out of this whole. This is proved, among other things, by many industrial accidents. These also frequently show quite clearly that there is a connection between the private life of a laborer and his work. His troubles at home have just as much influence on his work as the flourishing of his garden, the weather, or prices.

It would be wrong to regard it as a desirable final goal to have men working "like a machine." The advantage of extreme skill in a partial manipulation is offset by a loss: a loss in the laborer's adaptability for other work. The more a man has become accustomed to a certain way of thinking or moving, the more practice does he require to adapt himself to a new type of work. Someone who has learned and become used to employing a tool wrongly, generally finds it far more difficult to learn the proper use of it than a man who has never used the tool before. Someone who has for years been doing the same mechanical job finds it difficult—and with advancing age almost impossible—to adapt himself to another job. Adaptable workers can remain adaptable only if they are not given work too limited in scope. In other words, the division of labor must not be carried too far, and the worker must be allowed to change his work now and again, even in a mass-production process.

Thus we may sum up our observations in the following rule: utmost efficiency in mechanical skill must be paid for with a loss in adaptability on the part of the worker. And vice versa: people who by nature do not show much adaptability can be made to work with the greatest degree of efficiency by extreme specialization in their type of work.

DANGEROUS MONOTONY

Modern industrial development has led to a far-reaching splitting up of the various stages of manufacture and consequently to a certain uniformity of work. But we must try to prevent this uniformity of work leading to a feeling of monotony. Uniformity of work and monotony are as little identical as, for instance, cold and shivering. Uniformity of work is an objective technical fact; monotony is a subjective expression of the mental effect of uniformity.

Our everyday life shows us that we by no means always feel uniform activity to be a hardship. Take the athlete, who runs dozens of times every day around the cinder track in his training. His activity is certainly uniform, as is that of a woman knitting or embroidering. Yet they are no more "exhausted" than countless men and women in factories who have for years been carrying out the same manipulation in manufacture or packing. On the other hand, it is a fact that many people do suffer from a feeling of monotony after a short period of such activity.

The existence of monotony as a feeling of exhaustion and consequently as a handicap to work is related less to the type of work than to the natural susceptibility of the worker toward uniformity. This susceptibility is a factor of considerable importance in the qualification of a worker. In practice there are three fairly pronounced groups of natural aptitude in this regard.

The first group can do uniform work without feeling in any way burdened. As a rule, these people are not very adaptable and have no desire for any change in their work or for learning any new type of work. They feel their speciality to be important and prefer this uniformity. Often they display a sort of sporting pride in their work, thereby achieving a high output. These people are qualified for uniform work.

The second group consists of those who are extremely susceptible toward monotony. They have a strong desire for change and display feelings of monotony even when working at a job which to an observer may seem comparatively varied. These people are by nature generally adaptable and versatile but sometimes just restless and requiring diversion. They are not suited for uniform work.
The people of the third group do not by any means find satisfaction in mechanically uniform work itself but can carry it out without discomfort as long as they can have some entirely outside distraction while doing such mechanical work. They talk or sing at their work or listen to the radio; they build castles in the air or make plans for their leisure time. Experience has shown that many women belong to this group. This group is conditionally qualified for uniform work.

**STIMULI**

All phenomena of monotoniousness are based on a common cause. This is the human necessity for stimuli, which varies according to each individual. Just as insipid food causes us to lose our appetite, so our physical and mental organism resists other unstimulating conditions of life.

Thus the practical task facing us is, on the one hand, to create stimuli for working and, on the other, to give people that type of work which their individual natural requirement for stimuli enables them to carry out satisfactorily. The athlete we took as our example as well as the worker belonging to the first group—described as being qualified for uniform work—are stimulated by the constant repetition of their own movements as well as by the idea of a goal to be achieved (which goal may be simply the remuneration coming to them). They need no added stimuli.

The second of the three groups requires the utmost in stimuli, it needs added stimuli in the form of change of work, movement, adjustment. The people of the third group receive the necessary stimuli not from the work itself but from their environment, their private life, their imagination.

However, we must beware of providing stimuli which have a purely negative effect on feelings as, for instance, only urging, or exaggerated supervision and driving, or scolding. Stimuli of this kind quickly cause exhaustion. A positive, refreshing effect, however, is caused by such measures as change in work, a friendly attitude and helpfulness on the part of the superior, a sound regularity in the speed of work based on thorough studies of the worker's capacity, and the granting of a certain amount of independence and responsibility, within the limits of which the worker may have a justified feeling of being entitled to decide for himself how he will apply his energy and how he will do his job. To this may be added the effective stimulus of showing the worker what his particular work means within the whole manufacturing process by giving him an idea of the entire plant and its production.

* * *

A careful study of the qualifications of every single worker is essential for the reason that it affects not only the individual worker but also the whole group in which he works. The members of a working group should fit so well together in their work that the group forms, so to speak, a new organic whole. Without necessarily being ill-natured or antisocial, some workers are fully efficient only when they can do their jobs alone. When working in a group they are distracted, cause friction, and may even destroy the efficiency of the rest of the group. Hence nonqualification by no means always refers to professional skill but may be caused by general human characteristics. Active, ambitious natures, for instance, often prefer to work alone, unless they can become leaders in a group.

These reflections, representing as they do only a small sector of the field of labor psychology, go to prove the correctness of the thesis we set up at the beginning of this article, namely, that man is not a machine. The more a man is treated as a human being, the better he works.
CONTEMPORARY GERMAN SCULPTURE

By MAX LOEHR

In our issue of July 1943, Dr. Max Loehr, the Director of the Deutschland Institut in Peking, published an article on "Germany's Contemporary Painters," which awakened much interest among our readers by reason of its authoritative presentation of the latest trends in this branch of European art. Here we publish a second article by him, this time on the plastic arts.—K. M.

Fig. 1 Fritz Klimsch: "Dreaming"

IN a previous article on Germany’s contemporary painters we had arrived at the conclusion that today, in contrast to the picturesque painting of Rembrandt and the Impressionists, line and clear modeling are again strongly emphasized, and that this meant nothing less than a resurrection of the plastic spirit.

Actually it seems as if sculpture has taken precedence over painting in Germany today. Among the new sculptures there are works of such vision and greatness that there is hardly anything in painting that can be compared to them. However, it would be wrong to blame the painters for this situation, nor is it due to the merit of the sculptors alone. It has its roots in history as it is now unfolding, and its causes go far beyond the work of individual people.

After the classicist period, the nineteenth century had no true sculpture. It was only Adolf Hildebrand (1847-1921) who again regarded the simplest—and perhaps also the most difficult—subject of sculpture, the quietly standing human being, as his main task. But Hildebrand stood as alone in Germany as did Aristide Mailol in France, who was striving toward a similar goal. Now, however, it is no longer men working for themselves, off the beaten track, who are shaping the face of our times. It is a wide stratum of artists of all ages from whose ateliers excellent, even masterly creations issue forth, creations which represent fulfillment—ideally speaking by their artistic level, and from a practical point of view because they fulfill a commission and are not just experiments in the sense of "art pour art." For great sculptures
necessarily need great commissions. It is not the fact that there are capable sculptors that leads to commissions; on the contrary, the large commissions awaken those forces which would otherwise lie fallow.

At the same time, art is now again provided with a firm place in the life of the nation. "The artist does not work for the artist but, like everyone else, for the entire people," was one of Adolf Hitler's pronouncements in his speech at the opening of the House of German Art in Munich.

These words were preceded by the significant ones: "Never before has mankind been closer to antiquity in appearance and in its feelings than today." As regards art, this means that sculpture has risen to a place which it has not held in Germany since the thirteenth century, since the time of Bamberg and Naumburg. In those days sculpture was the first among the arts.

Among those whose every work seems to breathe the spirit of today, the sculptor Fritz Klimsch is probably the oldest, being over seventy. It deserves mention that Klimsch scarcely ever allowed himself to be driven off his path by the storms of the last thirty years. This path has led him to a restrained, noble human figure of genuine charm. He prefers to work in stone. Although they often show a difficult composition, his sculptures like to keep some of the compactness of the stone block, as can be seen in Fig. 1, "Dreaming." An entwined group of forms; rounded outlines everywhere, with the clear axes of the limbs; great restraint of expression. A face full of soul, enchanting above the quiet emptiness between its profile and the raised knee.

By far the most outstanding German sculptor and doubtless the most representative one for the period since the Great War is Georg Kolbe. He belongs to those rare geniuses among artists who in the course of years have grown younger with their works. Which means nothing less than that he stepped again and again into the forefront of those who determine creative trends and that he is still among
the leaders, although a slightly different trend is beginning to make itself felt among some of the younger sculptors. Kolbe, born in 1877, first studied painting under Max Klinger in Leipzig. Later, in Rome, he met the sculptor Tuaillon, one of Hildebrand’s friends, who finally turned him entirely to sculpture.

The first exhibition in the House of German Art in 1937 contained his figure of the “Athlete” (Fig. 2). Seen next to the lyrical sculpture of Klimsch, it reveals—quite aside from all external differences—the tremendous vitality and suppressed movement inherent in Kolbe’s works. As a matter of fact, the pose of this young athlete is comparatively animated for Kolbe. For even in his figures standing entirely at rest there is this movement, as in the sculpture of the “Young Woman” (Fig. 3) of 1938, which has no gesture at all. Through the hanging arms and the hands lying against the thighs an almost indifferent pose has been achieved which it is hard to render in words. Only the head is lifted slightly. All outward effects, such as a graceful pose or an interesting composition, have been ignored. It is the utmost renunciation that can be imagined. But the result is a wealth of expression, a differentiation and vitality that leaves almost every other contemporary work far behind. There is a hard struggle for purity and greatness of form behind this seemingly simple, natural statue. But in spite of its sure touch in the matter of form, it retains a succulent realism in all details, so that its aspect is never veiled or violated by a preconceived intention. Especially the head shows this supreme mastery. If only a small part of the German sculpture of our days should be preserved in the future, it would hold its own against the past with a statue like this one.

Let us look at another work by Klimsch for comparison: a statue of a girl called “In Wind and Sun” (Fig. 4). It is certainly prettier, perhaps even more attractive than Kolbe’s figure: a good piece of work. But a difference in class is apparent. This relaxed figure reminiscent of a dancer does not tell us as much about our time as does Kolbe’s far more encompassing, deeply conceived statue. Next to the latter’s mysterious profound vitality, Klimsch’s work, with all its charm,
of Hellenistic art or the art of the Roman Empire; it does not refer to our times only. In the same way all individualistic traits are suppressed. All human and national limitations are swept away by suprapersonal timelessness. We are faced by a sculpture that cannot be imagined in any private surroundings: it appeals to the community, to the public.

To prove that this is a universal characteristic of all Breker's creations, let us regard his great female statue “Victory” (Fig. 6) of the Berlin Stadium. It, too, reveals this turning to the nonindividual and a yielding of the spiritual in favor of the heroic-monumental. Again we have a sculpture that has no place in private surroundings. It requires a great architecture like the Olympic Stadium for its background, and a great multitude facing it. Some of its more important formal traits, also to be found in the “Dionysos” statue, are the following: less detailed, smooth surface treatment; sharply emphasized linear outlines; and an almost rocklike appearance. We can sense the sculptor’s reluctance to lapse into pathos, which may be one of the reasons for the great severity of the whole.

Another sculptor belonging to Breker’s generation is Adolf Wamper, who was

seems to stand in a constrained atmosphere, in thought-up beauty, slightly artificial and unreal. For that reason it would not be quite as representative of our time, but it would supplement it well.

With Arno Breker’s “Dionysos” statue (Fig. 5) we enter a different atmosphere. It is a sharply stylized figure of pronounced pathos and architectonic structure. The physical appearance is emphasized by vigorously exaggerated dimensions. A body has been created which is, so to speak, hardly human and expresses some of the essence of the ancient god. However, it is not the antique spirit alone which the artist has tried to capture. The Dionysos theme is used only to motivate a conception which in the physical sense wishes to lead beyond Kolbe’s more realistic and individualistic conception of the human being. The soul is hidden here behind an attitude of pure will, and the spiritual is replaced by the heroic. In that bronze head we are unlikely to find much of ourselves; it reminds us of Occidental statues of gods.
born in 1901. Since 1935 or so, he has made a name for himself with a considerable number of outstanding works, most of which were commissioned for new buildings of the German Government, the Wehrmacht, and the city of Berlin. One of his chief works is a war memorial for the town of Ahlen in Westphalia (Fig. 7). It shows two warriors, one with his hand lifted in a solemn oath, the other raising his sword, both joined in a monumental group by the impressive harmony of their poses. There is a little more life and excitement in these figures than in Breker’s. The forms are less classicistic, less abstract, more human in their expression; but the style Wamper strives for and the artistic methods he employs to realize this style are the same.

It would perhaps be well to look at a smaller work by the same artist which, being a sketch in clay, was not bound by the demands of the commissioning body and the public. This little bozzetto, named “Looking Up” (Fig. 8), amazes us with the expressiveness of its movement, created entirely from imagination, highly unnaturalistic, and carried by the graceful design of the robe. It has some of the charm of the Greek figurines from Tanagra, although it is not as dainty. But the priestesslike movement, solemn and free, also gives it—in common with his large sculptures—a touch of the magnificent. In such small works with their intimate character, free from the bonds of official commissions, the nature and personality of an artist are often most openly revealed.

This is quite obviously also the case with Gerhard Mareks, who is about fifty years old now. Mareks was formerly the head of the Ceramics Department of the Bauhaus in Dessau, and after that he taught at the Giebichenstein School of Art in Halle. He became known to the general public during the Berlin Olympic Games; at that time two of his sculptures were exhibited at the Brandenburger Tor.

![Fig. 8 Adolf Wamper: “Looking Up”](image1)

![Fig. 9 Gerhard Mareks: “Girl with Apple”](image2)
styles we have seen. There is another tone that vibrates here, a tone that becomes more familiar when one remembers certain Gothic sculptures. Not that anything Gothic has been imitated here; but I cannot think of anything better to describe the particular feeling of this figure.

This sculptor’s field of creation is wide enough for other works to be found in it which are far more easily comprehensible and have greater appeal as, for instance, his statue of the “Swimmer” (Fig. 10). What is contained in experience and talent in an apparently so artlessly simple figure can be judged more easily when one has seen the “Girl with Apple.” The forms are more restrained here. But the composition, with its ingenious and graceful motif of the crossed legs—set off against the square of the forearms—and the slightly bent axis of the body, reveals great ability, as does the technical treatment of the bronze surfaces, which are beautifully worked into each other. With its strict principle of forms and the unobtrusive genuineness of its pose, this statue, too, may be counted among those works in whose disciplined appearance the German spirit of our day is so perfectly manifested.

* * *

Mareks’s works are distinguished by what has been called their typically German physiognomy and by a peculiar expression of spiritual depth. In his figures the spiritual aspect is obvious; it is not only to be sensed—it penetrates them entirely. Take his “Girl with Apple” (Fig. 9), for example. Among the sculptures we have already looked at, it seems almost like a stranger. Although it can by no means be considered apart from the present or imagined in an earlier epoch, it cannot be grouped among the

There can hardly be any question that most of the works of the leading German artists disclose a uniform striving toward a style of new classicism born directly from the emotions and themes of our time. Works of art are being created which conform to a new style of living, which are the visible prophets of this new style. And since they are so close in spirit to the life of the nation, they are likely to remain as the imperishable symbols of those forces which are determining Germany’s history of today.
WE MET IN A SWIMMING POOL

I met Thomas E. Dewey for the first time long before he became New York City's famous District Attorney. It was in the swimming pool of the Crystal Club in the sub-basement of the Woolworth Building. On a hot summer day in New York City, after trying a case in one of the city courts and losing it because the judge had been "fixed" by some politician, I always knew of one good way to cool off: that was to go for a swim in the basement of the building in which my law offices were located and listen to Dewey explain just how he was going to clean up the courts some day. I never believed him, but his opinions often consoled me, and I was glad to hear at least one man talk about judicial reform.

When the campaign for Dewey's nomination as the Republican Party's candidate for President started in 1940, I received a personal letter from Dewey asking me to join his speakers' bureau. At that time, I was President of the All-American Association, an organization whose purpose it was to unite the dissenting leaders of the two largest American labor organizations, the CIO (Congress of Industrial Organizations) and AF of L (American Federation of Labor), and form a single strong labor bloc for political purposes. As none of the presidential candidates of that time was willing to commit himself to a strong labor platform, the All-American Association did not give its official approval to any one of the candidates but left its officers to make their own choice.

I acceded to Dewey's request and spent the next four months touring and speaking with one of the Dewey units that traveled from New York to the Pacific Coast and back again to Washington. Gradually Dewey emerged as the leading contender for the presidential nomination of the Republican Party. The other leading Republican candidates, who were far less popular, were Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, Senator Robert A. Taft, and—a new name in the political arena—Wendell Willkie.

A CLEVER MOVE

Roosevelt's first move was to weaken the Republicans by luring away two of their key men, Frank Knox and Henry Stimson, and appointing them Secretary of the Navy and Secretary of War in his Democratic cabinet. As both of these men were Morgan men, Knox being the editor and publisher of Morgan's Chicago Daily News and Stimson an ex-partner of J. P. Morgan & Co., Roosevelt thus made his bid to the all-powerful Morgan group to favor him with its support. While he had presented the Morgan group with two key posts which in the coming war would control the awarding
of huge armament contracts, the Republicans had no men to offer for the same posts in the proposed Republican cabinet who could compare in reliability from the Morgan and Wall Street point of view.

However, in stripping the Republican Party of these two top men, Roosevelt had made a move which later seemed for a while more of a danger than a favor to Wall Street. When the Republican Party was left "headless," those Americans who were against Roosevelt's policy of embroiling the country in a second world war began to look for new leaders. As it was generally known that Dewey was in favor of keeping the country out of war, the public took an increasing interest in him. The possibility appeared that the Republican Party might select an independent candidate who would not fall in line with Wall Street and who might actually defeat Roosevelt.

In order to understand the object of the election conventions, one must remember how the American elections are run (see "The Latest US Elections," January 1943). Before the actual presidential election takes place in November, each party must nominate its own candidate. In view of the fact that, in spite of all efforts, third parties have so far never been able to succeed in the November elections, the main question is whom the Republicans and Democrats select as their candidates. This selection is decided at their party conventions a few months before the actual election.

THE POWERS BEHIND

In spite of all the ballyhoo connected with the presidential elections, it is a matter of comparative indifference from the point of view of America and the rest of the world which of the two parties wins. For in the last analysis both parties are controlled by the same groups and differ only slightly in their principles. Both parties require strong financial backing, and consequently both parties have wooed the most powerful financial group in America—the giant Morgan concern.

For many years, the leaders of both the political parties vied with each other in the private office of J. P. Morgan and promised to give him anything he wanted as long as he helped their own group in the elections, so that they could lay their hands on the spoils of the Government. These political promises enabled Morgan to gain his stranglehold on America's financial and industrial world and to get the cream of the profits produced by the American people. These profits in turn attracted the wealthy class of the United States to invest its money in the Morgan syndicate. Thus the joining of wealth around Morgan brought together America's sixty richest families, which control both the Republican and Democratic Parties and through them the politics of the United States.

This plutocratic group has been ruling the United States in the name of either one or the other of the two political parties for many years, and it has always seen to it that the party conventions produced presidential candidates to its liking, so that, no matter which party won the final elections, the interests of plutocracy would be taken care of. Hence Wall Street is more interested in the results of the conventions than in the final elections in November.

Dewey's gains in popularity prior to the Republican Convention had been observed by Wall Street with some misgivings. In 1940, Wall Street regarded Dewey as a "stray cat"—whatever its attitude toward him may be today—and it did not like the idea of his candidacy. Yet it soon became obvious that he was way ahead of the other candidates in the sympathy of the Republican voters. So something had to be done about it.

Incidentally, while it makes little or no difference to the Morgan group whether one or the other of the two American parties is in power, it does make a great deal of personal difference to the leaders of these parties. Thus in 1940 the question for Roosevelt was whether he could keep the presidency for a third term, while for the Republicans the election
meant a chance to push Roosevelt out and take over the reins and spoils of Government—always, of course, having their obligations to the Morgan group in mind. And as for the masses of the American voters, they still have such illusions about their Government that they take the elections seriously, believing that it really makes a difference which party wins.

CONVENTION TIME

On June 24, 1940, the actual business of selecting an American president commenced when the 22nd Republican National Convention assembled at the Municipal Stadium in Philadelphia. The purpose of this Convention was to choose from among the many Republican aspirants a candidate who would be the Republican Party’s nominee in the presidential elections in November.

The whole city was filled with an air of political comedy. Candidate Willkie, up to this point unknown in American politics, was walking down Broad Street attended by a cheering crowd of somebody else’s delegates. The other aspirants were likewise touring up and down the streets followed by their own private brass bands. Bands were playing everywhere. 1,900 flags had been placed along Philadelphia’s streets by its enterprising mayor. An augmented fleet of taxicabs darted about streets festive with bunting and miniature elephants (symbols of the Republican Party), as they carried the thousand delegates from the shadow of Independence Hall across the Schuylkill River to Convention Hall on the fringe of the University of Pennsylvania campus.

Downtown hotels were beehives of activity. At the Walton Hotel, Thomas E. Dewey, the predicted winner, took up his headquarters. Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio set up his men at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel, and Wendell Willkie used the Adelphia Hotel.

Electricians strung hundreds of miles of cables in Convention Hall and installed an elaborate system of loud-speakers and amplifiers along the walls and on stands set up among the seats of the delegates. Lewis smells a rat

Prominent among the spectators was John Lewis, outstanding American labor leader, neatly dressed in blue with his dark-brown mane a little grayer than at the last convention. When I went over to see him, I was accompanied by 29-year-old Senator Rush Holt of West Virginia, one of Lewis’s ardent supporters. After the usual comments on the Convention situation, Lewis called Senator Holt and me to one side. He had just been informed, he said, that Willkie was soliciting delegates by offering them post-election positions and that Willkie had some kind of electrical equipment in the hall which he, Lewis, would like to have destroyed.

Labor’s antipathy to Wendell Willkie was due to the latter’s close association with the house of Morgan. Willkie was at that time President of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation at 20 Pine Street, New York, just around the corner from Wall Street. In view of the fact that Commonwealth and Southern had been organized by J. P. Morgan & Co., who still owned the controlling shares, the corporation was, in a sense, a branch office of that Morgan mother-company. In labor’s eyes, there was never any question but that Willkie was backed by Morgan both financially and politically.

While two men were dispatched to trace Willkie’s electrical equipment and report their findings, Lewis was questioned by newspaper men as to his choice for the Republican nomination. He replied: “I’m for any man who can defeat Roosevelt.” As to Roosevelt’s military conscription plan, Lewis said: “It’s a fantastic suggestion from a mind in full intellectual retreat.” This statement was telephoned to the platform speakers. These immediately announced it to the Convention, which sent up cheers to the rafters.

CAREFULLY WORDED PLATFORM

Senator Holt and I then went over to see Alf Landon, who was in charge of the Party’s “platform,” as the Party’s pro-
gram is called at election time. We were interested to see if he had kept his promise to write in a keep-out-of-war plank. While we were reading it, Landon commented that he had included it but, he thought, in such a way as not to offend any possible backers who wanted to aid the Allies. H. L. Mencken, the well-known writer and critic, broke into our conversation by offering his opinion on the Republican platform. "It is so written," he said, "that it will fit both the triumph of democracy and the collapse of democracy, and approve both sending arms to England and sending flowers only." But all agreed that the platform was safe from any one-sided attack by the Democrats.

The Convention's Chairman, Harold Stassen, formally opened the session with a brief speech condemning Knox and Stimson for betraying the Republican Party by accepting Roosevelt's appointments to the offices of Secretary of Navy and War respectively. The Republican Party's Secretary-General Hamilton then contended that they were no longer wanted in the Republican ranks anyway, and that they had sought this method of keeping out of a political grave. When, after several more speeches, the Republican Party platform was read out by Alf Landon, it received a deafening response of cheers and applause lasting about three minutes.

The first ballot of the thousand delegates was then taken by a roll call of states. The results of this were: Dewey 360, Taft 189, Willkie 105, Vandenberg 76, James 74, Martin 44, Gannett 35, MacNider 34, and Hoover 17. Since, to become the Republican Party's official nominee, the winning candidate must have an absolute majority of the Convention's votes, balloting had to continue till one of the candidates obtained the required majority. During the first roll call there was little doubt about the galleries; every Willkie vote was cheered.

**THE VOICE OF THE GALLERY**

At this point our two investigators returned and reported that they had found a man in the basement of the Convention Hall sitting in a small room equipped with a microphone connected with all the wall amplifiers in the hall. He was sitting there, whispering in a low voice into the microphone: "We want Willkie! We want Willkie! We want Willkie!" This produced a rumble throughout the hall in favor of Willkie. It was now clear to us that it was not the gallery which was for Willkie but one single man sitting in the basement. The loud-speakers had naturally been set up to carry the voices of the platform speakers above the din of the Convention Hall. The electricians setting them up had probably collected a handsome sum of money from the Willkie group for running extra wires from the loud-speakers to the basement microphone.

We sent off a reliable man whom I had brought for all emergencies from New York's "Hell's Kitchen" with instructions to smash the microphone and tear down the wiring in the basement. It was not long before he returned from the basement to report that the "microphone room" was now protected by a squad of Philadelphia policemen and could not be reached. So the "gallery" continued its "We want Willkie!"

When the next ballot was taken, Dewey fell a little while Willkie gained some votes. Results: Dewey 338, Taft 203, Willkie 171. The Chairman then announced that a personal roll call of all the delegates would be taken. It had been rumored that at least one delegate had sold his vote to several candidates. After that, the Convention adjourned.

**WE GO TO WORK**

When the following morning's first ballot showed that Willkie had reached second place (Dewey 315, Willkie 259, and Taft 212), we decided to use strong methods. Our man was ordered to buy a cheap microphone in the neighborhood and then force his way into the room under the pretext of being a repair electrician.

By the time the afternoon session started, the calls of "We want Willkie!"
had disappeared from the loud-speak-ers. We learned that our man had not only smashed the microphone but knocked out two of the policemen, and that he was now safely in the local Philadelphia "cooler." Senator Holt and I later went to see Justice of the Peace John L. McNaughton, who demanded $500 bail for his release. This we gave him and sent our man back to New York.

But the loud-speaker propaganda had already done its work. The impression had gained ground that the crowds in the gallery were all for Willkie. Added to this was the activity of Willkie's floor organization, which worked from ear to ear of each of the delegates. It seems that they were given some sort of personal guarantee of post-election jobs if they would swing their votes to Willkie. The results of this became apparent in the next ballot: Willkie 306, Taft 254, Dewey 250.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

At that moment, Alf Landon stood up and announced that he would give his Kansas delegation's eighteen votes to Willkie. The fifth ballot was then taken and ended with this score: Willkie 429, Taft 377, Dewey 57. The Willkie stampede was on.

Governor John Bricker of Ohio frantically rushed for one of the floor microphones to move for a recess—the one maneuver that might have stemmed the tide. He was too late. The Chairman started to speak and therefore had the floor: "There being no majority, the Convention will proceed with the sixth ballot."

The crowd sensed the kill. In the arena, all eyes were on the delegates in the Michigan and Pennsylvania sections, who had held out against Willkie so far. Senator Vandenberg strode to the rostrum to announce dramatically that, as a result of a poll among the Michigan delegation, its 35 votes would go to Willkie. Then Pennsylvania's 72 delegates left the hall for a private conference with the Willkie chiefs.

As they filed back into the arena, it was Virginia's turn to ballot. Vermont's vote had just brought Willkie up to 499, so that the Pennsylvania delegates held the last trump. Senator David Reed surprised everyone by tossing all of Pennsylvania's 72 votes into the flood for Willkie.

The entire convention burst forth into tumultuous applause for Willkie. The battle was over, and Wendell Willkie, the dark horse, had won the Republican Party's nomination for presidency in 1940.

DEMOCRATIC ARRANGEMENTS

A few weeks after the close of the Republican Convention, I attended the 28th Democratic National Convention, which was held at the Chicago Stadium on July 15, 1940. This Convention was started amid an atmosphere of mystery: Roosevelt had not up to that time publicly announced whether he would submit his name as a possible candidate. His intention had been to avoid concrete criticism from within his own party against a precedent-breaking third term by a premature announcement of his desires. Nevertheless, his name had been placed with those of Vice-President Jack Garner, Senator Burton Wheeler, and Postmaster General James Farley as possible candidates for the Democratic Party's presidential nomination.

Harry Hopkins, the President's close friend, had taken up quarters in a suite of rooms at the Blackstone Hotel and had immediately arranged for a private telephone line to be connected directly with the White House. Roosevelt himself had asked Hopkins to arrange for a private wire to the speakers' table at the Convention to enable him to hear everything that was being said there.

William Bankhead, the Convention's Chairman, opened the session by reading out the Party platform. I particularly recall a very interesting paragraph to the effect that "we will not participate in foreign wars, and we will not send our army, naval, or air forces to fight in foreign lands outside of the Americas." This provoked a rousing cheer from the public spectators.
PSYCHOLOGY

Senator Bankhead then dramatically called for the first ballot. A tense hush spread over the whole Convention as the serious business was about to begin, and no one was sure just what to do. At that point, Farley rose and received a tremendous ovation, which seemed to indicate that a large number were in favor of his nomination. Senator Barkley, one of the men of the Roosevelt machine, sensed that something was amiss. He felt sure that it was impossible for Roosevelt not to express any wish concerning Farley in such circumstances. So as to gain time before the balloting began, Barkley demanded a personal roll call of all delegates present in order to check their authority to vote. While this was taking place, he left the hall and telephoned to Hopkins, informing him of the situation. Hopkins told him to hold the wire, while he explained the situation to Roosevelt. It was only now that Roosevelt said: "Tell the Convention I am a candidate!" Hopkins passed the word on to Senator Barkley, who rushed back into the Convention Hall. He ran up to the speakers' rostrum and informed Chairman Bankhead.

By this trick, Roosevelt had shown himself to be a master of applied psychology. As Bankhead announced the news of Roosevelt's desire to stand for the Democratic Party's presidential candidacy, the whole delegation, freed from its burden of uncertainty, resounded with the echoing words of "Make it unanimous!" Roosevelt was nominated by acclamation.

It was the shortest session of any convention ever held. The bands played "Happy Days Are Here Again," but few Democrats were happy. Almost all of them were in favor of a third term—because they were in favor of holding their jobs and patronage. But they knew that they were there in Chicago only as so much scenery, like the Hawaiian leis and the brass bands, and they did not much like the feeling of being mere robots.

With the Democratic National Convention's selection of Roosevelt as the Party's presidential candidate, all that remained for the public was to decide in November whether they wanted him or the Republican candidate Wendell Willkie as their President. At the November elections, Roosevelt secured 27,241,930 of the public's votes, while Willkie received the considerable number of 22,327,226. Thus Roosevelt became President of the United States for a third term.

Dirty Business

Diogenes once came into a bathing establishment that seemed particularly filthy. He looked about for a while and then said:

"Tell me, where do the people bathe who have taken a bath here?"
PROFESSION: PICTURE HUNTING

By JACQUES MARTIN

As a rule, press photographers are not very popular, and many people feel annoyed every time a little plop and a dazzling flash interrupts their enjoyment of an interesting speech or a beautiful concert. On the other hand, the same people would not like to do without news photographs in their newspapers and magazines. So they will probably admit that press photographers must carry on their job. Here one of the photo hounds tells how this job is done. When one reads about their troubles and joys, their thrilling adventures and their despair at having been scooped by a competitor, one feels that they are human after all.—K.M.

EDWARD VIII, King and Emperor, had abdicated to marry the woman he loved, and had thereby become for a few weeks the most publicized man in the world. While he was still making his farewell speech over the radio to his hundreds of millions of subjects, press photographers all over the Continent were already laying their plans. News agency reports revealed that the ex-King, for whose latest photograph British and American newspaper readers were waiting, had left for Boulogne immediately after his speech; but nothing was known about the final destination of the man who was now known as the Duke of Windsor.

As Boulogne is the starting point for an international express from the Channel coast to Austria, Viennese press photographers took the evening express for Boulogne. In Innsbruck they met the French express by which the Duke was traveling. He and his suite had a private car, while another car was filled with English and French cameramen pursuing him. The men from Vienna were immediately told that a kind of armistice had been agreed upon by the traveling photographers and the Duke’s aide-de-camp. According to this, no attempt was to be made to photograph the Duke during the journey, in return for which the Duke promised to pose for the boys in Vienna. He kept his promise, but this was not the end of his worries.

Meanwhile it had become known that the Duke would travel by car to Enzesfeld Castle, which belonged to Baron Rothschild and lay about sixty kilometers from Vienna. Soon the castle was besieged by photographers hoping to get some “human interest” shots of the Duke. One of the fellows scooped his colleagues by hiding himself for hours behind the golf course and snapping the Duke at play, in spite of all the gendarmes guarding him. Another cameraman made photos of the castle from the air. In order to put an end to this siege, the Duke finally posed for two minutes in the court of the castle for sixteen picked photographers.

After that, sixteen cars raced to Vienna with the negatives in order to have the photos cabled to London and New York as quickly as possible. One of the men, who had a large Packard with a built-in darkroom, developed and copied his photos on the way, drove straight to the telephoto office, and was the first to cable his two photos. In order to complete his scoop, he blocked the telephoto line by having six ordinary snapshots, which he happened to be carrying on him, also cabled. His competitors, who arrived at the office only a few minutes after him, discovered that the next photos of the Duke could not be telegraphed until three and a half hours later, as only one picture at a time can be cabled and it takes about twenty-five minutes for every picture.

LAUGHS AND SHUDDERS

However, the press photographer need not wait until a king abdicates or some
other historical event takes place. He can also make scoops in the case of less sensational happenings. One press photographer was notified by his New York photo service that at the world première of the movie "The Merry Widow," which was to take place in New York, the overture, played over the Vienna radio by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under the baton of the composer Lehár himself, would be relayed to New York. He took pictures of the orchestra and of Lehár while they were playing at the microphone, and dashed to the telephoto office with his wet copies. As a result, the people at the première could, on leaving the movie palace, already buy newspapers containing a photo of Lehár conducting the concert in Vienna which they had just heard.

On his eternal hunt for themes that he can illustrate, the press photographer often finds that the events of the day and instructions from his head office are not enough to satisfy his ambition. He creates his own opportunities for photographing, he arranges scenes like a producer, and he conjures up possibilities for photographing which would not exist but for his imagination and stage management. On a voyage to the Far East, a press photographer was struck by that bizarre dance known as the Lambeth Walk. Upon his arrival in China, he taught the necessary movements to a group of Chinese children and took a series of photographs which proved very successful in America, while in Germany it met with no praise. It corresponded more to the mentality of the American newspaper reader, who likes to see funny photographs.

It is especially the American photographer who is keen on catching his victim in a ridiculous pose. Only rarely does he show tact, as in the case of President Roosevelt's handicap of paralysis. He loves to snap famous singers at the instant when their mouths are widest open or to photograph a speaker when his movement may appear normal to the eye but looks funny when fixed in a photograph.

One of the chief banes to press photographers all over the world is the police. An experienced photographer has his own technique to get through police cordons. When his press card is not enough, he tries, for example, to attach himself to some personality being expected and thus to get to the center of interest. Or he dresses up as a fireman to get close to a big fire. If the police proves too difficult at one corner, he tries to get in at another. Of course, he knows that the precautionary measures taken by the police are not without justification, as it has been known for an assassin to have got close to a high personage in the guise of a photographer or journalist. Nevertheless, the press photographer usually gets a kick out of fooling the police.

But skill alone is not enough: the photographer must also have luck. A few years ago, a photo reporter in Shanghai rushed off to a department store in Nanking Road where a time bomb had exploded. When he got there, however, he was not let in, as the police would have no photographs taken until the Commissioner of Police had arrived on the spot. While he was still racking his brain to find a way of bamboozling the minions of the law, another bomb went off right next to him and he was able to make photos of the second outrage before the police had had time to get to the new spot.

In America the press photographers are especially keen on snapping gruesome or tragic scenes, as the public in its craving for sensation likes pictures of that kind. After a mine disaster, when the families are still uncertain about the fate of the men, the photographers try to catch the facial expressions of anxiety and grief, although the very presence of photographers at such moments is disagreeable enough.

CAMERA-SHY

Very often photo reporters are handicapped by camera-shyness on the part of those celebrities whose photos the public wishes to see. The famous conductor
Arturo Toscanini is known the world over for his hostility toward cameramen. In former years, concert agents were of course justified in not permitting photographs to be taken during concerts, as this may have interfered seriously with the performance. But nowadays flashbulbs are used which are both silent and odorless. Moreover, concerts can now even be photographed without any additional light by means of special lenses and extremely sensitive films, so that the optical disturbance of a sudden flashlight is obviated. Consequently, Toscanini's hostility is no longer an objective but simply a personal one. Indeed, this personal hostility goes to such lengths that on leaving airfields, railway stations, or hotels, he always covers his face with a coat or an umbrella to prevent a photograph being taken of him. In such cases the photo reporter sometimes tries to trick his victim.

The former world champion Gene Tunney was photographed times without number as a boxer. Once, on a trip to Europe, however, he did not wish his private life to be molested. In Berlin, for instance, he refused to pose for the photographers waiting for him at his hotel. One of the camera hounds had an idea: he had Tunney notified that there was an overseas telephone call for him which he could only take in one of the booths in the hotel lobby. Tunney naturally hurried into the booth and was photographed through the glass panel. With the flash of the bulb, however, he realized that he had been duped. He flung himself out of the booth and knocked down the photographer. Afterwards he apologized, since he saw that the reporter was, after all, only doing his job. Greta Garbo, too, avoids the camera as much as she can when she is traveling. In spite of disguise, which she affects as a weapon against photo hunters, she is, however, often recognized and photographed.

SOME LIKE IT

In contrast to the camera-shy enemies of the reporter, there are many personalities in public life who are his friends. They do not mind his activities and enjoy the publicity to be gained through him as well as the photographs of themselves which he takes. There was, for instance, a Foreign Minister who had his own photo reporter accompanying him on his trip through Europe and America. In addition to this, he asked the local cameramen in most of the capitals to send him copies of the photos they had taken of him.

Adolf Hitler has been photographed in every phase of his political life by Heinrich Hoffmann, who has been one of the Führer's most intimate friends since the earliest beginnings of the National-Socialist movement. One can say that there is not a single illustrated journal anywhere in the world that has not used a Heinrich Hoffmann photo at one time or another. Reich Propaganda Minister Goebbels has always maintained excellent relations with press photographers. He appreciates the value of photographs of topical events for propaganda purposes, and he is responsible for the fact that press photographers are given every possible assistance in Germany.

The friendly attitude of Japanese celebrities toward photo reporters is well known. Any ceremony may be photographed, and Japanese dailies use many photographs. The sympathy shown the press photographer in Japan relieves him of a lot of the trouble which his colleagues have to face in other parts of the world.

YOU NEED LUCK

When King Alexander of Yugoslavia began his ill-fated journey in the autumn of 1934, the Belgrade newspaper Politika, which was close to the Belgrade Foreign Ministry, made an agreement with the French branch of a photo agency, according to which six photographers were to be placed at different points in Marseilles to record the arrival of King Alexander on French soil. All arrangements were made for the pictures to be cabled from Marseilles via Paris to Vienna and to be fetched from there by a special Yugoslav plane. And indeed, as a result of
this well-organized method, the *Politika* received numerous photos whose early publication—in spite of the long distances involved—caused a sensation throughout the Balkans. Nevertheless, the editors of the *Politika* were very disappointed; for, among all the pictures, the most important one was missing: that of the assassination of the King and the French Foreign Minister Barthou.

In spite of all painstaking preparations, the particular spot along the King's route in Marseilles which became historic as a result of the assassination had not been included in the instructions to the six press photographers. A movie operator who worked for a newsreel concern and simply happened to be on the spot at the right moment sold his newsreel photos of the actual assassination to another photo agency which had an agreement in Belgrade, not with the *Politika* but with its competitor, the *Vreme*. Thus, by publishing the photo which clearly showed how the mounted officer accompanying the motorcar containing the dying sovereign and the fatally injured statesman struck down the assassin with his sword, the *Vreme* could more than make up for the loss of prestige it had suffered through the express photo reporting of its competitor. Here again, it was good luck rather than good management to which the *Vreme* owed its success.

**SPEED, SPEED, SPEED**

A photographer working with one of the large photo agencies must make it a point to get hold of the earliest and swiftest means of communication for transporting his pictures. If a photo is not cabled but still has considerable topical value, the press photographer dashes off to the airfield to dispatch his wares as air freight, hoping in this way to outdo a rival using airmail. For the recipient of air freight is handed his consignment at the airport of arrival within a few minutes of the plane's landing, while the delivery of airmail takes about three hours.

The basis of all speed is the rapid developing of the photos in the darkroom. By properly preparing quick-working chemicals, the press photographer can develop his photos and produce good copies within seven minutes of having entered the darkroom. Skill in handling the photos and high temperatures of the chemical solutions used contribute greatly toward the speeding up of this process.

In ports like Shanghai, the urge for speed forced the photographer to keep a close watch on shipping schedules. When the head post office was already closed for the acceptance even of express mail, one could still try to post the package on board the ship itself just before its departure. When a ship had already left for America, the photos could still be sent by airmail to Japan in time to catch the boat in Yokohama and thereby arrive in San Francisco earlier than a consignment sent by the next ship from Shanghai. When the Clipper service was started, this naturally became a favorite method of conveyance. In this way, rivalry forces the photo reporter to become an expert in means of transportation who always knows how the length of time required by ordinary mail can be cut down.

**CAN PHOTO REPORTERS BE FRIENDS?**

Rivalry among press photographers is not limited to speed in dispatching photos; they often use other methods, too, to get in ahead of their competitors. There is hardly any other profession with as great a rivalry. It often happens that one photographer tries to impede another. The handshake of two celebrities cannot be photographed by one cameraman if another suddenly stands in his way, and only too often is an interference of this kind intentional in order to prevent any competition for one's own picture. Even friendship is no obstacle to competition.

When Prince George of England (the late Duke of Kent) got engaged to Princess Marina of Greece, two photographers, who had been friends for years and whom we shall call Dupont and Duval, went to Veldes in Yugoslavia to make photos of the young couple for their London agency. Dupont rode back to Paris on a powerful motorcycle, while
1863 The opening of the Vatican Railway Station in Rome by Pope Pius IX. The photograph shows Pope Pius IX standing in one of the open private coaches which were greatly admired at that time as being the last word in comfort.

1886 The first photo interview. This example is taken from an excellent series made by the famous photographer Nadar of his visit to the 100-year-old French chemist Chevreul. Chevreul is saying: "You see, up to my 55th year I was an enemy of photography. But thirty years ago I capitulated . . . ."

1914 A scoop indeed: the arrest of the assassin of Sarajevo. By assassinating Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria on June 28, 1914, Gavrilo Princip started the chain of events which swiftly led to the outbreak of the Great War.

1917 Revolution in St. Petersburg. Schildon has been so well reproduced in a photograph.
The wife of Robert A. Taft, making a speech during her husband's campaign for presidential nomination in 1930

The President of the United States sticks out his tongue at Vice-President Garner, after the latter has ruffled his hair during an official dinner in 1930.

What the Americans like: the ludicrous, the cruel, the absurd.

Mrs. Hauptmann has just been told the news of her husband's execution for the kidnapping and murder of the Lindbergh baby.

Morgan and the midget. An impudent reporter has placed a midget on camera-shy J. P. Morgan's knee during the Senate Banking Investigation in 1933.
Duval had to wait for train connections. So Duval asked his friend to take along his own film pack too. When, after having arrived in Paris by train, he saw his films, he found that every single one of his twelve photos was smudged. Dupont tried to explain this by faulty material, but Duval was convinced that they had been smudged by someone purposely pressing his thumb onto the film pack.

But this was not the only difference of opinion to arise between the two “friends.” One day a police officer came to Paris from New York to fetch a criminal who was to be extradited to America. The police officer informed the press that he would leave Paris the following morning, but omitted to mention the train he and his prisoner would use. Most of the photographers waited on the platform beside the morning express leaving at 8.20. Only Duval found out through his secretary, who had spent the previous evening with the American police officer, that the interesting travelers would leave with the slow train at 6.40 a.m. Duval was there in good time and took exclusive photos of the two in the compartment. Some of his pictures he sold in Paris, and the others he sent by the fastest route to New York.

The Paris morning papers published the photograph, and Dupont saw it. He asked his successful colleague to let him have one of his negatives for a good price in order that his New York agency would have no grounds to reproach him. Duval, however, was not to be persuaded. But Dupont was not beaten yet: he took the next express and arrived in time to make some snapshots of the couple at the quayside and to forward them by the same ship that was carrying the supposedly exclusive photos of his “friend.”

AGENCIES AND PRICES

Just as the press of the various countries differs, so do the working methods of the press photographers. The American tabloids demand close-ups at any price. The main photo must be taken at a distance of not more than three yards, so that the photographer must practically force himself on his victim, even when pity or other considerations call for a more tactful procedure. Crimes such as the kidnaping and murder of the Lindbergh child give American photo reporters an excuse for ruthlessly invading the families of relatives, for turning private possessions upside down to find interesting objects, and for mercilessly photographing persons and objects in spite of all protests.

The European press photographer is more considerate. Ceremonies and other affairs of a certain formality are photographed in Europe from a distance of not less than six meters, and the same is true in East Asia.

In every country there are photographers who specialize in certain subjects and who are not interested in the thrills and sensations experienced by the photo reporter concentrating on topical themes. They devote their attention to sports, fashions, or the theatrical world and in time achieve excellent effects which could not be produced hurriedly. Many magazines fill their pages with such pictures, some of which are praised and paid for like works of art.

Large photo concerns such as Associated Press, Keystone Press Agency, or Wide World Photos, receive photographs from all over the world, make hundreds of copies, and send their photo services to thousands of newspapers and magazines either directly or through agents. Newspapers either subscribe to photo services on a monthly or yearly basis or pay for every picture published on a basis previously agreed upon. Some of the agencies pay a fixed monthly amount to photographers for their work; but it is more usual to work on a fifty-fifty basis. In many cases the local distributing agent is identical with the photo reporter. In this way he receives fifty per cent of the amount collected by his photo concern for selling his own photos abroad, while he also keeps fifty per cent of the amount which he collects from local newspapers for pictures from his photo concern.

For the right of first publication of highly topical and exclusive photos, news-
papers pay special prices, and these prices vary in different countries. In August 1934, the Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung paid two thousand marks for an exclusive photo of President Hindenburg on his deathbed. The same publishing house paid a similar price for a cabled photo of the Zeppelin disaster in New York. The Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung as well as the Münchner Illustrierte Presse are known to all the photo agencies of the world as publications paying the highest prices for topical photos and illustrated stories. Good prices are also paid in England and America. Average photos are paid for at approximately the same rate in these three countries, namely an amount corresponding to from ten to twenty marks.

**EXPECTED TROUBLE**

Now and again it may happen that the publication of a photo leads to very unwelcome expenditures. This is the case when infringements of the copyright laws provide an occasion for suing for damages. These laws are a windfall for those who want to exploit actual or alleged damage to ensure themselves of an extra income by legal action.

In the case of paid photo portraits, the latest formulation of the international copyright law reserves the copyright not, as formerly, to the photographer but to the person portrayed. This fact often not being known to studio photographers, it frequently happened that they gave newspapers a negative of some person who had for one reason or another got into the limelight of publicity, and that they were then very dismayed to be faced by a claim for damages on the part of the subject which was hundreds or even thousands of times greater than the amount received for the publication of the photo.

During the Stavisky affair, which in 1934 filled the columns of newspapers all over the world for weeks on end, a photo was published showing the swindler Stavisky sitting with his beautiful wife at a table in a Paris night club. The photo had been dug out from some old files and had been made during Stavisky’s palmy days. Among the other people to be seen in the background of the picture there happened to be a bank clerk who, upon the advice of a shrewd lawyer, claimed that the copyright law entitled him to being asked for his consent before a photo was published in which he was shown. He stated that he had suffered greatly by the unexpected publication and claimed heavy damages.

The confusing of two picture texts started off a suit for damages which cost the London Daily Express, Lord Beaverbrook’s paper, and the Keystone Press Agency a thousand pounds sterling. The Keystone Press Agency had assembled a number of portraits of beautiful revue actresses made by its Vienna and Budapest photographers. Among the Budapest photos there was one of an actress who had publicly promised a kiss to every theater-goer in the stalls of the theater in which she appeared. By some mistake the photo of a Viennese actress got this Budapest text attached to it and was published in this form in the Daily Express. The newspaper played up the story and described in an accompanying article how this promise of a kiss had ensured a full house and dozens of repeat performances. Naturally, the Daily Express is hardly read in Vienna, and under normal circumstances probably no one would ever have found out about the mix-up. But fate so willed it that this particular Viennese actress had met a London lawyer, got engaged to him, and subsequently went to London to marry him. The lawyer, however, became so indignant about the alleged kiss publicity of his fiancée that he broke his engagement. As a result the actress filed her suit for a thousand pounds damages.

**WAR DUTY**

Large magazines with editions of millions of copies as, for example, the Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung and Life, have their own photographers on their editorial staff, whom they pay very well. The editor-in-chief sets the themes for these salaried photo reporters, themes which
sometimes lead them into distant parts of the world and into all kinds of adventures. Carl Mydans, a young photographer attached to Life, happened to be traveling by ship to Europe for his magazine when the ship was sunk. He made a scoop with his photos of the sinking and of the shipwrecked people being saved by the crew of the German vessel. Later Mydans was sent to East Asia and was caught by the outbreak of war in Manila. He has meanwhile been sent back to America on an exchange ship.

The present war has taken many photo reporters into the front lines. The war press photographer is one of the most important factors in war propaganda, for through him the war events are documented by pictures. In Germany the war photographers as well as movie operators and editors have been organized by the Propaganda Ministry and attached to the various arms for front-line photo reporting. And everyone in East Asia has seen the photographs taken by bold Japanese photographers in the midst of fighting. The cameraman is to be found in the foremost lines with the tanks, infantrymen, etc., to provide the people at home and all over the world with photographic documents of the course of the war.

In air attacks the pilot braves the anti-aircraft fire and returns at a low altitude to the target bombed in order to give the photo reporter on board an opportunity to take back films showing the success. In addition to courage, the photographing of war actions in the front lines, of infantry or tank attacks, of battle actions on board a battleship or cruiser, require great photographic skill. And many a war photographer has lost his life while doing his job.

In war as in peace, wide use is made by press photographers of telephoto facilities. Here science has done wonders and created constructions which in the shortest possible time transmit photographs from one end of the earth to the other. And yet it is not a very complicated apparatus, consisting chiefly of an electric eye which records every square millimeter of the picture. According to whether the dot on the picture just being registered is white, gray, or black, the vibration of the electric current changes, and it is these changes in vibration which are transmitted and recorded on a negative at the receiving end. All dots registered complement each other and form a complete negative, which is then developed and copied.

Newspaper readers anywhere in the world glance over their daily paper. They read of events that have taken place thousands of miles away. Before having gone off to work, they are already informed of everything that has happened in the inhabited world. And simultaneously with the news they see the photo in the paper, the work of the press photographer. Wherever anything happens, the photo reporter sees to it that the event is photographed, and no event of importance can escape him. When the history of our days is written, the archives of the press photographers will be indispensable.

Two Tunes

When Ulysses Sidney Grant, the hero of the American Civil War, had become President of the United States, he was invited one evening to a musicale at the home of a foreign diplomat. The hostess valiantly played a Chopin polonaise and, as was only natural, asked the President how he had liked it.

"It's no use asking me, ma'am," said Grant. "I only know two tunes: one is Yankee Doodle, and the other isn't."
PORTRAIT OF AN INVENTOR

ARTHUR Harris was born the son of an official in India, and in 1914, when the Great War broke out, he was a junior clerk on a tobacco plantation in Rhodesia. He began his military career as an infantryman in the campaign against the German colonies in Africa. This campaign consisted of a series of forced marches against the skillfully operating German troops and implanted in Harris a deep aversion to walking. So he applied for a commission in the air force and was transferred to France where, from 1916 onward, he flew bombers. By the end of the war he was a major.

In 1922 we find Harris as a British officer in a god-forsaken air-force camp near the Khyber Pass on the northwest frontier of India. Observing how, in spite of all Kipling romanticism, the fighting against the rebel tribes usually cost the British troops a lot of time and serious losses, he set about inventing a new strategy, which he named "pacification by bombing." He did not believe in the Bengal Lancer manner of fighting with hill tribes. His method was to use a bomber squadron or two and, practically without a single British casualty, raze every village and settlement around the center of a rebellion, leaving it to the surviving population to spread their frightening reports and create new respect for England's power.

To the majority of the overworked officers and native commissioners of those regions, who had suffered considerably after the Great War from the lack of replacements and the decline of British prestige in Asia, the young major's invention appeared as a veritable panacea. For a few years it was tested and improved without interference and publicity, although Harris had to overcome the opposition of several high cavalry officers who had no liking for his ideas. "Until someone invents an airplane motor that runs on oats and can neigh like a horse, there is no hope of teaching the English professional soldier the meaning of modern warfare," he was heard to say more than once.

But from time to time, news about the effect of Harris's invention leaked out into the outer world. The first political storm over this invention did not occur until the late twenties, when, as commander of the "Air Police," Harris ordered a number of Arab villages and towns in Iraq to be destroyed by transport planes which he had transformed into bombers. Sharp criticism arose all over the world. London also received protests from British officials. They stated that too many innocent people suffered from Harris's invention for it to be an effective means of pacification. Several tribes which had originally been only high-spirited had, as a result of the destruction of their homes, become irreconcilable rebels. (Actually, the tribes of the Indian North-west frontier and the Arabs were in the late thirties far more implacable than they had been before the "pacification by bombing.")

Churchill, who was sharply attacked as being the moving spirit of these incidents, defended his Empire pedagogy with his well-known skill. He was excellently supported in this by Harris himself. In the Great War, in what was then the Royal Flying Corps, Harris had enjoyed the reputation of having the most wicked tongue; and the Sunday Express reported recently that a young officer had said of him: "We love him, he is so bloody inhuman." But his looks are extremely confidence-inspiring. He has a round, red face with a strawy moustache and small eyes, a face that one might expect to find under the helmet of a
typical London bobby. With good-natured bluffness Harris assured the Parliamentary Inquiry Commission that things were not nearly as bad as they seemed. Moreover, he explained, the natives were always informed of the imminent destruction of their towns and villages early enough “for them to seek safety.”

Parliamentary protests against official acts of violence within the Empire are too much a matter of British tradition for them to have much effect. Now and again, when an especially outrageous fait accompli has become known, they may spoil the career of a governor or general; but on the whole they cannot hold up the machinery. And so it was here, too. Harris himself, in fact, made such a good impression that he was promoted and received the Order of the British Empire and a knighthood. “Pacification by bombing” had thus, so to speak, been legitimized by the King.

Once again, not long before the outbreak of the present war, when Harris had been a little too brutal in carrying out an order to pacify Palestine with his bombers, he got into a short conflict with some Members of Parliament in London. But since then Sir Arthur has rehabilitated himself entirely. The employment of his invention, which in the case of Indian and Arab tribes still led to humanitarian protests in England, has in the case of Europe found complete support on the part of his countrymen. He has been promoted to the rank of Air Marshal and was made Commander in Chief of the British Bomber Squadrons. It is largely due to his instigation that from the outbreak of war in September 1939 up to May 1940 the British Air Force carried out 393 raids on German territory, while during the same time not a single German bomb fell on British territory, with the exception of the bombardment of a coastal antiaircraft battery on the Orkney Islands in the course of an attack on British warships. (The German reprisal raids on England did not begin until September 1940.)

For Harris there is no difference between an Arab village and cultural centers such as Paris, Nuremberg, and Milan. He himself once called the art treasures of Germany and Italy “picture-postcard stuff, most of which will in all probability inevitably be smashed.” And he is so proud of his invention that he is unwilling to share with anyone else the glory of being the father of terror bombing.—J. S.

*Portrait of a Painter*

When the painter James Whistler was conducting his famous libel suit against the writer John Ruskin in 1878, the two fighting cocks got into a vast theoretical dispute which led them off into heights where ordinary mortals could not follow them.

The judge, who had at first been listening patiently, finally intervened: “Gentlemen, this won’t get us anywhere. We must first clear up fundamental questions. Would you,” he turned to Whistler, “for instance, be able to explain to the gentlemen of the jury here what in your opinion is art?”

Whistler raised his monocle and looked at the jurors one by one, carefully measuring them up. Then he let his monocle fall again and said: “No.”
SILK AND THE JAPANESE
By AENNE SANO-GERBER

For many people, silk and Japan are almost synonymous, and for obvious reasons. Not only is Japan the world's main producer of silk, but there is also no other country where the production and manufacture of silk are so closely interwoven with the economic and cultural life of the people.

Aenae Sano-Gerber is German by birth and comes from Cologne. In 1933 she went to Kyoto to spend two years in Japan as a teacher of the German language. She has remained ever since and is now married to Professor Kazushiko Sano, professor of philosophy and cultural history in Kobe.—K.M.

"Buyers of pure silk textiles or articles surrender only one quarter of the number of coupons that would be required for other materials," reads a special regulation concerning the ration cards for clothing which have been introduced into Japan since November 1941. This tells a story, a story of closed foreign markets and of a vital branch of agricultural and industrial production whose domestic market must not suffer from added restrictions.

At first sight it may seem to the foreigner an unjust privilege to the wealthy classes that silk should be given such an advantage. However, we are in Japan, and Japan is the land of silk, where the average consumption per head of population is about twenty times as high as in Germany; where even in prehistoric times the silkworm with its delicate yet strong thread won a place for itself beside the ancient native flax culture; and where the word "kinu," which today only means silk, meant cloth of any kind up to the Heian-tyo Era (tenth to twelfth centuries A.D.). Not until about the seventeenth century was cotton added as a new and important factor of clothing material. And wool was only introduced in very recent times, mainly as an imported product from abroad. Native sheep-raising has never been properly developed, although men like Siebold regarded conditions for it on the many unexploited hillsides as favorable and made the utmost efforts to introduce it.

The Japanese is not a by nature a cattle raiser. In mythology, in old fairy tales and legends, he appears only as a fisherman or a hunter, and later as a farmer or a woodcutter. If he keeps any domestic animals at all, he uses them only as working animals. The chicken alone, which makes its offerings so to speak voluntarily, has become a common domestic animal. The "kaiko," (silkworm) is the only one to have found affectionate care and breeding, the silkworm which disembodies itself and, so to speak, becomes spirit when it is thrown into boiling water for man to take from it the fruits of its existence and labor.

"Little Sun God"

What does the silkworm mean to us? At most probably nothing more than a photograph casually looked at in an old geography book, or Shakespeare's challenge to try to forbid it to spin. In Japan, however, it is not called simply "kaiko" but "o-Kaiko-Sama," a term of respectful endearment which includes it in the world of humans. In addition to this, "o-Kaiko-Sama" has a lot of other names: "gift of God," "little child of God," "little sun god," or simply "baby," quite aside from the technical expressions by which the sericulturist indicates the various stages of its existence.

That this was the case even in ancient times is shown by the tale told in the "Nihon-Syoki" (eighth century) about Emperor Yuryaku. In the sixth year of his
reign, the Emperor was pleased to instruct his counselor Suguru to collect babies from all over the empire, whereupon the latter immediately set off on his search. He had soon assembled a considerable number of infants, which may not have been so difficult in those days when children were often abandoned, especially in years of bad crops. But when the counselor proudly appeared with his collection before the Emperor, he was received with roars of laughter and the command to undertake the rearing of the waifs at his own expense, which fact caused his clan to be known thereafter by the name of Tihisakobe (children's man). What the Emperor had meant by "babies" was kaiko, for he wanted his wives to raise silkworms and to spin and weave the silk.

This is the first mention of sericulture at the Imperial Court; the tradition has been preserved to this day. The Empress is the patroness of the craft and keeps o-Kaiko-Sama herself as a counterpart to the rice field which the Emperor cultivates as the patron of rice-growing.

For the hands that look after the little sun god must be gentle, and much loving attention must be spent to keep all evil influences away from this frail creature. It is said, for instance, that the silkworms must in no circumstances see a snake if the cocoons are not to become malformed. So the "stable work" and the preparation of fodder for this miniature cattle are essentially a feminine task. The work is done inside the house in a spotless room, and the chief tool is a pair of chopsticks. These are used, not to remove the "mature," but to pick up the "babies"—which must never be touched with the bare hand—and place them gently in freshly prepared "stables," i.e., large, flat, round baskets; then the used ones are shaken clean of dirt and food remains, washed, and aired in the sun.

Like the lamb in the West, o-Kaiko-Sama lives in Japan since time immemorial in children's songs, fairy tales, and legends. Even the oldest myths of the Koziki (eighth century) mention that silkworms, together with all the fruit of the fields, issued forth from the dead body of the earth goddess after she had been slain in wrath by the storm god because she had offered him unclean food made of grain which she had taken from the openings of her body. All legends mentioning o-Kaiko-Sama's origin agree in that it is divine. That, like the fruit of the fields, the silkworm is a precious gift to be accepted with gratitude.

All this seems to indicate a very early origin of the silkworm rather than that it has been taken over from China, although dictionaries of the Heianyo Era sometimes speak of the kaiko as kure-no-mimizu (Chinese worm). There can be no doubt that new varieties of silkworm and advanced methods of breeding and of treating the silk thread were imported from China later on; the very beginnings, however, go back to prehistoric times. Indeed, an ancient Chinese geographical work, dating from the first century B.C., already mentions the fact that there were mulberry trees and silkworms in Japan.

**CARDBOARD BOXES AND AIRY ATTICS**

Among the ladies of the feudal courts of the Yedo Period, as well as among modern Japanese schoolgirls—all of whom have probably at one time or another kept o-Kaiko-Sama in a cardboard box with holes in the lid, much to the annoyance of neighbors with mulberry trees in their gardens—sericulture has always been just a fascinating game. In the silkworm villages in the mountain areas where the cultivation of rice is impossible or very restricted, the kaiko and its grazing ground, the mulberry tree, fill the lives of the inhabitants. Even the outward appearance of these villages is typical; for
most of the houses boast of an upper story with narrow apertures, in contrast to the usual one-storied Japanese farmhouse with its thatched roof pulled well down over it like a hat.

The large, light, airy room of the upper floor belongs to o-Kaiko-Sama. In the winter, while the little sun god hibernates in the egg, this room with its long shelves to hold the round "stable" baskets is empty. The eggs are laid by the silk moth—not much to look at with its whith color—as neatly as any Japanese could wish on sheets of white paper, close together but so that one never covers the other. Sticking to the paper, they look as if a skillful baker had covered a wafer with dark poppy seeds. These "egg sheets" were a much-desired import article in America, where they are trying hard to develop their own silk industry.

But it is not so easy to create a new silk industry. Thousands of years of experience and tradition cannot be caught up with overnight; and, especially in the treatment of the silkworm, the sensitive Japanese hand is difficult to replace by even the finest machinery. In Japan, too, the actual raising of the silkworms up to the cocoon or raw-thread stage is done almost exclusively in the homes of the peasants, as it requires intensive day-and-night work by skilled hands in irregular periods with long intervals in between which would be wasted in a factory.

In spring, when the mulberry trees show their first tender, pale-green leaves, the eggs are hatched. The kaiko "rubs the sleep out of its eyes" and, tiny and helpless as it still is, begins to perform the supreme duty of this stage of its life: it eats and eats. Day and night without cease, the rustling of all the chewing jaws—growing stronger day by day—soon fills the whole room. The life of o-Kaiko-Sama, the silkworm as such, lasts five such periods of eating interrupted by four periods of rest, so to speak five days and four nights. But its days and nights do not in any way coincide with those of human beings. Measured by the sun, these five days of the kaiko's life last about a month.

As long as it is awake, it eats without pause and makes a lot of work for its nurses, who must constantly provide the correct amount of fresh leaves. At first the leaves are finely chopped, then gradually more and more coarsely till the caterpillars have become strong enough to manage the large jagged leaves themselves. Four times during their lives the strange creatures stop eating and fall into a coma, during which time they do not lie stretched out but with the front part of their bodies raised. Perhaps this similarity of the kaiko to a rearing horse was the reason for a fairy tale about its origin which contains an explanation of the connection between the mulberry goddess Osirasama and the silkworm:

**THE HORSE AND THE MAIDEN**

"Once upon a time there was a peasant who had a beautiful daughter. He also possessed a horse. When the daughter grew up, she went into the stable every day, leaned against the doorpost, and talked with the animal. Finally she and the horse became lovers. The father found out what was going on and flew into a rage. He dragged the horse out of the stable and led it into the mountains, where he tied it to a great mulberry tree and killed it. While he was skinning the animal, his daughter came running to the spot, sobbing and shedding bitter tears. Suddenly, the horse's hide, which was just dropping from the carcass, wrapped itself like a cloak around the girl and flew off with her into the air.

"From then on, the father and mother spent their days in deep anxiety over their child. But one night their daughter appeared to them both in a dream and consoled them: 'Do not weep for me, dearest parents,' she said, 'I was born under an unlucky star and I must accept my fate. I beg of you to forget me. Only at dawn on the sixteenth day of the third month, look into the big mortar on the threshing floor: in it you will see a great number of curious little worms with horses' heads hatching out. Feed the little creatures carefully with the leaves
Silkworms carefully lay their eggs on clean white paper.

Fresh mulberry leaves must be provided at regular intervals for the "babies."

Feeding time for the almost fully grown silkworms.
A handful of cocoons. Note the little straw "sheds" at lower left in which the silkworms like to spin their thread.

From the Cocoon to the Finished Product

Interior of one of the large silk factories in Japan

Drawing the ends of the threads out of the hot water to fasten them to the weaving machine

The finished product - beautiful silks woven in intricate designs
of the mulberry tree at which you slew my beloved horse. Then they will present you with silken threads which you can wind into strands and sell for rich reward. The worms are called Totoko [little sun god], and they are among the most precious things of this earth."

"The parents awoke from this dream and were amazed beyond all measure. When the sixteenth day of the third month approached, they looked into the great mortar, and lo and behold! they really found all the little horse-headed worms which their dream had predicted. They made haste to fetch leaves from the mulberry tree in the mountains and fed them to the worms. These began to eat them with relish, and before long they spun themselves into little white cocoons. This is how sericulture, so widespread today, is supposed to have come to us. Horse and girl, however, became the goddess Osirasama, who therefore has a twofold form—one with the head of a horse, and the other with the face of a princess (o-Hime-Sama)."

So much for the fairy tale, which did not appear until comparatively late, probably not till the Yedo Period. An identification of the silkworm with o-Hime-Sama (noble maiden, princess) is to be found much earlier, in a topography of the Harima district written in the Nara Period. In it we find the story of how the god Onamuti-no-Mikoto wanted to banish his unruly son from his realm. The young man thereupon bribed the storm and the waves and sent his father's ship with all it contained to the bottom of the sea. It is to this circumstance, hardly a pleasant one for the participants, that we owe a detailed list of everything belonging at that time to the traveling equipment of a great man. In this list we come across silkworms, which are described as hime, i.e., little princess. These "little princesses" were, like many other things, said to have been thrown onto the beach somewhere, and the place where this happened was called Hime-no-Oka (Princess Hill) and is supposed to be the Himezi of today. Thus the town of Himezi would appear to be called "Princess Vale," and these princesses turn out to have been, not beautiful court ladies, but silkworms.

AT LAST THE COCOON

When o-Kaiko-Sama awakens for the fourth and last time from its coma, it becomes a teruko (perhaps "the glimmering one") and looks glassily transparent, almost unearthly. Now it will soon start the work that will take up one eighth of its life, namely, spinning a cocoon, while its own body will dry up into a chrysalis. Formerly, the teruko was placed on small branches to do its work of spinning; but through this the anchoring threads with which the kaiko fastens the cocoon to its support were lost. For a number of decades now, the value of these anchoring threads has been recognized: today it is used for the warm silk fluff with which quilts, etc., are filled. Hence nowadays straws are bent and placed side by side in long rows to form rooflike, airy sheds. Into these the terukos soon crawl, carefully choosing a place to their liking. They sway and arch their little horses' heads from side to side and place the shining white, incredibly thin thread, which issues from their mouth artistically on one spot after another and around themselves. After a while the beautiful oval cocoon with its slight indentation in the middle hangs securely under the little straw roof. Like so many other things
in the nature and life of Japan, the cocoon, too, has become a popular element of decoration.

For the silk village there now begins a period of cheerful activity. Although more and more of the total silk harvest now finds its way to the factories at the cocoon stage, because the by-products—such as fertilizer and fodder; pharmaceutical substances; oil for soap, glycerine, machine and edible fats (from the chrysalis); albumen, hormones, etc.—can be made use of to the full, a large part remains at the farms for treatment there, at least up to the stage of the raw thread.

Then the water bubbles in large kettles, the silk fluff piles up, and the women bring in basket after basket of cocoons. The cocoons have already been separated into ordinary and twin cocoons; for the latter, in which two chrysalises are enclosed and which supply a stronger thread, must be carefully disentangled by hand. The ordinary cocoons are thrown into the boiling water and stirred all the time until the ends of the threads detach themselves on their own. Six of these, fished out in their sticky, wet condition and fastened together to the winding wheel, unite in the air to a sixfold thread, strong and yet still cobweb-fine, which is wound onto the yarn wheel. Each cocoon consists of a single, continuous thread several kilometers long, so that six cocoons supply quite a considerable bundle of the shimmering, ivory-tinted raw thread.

In China, where o-Kaiko-Sama is kept mainly out in the open, on the trees themselves, the silk is coarser and more yellowish; for out-of-doors the silkworm is also satisfied with the leaves of trees other than the precious mulberry, which can be used for many other purposes. However, the threads can then never be bleached quite white, and they are more difficult to dye than mulberry silk. In Japan, too, there are such "wild cocoons," but they are not particularly popular. The raw silk of the twin cocoons is usually spun by hand at home; this yarn is then used for special textiles.

A MAINSTAY OF AGRICULTURE

Three times a year, in spring, July, and August/September, can the patient mulberry tree be robbed of its leaves; and the "egg sheets," for the preparation of which the silk moth is placed in special boxes, can be stored and even sent overseas and made to hatch at any desired time. Thus the silk village is busy three and sometimes even four times a year, with a winter of leisure in between. The spring cocoons have the highest yield and are the most valuable. In summer and in autumn, the threads of ten cocoons must be united to produce a raw thread of the same strength as is supplied in spring by six cocoons.

Rice cultivation and sericulture—those have always been the two pillars of Japanese agriculture. Ancient chronicles more than once mention the importance of sericulture. They tell us that in the earliest days the kaiko was placed in the mouth and the thread drawn out; that in the reign of Emperor Ozin, who was born in 201 A.D., Chinese emigrants came or were summoned to Japan to teach the Japanese an improved technique. During the Heianyô Era, with its refinement in all objects of daily use, silkworm-breeding and silk-weaving developed into an art. It is from these days that a good deal of the taste in colors, textures, and designs has been handed down, al-
though the rough and restless centuries of the chivalrous Middle Ages with their more severe simplicity also represent a decisive break with tradition in this field. Today, when Japan after a few decades of exaggerated Europeanization has suddenly become aware again of her own innate powers, much has been revived in sericulture, too, from the classical feudal days of old and is being unearthed from existing remains, reports, novels, and poems, or wherever else traces are still to be found. The Yedo Period brought with its domestic peace and the growing power of the wealthy urban class new life into the old silk-working crafts. Indeed, it led to such luxury in clothing that the Tokugawa Government had repeatedly to issue strict rules of simplicity. But in vain, for these regulations were cleverly circumvented: the precious materials, vivid colors, and exquisite designs were simply worn inside the clothing, as lining and underwear, instead of outside. This was the origin of the still prevailing taste in Japanese clothes.

The real Japanese material, used for the kimonos of men and women, children and even babies, for outer material and lining, for underwear, indoor clothes, and outdoor clothes, is about thirteen inches wide and is woven and sold in lengths of about twelve yards, or in double lengths. In average consumption of silk per head of population, Japan is said to lead the world. The enormous leaps in the production of silk, however, which have been made since the Meiji Era are due to the tremendously increased export trade. From 1880 to 1890, the raw-silk production was more than doubled, and almost quadrupled by 1900. In 1934 Japanese sericulture supplied 82.3 per cent of the world's exports.

FARMYARD TO FACTORY

It is only natural that, in the long run, home production could not take care of this increase. The fact that, on the whole, it was able to do so up to the end of the Russo-Japanese War (1904) is all the more amazing. From then on, however, silk production was rapidly industrialized. Large companies were founded which employed machinery wherever possible. With their huge buildings and exemplary social conditions for their workers, these concerns are equal to the most modern Western enterprises.

But, side by side with these silk factories, the old craft as done by hand continues to live—mainly for domestic requirements—and has maintained its strong local traditions: spinning in the actual silk-raising districts, weaving in Nisizin (Kyoto), Kiryu, Echigo, etc., quite aside from such finicky work as Osima weaving, in which the yarn is first put on the frame and tied into designs, then dyed with vegetable or earth dyes, and finally woven. In the case of complicated designs, even a skilled craftsman cannot weave more than a fraction of a yard per day, and such laborious work can, of course, only be done in small workshops. The art of dyeing has also offered strong resistance to industrialization. Everywhere the buyer can still have his material dyed in whatever colors and designs he chooses. And in Kyoto, the traditional home of dyeing, one can still see the master craftsman and his assistants standing in high rubber boots in the water of the swift Kamo and Kitasira Rivers. There they rinse the long, narrow strips of freshly dyed material, so that the waves flow on in all shades of red, violet, and black; there they beat the bunched material with heavy clubs and let the strips flap in the wind to dry.

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY

Probably the most interesting phenomenon of all the stations on the long road which the silk travels from the peasant to the finished kimono is the silk dealer. Here, too, tradition is still very much alive. The silk dealer sits in his house surrounded by a galaxy of assistants and servants. The customer must first be greeted ceremoniously and served with tea before the conversation gradually advances to the stage at which he mentions his wishes. Then busy hands bring out from the back all kinds of interesting
designs and weaves, which the customer approves and admires till finally the desired goods are found and the purchase can be effected.

But the silk dealers in the famous silk centers of Kyoto, Fushimi, Echigo, etc., have their customers all over the country and send out trusty agents, who have been trained since boyhood, laden with a sample collection wrapped in a cloth and carried on their backs. The dealer knows the requirements and tastes of his flock, and he also knows when the time has arrived for his customers to look at new materials for the coming season. The housewife feels safe in his hands and has great confidence in his unerring taste, his reliable memory, and his knowledge of customs and propriety. She often leaves the choice of a daughter's trousseau or the entire clothing of the family for special celebrations or mourning in his hands. The catering to a certain circle of customers with its special tastes distinguishes each of these dealers down to the smallest one who goes out himself with his bundle of silks on his back to visit his customers. It is said that a skillful agent goes off with one length and brings back ten orders, while an ordinary agent has to carry around ten lengths to get rid of only one.

To a certain degree, this personal attitude and taste live on even in the great department stores which, characteristically enough, all started as silk shops. For that reason, the best location—the entire first floor—is reserved in every department store for the kimono material, silk.

But all this, which we who are now living in Japan can still see and experience, is already almost a thing of the past, a relic of the "good old days." It is impossible to foresee what effect the incisive regulations affecting all trades and crafts will have in the future. Japan can no longer afford the luxury of all the leisurely existences in individual workshops. She must concentrate her energies and free her hands for the myriad tasks incurred by the war and the future reorganization of immense regions. The regulations of the last few years have extinguished the individual artisan and tradesman; they have created entirely new economic units in which, according to the type of trade, five or more of the old concerns are combined. Those who do not wish to work under the new system can change their trade and work elsewhere; those who participate are no longer independent craftsmen but profit-sharing employees. What we have seen during the last few years in the way of reorganizations of this kind is only the beginning of the great transformation which Japanese economics are undergoing. That which strikes every outsider who observes this process is the care with which, in spite of all sudden changes, every Japanese endeavors to preserve and pass on that which is best and most valuable in his tradition.
THE WINDOW

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER?

From Switzerland we have received the following review of a book which has aroused much interest in America.—K. M.

In 1930 the most famous theoretician of air warfare, the Italian General Giulio Douhet, died in Rome at the age of sixty-one. During the Great War he was an officer of the Italian General Staff. For his criticism of Italy's conduct of the war he was condemned to one year's imprisonment. Later this punishment was rescinded. In 1921 he was made a general. In the same year he published his famous book on air domination, *Dominio dell'Aria*. He followed up his book with many articles in the *Rivista Aeronautica*, General Balbo's magazine, in which he continued to fight for his ideas. Douhet was a fanatic who frequently disregarded technical questions. His writings caused endless discussions which contributed much toward the clarification of the problems of air warfare. Indeed, these discussions did not cease even after his death.

Recently a book appeared in the United States which attempts to utilize the experiences gained so far in the present war and which propounds ideas that in many respects are strongly reminiscent of Douhet's *Dominio dell'Aria*. The book is entitled *Victory Through Air Power*, and the interest it aroused from the very beginning seems to be growing steadily.

Its author is Alexander Seversky, who has a reputation of long standing among aeronautical experts. He was born in Russia in 1894. In 1914 he became a lieutenant in the Russian Navy, and after having served some time with a destroyer flotilla he went over to the naval air arm. As a pursuit and fighter pilot he came through many successful battles. Because of his technical knowledge and ability he was then sent to the United States with the Russian naval and air mission. While he was active in this capacity, the Tsarist Empire collapsed. He remained in the States where he participated in the development of the American air arm in various important official positions, finally acquiring the rank of an American major. In 1931 he founded the Seversky Aircraft Corporation (the forerunner of the present Republic Aviation Corporation), which produced some of the best American pursuit planes.

THE EUROPEAN KALEIDOSCOPE

In his book he tells us about his experiences in Europe shortly before the present war, when he visited various countries to negotiate the delivery of American planes. He describes the impressive size and the excellent organization of the German air force and aviation industry. He claims that the German aircraft models were already fixed in their design some years before the war in order to permit unlimited mass production. Prewar conditions in France are revealed in all their glaring inefficiency. He describes the prejudices against which he as a foreign industrialist had to fight there, and the corruption which he encountered at every step, from the highest to the lowest. He describes how the results of official tests were tampered with and forged till the desired result was arrived at and the foreign plane appeared inferior to the French one. He describes the disorder and maladministration in the various factories as well as in the entire industry. In contrast to this, he has more favorable things to say about the British aircraft industry and the spirit permeating it before the war; but there, too, he points to various deficiencies which he discovered. He regards the aeronautical industry of America, with which he should be thoroughly familiar, through very critical eyes; and some of the accusations he brings against the leading circles of the United States are of a serious nature.

ELEVEN PRINCIPLES

The essence of his book is contained in the sixth chapter, in which he draws up
eleven principles which he claims to be the lessons to be learned from the present war and which he proves by examples.

The axiom of modern warfare, he states, is that no military actions are possible, either on land or at sea, until air supremacy has been won. As examples he takes the campaign in Norway, then Dunkirk, and the transfer of the three German warships *Scharnhorst*, *Prinz Eugen*, and *Gneisenau* from the port of Brest in February 1942. Pointing to the fact that Great Britain, with her vastly superior fleet, has not yet been able to risk an attack on those coasts of the European continent which are defended by the German air force, he maintains that the navies have lost in importance as means of strategic offensives. He also states that air power cannot be defeated by any other weapon and that it must be overcome from the air, antiaircraft defense being only a palliative.

One contention which will be opposed by many is contained in the sixth principle, namely, that the effective range of the air force must cover the whole extent of the theater of war. In this connection he also raises the demand for special means of transport and supply for the air force, more particularly for such means as correspond to its mobility and speed, i.e., transport planes, which could carry the entire supplies for the air formations at the front.

In another important section he demands that aircraft models be so specialized that they correspond specifically to the requirements of a planned campaign.

Seversky also champions the theory that nowadays air blockade is not only more useful than naval blockade: it is the only effective type of blockade. This would become apparent as soon as the range of action of airplanes had been increased sufficiently.

**CAN THEY TAKE IT?**

As regards the question which is now so much under discussion, namely, whether civilian morale can be broken by bombing raids on residential and economic centers, he limits himself to stating that the indiscriminate bombing of whole city districts is without value. He believes that the desired effect may, if at all, be achieved only by cutting off vital supplies through the destruction of power plants, gas works, and water works. In this he differs considerably from Douhet, who had assumed that large-scale indiscriminate bombing attacks on populated centers would suffice to break an enemy country's will of resistance and bring about the collapse of its army.

Today neither one nor the other has been proved right. Only one thing is clear: that a civilian population which has been properly instructed and which has been imbued with a strong will of resistance does not succumb so easily to air raids. This is shown by the experiences of the Allies with their terror raids on European cities.

Seversky agrees with Douhet in that the air force is able to bring about the decision; consequently the army and navy should be given minor tasks in comparison to the air force. Incidentally, his presentation is more entertaining than Douhet's writings, as he is in a position to give countless examples from the last few years for his theories. But although Seversky's book contains many interesting ideas worth discussing, it does not represent an actual theory of air warfare. With these limitations it may be permissible to call Seversky a successor to Douhet.

His practical significance, however, is to be found elsewhere. On the basis of his theories he stipulates that the United States should have a fleet of huge bombers which can reach any point of the globe within a radius of 8,000 kilometers. This would make it possible to carry out raids from Newfoundland as far as Poland, from New York as far as *Le Havre*, from Hawaii all over Japan, and from Algiers as far as the northern coast of Finland. This, according to his opinion, would make it possible to bring about a decision in the war by heavy raids on the industrial and military establishments of the enemy.

It is by no means impossible that his book may give a renewed impulse to those circles in the United States which have been emphasizing the superiority of the air force over the navy and army. Thus it is quite feasible that Seversky may influence the present air policy of the United States and even that of the whole Anglo-Saxon group of powers. It will be interesting to observe how Seversky's theories stand up against the practical application of new theories on air warfare which have undoubtedly been developed in the Axis countries during the five years to have elapsed since Seversky's last visit to Europe.—G. U.
A
ROUND the middle of November, when the Allies in Italy had reached the front indicated on our map with shaded lines, they stopped for a breather. Preparations for another offensive could be observed; and in a message to his troops General Montgomery, the Commander of the British Eighth Army, declared that the time had come to throw the Germans back to a line north of Rome.

On November 29 the Eighth Army launched its offensive with its right wing—consisting mainly of Indian and New Zealand formations—along the Adriatic. The attackers crossed the lower Sangro on a 30-kilometer front but progressed very slowly, not yet having advanced across the Foro River by January 15. During this time, the Eighth Army's left wing in the mountainous interior did not move at all.

General Clark's US Fifth Army began large-scale operations a week later, with the objective of gaining access to the Cassino plain running along the upper Garigliano and the Sacco Rivers almost to Rome. The focal points of the attack were on both sides of the Mignano/Cassino road. The American advance was so slow that for weeks and even months the same names appeared in the communiqués. As we go to press, Cassino is still in German hands, but its fall must be reckoned with in view of the vast numerical superiority of the Americans.

The advance of the US Fifth Army dwindled from 65 kilometers in September to 15 kilometers in December. Of the 18 kilometers which separate Cassino from Venafro, the Americans advanced about 10 kilometers within the 10 weeks up to the middle of January. Should Cassino be captured, a quicker advance may be expected, as fighting would then shift to a wide plain favoring the mass of equipment used by the Americans. The British Eighth Army, which had at first met only with weak German rearguards or no resistance at all, saw its progress retarded in October to 25 kilometers and in December to 15 kilometers. In view of the powerful resistance offered by the handful of German divisions in the mountainous terrain of southern Italy and the high losses being inflicted on the Allies there, Allied landings on the Italian coast further to the north were generally expected. Up to the middle of January, however, none had occurred.

At the end of 1943 there was a reshuffle in the Allied command. General Eisenhower, Commander in Chief in the Mediterranean, was put in charge of the planned invasion of western Europe. His place was taken by General Maitland Wilson. General Bernard Montgomery, who was placed in command of the British forces to invade Europe from the west, was succeeded in Italy by General Leese. General Harold Alexander was made Commander in Chief of the Allied forces in Italy.

In the Aegean Sea where, following upon Badoglio’s treason, the Allies had temporarily occupied a great many islands of strategic importance, they were unable to retain a single foothold. This reflects a certain weakness in the Mediterranean, probably due to the urgent Anglo-American need for warships in other theaters of war, including the Pacific. The German defense of Italy is also tying down a large number of supply ships and naval escorts, all the more so since both the American and British commanders prefer to play safe by amassing a huge superiority in troops and arms before attacking. With the capitulation on November 22 of the island of Samos, off the Turkish coast of Asia Minor, the entire Aegean was once again safely under German control.
received the following letter:

Dear Sir:

I am one of your faithful readers . . . (here come some complimentary remarks which I need not repeat). You recently published a story which has upset me greatly. Ever since I have felt confused and troubled. The story you told is not my own . . .

I heared a sigh of relief, for it happens sometimes that I receive indignant letters from readers to the following effect: "Sir, how is it that you are so well informed about my life? How did you know that my wife has deceived me with a naval officer?" On one occasion, a woman from some town or other in the north sent me four pages full of words underlined three times and decorated here and there with obscure little drawings, in which she said: "When will you stop persecuting me? Every one of your stories reveals an adventure in my past life and my most secret thoughts. Confess: you are a member of the Great Conspiracy! And it is my maid, my maid who tells you all those things!" Another time—but never mind about that. Without further apprehension I went on reading the letter from my correspondent:

The story you told is not my own, but is resembles it in one respect. Enough for my sleep to have been disturbed since then. I have never told anybody what happened to me, what I did. One can rely so little on friends! And I am not religious. Yet I have often felt a great longing to confess—a longing which is at bottom perhaps nothing but selfishness, for it is only the longing to be absolved. I thought this longing had vanished, but I see now that it has always been there. So I am writing to you.

Your story dealt with a widowed mother who wanted to remarried, and it was her little daughter who decided the choice of her husband. In the same way, not long after Papa died, Mama wanted to remarry too. I believe I was about seven at that time.

I have the feeling that my memory was born that day. All that happened in the seven years of my little life before that day, all that I may have seen or felt, I don't remember at all. Even the remembrance of what my father looked like is an artificial one, because there were photographs of him and I have often looked at them since then. But there is not a single clear memory of him personally. All that remains, and that's vague enough, is the memory of a moustache brushing against my cheek and smelling of English cigarettes. But the memory of that particular day—!

**Without** fear of making a mistake, I could describe to you the place where it happened: my mother's room. It was almond green and mouse gray. The doors were gray, the wallpaper green; there was a green chaise longue near the window against heavy curtains of gray velvet. On the dressing table, beside her ivory brushes, there
stood a little white elephant. From the ceiling hung a chandelier which resembled many-colored fireworks. And the room was pervaded by Mama’s perfume, a perfume which she concocted herself, a perfume which I cannot describe to you but which I can still smell at this very instant.

It was toward the end of a spring afternoon. I had just returned from the Luxembourg Gardens and had run straight to Mama. She kissed me absentmindedly—yes, after all these years I can still give you all these little details and many more—and stroked my forehead with her usual gesture, but this time she did not notice that I was still perspiring. When I turned to go, she said:

“No, stay here.”

But she did not go on. I remained standing in front of her. It was quite a while before she added, after shaking her head:

“My pet, would you mind having a new papa?”

(You see—almost the same words as the woman in your story. It seems that all mothers in such cases express themselves in the same way.)

Oh, I did not reflect for a moment! My first word was out almost before she had finished.

“No, no! I don’t want that! I don’t want that!”

She frowned: “But, my pet, listen—”

“No, no!”

She tried to hold me against her knees. I slipped out of her hands and fled to the furthest corner of the room, between the chaise longue and the window, like a dog that is afraid it is going to be beaten. Mama got up, more vexed. I think, than angry. And she said something to me which she would have said to a grownup:

“Well, if you think I am doing it for fun—!”

Of course, she was not saying it entirely to me, but I heard it, and I took it in. And my breath came easier, behind the chaise longue, just a tiny bit easier.

I looked at Mama. She had picked up her nail buffer from the dressing table and was nervously polishing her nails while she walked up and down. Her loose negligee swept the floor behind her, and the long steps she took opened it in front, revealing every now and then her long graceful legs up to above her stockings. Finally she came and sat down on the chaise longue behind which I had taken refuge. “Look here, Bobette.”

I clutched the edge of the chaise longue.

“I don’t want a new papa, I don’t want a new papa!”, I screamed. I really and truly screamed at the top of my shrill little voice. At that moment Grandma came into the room.

“What ever is the matter?” she asked.

“Oh!” replied Mama, with a smile as she got up. “I have been trying to talk to her. She won’t even listen!”

“Let me try,” said Grandma, waving her aside.

Grandma was like Mama, and yet they were not alike. Perhaps it was only the way they dressed. Grandma always wore dark dresses, purple or plum colored, voluminously cut, while Mama had the plumage of a bird of paradise—of a bird which was never the same two days running. How can I describe it? Even when she was in mourning, Mama never looked as if she were in black. The result of this difference between two women whose faces were so very much alike was that I did not hesitate to behave wilfully in the presence of one while I obeyed the other. Mama would have gone on talking, I would have interrupted her and stamped my foot; but I listened—albeit my brows drawn and my eyes hard—I listened to Grandma.

“Roberta, my darling,” she said to me, very deliberately, “you are a big girl now, one can talk to you as to a little woman. You are able to understand reasonable matters.”

Everything she went on to say to me was, indeed, very reasonable. She made it seem as clear as daylight that the household could not continue without a
man. And I have no doubt that this was true. As you so rightly said in your story: a woman remarries, not so much on account of herself as of her children, the servants, the tax collector. Mama, poor dear scatterbrain that she was (and her mother, in spite of her purple dresses, was almost as much of a scatterbrain), was hopelessly at sea when faced by the slightest complication. I had often seen her, sitting in front of some papers that had been sent her, muttering in despair while she thrust her hands into her hair (and for a woman to disarrange her hair she must be pretty upset, I can assure you). "I don’t understand a thing, I don’t understand a thing!" she would say. I had heard her say to the chauffeur, who remained altogether too impassive: "What? Another burned-out valve, Francis? But that’s three in a month!" Thus our fortune melted away. When there is no longer a husband to earn money, and when there are people who are "very well informed on business matters" to advise you to "invest your money safely and profitably"... If things went on like that, it would be necessary to retreat, to move house, to give up going to parties or going away for holidays, to be just one bird of paradise, always the same one. Grandma did not tell me all this quite like that; she just said:

"It is of you that your mother is thinking, Roberta dear. She wouldn’t like to have to take you away from your private school and send you to the ordinary school. And she wouldn’t like you not to have a beautiful little fur coat like the one you’re so fond of." But I understood, or rather in some obscure way I guessed it all.

Grandma turned to Mama:

"You see? You only have to appeal to her intelligence."

I had listened to the whole speech with my eyes fixed on Mama. I lowered them now and replied very softly: "No, I don’t want a new papa, I don’t!"

"You’re nothing but a little fool!" cried Mama. She threw down her nail buffer and left the room. Grandma shrugged her shoulders and followed her. Then I let myself slip down to the foot of the chaise longue and began to cry.

I knew quite well that it was not all over yet. They would wait a little while and then renew their attack. The very next day after that scene—that was Mama all over, always acting on impulses!—she dismissed the chauffeur and sold the car. The chauffeur got too large a compensation out of her, and the car was sold for a song.

"Well!" answered Mama impatiently when her mother grumbled. "What do you want me to do? You know very well that I know nothing about business matters!"

Grandma looked at me. I blushed.

Several days passed, each of which I remember as if it were last week: they were ghastly for me. Mama found every dish badly cooked; by a careless gesture she broke the little white elephant on her dressing table; she spoke to me without looking at me; she kissed me cursorily. A kiss with no heart in it is worse than no kiss at all.

I could not hold out for long. One evening I went up to her.

"Mama," I said softly, "who would it be?"

If I had ever had any illusions, they were dispelled at this instant. She was thinking of it so constantly that she did not even pretend not to understand. She answered right away:

"I’ve no idea! Someone who would love you, in any case, my pet."

That evening, the old kiss was back again.

SHE was telling the truth: she had made no choice yet. I realized this a little later when I noticed that no one in particular came to the house. I was so much on the lookout that a word, a
glance, a smile would have told me. You see, it was not so much a man she wanted as a husband. Now that she was sure of my consent she was in no hurry. She felt as calm as if everything were already settled. She was very pretty: she knew she would only have to choose. She bought a new car and engaged another chauffeur. And she imagined that this new fellow was not going to cheat her—as if she already had that husband whom she could have whenever she wanted.

As for me, I heaved a sigh of relief. The worst danger seemed to me to have passed. I had been so afraid that everything was already fixed and settled, that Mama already loved someone.

In your story, the mother says to her small daughter: “Which one do you prefer?” In my case, Mama did not even ask me to choose. It was I who—without telling her so—wished to make the choice for her. Yes, I wanted to choose someone for her whom she could never love, ever!

Perhaps it is not a very nice thing to admit, but this is the way I felt! I didn’t mind having someone around who would replace Papa. Yes, I pictured to myself a stranger entering our house, installing himself as the master, sitting at our table, carving the chicken, walking around the apartment in his shirt sleeves, and myself having to obey him—and I didn’t mind. The one thing that must not happen was that Mama should love him! That would be terrible, that would be unbearable. If that should ever happen, I would kill myself! Don’t laugh, I believe I really would have done it. I already knew where and how I would do it. But perhaps that could be prevented.

NOW that I look back, I am amazed at myself. How crafty a little girl of seven can be! How much cunning, in all its strength and subtlety, is already contained in so young a brain! Never since have I worked out such complicated calculations, laid more ingenious traps. Perhaps this was possible because one is less inclined to distrust children. One cannot imagine those pure lips capable of uttering such artful lies; one would never believe that the questions put by that frail little voice, and the answers it gives, could be traps or dagger thrusts. That mouth which only yesterday dribbled milk—how could one ever suspect that poison could run from it?

As soon as I saw a young, good-looking man visiting us or paying attention to Mama at friends—someone whom she might love later on even if she married him without loving him yet—I would immediately set about demolishing him. How? I had all sorts of ways. Sly little remarks—they make a greater impression coming from an innocent little soul: “out of the mouths of babes . . .”; little oddities to which I drew attention with assumed and cruel guilelessness; disclosures (sometimes invented) which I made without seeming to know it; and finally (without, of course, letting them suspect that the thought had ever entered my mind of his being a possible husband) I would show such disgust, so deep a revulsion for the individual in question—!

I got rid of two or three like that. And it was done so skilfully that I believe Mama didn’t even notice. But that was not enough. And it was too exhausting for such a little creature. I was in a constant state of feverish excitement. I couldn’t go on like that, there had to be an end. Since Mama was bent on marrying, I had to find a husband for her whom she would not be able to love.

I looked for him.

But he was already there. He was an old friend of Papa’s who, after my father’s death, had continued to come regularly to see us. Why hadn’t I thought of him at once? Well, it was because one simply did not notice him. He was effacement itself—a piece of furniture. We had got into the habit of not listening to what he was saying. There are some people like that to whom all one ever replies is: “Yes—of course—quite right!”; people with whom one would never think of starting a discussion. Moreover, he spoke without assurance, in a voice that was too soft. I know now that everything
he said was right and fine, but we didn’t even hear him.

Ugly? Yes, because his was the worst kind of ugliness, that lent by humility. If one looked closely one saw that he had beautiful eyes, the color of sable (a woman would understand me), and a tender mouth; but no one ever thought of looking at him. He had a château here, a villa there, and a splendid apartment in Paris. And yet one always pictured him being pushed around in a subway crowd or walking up the back stairs. The collar of his jacket always stuck out over the collar of his overcoat; it all came from the best tailor—and looked like a “ready-to-wear” outfit, a ready-to-wear which he wore badly at that. And he insisted on always carrying an untidily rolled umbrella over his arm. He looked incorrigibly shabby. He had a fine name: Alain de Sermizellies; but nobody paid attention to it—it was easier to say “Vermicelli,” sometimes even in his presence.

One day when he was there I suddenly became aware of him. And I had an inspiration. Of course, that was the man! I was absolutely sure that Mama would never fall in love with him. All that remained to be done was to make her marry him.

You may be surprised, but it was not so very difficult. Most of the trouble I had was with him: he did not dare to love Mama. Naturally, he was an ardent admirer of hers; but that a man like him should hope to become the husband of a woman like her, seemed crazy to him. He knew that this was one of those dreams which, if given way to, end in a slap in the face or, still worse, an insulting laugh. So he had never even dreamed. Consequently, at first my little ruses remained without effect.

Of course, I did not indicate to him that Mama loved him. Perhaps you think that I am exaggerating the psychology of a little girl? No: it was quite simple. I merely made him believe that Mama had been struck by something or other he had said to her, that she wanted his advice because he had such good taste, that she valued his esteem. And all this with the innocent little voice of a seven-year-old, while I called him “my good friend Vermicelli.” Little by little I made it appear as if, when he was not there, Mama spoke of hardly anyone but Mr. de Sermizellies, was concerned only with his opinion, had confidence in no one but him. Gradually the poor fellow began to think: “My goodness—that means she thinks highly of me, she realizes my true worth. In her eyes I am someone.”

In Mama’s case it was simpler. I said to her:

“Mama, Mr. de Sermizellies says that you are the most beautiful woman in the world. Are you?”

She laughed: “Nonsense, what does he know about it?”

But she wasn’t annoyed. Men are right when they say that women always feel flattered by admiration, no matter who it comes from.

From then on, I had only to continue in this vein. With an air of utmost innocence, I told my good friend Vermicelli the flowers Mama liked, the plays she wanted to see, the balls to which she would like to be invited. So he always arrived at the proper time with the right bouquet, with theater tickets he knew would please her, with the invitation she had hoped for. Such a gift for divining her wishes was bound in the end to affect her, wasn’t it? To my mother I would say:

“Mama, Mr. de Sermizellies (in front of her I never said ‘my good friend Vermicelli’). Mr. de Sermizellies says that at his château there are blue peacocks and white peacocks which walk about on the terraces. I wish I could see them!”

Or: “Mama, Mr. de Sermizellies tells me that if I went to see his villa at Cap Ferret he would show me trees like they have in Africa. Would he really?”

Mama would reply: “Well—yes—I suppose so—”
And she would be surprised and pensivė. Yes, of course, that little man who looked so shabby was really very rich. At last the day came when I risked saying the final word.

"Mama," I said with my nicest smile and my sweetest voice, "it's Mr. de Sermizellies, isn't it. who is going to be my new papa?"

She replied with a shrug of her shoulders: "Don't be silly!"

Just the same, not long afterwards she married him.

NOW I shall skip over the next few years. Immediately after the marriage I stopped bothering about Mr. de Sermizellies. My goal had been reached, the matter was finished. There was no call for me to exert myself any more. It was no longer "my good friend Vermicelli"; I no longer ran to kiss him as soon as I saw him; there were no more of those long talks between us. He no longer interested me at all. Why should he have?

I might even say that he embarrassed me a little. That incorrigible air of a salesman who has been turned away; that eternal look of a stray dog who has sneaked into the house and is waiting to be kicked out again. His provincial umbrella; the gaping collar of his overcoat; the baggy knees of his trousers which looked as if they suffered from arthritis; his hair which was always a little too long. To those of my friends who asked me: "Is that your father?" I would hastily reply:

"No, no, not at all. he's only my mother's second husband."

I did not like walking beside him. But I was not the only one. Mama had very soon said to him: "Of course, I won't drag you around to tea parties."

He had exclaimed that he would on no account deprive her of her social pleasures. Poor innocent! That wasn't it at all: she simply meant that she would go without him. They had separate cars, like one has separate bedrooms. Incidentally, they had separate bedrooms too. . . .

It was not long before I was treating him as I saw him being treated by Mama and by Grandma. We would answer, "Of course, my dear," and not bother in the least about what he had said. Mama would say: "Don't worry about that." And Grandma would say: "Leave her alone."

He looked like a secretary or overseer whom his employees had been kind enough to invite to dinner. He spoke less and less, and more and more softly. He had had a library installed in one of the rooms of the apartment (after having asked permission to do so), and he hardly ever came out of it. When Mama came into the house, she would not go in and disturb him.

As for me, the older I became the more did his presence begin to weigh on me. At first, I had only felt indifferent toward him. I had not even felt grateful to him for the service he had consciously rendered me. Now the sight of him made me uncomfortable. He got on my nerves. Why? Because now I was beginning to understand what I had done, and a suppressed remorse was rotting away inside me.

I had grown into a big girl and then into a young woman. I was no longer jealous of Mama. Is it possible for so profound, so acute an emotion to peter out and die? When I remembered how upset I had been when I was seven years old, I smiled at myself. Had I really loved Mama so exclusively, so despotically, so obstinately? Had I really been so revolted by the idea that she could love someone else beside me? Had I really thought I would rather die? I recalled the violence and sincerity of my feelings, and I could no longer understand them.

Then I began to realize that I had caused a man's unhappiness.

I had not been mistaken: he was indeed a husband whom there was no risk of Mama loving. She had felt no love whatever for him. He might have had
a life that was, perhaps not happy, but quiet and, in the long run, pleasant in its mediocrity. I had pulled him out of his obscurity, I had made him believe in a miracle. I had made him rise to incredible heights: and it was from those heights that he had fallen. It was I who had made him into this crushed creature, this humiliated man, this ridiculous husband. Perhaps this unhappy human being.

I felt increasing pity for him—but a pity devoid of kindness. I was angry with myself. Then I was angry with him for making me angry with myself.

I was eighteen, and I fell in love. He was a Hungarian called Sandor. Young girls are susceptible to things exotic. Who knows? Perhaps I would have found him less attractive if he had been French and his name had been Alexander. He had masterful gray eyes. "It is the color of the Danube and the color of the sword," he would say. And a look from those eyes used to make me melt, rapturously. I imagined the Danube, and I imagined the sword—Sandor beside the Danube, a sword beside Sandor.

One day my stepfather came into my room.

"Roberta dear, I must have a talk with you. It is my duty to warn you. I have been seeing you several times with a young man—that young man isn't—""

"Please—!" I interrupted him.

But he did not stop: "No, no, I must open your eyes. As soon as I saw that you might be attracted by this young foreigner, I made inquiries. My dear, don't let yourself be carried away by a feeling which cannot bring you happiness. He isn't at all the kind of man for you."

Anger began to get the better of me. I answered him rudely:

"I don't think that you are very competent in such matters."

I do not think he grasped my rudeness. He was entirely taken up with the desire to persuade, with the anxiety to save me.

"At any rate there are things I have found out," he continued, "and which I must tell you in plain words, for I see that the matter has already reached such a stage that only plain words can help you. He is a fellow of shady origin, a gambler, and at present he is living off an old woman. What would become of you in such hands?"

I went white. "Has Mama asked you to tell me this?"

He dared to shrug his shoulders. "No. Your mother—your mother! Can one ever talk with her? When I tried to speak with her about this Sandor she told me: 'Oh, I know him. He dances very well.' No! It is I who will not let you commit this madness."

By now I was beside myself with rage. I shouted at him:

"You? You? And with what right?"

He answered me with a violence of which I would never have believed him capable:

"With the right which you gave me! If I am here, it is you who wanted it so. If I have become your father, it is you who chose me. Your mother confessed to me one day—a day on which I annoyed her, I expect—that, if she agreed to marry me, it was only for your sake, because you had kept on talking about me, because you had been fond of me, because you had wanted me so much as a father. And indeed, I only have to think back: 'your good friend Vermicelli'—you used to come and take me by the hand."

He had trespassed upon my love: I was a raging fury. I burst out laughing in his face.

"Yes, I chose you! I picked you out! But do you know why? Because Mama wanted to marry again and I was jealous! Because I did not want her to love the man she was going to marry! And I picked you, you, because with you—ha, ha, ha!—there was really no danger at all!"

He gasped, and staggered back as if I had struck him.
"Oh!" he muttered, "not even that, I didn’t even have that."

Now I felt ashamed. But it was too late. He passed his hand across his forehead, which must have been covered with cold sweat.

"All right," he said, "all right, I apologize."

He turned his back on me and left the room. As he went through the door, he bumped against it a little.

I married Sandor. Three months later I regretted it—bitterly. I had to ask my family to take me back. In my stepfather’s eyes I did not read: "You see! I told you so."

And why? Because he has got into the habit of not looking at me, just as for a long time he has given up looking at Mama. He shuts himself up more and more in his library. He looks more and more like a poor secretary who is allowed to sit at his employer’s table out of charity. When a new servant is engaged, and Mama or Grandma says to him: "You must see the master about that," the servant looks around in surprise, as if to say, "But who is the master?"

Now I have grown fond of him, but I don’t dare show it: he would not believe me. We live side by side. He is unhappy. I am unhappy; and not even our suffering can bring us together.

In a recent article printed in the New York Herald Tribune, John Steinbeck, the author of The Grapes of Wrath who was then in England, introduced Lilli Marlen to America under the above heading. Who is she? "She" is a song which was written and composed in Germany in 1938 by Norbert Schultze and Hans Leit. When they tried to have it printed, it was refused by more than a score of publishers. Finally a young Swedish cabaret singer, Lale Anderson, included it in her repertoire. She made a record of "Lilli Marlen," but nobody seemed to like it.

One day the radio station in Belgrade, then under German management, happened to use the record because there weren’t enough other ones. Suddenly hundreds of letters flooded the station, particularly from German soldiers in Africa, demanding a repetition of this song. Other German transmitters took up the song, and Miss Anderson became very popular with the German soldiers, many of whom carried her photograph with them. In Africa, German prisoners of war introduced the song and Miss Anderson’s photo to the British Eighth Army. The Australians soon made their own words to fit the tune. Next Lilli appeared in the British First Army in Tunisia. From them, American soldiers took it over and jazzed it up. The Office of War Information in Washington was quite worried over this German intrusion; finally, when it found itself unable to fight against the melody, it provided it with a new, anti-German text.
BOOK REVIEW

American Imperialism in China, by T'ang Leang-li. (Shanghai, 1943, China United Press, 208 pp.)

The purpose of this book by Ambassador T'ang Leang-li President of the Research Institute for International Affairs, is to give a completely new interpretation of America's foreign policy with regard to China. While up to now literature dealing with the topic of Sino-American relations has claimed an inherently friendly attitude of the United States toward China, the author of American Imperialism in China arrives at the opposite conclusion. After tracing America's policy since the beginning of the nineteenth century, he contends that the USA is China's natural enemy and unnatural friend. He writes:

"A study of the Sino-American treaty record shows that America, with a diabolical cunning compared with which British diplomacy is truly angelical and infantlike, seldom figures directly, never appears as the party taking the initiative in extracting privileges from China, but will always insist that she gets an equal share, and often more of the spoils. 'She wept,' said Frederick the Great of Maria Theresa of Austria when Poland was suffering its first Partition, 'but the more she wept the more she took.' No country has been more ready to weep the same crocodile tears during the years of China's agony than America.'

The author believes that 'all of America's most advertised and, to outward appearances, most disinterested acts of friendship have turned out, on closer examination, to be Trojan horses, diabolically clever diplomatic swindles, America taking with her left hand many times more than what she offered with her right hand... . It has been this ability to cover up the most aggressive designs, under a mask of friendship, that made America the most dangerous of China's foes.'

In particular, the author discusses the role of Americans as promoters of conflicts between China and Japan, describing among other examples the role of the American Consul in Amoy and the American Minister in Tokyo during the Formosa affair of 1874. On the basis of documents published by the US Department of State, Ambassador T'ang Leang-li also reinterprets the events which followed the holdup of an express train at Lin-chiang in 1923. One long chapter is devoted to the little-known transactions on the part of Herbert Hoover (later American President) in connection with the Kaping mines in 1900 and 1901.

The book is intended as the first of a new series of "Tribune" monographs, published by the People's Tribune.

Early Japanese Settlers in the Philippines, by Sei-ichi Iwao. (Tokyo, 1943, The Foreign Affairs Association of Japan. 78 pp. Yen 1.00)

Dr. Sei-ichi Iwao, Professor at the Taihoku Imperial University in Formosa, has supplied an interesting study of a little-known subject that has gained in topicality as the result of recent political developments. Tracing Japanese mercantile activities in Philippine ports as far back as 1567, i.e., to pre-Spanish days, he quotes widely from Japanese and Spanish documents of the next two hundred years. Among many other interesting and astonishing items, the book also contains the facsimile of the title page of a Japanese-Spanish dictionary published in Manila as long ago as 1630.

Chinesisches Tier-Allerlei (Chinese Animal Lore), by Fritz Secker. (Peking, 1943, Hartung's Verlag. 44 pp., 11 brush drawings)

Written principally for young people, this attractive little volume with its charming Chinese brush-and-ink illustrations introduces us to animals mythical and real, to dragon, phoenix, and fox, to rabbit, rat, and cat. There are anecdotes, legends, and fairy tales which endow each animal with a definite human personality, sometimes similar and sometimes quite dissimilar to the personality taken on by their Western counterparts. The last chapter of the book tells us about the Chinese animal calendar and the animal names for the various hours of the day and suggests an amusing game for children.—V.

Wolken und Kristalle (Clouds and Crystals), by Elgar von Randoe. (Shanghai, 1943, Max Nessler & Co. 46 pp.)

The author has followed up his Götter und Menschen, which we reviewed in our issue of June 1943, with a second volume of poems. Outwardly, the two volumes look very alike; but as soon as one opens them, one notices the change which the author has undergone in the nine months since the publication of his first book of poems. Even the appearance of the printed pages shows this change: the sonnets which predominated in the first volume have been replaced by the more severe octave rhymes. And this change becomes even more clear when one studies the contents of the poems. While in the first collection they were the emotional lyrical expression of personal feelings and experiences, the new collection is characterized by the philosophical nature of many of its poems. These poems, too, are subjective; they, too, strongly express the personality of the author. But they are more mature and since they do not speak so much of the author's feelings as of his philosophical ideas, they are likely to appeal to a wider circle than his earlier poems. The titles (On Life, On Death, On Longing, On Truth, On Love, On Faith, etc.) are enough to show that the poems deal with themes which concern everyone. As an example we quote the first of the three stanzas "On Death":

Weil wir nicht wissen, was zu leben heisst, Ich keine Furcht vor dem Geborenwerden, Doch der Gedanke, dass sie wieder reiset, Die Kette dieses Augenblicks auf Erden, Dass alles Leben nur zum Tode weist, Wie gross und nichtig, wir uns auch gebierten, Tropt wie ein Gift, vor dem es kein Entrimmen, Der Todessangst in jegliches Beginnen.
SOCIALISM FROM ABOVE

By KLAUS MEHNERT

The terse communiqués of the German High Command have informed us of Allied air raids on scores of European cities in northern France and Belgium, in Holland and the Rhineland, on the coast of the North Sea and in central and southern Germany, in Finland, Italy, Greece, Bulgaria, and Rumania. And since the beginning of the large-scale terror raids in March 1942, millions of people have had to abandon their homes in these cities, many of them having lost much or all of their possessions.

We recently came across a letter-to-the-editor in a newspaper of a neutral country. The writer, himself a neutral, gave an entirely unembellished account of what a bombing attack on a European city looks like today, and how, for example, the contents of a phosphorus canister weighing a hundred kilos stream like burning lava down the stairs of the house that has been hit, setting fire to everything in its path. The writer then criticized an air-raid drill he had watched on the previous day in his own country. He explained that much effort had been exerted on instructions how to combat bombs of the type used way back in 1940, a type which every six-year-old girl in Germany could now deal with alone.

Before the war, when morning came, one lay in the cozy warmth of one's bed and thought of the worries and tasks that the day would bring—the children of school, the father of his job, the mother of her housework—or of the joys to be looked forward to: a walk in the park, a book from the library, a visit to the theater in the evening.

Today, when dawn breaks over Berlin, Turin, or Sofia, the people welcome it as a harbinger of life after a night of death, destruction, and supreme exertion. They rub their eyes which are red from sleepless, smoke, and phosphorus fumes; they dig themselves out of the ruins of their homes; they carry the few possessions they have rescued into the less damaged house of a neighbor, and go back to work.

What they think of when they walk through the streets of ruins where the police have already hung up notices (red cross—"danger, do not enter"; black cross—"no danger"; green disk—"has been searched for victims," etc.) can be seen from the advertisements in the newspapers appearing in districts around bombed cities. Under a special new heading "Information Wanted" there are long columns of advertisements of the following nature:

MARGOT, HILDEGARD, AND INGEBOURG, WE ARE LOOKING FOR YOU. WE ARE AT ERNA'S IN MOELLN.

WHERE IS MY HUSBAND MAX BERGER?

WHO LAST SAW MY FIVE-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER, RIGHT LEG IN A SPLINT?

WHO CAN GIVE INFORMATION REGARDING MRS. MAGDA KRAMER, 65, PROBABLY REMOVED IN AN INJURED CONDITION FROM HAMBURG ON JULY 28?

Suddenly one's attention is caught by a bit of house wall left standing on which a message has hastily been scribbled with a piece of chalk. And now the world appears transformed, for one knows that the person being sought is still alive.
All that the bombing victims have left is what they carry with them—in a suitcase, in their heads, in their hearts. The photographs of the wedding or of an excursion into the country in the album which they sometimes used to pore over or show to visitors, have been lost in the flight from the fire. The books chosen and bought with such care throughout the years are burned. Perhaps they had thought: I'll take the Schiller along whatever happens. And then, after all, they did not, because everything occurred so quickly and there were more important things to be done—turning off the gas or carrying the children downstairs.

The portrait of the grandparents; the piece of jewelry given as a wedding present; the carved chest; the lovely china bought with the savings of a whole year; the couple of suits and the winter overcoat; the family Bible; the letters from the husband at the front—everything is burned and gone.

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If we out here try to imagine the Europe of today, every European among us first visualizes his own home. This Frenchman thinks of his little town in the rich plains of Normandy, and this German of the neat two-storied brick house with its window boxes and white curtains in which his parents lived when he last saw them. This Greek's thoughts speed from Shanghai's winter to the sunny harbor town where his sweetheart is waiting for him, and those of this Finn to his blonde wife and his children in the red wooden house in the deep forests of his native land. What shall I find when I go home one day? All ask the same anxious question.

But above and beyond this personal issue is the question being asked by all politically-minded people: what will be the consequences of the air raids on Germany?

German sources have repeatedly declared that, as a result of the decentralization of industry which set in long before the war and was considerably speeded up during the last few years, the destruction of war-essential plants has remained far behind Allied expectations. If even the Soviets were able to remove their industries to such an extent that, in spite of the vast territories occupied by the Germans in 1941-42, they could continue the war with immense armaments, then the Germans were all the more capable of doing so. Hence in this article we shall deal not with the material consequences of the terror raids but with their spiritual and moral effects.

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One way to explain the fact that, after a hundred nights of air raids, the German will to fight has remained unbroken is by realizing that a complete revaluation of all values has taken place in Germany during these last two years.

How bombing victims communicate: a house corner left standing in a bombed district bears the following messages—"Daniels to be reached Kleenburch," "Auer, Pilgrim, and Gotowald all alive," "Georg come to Richard Wagner Street." The white square is a strip of phosphorescent paint applied to prevent people from bumping into house corners during blackouts.
tions of these nights had no true value but only an imaginary one.

The true value of the carved chest was not the price it had cost but the fact that it was a gift from one’s parents at the christening of their first grandson; and the true value of the china dinner service was not in the amount paid for it but in all the sacrifices, big and small, made for so long to be able to buy it. One’s parents’ love, the little sacrifices made by husband and wife, did not alter when the chest burned to cinders and the china broke into a thousand fragments.

It is true that, when one would like to turn to Schiller for advice and inspiration, one can no longer simply pick up the volume of his poems; but one only has to close one’s eyes and to search a little in one’s memory, and the verses will come back to one. And does one really need a photograph to recall one’s wedding day? Did it not mean so much more than any photograph could ever have expressed?

Like a man who suddenly loses his sight, the bombing victim begins to build up a spiritual kingdom that is all the richer for his loss. Material possessions, without which existence could formerly not be imagined, have been reduced to their true value. Even one’s idea of happiness has undergone a revaluation. To be with one’s dear ones, to be healthy, indeed, just to be alive—these are blessings of undreamed-of worth; they become precious possessions, every hour of which is consciously and gratefully enjoyed instead of being taken for granted. In the coming night they may be lost, just as so many around one have lost them: people whose limbs have been crushed, whose mothers have been burned to death, or whose children are scattered.

In an article published in our last issue, a young officer spoke about his “Thoughts at Night,” and the quintessence of these thoughts is “return to simplicity”:

To be simple, when we get home, in everything: to have simple pleasures and simple happiness again; to take pleasure in flowers, trees, children. How we shall enjoy seeing the birches again in our home village!

Thus war is to us not a destroyer but a transformer. Now that we are so close to death we have really begun to understand life.

And this is what a woman writes from one of the bombed cities of the Rhineland:

We are no longer able to grasp many things which seem so important to others. All we desire is simple songs and quiet, plain words. We would like to live quite simply and sincerely, without folly and pretense. What we have gained is the urge for genuineness, now that suffering has bared our innermost selves; comradeship, warm, sympathetic kindness, charitable care without hypocrisy; the strong, uniting knowledge of a common danger. Soldiers may understand us. When they return to us from the battlefield, we understand each other without words.

At the front and at home they speak the same language.

One of the greatest disasters experienced by the German nation in modern times was the inflation in the years after Versailles which took all that a great part of the population had possessed in savings, war loans, and bonds. Yet in one way even this catastrophe had its positive side: by bringing about a process of material leveling on a grand scale, at the end of which a large part of the middle class and the working class, the university professor and the craftsman, possessed only that which they had in the way of objects at home or of knowledge and skill in brain and hand, it destroyed many barriers between the classes as far as they had been built up on differences in property. This in turn contributed toward the creation of that community spirit in all strata of the population which ten years later found expression in the victory of National Socialism in Germany.

Compared to the leveling left behind by the steam roller of the air raids, even the inflation pales. In those city blocks over which it has rolled, almost all differences of property have disappeared. What has been rescued from it is not what one possessed but only what one is and what one bears within oneself as the heritage of his nation.

The inflation spared the clever banker, the incendiary bomb does not. His house may burn a little longer than that of one of the bank’s charwomen—that is the only difference.
Not long ago a letter came into our hands which a young German artist had written to his mother before he fell at Demyansk in January 1943. We knew him. He had a sensitive artist's nature, entirely devoted to beauty, and it had been difficult to imagine him in the grim business of war and in the primitive quarters of the Russian winter. But not a word of privation or suffering is there in his letter. It radiates the strength and satisfaction he found in the comradeship with the men of his company, and it is permeated with the conviction that, in spite of all hardship, war awakens the best in man and removes all that is non-essential.

Similar words have been written in former wars. What is unique in the present war in Europe is that this time the home front is passing through the same process of mobilization of all spiritual forces through suffering and death which was formerly known only to the battle fronts. With an acuteness unknown for centuries, the problem of the community is facing the people of Europe in all its immensity. Those who have learned to stand shoulder to shoulder when putting out incendiary bombs or carrying neighbors out of burning houses or finding shelter for weeks or months on end with total strangers, know today how much they depend on each other. In the community they have discovered a strength of whose existence they had never even dreamed, the strength of socialism in the best sense of the word.

No one can read letters or reports from the bombed areas of Germany without admiration for the extent of the organization and discipline with which people and government take precautions against air raids and attempt to reduce their damage to a minimum. We are not referring to the defense by night fliers, antiaircraft batteries, and other more modern weapons which are causing mounting losses to the Anglo-Americans, but to civilian measures which have been carried out since the Allied plan of terror raids became apparent. Long before the first bomb fell, a large proportion of the women and children had been evacuated to less exposed places. There are probably few communities left in Europe which have not taken in people from the threatened areas. Indeed, precautionary measures have been carried to such lengths that even the banks in those cities anticipating air raids have introduced a "double entry" system of bookkeeping and regularly send copies of their customers' accounts to branches in safe areas. Field kitchens, food, doctors, bandages, clothing, even soap and towels, are kept in readiness in sufficient quantities for the air-raid victims. The German State Railway has organized special trains which hasten to the stricken towns with experienced helpers and the necessary materials. These towns are immediately provided with special rations of food, cigarettes, and clothing, so that the damage suffered by them is borne by the whole nation. Just as the soldier at the front knows that everything humanly possible is being done to feed him and to aid him should he be wounded, so does the civilian in the threatened areas.

Here again the difference between the battle front and the home front is being wiped out.

Soldiers at the front have always known that the outcome depends on every single one of them. In total war, when bombs are raining, every civilian knows this too. This knowledge makes him aware of the important role he is playing and gives him the historical perspective revealed by that same woman from the Rhineland:

In the evenings, when the setting sun sends its crimson rays onto the ruins of our cruelly thinned-out cities, a gigantic vision arises before us: where broken-off chimneys now lie across torn roofs, our descendants will live one day in new settlements, and many will come to make pilgrimages to the broken-off Gothic spires and bow their heads before the graves of those who were killed, recognizing that an Occidental baptism, a part of creative, culture-bearing Europe, was defended here against the most violent assault in history.

In 1918 the German morale collapsed in two places—in the large cities and in the Battle Fleet, which had been practically idle since the Battle of Jutland (1916)—at a time when the morale of the
men at the front and of the U-boat flotillas, who faced death every day, was unaffected. Churchill and Roosevelt should have remembered this when by means of their terror raids they turned all of Germany into a battle front with a front morale. The British have claimed that the German retaliation raids on England in 1940 strengthened English morale. What makes them think that, by throwing ten or twenty times more bombs on chiefly civilian German targets, the result on German morale will be any different!

What impresses one most when one reads letters written by people from bombed areas in Germany to relatives in East Asia is the calm, matter-of-fact way in which they bear suffering, even the death of their nearest and dearest. Just as a man going to the front calmly joins the ranks of his battle-scarred division, so his wife quietly joins the ranks of mourning German women when he falls or when a bomb kills her child.

Although the grief of the individual is not diminished in the absolute sense, it is diminished relatively when it is shared with hundreds of thousands of others. The private world recedes before that of the nation. Is there not a difference even in peace time between a mother losing her child alone as a result of a street accident and losing it in common with many others as the result of an earthquake disaster? And yet an earthquake is a natural phenomenon which man is powerless to prevent. All he can do is curse it. It is a different matter in the case of air-raid victims. Everyone knows who is responsible for these. The people as a whole are not powerless against them. They know that there is a way of hitting back: to grit one's teeth, work, fight, and endure till final victory.

Since the beginning of the terror raids, a new weapon has been added to those with which the German nation is now fighting: poverty. Hitherto, poverty was unknown in the arsenal of the powers. How great a role it is able to play is beginning to become apparent. To see this we need only compare the American soldier with the German.

The American soldier in Europe remembers the easy life he was accustomed to at home. At the back of his mind is the gnawing feeling that he is fighting thousands of miles from home against people who have never done him or his country any harm, that he has to suffer hardship, risk being wounded or even killed while at home big business is raking in huge profits.

When the German soldier standing in the wintry night of Russia or on the Channel coast thinks of home, his thoughts do not turn to automobile, baseball, or movie, but to the ruins of his home town. He knows that this home town of his will remain in ruins even after the war and that the nightmare of Bolshevism is in store for it if he does not contribute his utmost toward the achievement of victory. Every single person in Germany must feel it: the sacrifices already made are so immense that they are worth every additional effort.

"It is the air-raid victims from western Germany and Berlin," states a report on Vienna published on November 14 in a Swiss paper, "who in their bottomless hatred are preaching revenge on the British, who have taken their all."

In former days, agitators used to tell the working classes that they had nothing to lose but their chains. Today, without any agitators, everyone in Germany feels:

We have nothing to lose but our poverty and the poverty of our children and children's children.

* * *

Violent hatred for the enemies and a burning desire for revenge are accumulating in the hearts of the millions who have experienced terror raids on the European continent. Yet hatred or political considerations alone would not suffice to make them carry on as they do. In the hours—and years—of trial such as these, emotions and irrationalities which it is difficult to clothe in words become active and perhaps decisive. There is that complex term "duty" which, partic-
ularly since the days of Frederick the Great and Immanuel Kant, has become a sacred principle for every German. There is love, enabling the people to do the seemingly impossible—love for their family, their home, their Germany, with its forests and factories, its fields and songs. And there is belief—the belief that, after a thousand years of groping and searching, the nation as a whole has finally reached the high road which leads to the consummation of its historic mission and to a better world, and the belief that sinister forces are trying to deprive it at the last moment of reaching its goal.

All these hidden factors and the determination not to let down the men at the front are mobilized as driving forces in the hearts of the men, women, and children who carry on in the hail of bombs.

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The enemy himself is the best witness to the fact that the people of Germany have not become softer through the trials of the last few years but harder. Not even American or British propaganda can quote convincing proofs to the effect that the bombings have affected the morale of the German nation. In big headlines they report every German town destroyed by Anglo-American planes; but they are unable to report examples of a broken German will to fight.

One can judge how unbroken Germany's vitality still is by the recently published fact that in the first nine months of 1943 there were 42,000 more births in Germany than during the same period of the year before, and that after every raid the number of people willing to adopt orphans by far exceeds that of children orphaned by the raid.

Even so anti-German a newspaper as the Stockholm Dagens Nyheter published on November 26, 1943, the following opinion of its Berlin correspondent:

Berlin has had a very bad time. But—and I say this as my personal impression without being influenced in any way by propaganda—the behavior of the population of Berlin in these difficult days was unique, yes, more courageous, determined, and unyielding than one could ever have imagined.

The people of Berlin have shown themselves to be of iron stock. I have seen countless bombing victims walking composedly through the streets of Berlin with their bundles; but I have not seen a single man or woman in Berlin who gave expression to anxiety, let alone despair.

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That the old Europe will never return after victory is a fact of which the people of Europe are much more aware than we are out here. Not only will it take years for the wounds inflicted upon the soil of Europe by the war to heal, and even more years for the grief over all the flowering life swept away by the war to fade; life itself will be different. "The change taking place in us is gigantic," writes someone from a bombed town. "Little things become great: the sight of a child, a kind word, an honest emotion. In this purification we are giving up our old, beloved, and familiar world."

In another article appearing in this issue we have tried to form a picture of what the cities of Europe will look like after the war. We cannot do the same with regard to the people. To do that we would have to have lived and fought side by side with them.

But there is one thing we can boldly predict: the supreme experience of this war for battle front and home front alike is that of comradeship and community spirit. The quintessence of National-Socialism: "The common good before private advantage," which was at first a challenge, will be a matter of course by the end of this war. Indeed, after the war this principle will be valid not only on the scale of village, factory, or the German nation, but on a European scale.

In this way, the result of the terror raids will be quite different from what their originators expected. They went to war and let loose terror from the air to destroy the National-Socialist ideology. Instead of this, their war is contributing toward the final consummation of the National-Socialist Revolution of 1933.

The terror raids are in the literal sense of the words a "revolution from above."
BLUEPRINTS FOR THE WORLD

Among the many differences between the Axis and the Allies there is also this one: while the Axis nations are concentrating on the grim business of fighting and winning the war, the Allies are spending an amazing amount of their time in discussing the postwar world.

In the following pages we have analyzed the Allied plans for the future world and all other indications as to what the Allies would like to do in the event of their victory. Is it not a waste of time, one might ask us, to study blueprints which are doomed for ever to remain nothing but just paper? We believe it is not; for, as our readers will find, many interesting conclusions regarding the Allied mentality and conditions in the Allied camp can be drawn from such a study.

Some of the most important documents referring to postwar plans are contained in this issue's Appendix. — K.M.

OFF THE COAST OF MAINE

The time was August 10, 1941, a warm, sunny day; the place a land-locked bay somewhere on the coast of Maine. Surrounded by battleships, cruisers, and destroyers flying the Stars and Stripes or the Union Jack, the Prince of Wales rode at anchor. On her quarter-deck, sailors formed a square with a small space at the stern cleared for a few men in civilian clothes and a number of military and naval chiefs. The center of this little group was occupied by Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of His Britannic Majesty, and Franklin Delano Roosevelt, President of the United States of America. Cameramen and sound operators were busy taking shots, while the whole assembly sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers!"

A few days later, R. C. Attlee, the British Deputy Prime Minister, explained to the world what this meeting had been about. He announced a "joint Anglo-American declaration setting out the objectives for which the Allies are fighting and indicating the fundamental principles on which plans for a permanent world peace in the future must be based." This declaration, christened the "Atlantic Charter," was the first official answer to the public clamor in Britain and the USA for a clear-cut specification of the Allied war aims.

Why had this declaration suddenly been made, almost two years after the outbreak of the war? The answer was obvious, even without Churchill's long explanatory speech of August 25 (see Appendix). Isolated after having lost all her battles in Europe, Britain saw her only hope of survival in full American participation in the war. President Roosevelt was quite willing to take this step, but public opinion in the USA was not yet ripe. By committing his nation to ostensibly lofty peace aims in a joint Anglo-American declaration, Roosevelt made it a virtual belligerent. The newspaper boys in Buenos Aires had the right idea: when they sold the issue containing the text of the Atlantic Charter they shouted, "United States enters the war!" The Soviets, too, were at that time losing one battle after another and had to be encouraged to keep on fighting by the hope of an early American entry into the war. The inhabitants of the German-occupied zones, having once been let down by the British, had to be given new promises in order to enlist their services behind the German front lines either for passive resistance or for active sabotage and espionage. The badly shaken faith of the neutrals in Allied strength also needed an injection of some sort to restore it. And Japan was to be frightened into submission by the threat of joint Anglo-American action. All this was to be accomplished by the Atlantic Charter.
"A LITTLE MORE SUGAR"

The Atlantic Charter has been discussed in a previous issue of this magazine (November, 1941, pp. 158-160). Here we give only a brief summary of its Eight Points:

1. Britain and the USA desire no territorial or other aggrandizement.
2. Territorial changes will take place only in accordance with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned.
3. All peoples will be entitled to choose their own form of government.
4. Access on equal terms to trade and raw materials of the world to all states.
5. Collaboration of all nations in the economic field.
6. Peace and security to all nations within their own boundaries after the destruction of National-Socialism.
7. Freedom of the high seas.
8. Disarmament of all nations considered aggressors or potential aggressors.

To prevent parallels being drawn to the Fourteen Points of President Wilson, it was emphasized that the Charter was not a rewrite of these Fourteen Points. Life, in its issue of August 25, 1941, claimed that the latter "represented only a statement of Wilson’s own aims and committed no one but himself. The Eight Points comprise an agreement between the heads of two honorable nations and as such are binding."

Nevertheless, there was plenty of criticism, especially in the USA. Paul W. Shafer, Congress member from Michigan, called it "the same old sales talk with a little more sugar on this time." Senator Robert R. Reynolds, Democrat from North Carolina, asked: "Why don’t Britain and the United States start imposing the four freedoms in India and Russia right away?" And the one-time Republican presidential candidate Alfred M. Landon said:

An effort is being made to deceive the American public as to the real purpose of the conference. The fact that military and naval chiefs were there instead of the British Foreign Secretary and the US Secretary of State indicates that it was war and not peace that was being discussed.

WITHOUT STALIN

Looking back on what has taken place since its proclamation, two facts about the Atlantic Charter stand out as particularly interesting: (a) the promises included in Points 1, 2, 3, and 6, which can be summarized under the motto of "self-determination of nations"; and (b) the absence of the USSR’s signature to the document. These two facts are closely interrelated.

When Roosevelt and Churchill met in August 1941, the Red troops were being swept before the German Army and there were no signs of their comeback. It is quite safe to assume that the two statesmen had written off the Soviet Union as a great power. Indeed, they had it all figured out: Germany knocks out the USSR and becomes so weak in the process that she in turn is knocked out and disarmed by Britain and America. Then the map of Europe is drawn in such a way that its many "self-determining nations" will be kept busy by petty rivalries and alliances, thus forming a balance of power within the Continent which will give Britain and the USA the deciding voice in all European affairs.

But events moved differently.

Nothing has influenced the Anglo-American attitude toward the postwar world as much as the fact that the USSR failed to collapse, that, on the contrary, the USSR has continued to carry by far the heaviest and most important burden of the war against Germany, and that therefore the Allies have had to pay increasing attention to Stalin’s ideas about the postwar world. These ideas were radically opposed to the letter and the spirit of the Atlantic Charter, in spite of the fact that the Soviet Union subscribed to the Charter when signing the Anti-Axis Declaration of January 1, 1942 (see Appendix).

THE POLISH QUESTION

However, the wishful thinkers of Washington and London did not seem to be aware of this discrepancy until events made it clear. It appeared for the first time in all its clarity in Eastern Europe. According to the Anglo-American Atlantic Charter, the Finns, Estonians, Latvians, Lithuanians, Poles, Ukrainians, and Ru-
manians were, in the case of an Allied victory, to be allowed to shape their own future. In Moscow's opinion, however, this is out of the question.

It is true that, at the time of its greatest weakness, on July 30, 1941, the Kremlin concluded a treaty with the Polish Exile Government (see our issue of October 1941, pp. 76-77), Point 1 of which unequivocally states: "The territorial changes in Poland as a result of the Soviet-German treaties of 1939 are void," in other words, that the Soviet Union lays no claim to the territories occupied by it in the autumn of 1939 as a result of Poland's defeat by Germany. But today, aware of its influence in the Allied camp, Moscow no longer wishes to be reminded of this treaty. When Moscow realized that the Soviet regime would survive the winter of 1941/42 and would be able to make use of its gigantic reserves in the new year, it changed its tone. On June 12, 1942, the Swedish paper Dagens Nyheter published an article which at that time aroused little interest but which has gained in importance in the light of the developments of the last few months. It had come to the knowledge of the paper from London that, during Sir Anthony Eden's visit to Moscow in December 1941, Stalin had already submitted to him a demand for the western border of 1939, i.e., including half Poland.

Apparently, Eden opposed this demand at that time. After all, England had, on August 25, 1939, guaranteed the Polish state assistance against aggression for a period of five years, a guarantee actually valid until August 24, 1944. But the longer the war lasted, the heavier the burdens imposed on Stalin became; and the longer the British put off the adventure of a second front, the more ground was gained by the idea of appeasing Stalin in a way which hurt England least, i.e., by fulfilling his Polish desires. The fact that England finally did sell out the Poles to Stalin may be deduced from the manner in which she dropped the Poles during the last few months. We cannot say with certainty when this sellout occurred; probably at the Moscow Conference of the three Foreign Ministers, or at the very latest in Teheran.

**DOWN TO BRASS TACKS**

There can be no doubt that the Allies would have preferred to keep their betrayal of the Poles and the Atlantic Charter a secret as long as possible. It is to be supposed that they themselves would not have brought up this ticklish subject. But with the Red Army approaching the old Polish border day by day, the problem of the Soviet frontier became increasingly acute for the Poles. Finally, the Polish Exile Government could wait no longer and issued a statement on January 5, 1944, in which it once again emphasized the integrity of

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**Map: The Frontiers of Poland**

From 1795 to 1914, when no Polish state existed, almost all Polish territory was under the rule of the Tsars, with only small portions incorporated in Austria-Hungary and Germany. When Poland was restored after the Great War, the Treaty of Versailles fixed her western frontiers at the expense of Germany, while her eastern frontiers remained undecided for some time. On December 8, 1919 the Supreme Council of the Peace Conference in Paris suggested the "Curzon Line" as the border between Poland and the USSR. (Marguer Curzon of Kedleston was British Foreign Secretary from 1919 to 1921.) This line was rejected by the Poles. After the Polish-Soviet War (April 25 to October 12, 1920) the two countries established their frontiers in the Treaty of Riga on March 18, 1921. In the meantime, the Poles had captured the region of Vilna from Lithuania on October 9, 1920.

After the collapse of Poland in her war against Germany and the USSR reached an agreement on the partition of Poland on September 29, 1939. This line, also shown in our map, remained in force up to June 22, 1941.
the old Polish border as it had been promised. Three days later, vanguards of General Vatutin's army crossed this frontier. This fact was treated as sensational news in the Anglo-American press. In the communiqués of the Soviet Army, however, it was not even mentioned. The Soviets acted as if there were no such border.

On January 11, 1944, Tass published a statement of the Soviet Government which, in addition to sharp attacks on the Polish Exile Government, contains a demand for the Curzon Line as the western border of the Soviet Union. This line more or less follows the German-Soviet line of demarcation of 1939 and is emphatically rejected by the Poles, reducing prewar Poland as it does to half her size.

Stalin's patience was obviously at an end. He no longer felt like beating about the bush and acquiescing to the British desire for secrecy about a right that had been granted him. He made an abrupt, unequivocal end to the whole ambiguous talk about the future Polish-Soviet border.

For the Allies the Tass communiqué of January 11 was particularly embarrassing because, even in form, it failed to show any consideration for the Atlantic Charter. Allied feelings were perhaps best expressed by the words of the Economist in its issue of January 22: "Even if the Russians were entirely right, the way in which they are handling the dispute is calculated to convince the world that they are wholly in the wrong."

WENDELL WILLKIE GETS SLAPPED

At the beginning of January, the world was also informed about Moscow's ideas regarding the other nations to the west of the Soviet Union. As will be recalled, the USSR had, shortly after the outbreak of the present war, concluded mutual assistance pacts with the three at that time still independent Baltic states (with Estonia in September, with Latvia and Lithuania in October 1939). While the German Army was occupied with its victorious campaign in the West, the Red Army, without provocation, invaded the three Baltic states on June 15 and 16, 1940. After carrying off tens of thousands of people, belonging mostly to the leading classes, to the interior of the Soviet Union, and after the farce of a plebiscite at the point of Bolshevist bayonets, the three states were, against the will of the overwhelming majority of their inhabitants, declared Soviet Republics and members of the Soviet Union. England and America, who both still regarded the USSR as an ally of Germany at that time, were entirely justified in declaring this procedure to be a brutal violation of these states by the Soviet Union. In the same way, the sympathies of almost all Anglo-Americans were on the side of the Finns during the Finnish-Soviet war of 1939/40. If the Atlantic Charter had any meaning at all, it had to apply to the Baltic states and Finland.

On January 1, 1944, Wendell Willkie published an article in the New York Times which was chiefly an attack on Roosevelt but which also contained a passage on Eastern Europe. To this the Moscow Pravda replied on January 6, 1944, with an attack which was very much to the point:

We may remind Mr. Willkie of the fact that plebiscites were carried out at the time in the Soviet Baltic Republics, and he should remember that we know how to defend our constitution. As far as Finland and Poland are concerned, not to speak of the Baltic countries, the Soviet Union will be able to reach an understanding and does not require Mr. Willkie's aid in this question. . . . Like a parrot, Mr. Willkie is repeating the suspicious gossip of suspicious little groups which are afraid of the advance of the Red Army and its allied armies.

In America, great surprise was felt at this language, in spite of the fact that the Pravda article only confirmed something known for almost three years but not believed by the Anglo-Americans. In his proclamation of June 22, 1941, Adolf Hitler had informed all who would listen of what Molotov had demanded in the name of Stalin during his visit to Berlin in November 1940 (see our issue of October 1941, pp. 73-74) and that his ambitions had extended even farther, namely, up to the Dardanelles.
SOUTHEASTERN EUROPE

Encouraged by the growing dependence in which Great Britain and the USA find themselves toward the Soviet Union, Stalin has considerably increased his demands in comparison to those submitted by Molotov to Hitler and refused by the latter. This is revealed by the treaty concluded between the Soviet Government and the Czechoslovakian Exile Government on December 12, 1943 (see Appendix), which places the Czechoslovakian Exile Government in a state of dependency on Moscow. By signing this treaty, Stalin broke a promise which he had made to the British. For, according to a statement by Minister of Foreign Affairs Sir Anthony Eden in the House of Commons on September 27, 1943, the British and the Soviet Governments had decided "not to make any postwar agreements with any of their European allies for the time being."

By the de facto recognition of Tito as the representative of Yugoslavia on December 14, 1943, the Soviet Union advanced into the Balkan regions; and by permitting the Moscow-controlled Communist Parties of Greece and Bulgaria to conclude a treaty on July 13, 1943, regarding the establishment of a "Union of Socialist Soviet Republics of the Balkans," Stalin stretched out his hand as far as Greece.

For some time—recently again in an article in Voina i Rabochy Klass—Moscow has been sharply opposing the creation of regional federations, since all such efforts are reminiscent of the Cordon Sanitaire, by which the Allies attempted to shut off Russia after the Bolshevik Revolution from the rest of Europe. England had also to yield to this desire of Moscow's. On November 20, 1943, a semiofficial British commentary was released in London which stated:

By virtue of the decisions at the Moscow Conference, the idea of federations of European states has lost its right of existence. The plan concerning a Czech-Polish alliance has broken down. The bloc reaching from the Baltic to the Mediterranean is a Utopia that does not even deserve to be discussed seriously. There is also no basis for the idea of a Balkan bloc, and a Scandinavian bloc would meet with the disapproval of the Soviet Union.

THE GERMAN ISSUE

The differences of opinion existing between the Anglo-Americans and the Soviets regarding the future of Eastern Europe are nothing in comparison to those regarding Germany. In the case of Germany, far more is at stake—the future of Europe and perhaps of the whole world.

What the Anglo-Americans wish to do in case of victory over Germany, is to create a political and military vacuum in the heart of Europe. Stalin has quite different plans. He has been clever enough not to commit himself personally, but he let the Pravda publish an appeal by the so-called "National Committee of Free Germany" on July 21, 1943. (This Committee consists of German Communists living in the USSR and, allegedly, a few German prisoners of war.) This appeal indicates that, in the event of an Allied victory, Stalin counts on a Bolshevization of the Germans and the establishment of a Soviet Germany.

Here one might ask: how does Moscow imagine that the Germany now fighting as one man under the banners of National-Socialism can be turned into a Soviet state? But Moscow has already given a reply to this in an article in No. 10 of the leading Soviet magazine Voina i Rabochy Klass (October 15, 1943), by Professor E. Varga—who, a member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, Director of the Moscow Institute of World Economics, and Editor of the Bolshevik magazine World Politics and World Economics, is one of the leading economists of the Soviet Union. Starting with the supposition that Germany and her allies will in the event of their defeat have to pay all war debts and that these war debts amount at present to some 800 to 1,000 billion gold rubles, Professor Varga studies the question of how these debts can be paid. He calculates that after Versailles, Germany, in spite of all coercion, paid at the very most 19 billion gold rubles, i.e., one fiftieth of the minimum amount he wants her to pay this time. Even if Germany and her European allies were to be forced to surrender
all their movable property, such as machinery, railway, cattle, and ships, this would amount to hardly more than 100 billion gold rubles. Thus the Bolshevist economist arrives at the conclusion that by far the largest proportion of reparations would have to be paid in human labor. Varga adds that the Soviet Union has first claim to the supply of this labor.

In other words, Moscow imagines that, at the end of this war, millions of Germans as well as large numbers of Finns, Hungarians, etc., will be carried off to do forced labor in the Soviet Union from which they would never return, since, to judge by Professor Varga's astronomical figures, this labor will take centuries to complete. There is no reason to doubt that the Bolsheviks are really quite serious about this fantastic plan. In the twenty-six and a half years they have been in power, the Bolsheviks have shown themselves masters in the employment of massed deportation for political purposes. Their war against the Russian peasantry in the years of collectivization from 1929 to 1932 they won largely by the deporting of millions of the most active among the peasants to forced labor in Siberia. In a similar way, they sought to solve the problem of Sovietizing the Polish, Finnish, and Baltic areas occupied in 1939 and 1940 by massed deportation which, according to Anglo-American sources, ran into millions. Consequently, they also expect that, by deporting many millions of the German population, they will be able to liquidate all those elements which might resist Bolshevization and then Sovietize the rest. Once in control of Germany, the Soviets would not be interested in keeping her disarmed and weak, as desired by the Anglo-Saxons, but in developing her into a powerful Soviet position from which to dominate all of Europe.

SMUTS HAS AN IDEA

The desperate means resorted to by the British to re-establish a sort of balance of power in Europe are revealed by the highly interesting speech made by Premier Smuts (see Appendix). Jan Christian Smuts is not only the Prime Minister of South Africa but one of the most outstanding political leaders in the British Empire. In his speech he unfolded a new “balance of power” theory. Up to now, England's idea of a balance of power on the European continent had been that two groups of states, each with a great power as its nucleus, more or less balanced each other. Smuts realizes that, after the destruction of Germany as intended by the Allies, there would remain only one power on the Continent, namely, the Soviet Union. From this, Smuts draws the conclusion that England herself must be the second great power in Europe, and he expresses the desire that a counterbalance to the Soviet Union be formed by an alliance of several Western European states with England.

One need hardly add that this is a naive Utopia. For if Germany should ever cease to bar the road to Western Europe to the hundreds of Red divisions, a combination of powerless Western European states with England will be even less able to do so. Yet Smuts' ideas are interesting because they show how little is left of the Atlantic Charter. Instead of the liberty envisaged in it for the peoples of Europe, all that would remain to these peoples in the event of an Allied victory would, according to Smuts, be the choice of subjection either to the Soviets or Great Britain. In actual fact, however, they would have no choice but subjection to the USSR.

OPPOSITE CONCEPTIONS

Thus there are two diametrically opposed conceptions of the future of Europe in the Allied camp. On the one side balance of power—on the other, Soviet Europe. One excludes the other.

While, in contrast to his colleagues in England and America, Stalin has been clever enough to refrain from committing himself to expressing war aims in general, he has clearly expressed two Soviet aims in his speeches. The one to have been most often repeated is that of driving out the German armies from Soviet territory. The other—formulated most sharply in his speeches of July 3, 1941, and Novem-
BER 6, 1943 (see Appendix)—is the “destruction of the new order in Europe,” and reaches far beyond the borders of the Soviet state, actually including all of Europe in Stalin’s war aims.

Besides the fundamental conflict between “balance of power” and “Soviet Europe,” the ideas of Moscow on the postwar world differ also in many other fields from those of its allies. While Moscow conceives of the second half of the twentieth century as the period in which the Soviet ideology will advance triumphantly throughout the world, the Anglo-Saxons believe in an Anglo-Saxon world and the Americans even in an “American century.” While in Great Britain and the USA the power continues to remain in the hands of capitalists, Moscow raises the demand for a socialist revolution. While the Americans and English are dreaming of including numerous colonial and semicolonial peoples in their own sphere of power, Moscow is convinced that the emancipation of these peoples is a necessary step toward their inclusion in the Soviets’ sphere of power.

To put it in a nutshell: Stalin on the one hand, and Churchill and Roosevelt on the other, have only one thing in the whole world on which they are in complete agreement: the desire to destroy National-Socialist Germany. In all other questions, particularly those referring to the postwar order of the world, their ideas are at variance; indeed, they are in almost all cases diametrically opposed.

DEAR COUSINS

This difference in the views of Moscow and the Anglo-Americans is not the sole one, although it is the most prominent source of conflict in the Allied camp.

A second conflict—less obvious, to be sure—exists between the British and the Americans which, although obscured by a war-conditioned propaganda with its references to a “common legacy,” “thinking the same thoughts,” “speaking one language,” is omnipresent in the thoughts of these two governments. A bitter rivalry has been going on for many years in which Britain has lost more and more ground, and the present war is putting on the finishing touches (see “The Changing Empire,” December 1942).

Two of the main pillars of Britain’s economic strength—the possession of a world-wide empire and her huge capital investments abroad—have shown alarming signs of deterioration. The Dominions are growing more and more independent of the mother country. A particularly striking example of their growing emancipation is the recent treaty between Australia and New Zealand (see Appendix), in which for the first time in history two dominions agree on a foreign policy of their own. In addition to the total loss of some of her most valuable possessions in East Asia, Eng-

**CARTOON OF THE MONTH**

*By SAPAJOU*
land has had to yield important positions in her remaining colonies to her rival beyond the Atlantic. America has not only been conceded bases on British islands in the Caribbean but has also expanded her military and economic hold into British-owned parts of Africa and Asia.

While Britain stood alone in bearing the financial burden of the war, she was forced to hand over a major portion of her investments in the Americas to pay for US war supplies. She had to relinquish her influence in some of the big American corporations; and in Central and South America she has had to yield more and more to “dollar imperialism.” After Britain had reached the end of her transferable resources, she fell ever more deeply into debt through the lend-lease machinery. The last blow was the loss of Argentina to American control in January 1944.

Typical of the economic strife between the two countries are the discussions on the postwar currency plans submitted by Britain and the USA. Britain came forward with the Keynes plan which had originally advocated a world-currency system backed by commodities but which was then revised in such a way that the unit for international accounts was based on gold, while commodities were to be pooled by an international organ. The British hoped that the reintroduction of the gold standard would make the plan acceptable to Wall Street. America, however, launched a plan of her own, worked out by Harry White, the currency expert of the US Treasury, which later became known as the “Morgenthau world-currency plan.” This plan foresees the creation of an international currency-stabilization fund to which each nation must contribute in proportion to its gold hoardings. Naturally, the United States, being by far the greatest hoarder of gold, would thereby automatically exert an overwhelming control over world economies. On January 30, 1944, the News Chronicle reported that the negotiations on the postwar currency problems between London and Washington had fallen through.

Mass construction of American air bases in Central and South America, Africa, the Pacific, Australia, the Near East, and the Mediterranean could not fail to cause anxiety in Britain and has led to repeated discussions of the problem. Thus Lord Brabazon stated in the Upper House that Britain could not afford to renounce her right to build transport planes on the spurious grounds that it would interfere with her war effort, while another country was mass-producing the very type that was likely to be of advantage after the war. In an article reprinted in the Buenos Aires paper La Nacion in February 1943, Lord Strabolgi, the leader of the Labor Party in the House of Lords, voiced the fear that an “excellently equipped” US commercial air service might intend to secure a “true monopoly” in the postwar era. He added that such a conception forms a “light cloud on the horizon of the relations between Britain and the USA which can be dissipated only by adroit negotiations on the part of the two governments.”

Before the war, Britain enjoyed a unique position in the field of merchant shipping. The tonnage at her disposal was one of the bonds holding her far-flung empire together and secured for her a considerable economic control over nations without shipping of their own. The submarine war has destroyed the better part of her merchant fleet, while the United States has stepped up shipbuilding to a tremendous rate, probably putting out more shipping space in a month than Britain does in a year. Both London and Washington are fully aware of the possibilities which the decline of British shipping is bound to afford the Americans in the way of political and economic control over a world denuded of means of transportation.

CONFLICTS EVERYWHERE . . .

Both countries are already preparing for a great race for foreign markets as well as for control over raw materials and means of production in foreign countries. E. P. Thomas, for instance, the President of the National Foreign Trade Council, declared last October that
the US industry had grown so gigantically that it could not possibly dispense with fields of activity outside the Americas. More specifically, the President of the American Iron and Steel Institute suggested that the tremendously increased US steel production by far exceeding future domestic needs, a solution might be found by taking over the control of all Axis steel industries. With these in hand, other steel-exporting countries, notably Britain, would have to fall in with US planning. Professor Percy W. Bidwell, one of the trade experts of high finance, addressed a letter to the editor of Foreign Affairs, proposing the establishment of a "world trade board," hinting that it ought to be controlled by the USA as she was the only power with "global interests."

No wonder the British are resisting such tendencies—very politely, of course. Garry Jones, the Undersecretary of the Production Ministry, made it clear that Britain could not possibly agree to an economic system which would be harmful to herself and favorable to the United States. Her role in the postwar settlement could not be that of a beggar. The London Times reproached the United States for planning an increase in her exports without taking steps to admit corresponding imports. The incompatibility of the USA's aim to be a creditor nation with her insistence on keeping an active foreign-trade balance has been pointed out time and again by Keynes and other British economists. The United States has been urged to open her market to British goods after the war to prevent a repetition of the economic chaos which resulted after the Great War. But the British seem rather pessimistic in this respect, and Financial News stated that there was hardly any sign of the tacit obligations for trade co-operation after the war beginning to be recognized on the other side of the Atlantic.

... EVEN AT HOME

In addition to this absence of unity as to their postwar plans among the three allies, there is both within Great Britain and the USA an obvious divergence of interests between various groups and classes, resulting in a fight for the retention of privileges by some and for social justice by others. Patriotic appeals have neither prevented "big business" from seeking excessive profits and opposing social reforms, nor have they done away with strikes, the symptoms of a violent latent struggle. There is no great idea that might fire the imagination of the people and unite all, rich and poor, for a sublime end.

Both countries are faced with the grim prospect of vast numbers of unemployed at the end of the war. According to a recent estimate of the Statistical Department in Washington, US labor must expect a figure of some twelve million jobless. In Great Britain, the "Beveridge plan," which proposed raising social insurance to a standard achieved in the Reich in the last century through Bismarck's legislation, was based on the assumption of one and a half million unemployed at the end of the war. The Commons debate on this plan showed that the Government still has little sympathy for the thorough social reforms undoubtedly required in England. What remedies for its ills can the world expect from men who are unable to cure those in their own nations?

FOOD AS A WEAPON

Indeed, the atmosphere between the Allies is so pregnant with rivalry and suspicion that even their so-called humanitarian postwar plans are being poisoned. Two examples are provided by the conferences of Hot Springs and Atlantic City.

At Washington's invitation, the first Allied Food Conference, attended by thirty-two nations, met in the early summer of 1943 in Hot Springs, Virginia. The program of the conference, viz., to study scientifically the food problems of the world and to make preparations for their solution, sounded very nice. But the conference ended off key because Comrade Krutikov, the Soviet delegate, protested against the discussion of postwar food problems while the war-time food problems had not yet been solved
and insufficient supplies were reaching the Red Army and the Red civilian population. Moreover, the participating states felt a growing suspicion during the course of the conference that the USA intended the conference chiefly to provide her with exact figures on the production and consumption of foodstuffs in the various countries in order to be able to build up her own food exports on a world-wide scale in the interests of American agriculture.

Also at American initiative, a total of forty-four countries participated from November 10 to December 1, 1943, in the first conference of the UNRRA ("United Nations' Relief and Rehabilitation Administration"), which was held at Atlantic City, New Jersey. Once again it sounded very nice when President Roosevelt stated the purpose of the UNRRA to be the supplying of the areas to be "liberated" by the Allies—i.e., Europe and East Asia—with food, clothing, medicaments, and housing, and the organization of the return of prisoners of war and refugees to their homes. But even before the conference went to work, suspicion and discord had made their appearance.

THE UNRRA

The first draft of the UNRRA statutes, which Washington submitted to the other states on June 10, 1943, was rejected by many of these because it too obviously placed all the control in the hands of the great powers. Consequently, Washington submitted a revised draft on September 24, 1943 (see Appendix). Although this second draft was, as far as we know, accepted without alteration, it was not able to satisfy the majority of the countries. Even according to this new draft, the actual work of the UNRRA is in the hands of the Central Committee, which consists of representatives of four states—the USA, the USSR, Great Britain, Chungking-China—and the Director-General, to which post Roosevelt's close friend, the Jewish banker and millionaire Herbert Lehman, was appointed. The other forty nations are represented only in the Council. The request to give at least one more state, namely, Holland, a seat and voice in the Central Committee was not considered. The USA also contrived for the headquarters of the UNRRA to be in Washington. All this is unpleasantly reminiscent of the organization of the League of Nations, which the medium-sized and small countries still recall with bitterness, as all decisions in it were concentrated in the hands of the great powers while the other countries were hardly more than spectators.

A second source of discord was the high amounts demanded from the various countries for membership fees. Thus, for instance, India, herself suffering from famine, was supposed to pay 35 million US dollars. Several South American republics have also protested.

The course of the conference very clearly brought out the existing conflicts between the USA and England. The British delegate, the Food Minister Colonel Llewellyn, was bent on directing the activities of the UNRRA toward supporting the British war effort. The Americans, however, have entirely different intentions. With the aid of the UNRRA, they wish to ensure for postwar times the positions gained during the war through the lend-lease organization and to appropriate for the United States the uncontested leadership in postwar world economics through her preponderance in the UNRRA. Under the mask of charity, the UNRRA is to bring about a compulsory system of world economics by having a decisive influence on economic developments in all member countries. By means of the UNRRA, Roosevelt wishes to dictate to the various countries what they are to produce and what not, in order to place them in growing economic and thus political dependency on America. If the UNRRA could, for instance, contrive for Europe to rely on the supply of American grain and transform its own agriculture into a sort of vast vegetable garden, Europe would be at the mercy of America and would have to yield whenever America threatened to reduce her grain supplies.
WASHINGTON INSTEAD OF GENEVA

How far Roosevelt’s ambition in connection with the UNRRA reaches is revealed by the following. The UNRRA has its own flag: four red stripes on a white field—a very obvious competition to the Red Cross, known and respected throughout the world for its independence and neutrality. What is independent and neutral does not fit into Roosevelt’s plans. Washington is to replace Geneva. English was the only official language during the conference.

As the communiqué of the Moscow Conference of the three Foreign Ministers (see Appendix) shows, the Allies plan a kind of League of Nations in the event of their victory. By emphasizing that the UNRRA is to collaborate closely with the organs of this League of Nations, Roosevelt is preparing a combination of UNRRA and League of Nations with a simultaneous shifting of the center of gravity to Washington. In his reports to his Swiss newspaper, Walter Bosshard wrote from Atlantic City that he was constantly reminded there of a League of Nations meeting.

The New York Times openly admitted the object of the whole undertaking when it called the UNRRA a “combination of crusade and business.” And that the other countries are not so blind as not to see through the American plans is shown by an article in the latest issue of the Soviet magazine Voina i Rabochy Klass to the effect that, although the UNRRA had been founded for humanitarian purposes, its aims had turned out to be of a rather prosaic nature. The UNRRA, the magazine claims, furthers the interests of certain political and economic circles in the United States and Great Britain, particularly of groups which are exploiting for their own aims the means put at the disposal of the UNRRA.

FIN PHRASES . . .

Since the publication of the Atlantic Charter, the Allies have been trying to tell the world that they had the blueprints for a better future all ready in their pockets. They evinced great activity, they traveled around, held conferences, and issued communiqués. Our Appendix contains all the essential results of this activity reproduced in the Allies’ own words. In quantity they are imposing enough. But those who take the trouble to study their contents will discover that they consist almost entirely of vague, noncommittal phrases.

This is not surprising. We have seen how divergent are the ambitions and war aims of the Allies, indeed, how they even contradict and exclude each other. How should it be possible for them, in such circumstances, to find common formulations on the future of the world? On the contrary, their conflicts are so sharp that men in responsible positions—such as Henry Wallace, the Vice-President of the United States, in a speech made in March 1943—are warning of the danger of a third world war which might break out between the Anglo-Saxons and the Soviets.

The less concrete the Allies can be in their numerous statements and communiqués, the more studiously they fill them with fine phrases. The Allied documents reproduced in our Appendix swarm with such high-sounding words as “democracy,” “freedom,” “independence,” “no territorial gains,” “down with tyranny,” “noninterference in internal affairs.”

But fine phrases are not worth much nowadays. “Democracy” was promised the Italians in the Moscow Conference, and what they have got so far in southern Italy is chaos and wide-open doors for Communist influences. The same conference promised the Austrians “freedom” and “independence.” But the Austrians remember that they supposedly had this once before, from 1920 to 1938, and that this had been the worst period in all their history.

“Noninterference in internal affairs” is promised to the Czechs by the Soviet Union in their treaty. But “noninterference” is observed by the Soviet Union only toward such countries which dance to its tune anyway. How it behaves when another government dares to make
a protest, be it ever so feeble, as the Polish Exile Government did when the GPU murders of Katyn became known, was shown by the Soviet Government: it broke off relations with the Polish Exile Government and still refuses to resume them unless the Exile Government agrees to certain changes in its composition and views. The case of Bolivia has shown that the United States acts similarly. A change in Bolivia of a purely domestic nature did not meet with the consent of the USA, who therefore refused to grant recognition to the new Bolivian Government.

"No territorial gains" is one of the promises contained in the Atlantic Charter, but how little the Soviet Union cares about this promise has already been shown by its treatment of the Polish question. "Down with tyranny," declares the communiqué of Tcheran. How much value can the world attach to such a declaration when it bears the signature of Stalin?

... AND ONLY TWO CONCRETE STATEMENTS

It is significant that, in all this welter of Allied phrases, concrete statements are to be found concerning only two countries. One is the mention of the restoration of Austria in the communiqué issued after the Moscow Conference of the three Foreign Ministers. Obviously, among the countless European problems the question of Austria was the only one on which agreement could be achieved. The second concrete statement is the plan contained in the Cairo communiqué to drive out Japan from the Asiatic mainland and to restrict her to her islands. In Cairo unanimity was achieved owing to the absence of the Soviet Union from the conference. But even in this document, concrete statements are only made regarding the Allied intentions about Japan. Nothing is said about their intentions regarding the future of Hongkong, Malai, Burma, the former Netherland East Indies, etc. Here the interests in the Allied camp collide with each other again. In Europe and East Asia, the Allies are united only in negative respects, in their hostility toward Germany and Japan, but not in positive ideas regarding the future shape of Europe and Asia.

HATE-CRAZED CRANKS

The vague formulations of official Allied sources regarding their postwar plans have stimulated countless American and British politicians, journalists, authors, professors, clergymen, etc., to make public their own ideas on this theme. Ever since the publication of the Atlantic Charter, unofficial postwar plans in great numbers have been flooding the Allied countries. Many of them were dictated by sheer hatred of Germany and Japan.

At a time when the United States was not yet in the war, the Argyll Press of Newark, New Jersey, published a book entitled Germany Must Perish by Theodore Nathan Kaufman, Jewish President of the "American Federation of Peace." He recommended a radical elimination of the German nation by sterilizing all men up to the age of sixty and all women up to forty-five years of age. The British professor J.B.S. Haldane, in the Daily Worker, advocated the methods of the Bolshevist Revolution in order to eradicate "the German leading class." The British industrialist Sir Herbert Ingram, in a letter to the Daily Telegraph, applauded a plan of deporting all German men for at least twenty-five years of forced labor in the USSR. In his book Russia Fighting, the American journalist James E. Brown pleads for giving the Soviets a free hand in Germany for a few weeks as, judging by their rule in the Baltic countries, this would kill any fighting spirit in the Reich and leave no men alive. According to the Daily Mirror, the same thought was voiced by G. R. Grundy, parson of Great Yarmouth, the only difference being that he would like the time limit to be three months. The American magazine Popular Science suggested that all factories in Germany should be pulled down and the industrial abilities of the German workers brought under strict Allied control.
EVERYBODY HIS OWN PLAN

Besides such schemes of purely destructive implication produced by minds distorted by hatred, there are others which may seem less mad. Herbert Hoover wishes to do away with customs barriers, which he himself once raised, and to abolish large capital concentrations in the form of cartels, trusts, and monopolies. American plan-economists, on the other hand, do not envisage a free world market to which the nations with insufficient raw-material resources may turn, but prefer to collect the surpluses of the United Nations in large pools. At the same time they oppose all tendencies of have-not nations toward self-sufficiency. Numerous American imperialists dream of an "American century" and demand territorial acquisitions.

Professor Nikolas Spykman advises a policy of balance of power and dividing Europe into British and Russian spheres of influence. Walter Lippman believes in long-term ties of the United States with other nations and proposes an alliance with Britain and the USSR, while he treats the Chinese as a second-class nation which is to be admitted to this alliance later on. The American periodical Fortune published two articles, "The United States and a New World" and "Relations with Europe." Both argue in favor of collaboration between Europe and America, asserting that European squabbles would slip into oblivion following new economic and political developments. The magazine advocates certain stages in the reorganization of Europe, viz., first an Allied military administration, then an Allied civil administration, and finally the formation of non-Fascist governments which would be subject to the control of a council of the United Nations. Not until this system has been working for some time is Europe to be left to itself.

ONLY ONE THING IN COMMON

Although these schemes being discussed in the Allied countries are not the officially avowed aims of their respective governments, they indicate typical trends of public opinion as it is being shaped by speeches, newspapers, and other forms of propaganda. They reveal that the stipulations of the Atlantic Charter are being largely disregarded. The Charter has certainly not been generally acknowledged as the historic basis of universal peace its authors proclaimed it to be. Moreover, our examination of the war aims under discussion in the Allied countries reveals a complete chaos of plans and suggestions. There is only one thing most of these plans have in common.

Although they all claim to usher in a new world, what they actually offer is just a pile of blueprints for a resuscitated old world. Many of them are modeled after the British colonial imperialism of the turn of the century. Even the terms used are old acquaintances: "free trade," "balance of power," "spheres of influence." The process of Europe's emancipation as seen by Fortune is reminiscent of British promises to subject peoples like the Indians and Burmese who were to be given freedom to govern themselves after reaching maturity under the wise guidance of their overlords. The "planned economy" which pools surpluses of raw materials and sounds impressively modern is in reality nothing but an inverted colonial economy. Instead of forcing dependent peoples to produce certain goods to the exclusion of their own necessities—cotton instead of wheat in Egypt, rubber instead of rice in Malaya—it is to set up a monopoly of vital raw materials, which the have-nots must buy from the nations controlling the pool, any attempt at self-sufficiency being strictly prohibited. In other words, despite the consequences of the Versailles Treaty, which were ruinous to the whole world, including the victors, most plans have nothing better to offer than a super-Versailles. On closer scrutiny they include nothing to warrant the hope that they would be able to cure any of the ills from which the world has been suffering, as they are the same remedies which failed prior to 1939.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

In surveying all this material on official and private opinions regarding the face
of the postwar world, one involuntarily wonders why the discussions on the postwar world take up so much space in the lives of the Allies.

The reply to this question is obvious. Just as a patient loves to talk about his illness, so the Allies keep on returning to a subject which is their sore spot. The very fact that neither within each country nor among the countries as a whole is there any unity on their war aims—except for the one of destroying the new order—has caused the discussion to assume such proportions.

Furthermore, the Allied leaders wish to prove to their reluctant nations that they really must fight on and win this war. While the necessity of victory is utterly clear to every German and Japanese, the postwar vistas of Roosevelt and Churchill are intended to silence the doubts which the British and particularly the Americans entertain as to the wisdom of continuing the war.

It is interesting to observe what results these discussions have had. In private life one often sees how in disputes the one who keeps silent is more successful in the end than the talkative one. The more the Anglo-Americans talk about their postwar aims, the weaker does their position become vis-à-vis the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union has talked by far the least and has today by far the clearest and strongest stand within the Allied camp, while the British and Americans, with their flood of books and articles pertaining to this problem, see themselves forced to give up one position after another. In September 1939, England declared war on Germany allegedly because of the latter’s infringement of Poland’s territorial integrity. Today England must persuade the Poles to renounce the integrity of their own borders and to be “reasonable.” Had England adopted the same attitude in 1939, German-Polish relations would never have reached the point where they became the spark for a world war.

In the case of Yugoslavia, England has been forced to a similar diplomatic retreat. It was England who instigated the coup d’état which brought the boy king Peter to the throne in Yugoslavia and which forced that country into war with Germany on April 6, 1941. And now the same King Peter, in whose welfare England pretended to be so interested, has been given to understand that the British Government is obliged to give preference to the Communist partisan leader Tito.

For the past year the relations of the Anglo-Americans with Stalin have been marked by one diplomatic retreat after another. “UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER”

In view of the success of Wilson’s Fourteen Points in the Great War, it had been generally expected that the Allies would this time also try to conduct the war on a political plane and, by all kinds of promises, to sow discord in the Axis camp and the various Axis countries. Many had assumed that the Teheran Conference would produce an appeal to the German people. But nothing happened. Not even for purposes of propaganda are the Allies able to agree on such a formula. The Atlantic Charter, which was issued two and a half years ago, contained certain stipulations calculated, like Wilson’s Fourteen Points, to entice the German people, especially in the light which Churchill’s commentary of August 25, 1941, threw upon them. But times have changed. Since Casablanca, Allied propaganda has limited itself to a demand for “unconditional surrender,” a demand which can certainly find no other response in the people of the Axis countries than an increased determination to continue the war till final victory.

The example of Italy has endowed the term “unconditional surrender” with a grim interpretation. The more the world hears about conditions in southern Italy, the more apparent do the terrible consequences of an “unconditional surrender” become. The fact that those parts of Italy occupied by the Allies have been ruthlessly made use of for Allied war purposes should have been expected by
those Italians who supported Badoglio's treason. However, the country now also finds itself in a desperate economic plight, much worse than any one of the traitors could have imagined. The Allies permit conditions in southern Italy which they themselves describe as follows:

The heart of the Italian people is dead. Day after day, the Italian people in the south of the country are aimlessly fighting for their own life. Their nerves are completely shattered. Take a look at Italy today from the main road leading from Naples to Rome. Walk along this beautiful highway, and within fifty yards you will be stopped at least twenty times by Italian children and eighty-year-old men begging for something to eat. On the same highway you meet women carrying their bony, dirty, half-starved children, begging for a dish of spaghetti. The morale of the Italian people is finished. (News Review.)

In Badoglio's capital Bari, children roam the streets in groups and beg from passers-by. The children have formed regular bands which have become a nuisance even to the Anglo-American soldiers. In their craving for a piece of bread the children have already resorted to street robbery. There are also many cases of revolting child prostitution. (United Press, December 28, 1943.)

An interesting example of how the Allies intend to exploit the areas they have conquered is supplied by the organization created by General Eisenhower for the occupied areas of Italy. This organization was first named the "Inter-Allied Control Committee," then the AMGOT ("Allied Military Government of Occupied Territories"), and finally the AMGET ("Allied Military Government of Enemy Territories"). The AMGET is mobilizing all economic resources of the occupied territory for the Allied war effort, recruiting laborers, and shipping carloads of works of art to America and England.

The absence of any attempt on the part of the Allies to demoralize Germany and Japan by dangling alluring visions of peace before their eyes testifies to the high regard in which the Allies hold the morale and unity of the Axis.

* * *

Indeed, the position on the side of the Axis is very different. There is no need for Germany to broadcast any blueprints, for in the years 1933–39 she showed that she has found the remedies for such ills of our times as unemployment, social strife, class war, economic chaos, and youth delinquency. In documents also contained in our Appendix, the Axis powers have clearly stated their war aims. A discussion of these aims is superfluous since, in contrast to the Allied camp, there is no conflict among them. Germany and Japan have recognized each other's claims to leadership in Greater Europe and Greater East Asia and have defined their spheres of interest so clearly that no possibility exists for conflicts over what the postwar world is to look like. In fighting for his own nation, every German and Nipponese soldier is at the same time fighting for the cause of the Axis as a whole.

Spartan Replies

An embassy from Samos had made an endless speech in Sparta. To this the Spartans replied: "We have forgotten the beginning and we did not understand the end because we could not remember the beginning."

To an envoy from Keos who had dyed his gray hair King Archidamus of Sparta said: "How can we believe you, since you are carrying around a lie even on your head?"
CLIMATE AND MAN

By W. HELLPACH

This magazine has published a number of articles on themes related to the natural sciences, viz., "Wood and Man" (November 1942), "Ape and Man" (August/September 1943), "Biotechnics" (January 1944). Although these articles were written by different authors, they revealed an identical basic conception: they all regarded man, not as an isolated phenomenon, but as a part of nature. The following essay, which unfolds the human problem from an entirely different angle, arrives at a similar conclusion.

It is not a coincidence that the authors of all these articles are Germans; for, of all the countries in the West, Germany is the one to have most completely overcame the liberalistic idea of man's independence of nature, an idea which is still widespread, particularly in America, the land of "Man-Made Catastrophe" (August/September 1943). Modern German science sees in man not only the creator but also the creature of nature and has realized that he is able to derive great strength from this relationship and from his respect for nature's laws.

Professor W. Hellpach of the University of Heidelberg was a prominent Democratic politician some twenty years ago, when he was President of the State of Baden. In 1925 the Democratic Party nominated him as its candidate for Reich President in opposition to Field Marshal von Hindenburg, who defeated him.—K.M.

The Greek agora and the Roman forum, the open market squares in which the public life of antiquity went on, are only possible in a mild, southern climate not subject to frequent changes in weather. North of the Alps, where the weather is uninviting for almost three quarters of the year, halls, houses, and offices are needed for this purpose; although now and again speeches and demonstrations may be improvised in the open air (as in Hyde Park in London or in the Lustgarten in Berlin), political life as such cannot be carried on out-of-doors. Thus the climate of the Northerners imposes on their political life a physiognomy different from that of southern countries. A similar difference is also to be found in private life. The Northerner often finds the homes of the lower classes of the South primitive, and those of the well-to-do, although externally ornate, lacking in the comfortable atmosphere of Northern houses. This, again, has to do with the climate, which does not force the people of the South to spend the major part of their lives indoors.

CHRISTMAS AND NOËL

Indeed, climate has influenced many sides of family life, too, and one can actually speak of "winter" traits, which are to be found in their most pronounced form in the highlands and the continental East of Europe, i.e., where there are long, hard winters which banish man into the warmth of his own room. A "winter" atmosphere of that kind surrounds the German Christmas, for instance: it has influenced its customs and permeates its spirit. Germans feel that Christmas is not Christmas without snow and frost. Both Catholics and Protestants are united in this feeling in Germany. Indeed, the Catholic Christmas of Germany is in its entire atmosphere much further removed from the Catholic Christmas of Italy than from the Protestant Christmas of Germany, from which it may perhaps differ in details of church ritual but not at all in its character of a family festival.

Nevertheless, the climate of Germany did not produce Christmas: it only helped to give it its character. All the related climates of the Northern zone have produced such various ways of celebrating Christmas as are to be found in Germany, Scandinavia, and England. Although the German Weihnachten, the Swedish J ulfest, and the English Christmas have a common Northern atmosphere which distinguishes them from the Italian
Natale and the French Noël, they also differ greatly among each other in their customs. But it would be foolish to try and explain these differences—embodied, for instance, by the Christmas tree, the Julklapp, and mistletoe—by climatic conditions in Germany, Scandinavia, and England. In other words, one must beware of trying to build up a theory which traces everything to the climate.

All life on earth as revealed to us in all its phenomena is the result of a conflict between heredity and environment, and this applies to the plant, animal, and human world. An important section of this environment is the climate; there is no activity of life that can evade it. Thus it has a share in shaping all the phenomena of life, even the spiritual; but only a share. It is important to find out what this share is, but it is just as important to know its limitations.

WHAT IS CLIMATE?

By “climate” we mean the meteorological conditions of a geographical region. We speak of “weather” when we mean the total atmospheric conditions of a given time, while the climate represents the constant type of weather discernible throughout all atmospheric changes. In Germany severe winters interchange with mild ones; some winters are snowy, some rainy; there are dry springs and wet springs; summers with many thunderstorms or hardly any at all. But always there are winter and summer, spring and autumn; and the summers, even the coolest ones, are always considerably warmer than even the mildest winters. This change, and a certain basic nature of the seasons, are the characteristics of our temperate climate. In Hamburg as in Vienna, the weather has more “moods” in one year and less in another; but this does not alter the essential difference between the oceanic climate of Hamburg and the continental one of Vienna. The oceanic climate always has less differences in temperature and more humidity than the continental one, in which the difference in temperature between even a mild winter and a cool summer is greater than that between a hot summer and a severe winter in Hamburg. Thus in the last analysis the word “climate” indicates the annual type of local weather.

However, to try to express the climate of a place in every respect by average figures would lead to a distorted picture. In one district, the hottest day in the year may have a temperature of 16° centigrade and the coldest one of 6° below zero; the average figure would be 5°. In another region exactly the same average figure of 5° would be arrived at from the fact that the hottest day showed a temperature of 40° and the coldest 30° below zero! The latter would be the case in an extreme continental climate, the former in a pronounced oceanic one; as types of climate, they are directly opposed, although the average annual temperature shows nothing of this at all. So we see that climate cannot be reduced to a mathematical formula. Figures prove and illustrate that which must be characterized by words.

One of the items which must be included in this characterization is the soil. Although most of the weather is formed in high altitudes far away from the soil, that is, in the troposphere and perhaps even in the stratosphere above that, man, together with all plants and most animals (except birds), lives his life in the geosphere immediately above the ground in which the minerals of the earth’s surface also lie. Ground mist, for instance, may affect a local climate very unfavorably. The radium emanation of the soil probably also has an important effect on the creatures of the geosphere. Moreover, the vegetation is essential to the climate; forest and meadow, heath and moor, sand or bog have quite different effects upon the climate.

THE INHABITED WORLD

In our study of climate and man we must first consider the oikoumene—that part of the earth inhabited by man. On land it ends approximately at the polar circles. On the Northern Hemisphere it reaches a little further, about as far as
70° latitude; on the Southern Hemisphere it does not even reach up to the polar circle, ending at 55° latitude. It does not seem as if the progress of civilization in such things as heating, lighting, and transportation will be able to bring about great changes in this respect.

To these limits of latitude must be added those of elevation and foundation. The utmost height inhabitable by man ends at four to five thousand meters above sea level; on an average, however, the limits are much lower, the settlements in Tibet and the Andes forming exceptions. For the greater part of the earth, the altitude of 2,300 meters may be regarded as the limit for permanent human habitation. Finally, man needs terra firma to exist on. He can travel on the water and he can swim in it, but he cannot live in or on the water. Continents and islands are his oikoumene.

With regard to the phenomenon of culture we must also make a difference between the virtual and the actual oikoumene. Those people living beyond the polar circles, above an altitude of 2,000 meters, or on a multitude of tiny islands, are Diaspora of the human race. The compact masses of the earth's population are concentrated on the large continents between 55° northern and 45° southern latitude at an altitude of 100 meters below to 1,000 meters above sea level. By far the largest part of this population inhabits the vast low plains in which nine tenths of the great cities of the earth are to be found. To put it differently: the regions at the polar circle, altitudes of more than 1,500 meters above sea level, and remote archipelagoes, can be inhabited, and there have always been people who have inhabited them. But they are the exception.

Nevertheless, the zone lying on the outer fringe of the "compact" oikoumene, the earth's frontiers of habitation in horizontal, vertical, and continental respects, are of exceptional importance for the phenomenon of culture. The people living there are frontiersmen in the widest sense of the word, without whom it is difficult to imagine certain cultural possessions and cultural traits. They are in a way pioneers of culture. Their influence cannot be properly grasped without looking at it from the point of view of "border vitality," a biological fact which applies alike to plants and animals.

**CLIMATE AND SURVIVAL**

Many plants and creatures have one adequate climate, in which alone they can thrive. There are comparatively few species of plants and animals which are indifferent to climate and thrive equally well anywhere. In the case of plants, this is probably true only of the very lowest forms (such as algae and mosses); in the animal world we find insects, such as mosquitoes, in tropical jungles as well as under the midnight sun. Both flora and fauna differ according to this adequate climate; and the further we go, the more we also meet with entirely different human varieties or "races."

If we transplant a plant or creature into a foreign, inadequate climate that differs greatly from its adequate climate, one of two things may happen: either it perishes or it adapts itself. If it adapts itself, it changes. This process of change very often consists of certain former attributes becoming stunted and new attributes developing. For many plants and creatures there is a border line near which they must, so to speak, do their utmost to survive. If they succeed, they often do so by becoming stunted, by "pauperiating," or, on the contrary, by developing extreme attributes, "luxuriating." But in by far the most cases they will pauperiate in certain respects and luxuriate in others. An example of this is the flowers in the Alps: in alpine flora we find varieties of lowland flowers which are definitely stunted in growth but whose blossoms excel by the brilliance of their colors. Not always, however, are the pauperiating and luxuriating attributes so obvious. Often mere functional changes take place which are revealed only by careful observation or by chance. The plant or creature may grow, blossom, and mature as before; but perhaps its number of descendants de-
creases or its susceptibility to disease increases, or its fruits have a different taste.

Climatic conditions at first cause non-hereditary changes. The tanning of the white man's skin by the sun is a common example of this. The tanning may last for decades as long as his skin is exposed to strong sunlight. If he returns to a region with less sunlight, his tan disappears. And however sunburned a Northerner and his Northern wife may be, they would never produce anything but children with a pink-and-white complexion which only tans in the sun. There are many such attributes which last only as long as the conditions under which they arise.

Whether there are hereditary traits which are produced by climatic environment is questionable from a scientific point of view. But it is possible that there are hereditary traits which are not apparent or made use of until another climate stimulates them to full development. Thus two kinds of new attributes and traits might appear in a new climate: first, such as are produced by the climate and exist in the climate without being hereditary; secondly, such as were latent but become manifest only through the climate. The fact that the red China primula can also have white blossoms does not become evident until one places it in a temperature of more than 30° centigrade. The ability to become brown is a hereditary factor of white skin, just as the ability to bear white blossoms is a hereditary factor of the China primula; both these abilities, however, require conditions of environment (sunlight; high temperature) in order to manifest themselves. But where these abilities are lacking, no conditions of environment can ever produce them. A scarlet geranium will never bear white blossoms, even at 30, 50, or 60°; it will only wither and die.

BIOLOGICAL CHANGES

Migration is probably based largely on instinct, which urges creatures to seek that environment in which they can develop their latent qualities, although we have no scientific proof of this. But when a change of domicile, for whatever cause it may take place, leads creatures—thus also human beings, peoples, tribes, groups—into new climatic conditions, two things will happen: attributes hitherto manifested will recede because the new climate no longer requires them, and latent qualities will make their appearance under the stimulus of the new climate. Every true acclimatization shows these two phenomena. The total heritage of the organism does not change, but hidden and revealed qualities are shifted. This shifting can essentially alter the appearance of the creature. And the demand for the creation of a new equilibrium between the latent and the manifested can be so violent that the creature cannot survive it: the climate turns out to be absolutely inadequate for this creature. But it can just as easily happen that now for the first time it finds its adequate climate, and then it flourishes better than ever before. Of course, one of all the intermediate steps between these two extremes may occur, and it remains uncertain whether the creature has sacrificed more or gained more. The most tragic case is that of the individual creature developing all kinds of luxuriant attributes while the species as a whole becomes infertile and dies out. This is the case with those of the ancient peoples whose mental productivity was paid for by the decline of their generative vitality.

Every change of one climate for another is a risk as well as an opportunity. Have we any criterion by which we can see whether this risk was worth while, whether the climate is adequate to the race, whether the new climate is still adequate or whether it is now adequate for the first time? Yes, we have such a criterion; it is the ability to exist as a people in the new climate. It is not the survival (and propagation) of so and so many individual little groups of a Diaspora which is the mark of success—only the survival or the new formation of a whole people is the criterion. The principle of relationship between race and locality can be formulated as follows: the ability to form peoples and to live as such is the
soundest standard by which to judge whether a race has found its adequate location.

LATINS AND NORDICS

The Mediterranean race, for instance, has formed its nations almost entirely between 30° and 50° northern and between 20° and 40° southern latitude. In the subtropical and warm temperate belts outside of these zones, the Mediterranean race is to be found only as Diaspora, national minorities (the Belgian Walloons, the Gaelic Irish, the French Canadians—all, characteristically enough, in the southern parts of their respective countries), or strongly intermixed with natives (Brazil, Mexico). The zones adequate to the Mediterranean race end almost exactly where the adequate zone of the Nordic race begins, viz., 45° in Europe and 40° in North America.

Related blood, related languages, related attitude result in related valuations of life, and it is around the axis of these valuations that all that revolves which we call “culture” and “civilization.” Thus, for instance, all Nordic people (Germans, Netherlanders, Scandinavians, Anglo-Saxons) have a distinct desire for cleanliness and comfort, a desire which the Mediterranean race does not possess to such a degree. The latter, in turn, have a highly developed sense of elegance in dress and of polished manners.

Is climate responsible for this? In some respects perhaps: the Nordic desire for comfort can certainly be traced largely to the harsher Northern climate, which has made home life the standard form of existence. On the other hand, the manners and clothes of the Latins just as certainly reveal the voice of their blood. That which links up Shakespeare’s Hamlet, Goethe’s Faust, and Ibsen’s Peer Gynt when compared with Torquato Tasso and Gabriele D’Annunzio, Corneille, Voltaire, and Zola, Cervantes and Calderon; which distinguishes Milton’s Paradise Lost from Dante’s Divine Comedy, Dürer, Rembrandt, Breughel, and Hans Thoma from Titian, Raphael, Velasquez, and Manet; which sets Bach and Beethoven apart from Palestrina and Verdi—all that can, if at all, hardly be reduced to a single formula, least of all to a climatic formula. The annual isotherms and rainfall have certainly not produced a Faust or an Eroica, a Sistine Madonna or a Don Quixote. But who would doubt that those Northern works of art are dominated by a somber gravity, by something opaque and mysterious, something incomprehensible and veiled, that reminds one of their long dark seasons, their so often cloudy skies, their frosts and fogs? It is hardly a coincidence that in German art we are most likely to find gaiety and light among the more Southern exponents—the Austrians Haydn and Mozart, for example—and that such Northern exponents as Kleist, Hebbel, and Storm seem so characteristically to mirror, even in the style of their language, all that is harsh, severe, stark, unfulfilled.

NORTH AND SOUTH

Here we come to one of the indisputable facts concerning the influence of climate upon the life of all nations and thus upon all culture: the contrast between North and South. This contrast is ubiquitous: it exists on the globe as a whole and in every continent, as we have already shown; but it also permeates every nation. Everywhere it is the Northern parts of a nation which differ from the Southern parts, and everywhere these differences are similar. Thus the Southern countries of Europe as a whole differ from the Northern countries in a manner analogous to that in which the Southern part of every individual Southern or Northern nation differs from its Northern part. The Neapolitan and Sicilian differ from the Florentine and Piedmontese in a similar way as the Viennese from the Hanoverian, the Provençal from the Breton, the Fleming from the Frenian, the Andalusian from the Catalon, the Englishman from the Scot, the Cantonese from the Pekingese, the Virginian from the New Englander, although, on the other hand, the Englishman seems to resemble the Hanoverian, and the Catalan the Provençal. Seen as a whole, the North-South symmetry is
repeated like the variations on a motif. What is this difference between North and South?

In the northern part of a territory the prevailing characteristics are those of sobriety, austerity, calmness, of patience, endurance, severity, of consistent reasonableness and will power; in the southern part they are those of liveliness, excitability, emotionalism, imaginative power, of easy-going slackness or sudden flaring up. Within each nation, the population of the North is more practical and reliable, but more reserved; that of the South more artistically inclined, more affable and loquacious, but more unstable. It is probably the form of existence imposed or permitted by the climate which nourishes this difference. For, all over the world, the further removed a place is from the equator, the cooler and duller is its climate, and the longer does winter last. Darkness, cold, and wet in turn force man to spend more and more time in an artificial indoor climate and the harder and more tenaciously must he work to wrest his means of existence from nature.

"DOLCE FAR NIENTE" VS. ORGANIZATION

Life in regions relatively more southern, i.e., closer to the equator, can remain closer to nature. Man does not require as many technical devices to live tolerably well, indeed, quite comfortably. The dolce far niente of the South, the ability to let things slide and to let oneself go, are things that the Northerner has little of. He must do much more to be able to live, work, even rest and make love. Further south, even urban life can be carried on to a great extent in the streets and squares; further north it has to retreat more and more into houses, rooms, and halls. But "doing things"—daily, hourly, incessantly—means being educated toward organization, planning, providing, precaution, patience, consistency; these are the traits which serve order and administration. Hence economic, military, and bureaucratic qualities always thrive better in the North; in the South, work of a free, more easy-going, artistic, or entertaining nature is better performed.

Here climatic environment is also sometimes mirrored in great political trends. Tough, tenacious Piedmont led the unification of Italy, as Prussia did that of Germany; Scottish Calvinists were victorious over "merrie old England" and put their stamp on modern Britain; the Russian Empire was created from the North, just as the Chinese Empire was reorganized and held together from the North. Politically speaking, the southern inhabitants of a country represent the inactive yet restless, often revolutionary elements. Of course, this must not be taken to mean that every single revolution must necessarily originate in the south; but seen as a whole the atmosphere of the south is more favorable to revolution, that of the north to evolution, the former to revolt, the latter to reform.

IS IT RACE OR CLIMATE?

The objection has been made with regard to this contrast between North and South that, at least in Europe, this outwardly apparent contrast actually hides a racial contrast. The relatively northern parts of almost all countries, it is claimed, consist of inhabitants largely descended from Germanic immigrants. And the "northern" characteristics which we have mentioned could therefore be traced to this fact rather than to the relatively more northern climate. This would apply to Germany as well as to France, Italy, and Russia. Quite right; but why is this so? Why have the Germanic peoples survived everywhere in the northern parts of southern countries, and why has a strong southern, Mediterranean strain survived in the southern and southwestern parts of Germany? Does not this fact in itself reveal the relationship between race and climate? Not only the absolute south, but even the relative south consumes the northern racial reserves. The actual Mediterranean world has, indeed, become the historic mass grave of northern Germanics; it is only in the relatively northern parts of the Mediterranean countries that they have
to some extent been able to survive racially, although not as peoples.

Once again we see here the striking relationship between race, climate, and people, a relationship which has influenced culture and history. Races can on the whole thrive as peoples only in definite, adequate climates. When they migrate into other climates, they perish, at least as peoples: they must intermix with other races to found new peoples in which that racial element gains the upper hand in each geographical region which finds the most adequate climate.

CONQUERORS OF NATURE

A certain regional climate creates, so to speak, its own countryside and, as a creature of the climate, this countryside in turn helps to form the mode of living and the sentiments of the clans, tribes, and peoples living in it. In such things as desert, steppe, coast, forest, moor, heath, island, glacier, pasture, countryside and climate appear as an indissoluble unity, especially with regard to their influence on the creatures existing there. The creature "man," however, is distinguished from all flora and fauna by the fact that he is able not only to absorb certain formative influences from his environment but to give new shape himself to the influences and, above all, the impressions received from his environment. All human beings do this unconsciously, and a few creative spirits do it more or less consciously, whether they are leading in the technical shaping of the inhabited countryside or whether they are artists who recreate the countryside in paintings or poems.

One must not underestimate the role of these artistic creators as true conquerors of nature for man. We are faced here by the peculiar fact that even harsh climates, which man used either to avoid whenever possible or which he made endurable by his scientific feats, have been rendered attractive through the artist's appreciation of the scenic beauties to be found there. This was the case during the last two centuries with the alpine and the maritime climate: poets and painters opened our eyes to the beauties of mountain and sea, and this in turn taught us a new appreciation of their climatic attributes and led us to resort to them for holiday and convalescence purposes. Ocean traveling and sea-bathing, mountain climbing and convalescence at high altitudes, are characteristic elements in the occidental cultural evolution of recent generations. Moreover, they represent new conquests of nature just as much as the steamship or motor road, the dam or the dike.

Climate is the purest form of "nature" to confront culture of all kinds. It is the peculiar destiny of man to belong to both these sides of creation and not to be able to detach himself from either. His inventive genius has done wonders in enabling him to endure climates which it would otherwise be impossible for him to survive. This development reaches from the invention of the first fire-producer, indeed, from the first preservation of fire, to electric light and modern refrigeration. As an individual or in small groups, man is able today to survive in every climate of the globe for a considerable length of time—in tropic jungles and on polar ice, on the ocean and soon, perhaps, on Mount Everest. But in the form of existence which nature has stipulated for him and which alone can produce culture, as a people, he is largely limited by climate.

THE ATLAS SPEAKS

All the peoples of the earth have their own adequate climates in which they can thrive. At the outer fringes they may sometimes be capable of producing the utmost in human creative power and vitality; beyond these fringes they somehow perish, degenerate, or are absorbed by other peoples. By the colors in which an atlas shows the Nordic, Latin, Slavic, Malayan, Indian, and other races, and by the compactness and sharply defined outlines of these colored areas, we can tell which climates are adequate for which races. To this day these colored maps are the most accurate reflection of the relationship between climate and culture, geography and history.
In studying these maps we are surprised to find how often, at important places, the areas indicating the various religions coincide with those indicating the races. On the European continent the contrast between north and south is again highly evident. We find on the whole that the Latin South of Europe belongs almost uniformly to the Roman Catholic faith, that the Germanic North belongs almost equally uniformly to Protestantism, and that nine tenths of the Slavic East belong to the Orthodox Church.

Does this indicate a direct dependence on climate on the part of religion? Are man's thoughts on even the most ultimate things of life conditioned by annual temperature and humidity, by barometrical and atmospheric figures? Similar absurd simplifications were once resorted to by the theorists of Marxist materialism when they tried to trace the Reformation to economic causes, to market and trade crises. Science does not follow them on such paths. That which is expressed by the peculiar coincidence of North and South with Protestant and Catholic is not an individual relationship between faith and climate but a total relationship in which the peoples concentrated in regions of adequate climate show characteristics influencing their religious life.

RELIGION AND CLIMATE

The Nordics with their northern characteristics and living in northern regions, desired to experience Christianity in a way which has found expression in Protestantism, while Catholicism was spiritually adjusted to the Mediterranean racial traits of the Latins in their southern regions. The German exceptions to this rule confirm this; for it is those German regions with comparatively the strongest Mediterranean strain and the most southern climate, namely, those of the Rhine and of Austria, which represent the largest single blocs of Catholicism.

All this has nothing to do with the question whether religion is a creation of the human spirit, like art, science, and philosophy, or whether it is a supernatural revelation to the human spirit. For those who are convinced of the latter must admit that the receivers of such a revelation are only flesh-and-blood human beings from which the first community of believers is formed with all its earthly limitations—even the most divine message is transmitted to creatures of this world who, in the make-up of their blood, in the soil on which they live, and in their inherited gifts and talents, are utterly conditioned by the earth. The Southerner feels his worldly as well as his transcendental, heavenly love differently from the Northerner; his idea of happiness in life is just as different from the Northerner's as is his idea of heavenly salvation and the paths by which it may be acquired.

Moreover, every religion has somehow or other to take the paths of nature into account—whether they appear to it as unimportant, an aberration that must be overcome (Buddhism), as divine creation (Christianity), or as the essence or body of divinity itself (Pantheism). On the other hand, nature presents entirely different aspects to man according to the region he inhabits. To the people of the Mediterranean its face is pleasant and familiar, while the Northerner knows it chiefly in the form of storm, rain, and cold. To those to whom religion is not only a dogmatic abstraction but a rich, living thing, it must seem perfectly natural that the form in which it lives is influenced by the natural environment of the believers.

ARTIFICIAL CLIMATE

Returning to our atlas, we notice another conspicuous circumstance: on almost all maps black dots are strewn over the colored surfaces—the towns.

In them, remoteness from nature, the so to speak denaturation of culture, reaches its apex. A certain remoteness from nature is common to all mankind, nowhere do we find him as "pure" nature, for then he would be an animal. What distinguishes man is his ability to detach himself from nature and to make nature serve him. Every village, as well as every primitive hearth or loincloth, and not only every garden or park but
every meadow, every field, every forest, is an artificial product, a product of culture. Only the town dweller, in his extreme remoteness from nature, likes to call all this “nature.”

That which has so extremely denatured the cities is their loss of climates which the “country” has retained practically in its natural form. In the cities, even the climate has become artificial. In those places where the people of the cities spend the major part of their existence, it no longer contains such important natural ingredients as ultraviolet rays; the geosphere of the cities is chemically polluted, and the radioactivity of the earth is blocked by asphalt and tar paving.

Here again the question arises whether the city climate changes man. As yet we know very little in this respect; after all hardly more than a generation has gone by since we have known radium and its emanation or the organic effect of ultraviolet rays, and that motor vehicles have been poisoning the air we move in and breathe, in addition to the smokestacks poisoning the troposphere over our roofs. It is possible that the effect of all this on the organism is much more far-reaching than we imagine today; it remains for science to discover whether this is really the case. But it is probable that the outstanding cultural achievements as well as the outstanding cultural dangers of the many vast cities of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries are mainly the result of the form of life which the city, from the point of view of environment, has forced upon the human masses confined in it. Whether the results are valuable or harmful, they have little to do with climate as such.

On the other hand, it is an open question whether it is less the style of living than the artificial climate itself which has reduced the ability of propagation in the cities and, as has been proved, in proportion to the growth of the cities. Science will have to answer this question, too. At any rate, wherever generative harm is caused by a climate, as is the case, for instance, with people of northern racial extraction in tropical and subtropical lowlands, an insurmountable barrier is raised to the ability of a people to form a culture. Between the tropics, no pure Nordic peoples can survive as such, nor are Nordic cultures possible; here a certain cultural form and a certain climate exclude each other; an attempt to make Nordic history in this zone would be condemned to failure. Nordic people could, at the very most, direct the history of other peoples or maintain, alter, or destroy foreign cultures here. This touches upon problems of colonial climate, colonial culture, and colonial history—a highly important subject in itself.

Deep-rooted culture and history which are true to the nature of the people, however, are bound up with a racially adequate climate. This is an important discovery of our century. Not only has it enabled man to realize to what extent he is conditioned by nature, but the people as a whole has discovered itself to be a natural phenomenon. Even its intellect, and all it may have absorbed as the work of great individuals, do not float in an arbitrary stratosphere. Culture and history can only produce durable achievements in an atmosphere in which freedom is tempered by consideration for environment. Those who disregard nature around us and in us are bound to succumb to it. Our domination of nature through civilization rests on the knowledge of nature’s laws. True mastery proves itself by self-confident self-limitation. Correct action has no more reliable servant than correct knowledge; and all knowledge can have no higher aim than to be correct so that ensuing action may be correct.
BUILDINGS OF TOMORROW

What will the future hamlets and towns of Europe look like that will arise from the ashes of today?

It is impossible to predict this in detail as, under the influence of war, numerous new ideas have appeared in the field of architecture, ideas of which we as yet know very little. But certain indications as to the future face of at least German architecture in town and country do exist and are studied in the following article.—K.M.

HARMONY AND CHAOS

Up to the end of the eighteenth century, architecture throughout Europe developed more or less organically. The people of the various regions of the Continent built their houses in the styles which they had developed in accordance with the purpose of the building, the material locally available, their tribal characteristics, cultural traditions and building techniques, the geographical and climatic conditions of the area and—last but not least—the spirit of the times. All these factors changed either not at all or only very rarely and gradually, so that in more than a thousand years only four major architectural styles evolved—Romanesque, Gothic, Renaissance, and baroque. These were truly European styles. They were to be found in every part of the Continent, although, of course, with regional and tribal variations (see, for instance, “The Surge of the Renaissance in Europe” in the August/September 1943 issue of this magazine). This gave to the towns and villages of Europe an appearance of great harmony.

The French Revolution, however, wrought a complete change. Its dominating ideology of liberalism, individualism, and capitalism set up entirely new viewpoints for architecture. The state and the community withdrew from the field of architecture and left all initiative to the individual. Each individual had his own ideas. As a result there were a hundred, a thousand styles—a stylistic chaos which lasted well into the twentieth century. To make matters worse, the Industrial Revolution set in during the first half of the nineteenth century, which led to an inordinate growth of the cities. All idea of urban planning had disappeared. The individual entrepreneur built his factory wherever it pleased him and began to employ workmen. These workmen naturally wished to live close to their places of work. The factory owner or some other capitalist now set up tenements for these workmen which had to be built as quickly as possible and in such a way as to obtain the highest possible return for the capital invested, without regard for whether they provided comfortable, healthy surroundings for their tenants or whether they harmonized with their environment. This is how the modern straggling city came to be, in which the millions of the lower and middle classes were compressed into tenements so ugly and characterless that the cities of the north, south, east, and west became almost indistinguishable.

But even the houses of the rich and public buildings were devoid of style, indeed, of taste. The leading architects
of the nineteenth century supplied monstrous conceptions with pseudo-Gothic, pseudo-baroque, pseudo-antique façades to order. The appearance of buildings had lost all relationship to their building materials as well as to their function. Factories were built to look like Gothic cathedrals and post offices like medieval castles. Unfortunately, this period of utter lack in style coincided with a period of unparalleled building expansion, so that all over Europe, at the outbreak of the present war, a large percentage of all buildings originated in this period of artistic sterility.

How often has it not happened that one has heard much of the medieval beauty of a certain town? On arriving at this town by train, one has left the station building with high expectations only to be bitterly disappointed: the station square looked like a hundred other station squares. Then one has walked or taken a tram for five, ten, or even fifteen minutes through drab streets flanked by tenement houses and factories, until the street suddenly narrowed, winding perhaps around an old gate-tower to penetrate the heart of the city, the old part. Here one found oneself in another world, where churches and inns, patrician and burghers' houses, each for itself and all side by side, were a joy to the eye.

COMMUNITY PLANNING RETURNS

At the turn of the century, the first voices began to be heard against this architectural chaos and sterility. In the last years before the Great War, some communities began to consider how to harmonize the aspects of their cities and improve conditions for the inhabitants. After the Great War this trend became even more pronounced, and there were a number of outstanding architects who turned their backs on individual designing and devoted all their interests to communal planning and designing. Yet such men and communities were still the exception.

In Germany the National-Socialist Revolution of 1933 brought about a tremendous change. A new, uniform Weltan-

schauung came into its own in Germany which, in contrast to bygone years, demanded that the individual adjust himself to his community, environment, and tradition. The state now took a definite hand in architectural planning. It looked at the German countryside as a whole and at German cities as a whole. It brought architects to the fore who excelled in functional designing and large-scale planning. Indeed, everything pointed to an architectural revolution in Germany before the outbreak of the present war.

Vast new factories like that which was to produce the Volkswagen (people's motor car) were founded, not within or near already existing large towns, but right out in the open country where communications and other conditions were best suited for such plants. This meant that entire new towns for the employees of these plants and their families had to be planned and erected. In the architectural design of the individual buildings, local building materials and traditions were taken into consideration as far as possible. There was by no means a desire to imitate the buildings of the past, but there was a desire to erect buildings again which harmonized with their geographical surroundings, the nature of their inhabitants and their cultural traditions.

YOUTH AND TRADITION

Paradoxical as it may sound, the young people of Germany have been a very strong influence in the revival of traditional architectural forms, especially in rural districts. The Hitler Youth movement has, indeed, already produced a definite style in its countless youth hostels, schools, and camps throughout Germany. It is a style that combines the traditions of each region with the taste and demands of the younger generation of the Third Reich. These new Hitler Youth buildings are exerting a perceptible influence on the building activities of their rural environment. For the last fifty years or so, the rural inhabitants, lacking local inspiration, had used urban architecture as their models, an architecture which had no relation to the countryside.
Regional Influences in Modern German Architecture

Ordenburg Vogelsang, a National Socialist training center. Here architecture blends perfectly with nature. In spite of the size and massiveness of the building complex, it does not detract from the smooth, beautiful lines of the wooded hill.

Officers' mess building at a military airfield on the coast of the North Sea. The perfect adaptation of the local rural style with its thatched roof to modern requirements.

Youth hostel near Lake Titli in the Black Forest. One of a hundred examples of modern German youth's predilection for traditional style.

Ordenburg Southolen, a modern educational center reminiscent of a medieval castle. Note the employment of rough local stone as building material.
Barracks for mountain infantry in the German Alps. A good example showing that even barracks can be beautiful. The outlines of the tower follow the pattern of architecture common to this part of Germany.

Utility and Structural Beauty

Heinkel Aircraft factory at Oranienburg. Modern industrial plants need no longer be eyesores.

Autobahn bridge across the Devil's Valley near Hersford in Thuringa. This massive concrete structure seems to be an integral part of nature.
A new type of rural public building is represented by the "Ordensburgen," schools for the training of future leaders of the Third Reich. The Vogelsang Ordensburg in the Eifel Mountains combines the character of a medieval castle—of which many are to be found in this part of Germany—with the modern requirements of a political college. For all buildings of this kind, local stone, local timber, and local workmen were employed; while in architectural design and in the treatment of material, regional traditions were maintained. The numerous artisans and workmen from surrounding villages and small towns who were engaged on these constructions received many an inspiration from their work which they carried home with them, thus influencing the building activity of the entire district.

Labor Service camps and army barracks in rural districts, many of which latter had to be built as a result of the German Army's expansion after the repudiation of the Versailles limitations, also proved a fertile field in the resumption of local building traditions. There may be a danger inherent in this enthusiasm for traditional architectural forms. These forms developed naturally from locally available building materials and from the function of the buildings. If new buildings are erected for entirely different purposes and of such size that modern building materials—steel and concrete—must be employed for their construction, it would be wrong to cover them up with a fancy façade to give them a picturesque "traditional" appearance. A three-storied Labor Service camp dormitory housing three hundred men, disguised as a primitive timbered and thatched farmhouse, would be just as ridiculous as a railway station disguised as a Medici palace.

UTILITY AND BEAUTY

The development of railways since the middle of the last century has done much to disfigure Europe's countryside and has left scars on nature's face which are still an eyesore. Most of the railway bridges, for instance, built up to the Great War are eyesores of this kind. Typical of the new attitude toward architecture is the manner in which constructions of such utilitarian purposes are now designed. In the case of bridges crossing wide rivers, actual scale models of the environment are made to test which type of bridge best fits into the landscape, with the result that such bridges no longer disfigure but enhance their surroundings. Everything was also done to bring the Autobahnen—the high-speed motor roads—into harmony with the countryside through which they pass.

With few exceptions, factories in former days were designed in such a way as to represent nothing more than weatherproof shelter for the manufacturing equipment, without regard to the laws of beauty and harmony, unless—and this was worse—they were such architectural monstrosities of disguise as we spoke of before. However, especially in the years since the Great War, it has been discovered that an industrial plant can be a thing of beauty in itself, particularly if it is built to fit in with its environment. Finally, the architect of a modern factory must also bear in mind the men and women working in this factory. He must try to design the factory in such a way that the worker is not depressed when he walks through the plant but, on the contrary, is imbued with a spirit of pride and joy in his work.

NEW HOMES

The necessity of reconstructing the destroyed cities will make the erection of thousands and thousands of homes, apartment houses, and public buildings the keynote of postwar architecture. It is very difficult to predict what the postwar dwelling-house will look like; for here, more than in other fields, the psychological effects of war and air bombardments on the civilian population—which are dealt with in another article in this issue—will make themselves felt. Moreover, the fact that hundreds of thousands of homes must be built within the shortest possible time will also impose certain trends on their design. We cannot tell from out here what effect the conflict
between man's innate yearning for his own house and garden and the community experience of the war will have on architecture. Before the war there were definitely two trends to be noticed in Germany: one toward small private houses and one toward large blocks of apartments. But both trends unequivocally turned their backs on the former tenement system. Above all, there was a striving toward more air, toward open green spaces between the large apartment blocks.

Besides homes, there are thousands of public buildings—railway stations, post offices, administrative buildings, banks, etc.—which will have to be rebuilt after the war. National-Socialism had definitely developed a style of its own for this type of building, a style dictated by the function of the building and perhaps influenced by the severe, precise, and well-proportioned style of many buildings from the period of Frederick the Great. With a minimum of exterior decoration—often only a row of rectangular columns in front of the main entrance—these new buildings impress one by their massiveness and by the simple horizontal lines of their windows. Perhaps a number of the architects of prewar public buildings did not take regional traditions sufficiently into account, with the result that too many of them in the different parts of Germany looked alike. Here a fertile field is open to the postwar architects.

NEW CITIES

Before the present war, urban planning was limited in many respects, since existing cities could hardly be rebuilt in their entirety. Only such completely new towns as the Volkswagenstadt (the town being built for the workers employed in the "people's car" factory) and Hermann-Göring-Stadt (a new mining town) provided ideal conditions for urban planning. Aerial warfare has now done away with many of the former limitations and has opened the road not only to urban planning but even to countryside planning.

In redesigning the destroyed cities of Europe, the old layouts will have to a certain extent to be adhered to in order to make use of the existing complicated systems of sewers, water pipes, cable lines, etc. However, one can safely say that the cities of tomorrow will be given far more air and light by leaving formerly built-over areas free and turning them into green spaces and parks. Even those parts of the towns which have not suffered from bombings will probably be included later into this new scheme by breaking through new, wide avenues with long perspectives—as was already done in Berlin during the thirties—and by erecting public buildings in the new style at dominating intersections.

CONCRETE EXAMPLE

An interesting example of new urban planning is provided by Greater Berlin. Even before the outbreak of war, and without any idea of the coming destruction in the capital of the Reich, the authorities had reckoned on a demand for 650,000 new homes within the next ten years. If these homes were to be built in the form of private houses, an area of 7,500 square kilometers would be needed, i.e., an area more than a quarter the size of Belgium. This left no alternative but to erect apartment blocks. On January 30, 1937, Chancellor Hitler appointed the architect Professor Albert Speer to the post of Inspector-General of Building for the Capital of the Reich, and the latter showed such an exceptional talent for organizing in this capacity that, as Minister for Armaments and Munitions, he now holds one of the key positions in the German Government.

Professor Speer immediately went to work with a large staff of collaborators to tackle the problem of Berlin's future growth. In the summer of 1939, a few weeks before the outbreak of the war, the initial work was begun. The greatest progress could be seen in the preliminary work for the area of Charlottenburg-Nord, where an entirely new residential district with 10,300 homes for 36,000 people was to be erected. The hub of this new district is formed by a shopping section, whose center will be a "square" 800
A terrace of houses for working people. This is the cheapest and most rapid form of building homes which, as the photograph shows, can still look attractive.

A row of detached houses for larger families. The spacing allows for a maximum of air and light.

Modern apartment buildings. Here, too, the first consideration is light and air. Note how far the houses are set back from the street to allow for additional green spaces.
Public Buildings in Town and City

Town Hall in Garmisch-Partenkirchen. Since almost all the buildings in this small town are in the traditional Southern Bavarian style, the new Town Hall with its decorated walls adheres closely to this style.

Building of the National Socialist Party in Weimar. A good example of the rather severe style seen in a great number of public buildings erected in Germany in the years before the present war.

Rear view of the Air Ministry building in Berlin. Severe in design, it provides ample air and light for the thousands of employees working in it. The adjacent green spaces lighten and enliven its austerity.
meters long and 120 meters wide. This space is surrounded by six-story houses whose ground floors are used for shops and offices. A gigantic festival hall for large cultural and political meetings and a twenty-story administrative building form the architectural climax of the square. The residential districts are divided up by a symmetrical system of broad avenues. The residential streets include large blocks of which only the parts facing the streets are built up, leaving parklike green spaces free in their center. Of the 190 hectares of residential area, 75 hectares are taken up by gardens and parks. A wide green strip joins up the Charlottenburg Palace Park and the Jungfernheide Park, which both flank this new residential area. The height of the buildings decreases from the center of the area toward its outskirts. Schools, libraries, fire stations, etc., are to be erected at suitable points, and the problem of garages has also been considered.

On the whole, it seems as if landscape gardening were facing a great future. Its task will be, not only to plant out the open spaces in the new towns, but also to connect the unattractive groups of houses left over from prewar days by means of green spaces, trees, shrubs, and flower beds.

One obstacle which has always seriously interfered with city planning is the question of ownership of the land and appropriation. Although this question may still cause many a headache, it is reasonable to assume that, with the growing emphasis on the community spirit, these obstacles will be surmounted far more easily in the future.

Without wishing to minimize the demands made on the nerves and health of the European peoples by the war and all it brings with it, we believe that, once these peoples are freed from the nightmare of war, they will set about the work of reconstruction with a verve and energy that will astound all pessimists. Building activities in Europe will then assume proportions surpassing even those of the second half of the nineteenth century. The very vastness of their task and the knowledge that what they build will determine the face of Europe for many years to come, will inspire the builders of tomorrow with the will to build in such a way that they themselves and coming generations may be proud.

What the Duchess Wished

When the Seven Years' War against Frederick the Great of Prussia had begun, the wildest rumors were often spread in France: and King Louis XV, who had remained behind in Paris, was one of the most enthusiastic to pass them on.

"Have you heard?" he said one day to the Duchess of Orléans. "They say the King of Prussia has been taken prisoner and is to be brought to Paris."

"Splendid!" the Duchess replied. "I have always wanted to see a real king!"
A COLLEGE BOY JOINS THE NAVY

By LIEUTENANT KENRYU TAKATO, I.J.N.

Every day the newspapers tell us about naval engagements in the Pacific, about the attacks of cruisers and destroyers, bombers and pursuit planes. Here is an article written by one of the young officers who man them. It is the straightforward, personal account of a college boy who joined the Imperial Japanese Navy, and it reveals his innermost thoughts and emotions.

The article was obtained and translated through the courtesy of the Press Bureau of the Imperial Japanese Fleet in China Waters.—K.M.

In December 1941, I left the Economics Department of the Imperial University at Kyoto. As students, we had often discussed whether we would find it possible to adapt ourselves mentally to the new order. We had placed great hopes in this respect in a soldierly life. For it is very difficult to mature from within only: one would never be able to deny a certain dissatisfaction with oneself. It was only through our spirits being hammered away at from without, so we believed, that we should be able to develop properly. We must learn to acquiesce without argument, to obey orders quietly, to yield up our ego and sacrifice ourselves for the whole, and a state of mind of this kind is only to be found in a soldier’s life.

I felt sure that I would find a new path in the world of the soldier. I was enthusiastic at the very idea of throwing myself into this world and of abandoning myself to it without a murmur. no matter how much I would be hammered away at, no matter how much it would stifle me. This is how my friends and I used to talk about the military life, a life of which we knew nothing at all. If I were given the opportunity to serve on the high seas, I was bound to become a man of stable character, so I believed. So I volunteered for the entrance examinations of the Navy.

A few days after the historic December 8, 1941, I received news that I had passed the examinations and had been accepted by the Navy. I cannot describe my joy. I would be able to go into battle in one of His Imperial Majesty’s warships! Full of hope, I looked forward to the future with eagerness and impatience.

SPARTAN TRAINING

In January 1942, I entered a training academy of the Imperial Japanese Navy. From the second day on, we all wore working suits, and there began a period of hard and strenuous training. Roused before dawn, we were allowed only five minutes to dress, make our beds, and line up faultlessly on the parade ground. Most of us who had been leading a college life of rather lazy comfort were at first in despair, as this seemed impossible; but soon we all began to take it as a matter of course and cheerfully adapted ourselves to the daily discipline. At meals we all sat with straight backs in neat rows, quietly waiting for a signal from the student on duty to start. Then we all dug into the humble yet tasty soldier’s food which we were given during the months of training in order to form a better understanding of the life of our future subordinates. But hunger is the best cook, and you cannot imagine how good each meal really tasted.

Day by day, by dint of constant scolding and trying hardships, mind and body were molded and strengthened to bear more and more exertion. Each morning began with two solid hours of rowing.
We strained at the oars of our heavy cutters. At first we found it utterly exhausting, but gradually our training course seemed to grow shorter in length until finally we hardly felt the distance at all. The weight of the oars of the cutter seemed much too heavy and unwieldy during the first few days, but later they, too, seemed to lose their weight. But our hands were cracked open by blisters and we discovered for the first time in our lives that blisters can actually form on top of blisters. The 'cats of the Navy became absolutely raw. In spite of all this, we bravely and cheerfully submitted to discipline, for we all told ourselves: ‘How can we become officers worthy of being loaded with the honors of the Imperial Japanese Navy without enduring these minor hardships?’

Training in handling weapons was just as severe. Rifle in hand, we were made to lie for hours in the snow. But we enjoyed it just the same. Of course, no fire of any kind was ever permitted within the training grounds or buildings. Even in the biting January wind, we were not allowed to put our hands in our pockets. The only way to get warm was to run about the training grounds. Even fever was not allowed to interfere with our daily training. It was thus that we began to realize the power of the mind over the body.

During the afternoon we were given instruction on various subjects. Among them were military law, military regulations, as well as naval history and other practical sciences. Finally, the day came for us to graduate from the training academy, and all graduates were appointed to various posts. Some were stationed aboard battleships or cruisers, others appointed to the naval air corps or to arsenals. Listening to the many stirring speeches made at our graduation ceremony, our thoughts were already at the far-off battle fronts. ‘Now we are ready to do our part, and we shall fight the enemy with courage.’ I saw that every face was flushed with this determination.

INTERLUDE OF A NOVICE

I was first attached to an air corps. This was my initial post of responsibility, and I was put in charge of my first subordinates. I was very fond of my men. They quietly obeyed all my orders. Even in cases where, because of my inexperience, I demanded the impossible, they tried to carry out the orders without complaint. When finally, after having tried their best, they said that it could not be done, I generally found that I was in the wrong.

My lack of experience brought me many a difficult and lonely day, and it was only the consciousness that I was doing something for my country that made me carry on cheerfully.

My stay in the air corps was not very long, but in spite of that my men sent me off with tears in their eyes when the day came on which I had to leave. I left them to sail for the war zone in a destroyer.

LIFE AT SEA BEGINS

On board the destroyer to which I had been appointed I watched the high-spirited young officers from the Naval Academy, the cream of the Navy’s personnel, at their work. At first I could not help wondering whether I, a university graduate, would manage to keep pace with these first-rate men, but then I made up my mind that, whatever the conditions, it was my duty to do my bit sincerely and to the best of my ability.

One day our destroyer flotilla weighed anchor and steamed out of port southward bound. We all lined up on deck to send a heartfelt farewell to the familiar outline of the mountains and islands of our native land gradually disappearing from our view in a haze. As we stood there in silence, our hearts were filled with but one thought: to show our gratitude to our Gods and our country in sacrifice.

One day our squadron entered an island base. For the first time in my life, I set eyes on the dreamlike beauty of a South Sea island. The sea was deep and shone green over submerged coral reefs. Rich
clusters of coconut palms fringing the islands were silhouetted against the tropical sky, and one could almost hear the natives chanting their mellow dreamy songs in the cool green shade of the graceful palms. But we could only gaze at this lovely picture from a distance, for we were soon ordered to join a larger naval unit which was already on its way to the front. Cutting through the white crested waves of the foaming Pacific, our flotilla steamed further and further south. My mind was entirely occupied with thoughts of the approaching battle—which was to be the first engagement in my life. Assembling my men on deck, I addressed them as follows:

"Men, we are now on our way to encounter a powerful enemy in fierce battle. The time has come for us to lay down our lives for the sake of our country. We are certain of victory and of our invincibility. However overwhelming the number of our enemies may be, I know we can and will utterly crush them. Let us place our entire faith in God and endeavor not to leave a single stain to blemish our country's honor. For God only helps those who strive to do their best. All of you must be as brave and composed as befits heroes." And as I spoke these words I realized that they were spoken more to myself than to them.

MY FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE ENEMY

We joined the bigger unit in due time, and our combined forces cruised southward. Day after day nothing could be seen but the dark-blue tropical sky and the vast expanse of the rolling sea. The training on board increased in vigor as we approached the battle zone.

One day a shrill signal interrupted our lunch. "Action station!" Those who were in the officers' mess sprang up instantaneously. I raced up to the bridge. "Port . . . degrees, one B-17, moving to port," the watch called out. Trying to keep my excitement under control I scanned the horizon in that direction. Yes, there it was! I could see the "Flying Fortress," still a tiny speck in the sky, flying straight toward us. "Estimated distance: 30,000."

With a resounding thunder, our fighters immediately took off from the carrier which we were escorting. Breathless I followed them with my eyes. The enemy B-17 approached with amazing rapidity. Our three pursuit planes suddenly broke up formation, and a fierce dogfight ensued. One, two, three minutes of breathless suspense. Then, to our joy, the enemy plane, trailing thick black smoke behind it, crashed into the sea. But we knew the fight with the enemy had only started, for it was certain that, before being brought down, the enemy plane had wired the presence of a large naval unit to its base, which meant that the enemy base was already aware of our approach.

For days we crossed the equator back and forth, back and forth, trying to contact the enemy. This was a laborious and nerve-wracking procedure. But at last the long-awaited day dawned. The sky in the east was turning purple and then suddenly burst into scarlet and gold. I was shaken out of my enjoyment of this glorious sunrise by the announcement of a report received from one of our reconnaissance planes: "Enemy fleet sighted. Large squadron." We had caught the enemy at last! Turning toward the carrier, I saw that our planes were already taking to the air in rapid succession: first the pursuit planes rising straight up from the deck, followed immediately by the roaring bombers and then by the torpedoplanes heavily weighted with their deadly missiles.

The planes assembled in the air in beautiful formation and flew off like wild eagles after their prey. Watching them disappear into the distant clouds, I could not help silently praying for their success and safe return.

INTO BATTLE AT LAST

The sea was as calm as ever. The waves gently rose and fell, a rolling carpet of emerald green. Ten minutes, twenty minutes passed. It was about time our planes came in contact with the enemy.
but still no reports were forthcoming. At that moment the watch called out: "Port... degrees, enemy aircraft approaching!" This was quickly followed by an order which resounded throughout the ship like a war cry: "Antiaircraft defense to port!"

Here was my first taste of real war. My heart began to beat violently. Before I could gather my wits, our aircraft carrier was completely enveloped by huge water spouts caused by a shower of bombs. My heart stopped beating. In the past, I had been a slave to my own ego, although I had been constantly questioning myself as to whether I was worthy of the trust placed in me by the Emperor and State. The very instant the bombs fell, however, my ego was blown to pieces and I could face things like a true soldier. My mind held only thoughts for the welfare of my country and our Navy—nothing else.

As the heavy screen of water fell, I glimpsed the unscathed form of our mighty carrier suddenly looming into view like a furious monster. With a sigh of relief I gave way to feelings of joy and thankfulness I had never experienced before. But just at that moment, a pillar of solid water rose close to our right with a tremendous hiss and crash. "Here she comes!" the Captain called and looked through the pane. I followed the direction of his eyes and there, out of the sky, right over our heads, an enemy bomber swooped down on us. The bombs had already been released. "Hard over to starboard!" The ship swung round in a great curve. The next instant, there was a tremendous detonation followed by a gigantic splash as a huge column of water spouted at the lee side. One of our pursuit planes was already on the trail of the enemy bomber, while a deafening staccato of antiaircraft artillery and machine-gun fire angrily pursued the fleeing enemy plane. Our ears hurt although they were stuffed with cotton. To my satisfaction, I found myself completely bereft of fear and absolutely calm. I had stood the test—my first test in real war.

Over and over again the enemy attacked and showers of heavy bombs fell around our carrier. With each bomb a gigantic pillar of water rose into the sky. My heart almost missed a beat as I noticed thick white smoke rising from the big ship. "Good heavens!" I muttered. The young assistant communication officer and I stood there helplessly watching the carrier, biting our lips. The Captain turned around toward us and, reading our thoughts, said quietly with a smile: "Don't worry, chaps. Look at that smoke. It is white. As long as smoke is white, there is no danger."

Indeed, the Captain was right, for we noticed that the carrier was steaming on faster even than our own ship. Presently, in confirmation of the Captain's words, we received a radiogram from the wounded aircraft carrier: "Slightly damaged. No interference with speed and fighting power." We sighed with relief. In no time, a number of the enemy raiders were shot down in quick succession and the rest fled. Before long, not a trace of the severe combat was to be seen on the calm surface of the ocean.

In the meantime, reports from our flyers had arrived in rapid succession. The havoc and destruction that our planes had brought on the enemy was almost stupendous. Gazing at the distant clouds and the calm deep sea, I silently prayed in gratitude to God for His benevolence and our brave comrades of the air for their valor.

Before long our victorious flyers returned, though not in the same orderly formation in which they had set out. They came back in groups of threes and fives, back to their carrier which received them like a mother affectionately welcoming her long-absent sons.

**IMPETURBABLE HEROES**

But landing the planes was no easy matter. Among those returning there were some that, running out of fuel, were compelled to make forced landings on the sea. One of these was circling over our heads at so low an altitude that
we could discern the faces of the crew quite clearly.

The wireless operator sent us a message: "About to make forced landing. Please render assistance," to which we replied with an "O.K." Soon the plane banked, dipped, and then dived headlong into the sea. Our ship had already slackened speed and was now moving at a snail's pace. Just as the plane touched the water, it capsized. Was this the end? I almost wrenched a pair of binoculars away from the hands of a nearby sailor. Straining through the glasses I could see two men; each had a revolver clutched in one hand which was held high and dry above water, while close by the wings of the capsized plane were outlined in the transparent water. I learned later on that the men had been rigorously trained to take their guns out of their holsters when their planes crashed, and always to keep them dry to save themselves from an ignoble end, should the necessity ever arise.

A lifeboat was immediately lowered and swiftly rowed out to the rescue of the two men. Meanwhile, orders were given to prepare dry clothes, whisky, biscuits, and hot drinks for the rescued men.

The rescue completed, the boat soon returned. On boarding the ship, the two dripping men started to discard their soaking uniforms with alacrity. One was a lieutenant, the other a first deck officer of the air force. Noticing me, the former asked for some clothes. "Certainly," I replied. "We have them all laid out for you over there. Please hand your wet clothes to our men." One of our boys took the dripping clothes and hurriedly disappeared into the washroom.

After having changed, the two officers entered the officers' mess and cheerfully ate and drank to their hearts' content. Gratefully accepting cigarettes which I offered them, they sat back in their chairs and puffed away with the utmost nonchalance. So utterly calm were they that I could not help wondering: had these men failed to meet the enemy and returned without participating in the fight? So I began questioning them.

"What was it like? How did you get on?" and so on. "Well, we just dropped . . . kilograms on what looked like the largest of the carriers, that's all." That was the nonchalant reply I received from the young officer, and it was spoken as though it were but a mere everyday occurrence. "What was the enemy's antiaircraft fire like?" I went on. To this he quietly replied: "It was like facing a sandstorm or meeting a sudden squall. I think any man would close his eyes in spite of himself before diving into the face of that furious antiaircraft fire." Was this the man who had, only a moment ago, been through the most harrowing of experiences and even at the brink of death? The man was calmness itself, the very symbol of courage in the face of peril, of loyalty to his Emperor, of pride in being a subject of his country, a veritable soldier of Nippon.

So I was wakened anew to the might and invincibility of our Navy and to the true spirit of the men who formed it.
NEWS AND VIEWS

By K. H. ABSHAGEN

Not long ago, a dozen or so newspaper men in Shanghai met for a discussion of present-day press problems. Dr. Absagen, special correspondent for East Asia of the Transocean News Agency and an occasional contributor to our magazine, held the introductory speech. This was followed by a lively, at times even heated, discussion. One of the topics around which the conversation crystallized has been made the subject of the following article, in which Dr. Absagen presents his and some of his colleagues' ideas.—K.M.

It was in the twenties. At last my dream had come true. After years of working in Berlin editorial offices, interrupted only now and again by short, reporterial trips to the countries of Central and Eastern Europe, I had been given the cherished post of traveling special correspondent for Western Europe for one of Berlin's leading newspapers. And now I was proudly attending to my first reporter's function in London, five minutes from Piccadilly Circus, "the hub of the world." I was listening to a speech by a Minister of the Crown, who was explaining the Government's policy to the Publicity Club, an assembly of publishers, editors, advertising agents, and other leading men of the newspaper world.

Sir Charles H., the Chairman of the meeting, looked me critically up and down when, after the Minister's speech, I was introduced to him as a German newspaper man. He belonged to the small group of fifteen to twenty men who determine the editorial policy of the great London newspapers. "Young man," said Sir Charles, after his appraisal of my outward appearance had lasted long enough to make me feel uncomfortable, "you call yourself a newspaper man, but, look here, you haven't got any 'news'-papers in Germany, you only have 'views'-papers."

This not very friendly comment on the German press somewhat dampened my professional ardor for the moment. At the same time, however, it spurred me on to turn my attention more than ever toward the differences existing among the newspapers of the various countries. I came to the conclusion that the British press lord's remark, although a trifle exaggerated, was not entirely without foundation. But the longer I studied this problem as the years went by, the more convinced did I become that the contempt which lay in Sir Charles's words for the type of the "views"-paper so strongly represented in the German press was unjustified.

THE BIRTH OF "VIEWS"-PAPERS

The difference between "news"-papers and "views"-papers is not one of national boundaries; it goes through the press of all Western countries. Originally, the pure "news"-press probably predominated everywhere. After the newspapers had shed their character of mere official gazettes, they became interested chiefly in providing their readers with news about events in their town and its environment and, beyond that, in the world at large. The very term "newspaper" points to this fact. But it was not long before, at least in Europe, the newspapers began to grow beyond these narrow confines. Especially during the times of political and spiritual changes which followed upon the French Revolution did the newspapers become the principal platform for discussion of a political and philosophical nature. An entirely new task arose for many newspapers: instead of providing their readers with isolated news items from all over the world, they had now to present them with a Weltanschauung.
Editorials and special articles contributed by experts took their place side by side with news items. The cultural and entertainment sections of the newspapers gained in size and importance. The "views"-paper was born. It is this type of newspaper which dominated the press of all European countries up to the turn of the century.

**AMERICA LIKES "NEWS"**

A retrogressive development toward mere news organs spread from the United States of America. Here the type of the "news"-paper had remained popular throughout the nineteenth century. The reasons for this are not immediately obvious. Perhaps the most plausible explanation is that the population of the United States lacked the basis of a uniform national culture. During the nineteenth century, the period in which in Europe a press came into being which endeavored to provide intellectual readers with more than just news, namely, with as complete an idea of the world as possible, North America was still at the stage of pioneering, of settling and opening up the wide open spaces of the West. The pioneers—who at this stage were representative of the population of the United States—were far too much occupied with the practical demands of each day to ask very much of their newspapers in the way of mental stimulus. Thrilling and well told news was to them more important and more interesting than profound articles.

This is probably the reason why the press of America did not participate in the general European evolution toward a "views" press, but instead increased the speed of news reporting and the colorfulness of news presentation. Naturally, this development was furthered by the progress in telegraphic and wireless communication resulting from the rapid technical development of the vast new continent.

With the beginning of the twentieth century, this type of news press began to find imitators in Europe. The greater part of the English dailies, for instance, underwent a change of that kind. This change was started by Lord Northcliffe, the first of the modern "lords of the press." In the *Daily Mail* he created the first "news"-paper with a circulation of over a million; and his *Daily Mirror* was the Old World's first counterpart to the American "tabloids." Later he was outdone by Lord Beaverbrook, whose *Daily Express* probably resembles the American pattern more closely than any other British newspaper. This is easy to understand if one bears in mind that Beaverbrook is a Canadian (of Scottish descent) and spent his childhood and young manhood in Canada, whose press has developed entirely after the pattern of the newspapers of her great neighbor.

**IT TAKES ALL KINDS**

In studying both types of papers, one should remember that the names "news"-papers and "views"-papers (German: *Nachrichtenpresse* and *Gesinnungspreise*; French: *presse d'information* and *feuilles d'opinion*) by no means fully characterize the existing differences. The border line between both types is not as clear and unequivocal as it may seem after what has been said. Furthermore, it is not the case that in America, for example, there are only "news"-papers and in Germany only pure "views"-papers. North America and Germany are rather the two ends of a scale, a scale in which there are many shadings between the two types.

Even in America the newspapers are not limited to pages of news; they also contain editorials, leaders, and an entertainment section which in many cases is varied and extensive. On the other hand, even the most pronounced representatives of the "views" press in Germany endeavor to provide as comprehensive and rapid a news service as possible. The emphasis, however, in the "news" press is on news reporting. Its editors do not count on keeping their readers by good leading articles, much less on acquiring new readers by editorial comments. They are fully aware of the fact that they would lose thousands or even tens of thousands of readers from one day to the next, or
at least within a week, to their rivals if the news service of the latter were faster or its presentation more amusing or more sensational. In the case of the “views” press, the emphasis naturally cannot lie on the maximum of speed or sensational presentation of news. Even the objective accuracy of each news item is not enough here: the “views” press has to present it in an environment and before a background which enable its readers really to understand its significance and to appraise it correctly.

In the United States, too, there are some dailies which, besides having a good news service, fulfill the demand one is accustomed to placing on “views”-papers. In Germany, on the other hand, there are also numerous dailies which place their emphasis on news reporting. Moreover, many more or less successful attempts have been made in Europe to imitate the American type of sensation press by the publication of noon and evening papers with large circulations in the cities. In England as well as in France, there are quite a number of pronounced “views”-papers. In Great Britain, the papers of this type—among them especially the London Times and the Manchester Guardian—exert with their comparatively small circulations a much greater political and intellectual influence than the “news” press with its, circulations running into many millions.

NEWS AND THE TRUTH

This is hardly surprising; for the “news” press cannot count upon the loyalty of its readers by reason of its political and spiritual attitude but must maintain its circulation by news sensations every day. Consequently, it must as a rule take the wishes and feelings of its readers into account, and very often it cannot undertake to influence its readers in one direction or another without endangering its business prospects.

If one were to believe the enthusiastic champions of a pure “news” press, the latter would repudiate any idea of wanting to influence its readers. For what these champions praise in their type of paper is its absolute objectivity, which finds expression in the fact that the bare news is presented by it without any editorial comment, thus leaving the reader free to draw his own conclusions. In practice, however, things usually work out quite differently. The desire to make use of the tremendous power of a widely read newspaper to influence the reader almost always leads to a careful sifting of the news which is printed. This sifting process is, of course, carried out from the point of view of whether the news items fit into the political conception of the persons or circles determining the editorial policy of the paper. Even if we disregard the conscious falsification of actual facts in the news reporting of many “news”-papers all over the world, it is undeniable that, by means of skillfully selected true news items, far worse distortions of fact can be achieved than by obvious lies, for the very reason that no evident untruth can be proved. Thus it is an open question, whether the greater measure of honesty toward its readers is, taken as a whole, to be ascribed to the “news” press or to the “views” press, which openly proclaims its political and spiritual attitude.

THE INFLUENCE OF EDUCATION

What determines the development of the press in one direction or another is not preponderantly the conscious plans of the publishing world. Newspapers are, after all, not produced in a vacuum or for a vacuum. To serve their purpose they must have readers. In the last analysis, it is the desires and demands and the intellectual level of its readers which determine the contents of a newspaper. This applies just as much to the so-called democracies as to the totalitarian states. It was, for instance, not a coincidence that Northcliffe came out in England at the turn of the century with “news”-papers modeled after the American pattern. The reason was that the educational level of the English industrial population had progressed so far, i.e., the art of reading had become so widespread, that a press for the masses had become necessary, while, on the other hand, the
intelligence of the general public was not sufficient to appreciate dailies of the *Times* and *Westminster Gazette* type, which had held the field until then. In the same way, it is a natural consequence of the widespread thirst for education and knowledge in Germany—and the resulting comparatively high educational level even among the masses—that the German press was the first to develop the type of "views"-papers, a type which it has consistently maintained throughout all political changes.

It is not surprising that the varied requirements of the dailies should have led to the news agencies of the different countries having adjusted the character of their services according to the nature of the countries to which they belong or which they serve. Up to the outbreak of the present war, or rather up to the entry of America into the war, the American "United Press" agency supplied a service to many European countries, including Germany. This service differed in many respects from the service distributed in America by the same agency, as it tried to take into account the special requirements of the predominating "views"-papers in Europe. The German news agency "Europa-press" was able to develop in the period between the two world wars from modest beginnings to an important position in Germany and all Europe because its editorial policy was directed at supplying news reports made intelligible by an appropriate background. In the course of the present war, news agencies have felt a growing demand for news articles which complement the actual news service. The reason for this is to be found in the fact that readers are surfeited with news and want to be informed—not by long editorials but by short, simple articles in immediate conjunction with the news—as to what the news really means.

For a number of years, leading circles of the press have been discussing, not without anxiety, the question of whether and how newspapers will be able in the long run to maintain themselves against the radio. In this respect, the "views" press is in a much more favorable position than the "news" press. Even with the utmost perfection in technical equipment, the newspaper will never be able to compete with the radio in the speed of reporting. The hours which are lost even in the most favorable circumstances by printing and transportation from the printing press to the reader can be made up for only in part by skillful presentation of the events. Perhaps the exaggerated sensationalism to be observed in recent times in the case of many "news"-papers is already a phenomenon of their desperate struggle against the competition of radio. Since radio cannot be beaten with regard to the priority of reporting on really important events, the temptation arises to carry off a "scoop"—so essential to the maintenance of circulation figures—by sensationally playing up what are actually events of minor significance, or even by letting free invention have its way.

The "views"-papers do not have to fear the competition of radio. Their readers are only stimulated by what they hear over the radio to inform themselves at their leisure on the background of these events as presented in their paper. Radio and "views"-papers do not compete with each other: they complement each other. Thus it is to be expected that the "views"-papers—about which the British press lord spoke so slightly at a time when radio was still far from its present-day ubiquity and technical perfection—will not only survive but even regain much of the ground lost to the "news" press.
BURMA TRAILS

By WALTER J. KAHLER

Burma has been much in the news during the last two years, and many good articles and books have been written about this country. Yet we believe that our author has something new to contribute on the subject, as he himself has traveled, on foot and by mule, through Burma and her borderlands. Although these journeys were made before the outbreak of the Greater East Asia War and probably much has changed since then, Walter Kahler's story nevertheless gives a vivid picture of the very trails over which engagements of historic importance are now being fought. His account shows how great the hardships must be for the men who have to fight there and how enormous the geographical obstacles facing the Allies in their plan to reconquer Burma.

The photographs were taken by the author.—K.M.

When studying the geography of Asia on a map, we observe that almost all the large mountain ranges run from west to east. East of the Bay of Bengal, however, the Asiatic continent looks as if in prehistoric times a colossal pressure had acted from two sides on the mass of the mainland, forcing out one portion toward the south. The general west-east orientation of the mountains is suddenly interrupted here by wooded mountain chains and deep river valleys all running in a north-south direction.

Embracing the modern countries of Burma, Yunnan, Thailand, French Indo-China, and Malai, this geographical appendix acts in its upper part like a wedge—which it also resembles—thrust between India and China by the dynamic forces of nature. At the same time, this wedge also represents the great divide of peoples separating the Indo-Aryan from the Mongol-Chinese races. The link between these two is provided by Burma.

MOUNTAINOUS FRONTIERS

Burma comprises an area of about 600,000 square kilometers of which the two Shan States occupy one quarter. To the north, west, and east, Burma is bounded by high mountains; to the south by the Indian Ocean. At its greatest extent its width measures 1,000 kilome-
ters. Its length stretches across eighteen latitudes, and it possesses a coast line of 2,000 kilometers which is continued from Moulmein southward to the Isthmus of Kra in the form of a narrow coastal strip. Another narrow coastal strip north of Cape Negrais is separated from the rump of the mainland by the Arakan Yomas range.

The coast and the delta of the Irrawaddy are surrounded by a belt of mangroves and notched by the deep incisions of fiordlike bays with innumerable islands, both large and small, lying just off the coast. Akyab, the only harbor north of Rangoon, is situated on one of the northernmost islands.

Near the Assam border, the Arakan mountain range turns northeastward and then continues as the Lushai and Chin Mountains across the Manipur upland to the Naga and Patkai Hills. With its peaks attaining a height of more than 3,000 meters and its malaria-infested valleys, this long mountain range presents a wild, sparsely inhabited region covered with almost impenetrable jungles and dense bamboo forests, thus forming a natural border between Burma and the Indian provinces of Assam and Bengal.

Like the Arakan Yomas range, the Yunnan mountains in the east form a natural barrier against China. These
equally long mountain chains, which in the north reach heights of over 6,000 meters with passes at altitudes between 4,000 and 4,800 meters, gradually become lower toward the south. In central Burma they turn into the 1,000-meter-high Shan plateau and thence continue as far as Tenasserim.

Between the Arakan Mountains and the Shan plateau lies the most fertile part of the whole country, the area irrigated by the Irrawaddy River—whose sources are in the Namkiu Mountains, the northernmost border mountains of Burma—and its principal tributary, the Chindwin River. Up to the opening of the railway in 1877, the Irrawaddy was Burma's chief traffic artery. Practically all the products of the country were transported on this river, as it can be navigated by steamboats even during the dry season as far as Bhamo, the starting place of the overland route to Kunming, 1,500 kilometers north of Rangoon. During the rainy season it is even possible to reach a point 250 kilometers farther up at the confluence of the Mali and Nmai-kha Rivers. The Chindwin is navigable as far as Homalin, 500 kilometers distant from the point of its confluence with the Irrawaddy. The Salween River, on the other hand, although much longer, is navigable by steamer only for 140 kilometers above Moulmein on account of its many falls and rapids.

**PLENTY OF RAIN**

Burma lies within the range of the tropical monsoon winds and thus has three different seasons. The cool, dry, and most pleasant season lasts from November till February. It is followed by the three equally dry but very hot months of March, April, and May. The change from dry north winds to the rain-bearing southwest monsoon which blows from the Indian Ocean generally begins toward the end of May with a series of thunderstorms.

The climate along the coasts of Tenasserim and Arakan and in the Irrawaddy Delta is almost uniformly humid and hot throughout the year, the average temperature being between 27° and 30° centigrade, and there is little change in temperature between day and night. Mosquitoes and malaria are most prevalent in this area. The precipitation in these districts is four times heavier than in the northern parts and five times heavier than in the central dry zone. Thus the annual average of precipitation is only 85 centimeters in Mandalay, while it is 254 centimeters in Rangoon, and as much as 512 centimeters in Arakan.

The farther an area is removed from the modifying influence of the ocean climate, the greater becomes the difference of temperature between day and night, the greatest extremes in temperature being registered in the densely wooded districts in the north of Burma. In Maymyo, on the Shan plateau at an altitude of 1,200 meters, night frost is a common occurrence in the months of January and February.

During the rainy season from June to October the Irrawaddy overflows its banks, inundating hundreds of square kilometers of land and covering the soil with a new layer of fertilizing alluvial clay. Owing to the heavy downpours, the rise of water in the river is so great that at Prome, 340 kilometers from the sea, the difference between the highest and lowest water levels amounts to 15 meters. The fields on both sides of the river are flooded for 17 to 20 kilometers during high water.

On account of the obstructive nature of its border areas, Burma has remained practically isolated from her neighbors. Her rivers, roads, and railway lines (total length: 3,400 kilometers) are all in the central part of the country and run almost without exception from north to south. Up to the outbreak of the war, the only roads connecting Burma with her neighbors were in a primitive condition. With the sole exception of the road through the Southern Shan States to Thailand, they consisted of jungle trails crossing the wilderness of the border regions. These trails are unsuitable for any kind of vehicular traffic and often become impassable during the rainy season.
THE MANIPUR TRAIL

An oppressive heat hung over the sun-scorched plain of Bengal when my train left Calcutta. With their rice fields and grasslands, some of which were still flooded after the last downpours and only here and there dotted with clumps of bamboo and palm trees, the river valleys of the Ganges, Atrai, and Brahmaputra offered little variation in scenery.

At Gauhati I crossed the Brahmaputra by ferry; thence a bus line took me via Shillong and Sylhet to Karimganj, which lies on another railway line. This trip through the Khasi and Jainta Hills as well as the train journey to Dimapur possess great scenic charm. Following acute and often dangerous hairpin curves, the road led over heights and through deep valleys, pine forests yielding to bamboo groves and to tropical jungles out of which reared the green feathery crowns of tree ferns and the slender stems of betel palms. We passed over innumerable bridges thrown across cataracts, roaring torrents, and deep ravines. At the same time an agreeable coolness replaced the oppressive damp heat broiling in the plains of Bengal in October, the last monsoon month.

The province of Assam is the tea garden of India. Here, apart from Darjeeling, the best quality of Indian tea is grown in the extensive plantations of the Brahmaputra valley. Cotton, rice, and jute are also grown.

From Dimapur a narrow one-way road leads via Kohima, the first village in the Naga Hills, to Imphal, the capital of Manipur. The Nagas are a tribe of primitive independent natives, and in the remoter parts of the rugged upland where they have not yet come under control they still pass their time with tribal feuds and head-hunting, their favorite hobby. High palisades enclose their solitary villages, which are almost always situated on the summit of some mountain whence the inhabitants can readily detect the approach of an enemy and go to the defense of their village.
It is due to the rather unsettled conditions still prevailing in this district that every foreigner desiring to enter Manipur had to obtain a special permit from the British Resident at Imphal. A notice, "not to enter into or touch any living-house in Manipur," posted up in the Dak bungalow, illustrates the situation.

At Imphal the motor road came to an end, and I had to hire guides and porters for the next lap of the journey. This proved rather difficult at first. While I needed only two men for my luggage, the porters would only travel in fours for fear of wild animals and hostile Naga tribes. For the same reasons they were unwilling to accompany me farther than five days' traveling.

For the first two days the journey took us through fields and marshland, then the path led steeply uphill and down following a cutting which had been made for the telephone line. I did not envy the coolies who were hauling along my tent, camped, typewriter, kitchen utensils, and provisions by means of a strap over the forehead and a yoke across the shoulders; but they were quite cheerful for all that.

**Burning Bamboo**

On both sides of the road rose impenetrable green walls of jungle and high bamboo forests. Only occasionally did we come upon a few huts or a Naga village fortified with palings. Apart from the howling of the monkeys doing gymnastics in the tree tops far away and the irritating humming of the mosquitoes at night, we saw and heard little of the wild animals, the tigers, pythons, cobras, and wild elephants, lurking in the thickets and whose droppings in some places covered the road.

Dagobas overgrown with creepers and *poongjies* in robes of ochre-yellow told that we were entering the country of Buddhhas and pagodas. Graceful Burmese women with their hair piled high and adorned with flowers, with thin blouses and colored *longjies* (a kind of sarong), and sucking at maize-leaf cheroots as thick as a thumb, were squatting on the verandas of their huts, which are made of plaited bamboo and rest on high stilts because of the floods during the rainy season.

In Tamu, on the Manipur Burma border, I paid off the porters (1 rupee per man per day) and hired new ones for the next lap. A party of eight people attached itself to me carrying baskets full of dried maize leaves for the domestic cigarette industry. Our goal was Sittaung, four days' trek away, on the banks of the "Ningthi" as the Manipuris call the Chindwin River.

We had left the high mountain ranges behind us, but the jungle on both sides of the narrow path was as dense as ever. The hot rays of the tropical sun and the dry weather had parched the woods to such an extent that there was a crackling underfoot at every step we took. For two days we had been noticing a thin blue haze in the distance ahead. Gradually we approached this spot—a whole forest of bamboo was aflame, or rather, it was not so much burning as smoldering. Mighty tree trunks lay across the road, glowing and partly charred. There was a crackling in the bushes all around, and wherever we looked there were small tongues of fire; but the air was so still that no real conflagration could occur. Although the slightest breeze would have sufficed to turn the whole forest into a sea of flames. Our path pointed right through the middle of this. Our faces were burning, the smoke irritated our lungs. But this did not seem to bother the coolies, who marched on calmly without seeming to be aware of any danger. They understood the situation better than I. Only one of them stopped to make a "counter-fire." He lit a few candles which he had apparently brought along for this very purpose, placed them at the foot of a tree that had not caught fire yet, knelt down before them to utter some prayers to an unknown deity, and then went on.

Sittaung consists only of a few bamboo huts and a Dak bungalow where British officials spent the night when on inspection trips. A steamer of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company took me 140 kilometers
further north to Homalin. From there another eight days' trek with coolies brought me to Katha, a railway terminus and steamboat station on the upper Irrawaddy.

THE ROAD TO THAILAND

Since olden times Burma's relations with Thailand have been more lively than with any other of her neighbors, especially as the Thailanders are racially related to the Shans. The shortest road, and the one offering the least technical difficulties, would start from the mouth of the Tenasserim River or from Mergui, particularly so as the mountains grow higher northward. Two or three hundred years ago Mergui, then still belonging to Siam, was the most frequently used western approach to this country; but of this old road nothing remains today but a neglected jungle path, as it has been quite neglected for a long time.

Attention has of late been turned more to the area between Moulmein on the Gulf of Martaban and Pitsanulok with a view to connecting Burma and Thailand by a railway line. Years ago I covered this route, too, on foot when Indian merchants were almost the only ones to use the path. From a spot 72 kilometers from Moulmein by steamer, a road on which motorcars can travel leads to Kawkereit at the foot of the Dawna range and thence with many windings over the wooded mountain ridge, which is about 900 meters high, to Myawaddy (90 kilometers), a village on the border between Burma and Thailand. In Myawaddy, luggage and provisions were loaded onto ponies. Several small rivers and two mountain ridges covered with bamboo thickets and high beautiful jungles separate Myawaddy from Raheng (80 kilometers), which is generally reached in four to five days. These two ridges together with the Dawna range are obstacles which offer technical difficulties to the construction of a railway.

The jungle path is in places rather narrow and frequently leads steeply up and down hill. Wild elephants are not uncommon in this district. However, between Mehtor, 16 kilometers before Raheng is reached, and Pitsanulok, the next station on the Thailand railway, the country is again as flat as a table, thus offering no obstacles to the construction of a railway.

During the dry season traveling was no hardship. From time to time we passed a few native huts, but it was hardly ever possible to procure any provisions in these places. Those who have both the wish and the time to get to know this country can take a boat from Raheng down the Menam River to Paknampo, a four- to five-days' journey, and proceed from there either to the old capital Ayudhya or down to Bangkok.

THE ROAD THROUGH THE SHAN STATES

The only road which has for years carried motor traffic between Burma and Thailand is the road through the Shan States and Kengtung, which was recently ceded to Thailand. At Meiktila, 530 kilometers north of Rangoon, this road branches off from the great traffic artery to Mandalay, climbs the Shan plateau with many windings, and leads over Yaungwe to Taungyi, the capital of the Shan States, situated 1,560 meters above sea level. From here the road describes a large curve northward; it touches Loilem, crosses the Salween River by means of the ferry at Takaw, and then turns southward again via Kengtung and Chiengrai until, at Lampang, it meets the Thailand railway line to Bangkok.

Some sections of this road are quite good, but others are very difficult as, for example, that part where the road becomes very narrow in traversing the mountains before Kengtung. Steep climbs and precipitous drops combined with many exceedingly sharp curves demand the utmost care in driving. During the rainy season this part of the road becomes almost impassable. The scenery, however, with its roaring streams and waterfalls, its deep ravines and precipitous rocks, is very attractive in its rugged wildness.

As a route of transportation between the two capitals of Burma and Thailand
this road cannot be taken into consideration on account of the great distances involved—Meiktila/Lampang: 1,130 kilometers, and thence to Bangkok another 1,200 kilometers—which would make such transports too expensive.

CONNECTIONS WITH CHINA

Behind Hsiakwan the broad 2,000-meter-high Yunnan plateau verges westward upon the rugged upland of Tsang-shan, whose 4,000-meter-high ridges are cleft by deep valleys. Apart from the Shweli, two of the largest rivers of Asia, the Salween and the Mekong, have carved their way here through narrow and sometimes vertical gorges, causing differences in elevation which amount to 2,000 meters at some places. Thus the Mekong valley lies 1,200 meters above sea level while that of the Salween River is only 650 meters above sea level at those points where the Mekong and the Sealween are spanned by the Kungkwo and Huitung bridges, the mountain ranges flanking them reaching a height of 2,600 meters. These great differences in elevation as well as the steep, almost vertical banks present the greatest difficulties in the way of the construction of a road which would, moreover, be endangered by landslides occurring during the rainy season.

The inaccessible nature of the terrain and the ensuing lack of routes of communication account for the whole district between Bhamo and Talifu not having been opened up yet industrially or culturally. The rugged, in part densely wooded mountains, and the valleys, which are hot and malaria-ridden during the rainy season, are inhabited by the Shans and several primitive mountain tribes such as the Lisus, Lolos, and Kachins, all of them, with the exception of the Shans, belonging to the Burmese-Tibetan race. Among these the Kachins are notorious for their frequent armed robberies. The Chinese population in this part of Yunnan province is confined principally to the larger and high-lying settlements.

The area north of the Burma Road is particularly interesting from a zoological point of view, for in this wild hilly country there are some species of animals, specimens of which are but rarely found in museums and even more rarely in zoological gardens. Among them there is the legendary beishang, or bamboo bear, a harmless animal keeping chiefly to bamboo jungles and feeding exclusively on the leaves of this plant. There then is the takin, a species of wild cow in which the zoological characteristics of buffalo, sheep, goat, and antelope are found combined. It lives in rhododendron thickets at altitudes up to 5,000 meters. Apart from bear, leopard, wolf, and wild boar, there are also blue sheep, musk ox, ghoral—a species of mountain goat—and some rare species of deer such as wapiti and sambar.

A BURMA ROAD

For many centuries a caravan route has existed between Bhamo and Kunming, the capital of Yunnan province in western China, on which the prized goods of China were transported as long ago as in the days of the Silk Road. Marco Polo, who traveled over it six hundred years ago, also tells of this ancient trade route. During the Ming dynasty the road is said to have been further improved; later, however, traffic was interrupted for many years owing to domestic unrest, the presence of robbers, and finally the great Mohammedan Rebellion, which lasted sixteen years before it was quelled in 1872. As a consequence, and apart from a few sections of the old cobblestone road which have been preserved to this day, the caravan route fell more and more into ruin.

Vehicles can travel on this road up to Nantabet, 27 kilometers from Bhamo, and even 20 kilometers further in the dry season. Then luggage and provisions must be put on mules. For the first three days the road led over ridges and through beautiful tropical forests with giant rhododendron trees, magnolia trees, and tree ferns and extending almost as far as Manhisien, the first Chinese village. After that the brown mountains, deforested, are only covered with low scrub. Groups of Kachins armed with swords and guns, and betel-chewing Shan women with high
A bamboo bridge over a jungle river on the Assam Burma trail between Imphal and Tamu

A mule caravan on the old mountain trail from Blamo in Burma to Yunnan

The gateways and houses of a Na village are adorned with carved way buffaloes, as these animals are sacred by the Nagus. The village gat are sometimes also decorated with human skulls, indicating that the Nagus are, or at least were, head hunters.

TRAILS TO BURMA

A Kashmir rifle regiment crossing the Zoji-La glacier on its way to Little Tibet
Along the
Burma Road

Yangpe village, a day's trek
from Hsakwan, at the foot
of the Kachin range. This is
only one of the many steep
mountainous mountain ranges
that have to be crossed be-
tween Yunnan and Burma.

Noon-day rest on the old Burma trail.
The Chinese mule drivers ac-
companying the caravans through
the bandit-infested mountains of
western Yunnan are heavily
armed. Note the pack saddles rest-
ing on the ground.

The swaying rope bridges which
formerly spanned the
foaming waters of the Salween
and Mekong Rivers have been
replaced by new steel construc-
tions for the Burma Road.

Mule caravans carry these pyramidal-shaped blocks
of salt from far-off mines to Paoshan in Yunnan.
Red and black stamps on the blocks represent
taxes paid en route.

The town of Yunghuang (now called Paoshan) where, 600
years ago, Marco Polo spent a night. The woman on the
right is drying Chinese spaghetti.
blue turbans around their heads, came to meet us or were resting at the wayside.

The villages, protected by high walls against raids, consisted mostly of a single long street paved with irregular stones. The inns in these villages were rather primitive, generally surrounding a courtyard for the pack animals faced by a few windowless rooms for the mule drivers and guests. Simple wooden benches covered with straw mats—generally infested with vermin—served as sleeping accommodation. The food, however, was tasty and good.

The journey through the valleys of the Taiping and Namti Rivers led through rice fields that had been harvested, and it was made without difficulty. At the end of seven days we reached the first large town, Tengyueh, which is a passport and customs station for the caravan traffic between Yunnan and Burma. At the same time it is a market town for rural products from the neighborhood.

Beyond Tengyueh we encountered the most difficult part of the journey. Wooded ridges with passes between 2,000 and 3,000 meters high are separated by the deep valleys of the Shweli, Salween, and Mekong Rivers, which are spanned by suspension bridges. These rugged mountains with their many folds, their brushwood, and the many twists and turns obstructing the view, naturally offer welcome hiding places to bandits and robbers.

"You should only travel with a large caravan," I was advised by the customs official, a Dane, who had kindly put me up as his guest till an opportunity should arise for continuing the journey. "Only a fortnight ago one of my customs men was shot by the wild Kachins, and only three weeks before that, between Talifu and Kunming, two trucks were attacked and robbed and the passengers killed."

MULE CARAVAN

A fortnight after this cheerful introduction, the expected opportunity arrived. A caravan of 110 mules for Talifu was being assembled. The Dane concluded a written contract with the leader of the caravan by which the latter undertook to put at my disposal a pack mule, a boy, and food, for three pieces of silver a day and take me safely to Hsiakwan.

The marching system of my caravan, which transported bales of cotton, has always remained a mystery to me. Sometimes we started in utter darkness at three a.m., sometimes at eight, and sometimes not until eleven in the morning. We covered about two and a half miles an hour and made a daily average of fifteen to twenty miles according to the distance of the place we wished to reach before nightfall.

After five hours of marching there was usually a period of rest. The loads were taken from the animals and arranged in long rows. The mules rolled in the dust and then strolled around, while the dogs crept under the merchandise and guarded the luggage. The drivers lay down in the grass to sleep with their round caps pulled over their faces. Those coolies who had marching sores usually came to me to be treated; for, like all natives, they, too, probably took every white man for a doctor. Tincture of iodine serves excellently as it leaves a visible stain and burns in the wound.

The Chinese pack saddle, which allows the quick unloading and loading of the animals during intervals of rest, is a very practical invention. It consists of two wooden structures which fit exactly into each other. The saddle frame is strapped to the mule; the other part, to which the loads are attached, can be lifted off.

The interval over, the coolies uttered a peculiar cry in answer to which the mules returned to their places of their own accord and willingly submitted to the loading. Two men lifted up the structure with the luggage, the mule passing underneath with lowered head, and the luggage saddle was placed in the grooves of the pack saddle. Whenever an animal had gone astray in the mountains, the dogs went after it and drove it back to the camp. Things ran with surprising smoothness, and within a very short time the caravan was on its way again. It was headed by two leading mules with bells. They also carried a triangular red flag.
with the sign of the caravan and large green tassels of hair, a good charm for driving evil spirits from the road.

Each driver had five or six mules under his care. They were all of them strong, tough animals carrying their loads of 70 kilograms day after day over the difficult mountain paths.

PASSES AND CANYONS

Whenever we camped at night in the open, the pieces of luggage were arranged in a quadrangle around the camp like a rampart. All the drivers were armed with guns of a somewhat old-fashioned design, and these were stood up in pyramids within reach near the camp fire. Meanwhile Fang, the cook, had prepared the meal; these one-course menus, though lacking in variety, were very nourishing, consisting usually of cabbage or turnip soup and rice with a big piece of bacon for each. After the meal we all remained squatting around the fire for a last pipe, then rolled ourselves into our blankets and went to sleep. There was no need to keep watch, for the dogs were fierce and barked at the least suspicious noise.

Three kilometers beyond Tengyueh the old paved road reaches the foot of the mountains and scales the heights in many windings. Occasionally, the narrow path follows the slope of the mountains, but for the most part it goes up hill and down dale.

The setting sun was pouring its fiery red glow on the bare hill chains when we made camp on the west bank of the Shweli River, intending to cross the latter early the next morning and continue our march over the Kaolikan range, which separates the Shweli and Salween river valleys. The pass is at a height of 2,700 meters, while the Hweitung bridge spans the foaming indigo waters of the Salween 2,000 meters lower down. The Chinese call the valley of this river the "valley of death," saying that evil spirits dwell in it; they probably mean malaria, which claims many victims in the hot humid valleys during the rainy season.

The path led in a steep zigzag up the other bank of the river, then through a wooded ravine, and then over several ridges until, on the fifth day, just before Yungchang, we reached a broad valley, whose fertile rice fields supplied more than forty villages with food. The whole valley gave an impression of rural prosperity. Clumsy water buffaloes were wallowing in the rice fields, black pigs of every size were grunting in the streets of the villages and in the fields, while flocks of geese and ducks were disporting themselves in the ditches.

Marco Polo relates that around 1277 a great battle was fought there between the Chinese and the Burmese, in which twelve thousand Tartar horsemen gained a decisive victory over the forces of the Burmese, which were five times larger and had two thousand war elephants.

A pony caravan entered Yungchang in front of us bringing large blocks of grayish-white salt bearing the red stamps of the Salt Gabelle. They came from the salt mines eleven days' journey away.

Yungchang, now generally known as Paoshan, is with its 30,000 inhabitants the only town in the valley. Like all settlements in this district, it is also surrounded by a high stone wall whose gates are closed every evening at dusk. The inhabitants have undoubtedly intermarried with the Shans and other races, for they are darker than the pure Chinese.

In contrast to the Salween, the Mekong is a muddy, slow-flowing river. The sides of the high mountains which confine its bed into a narrow canyon drop away almost vertically.

Stretched out in a long chain, the pack animals followed each other down into the valley, one by one crossing the narrow bridge, which was guarded by soldiers, and laboriously scrambled up the steep zigzag path on the opposite bank. The journey continued through rugged, sparsely populated uplands with wooded ridges as far as the eye could see. The mountain ranges shifted one behind the other like pieces of scenery on the stage. On their slopes grew pine woods and rhododendron, whose red blossoms stood out in brilliant relief against the dark green foliage. Above this, the peaks stood shining in their new snow.
Presently we reached another height of more than 2,600 meters. At night the temperature dropped below zero. The cotton bales froze to the ground, and the blankets in which we slept were as hard as a board in the morning. Mist and rime had drawn a white sheet over the landscape and made the slopes and mountains glitter in the light of the winter sun.

Charred remnants of beams and houses bore witness to the activities of the bandits who some years ago ravaged the villages and who still make the district unsafe. For this reason our caravan marched in military formation with vanguard, main column, and rearguard.

On the ninth day after leaving Paoshan the path squeezed through a narrow gorge along a river flowing from the Erhai Lake. Soon afterwards we reached Hsiakwan on the shores of this blue lake.

Being the terminus of the bus lines from Talifu and Kunming and also on account of the caravan traffic to Burma, Likiang, and Tibet, Hsiakwan was the liveliest town along this important thoroughfare. From here Kunming, 400 kilometers distant, could be reached by bus in two days with one night’s stopover in Tsuyung.

This was the course of the Burma Road when I traveled over it shortly before the outbreak of the war. Here, too, the war has brought changes, for meanwhile a new motor road has been built which reduces the strenuous three-weeks’ journey to Hsiakwan to four days.

THE NEW MOTOR ROAD TO CHUNGKING

As early as 1886, when Upper Burma had been annexed by England and a branch of the north-south railway was extended from Mandalay to Lashio, an extension of this line across the Salween ferry at Kunglong to Talifu, the town of the marble quarries, was planned. British engineers had also drawn up plans to link up Bhamo with Kunming by a vehicular road. However, these plans never materialized. Perhaps the technical difficulties appeared too formidable at that time, or the profitableness of the project too uncertain; and perhaps the British did not wish to provide roads which might be used to move up hostile troops. It was only the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese incident and the Japanese blockade of the Chinese coast which caused China’s westernmost province to be wrested from oblivion and moved into the limelight of politics, for via this province and Burma lay Chungking’s last access to the ocean.

As usual, England tried to turn this opportunity to her own advantage. She offered China liberal loans for the construction of the motor road to Burma, thus hoping to kill two birds with one stone. By large deliveries of arms and ammunition she intended to strengthen Chiang Kai-shek’s resistance; this would impede the expansion of Japan’s power, which she considered dangerous to herself, and enable her to do good business at the same time.

Strangely enough, it was not the route via Bhamo, which had been in use for centuries, which was chosen for the new road, but Lashio in the Northern Shan States which was selected as the starting point. This new road does not converge upon the old road from Bhamo until just before Paoshan.

Lashio is linked with Mandalay (280 kilometers distant) by a railway as well as by a motor road. The railway crosses some exceedingly deep ravines that are spanned by a gigantic steel viaduct which, with its 750 meters’ length and 273 meters’ height, is one of the highest in the world. From Lashio there was already an extension of the road via Kutkai to Namkham and Bhamo, and another branch led from Kutkai via Hosi to Wanting, the first Chinese village on the other side of the border. From this point, the new road was built to Hsiakwan.

It was no easy feat to cut into the precipitous mountain sides a road which would stand up to the traffic of heavy trucks. Almost inconceivable obstacles had to be surmounted, for the soil of this region consists partly of granite-like rock and partly of limestone, red sandstone, loose slate, or soft loam. The
foundation of the road had to be solid enough to withstand the heavy downpours discharged every year over the Yunnan mountains from May to October. These downpours frequently cause landslides which block the road for days, especially between Chefang and Lungling. They necessitate a constant supervision of the road. In addition there are swarms of mosquitoes, malaria, and the damp, hot, and enervating climate to contend with.

The advance of the Japanese in the south had sent hundreds of thousands of refugees pouring into the provinces of Szechuan and Yunnan who provided welcome labor for the construction of the road. Many thousands of them—sometimes nearly 200,000, i.e., 560 men per mile—worked day and night like slaves at this road which, with the Yunnan railway and the Nanning road cut off, was to become the most important route of access to Chungking-China. The work was done with the most primitive tools. The coolies carried away the earth in small baskets, rocks were broken up with the simplest of tools, and heavy rollers were dragged along by hand.

In spite of all this, the 500 kilometers from Wanting to Hsiakwan were completed in eighteen months; and from December 1938 until the occupation of Burma by the Imperial Japanese Army in the spring of 1942, hundreds of trucks piled with arms and ammunition passed along this road and on via Kunming and Kweiyang to Chungking, a distance which, traveling 240 kilometers a day, could be covered in a week.

THE ROAD VIA TIBET

It was a disastrous blow to Chungking when the conquest of Burma by the Japanese in 1942 made the Burma Road useless. The Allies could only hope to persuade Chungking to continue the war against Japan if they supplied it with arms. After the closure of the Burma Road, only the air route from India or the difficult road via Tibet remained open for this purpose. The quantities that can be brought across by air do not meet the requirements by a long way.

As for the route via Tibet, the road leads from India via Darjeeling, Gangtok (in Sikkim), and Gyantse to Lhasa, a distance of about 1,300 Chinese li, and from Lhasa eastward via Lhari, Chamdo/Batang/Litang to Tatsienlu—5,140 li. Counting 2½ li to a kilometer, this amounts to a total of 2,576 kilometers. From Tatsienlu via Chengtu to Chungking it is another 500 kilometers. From Tatsienlu one caravan trail leads southward to Talifu and another to Kunming.

The condition of the route via Tibet stands in glaring contrast to the well-laid-out motor road from Burma. It can be used only by pack animals, since it is impassable for vehicles. The country through which this lonely trail leads abounds in swamps, lakes, and high mountain ranges whose glacier-covered peaks are from 5,000 to 6,000 meters high. Numerous streams as well as the large rivers Brahmaputra, Salween, Mekong, and Yangtze—which at some places are only 65 kilometers apart—must be crossed on the way from Darjeeling to China; the bridges—where such exist at all—are suspension affairs made of plaited reeds.

Now through bogland, now high up along vertical rock walls with foaming torrents roaring in the canyon far below, then over passes where the frozen snow makes the way slippery, and again over swaying rope bridges across deep gorges and ravines, and through densely wooded lonely terrain made unsafe by the presence of robbers—in and out and through all this winds the narrow mountain path toward the border area of western China. The unaccustomed rarefied air puts a strain on breathing and heart. In winter when the passes are snowed up, and in spring when the streams rise and turn into rushing torrents and avalanches choke up the road, this journey involves enormous hardships, if indeed it can be attempted at all. Hence it is not surprising that one of the most important war aims of the Allies is the reconquest of Burma and the reopening of the Burma Road.
Twice the Allies have made an attempt to reconquer Burma. In the winter of 1942/43 they reached the district of Akyab at the end of December, only to be thrown back to their initial positions on the border by a forceful counterattack by the Japanese. The second time, in the winter of 1943/44, they did not even get as far as they had during the previous winter; for in the first half of February they suffered a series of setbacks in a Japanese counteroffensive.

It must be borne in mind that the season most favorable for any kind of undertaking is the months from November to February, when the climate is dry and the heat has not yet grown too intense. With the onset of the rains in June, the season for military operations is terminated, as the few existing roads become impassable and many districts are flooded; moreover, the damp hot climate, the mosquitoes, and malaria intensify the difficulties.

The mountain ranges covered with dense jungles prohibit the effective application of motorized units and large troop concentrations. It is hard even for planes to participate successfully in the fighting, there being neither open plains nor any large settlements where they might be effectively employed. The lack of means of transport for the bringing up of reserves and heavy arms also counts among the greatest difficulties to be surmounted during a campaign. The terrain demands real jungle warfare, in which the Japanese have so far proved themselves greater experts than their opponents.

Thus there remains only the route across the Bay of Bengal for any large-scale Allied undertaking. Such an undertaking, however, has been made extremely difficult by the loss of Malaya and Singapore as well as of the Andaman and Nicobar Islands off the Burmese coast. The Allies have realized this, and for this reason England has recently dispatched a number of warships to Colombo, her chief naval base in the Indian Ocean.

The British Command may have intended that, simultaneously with its large-scale attack upon Burma, a Chinese attempt to reconquer the Burma Road should take place. At any rate, the Chungking troops in the Kaolikan Mountains were reinforced. Moreover, there was still mule-caravan traffic being carried on between Paoshan on the Burma Road, which was still in Chungking hands, and Fort Hertz, an Anglo-American air base in North Burma.

Having occupied the towns of Tengyueh and Lungling, in May 1943, thereby cutting off the two ends of the Burma Road, the Japanese forces decided in October to make a three-pronged attack against the Chungking troops in the Kaolikan Mountains. On October 14, Japanese Headquarters announced the capture of Pienma, 140 kilometers to the north of Lungling; on the following day, a locality 80 kilometers east of Lungling was occupied, and by the end of October it was reported that the Japanese had reached the Salween (also known as the Nukiang River) at all important crossings.

By having occupied the western bank of the Salween, the steep canyon walls of which drop sheer down almost a thousand meters, the Japanese troops cut off the Chungking 28th and 36th Divisions and made all further caravan traffic to North Burma impossible. They also held an excellent defense line against any possible attack from Yunnan.
THE WINDOW
MEET LISBON

In this issue’s "Window" we are publishing reports by neutral authors which contain first-hand information on two European countries and were written on the spot. The first of these, a Swiss report, dated November 1943, gives us a glimpse of life in one of the few remaining neutral capitals of Europe.—K.M.

Two high embassy officials, both foreigners, live here in Lisbon under the same roof in the same building. This fact itself may not be so exceptional; in our case, however, the two officials are a genuine Englishman and a hundred-per-cent German. I was curious enough to ask one of them whether they still managed to get along with each other after so many years of war, and he replied, not without a certain satisfaction, that they managed very nicely to... pass by each other. For reasons of mutual consideration, their cars, for instance, (which both bear the “CD” plates of the diplomatic corps, so frequently to be seen here in Lisbon) never pull up at the entrance of the house; the Englishman parks his Austin in a lane to the left of the house, and the German drives on to the first crossing on the right. They live with their families on different floors; of course, they do not have any social contacts with each other. On the other hand, they inevitably meet now and again on the stairs. In such cases, a minimum of courtesy requires that they greet each other with a brief but polite bow in passing. This has been going on for years without a single word ever having been exchanged. “That’s Lisbon for you,” the diplomat said, and changed the subject.

Indeed, that is the way it is all over Lisbon, in every hotel, in every good restaurant. Germans, Englishmen, Americans sit there, if not at the same tables, yet—and this can hardly be avoided—close together. They do not speak to each other but, as diplomatic courtesy demands even among enemies, they nod to each other.

For Lisbon—as every newcomer very quickly learns—has its own atmosphere: there is no visible hatred here. After years of living in a country at war, here one is inclined from the very first day to believe again in the possibility of peace.

In the show window of a large toyshop, there are hundreds of lead soldiers. Some of them represent the armies of the Allies; others again, nicely separated, wear the uniforms of German soldiers. A glance at this curious display is really enough to become acquainted with the Portuguese idea of neutrality: not to favor any belligerent country in public, even if it is only a question of displaying toy soldiers.

This, then, is neutrality at any price. One senses this everywhere in public life. In conversations with Portuguese one finds out, moreover, that the geographical position of the country at the edge of Europe has strongly influenced political thought. When one inquires, for instance, as to personal sympathies toward this or that belligerent country, one is seldom immediately given an unequivocal reply. The Portuguese clearly find it difficult, and not only for well-considered reasons of neutrality, to make up their minds.

When the Portuguese speak or write about the “Allies,” they mean the British and the Americans. They try to ignore the Russians as much as possible, for public opinion in Portugal is very anti-Bolshevist. This not only for political but, above all, for religious reasons. The Portuguese as a nation are devout Catholics, and their leader, Dr. Antonio Salazar, long considered becoming a priest before entering upon a political career and devoting his whole energies to the service of his country. Moreover, the influence of the Cardinal-Patriarch of Lisbon is undeniable, even in the political life of the country. The hostility toward present-day Russia is so pronounced that, although the press mentions the advance of the Red Army according to British and American reports, it gives it the smallest possible space. Commentaries on important events on the German-Soviet front are hardly ever published.
The Portuguese press is anyway very careful with commentaries of a foreign-political nature; this applies not only to the press but also to public opinion. They actually do not prefer either of the two warring camps. The main thing for most Portuguese is that Salazar keeps them out of the war. What is happening on the European war theaters is of minor importance.

As a result of centuries of good relations, England holds a special position in Portugal’s attitude. But the sympathies for England are more of a historical and economic nature than political or conditioned by war events. On the other hand, there are many indications to prove that Portugal is by no means anti-German. No newspaper would dare to write against Germany. From a foreign-political view, England’s progress is observed with greater interest than that of Germany, as has been confirmed by the case of the Azores. But, from a domestic point of view, the Portuguese show unmistakably greater interest in Germany. Indeed, they seem to have taken Germany as an example in various respects, as, for instance, in the organization of the government’s power and in youth education. At any rate, Salazar’s government tries to maintain as even and impartial relations as possible with the Allies—except for Russia—as well as with Germany, difficult as this may sometimes prove to be.

A happy people, indeed, that does not get excited over this terrible world in arms. For someone who has been transferred here from other parts of tortured Europe, this calm is almost intolerable. At first one finds it difficult to become accustomed to it, but after a time it feels like a balm. A complete adjustment to it, however, seems for the time being out of the question, as far as I am concerned.

Lisbon is today probably the calmest city in Europe. Will it remain so? Do the people in Lisbon really feel the war? Psychologically, hardly; economically, above all, by the increasing rise in prices. The shops are full of goods, it is true, and almost everything can be obtained as in peace time. One cannot speak of an actual rationing system: some important foodstuffs such as oil, butter, and flour are scarce. On account of the shortage of gasoline, private cars can only be driven on Wednesdays and Saturdays; on the other hand, after a short restriction, taxis are plentiful. The railways are suffering from coal shortage, and locomotives are being driven with wood. As a precautionary measure, railway traffic has been curtailed: at present only three pairs of express trains are running in Portugal per week.

It cannot be claimed, however, that these restrictions have brought the war home very acutely to the Portuguese. But the goods in the shops have become very expensive; prices have been rising steadily for two years, and there seem to be no indications of a price stop. Lisbon has become one of the most expensive cities in Europe. It is one of the most remarkable facts of this war that life in the belligerent countries is cheaper than in those which are still at peace.

When one has but recently had to see how the terrible power of war has reduced hundreds of houses in no time at all to rubble and ashes; when one has but recently had to pass rows of burning houses with a damp handkerchief before one’s eyes as a protection against the thick black smoke of vast conflagrations, one stops, amazed, in Lisbon’s newest avenidas and observes incredulously the work of hundreds of workmen employed on the building of huge blocks of houses. In Lisbon’s suburbs, new groups of buildings are going up which, in their somewhat monotonous uniformity, remind one of America but which do full credit to the progressive spirit of Lisbon’s architects. However, the apartments in these large and comfortably furnished houses are generally very expensive.

Indeed, Lisbon’s atmosphere is a strange one.—E. Th.

LIFE IN FINLAND

By Lennart F. Strid

The following report, which has just reached us from Helsinki via Switzerland, describes conditions in Helsinki as they were last autumn.—K.M.

In a country which is dependent on imports to such a degree as Finland, war must naturally endanger the normal supply of foodstuffs. Sweden was in a similar position when the blockade began, but she has managed to come to terms with both bel-
lingerent camps and to organize a certain amount of shipping, which has done much to alleviate her situation. For Finland, however, there is no such solution; the country must be satisfied with its own products and with those imports it can manage to obtain from Sweden, Denmark, and the Axis countries. As a result, rations are small, and each day presents the Finnish housewife with new and difficult problems.

Children and laborers receive the largest rations. Children get from 150 to 300 grams of bread a day, laborers from 300 to 500 grams according to their jobs, while other people must manage on 250 grams. The normal fat ration is 500 grams a month; children get 700 grams, laborers from 600 to 700 grams, and pregnant women and nursing mothers 1,100 grams.

Sugar is scarce, and the monthly ration is only 500 grams. A necessary regulation, which is hard on smokers, reduces the latter's sugar ration even further. In Sweden one may choose between tobacco and coffee; the moderate smoker still gets a little coffee, and the heavy smoker gets none. In Finland, however, there is no coffee at all. The Finn can choose between sugar and tobacco, and it is only natural that this should often lead to marital disputes.

In contrast to Sweden, milk, too, is rationed in Finland. The idea was, of course, above all to provide the children with sufficient milk; thus a child in its first year gets one liter of milk every day, and those from one to sixteen get six tenths of a liter. Pregnant women and nursing mothers are entitled to the same quantity. Meat rations amount normally to 430 grams a month; laborers get 650 grams, and people with exceptionally strenuous jobs 850 grams.

In the country, the scarcity is, of course, never as serious as in the towns. Here and there the farmers have white bread on their tables, while the town dwellers must be content with black bread. In the same way, the farmers can improve their ration diet with products not accessible to the urban population.

One circumstance that may perhaps somewhat ameliorate Finland's food situation is the apparently good harvest. For the first time in many years, Finland had enough seed this year. But a rich harvest must also be brought in, and this immediately raises the problem of farm hands. This year the farmers need approximately 100,000 more workers than last year; to fill this requirement it has been necessary to call up young people between fifteen and seventeen years of age, mostly girls, for work on the land, and, in addition, to call up for voluntary service such persons as are otherwise too young or too old to work. And it is not only the harvest which is crying out for workers. Even in peace time, the Finnish forests employed some 200,000 people; today this number is not available, while the demand for timber has increased. In the winter of 1942/43, the authorities succeeded in mustering sufficient hands; but many of these had never in their lives swung an ax so that the actual work done was far from satisfactory. As late as in June 1943, there were still 62,000 people, among them some 8,000 women, working in the forests.

Reconstruction and building activities as a whole must wait till the war is over. The latter is limited exclusively to military objects. Those who wish to build anything else must hand in an application which is only granted in the case of absolute necessity. What little work of reconstruction is being carried out is limited almost entirely to the province of Karelia, liberated from Soviet rule.

Some farms, especially those in southwestern Finland, have obtained the working hands they urgently required in the shape of refugees from the war zone around Leningrad. These refugees used to live in the villages at the front and suffered not only from hunger and cold but also from shells and bullets whistling through the narrow streets of their villages. They speak a Finnish dialect and have proved themselves to be quick, capable workers.
THE ISLE OF THE COLOSSUS

When the small Mediterranean island of Rhodes jumped into the news last autumn, this was one of the minor consequences of Badoglio’s treason. Among the many rapid actions by which the German High Command countered this treason was the appearance of German troops on Rhodes. Today for the first time in history the German flag is fluttering over the ancient cities of the island.

The following pages do not deal with politics or war, they present a vivid picture of life and customs on the island, one of the most colorful spots in the Mediterranean from the ethnographical and cultural point of view.—K.M.

At the feast offered by the history of culture, the islands of the Mediterranean represent special delicacies. Although they present neither the nourishing, solid food nor particularly original dishes coming from the great kitchen of culture, these scattered fragments of land dotting the ocean offer the observer curious mixtures and transformations of the elements of the great cultures which arose around the Mediterranean. They are like the remaining pillars of sunken bridges over which hosts of adventurers once moved, leaving traces still alive today.

Rhodes is the easternmost of the Sporades, forming the last link in the chain from Crete to the Anatolian mainland as well as in that off the Anatolian coast coming from Lesbos. To this day Rhodes unites on its soil the Orient and the Occident, antique and medieval ruins, Byzantine and Spanish echoes of the past, relics of faith from church, mosque, and synagogue. If one is to trust available figures, 45,000 people, of whom parts are constantly emigrating to Greek territory and to America to make room for new generations, now inhabit what was once the favorite place of the sun god.

According to Greek legend handed down by Pindar’s mighty verses, Rhodes had been given to Helios, the sun god, who arrived in the evening after having done his day’s work when all the rest of the world had already been distributed among the gods. Helios then fastened the poor little island, which up to then had been floating around in the sea, and blessed it with his gifts of light and warmth. To this day, the equable, mild climate of the island is praised, and to this day the orange groves of the town, the olive orchards of the countryside, and the wealth of flowers and fruit, testify to the bounty of the sun god.

Greek history begins for Rhodes with the Dorian, who reached the island in their last expansion and inhabited the three towns of Lindos, Ialysos, and Kameiros. The latter two are now hidden under little villages; the town of Lindos, however, still possesses something of the proud atmosphere of the ancient polis. The castle with the ruins of the famous temple of Athene Lindia looks down from steep rocks onto the picturesque bay. The town of Rhodes was not built till 407 B.C. according to a uniform plan. By reason of its favorable situation on the route to Asia and Egypt, it experienced its greatest prosperity in Hellenistic times. For five decades the thirty-four-meter-high bronze statue of Helios, the “Colossus of Rhodes,” considered one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, probably stood at the very spot in the harbor where, at the end of a long mole, a mighty tower from medieval days stood until the nineteenth century, when it, too, collapsed. Nothing remains of the Colossus, and only a few ruins of all the other glorious buildings of antiquity.

Even in Roman times and all the more during the Byzantine Empire, Rhodes
declined to provincial insignificance and became an easy prey to pirates coming from all parts of the Mediterranean. Finally, in 1309, the Knights of St. John, who had been driven from the Holy Land, conquered it and imprinted on it the seal of their imperious spirit. For two hundred years they ruled over Rhodes until, in 1523, after heroic resistance, they had to yield to the supremacy of Suleiman. The appearance of the town as a whole, the crenelated walls, the towers of the harbor, the magnificent façades combining Moorish and late Gothic motifs, indeed, an entire street of hospices rising up to the castle and called the "Street of the Knights"—all this is the work of architects, mostly Italian, who created a glorious bulwark at the threshold of the East for these lingering representatives of the Middle Ages.

The Turks, who took over this heritage and whose initial might soon gave way to slackness and indolence, enlivened this rather severe milieu of the Knights with the usual Oriental touches of color. Slender minarets and bathhouse cupolas appeared among the grim walls; bare gray house walls were crowded together into narrow streets spanned by arches. The occupation of the island by the Italians in 1911 drew it closer to the Occident again. It was here, then, that the noisy bustle of market square and harbor, the enjoyment of dreamy idleness, and the crafts handed down from ancient days, were and still are to be found. People without time and without history swarm around the heroic traces of a past that has stood still.

**LET us now step among these people and try to fathom what is still alive in them of the island of Rhodes. We listen to the tales of these Greek, Turkish, and Jewish people. For here, as all over the world, the soul and nature of the people are most purely and directly revealed in the abundance of their stories. The great products of the mind and the great deeds of history live on in the people. Indeed, even in ancient days the inhabitants of Rhodes were known for their storytelling, especially for their tall stories, as is shown by the famous utterance: "Hic Rhodos hic salta!" A man from Rhodes visiting Thebes had been telling such tall stories about the dancing prowess of his own countrymen that his listeners finally became impatient and said: "Let this place be Rhodes and show us!"

Among the modern Greeks on Rhodes the sponge divers are great storytellers. While the sailing barks drift along at night, the long hours of waking are filled with tales of travel and adventure, of skillful divers and bold pirates. Or the strong, happy stevedores assemble in the evening with their wives and children to outdo each other with thrilling or witty stories. The foreigner is treated as a guest and served bergamots in syrup and a glass of Mastika, while the stream of stories flows on deep into the night.

With the Turks, the steam bath is the traditional place for leisurely debating and merry storytelling. The fat men lie perspiring, stretched out in rows one over the other along the walls, a fountain
splashes in the center, and smoke and conversation fill the room. The tutelary goddess of storytelling, whether you like to call her leisure or idleness, rules supreme in the coffee shops, and her cult is supported by the worship of the coffee cups and water pipes and accompanied by endless games of tricktrack. Here you find the professional storytellers, so popular with the Turks, who fill the nights of Ramaasan with their never-ending recitals. "I know a story that lasts four nights," one of these storytellers says.

The manner of telling a story and the gestures accompanying it differ significantly among the three races. The Greek tells it in a monotonous voice, while the Turk employs all the tricks of an actor. In the case of the Jew, the story is told almost reluctantly, and he drily gives you its contents. The professional storyteller is to be found only among the Turks. He is closely related to the shadow player; the lively dialogue, the coarse puns, have their origin in the most Turkish of popular arts. The storyteller is adept at imitating all kinds of voices: scolding women, screaming Jews, roaring soldiers, pining lovers, majestically rumbling pashas and walis, from the most exaggerated falsetto to the deepest bass, enliven the story. Nor does the Turkish narrator lack dramatic gestures: he beats his chest and his temples, strokes and tears at his beard, rolls his eyes, and rocks his whole body.

What are the stories about? Ancient Greece has sunk into oblivion. There is hardly a trace of it to be found in the tales of these people. Mount Olympus and its gods, the heroes of legend and of history—all are forgotten. That Greek influence which still lives with surprising strength in these stories is medieval, purely Byzantine. Here again the modern Greeks show themselves to be the descendants of that last creative flare-up of Greek mentality expressed by Orthodox Christianity. What distinguishes them is their religious cleavage, which makes them skeptical as well as fanatical, uniting immorality with an intolerant cult of saints.

Hence ridiculing the papas, the Orthodox priest, and his despot (bishop) provides an inexhaustible motif for Greek stories. In the eyes of the people the priest has lost all spiritual dignity, being only the representative of ecclesiastical magic founded in custom and superstition. To outwit him and at the same time to attribute evil or even criminal motives to him provides the greatest satisfaction. On the other hand, however, there is a genuine faith in superior powers manifested in the legends of the saints.

Even in the popular tales told about them on Rhodes, the Turks reveal the true character of a master people, of a manly nation not very rich in intellect but strong and free in spirit. They lack bitterness and scorn, their laughter is open and hearty. Folly is a natural pleasure to them and always capable of expressing true wisdom of life. Although his Central Asiatic origin has not endowed the Turk with the oriental imagination of the Indian, Persian, or Arab, many fantastic motifs have entered his emotional world as the result of centuries of living together with those other peoples. Hence his fairy tales also contain a breath of the Arabian Nights.

Thus, although the island of Rhodes has lived a vicarious life, it has, in our eyes, remained connected with all former spiritual trends whose links have been cut. Let us enjoy the simple pleasures of these jokes and dreams, these wisdoms and notions, and thus be sure of understanding the island.—H. St.
ANY hundreds of years ago there lived in the small village of Stalia on Rhodes, opposite the Anatolian coast, a widow with her son Jani and her daughter Krisanti. The husband, a poor sponge diver, had been killed by a shark and had left his family in abject poverty. Since the widow really no longer knew how she was to manage, she sent her boy Jani to the island of Simi to become a sponge diver too. Jani was hired to work on a large bark and given his salary, 20 Medyidye, for six months in advance. This he gave to his mother. For many long months the bark worked up and down the African coast between Bengasi and Tripoli. Since Jani was the youngest on board, he was given the hardest work and was often beaten. Upon returning with a rich cargo, Jani was given nothing from the booty. Full of wrath he returned to his mother. She pressed him to go back to the bark, for the 20 Medyidye were long since spent, but he felt not the least inclination. "Too many knocks and too little bread," was his opinion. "Bring me my father's sword, I shall go to the Anatolian Forest to try my luck." His mother cried bitterly because this meant that he would be a robber. Finally, however, she let him go, and gave him his father's old sword.

For ten days Jani wandered through the forest, until he reached the town of Gutaja. Here lived a famous robber named Trelos, but no man knew what he looked like, and the Pasha's servants sought him in vain. In order to find him, Jani went through the town and soon saw in a coffee shop at the bazaar a poorly dressed fellow who was, however, wearing unusually fine shoes of pigskin. This seemed to him rather strange, and boldly he said to the man: "Well, how goes it, Uncle Trelos?" The other was very startled and gave him a sign not to speak so loudly. Then he said: "Since you are my nephew, come with me to my house. You should meet your cousins." They reached his house, and Jani saw there the two daughters of the robber and many costly things.

Soon Trelos proposed that Jani should become his assistant, but first he was to give proof of his skill. In the courtyard there was a swallow's nest with six eggs. Secretly, and so that the bird did not notice it, Trelos took out the eggs one after another and handed them to Jani. Jani meanwhile just as secretly picked up six round pebbles and, when Trelos asked for the eggs in order to place them back in the nest, he found instead six pebbles in his hand. Trelos had to laugh at the trick played on himself and promptly engaged Jani as his assistant.

That evening the two slipped out with a silk ladder and all sorts of hooks and approached the house of the Pasha of Gutaja, where they intended to rob a large box full of gold. Softly they climbed on to the roof. Trelos explained to Jani just where the box was, who then climbed down the chimney by the ladder and soon returned with a bag of gold pieces. When the Pasha discovered the theft the next morning, he was beside himself with anger. He determined to catch the thief after his own method and let a cauldron full of seething pitch be placed under the chimney which was to be kept heated day and night. He intended to give the robber a warm reception in case the fellow should ever return.

Meanwhile, Trelos and Jani were not idle; they plundered the entire town. By day they were to be seen wandering around in ragged clothes; but by night they stole the treasures of the rich. After a year had passed they decided to honor the Pasha with another visit. But when they had reached the roof, Jani smelled the pitch and was reluctant to go further. Trelos sneered at his faint-heartedness and descended the silk ladder himself. Down below, however, he fell into the seething cauldron and died a miserable death. After Jani had waited some little time, he pulled up the ladder and discovered the tip turned to ashes.
Then he knew what must have happened and fled in all haste.

The Pasha meanwhile had found the corpse in his vessel, but no one could recognize it as its whole face was covered with pitch. He therefore placed it on the street in front of his house and promised a big reward to anyone who could identify it. Many people passed by and cursed the corpse, but no one knew who it was. The Pasha sent spies to mix with the crowds to see if perhaps someone, upon seeing the corpse, might break into lamentations, for he also wanted to catch the relatives of the robber.

Jani realized that he could no longer conceal their father's death from the two girls. They both burst into sobs upon hearing the story and wanted to hasten immediately to the house of the Pasha. But Jani detained them and said: "Don't go; for as soon as you see your father's corpse you will weep and cry, and the guards will arrest you. But if you insist upon going, then take two earthen jars and break them when you feel your tears coming. Then you can wail as much as you please, and everyone will understand your grief when they see the fragments." This the daughters did and, as Jani had predicted, people only laughed at them.

Now the Pasha tried a new method to catch the robber's associates. He had gold pieces scattered in front of his house and placed guards in the lanes to arrest all those who bent down to pick up the money. When Jani noticed this, he decided to play a joke on the Pasha. He dressed up as a milk seller, pulled on heavy boots and covered the soles with pitch. Then he took a large can and walked as often as he could across the square. At every crossing a goodly number of gold pieces stuck to his shoe soles. When evening came the guards gathered up the gold and discovered that quite a portion was missing. Yet they had seen no one bending down, and they were very astonished.

After a few days had passed, the Pasha received a letter from his enemy Barat, who was the Pasha of Sivas, and who sneeringly wrote: "You have so many great warriors, yet you cannot even catch one man." This annoyed the Pasha of Gutaja intensely. Since he did not know how he could catch the thief he decided to make peace with him. Everywhere he let it be known that he would receive the evildoer, who should have nothing to fear. So the next day Jani went to the Pasha's house, but he did not make himself known immediately. When the Pasha clasped his hand, Jani gently slipped off the rings from his fingers. Then he said: "I am he whom you seek, Pasha of Gutaja, and here I bring you back your rings." This astonished the Pasha, but he talked in a very kindly fashion with Jani and said: "Listen, I shall give you my daughter to be your wife if you can play a good trick on my enemy Barat, the Pasha of Sivas." "Fine," said Jani, "what do you want me to do?"

"Barat owns a horse," answered the Pasha, "which is dearer to him than his entire kingdom. Go and steal it!" "It's all right with me," said Jani, "but let's write him that in ten days I shall come at midnight to get the horse."

Jani dressed up as a Turkish priest and journeyed to Sivas. On the tenth day, as midnight drew near, he went to
the stable in which the precious horse stood. Twenty servants were guarding it.

"You there, where are you going?" cried one of them. "To the mosque!" answered Jani instantly. "What do you want to do there at midnight?" questioned the surprised guard. Jani began to curse and said: "That wile of mine woke me up and said it was morning and time to go to prayers! But don't make me wait here in the cold, let me come into your stable." "It's lucky for you," observed the guard, "that we didn't catch you in the dark and kill you, for we are expecting a thief who is to come at midnight and steal the Pasha's horse." Jani acted as though very surprised and said: "As a Turkish priest I will curse the thief. May he break his leg wherever he now happens to be! To you, however, I shall give bread, that you may guard the better." And he gave each a portion of bread, and the head guard two portions. In the bread was a powder which put all into a deep sleep. Then Jani took the horse, cried sneeringly: "You are twenty, but one has stolen it!" and rode swiftly away toward Gutaja.

Barat, the Pasha of Sivas, wrote Aziz, the Pasha of Gutaja: "You fooled me once, but you shall not succeed a second time!" Thereupon Jani let it be written to the Pasha of Sivas that he would come in ten days at midnight and steal his bed cover. He rode toward Sivas, and on the night of the tenth day he went to the Pasha's house and took with him a large doll. When it was midnight, he pulled the doll up with a rope until it hung in front of the Pasha's balcony. Then he cried in a loud voice: "Here I am, Pasha Barat, come to fetch your bed cover!"

The Pasha awakened, reached for his pistol and shot at the figure. Jani let go of the rope, and the doll fell to the ground. The Pasha hurried out on to the balcony in order to see whom he had shot, and Jani nimbly climbed in by another window and stole the bed cover.

When Barat discovered that he had been outwitted again, he wrote angrily to Aziz: "Twice you managed it, but, verily, the third time you will not succeed!" Then Jani let it be announced that he would come on the tenth night and steal Barat himself. And he returned to Sivas. When the time had come, he covered his body with honey and sprinkled feathers on top, took a silver sword in the hand and a large box. Then he entered the Pasha's room and poked him and said: "I am the angel of Death! God has sent me to announce to you your end." The Pasha wailed: "I am still young, don't let me die yet!" "Good, I'll be merciful and not cut off your head. But you must come with me to God to see what He says about it. Here, crawl into this box, and if you hear any noise don't be alarmed: that will be the angels and the devils fighting over your soul. But when in Paradise I let you out of the box, then do not dare to look up; instead throw yourself down in awe, for you may not look upon God's face." And the Pasha obeyed and climbed into the box.

Jani took the box and tossed it into the courtyard. Then he mounted his horse and galloped with box and Pasha back to Gutaja. There he entered the house of Aziz and opened the box and Barat crawled out and threw himself down in awe. Then Aziz laughed heartily, gave him a kick and mocked him. To Jani he gave his daughter to be his wife and showered him with gifts.
A Whopper

ONCE upon a time a Sultan to amuse himself had all the liars of the city summoned and promised them that he who was able to tell the biggest lie should receive a golden ball. Many came but, no matter what they said, the Sultan would answer: "But that is not a lie." If one swore that a man had fallen from heaven, the Sultan would reply: "That's quite possible." Another assured him that the ocean had dried up; he countered: "Why not?"

At this time an old man returned home from a long journey and asked after his son. "He's gone to the Sultan to tell a lie." "How can he lie?" said the old man. "I must go there myself." And he took a large earthen jar, half as high again as a man, lifted it onto his shoulder, and went with it to the Sultan. "What do you want?" questioned the Sultan.

"It's a matter of settling an old debt, Sultan! For know that your grandfather, when he was at war and hard pressed, once borrowed from my grandfather this jar filled with gold. Now the time has come to repay me the money."

"That's an impudent lie!" cried the Sultan indignantly.

"Is it a lie? Very well, then at least give me the golden ball!"

Two Woodcutters

A FARMER was cutting wood in a forest, and another one looked on.

At each blow of the first farmer, the other made an encouraging "Hm." When he had finished chopping all the wood, he packed it on his donkey, went to the city and sold it for twenty piasters.

"Well, where is my share?" asked his companion. "Your share?" The farmer was astonished.

"Certainly we must divide, for I helped you with the sound of my voice."

The two went to the Cadi and told him the story. The Cadi answered: "This is a difficult case, but I will judge it. Give me the twenty piasters." Then he tossed the first piaster onto a silver plate and said to the farmer: "Here, take the piaster," and to the other: "Take the sound!" And this he did with all twenty piasters, and the one who had helped chop wood with the sound of his voice went home with the sound of the money.

Once upon a time there lived in Rhodes a poor cobbler by the name of Manoli, who used to set up his bench in a corner of the bazaar. After the day's work was done he would always buy a quart of wine and some bread and olives. Then he would go home to his wife and five children.

Now it was the custom of the Wali often to go himself through the streets in order to keep an eye on things; and as he was always struck by the poor cobbler's cheerfulness, he wanted very much to find out how one could be so happy with the little money which the cobbler earned. To satisfy his curiosity, he dressed up as a farmer and went to Manoli's house. He was given a friendly greeting and a glass of wine. "How much money do you make, good friend, that it's possible for you to drink wine?" "Sometimes ten, sometimes twelve piasters, it all depends. For meat I do not care much, the main thing is my quart of wine. If I didn't have my wine, I wouldn't know what to do. Rather no bread than no wine!"

"If it should happen that you couldn't find work, would you then have enough to buy your wine?" "No, dear neighbor. I have saved nothing, but as long as I get a single pair of shoes to mend, I shall drink wine."

"Just you wait," thought the Wali, and returned to his palace and ordered that
no one in the city should be allowed to have his shoes mended. For he wanted to see whether Manoli would drink wine, even without work. When Manoli came the next day to sit at his cobbler’s bench, a guard approached and forbade it.

"It is the Wali’s command that from today on no more shoes can be repaired," Manoli put his bench aside and pondered how he could come by his wine. He strolled down to the harbor to see if any work would be found there. Sure enough, he found a ship just unloading. All day long he carried sacks of apples and in the evening received fifteen piasters; and because he had worked especially hard the Captain gave him in addition a few quarts of apples—not to mention the one he had secretly put aside. Merrily he bought two quarts of wine, for he had need more than ever before.

"How did you manage that?" asked his wife, when she saw the abundance of wine and apples. "Just wait, tomorrow will be even better." The Wali, dressed up as a farmer, again dropped in, saw food and wine on the table and asked in astonishment: "Well, how are things?"

"The Wali ordered that no more shoes be repaired, so I unloaded apples, and tomorrow I shall go there again."

"Good luck," said the Wali and ordered that no more ships be unloaded. When Manoli reached the harbor next morning, the stevedores cursed him: "You have brought bad luck, you. No sooner did you come here than the work stopped." And the Captain complained bitterly and shouted that his whole cargo would go bad. But since nothing could be done about the Wali’s command, they all went together, Captain, sailors and stevedores, to a coffee shop, and Manoli too, although he had no money.

The owner of the coffee shop now found his hands more than full and didn’t know where to begin, so Manoli helped him, carried water from the well, passed around the cups, and was so useful that in the evening the innkeeper gave him twenty piasters and asked him to come again the next day. So Manoli again bought his wine, and when the Wali came he saw the richly spread table and spoke in wonder: "How did the work go today?"

"The Wali seems to want me to go without wine, for he forbade the ships to unload. So I worked in a coffee shop and earned twenty piasters." And the Wali returned to his palace and ordered all the coffee shops to close.

Now Manoli started to clean the streets, and when the Wali also forbade this, he commenced to paint the shops and houses. So the Wali realized that he would have to get around him in some other way, and ordered up all the men in Manoli’s street for military service. For the first time Manoli lost hope and wondered: "How shall I come by my wine today?" However, as he returned home from drilling in the evening, he pawned his sword at a blacksmith’s for five piasters, keeping only the sheath, and bought his wine. When the Wali came, he was just carving a wooden sword. "Don’t tell anyone," said Manoli, "I have pawned my sword and am now making myself another one." "Now I’ve got you," thought the Wali, and next morning called out all the soldiers. Then he commanded Manoli and another soldier to step forward, and ordered the cobbler to cut off the head of his comrade. Manoli quickly raised his arm to heaven and cried loudly: "O God, if this man here is innocent, let my sword turn to wood in order that I spill no guiltless blood." He spoke, and unsheathed his wooden sword. Then the Wali had to laugh. He sent the other soldiers home and made Manoli his bodyguard.
APPENDIX

DOCUMENTS CONCERNING POSTWAR PLANS
OF THE ALLIES AND THE AXIS POWERS

I. THE ALLIES

1. Soviet Foreign Commissar Molotov's Questions to Chancellor Hitler, November 12/14, 1940. (See The XXth Century, October 1941, pp. 73/74.)

2. Stalin on the Soviet War Aims, from his radio speech of July 3, 1941:
   "The aim of this all-national, fatherlandish war against the Fascist oppressors is not only the liquidation of the danger hanging over our country but also aid to all peoples of Europe who groan under the yoke of German Fascism." (Tass, July 3, 1941.)

3. Polish-Soviet Treaty, July 30, 1941. (See The XXth Century, October 1941, pp. 76/77.)

4. The Atlantic Charter. (See The XXth Century, November 1941, pp. 158/160.)

5. Prime Minister Churchill on the Atlantic Charter, from his radio speech of August 24, 1941:
   "We had the idea when we met there—the President and I—that, without attempting to draw final and formal peace aims and war aims, it was necessary to give all peoples, and especially the oppressed conquered peoples, a simple, rough-and-ready war-time statement of the goal towards which the British Commonwealth and the United States mean to make their way, and thus make a way for others to march with them upon a road which will certainly be painful and may be long.

   There are, however, two distinct marked differences from the attitude adopted by the Allies during the latter part of the last war, which no one should overlook. The United States and Great Britain do not now assume there will never be any more war again. On the contrary, we intend to take ample precautions to prevent its renewal in any period we can foresee by effectively disarming guilty nations while remaining suitably protected ourselves.

   The second difference is this: instead of trying to run German trade by all kinds of additional trade barriers and hindrances, as was the move in 1917, we have definitely adopted the view that it is not in the interests of the world that any large nation should be unprepared, or shut out from means of making a decent living for itself and its people by its industry and enterprise."
   (Reuter, August 25, 1941.)

6. Anti-Axis Declaration at Washington, January 1, 1942:
   A communiqué published by the White House announces that "twenty-six nations of the old and the new world have formally agreed to employ all their resources against the Axis Powers and to abstain from signing a separate armistice or peace."

   The announcement of the signature of this pact has been made simultaneously at Washington and in the capitals of the other interested nations: Great Britain, Northern Ireland, the USSR, Chungking, Australia, Belgium, Canada, Costa Rica, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, the Dominican Republic, Salvador, Greece, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, India, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, New Zealand, Nicaragua, Norway, Panama, Poland, the Union of South Africa, Yugoslavia.

   These nations formally declare that, first, each government agrees to employ all its military and economic resources against the members of the Three Power Pact and against those of its adherents who are at war with each government, and that, secondly, each government undertakes to co-operate with the signatory governments of the present document and not to conclude an armistice or a separate peace with the enemies."

   This brief declaration, in which the unity of aims of these governments is affirmed, also specifies that all those nations which are contributing or may in future contribute material assistance in "the war to defeat Hitlerism" support this declaration.

   In their common declaration, the signatories stipulate that they have subscribed to a common program directed at the same aims and following the principles included in the Atlantic Charter and that they are at present engaged in a battle "against the forces trying to subjugate the world."

   The declaration adds: "The twenty-six governments are agreed that complete victory over the enemies is necessary for the defense of life, freedom, independence, and religious freedom, as well as for the maintenance of human rights and justice, both in their own and in other countries." (Havas, January 2, 1942. Translated from the French.)

   Speaking before the House of Commons, Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden declared that the Agreement between London and Moscow provided that neither of the signatories will enter into a separate peace and included a statement that neither of them sought territorial gains. Sir Anthony Eden also announced that the negotiators had recognized the necessity of opening a second front in Europe this very year. Furthermore the two countries had agreed to co-operate after the war and to extend aid to each other against any possible new attack by the Axis. (Havas, June 11, 1942.)

   The British News Service reports that the Soviet Union and Great Britain have concluded a military pact for the duration of the war and for 20 years after the termination of the war. (DNB, June 11, 1942.)
8. Terms of Armistice between the Allies and the Badoglio Government, September 3, 1943, according to the British Government's official announcement on September 12:

I. Immediate cessation of hostile actions by the Italian forces.

II. Italy will do her best to deny the German facilities that might be used against the United Nations.

III. All prisoners or internees of the United Nations are to be turned over immediately to the Allied Commander in Chief, and none of these may now or at any time be evacuated to Germany.

IV. Immediate transference of the Italian fleet and Italian aircraft to such points as may be designated by the Allied Commander in Chief.

V. Italian merchant shipping may be requisitioned by the Allied Commander in Chief to meet the needs of the military and naval program.

VI. Immediate surrender of Corsica and all Italian territory, both of islands and mainland, to the Allies for such use as operational bases and other purposes as the Allies may see fit.

VII. Immediate guarantee of free use by all Allies of all airfields and naval ports on Italian territory regardless of the rate of evacuation of Italian territory by German forces. These ports and fields are to be protected by the Italian armed forces until this function is taken over by the Allies.

VIII. Immediate withdrawal to Italy of the Italian armed forces from the participation in the current war from whatever area and wherein they now are engaged.

IX. The guarantee by the Italian Government that if necessary it will employ all available armed forces to ensure the prompt and exact compliance with all provisions of this armistice.

X. The Commander in Chief of the Allied forces reserves to himself the right to take any gesture which in his opinion may be necessary for the protection and interests of the Allied forces for the prosecution of the war, and the Italian Government binds itself to take such administrative actions or other agencies as the Commander in Chief may require, in particular the Commander in Chief will establish an Allied military government over such parts of Italian territory as he may deem necessary in the military interests of the Allied nations.

XI. The Commander in Chief of the Allied forces will have full right to impose means for disarmament, demobilization, and demilitarization.

XII. Other conditions of political, economic, and financial nature with which Italy will be bound to comply will be transmitted at a later date.

XIII. The conditions of the present armistice will not be made public without prior approval of the Allied Commander in Chief. English will be considered the official text. (DNB, September 12, 1943.)

9. Statutes of the United Nations' Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA), second draft of September 24, 1943.

The draft consists of ten Articles.

Article I empowers the Administration to acquire property, undertake obligations, and conclude contracts. The activities of the Administration in the territories of the member states are to be decided upon in detail with the consent of the governments in question. The Administration is also to recommend measures for individual or common action on the part of the governments.

Article II stipulates that the members of the Administration be elected by the signatory governments and those governments which apply for membership and are admitted by the Council at a later date.

Article III stipulates that this Council be composed of one representative from each government. It is to meet at least twice a year. Between sessions the Central Committee is authorized to make immediate decisions. The Central Committee is composed of the representatives of Chungking, the Soviet Union, Great Britain, and the USA, and has a presiding Director-General who, however, has no vote. Furthermore, the following organs are to be established: a Supply Committee to which the representatives of those countries are to belong which are likely to be the main suppliers of the required goods; a "European Council" and a "Far Eastern Council" with the appropriate membership of the countries in both zones. In addition, permanent Regional Committees may be established.

Article IV appoints the Director-General, who is unanimously elected by the Council, as the highest official.

Articles V and VI regulate the method of purchasing as well as the distribution of the financial burdens among the member states. This distribution is undertaken by the Council according to a fixed scale.

Article VII subjects activities to the consent of local military authorities as long as military circumstances may necessitate.

Article VIII is a precautionary clause and stipulates that proposals for new measures require a two-thirds majority.

Article IX. The agreement enters into force immediately upon signing.

Article X. Resignation from the UNRRA requires six months' notice. (Der Bund, Bern, September 24, 1943.)

10. Communiqués from the Moscow Conference of the Foreign Ministers of the USSR, the USA, and Great Britain, October 19/30, 1943 (excerpts):

(a) JOINT DECLARATION

"The Governments of the United States of America, of Great Britain, of the Soviet Union, and of Chungking-China, united in their decision based on the declaration of the United Nations of January 1, 1942, to carry on military operations against the Axis Powers with which they are respectively in a state of war... declare conjointly:

(i) that their joint activities for the purpose of carrying on the war against their respective enemies will be continued with the aim of organizing and maintaining peace and security.

(ii) that those of them who are in a state of war with common enemies will act jointly in all matters pertaining to... corresponding enemies. . . .

(iii) that they will take all measures they may deem necessary against any violation of the terms imposed upon their enemies.

(iv) that they intend to establish without delay a general organization for the maintenance of peace and security, based on the principles of sovereign
equality of all peace-loving states. Any state, whether large or small, may become a member of this organization.

(v) that they shall consult each other and, when circumstances so demand, other members of the United Nations, having in view local activities for maintaining peace and security in the interests of the society of nations.

(vi) that after the termination of hostilities they will not employ their armed forces within the territories of other states, except for the purposes envisaged in this declaration and after joint consultation.

(vii) that they will consult and collaborate with each other and with the other members of the United Nations for the purpose of obtaining a realizable General Agreement with respect to the regulating of armaments after the war." (Tass, November 2, 1943. Translated from the Russian.)

(b) DECLARATION ON AUSTRIA

"[The three Foreign Ministers] declare that they wish to see Austria restored free and independent, permitting the Austrian people, as well as other neighboring states which might be confronted by similar problems, to find the political and economic security which will constitute the sole base for a lasting peace.

"The attention of Austria is, however, drawn to the fact that she bears a responsibility which she cannot escape for taking part in the war on Germany's side, and that her own activity in the matter of her liberation will be taken into consideration during the final regulation of this matter." (Tass, November 2, 1943. Translated from the Russian.)

(c) FINAL COMMUNIQUÉ

A communiqué made public simultaneously in Washington, London, and Moscow on the decisions reached at the tripartite Moscow Conference said that the United States, Britain, and the USSR had decided on measures "to shorten the war" in Europe, and that the Soviet Union will stick with the Allies in forcing Germany into "unconditional surrender.

The communiqué further said that Chungking as well as Soviet Russia had joined the United States and Britain in a new four-power statement reiterating the "unconditional surrender" formula as regards their respective enemies, and pledging no separate peace.

This, however, does not in any way commit Soviet Russia to aid in the Anglo-American-Chungking war against Japan. The communiqué said that the United States, Britain, Soviet Russia, and Chungking had pledged themselves to united action in the peace to follow the "defeat" of their enemies, and in the establishment of "a general international organization" for maintaining peace and security.

Declarations had been signed, the communiqué said, governing the restoration of non-Fascist Italy and "free Austria," with President Roosevelt, Premier Churchill, and Premier Stalin pledged to punish "those guilty of atrocities."

The conference agreed to establish an American-British-Russian advisory commission in London to examine European questions arising as the war developed.

Anthony Eden, Cordell Hull, and Vyacheslav Molotov also agreed to establish an advisory council for Italy, with representatives from the French Committee, Yugoslavia, and Greece.

Other questions besides current problems were taken up at the conference, the communiqué said, concerning the treatment of "Hitlerite Germany and its satellites," as well as economic co-operation and the assurance of general peace. (Central Press, November 2, 1943.)

11. Stalin on the Soviet War Aims, from his speech of November 6, 1943:

"The policy of our Government remains unchanged in these questions. Together with our allies we must

(1) liberate the peoples of Europe from the Fascist conquerors and support them in the restoration of their national states which have been destroyed by the Fascists . . . . The peoples of France, Belgium, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Greece, and the other states which are under the German yoke must once again become free and independent . . . .

(5) establish an enduring economic, political, and cultural co-operation among the peoples of Europe . . . .

The war has reached a stage where it has become a matter of completely driving out the invaders from Soviet soil and of liquidating the Fascist new order in Europe . . . .

Comrades! For the liberation of the peoples of Europe from the Fascist yoke!" (Tass, November 6, 1943. Translated from the Russian.)

12. Speech delivered by Field Marshal Jan Smuts, Prime Minister of South Africa and member of the British War Cabinet, on November 25, 1943, at a meeting of the Empire Parliamentary Association in London:

"Old Europe has gone. The map is being rolled up and a new map is unrolling before us. We shall have to do a great deal of fundamental thinking and scrapping of old points of view before we find our way through to that new continent which opens before us.

After the war three of the great powers will have disappeared in Europe. That will be quite a unique development. We have never seen such a situation in the modern history of this continent. France has gone and, if ever she returns, it will be a hard and long upward pull for her to emerge again. We may talk of her as a great power, but talking will not help her much. France has gone and will be gone in our day and perhaps for many a day. Italy has completely disappeared and may never be a great power again. Germany will disappear, perhaps never to emerge again in the old form.

Nobody knows. But after the smash that will follow this war, Germany will be written off the slate in Europe for long, long years and after that a new world may have arisen. We are therefore left with Great Britain and with Russia. Russia is the new colossus of Europe—the new colossus that strides this continent. With others down and out and herself mistress of the continent, her power will not only be great on that account, but it will be still greater because the Japanese Empire will also have gone the way of all flesh, and therefore any check or balance that might have arisen in the East will have disappeared.

Then you will have this country of Great Britain with glory and honor and prestige such as perhaps
no nation has ever enjoyed in history, recognized as possessing greatness of soul that has entered into the very substance of world history. But from a material economic point of view she will be a poor country.

Outside Europe you have the United States—the other great world power. Many people look to union or closer union between the United States of America and Great Britain with her commonwealth and empires as a new path to be followed in future. I myself am doubtful about this. I attach greatest importance to Anglo-American collaboration for the future. To my mind it is beyond all doubt one of the great hopes of mankind. If you were to pit the British Commonwealth plus the United States against the rest of the world, it would be very odds and evens. You would stir up opposition and raise other horns in path. I do not see human welfare, peace, and security along those lines.

So Britain must stick to a trinity with Russia and America. These great powers must retain leadership in war and peace and be responsible for the maintenance of security and for the preservation of world peace not backed by power. Great power remains a dream. It was largely because in the League of Nations, as constituted after the last war, we did not recognize the importance of leadership and power that everything went wrong in the end.

The idea has repeatedly come before my mind whether Great Britain should not strengthen her European position by working closely together with those smaller democracies of Western Europe which are of our way of thinking, which are with us in their outlook and their way of life and in all their ideals. Should there not be closer union between us? Should we not cease as Great Britain to be an island? Should we not work intimately together with these small democracies in Western Europe which by themselves may be lost as they are lost today and as they may get lost again? Neutrality is obsolete, is dead. They have learned the lesson that, standing by themselves on the continent dominated by one or the other great power, as will be the future position, they are lost. Surely they must feel that their place is with this member of the trinity. Their way of life is with Great Britain and the world-wide British system. It is now for the nations of Western Europe to say whether they would not help themselves by helping to create out of closer union with Great Britain the great European State.

I think this trinity will be a stabilizing factor, a wall of power behind which freedoms and democracies of the world can be built up again. But I should like to have that trinity a trinity of equals. I should like to see all three of them equal in power and influence, and in every respect. I should not like to see unequal partnership...

The British Empire and the Commonwealth is the best missionary enterprise that has been launched for a thousand years. Yet it is a question whether we should not abolish the number of its units and regroup them anew. In such a case you can decentralize and you can safely give larger powers and greater authority to those larger groups of regions.

In the African continent it seems feasible to group colonies and territories into definite groups. A new link could be found in a system of regional conferences in which the local as well as the regional groups of the area could meet. In that way one could avoid the difficulty of a highly centralized system centering in London, which is unresponsive to local people's highest interests and their best development—and gives outsiders occasion to blaspheme and to call the colonial empire an imperialist concern run in the economic interest of this country. It would be quite possible to bring these new groups closer to neighboring dominions and to interest the dominions in the colonial groups. I think the suggestion is very well worth considering.

The postwar questions may be so vast and complicated, we may be satisfied with a comprehensive armistice without coming to any general peace conference at all. It may take a long number of years before finality is reached.

13. Communiqué on the Teheran Conference, November 28 to December 1, 1943:

"We, the President of the United States of America, the Prime Minister of Great Britain and the Premier of the Soviet Union, have met these four days past in this capital of our ally, Iran, and have shaped and confirmed our common policy.

We expressed our determination that our nations shall work together in war and in the peace that will follow.

As to the war our military staffs have joined in our round-table discussions and we have concerted our plans for the destruction of the German forces. We have reached a complete agreement as to the scope and timing of operations which will be undertaken from east, west and south. The common understanding that we have reached guarantees that victory will be ours.

And as to peace we are sure that our concord will make it an enduring one. We recognize fully the supreme responsibility resting upon us and all United Nations to effect a peace which will command the goodwill of the overwhelming masses the world over and banish the scourge and terror of war for many generations to come.

With our diplomatic advisors we have surveyed the problems of the future. We shall seek the co-operation and participation of all nations, large and small, whose peoples, heart and mind, are dedicated, as our own people, to the elimination of oppression. We will welcome them as they may choose to come into the world family of democratic nations.

No power on earth can prevent our destroying the German armies by land, their U-boats by sea and their warplanes in the air. Our attacks will be relentless and increasing.

From these friendly conferences we look with confidence to the day when all peoples of the world may live free lives untouched by tyranny and according to their varying desires and their own consciences. We came here with hope and determination. We leave here friends in fact, in spirit, and in purpose." (Central Press, December 7, 1943.)


An official statement issued in Cairo today in connection with the Roosevelt–Churchill–Chiang Kai-shek meeting in North Africa declared that the three Allied nations had agreed upon future military operations against Japan and would "continue to persevere in serious and prolonged operations necessary to procure the unconditional sur-
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render of Japan." The statement said the three Allies are determined to reduce Japan to her status before 1905. (Domei, December 2, 1943.)

15. Czechoslovak-Soviet Treaty, December 12, 1943:

(a) TEXT

"Article I. The High Contracting Parties having mutually agreed to unite in a policy of constant friendship and collaboration after the war as well as of mutual assistance, promise to render each other military and other assistance and aid of every kind in the present war against Germany and all other powers allied to her . . . in Europe.

Article II. The High Contracting Parties undertake during the period of the present war not to enter into any negotiations with the Hitler Government or any other government in Germany which does not specifically renounce all aggressive intentions, and not to enter into negotiations or conclude without mutual consent any truce whatsoever or make peace with Germany or any other power allied to her . . . in Europe.

Article III. Confirming their prewar policy of peace stipulated in their Agreement signed in Prague on May 16, 1935, the High Contracting Parties undertake that, in the event of one of them during the period after the war becoming involved in operations of war with Germany who might renew her policies of Drang nach Osten, or with any powers which might join Germany in this war directly or in any other way, the other High Contracting Party will give all military and friendly assistance at its disposal to the Contracting Party thus involved.

Article IV. The High Contracting Parties, taking into consideration the interests of security of each other, agree to follow the course of close and friendly co-operation in the period after the restoration of peace and to act in accordance with the principles of mutual consideration as regards their independence and sovereignty as well as non-interference in the internal affairs of the other power. They promise to develop their economic relations on as large as possible a scale and to render each other every possible economic assistance after the war.

Article V. Each of the High Contracting Parties promises not to enter into any alliance, participate in any coalition directed against the other High Contracting Party.

Article VI. The present agreement enters into force immediately after its signing and must be ratified as soon as possible; the exchange of ratified copies will be effected in Moscow at the earliest possible date.

This agreement is valid for a period of twenty years from the moment of its signing, and if at the end of this period of twenty years, twelve months before the expiration of the above term, neither of the High Contracting Parties makes a declaration of its desire to renounce this agreement, the same will remain in force for another period of five years, and so on, until one of the High Contracting Parties—twelve months before the expiration of the five-year term—makes a written declaration of its intention to cancel the agreement.

Made in two copies each in the Russian and Czechoslovakian languages. Both texts are of equal value." (Tass, December 13, 1943. Translated from the Russian.)

(b) ADDITIONAL PROTOCOL

"Having concluded the pact of friendship, mutual aid, and collaboration after the war, between the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and the Czechoslovakian Republic, the Contracting Parties have agreed that, should any third State adjacent to the USSR or the Czechoslovakian Republic wish to join it . . . it would, upon mutual consent on the part of the Governments of the USSR and the Czechoslovakian Republic, be granted the possibility of signing this pact, which will thus acquire the character of a tripartite pact." (Tass, December 13, 1943. Translated from the Russian.)


The two countries pledge themselves to collaborate most closely during the war and in the postwar period.

In its preamble the agreement opposes any post-war territorial claims following recent hostilities by the use by any power of naval, military, and air installations in any territory. The degree of cooperation is then defined in twelve articles.

Detailed mutual information not only during war time but also in the postwar period is agreed upon. The mutual objective, it is stated in Article 3, was the maximum of unity in views and statements. The two governments would exchange information to the greatest possible extent before making any statements.

Joint procedure in matters relating to the southwestern Pacific is provided for in Article 5. Likewise, the extensive co-ordination of war efforts is arranged for. Articles 7, 8, and 9 outline the cooperation during the peace negotiations and at the peace conference. The utmost participation of the two dominions in all armistice planning and executive bodies and commissions is demanded.

Final peace could be attained only after the belligerent operations had been terminated with all the enemies. (Transocean, January 22, 1944.)

II. THE AXIS POWERS

1. Three Power Pact, September 27, 1910:

"The Governments of Japan, Germany, and Italy, considering it as the condition precedent to any lasting peace that all nations of the world be given each its own proper place, have decided to stand by and co-operate with one another in regard to their efforts in Greater East Asia and the regions of Europe respectively wherein it is their prime purpose to establish and maintain a new order of things calculated to promote mutual prosperity and welfare of the peoples concerned. Furthermore, it is the desire of the three Governments to extend co-operation to such nations in other spheres of the world as may be inclined to put forth endeavors along lines similar to their own, in order that their ultimate aspirations for world peace may thus be realized. Accordingly the Governments of Japan, Germany, and Italy have agreed as follows:

Article 1. Japan recognizes and respects the leadership of Germany and Italy in the establishment of a new order in Europe.

Article 2. Germany and Italy recognize and respect the leadership of Japan in the establishment of a new order in Greater East Asia."
Article 3. Japan, Germany, and Italy agree to co-operate in their efforts on the aforesaid lines. They further undertake to assist one another with all political, economic and military means when one of the three Contracting Parties is attacked by a Power at present not involved in the European War or in the Sino-Japanese conflict.

Article 4. With a view to implementing the present Pact, Joint Technical Commissions, the members of which are to be appointed by the respective Governments of Japan, Germany, and Italy, will meet without delay.

Article 5. Japan, Germany, and Italy affirm that the aforesaid terms do not in any way affect the political status which exists at present as between each of the three Contracting Parties and Soviet Russia.

Article 6. The present Pact shall come into effect immediately upon signature and shall remain in force for ten years from the date of its coming into force.

At a proper time before the expiration of the said term the High Contracting Parties shall, at the request of any one of them, enter into negotiations for its renewal.” (Contemporary Japan, November 1940.)

2. The Imperial Rescript of December 8, 1941. (See The XXth Century, January 1942, p. 73.)

3. German-Japanese-Italian Alliance, December 11, 1941:

“...In pursuance of the unshakeable decision not to lay down arms until the common war against the United States of America and Great Britain has been brought to a successful conclusion, the German Government, the Japanese Government, and the Italian Government have agreed on the following points:

Article I. Germany, Japan, and Italy will jointly wage the war forced upon them by the United States and Great Britain with all means at their disposal until victory is achieved.

Article II. Germany, Japan, and Italy pledge themselves not to conclude an armistice or peace, neither with the United States nor Great Britain, without a full and mutual consent of the contracting parties.

Article III. Germany, Japan, and Italy will continue closely to co-operate after a successful conclusion of the war for the purpose of bringing about a just new order in conformity with the Three Power Pact signed on September 27, 1940.

Article IV. This agreement will take immediate effect and will remain in force until the validity of the Three Power Pact of September 27, 1940, expires. The High Contracting Parties will give due notice prior to the expiration of this agreement as to a further shaping of the co-operation as provided for in Article III of this agreement.” (DNB, December 11, 1941.)

4. Joint Declaration for the Construction of Greater East Asia, Tokyo, November 6, 1943:

“It is a basic principle for the establishment of world peace that the nations of the world have each its proper place and enjoy prosperity in common through mutual aid and assistance.

The United States of America and the British Empire have, in seeking their own prosperity, oppressed other nations and peoples. Especially in East Asia, they indulged in insatiable aggression and exploitation and sought to satisfy their inordinate ambition of enslaving the entire region, and finally they came to menace seriously the stability of East Asia. Herein lies the cause of the present war.

The countries of Greater East Asia, with a view to contributing to the cause of world peace, undertake to co-operate toward prosecuting the War of Greater East Asia to a successful conclusion, liberating their region from the yoke of British and American domination and ensuring their self-existence and self-defense, and in constructing a Greater East Asia in accordance with the following principles:

1. The countries of Greater East Asia through mutual co-operation will ensure the stability of their region and construct an order of common prosperity and well-being based on justice.

2. The countries of Greater East Asia will ensure fraternity of nations in their region by respecting one another’s sovereignty and independence and practising mutual assistance and amity.

3. The countries of Greater East Asia, by respecting one another’s traditions and developing the creative faculties of each race, will enhance the culture and civilization of Greater East Asia.

4. The countries of Greater East Asia will endeavor to accelerate their economic development through close co-operation on a basis of reciprocity and to promote thereby the general prosperity of their region.

5. The countries of Greater East Asia will cultivate friendly relations with all countries of the world and work for the abolition of racial discrimination, promotion of cultural intercourse, and opening of resources throughout the world and contribute thereby to the progress of mankind.” (Central Press, November 6, 1943.)
FROM JEROBOAM TO BENES

By KLAUS MEHNERT

In Europe there are at present sixteen countries which possess governments or similar institutions outside their own frontiers, more than there have ever been except for the period of the French Revolution. Future historians will designate this fact as one of the characteristics of the second World War. However, the problem is so interesting that it is worth while even now to subject it to an analysis, all the more so since it touches upon some of the fundamental questions of the present war.

The documentary appendix contains excerpts from one of Prime Minister Churchill’s recent speeches which throw much light on the subject.

JEROBOAM’S UPS AND DOWNS

AND Jeroboam... lifted up his hand against the king... Solomon sought therefore to kill Jeroboam. And Jeroboam arose, and fled into Egypt, unto Shishak king of Egypt, until the death of Solomon... And Solomon slept with his fathers, and was buried in the city of David his father: and Rehoboam his son reigned in his stead... Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who was yet in Egypt, heard of it... And it came to pass, when all Israel heard that Jeroboam was come again, that they sent and called him unto the congregation, and made him king over all Israel.” “Now in the eighteenth year of king Jeroboam... there was war between Abijah [Rehoboam’s son] and Jeroboam... And Abijah and his people slew them with a great slaughter: so there fell down slain of Israel five hundred thousand chosen men... And Abijah pursued after Jeroboam... Neither did Jeroboam recover strength again in the days of Abijah: and the Lord struck him, and he died.” (I. Kings, XI, XII; II. Chronicles, XIII.)

This quotation from the Old Testament about Jeroboam, who fled from his country before King Solomon and who later drove out Solomon’s son and made himself king of Israel and who was finally destroyed by Solomon’s grandson, is one of the earliest examples which history has to offer regarding political emigration. Yet this age-old phenomenon has never been systematically examined, with the result that there is a certain confusion about the various forms of emigration. Hence, without wishing to enter into a dispute over terminology, we must begin with a definition of the terms used.

One word we can immediately dispense with is “emigrant” (from the Latin e out, migrare to migrate). For by emigrants we usually mean people who—regardless of what reasons caused them to emigrate, political, economic, or religious—left their native land for good to settle in some other country, and who have no intention of and lay no claim to influencing further developments in their former home.

REFUGEES AND EXILES

It is a different matter with the words “refugee,” “exile,” and “émigré.” Although the borders among their definitions are fluid, each of these words has its own shade of meaning. The defining of these shades will help us to understand the phenomenon of political emigration.

The word “refugee” was applied for the first time on a large scale to the
Huguenots, the French Protestants. When the Edict of Nantes, which had granted them religious freedom, was abolished in 1685, some 200,000 of them left France and settled in other parts of Europe. Although they left for good, they were not emigrants, as a special law existed in France prohibiting their emigration. They had to flee and thus became known as réfugiés (from the Latin re back, fugere to flee). Since then the word “refugee” has usually been applied to people who have tried to find a “refuge” in another country after a more or less enforced departure. Some of them may wish to return to their old homes if the conditions necessitating their departure should change. However, the word “refugee” generally implies that the person to whom the term is applied does not work actively toward changing conditions in his native country. In order not to jeopardize the refuge he has found, he prefers as a rule to desist from activities directed against the regime in his own country, as these might endanger the good will of the country on whose hospitality he depends. This, for instance, holds good for the Armenians who fled from Turkey early in this century.

The term “exile” (from the Latin exilium) or its equivalent has been in existence since the days of antiquity. It was originally applied in cases where people were forced to leave their native soil by the authorities of their own country as, for instance, Themistocles from Athens (471 B.C.). Thus it meant as much as “banishment.” But while banishment is brought about by formal sentence or decree, the term “exile” admits also compulsion of circumstances as its cause. The term is now also used to imply prolonged voluntary absence from one’s native country, usually for political reasons.

ÉMIGRÉS

The French word émigré entered international usage as a result of the French Revolution. It was applied to those people—mostly aristocrats and members of the Royal House—who fled France after the storming of the Bastille in 1789 and spent the next twenty-five years trying to regain their lost position by inducing the other European states to go to war against France. They also tried to stir up their own countrymen in France—the peasants of La Vendée, for example—to counterrevolution. In 1795 England equipped three French émigré armies, with the aim of killing two birds with one stone: harming revolutionary France and getting rid of the troublesome émigrés. After the disaster which met these armies on the French coast of the Channel, England’s Prime Minister, Pitt the Younger, defended himself in Parliament by stating that, after all, no English blood had flowed. Richard Sheridan, the famous author and orator, replied to this: “But British honor has flowed out of all pores.”

The term “émigré” was also applied to the many crowned heads who were swept off their thrones by Napoleon’s march across Europe.

Thus the word “émigré” denotes persons who, after leaving their country owing to political changes, try to undo those changes with the aid of foreign powers. The émigrés do not acknowledge the changes that have taken place at home, claiming to be the real representatives of their country and that the events which have forced them to leave are merely a temporary misfortune which need only be overcome for everything to “return to normal.” They wish to turn back the wheel of history, and when given a chance to do so they do not hesitate to grasp it. This was the case with the Bourbons when, with the aid of Russian, British, and Prussian bayonets, they were reinstated in France in 1814 after the fall of Napoleon. Louis XVIII and particularly Charles X certainly deserved the saying that the émigrés had learned nothing and forgotten nothing. Their shortsighted attempts at “restoring” prerevolutionary France inevitably led to the July Revolution and forced them into exile a second time. The same happened to such rulers as the King of Naples, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the Duke of Modena who, having lost their thrones in
the Napoleonic Wars, were later reinstated with foreign aid. They carried on so blind and reactionary a policy that they needed foreign bayonets for their support and were eventually swept away by the Italian national revolution.

* * *

LET us now turn to an analysis of the various forms of government existing in Europe outside the borders of their countries. For the time being, we shall not apply any one of the three terms just defined. We shall simply call them governments, not "governments," so as not to overburden this article with quotation marks; we do so without prejudice to the question whether these institutions really deserve the term of government or not, a point which will be discussed toward the end of the article.

THE START: A CIVIL WAR

The wave of present-day European émigrés began, appropriately enough, with a civil war, the Civil War in Spain, which American journalists called the "little world war" and which, indeed, was in various respects a prelude to the present war.

The Spanish Civil War lasted from July 18, 1936, to March 28, 1939. During its last months, many politicians, soldiers, and sailors of the Leftist camp fled—hundreds of thousands in all—mainly to France. Among them were Juan Negrin, the Premier of the Leftist Government—who had been overthrown by a rival faction in his own camp led by General José Miaja—and his War Minister Indalecio Prieto. Many of them eventually turned up in South and Central America, but most of all in Mexico.

After his victory, General Francisco Franco's government was recognized by almost all powers, including Great Britain and America, but not by the USSR. For the next few years, little was heard of the Spanish fugitives, but of late they have appeared in the news again. On December 17, 1942, Juan Negrin arrived in North Africa and started to organize the Spanish Leftists who had been interned there by the French authorities after Franco's victory; and on February 10, 1944, the Spanish Communist La Pasionaria published an article in the Algiers daily, Liberté, praising Negrin and calling his government "the last legitimate government of Spain," thus indicating that it still considered him more or less the head of a government.

In Mexico, Prieto formed a "Spanish Committee of Liberation" in November 1943; and in South America, General José Miaja was trying to do something similar.

So far the Anglo-Americans have proceeded very cautiously. As long as they have not given up hope of winning General Franco over to their side, they are not likely to commit themselves toward any one of the Spanish groups abroad. Moscow alone has never concealed the fact that its sympathies are with his opponents.

**ZOGU—ZOG—ZOGU**

When the first fugitive king appeared on the European stage in 1939, nobody could have guessed that within two years he would be followed by many others.

Albania has always been one of the restless corners of Europe. After the Great War she had been a republic, with Ahmed Bey Zogu as her President. In 1928 a constituent assembly transformed the government into a monarchy, proclaiming Zogu as King Zog I of the Albanians. His dictatorial rule created much opposition. When Italy seized Albania on April 7, 1939, King Zog fled to Greece, then to Turkey, and finally to England, while the Albanian National Assembly was induced to offer the crown to King Victor Emmanuel. Thus Albania became joined to Italy by a personal union, and the Albanian military forces were incorporated into the Italian Army.
The treason of the House of Savoy cut these ties and brought independence to Albania again. The laws promulgated by the Italian administration were nullified. The National Assembly elected a Regency Council under Mehdi Frasheri, and with the consent of this council Prime Minister R. Mitrovica appointed a cabinet on November 7, 1943.

Events in Italy led ex-King Zog to think that the road might be open for his return to Tirana. He applied for permission to go to Algiers, the Allied headquarters in the Mediterranean, hoping eventually to proceed from there to Albania. However, his request was turned down on October 20: apparently the Allies preferred him to remain an ex-king.

BENES' HOUSE OF CARDS

Czechoslovakia, a creation of the "peacemakers" of Paris after the Great War, became one of their chief satellites in Eastern Europe. After the resignation of Thomas Masaryk on December 13, 1935, Eduard Benes became President of Czechoslovakia. Although the country was surrounded on three sides by German and Austrian territory, with a none too friendly Hungary on its southern border, it was blind enough to follow Benes in a course of increasing enmity toward Germany and her friends. This course became particularly pronounced after the conclusion of the pact between Czechoslovakia and the USSR on May 16, 1935. In these circumstances, Germany could not but consider Czechoslovakia as a dagger in the hands of a hostile France and Bolshevist Russia and pointed against her own heart. At the very least, she had to regard her as a huge potential air base for French and Soviet bombers.

I met Benes when he came to Moscow in 1935 in connection with the conclusion of the pact. Journalists have dubbed him "the greatest of the little statesmen"; but, clever as he is, he somehow made an impression of mediocrity, seeming to lack any comprehensive or realistic conception of the future of Europe. In his ambition to have a hand in the political game of the great powers, he sought to overcome the limited means of his small country by intrigues of all kinds.

The house of cards built by Benes collapsed three years later when, in his hour of need, he was supported by neither of his two allies, France and the USSR. A week after the Munich agreement of September 29, 1938, Benes acknowledged the failure of his policy by resigning from his post of President. He left the country, going first to America and later to England. In accordance with the constitution, Emil Hacha (till then a member of the Czechoslovakian Supreme Court) became his successor. In March 1939, Hacha agreed to the secession of Slovakia from Czechoslovakia and placed the remaining parts of the country, Bohemia and Moravia, under the protection of the German Reich.

Few people could have been more pleased with the outbreak of the war in Europe in 1939 than Benes. He immediately organized a so-called "Czechoslovakian National Committee" in London and declared himself "President" of Czechoslovakia. Almost two years passed before his committee was recognized as a government by the USSR (July 18, 1941), Great Britain (July 21, 1941), and the United States (July 31, 1941). Its Foreign Minister is Jan Masaryk, the son of the former President.

Up to the winter of 1942/43, Benes placed his hopes in the Anglo-Americans, at first because the Soviet Union had seemed to be on the side of Germany, and after June 22, 1941, because the USSR seemed to be losing the war. He co-operated closely with London and Washington, and after Pearl Harbor he hastened to declare war on all the countries at war with England and America (December 17, 1941). During this time, one of Benes' many activities had been his negotiations with the Polish Government in London, which aimed at an agreement on postwar policies and the establishment of a Czechoslovakian-Polish federation. Several declarations to this effect were published by both governments (November 11, 1940; January 23, 1942; June 9, 1942). However,
these negotiations came to an abrupt halt on May 18, 1943, as a result of the crisis in the relations between Moscow and the Poles over the latter's attitude in the Katyn affair. Benes immediately took sides with the Kremlin and echoed its accusations against General Sikorski.

Having observed the effects of the Polish-Soviet conflict, Benes from then on turned more and more openly to Moscow. On May 28, 1943, an agreement was concluded between the Czechoslovakian Government and Moscow regarding the organization of a Czech brigade in the USSR, signed for the Soviets by the then Vice-Commissar of Foreign Affairs Korneichuk, the most outspoken critic of the Polish Government. In a meeting that took place on September 24, 1943, the Czechoslovakian cabinet decided to work toward the conclusion of a mutual assistance pact with the USSR. This was a challenge to Great Britain, who did not wish Czechoslovakia to form any ties with Soviet Russia and thus to come under the influence of the latter. It was for this reason that in the summer of 1942 Foreign Secretary Sir Anthony Eden had made an agreement with Foreign Commissar Molotov according to which neither of the two governments would conclude any treaties affecting the postwar period with any of the fugitive governments. But Moscow ignored this agreement: on December 9, 1943, Benes arrived in Moscow, and on December 12 he signed a Soviet-Czech treaty (published in the Appendix of our March 1944 issue), to be valid for a period of twenty years.

On September 1, 1939, war broke out between Germany and Poland. Within two weeks, the resistance of the bulk of the Polish armies collapsed. September 16 saw the Red Army's invasion of Poland and the flight of the Polish Government-President Moscicki and others—to Rumania. Here they were interned at first but later set free. Moscicki resigned his post on September 30; he is now living in Switzerland. On the same day, Wladyslaw Raczkiewicz, former President of the Senate, took his oath as the new President in the Polish Embassy in Paris and appointed General Wladyslaw Sikorski as his Premier.
Meanwhile, on September 29 Germany and the USSR had come to an agreement regarding the partition of Poland (see map on page 169, March 1943). Those of the areas west of the demarcation line which were German for ethnographical or historical reasons were incorporated into the Reich, and one border region was incorporated into Slovakia; the rest was organized into the General-Gouvernement. In the areas east of the line, the USSR held mock-elections (with Stalin heading the list!) and incorporated those areas into the already existing Soviet Republics of White Russia and the Ukraine.

Little was heard of the Polish Government during the next twenty months. When Paris had to be evacuated, it moved to Bordeaux and, when France collapsed, to London.

An entirely new situation arose, however, when the two powers which had partitioned Poland came to grips on June 22, 1941. As the USSR became an ally of England, who in turn was Poland's ally, the Polish Government decided to come to terms with Moscow. This did not prove difficult at a time when the Red Army was being hurled back hundreds of miles by the German forces. On July 30, 1941, the Poles and the USSR concluded a treaty (see our issue of October 1941, pp.76/77) in which the Soviet Union declared the territorial changes that had taken place in Poland of 1939 as void; in which provision was made for the formation of a Polish legion in Russia under a Polish commander; and in which the USSR promised to grant amnesty to all Polish prisoners of war. On the same day, British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden handed General Sikorski the following note:

On the occasion of the signature of the Polish-Soviet Agreement of today's date, I desire to take the opportunity to inform you that in conformity with the provisions of the agreement of mutual assistance between the United Kingdom and Poland of August 25, 1939, the Government of the United Kingdom have entered into no undertakings with the Soviet Union which affect relations of that country and Poland. I also desire to assure you that the British Government do not recognize territorial changes effected in Poland since 1939.

In this connection, Anthony Eden called the attention of the House of Commons on the following day to Prime Minister Churchill’s statement of September 5, 1940, according to which the British Government did not propose to recognize any territorial changes which took place in the war unless they took place with the free consent and good will of the parties concerned. His words were loudly cheered by the House.

The only question, it seemed, which still remained to be settled was that of the Polish soldiers and civilians who had fallen into Soviet hands following upon the Red Army's invasion of Poland. When the Reds occupied eastern Poland in September 1939, they took over some 15 million civilians and, according to the Red Army daily Krasnaya Zvezda of September 17, 1940, captured an army of 181,000 men including about 10,000 officers. The officers were put into three concentration camps and the soldiers demobilized, while the civilians were declared Soviet citizens by the decrees of November 29, 1939, and January 16, 1943.

As we have seen, it was decided on July 30, 1941, to form a Polish legion in the USSR. The Soviets' attempts to carry Bolshevist and antireligious propaganda into the ranks of the Polish soldiers caused much friction. Although the formation of the legion was finally completed on July 1, 1942, its Polish commander in chief refused to send his troops into action (because of lack of proper equipment, say the Poles). According to Vyshinsky, at that time Soviet Vice-Commissar of Foreign Affairs, the Soviet Government first "curtailed their food rations" (i.e., tried to starve them into submission) and then evacuated part of them to Iran. The evacuated formations were reorganized and put into the Polish Army which had been formed in the Near East under General W. Anders.

There was one thing that kept worrying the Poles: the fate of 8,300 officers and
several thousand noncommissioned officers who had been captured by the Reds in 1939 and about whom nothing had been heard. Even General Sikorski was unable during his visit to Moscow in December 1941 to obtain any news as to their whereabouts. Although Stalin told him that all captured Polish officers had been released, no trace of them could be found.

Then there was the fate of the Polish civilians. The majority of the inhabitants of eastern Poland were still there when the German armies drove out the Reds in 1941. But a large number—estimates vary between 1½ and 2½ millions—had been deported to the interior of Russia or to Siberia. They suffered terrible privation, and many of them died. Later, some of them apparently managed to leave the USSR. According to the Swiss Neue Zürcher Zeitung, 1.4 millions have vanished without trace in the USSR. Any questions regarding their fate have been discouraged by the Soviet authorities, who consider these people Soviet citizens and such inquiries an interference in Soviet domestic affairs.

In February 1943 another problem, which the Poles had believed to be settled, made its reappearance: the frontier question. When, in the course of the winter 1942/43, the German armies began their large-scale withdrawal movement, nobody could foresee how far they would decide to go back. Just to be on the safe side, the Polish Government issued a statement on February 25, 1943, which emphasized that “the integrity of the territory of the Polish Republic in her frontier of September 1, 1939, and her sovereignty are inviolable and indivisible.”

In the ensuing days, this declaration was scathingly rebuked by Moscow, not only in word—by the Soviet news agency Tass and the Soviet Embassy in London—but also in deed. A newspaper, Wolna Polska, was founded under the editorship of the Polish Communist Wanda Wasilewska, which has attacked the fugitive government ever since; Wanda Wasilewska’s husband, Alexander Korneichuk, a notorious Soviet imperialist, was elevated to the position of Soviet Vice-Commissar of Foreign Affairs (and later of Foreign Commissar of the Ukraine); and two prominent Polish Jewish politicians, H. Ehrlich and V. Adler, were executed.

The Poles were profoundly shaken by this blasting of their dreams. General Sikorski spoke for them all when, in a message of March 30, he threatened:

If at the conclusion of the war our rights are not respected and our long and passionate devotion to freedom not taken into consideration, every Pole—irrespective of religious or political creed—will be united to the last man to resist any claims which endanger the sovereignty and integrity of our country from whatever quarter they might be raised.

This was the situation between the Poles and the Soviets when, on April 12, there came the bombshell of the German announcement on the finding of a mass grave containing the bodies of some 10,000 Polish officers murdered by the Soviets. The German statement, which may have seemed fantastic to some of the pro-Soviet enthusiasts in England and America, appeared so little fantastic to General Sikorski that he addressed a request to the International Red Cross in Geneva to investigate the mass graves of Katyn. On April 16 his government explained this step by enumerating all its vain attempts to discover something about the fate of the Polish officers from the Soviet Government.

Unable to refute the German accusations, the Soviet Government completely lost its temper and, in a note of April 26, broke off relations with the Sikorski Government, accusing it of a conspiracy with Germany. After that, the Soviets made things as unpleasant as possible for the Poles. Several members of the Polish Embassy in the USSR, including General Wollikowski, the chief of the Polish military mission in the USSR, were accused of espionage and deported; and ten members of the Embassy staff were arrested on their way to the Iranian border. Australia took charge of Polish interests in the USSR, as neither England nor America wished to burden their relations with Moscow with this embarrassing task.
The man to have incurred most of Moscow's wrath was General Sikorski. On July 4, while returning from a visit to the Polish Army in the Near East, he was killed in suspicious circumstances in a plane crash at Gibraltar.

The new government formed after his death has been discussed in this magazine (August/September 1943, pp.183/84). Although the new Premier, Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, lacks the personality and popularity of Sikorski, his cabinet has continued along the lines of the late General. On September 12, Count Romer, the new Foreign Minister and expelled former Ambassador to Moscow, reiterated his government's insistence on the inviolability of Poland's territory.

Polish-Soviet relations have been further aggravated by the fact that Moscow has been putting Polish divisions into the field which do not recognize the émigré government but are fighting under slogans furnished by Wanda Wasilewska and her "Union of Polish Patriots" in Moscow. This union, which was established in June 1943, must be considered the nucleus of a planned Soviet Poland. In February 1944, a "Polish National Committee" was formed in Moscow which comes quite close to the Soviet version of a Polish government and which in turn appointed a mysterious "General Rola" to be commander in chief of the Polish troops.

To Britain and America this quarrel is most unwelcome. In order not to jeopardize their relations with the USSR, they are forced to abandon the Poles and thus to expose to the world their own weakness and the inherent worthlessness of the Atlantic Charter. To the British, the continued war effort of the USSR is, of course, more important than the guarantee of Poland's integrity made in their treaty of August 25, 1939. The Polish frontiers have served their purpose as a pretext for war against Germany; beyond that, they are of little interest to London or Washington. No wonder that the Poles' efforts of January 14, 1944, to have England and America mediate between them and Moscow's claim for the Curzon Line—i.e., the whole of eastern Poland—have met with a cool reception in London and Washington and a brusque refusal in Moscow. Premier Mikolajczyk's journey to Washington, about which there has been talk ever since the beginning of December, has been "postponed" time and again. The New York Post of February 23, 1944, has even demanded that the Allies break off relations with the émigré government, and several Polish periodicals in England have been closed by the British authorities. Moreover, on January 15, 1944, the London magazine Caracade labeled the Polish desire for firm frontiers as a symptom of "historical syphilis."

KUUSINEN GOES THROUGH HIS PACES

Ever since the subjection of Finland to Bolshevist rule in 1917/18, the Finns have had a very strong antipathy toward the Red doctrine. This is why O. Kuusinen, the leader of the small group of Finnish Communists, prefers to live in Moscow. He is one of those men whom Stalin parades from time to time in front of the Soviet people to convince them that the "workers of the world" are on their side.

When the Red Army invaded Finland on November 30, 1939, the Soviet Union erroneously believed that Finnish resistance would quickly collapse, and that the Finnish proletariat would greet the Reds with open arms. For this occasion, Comrade Kuusinen was dragged out of his obscurity. Under instructions from Moscow he formed the so-called "People's Government of Finland" on December 1, 1939, in Terioki on the Finno-Soviet border and in the shadow of Red Army bayonets. The very next day, this government signed a twenty-five-year pact with the USSR which, in the event of a
Red victory, would have made Finland virtually a Soviet republic.

The stage was now set for the triumphal entry of Comrade Kuusinen and his government into "liberated" Helsinki. But things turned out differently: the gallantry with which the Finns fought is still in everyone's mind. The longer their resistance lasted and the greater the Soviet losses became, the further did Kuusinen sink back into oblivion. When, on March 13, 1940, Stalin concluded peace with his Finnish enemies, no one even mentioned Kuusinen and his pact.

Recently, however, when the Soviets joined in the Allied war of nerves against Finland, the name of Kuusinen reappeared. On February 19, 1944, the pro-Soviet Shanghai newspaper Novosti Dnya published the full text of the Kuusinen-Molotov pact of 1939. Having conveniently forgotten about it for over four years, Moscow now apparently hopes that it may turn out to be useful after all.

TWO SETS OF BALTIc REPRESENTATIVES

Making use of Europe's preoccupation with the war in 1939/40, Stalin grabbed the three Baltic states of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. He began by forcing so-called mutual assistance pacts on the three states in September and October 1939. On June 15 and 16 of the following year, the Red Army invaded them under the flimsy pretext that, by concluding a military alliance among themselves, they had violated these pacts. The Soviets then demanded the establishment of new governments in conformity with the ideas of Moscow. By means of trickery and terrorization, new "parliaments" were set up in the three countries, all of them completely under Communist domination. On July 21, 1940, these parliaments proclaimed the three states to be Soviet republics and asked to be incorporated in the USSR, a request which Moscow "granted" on August 6. The Soviet regime was subsequently introduced after the pattern of the other Soviet Republics; and countless Estonians, Latvians, and Lithuanians were either "liquidated" or carried off.

When in its great drive of the summer of 1941 the German Army flung the Red Army out of the Baltic states, the heads of their Soviet administrations fled to Moscow, where they maintained their claim of being these countries' legal governments.

There is a second group of men abroad claiming to speak for the Baltic states: the diplomatic representatives of the three Republics who happened to be in London and Washington when the Soviets invaded their countries. The position which they now occupy there is a typical Anglo-American compromise. On the one hand, they still enjoy the privileges of diplomats (long live the Atlantic Charter!); on the other, they have been struck off the list of accredited diplomats (at the request of the Soviet Government!). The situation will become rather awkward when the Soviets, in pursuance of their policy to establish Foreign Commissariats in the various Soviet Republics, open Estonian, Latvian, and Lithuanian "departments" in the Soviet Embassy in London in the near future.

The Baltic quasi diplomats are emphatically against the establishment of Soviet rule in their native countries. They still seem to believe that there is a third way open which is neither German nor Bolshevist, and have placed their faith in the Anglo-Saxons. Leading

The movements of fugitive governments or semigovernmental institutions in Europe since 1939
among them is Alfred Bilmanis, who was Lithuania's Minister in Washington. A year ago he circulated a pamphlet among American officials appealing for the reestablishment of the Baltic states and Finland after the war. Since then nothing has been heard of him.

The attitude of the people at home was revealed when the approach of the Red armies during the last few months caused large numbers of volunteers to join the German Army.

EVEN A FEW DANES

On April 9, 1940, as a prelude to the battle of Norway, the German armed forces occupied Denmark. King Christian X and his government remained at their posts and collaborated with the German authorities; but certain representatives of Denmark abroad started to carry on a policy of their own in contradiction to that of their King. Foremost among them was Henrik de Kauffmann, Danish Minister to Washington. He was relieved of his post by the Danish Government on April 11, 1941. Nevertheless, he concluded an agreement with the US Government which gave the United States the right to build an unlimited number of bases on Greenland, a Danish possession. The Danish Government protested, and even Time, in its issue of April 21, 1941, spoke of Kauffmann's "questionable legal right to sign the agreement." But Washington acted as if the agreement were valid, and the American occupation of Greenland began on July 6, 1941. Kauffmann also proclaimed Denmark's adherence to the Atlantic Charter in disregard of the protest of the Danish Government. T. Jacobsen, Danish Minister of Justice, stated on July 3, 1942, in the Danish Parliament that Kauffmann's agreements were invalid as they had been concluded without the knowledge or consent of the King of Denmark and his government.

The case of E. Reventlow, Danish Minister to London, was a similar one. When he refused to return to Denmark and took over the honorary chairmanship of the "Society of Free Danes in Britain," he was dismissed from the Danish diplomatic service on March 24, 1942.

A KING FLEES

After the conclusion of the German campaign in Poland, the war in Europe settled down for some time to what the British called a "bored war." But in April 1940 the first of the historic events of that year occurred. The Norwegian Government, its sympathies on the side of the Allies, had not been strong enough to enforce its neutrality and had not prevented the British Navy from laying mines in Norwegian territorial waters. On April 9, 1940, the storm broke. There followed the breath-taking weeks of the Norwegian campaign, which ended on June 9 with the expulsion of the last Allied soldier from Norwegian territory.

The German authorities set about reorganizing the country, and on February 1, 1942, they entrusted Major Vidkun Quisling with the government. As regards the future of Norway, the Führer's declaration of September 27, 1943, stated:

It is our unalterable will, after the victorious conclusion of this fateful struggle, to build up a national and socialist Norway, in liberty and independence. This Norway will then yield only those functions to the wider sphere of the European community which are indispensable to the safeguarding of Europe's security for all time, since it is this community alone which can and will be the sole representative and guarantor of this security.

Concerning the question of the Norwegian Royal House, Prime Minister Quisling had declared one year earlier (September 25, 1942) that, according to the Norwegian constitution, the King of Norway had forfeited his throne by the mere fact of his leaving the country. Quisling emphasized that the same applied to the former Crown Prince, and that hence the former Royal House had no legal claim to the throne of Norway.

Even before the fighting had come to an end, King Haakon VII, a brother-in-law of the late King George V of
England, had fled with Crown Prince Olaf and the members of his government to England. There he organized a government which was first headed by Prime Minister Nygaardsvold, who had held this office at the outbreak of the war.

**FLIGHT IN TWO STAGES**

The flight of the Netherlands Government took place in two stages. The first was the flight of Queen Wilhelmina and her government from Holland on May 13, 1941, three days after the outbreak of the war between Germany and the Netherlands. The Queen and her cabinet, with D. J. de Geer as Prime Minister and E. van Kleffens as Foreign Minister, took up residence in London. Prince Bernhard, Crown Princess Juliana's husband, also made his headquarters in London, while Juliana herself moved on to Ottawa in Canada, where she is living with her three daughters, the youngest of whom was born in 1943.

The second stage came when the defenses of the Netherlands East Indies collapsed before the powerful thrust of the Nipponese armed forces in March 1942. Those of the Netherlands East Indies administrators who managed to get away in time established what one might call a Pacific branch of the Dutch Government in Australia under H. J. van Mook, who later became Minister for the Colonies in the Dutch Government in London and is at present back in Australia.

The Dutchmen in England are fanatically anti-German, and their mouthpiece, the newspaper *Vry Nederland* in London, has been outdoing itself in attacks on Germany (e.g., on September 21, 1942, by demanding the internationalization of German children by educating them for twelve years outside Germany), and in submission toward the Allies (e.g., on October 4, 1942, by demanding that English be made the second official language of the Netherlands).

In Holland, Chancellor Hitler entrusted Arthur Seyss-Inquart with the duties of Reich Commissar. On December 13, 1942, after the situation in Holland had become stabilized, the Führer recognized Adrian Mussert, the head of the Netherlands National-Socialist Party, as leader of the Dutch people. Seyss-Inquart thereupon announced that representatives of Mussert's party would be included in every department of the administration in order to harmonize the interests of the Dutch people as much as possible with those of the army of occupation. With regard to Holland's future, Mussert said on December 14, 1941:

Holland will not become part of the German Reich, either as a province or as a protectorate. Holland's independence is assured. In close contact with other Germanic peoples, all possibilities are open to Holland after the war to participate actively in creating a new European order.

**ONE GRAND DUCHESS**

When the great clash occurred between the German and Allied armies in 1940, Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxemburg fled to London. Here she established a government of which very little is known. Her two sons and four daughters are in Canada. The German Government appointed Gustav Simon, former provincial governor of Koblenz-Trier, as provincial governor of Luxemburg.

**ONE KING STAYED**

In the early morning hours of May 10, 1940, Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop informed the press in Berlin that, according to information in the hands of the German Government, Great Britain had notified the Belgian and Netherlands Governments of the impending landing of British troops on Belgian and Dutch soil. Furthermore, he stated, the German Government had irrefutable proof concerning the lining up of British and French armies and an imminent attack on the Ruhr district across Belgian and Dutch territory. At the same moment, the German divisions began their spectacular campaign which carried them to the Channel, separating the British Expeditionary Forces from the bulk of the French armies. Here again, only on a much bigger scale this time, we observe a repetition of what happened in Norway: the British left the Belgians and the
Dutch in the lurch at the first opportunity and fled via Dunkirk.

King Leopold III saw himself deserted by and cut off from his allies. Determined to reduce to the utmost the useless sacrifice of the life and property of his Belgian subjects, he wished to surrender. On the other hand, his cabinet, headed by Prime Minister Hubert Pierlot, chose to flee, abandoning the country to complete chaos. On May 28 the King ordered the Army to surrender and gave himself up to the Germans.

Premier Pierlot established his government first in Poitiers, then in Vichy. On May 31, 39 deputies (out of 202) and 54 senators (out of 167) of the Belgian Parliament, who had also fled the country, declared in a meeting at Limoges in France that it was "juridically and morally impossible for King Leopold to continue his reign." However, their number being less than the two-thirds majority required for constitutional changes, this declaration had no legal consequences, and Leopold III is still King of the Belgians.

After the collapse of France, Pierlot and his colleagues fled to London. The cabinet frequently suffered from dissension among its members, which reached a climax when, in the spring of 1942, some of these members addressed a letter to King Leopold in Brussels, asking for clemency.

In the middle of last December, Minister of Information Delfosse declared in Belfast that the Belgians were prepared to take up close ties with the British Commonwealth as well as to sacrifice part of their country's sovereignty on the sole condition that they might continue to decide over their domestic affairs and be able to exist from an economic point of view. At about the same time, Robert Gillon, the fugitive President of the Belgian Senate, published a lengthy article according to which Belgium had abandoned her policy of neutrality for ever and was prepared to bear the consequences of the fact that she had joined the Allied camp. Foreign Minister Spaak made similar utterances. This attitude has been most emphatically rejected within the country itself.

**DISSIDENTS**

Those of our readers who have been following *The XXth Century's* articles on France (July 1942; November 1942; March 1943; January 1944) will be familiar with the course of events in France since the beginning of the war. It will be recalled that, in the midst of the military debacle, Marshal Pétain was called to the helm of the ship of state and that on June 15, 1940, he formed a government in conformity with the French constitution. He has been the leader of France ever since.

On the other hand, there are the dissidents. In order to court the favor of Britain and America they have yielded large parts of the former French Empire; and in order to ingratiate themselves with Stalin they have opened wide the doors of North Africa to Bolshevist infiltration. Stalin has rewarded them by recognizing them as a government, but the Anglo-Americans are still holding back. The dissidents have issued decrees regarding their intentions toward Marshal Pétain and his followers and are spending a good deal of their time squabbling with each other. Darlan has been murdered; Peyrouton arrested; Giraud dropped; and De Gaulle is at present at the top.

**NIGHT CLUBS AND POLITICS**

From a recent issue of *Voina i Rabochy Klass* we learn that even Rumania has something like a government abroad in the person of ex-King Carol. Carol, who has made a name for himself as a royal playboy, had once before been in voluntary exile from Rumania (1925-1930). After having occupied his throne for ten years, he resigned again on September 6, 1940, in favor of his nineteen-year-old son Michael. On the day before his resignation he appointed General Ion Antonescu to the post of Prime Minister, investing him with supreme authority and dissolving the Rumanian Parliament. Since then, Antonescu has held the reins of Rumania in his firm hands.
Carol himself left the country with his mistress, Madame Lupescu, to take up residence in Mexico, where a new palace was built for him. According to recent reports it would seem that he has now moved to Costa Rica. In January 1942 he was discouraged in his claims to represent a “Free Rumania” movement when his request to visit the USA in that capacity was declined by Sumner Welles, then Undersecretary of State.

Very little has been heard about Carol since then, but the above-mentioned Russian periodical now accuses him and Tilea, the former Rumanian Ambassador to London, of posing as the legitimate representatives of Rumania. “This variegated figure,” the periodical writes about Carol, “feeling that changes are imminent, has given up organizing night-club trusts in Mexico and decided to appear in the role of a victim of Fascism.”

TRIANGULAR WAR

The kingdom of Yugoslavia, a conglomeration of various nationalities, was created in Paris after Austria-Hungary’s collapse in 1918. As a result of its unfortunate domestic policy, which favored the Serbs and constantly offended the other nationalities, especially the Croats, the country had a very troubled history. The more unstable the domestic situation became in Yugoslavia, the more desperately her government clung to the Western powers to which the state owed its existence. But in the late thirties Germany’s growing strength and France’s obvious weakness raised doubts among the Yugoslavian leaders as to the wisdom of their policy. Under the impact of Germany’s victorious campaigns in 1939 and 1940, Yugoslavia’s foreign policy took a new course under Premier Stoyadinovich, a course which culminated in the Tsvetkovich cabinet’s joining the Tripartite Pact on March 25, 1941.

By this defeat of their Balkan policy, the Anglo-Saxon powers were induced to take a desperate step: by means of promises and agents they brought about a coup d’état on March 27. Prince Paul, who had held the regency for Crown Prince Peter since the assassination of King Alexander in Marseille (1934), and Premier Tsvetkovich were arrested. The Crown Prince was proclaimed King Peter II, and General Dusan Simovich was given the post of Premier. Nothing more has been heard since then of Tsvetkovich. Prince Paul was exiled to Kenya and later to South Africa; Stoyadinovich was banished to Mauritius.

A few days later, on April 6, 1941, began the Balkan campaign which secured the whole Balkan Peninsula for the Axis within a few weeks. The artificial structure of Yugoslavia was dissolved and replaced by a number of independent national states. On August 29, 1941, General Milan Nedic formed a Serbian cabinet with the approval of the German authorities. He is still Prime Minister of Serbia. Adjoining to the north, the state of Croatia was formed on April 10 under the leadership of Ante Pavelic, and Slovenia became part of the kingdom of Italy, in which it was incorporated as the province of Lubiana (Laibach).

The Putsch government and King Peter fled the country on April 18 and arrived in Jerusalem on April 22. Soon afterwards they made their headquarters in London. Simovich resigned and was sent to a mental asylum near London, from which he was later released. After that there were frequent cabinet crises and changes. The present Purich cabinet, a colorless government composed of officials, was formed on August 10, 1943; but at present it is in the midst of a new crisis.
The repeated cabinet crises prove better than anything else the weakness and discord reigning among the fugitive Yugoslavians. They have learned nothing from the mistakes they made in the past. While on the Balkan Peninsula itself the rivalry among the various nations formerly belonging to Yugoslavia is dwindling in importance—as they are forming their own existences independently of each other—King Peter’s government is composed of six Serbs, six Croats, four Slovenes, one Montenegrin, and one Mohammedan; and these are carrying on among themselves the same quarrels to which Yugoslavia owed her weakness in all the years of her existence.

The position of the Yugoslav Government differs from that of most other fugitive governments in that fighting is going on in the territory which it claims to represent. The mountainous character of the rugged country is very suitable for guerrilla warfare, and the guerrillas have crystallized around two personalities: around General Draga Mihailovich, King Peter’s War Minister, whose guerrillas call themselves chetniks, and around the Communist leader “Tito.”

The London Observer recently published some details about Tito. According to these, Tito, who is 53 years old, was born in Croatia as the son of a Czech mother and Jewish father. His real name is Josip Broz, and he formed his present one of Tito from the initials of the Croatian words for “Secret International Terrorist Organization.” In the Great War, he deserted from the Austro-Hungarian Army and went over to the Russians. After the Bolshevik Revolution he joined the Red Army and later returned to the Balkans, where he served several terms in prison for burglaries and political offenses. In 1934 he was made a member of the Central Committee of the illegal Communist Party in Yugoslavia. He also went to Moscow to participate in courses in civil warfare and was sent by the Comintern to carry on political work in France and take part in the Spanish Civil War. In 1938 he returned to Yugoslavia, and after the outbreak of the German-Soviet war he became the leader of the Communist guerrillas.

From the very beginning, Tito enjoyed the support of Moscow. He refused to subordinate himself to the government of King Peter, and on November 26, 1942, he formed an “Anti-Fascist Council,” to the presidency of which he appointed Ivan Ribar, while Stalin, Molotov, Kalinin, Roosevelt, and Churchill were elected “Honorary Presidents.”

Throughout 1943 there was a growing opposition between Mihailovich and Tito, and thus between Peter II and Stalin. This opposition was aggraviated by the fact that Yugoslavia had for more than twenty years refused to recognize the Soviet Government. Up to 1940 there was still the old Tsarist charge d' affaires in Belgrade; a large number of White Russians had found refuge in Yugoslavia, and the supreme head of the “Russian Orthodox Church Abroad” lived in Karlovac (Karlstad). Not until a few days after the Compiègne armistice, under the impact of the French debacle, did the Yugoslav Government take up diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia. Moscow has not yet forgiven this unfriendly attitude.

As the conflict between Tito and Mihailovich grew in intensity, the British as well as the American Governments were drawn more and more into it. In the autumn of 1943 the first indications appeared that the Anglo-Americans would, in view of their weak position toward Stalin, be prepared to drop King Peter. The first thing that happened was that his government was urged to move its headquarters from London, The object was, of course, to emphasize the fact that the British Government did not identify itself with King Peter and his cause. On September 29, 1943, King Peter and his cabinet took up quarters in Cairo. This immediately entailed a considerable weakening of their position. If their demands and protests had already carried
little weight in London, they now had no success at all.

The final sellout of King Peter, like that of the Poles, seems to have been prepared at the Moscow Conference and decided upon in Teheran. In any case, on December 4, 1943, three days after the conclusion of the Teheran Conference, Tito turned the Anti-Fascist Council into a regular government. On this day the so-called National Committee for the Liberation of Yugoslavia was formed, a sort of cabinet under the leadership of Tito; furthermore, a provisional parliament under Ribar. The first official act of the latter was to promote Tito to the rank of Marshal, and on December 12 it published a constitution, in which there is no mention of either King or Crown.

A definite breach had occurred. King Peter's government sharply denounced the creation of an opposition government and called Tito and his adherents “terrorists, devoid of any national feeling.” But there was no favorable reaction on the part of the Allies. On December 10 Cordell Hull extended American Lend-Lease aid to Tito, which was more or less tantamount to recognition; and on the following day the London Times welcomed the establishment of Tito's government, writing that the Yugoslav Government in Cairo consisted of hardly more than a few dozen officers, officials, and diplomats, that the spontaneous desire for freedom of a nation was expressed in the provisional government of Tito, and that this trend would undoubtedly also take place in other countries.

There could hardly be a more explicit repudiation of Peter's government—and as expressed in the last sentence—of all fugitive governments as a whole. By sending Fitzroy MacLean, a Brigadier General and Member of Parliament, and Randolph Churchill, the son of the Prime Minister, as liaison officers to Tito, London has also shown what importance it attaches to him.

It is hardly to be wondered at that, in these circumstances, Tito became so cocky that on December 22 his radio broadcast a proclamation of his own National Committee which deprived the King's government of its citizenship and for the time being prohibited King Peter from returning to his country. The proclamation continued:

The peoples of Yugoslavia insist on putting an end to all adherence to the fugitive, treacherous Yugoslav government abroad. From now on, the only Yugoslav government is that of General Tito... The King and the monarchy have become the last refuge of reactionary, antinational elements. Under the flag of the monarchy, the most horrible crimes and treason are being committed. Mihailovich and his chetniks have united with the invasion troops in fighting our people; King Peter is the supreme commander of the treacherous chetnik bands, which form an integral part of the occupation troops, against whom the national army of liberation is fighting a life-and-death struggle.

As a result, a triangular war has been going on in the territory of what was formerly Yugoslavia. Mihailovich has been fighting against Tito and the Germans (or their allies); Tito against Mihailovich and the Germans; and the Germans against Tito and Mihailovich. Of late, it appears as if soon only one front will be left; yet as long as the triangle exists, the Allies will continue their double game. England and America have not yet officially recognized Tito, and it looks as if they may still try to heal the breach between him and the King with the help of the resurrected General Simovich, who delivered a radio address from London in favor of Tito on February 19. On the other hand, Stalin has not yet broken with King Peter. As late as December 19, Nikolai Novikov, the new Soviet Minister, presented his credentials to King Peter in Cairo.

The Balkan situation was considerably affected by the treason of Badoglio. At first Germany was faced with a difficult task. The Badoglio divisions in the Balkans, numbering some one hundred thousand men, had to be disarmed; and all important harbors, airfields, and lines
of communication had to be secured. But, as in Italy, Germany acted with lightning speed. In collaboration with Croat units, the Germans occupied all important ports on the Dalmatian coast and then turned against the guerrilla bands in the interior. Tito's headquarters in Jajce were stormed early in January. The numerical strength of the forces employed on the German side is not known. However, the Allied claim that twenty German divisions are tied down by the guerrillas has been ridiculed by Berlin. The atrocities committed by the Tito bands in the course of the fighting have brought even Serbs who are not particularly friendly toward the Germans into German ranks from a sheer desire for self-preservation.

Strange as it may sound, Badoglio's capitulation has in the long run had a beneficial effect on the German position in the Balkans. Italian penetration, which had been viewed with misgivings by many Balkan nationalists, has come to an end. No longer hampered by consideration for the House of Savoy, Germany has now been able to clarify many pending issues. In September, Prime Minister Nedich of Serbia received increased powers for his government and the command over the growing Serbian Army from the Führer.

VETERAN EX-KING

Under the dictatorship of Prime Minister Metaxas, the relations between the Greek Government and the Axis seemed to develop so favorably that, on April 13, 1939, in an attempt to keep Greece in their own camp, Great Britain and France gave her a promise of aid against any attack. However, after the outbreak of her war with Italy on October 28, 1940, when Greece was most in need of assistance from the Western powers, she obtained no aid against Italy beyond empty promises. Yet, to the surprise of the world, the Greeks were able not only to hold their own but even to push the Italians back into Albania whence they had come. When the British finally arrived, it was not to fight the Italians but to turn Greece into an Allied bridgehead against Germany. They occupied Crete and, on March 21, 1941, landed British troops in Salonika.

On April 6, 1941, the following statement was issued in Berlin:

... The German Government has ordered its armed forces to drive out the British troops from Greek soil. Any resistance will be ruthlessly broken. The Greek Government has been informed of this. At the same time, the German Government emphasized that the German troops are marching into Greece not as the enemies of the Greek people and that the German nation has no desire to fight against and destroy the Greek people. The blow to which Germany has been forced on Greek soil is directed against England.

In a rapid movement, the German troops thrust through the Greek peninsula. The Greek armies capitulated, and the British armies were put to flight. King George II fled to Crete. On April 29, a new government under General Tsolakoglou was formed in Athens, and on May 4, 1941, Adolf Hitler stated in a Reichstag speech that Germany had neither political nor territorial demands to make on Greece. One month later, Crete was also in German hands, and King George had gone to Cairo. For the second time in his life, George was without a throne. In December 1923 he had been forced to flee by internal disorders in his country, and it was not until 1935 that he had regained his throne.

George II experienced difficulties similar to those of his young colleague Peter II. George, too, is in conflict with the guerrilla bands in his country. In the autumn of 1943 the guerrillas sent a delegation to Cairo with a demand to the King that
they should be given three posts in his cabinet, including that of Minister of the Interior. They also informed him that he would not be allowed to return to Greece until a plebiscite had decided on the future form of the Greek government. The guerrillas were given a rather frosty reception in Cairo, and their demands were turned down.

As is the case in former Yugoslavia, there are two opposing sets of guerrillas in Greece: the “Elas,” which has strong Communist leanings, and the “Edes,” which is more democratically inclined, and which are doing more fighting against each other than against the Germans.

The British attitude toward the Greek Government in Cairo and the Greek guerrillas has undergone a change similar to that in Yugoslavia. Until late last autumn London supported the King, Churchill declaring in the House of Commons on November 9, 1943, that the British Government considered the King its loyal ally and the constitutional head of the Greek people. But five weeks later, on December 15, 1943, Sir Anthony Eden made a statement in the House of Commons which indicated that the attitude of the British Government toward the Greek Government had cooled off considerably. He declared that no agreement had been concluded between the King and the British Government, thus renouncing any obligation on the part of Britain toward George II. This in turn has seriously affected the position of the Greek cabinet under Prime Minister Tsuderos, who has his authority from the King.

It may be assumed that Stalin’s pressure at the Teheran Conference had something to do with this change of mind in the British Government. It is clear that Moscow’s sympathies are with the guerrillas, in spite of the fact that the George’s government still has a Minister in Moscow.

ODDS AND ENDS

Apart from the various “liberation committees,” ex-kings, and fugitive governments discussed so far, there are a number of other organs which belong to the same group.

To what lengths the game of establishing committees has been carried can be seen from the fact that even a “Hungarian Refugee Committee” was formed in July 1943 in the USA. It is headed by Count Michael Karolyi, the “Kerensky” of Hungary, who bears a great deal of the responsibility for the Communist outrages committed in Hungary in 1919. He has not been in his own country since he fled it in March of that year.

Here we might also mention the revelations—more comical than political—of Home Secretary Herbert Morrison, who informed the House of Commons on May 20, 1943, that, besides the recognized Polish Government, one more Polish government existed in England. This, he explained, was headed by a man who claimed the title of “King of Poland, Hungary, and Bohemia, Grand Duke of Lithuania, Silesia, and the Ukraine, and Hetman of Moldavia.” A pretty tall order.

Furthermore, there is the “National Committee of Free Germany,” established under Stalin’s patronage in Moscow in the summer of 1943. According to the Pravda of July 21, 1943, it consists of German Communists living in the USSR and, allegedly, of a few German prisoners of war.

It is difficult to say whether the government of ex-King Victor Emmanuel and General Badoglio should be included in this list. It has some of the characteristics of a fugitive government, and it is being treated by the Allies as if it were a government without a country. Incidentally, on March 13 the Soviets took up diplomatic relations with the Badoglio Government, the first Allied government to do so. Again, as in Algiers, they have grasped the initiative.
HAVING examined the most important of the governments, committees of liberation, etc., existing abroad, we have seen that they do actually represent an essential aspect of the present war. If we now compare the origin of these various organs, we are struck at first sight by considerable differences. Some of them owe their existence to Bolshevist tricks (Kuusinen, Tito, Wanda Wasilewska), others to the flight of members of the old governments before the German Army (Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Yugoslavia, Greece); others again were formed abroad to compete with the legal governments in their respective countries (Czechoslovakia, France), or by reason of a personal whim on the part of the former ruler (Rumania); still others, because Moscow wishes, for reasons of "face," to continue to treat as governments those Communist cliques which were driven out of their countries and clearly repudiated by the people (Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania).

And yet at bottom they all have one thing in common.

In an article entitled "War and Revolution" (January 1943) we developed the theme that the present war is not a war in the usual sense but one of the symptoms of a gigantic revolution, of a conflict between opposed ideas which puts all former revolutions in the shade. It is in the sphere of ideas that the real conflict lies, and the war that is at present convulsing Europe is the projection of this conflict of ideas onto the political and military plane.

REVOLUTION AND REACTION

What are the great, revolutionary ideas for which Europe is fighting today under German leadership?

First: the idea of Europe—the faith that, between the leveling internationalism of the Bolsheviks and the petty nationalism of Europe's past represented by the fugitive governments, a new Europe will arise which, without losing the manifold individuality of its peoples, will form a political and economic unity. This idea is represented by a nation which, in forming the German Reich, has proved the possibility of a combination of outward unity and inner manifoldness. It is opposed by the ex-kings and fugitive governments which hope to be reinstated by the Anglo-Americans in order to resume their old policies. Even those of them which reveal a new idea here and there as, for instance, in the case of Belgium, show trends leading away from Europe, for what else is the suggestion of closer ties with the British Empire but flight from Europe? This idea of Europe is also attacked, though from another direction, by types like Kuusinen and Tito who have inscribed un-European Bolshevism on their banners and whose victory would mean Europe's incorporation in the Soviet empire.

Secondly: socialism—the creation of social justice. The aim of this socialism is to make it impossible for either individuals (capitalism) or the state (Bolshevism) to exploit the people. On the one hand, it recognizes the positive value of private property; on the other, it demands that the owner put his property at the service of the community. This idea, too, is being defended on two fronts: in the west, against the fugitive representatives of the old social order; in the east, against the exponents of Bolshevism, which only permits goods of daily use as private property and makes all people the employees of a single employer, the state, thus condemning them to a condition devoid of rights.

It is this reactionary fight against the revolution of the new Europe which the various governments abroad have in common, with the Allies as well as among themselves. They are all championing outdated systems. In a recent issue of the American magazine Foreign Affairs, Geoffrey Crow-
ther most aptly summed up the crux of the weakness of the Allied cause when he wrote: "This is the naked truth: Hitler has an answer for the problems of the twentieth century, while we to this day have not found it."

As for Bolshevism: in a Europe which only knew capitalism, as was the case in 1917, this ideology may have appeared to many as a positive revolutionary force. In a Europe, however, which has seen the tremendous rise of National-Socialism in the years from 1933 to 1939, Bolshevism has become just as much a thing of the past as capitalism.

This clinging to the past, this inability to learn from past errors, this endeavor to turn back the wheel of history—all these are characteristics common to the governments we have discussed, characteristics which place them in the category of émigrés and condemn them, like all émigrés, to sterility. Even if, as a result of the present withdrawal and concentration of German forces, one or the other émigré government should return to its old capital, this would mean—to judge by examples from history—just as unsuccessful and temporary a return as that of the Bourbons or the King of Naples more than a century ago.

However, it must not be thought that every statesman who flees from his country automatically becomes an émigré condemned to sterility. The decisive factor is whether, in the light of history, he represents Yesterday or Tomorrow. The Prussian statesman Baron vom Stein, for instance, had also to flee before Napoleon; but, in contrast to the Bourbons, he was not a reactionary émigré but a reformer in exile, with the result that his work has remained alive among the German people to this day.

DEPENDENCE ON FOREIGN INTERVENTION

The governments discussed in this article have a second important characteristic of the émigrés: they have to rely on foreign intervention. On their own, they can do little more than talk. The forces which they have raised are so tiny in comparison to the armies facing each other in the struggle for Europe that they carry no weight whatever. The Poles in the Red Army are of no more than propagandistic value, and even this has been rather negative since it has become known that more than six hundred men deserted to the German side the first day the Polish division was put in the field in November 1943. Mutinies broke out in February among the Polish troops stationed in the Near East before they were sent to Italy. The De Gaullist troops in Corsica and Italy, the guerrillas in Serbia, the émigré units in England, the sabotage agents on the European continent—what are they in comparison to the armies of the Russians, Americans, and British on whom their hopes are resting, let alone in comparison to the millions of their own co-nationals in Europe who are working at home or in German factories or fighting as volunteers at the front for Europe's victory!

Perhaps the most concrete weight that the émigré governments may be able to throw into the scales of political decision is the number and wealth of their countrymen in the USA. Although the 5½ million Americans of Polish, Czech, and Yugoslav descent do not have much say there, they have the right to vote, so that, especially in a presidential election year like 1944, a certain amount of consideration has to be paid them. The vast majority of the Eastern European immigrants living in America have frequently expressed their disapproval of the handing over of their old countries to Stalin. The Polish Catholic Association, for instance, claimed in May 1943 that 400,000 of the Polish children deported by the Soviets had already perished; and in June the National Committee of Americans of Polish Descent accused the Soviet Union of the inhuman treatment of two million Poles, including children and aged women, who are being treated as hostages to enforce Stalin's territorial claims.

POKER CHIPS

However, too much importance should not be attached to these immigrants.
Hence the émigré governments are in the last resort nothing but chips in the poker game of the great powers. Like chips, they have no intrinsic value: they are only the tokens used by the players. With the help of a few governments now living abroad, England and America successfully prevented a peaceful solution of the problems of Europe and thrust bystander nations into the war, only to drop them as soon as their political game with the Soviet Union made this appear more expedient. The Poles, King Peter, Darlan, or Giraud—as soon as they have served their purpose they are sacrificed to high politics.

Even in cases where it is not yet a question of complying with Soviet demands, the émigré governments have been given clearly to understand that they have no say. The major part of the Norwegian merchant fleet, for instance, has been in the service of the Allies since the outbreak of the war and has suffered heavy losses. But, as if this were not enough, England demanded in the summer of 1942, at a time of particularly severe losses through the U-boat war, that the Norwegian merchant marine be placed completely under the British Admiralty. The protests of the émigré Premier, Nygaardsvold, were rejected, and his hint that he would have to resign was answered with the statement that his stay in Britain as a private individual was not desirable. He was replaced by Carl J. Hambro, ex-President of the Norwegian Diet. But even Hambro, in spite of his strong pro-Allied attitude, was not spared disappointments. A year ago he published a book, How Peace May Be Won, in which he subjected the treatment of the small nations by the Anglo-Americans to sharp criticism. Many people, he wrote, were discussing the future of the small nations “as though they are corpses to be dissected.” He complained that the Norwegian Government was not exercising the least influence in the Anglo-Norwegian Committee for the Allocation of Shipping in spite of the tremendous sacrifices made by the Norwegian merchant marine for the Allied cause.

The émigré governments which have placed themselves in Stalin’s hands are having similar experiences. By his submission to Stalin, Benes has been able so far to avoid the conflicts which other émigré governments have had with the Soviets. The Czech legion in the USSR nominally still recognizes Benes’ government; but if at any time Stalin should be displeased with Benes it would not be difficult for him to find a Czech willing to play the role of a Tito or a Wanda Wasilewska. The first clear reminder to Benes that his motto should be “obey or else” came in the middle of February, when the Moscow Pravda attacked the Benes cabinet for not having organized effective resistance against the Germans in the territory of former Czechoslovakia.

LIFE WITHOUT ROOTS

The governments we have discussed have a third émigré characteristic in common: the lack of contact with their nations. Of course, they try to persuade themselves that such a contact exists, for instance by pretending that they have some sort of an influence on the “underground organizations” in Europe. In reality, however, they are becoming more and more estranged from their own people since by their flight they have renounced participation in their people’s fate. Any little official or politician who has remained in his country and has shared the ups and downs of the last few years with his people knows more about them and is closer to them than the lofty personages who appeal from afar over the radio to “their people.” “The man who pretends to be speaking today in London for Belgium is not only an ex-premier but also an ex-Belgian!” a Belgian newspaper
wrote on December 19, 1943. And King Christian of Denmark expressed the same thought just as concisely when, in view of the activities of certain Danish émigrés in England and America, he wrote: “No Denmark exists outside of Denmark!”

Nowadays, international law is not in very high regard, and sometimes one feels inclined to doubt whether it still exists at all. Hence it is idle to ask whether, from the point of view of international law, there can be such a thing as an émigré government. In recent years, diplomatic recognition has been used more and more by the democracies as a petty instrument of politics. By recognizing fictions (such as the émigré governments) or by not recognizing facts (such as the changes of government in Bolivia and Argentina) they seek to make up for that which they lack in political power. In the long run, however, facts will always prove stronger than fiction. The last few years have shown that a government residing far away from its people and country is no government at all because it has lost touch with home.

SIXTH COLUMN

For the benefit of the Allied powers, the émigré governments have had to play a propagandistic role. On the one hand, it sounds very nice when they are enumerated in the list of the “United Nations,” thus making this list seem impressingly long. On the other, the Allied press and radio have shown during the last year that great hopes have been placed by the Allies in the discontent of the areas occupied by German troops.

Any military occupation, even when it is carried out by so disciplined an army as the German one, is a burden. This burden has been increased by the mounting violence of the war, the growing demands made by it upon both nerves and labor requirements, and the indiscriminate bombing of countries which possess governments abroad. Moreover, the measures taken against the expected invasion have entailed many a hardship for all coastal areas. The Allies are attempting with the aid of the émigré governments to exploit whatever discontent there may be by blaming the Germans for all existing difficulties.

In their campaign of calumny against the Axis during the thirties, the Anglo-Saxons seized upon the phrase of the “fifth column” and used every flimsy pretext or pure invention to allege that they had found traces of its activity. With far greater justification, the émigré governments may be called a “sixth column” which, in Allied service, is seeking to sabotage the reconstruction and defense of Europe.

But it is not enough to inveigh against Germany. For their propaganda to be successful, the Allies would have to be able to offer the European peoples a plausible and more agreeable alternative. This, however, is impossible. The longer the war lasts, the clearer does it become, in spite of all propaganda to the contrary, that the alternative to the Europe defended by Germany can only be a Bolshevist Europe. The number of those is dwindling who believe that a third possibility exists, namely, the return to the old order under the protection of the Anglo-Americans. Only too clearly, for every eye to see, this possibility is being torn to shreds. While the Polish émigré government is dragging out a miserable existence, the only two actual factors which will decide over the fate of Poland are the German Army and the Red Army. Or take Yugoslavia: Mihailovich set out to fight the Germans as an ally of the Anglo-Americans. Today, however, he has no alternative but to defend himself with his remaining few thousand men against Tito’s bands and to collaborate with Premier Nedich, the ally of the Germans. Here again, there are only two forces worth speaking of: those allied with Germany and those serving Stalin.

* * *

The growing realization that there is no third road and that Europe can choose only between Germany and Bolshevism is clarifying the fronts. On
the one hand, it is thrusting men like De Gaulle and Benes into Stalin's camp; on the other, it is leading hundreds of thousands of men from all the states of Europe into the armies allied with Germany. And it is cutting what little ground they still had from under the feet of the émigré governments.

**Flying Weather Prophets**

When you do not receive any more weather reports from certain areas, you must go out and get them yourself, say the meteorologists of the German Air Force. So they have specially trained men in special planes who fly out every day deep into enemy territory, carrying meteorological instruments through the air and recording their findings. Flying sometimes ten or twelve hours without stopping, they cover distances which would represent records in peace time.

To be able to chart the weather correctly, the meteorological stations must have regular reports. This means that the weather planes must fly for days on end at almost the same hour over the same spots. Thus they hang, an attractive morsel to the enemy owing to their regular appearance, in the air somewhere off the British Isles or the North African coast, making notes of the cloud formations and acting rather peculiarly in the eyes of a lay observer. Having flown some distance in a straight line, they suddenly and without any visible reason start to circle upward in a narrow spiral. This means that they are rising thousands of meters to record the temperature.

It quite often happens that the hand of the meteorologist which has just been drawing lines on a weather chart must suddenly shift to the butt of a machine gun, when an enemy pursuit plane wants to "disturb his circles." While spitting bullets, the weather plane has for the time being to seek safety in flight, to return later to the same spot in order to complete its recordings, or perhaps to start all over again. Thus what the airman-meteorologist needs more than anything else is patience and tenacity.
INSIDE GERMANY

By FRANZ JOSEF SPAHN

At present there are only a handful of people in East Asia who have seen the Europe of the last three years with their own eyes and who can tell us about conditions there from their personal experience. One of these is the author of the following article, who arrived in Tokyo from Berlin in 1943.

F. J. Spahn was born in Strassburg in Alsace as the son of Professor Martin Spahn, a member of the German Reichstag. After completing his studies in law, he entered the service of the Reich. As a lieutenant he took part in the Western campaign of 1940 and was later transferred to the Russian front, where he was wounded and decorated with the Iron Cross.—K. M.

It may happen that, in the fifth year of war, a person can travel third class in an express train from Munich to Berlin and spend the night stretched out on one of the benches because he is sharing his compartment with only one other traveler. But everyone will agree that this would be a very rare and very amazing exception. One is far more likely to see two exceedingly polite men offering each other a place on the second step on the outside of an express-train coach whose doors it is impossible to close because of the crowd in it. The victor in this polite contest gets a place on the third and lowest step. In the course of the journey he will generally be able to work his way into the interior of the coach, so that upon his arrival in Berlin he finds it hard to get out again. So he has had an opportunity to test for himself the validity of the motto: "Victory before travel," which stares at him from every railway station.

Traveling is real fun only if you are a soldier. In the leave train the soldiers are entirely among themselves, so that they can divide up the available space in the luggage rack, on the benches, and on the floor according to their own liking. But what they enjoy most are the troop transports to and especially from the front which cross the Continent rather leisurely but strictly according to schedule. For instance, after I was wounded I greatly enjoyed my journey in the hospital train from Smolensk to Bad Ems. It lasted several days, but the long, airy hospital coaches with their well-sprung beds provided very pleasant surroundings. From our beds we could look through the train windows—the first windows we had seen for quite some time—out onto the passing scenery of Soviet Russia, the General-Gouvernement, and finally Germany herself. At the German frontier station we were given a festive reception. Women distributed parcels of food and cigarettes in the coaches and provided us with additional pillows and reading matter.

RATIONS

I spent the winter of 1942/43 with my family in Berlin, as I had not yet entirely recovered from my wound. In October I decided, like almost all my compatriots, to store the potatoes to which I was entitled in my cellar. This meant that I had to fetch sixteen hundredweight (800 kilograms) of potatoes, the ration for a family of four, from the coal dealer who was in charge of the potato distribution in our district and carry them sack by sack to our cellar. We kept back the potato ration cards for another two persons in my household, first of all because we felt that sixteen hundredweight would see us through the winter and secondly because, if our potatoes should go bad, we wished to have these two coupons to fall back upon.
Almost at the same time we received eighty per cent of the coal briquettes to which we were entitled for the winter. The last twenty per cent were to be distributed in February and March. However, they were not distributed since the winter was very mild and the fuel consumption correspondingly low. The bread rations were increased at the beginning of the winter, as were the meat rations. The number of distribution centers for vegetables were increased, as the longest queues had always formed in front of the greengrocers. From then on, every flower shop and delicatessen store has also been selling vegetables. This did away with the queues, to the disappointment of those who like to stand in line; believe it or not, this type of person exists, and they enjoy their meals more when they have stood in a queue for them.

With skillful management one can get quite a lot of clothes for the 120 points on one's ration card. The smart ones buy two dresses and underwear with them. Stockings are not so popular: although one is entitled to seven pairs, they cost 37 points. Ration cards are more important today in Germany than money. Everyone has money, since the soldiers' families are amply provided for and even the poorest workmen generally have higher-paid jobs today than they had at the beginning of the war. On the other hand, the distribution of food rations is carried out with absolute impartiality, and only families with a lot of children are given preference. The coupon system has shown no flaws. Indeed, the population appreciates it when household goods, shoelaces, toothbrushes, etc., are included in the ration system. That to which one is entitled by one's coupon, one can be sure of getting. As for the dealer, this system allows him to know his exact turnover in advance, and he is allotted foodstuffs and other rationed goods to the exact extent of the number of his registered customers. Of course, this obliges the housewife to buy from certain stores, so that she can no longer shop where she pleases.

The weekly rations to which every adult is entitled amount to about 3 kilograms of bread, $4\frac{1}{4}$ kilos of potatoes, $1\frac{1}{2}$ kilos of vegetables, 250 grams of meat, 125 grams of butter in addition to more than 125 grams of margarine and fat, 125 grams of cheese, 100 grams of sugar, 125 grams of jam, 500 grams of cereal, 250 grams of coffee-substitute, and now and again one egg. Children get from a quarter to three quarters of a liter of milk a day in addition to this. Bachelors and other people living alone, for whom it is not worth preparing hot food for breakfast and supper, do not have enough to put on their bread; but a housewife with three small children has no food worries and can see to it that her family gets enough to eat as well as plenty of variety. A certain shortage has made itself felt in the supply of fats, where in the long run the rations have proved somewhat insufficient. Consequently, the advertisements for reducing tablets have disappeared from the newspapers. But the working ability of the population has so far not yet suffered from the point of view of diet.

The few doctors that have not yet been called up for the Army generally recommend more sleep even for healthy people, so as to enable the body, which has to work harder while it is not being supplied with more than the absolutely necessary food, to build up reserves of energy. The German people as well as the German soldiers have fortunately been spared plagues and epidemics during this war. This is not a coincidence but the result of careful diet and farsighted health measures as well as adequate medical attention, in spite of the shortage of doctors.

WORKERS AND SOLDIERS

The general public does not hear much from the vast armament plants around which the war-time life of Germany is concentrated. Now and again it is reported that one of the workmen has risen to the post of general manager. In one's own family and among one's friends, one often notices the rapid advance of in-

dustrial workers and engineers within their factories. Young men who had just completed their apprenticeship at the beginning of the war have already proved themselves so efficient in their expert work that they are able to take over the positions of responsibility offered in almost excessive numbers by the German industry in its new locations in Central Germany, the Protectorate, and the former Polish-controlled territories. The ten-hour day has become the rule, and industrial production has risen accordingly. Workmen with long hours are entitled to considerably larger rations than normal civilian consumers. If, in addition, they have to do heavy physical labor they receive additional rations.

In this respect they are treated similarly to the farmer who, as a producer, gets twice to three times the normal rations, and the soldier who, especially at the front, is entitled to the best in food that can be provided by the German economy. This does not always mean, especially in the case of the infantryman, that he actually gets the best food when he has to do his hardest fighting. The farther advanced a position is, and the more it is exposed to the enemy's artillery and infantry fire, the colder is the food and the smaller the portions of bread. But then days of rest are made use of to supply the troops with tinned goods and delicacies, with chocolate, honey, and coffee. Then, too, the bread is no longer moldy but fresh and crisp. It is at such times that the soldier is conscious of the care bestowed upon him by his country.

But still more important from the soldier's point of view is the quantity and quality of arms and ammunition sent up to the front. My own regiment had received a number of new weapons to be tested under actual war conditions at the front. Our veteran soldiers enthusiastically took charge of the automatic rifles, rifle grenades, and quick-firing machine guns. The fighting over, experiences were exchanged, and during rest periods makeshift shooting ranges were fixed up to enable us to give every possible basis for the opinion on the new arms which was expected from us. We all wished to help safeguard the advantage held by German armaments over those of our enemy, an advantage we needed to be able to overcome the Soviet superiority in numbers.

The field-post letters, which reached us in huge quantities, very few ever going astray, provided us with a constant stream of news from home and showed us that, in spite of all the horrors of war, it was the little pleasures and anxieties of everyday life that continued to dominate the minds of those at home. We were told about minor worries and how they were dispelled with the aid of the Party and the authorities. The people from the offices and firms where we were employed did their best to look after our wives and families. In spite of the fact that the sending of parcels to the front was sometimes suspended for months, we were overwhelmed with little gifts. As letters were limited to 100 grams, the gifts intended for the men at the front were divided up into 100-gram lots. It often happened that a soldier got ten or twenty letters in a single field-post delivery. In fact, I once saw a man get fifty. We made him fetch them in lots of five from the company office; this seemed to us too much of an abuse of the field-post system.

MENTAL RELAXATION

Movies and other entertainment were provided for the troops even in the foremost lines. In a meeting hall lying a few kilometers behind the front, we were shown the film... Reitet für Deutschland. Although the performance was by no means perfect as to sound and screening, it was for us, who had been fighting for months in a region devastated by war, a miraculous glimpse of home and the artistic endeavors of the people there.

On the other hand, the people at home flock to the newsreels, which to them are more important than the main pictures or the shorts shown in the same program. Germany's movie production is now limited more or less to high-
standard films of an entertaining and national character. What can be done to entertain people in a dignified sense is provided chiefly by means of films. There is no question of dancing during the war. Amusement centers are closed, and restaurants with music have only very little to offer in the way of food. Hence the theaters, which have a similar task to fulfill as the films, always play to full houses. The audience is chiefly composed of soldiers; they can obtain tickets more easily than ordinary mortals, who must stand in line for many hours early on Sunday morning to get a ticket. No matter what is shown, it always meets with the audience's approval; obviously, people are happy to be carried away by the spell of the stage and forget grim reality for two or three hours.

Books are greatly in demand and hard to get. The war years have seen more new publications than many a prewar year. The appearance of the books is still surprisingly good. The whole edition is usually distributed in advance to the Army, public libraries, bureaus of information, and scientific institutions at home and abroad as well as to the libraries of the local Party organizations abroad. Nowadays it is often easier to buy a popular German book in Brussels than in a bookstore in Germany. Editions themselves have also increased in size enormously during the war.

Under these conditions, lectures and recitations by authors and poets continue to arouse great interest. Many soldiers have become very fond of lyrical poetry. In it, the experience of this war has found its first expression. When, for instance, the poet Hymmen, who lost his eyesight in this war, recites his verses about the war and the powers struggling in it, about the fate of the soldier, about duty and heroism, he grips the hearts of his comrades and gives their own experiences a lofty interpretation which helps them to forget much of their pain and horror.

THE SPIRIT OF THE FRONT

The utmost is demanded from the individual soldier on the Eastern Front but also from the men fighting on the other fronts. Although the fighting is almost always against unequal odds, never did I hear a word of doubt about the victory of the German Army. When the Führer took over the supreme command of the Army himself, the ordinary soldiers told each other that their food and clothing would now become better, as the Führer himself would look after these things. It is a fact that the Führer has taken a personal interest in outposts that were particularly hard to supply, and that he always asked for reports on the proper supply of food and ammunition to them, although in these places sometimes only a few hundred German soldiers were holding out against violent attacks. The harder the fight became, the nearer did the Führer seem to be to the soldiers.

Ideas which appeared new and perhaps exaggerated or even improbable when we had attended our first National-Socialist meetings at home, proved their worth and were taken for granted in the fighting at the front. Here it was necessary for every man to do his duty. Here, the more rights a man had, the more he was expected to accomplish; the officer was expected to set an example by his life and his death. Those who wanted to rely on their men had to gain their affection and confidence. They had to look after them and see to strict impartiality in the distribution of their food and equipment. Who is there out there whose life has not been saved over and over again by his comrades? When death seems inevitable to the soldier, his solace is in the unbowed comrade at his side, who holds out unshaken and is perhaps even able to relieve the situation by a caustic joke.

The fact that the nation is ensuring itself of the best in leadership can be seen from the new regulations applying to the selection of officers issued by the Führer. He is interested principally in men who are impervious to crises, men who have conquered the most difficult situations under dire stress. Education and family are only of secondary importance. The German nation possesses
born leaders among all its social strata. It is these men who bear in their hearts the unshakeable belief in Germany's future, in her victory. These men are filled entirely by the ideas of National-Socialism. After the war, these are the men who will carry on these ideas and lead them to their fulfillment in Germany.

**NEW IMPRESSIONS**

Not only in the Soviet “paradise” but also in France, Norway, Greece, and many other countries of Europe, these National-Socialist soldiers have had their eyes opened. Before the war, most of them had never been beyond Germany’s borders. Thus many a condition, many national characteristics, struck them with particular force when they took their German spirit and German life with them into the occupied areas. On the French farms in which my men were billeted they were first looked at with misgivings. During a longer stay, however, relations soon became more friendly. Since the German soldier was courteous to the population and since the officers always saw to strict discipline, our troops were soon respected in all the countries of Europe, even though, by their very presence, they continued to remind the population that the war was not over yet.

The German soldier showed particular interest in conditions among the working class in the European countries he was occupying. The fact that conditions in the Soviet Union, especially among the rural population, were terrible, requires no explanation. But nowhere in Europe was he able to find satisfactory social conditions. The cramped, often neglected living quarters of the European laborers, the state of health of their families, their clothing, their wages, their training, all this could not bear comparison with what had been accomplished in Germany. The soldier began to feel himself to be a member of a nation in which even the simple laborer is a man of esteem with political rights.

In the occupied areas it was the simple people who responded more quickly and more honestly to the German troops than the educated middle classes. The latter were filled with the old social prejudices, the old chauvinism, and often also with religious antipathy toward the allegedly heathenish Nazis. In his contacts with the former, the German soldier had often to counter Marxist ideologies and propaganda directed against the Führer. On the whole, he found a surprising lack of understanding for Germany. Germany’s political demand for a united Europe to oppose the Bolshevik attack was slow in gaining ground. It was easier to justify economic collaboration, which has opened up vast possibilities of profitable employment to the European nations.

**THE FARMERS**

Those who can spend their leave in the country do well to take chocolate, coffee, and tobacco with them. The farmer does not have to worry about his daily bread—he is far more concerned over the question of labor. If he happens to be an elderly man who had already handed over the work to his son, he can now take a hand himself again. Often enough, he has also been ordered to supervise other farms whose owners have been called up. On one big estate I found, besides the elderly owner, only one German dairyman for the seventy cows, one German stableman for the twenty horses, and one German forester. The garden was looked after by Frenchmen. In the stables the work was done by Poles. The smithy was also in the hands of Frenchmen. All the rest of the work in the fields, woods, and farmyard was done by Russian prisoners of war, who were billeted in the former quarters for the farm hands and who were guarded by two gendarmes. The chicken and vegetables were placed under the care of the owner’s family. In spite of all this, the estate was in perfect shape. The owner’s son, the last survivor of three brothers and now with a railway anti-aircraft unit in some other part of Germany, only got leave to help his old father at rare intervals. It is easy to imagine that the work to be done in these circumstances by the farmers’ wives
who have to take their husbands’ places often taxes their strength to its utmost limit.

During the Great War it was customary to go out into the country to supplement one’s rations with rural produce. In the present war there can hardly be anything of this kind. A stable supplying large quantities of milk is paid a premium, and this premium is so high that it would not be worth while to make butter for the black market. Home production of butter is prohibited, and the farmers get their butter from the dairy. If a stable supplies too little milk, the authorities investigate to see whether the fodder produced by the farm is insufficient. The stable is then ordered to deliver up a corresponding number of cows to be slaughtered. Thus it is in the owner’s own interest to produce as much milk as possible.

Where the quantities of products harvested prove insufficient, the owners run the danger of having a supervisor appointed to their farm. Poultry farms must deliver sixty eggs per annum for every chicken. If on checking the number of chickens the authorities discover that it exceeds the number registered, the surplus chickens must be surrendered. Those farmers supplying poultry for slaughtering receive premiums which rise considerably with the amount of poultry supplied. In addition to such measures, the German Farmers’ Organization constantly reminds the farmers that his honor forbids him to sell on the black market, as it is the workers and soldiers who would suffer most from such activities, their means not permitting them to buy at black-market rates.

WORK AND MORE WORK

What is the situation among the workers? Of course, there will be elements in every large factory who grumble and start to slacken their efforts in view of the long hours. But the vast majority of workers are more than loyal and conscientious. As a result, the quality of arms and ammunition has risen, as has also the quantity. When one rides in one of the overcrowded trams during shift-changing time, one sees a type of person who hardly permits himself any free time. Neatly dressed, with a brief case under his arm, the German laborer rides to his factory, where he changes clothes to spare his good suit. In the tram he reads his morning paper for news from the fronts. Veterans of the Great War offer their explanations. The deeds of the men with high decorations are followed with admiration, and the portraits of some of our most successful soldiers are studied. The men tell each other about their sons or brothers at the Eastern Front. Although it is sometimes bitter to know that a member of one’s family is involved in the terrible fighting there, everyone feels proud of being connected in this way with one of the defenders of the country.

If necessary, these men and their foreign colleagues work as much as twelve to fourteen hours a day. In such cases they sleep in dormitories provided by the factory, in order not to waste time on the way to and from their homes. The tanks and long-range guns, the bombers and locomotives, for which these long hours were required, arrive at the front with jokes and cheery messages chalked on their sides. All that can be done for the men at the front is being done.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

The young people of Germany are not pressed to work prematurely in the factories: they are given time to pass through a proper apprenticeship. The Government intends them to receive a good training, since it is efficient expert workers that are needed more than anything else. In their health and vigor, our young boys and girls present an entirely different aspect from the younger generation of the Great War. Strict police regulations see to it that they are not tempted to loaf around in beer halls and bars. Boys and girls under eighteen are not allowed to loiter on the streets and squares after dark. Their place in the evenings is with their families, where they are supposed
to help their mothers, who have a difficult enough time as it is.

Many of the households with three or more small children, which are entitled to a servant, must now be satisfied with a fourteen- or fifteen-year-old girl. In spite of their youth, these girls, who have just left school and are doing their compulsory year of labor service, show a fine sense of duty. One of these girls proved an excellent aid to my wife, diligently looking after our three children, taking care of some of my wife's shopping, cleaning up the rooms, helping in the kitchen, etc. Not until she had been with us for several months did we find out that her father had been in prison, that her mother was notorious for her laziness, and that the girl herself had been placed under the supervision of the youth board. But it was not only this child who revealed a pronounced sense of duty; her brother had joined an army storm detachment as a volunteer, while her sister was devotedly nursing her husband, who had lost both his legs.

It was a joy to hear the boys and girls tell about their experiences in the land service of the Hitler Youth, during which they often helped with the harvesting on farms in the new territories of the Reich. They themselves are an inspiration to the German population in these border regions. At the age of sixteen, schoolboys are conscripted for air-defense work. As a rule, they are employed as messengers and ammunition carriers for the antiaircraft defense of their own towns. They live in barracks under military discipline, but their school work continues. When they reach military age, after having done their labor service, most of them apply for the active officers' career.

Total war does not stop at the mothers of these boys. Women who have less than two children under fourteen years of age or no children under six were conscripted for labor. This took place immediately after the fall of Stalingrad, when the entire German nation realized the seriousness of its task. Since the beginning of the war, countless women have taken the places in the armament industry which their husbands had to give up when they became soldiers. I can confirm that many women whom I would never have credited with such a sense of duty willingly followed the call to work.

MILLIONS OF FOREIGNERS

The work of these women has saved Germany the necessity of employing hundreds of thousands of additional foreign laborers, whose number already amounts to twelve million in Germany. If one happens to be using a tram or a bus at a time when foreign workmen are going from their camps to the factories, one might imagine oneself to be in France or Croatia, or wherever these men come from. On Sundays, one hardly sees any Germans at all now on the main thoroughfares of some German cities, but crowds of foreigners instead. Among them the Eastern Europeans form the majority; most of them come from the Ukraine and are regarded as excellent workers.

The authorities are fully aware of the fact that the presence of millions of foreign men in Germany with the simultaneous absence of millions of German men engenders certain problems. Liaisons between these foreigners and German girls are considered undesirable, and everything is done to occupy the foreigners during their leisure time as, for instance, by means of sports and by performances of entertainers from their own countries. What they are offered in Germany in the way of food, wages, and lodging is far more than many of them were accustomed to in their native countries. Consequently no strikes or riots among the foreign laborers have become known so far. Even the law courts are but rarely troubled by criminal elements among the foreigners. The work of these foreigners in the armament factories, where they vie with their German colleagues, is often beyond all praise. These men and their comrades in the legions of Europe fighting in the German Army are the friends of Germany and believe in the idea of a new Europe.
These foreigners have also shown an exemplary spirit during air raids. They have often had to bear hard losses in these raids, as the barracks in which they are quartered naturally offer less protection against bombs than four- or five-storied apartment houses. However, everything has been done to provide for their protection by the construction of dugouts and shelters.

**AIR RAIDS DAY AND NIGHT**

In the Rhineland and Ruhr district, the frequent air-raid alarms every day have already become a matter of routine. In Cologne, where there was still much activity in the center of the city in spite of the havoc wrought by the air raids, I was often surprised by the fact that no one seemed to pay any attention to the air-raid warnings. Life continued undisturbed in the offices, shops, and streets. The population could tell from the type of warning that only a nuisance raider was approaching and not a large bombing squadron. So they took a chance that a bomb might fall on the wrong place. At night, two or three alarms must be reckoned with in these areas. If one gets up every time to go to the shelter, one loses a lot of sleep, especially if the shelter is not in one's own house. In the shelter itself there is usually semi-darkness. On wooden benches, deck chairs, and comfortable armchairs, the people try to go on sleeping. The children are put to bed in a special shelter that is kept quite dark. The occupants of an apartment house get to know each other better and learn consideration for others. The experience of danger shared is a uniting bond, and this places them on a similar footing with the soldiers at the front.

During one night raid, more than a hundred people, among them myself, were working together to save a house from the approaching fire. Most of the voluntary helpers were women and adolescents; the few men were mostly soldiers on leave. In the morning, when the fire brigade—which had been occupied during the night at more important points—quickly brought our labors to a successful end, I congratulated a woman, who had been indefatigable in carrying water beside me all night, on her house having been saved now. She replied that she lived two blocks away and had got up to help here. If her house should ever catch fire, she said, she would also not be able to rely entirely on herself but would be dependent on her neighbors. As the behavior of the German people during the air raids has shown, National-Socialism has not been teaching the German nation in vain that it could only be united and strong if everyone were ready to do his bit for his neighbor.

**TRUE SOCIALISM**

Every German is equally exposed to the Anglo-American bombs, and every German takes an equal share in combating their effect. While helping to save a burning house, Dr. Ley, the head of the German Labor Organization, received injuries to his head; and in the Berlin suburb of Dahlem, Field Marshal von Bock appeared in full uniform to help salvage a neighbor's house from fire. No more differences are made between classes in Germany, except that particular attention is paid that the relatives of prominent personalities do not attempt to exploit their position. While during the labor conscription in the spring of 1943 all other women were allowed to express their preference for the type of work they wished to do, the wives of high officials, officers, and Party leaders were without exception allotted to armament factories as workers.

The police have almost disappeared from the streets of Germany, for the German people have made it easy for the Party and the Government to lead them. They show full co-operation in the enhancing of war efforts, in providing sufficient labor, and in working for victory. On the other hand, the leaders of the nation endeavor to lighten the burden of the people by appropriate measures. Party and Government see to it that the entire German nation remains united with its leaders and their ideas. The
newspapers, the radio, the newsreels, and the meetings of the National-Socialist Party, all serve this purpose.

Even difficult situations are made known to the German people with a frankness which has become a principle in the course of the war. It is not essential for everyone to know everything in this war. It would be the first war in which the military leaders sought to make public their entire knowledge of the situation. The communiqués of the High Command and the other reports from the front give account of completed actions in addition to outlining conditions at the front. In his weekly articles in the periodical *Das Reich*, Dr. Goebbels discusses those problems which affect the German public most. Indeed, we soldiers have always repudiated those war correspondents who send home melodramatic reports of the fighting at the front. We have become simple in Germany, and we feel reverence for the sacrifices made by our dead comrades and for the fate that permitted us to live on so that we may fight on. These are feelings that are not suited for effusive press reports.

The home front is striving to show the men at the battle front that they need not worry about what is going on at home, about the armaments industry and about their relatives at home. At my office there was a charwoman whose son was a young lieutenant leading a company of sappers at Kholm while that town was cut off from the German lines. She knew that her son, of whom she naturally felt very proud, was in constant danger. But she was always cheerful and maintained that she never worried: her son and his men would get through somehow. And indeed, mother and son—who had meanwhile been awarded the German Cross in Gold—came to see me, radiant with happiness, after Kholm had been relieved.

Every German knows that his enemies are pursuing counterpropaganda. He regards this as only natural from their point of view, and he is determined not to assist them in their war of nerves against Germany by spreading rumors or listening to enemy broadcasts. The German cannot be shaken in his confidence by false reports and counterpropaganda. He knows that the other side would give anything to have an Adolf Hitler. But it is the German people who have him and who will gain final victory with him, no matter how difficult this may prove.

**Transportable Runways**

The war has produced the first transportable runways for the rapid erection of airfields in the open country. The runways, which are needed by heavy planes for taking off and landing, consist of a wire net about fifty meters wide and a thousand meters long. It is composed of numerous strips and pieces which can easily be rolled up and transported.

The tightly stretched wire net reacts to the wheels of the plane like the mesh of a tennis racket to the tennis ball. The wire net possesses the added advantage that it camouflages itself, as the grass can go on growing up through the holes of the mesh. As a result, the many airfields which have been set up according to this system are hard to detect from the air. Incidentally, the wear and tear on the rubber of the airplane wheels is much less than that caused by concrete runways, where heavy bombers must change tires after ten landings.
EUROPEAN JOURNEYS

The longer the war lasts, the more difficult it is to keep up with the course of events outside of East Asia. In this issue we have tried to supply our readers with information on Europe written by people on the spot or who, like F. J. Spahn, were there until a short time ago. We have assembled material on present conditions in five countries: Germany, Switzerland, France, England, and Rumania.

The following two articles were written by German journalists. Wolfgang Höpker spent some time not long ago in Lorraine, and Georg Bräutigam recently made a trip from Portugal via Spain to Switzerland.—K.M.

LORRAINE LOST ITS HYPHEN

By Wolfgang Höpker

"O

H, of course, you’re going to Alsace-Lorraine,” people said to us when we left Munich for Metz: and when we return home we shall be asked how we found things in Alsace-Lorraine. The hyphen by which Lorraine was connected to Alsace in 1871 has led to a collective idea which has stuck in people’s minds to this day. In the political sphere perhaps more than anywhere else, colloquial usage only too often determines mental processes. Yet political practice has long since arrived at other solutions. After having been returned to Germany in 1940, Alsace was united with Baden on the opposite bank of the Upper Rhine into one administrative area. Lorraine, on the other hand, was united with the Saar district and the Palatinate, that is, with its eastern neighbors, to form the new German administrative area of “Westmark.”

The hyphen has thus been removed. It was with full intention that the two border countries which have returned to Germany were not joined in a new compulsory marriage; for this is what one might call that administrative creation which existed from 1871 to 1918. It was born from the jealousies of the German dynasties, none of which was willing to hand over the newly acquired territories of the Franco-Prussian War to any other dynasty. And, indeed, the jointly administered Reich province in southwestern Germany developed into a new, immature federal state with all the flaws and difficulties of an artificial constitutional product. It was Lorraine which suffered most from these difficulties: for, behind the fatal hyphen, it appeared as nothing but an appendage to Alsace, which has always stood out far more plastically in Germany’s national history.

The German people were inclined to see the problems of Lorraine through Alsatian eyes. In doing so, they overlooked the fact that Alsatians and the people of Lorraine are of entirely different German stock. The Lorrainian is of Franconian origin and thus related not to the Alemannian Alsatians but to the people of the Saar and the Palatinate, the Franconians of the Rhine and the Maine. When one walks from Saarbrücken to Forbach today, it is hard to imagine that, until less than four years ago, the German-French borderline ran here. On both sides of this line there are the same houses, and the tones of the same German dialect which to the Alsatian have always seemed somehow funny.

This slight feeling of foreignness between the two hyphenated peoples could never be entirely overcome, although it was temporarily spanned by common political interests. This applies less to the forty-seven years between 1871 and 1918 than to the French period following
upon this. For the centralist policy of the Paris administration provoked an unmistakable turn toward autonomism. Although Alsace, which is more flexible in a political sense, led in this movement, the echo it aroused in Lorraine soon united the two in a common front.

The basis for this movement was the feeling of having been degraded to a French colonial status, and moreover a colony in which Paris was interested only so far as it could serve for André Maginot's super-fortresses. Indeed, those excavations and structures of concrete and steel were practically the only investment by which France made herself felt in her eastern provinces gained in 1919. In other respects, the clock stopped during these twenty years. Or, more correctly: it was turned back if, for instance, one looks at the belt of fortifications of the Maginot zone where in 1918 there had still been corn fields while in 1940 the countryside consisted of waste land and meadows full of weeds.

Since 1918 little has been done for Lorraine. This applies equally to the country’s economies and its soul, which had once been so vociferously claimed for the French genius by such expatriates as Maurice Barrès and Poincaré that the “question of Lorraine” was by no means the smallest spark to set off the conflagration of the first world war. And it is hardly a coincidence that De Gaulle has raised the cross of Lorraine as the symbol for his hate-inspired agitation in which he has gone even further than Poincaré, the apostle of revenge. Those circles which regard a Franco-German rapprochement as the greatest disaster for their career still hope to see in Lorraine a key position for their efforts at smashing this rapprochement.

It must be mentioned here that the moderate German demands of 1871, to which Germany also adhered in 1940, claimed no more than a quarter of actual Lorraine, viz., the ancient duchy between the Vosges and the Argonne, which since the thirteenth century had been broken off by France bit by bit from the German Empire. Except for the border strip around the town of Metz, all of present-day Lorraine is populated by pure German stock. It is amazing how stationary the linguistic border has remained since the sixth century, when at this point the people began to split up into Germans and Gallo-Romans.

Since then the country on the right bank of the Moselle has suffered the tragic fate of being a borderland, a fate which has affected even individual and family life. The saying that in Lorraine history has shaped less than it has smashed and destroyed contains a lot of bitter truth. It explains the shy reserve of the inhabitants, which sets them apart just as much from their more lively and open neighbors of the Palatinate as from the stubborn, hot-tempered, blustering Alsatians. The melancholy overlying the plateau of Lorraine has led to an inclination to shut themselves off from the outer world, to retire into a shell, an inclination which often prevents them from seeing things in their wider significance. The fact that this does not necessarily mean a simultaneous withering of spiritual life is proved by the wealth of legend, song, and fairy tale which, by countless subterranean channels, has kept alive the contact with the main body of Germans.

The Franco-German border since 1940 follows that of 1871-1914.
Lorraine is one of the richest homes of German folk songs. The collection of songs made by the German-Lorrainian pastor Ludwig Pinck fills four volumes; and that of fairy stories, legends, and folk tales made by his sister Angelika Merkelbach-Pinck runs into six volumes.

Over this unchanging, almost intact racial basis, history staged its shifting scenes, which finally culminated in the country’s changing masters three times in the seventy years since 1870. It would be surprising if this tug of war had had no effect upon the mentality of the inhabitants of Lorraine. The people of this country do not easily say yes or no; they have no liking for the loud or the distinct. They prefer a compromise to a clear decision—an inclination which is supported by the geography of their country, open as it is to all sides (whereas Alsace possesses a well-defined barrier toward the west in the range of the Vosges). No intelligent Lorrainian will deny the danger that this may lead to a sterile cultural twilight. He will also smile at the mention of that dreamland “Lotharingia,” the illusion of the rebirth of a buffer state that is neither clearly Germanic nor clearly Romanic, as it existed before the division of Verdun in 843 and continued to exist for a few decades after that. Between 843 and 1943 a lot of things have happened which quickly make any idea of a sovereign individual existence between the two great neighboring nations evaporate into thin air.

The change of masters of 1940, which brought Lorraine back into the Reich, must be looked at against the wide background of thc revision of Germany’s western border, which in turn was made possible only by the creation of a firm national unity. The “question of Lorraine” reflects the age-old problem of Germany’s western border especially clearly. The spasmodic advance into the territory of Lorraine was never an end in itself for France but always only a stage in her advance toward the middle Rhine. Her postwar struggle for the Saar, the Palatinate, the Rhineland, and the Ruhr which had been initiated by the Versailles solution of 1919 seemed to have brought her within grasp of her centuries-old goal. Since then the Reich has stubbornly and audaciously reconquered one position after another. The coming into being of the new “Westmark” shows this very markedly. The liberation of the Palatinate from French occupation and separatist treason was followed in 1936 by the plebiscite victory in the Saar territory and finally in 1940 by the reconquest of Lorraine. The linking up of Lorraine with its natural hinterland of the east has spared it the fate of an administrative outsider. At the same time, it has facilitated its union with the Reich in a more organic manner than by the hyphen experiment of 1871.

All the essentials are provided for this taciturn, austere, beautiful country attaining rank and voice in the polyphony of Greater Germany. But only a true condition of peace founded on realistic understanding can release Lorraine after the fluctuations of the centuries from the tragic spell of being a borderland, a spell which has paralyzed and isolated its rich gifts. In the European spirit of tomorrow there is no place for the petty national jealousies of yesterday.

SWITZERLAND—ISLAND OF NEUTRALITY

By Georg Bräutigam

It is a curious experience nowadays to travel in a wide arc through three European countries which have all managed to keep themselves out of actual warfare. Portugal, Spain, and Switzerland: what possibilities of comparison are offered merely by the fact of having, within a short period of time, seen the streets of Lisbon, the avenues of Madrid, and the side roads and squares of the city of Bern.

In the train I read one of the sparkling essays of the Spanish philosopher Ortega y
Gasset. He had called it “Arcades and Rain,” and he philosophized about that golden age of Spain when the great squares were built with their surrounding arcades, a noble and costly employment of covered colonnades to make the town pleasant, to enable one to go for a walk and triumph over the rain.

This Spanish essay provides me with a convenient bridge from Madrid to Bern. For here, too, I am walking through the long, branched arcades of the Swiss capital. They are lower than the arcades lauded by Ortega, more compact and prosaic. Firmly founded on broad square bases, with the air of solid citizens, the colonnades of Bern allow a clear view through their arches of the many old fountains crowned by armored heroes of the city’s past. Here the covered ways open onto a market. As neat and colorful as if they were taken from a box of toys, one stall stands next to the other, with vegetables and fruit carefully arranged on clean leaves. Walking about among the market women and farmers, one’s eye is attracted by the colors and one’s nose appreciates the homelike smells after the symphonies of odors of the Iberian Peninsula. Here there is a smell of apples, herbs, wild flowers, onions, chives, and grapes, and of the moist foliage of autumn forests. And the citizens of Bern unhurriedly go about their business.

**EVERYDAY LIFE IN WAR**

Nothing seems to change here. The Swiss precision watch, a national product known throughout the world, might well have served as a model for the war organization of the country. At least, that is the impression given by the way in which the organization is run, supported as it is by a planning which was prepared to come into force from the first day of war and to count upon existing reserves. Having recently seen dissatisfied people demanding food in the streets of Lisbon, having recently heard in Madrid about difficulties to be explained by geographical factors and by Spain’s convalescence from her civil war, we now stand here in Bern and see daily life go on unchanged as in the first days of war. This was not possible without a certain amount of totalitarianism which, however, wisely emphasized its “war duration.” In this way, the domestic situation was well balanced.

It is true that, influenced by the planned Anglo-American sellout of Europe to Bolshevism, Communist agitation has tried to gain more ground in Switzerland. The head of the Swiss Communist Party, Léon Nicole of Geneva, has proposed to the Swiss Social-Democratic Party that he and his followers enter its ranks to form a united front after the pattern of the one-time French Popular Front. The decision of the Social-Democratic Congress in Winterthur, which was awaited with interest, rejected this proposal. Nicole—whose party was prohibited in Switzerland and who was himself excluded from the Swiss Parliament—was recently arrested again for the purpose of political investigation. He applied for an amnesty for himself and his followers. The State Council refused this amnesty with 112 votes to 2.

**“ABSOLUTE NEUTRALITY”**

In former times, Switzerland had always insisted on complete repudiation of Bolshevism. Nevertheless, there have often been circles—by no means least of all among the upper classes—who have flirted, if not with Communism, at least with Soviet “culture”; and now there is a flirting with the so-called “new” Soviet policy. The Government shows a far more reserved attitude.

The Swiss acutely feel the increasing tension of the world’s political and military situation. The war is getting closer again; Anglo-American bombs have fallen on Swiss mountain villages; and American planes, damaged in air battles over Germany and Italy, crash or make forced landings on Swiss soil. With increasing frequency the Helvetian skies are being violated. Switzerland feels that the time has come once again to emphasize her attitude of neutrality. Events such as England’s blackmailing deal with
Portugal over the Azores provide a very topical background for Swiss declarations of this kind. The best guarantee for the maintenance of this absolute neutrality is considered to be the utmost in defense-preparation measures. The sacrifices made for these are revealed by the mobilization costs, which now amount to more than five billion francs and have still to be covered.

In spite of the natural preponderance of present-day worries, the Swiss are already thinking of the period to come after the war. In this respect, one would expect Switzerland to prefer to be a member of a European community in which the small states take their place according to their task in Europe rather than to be put aside by a bloc of great powers to form an insignificant potpourri with other small states, only to have an occasional say to pad the program in the concert of the powers. The Swiss have paid particular attention to the complaints of the Dutch Exile Government to the effect that, in contradiction to the originally proclaimed war aims of the Democracies, the latter long seem to have ceased caring about the fate of the small states. Meanwhile, developments in Eastern Europe have shown the ideas Moscow has about the future of the small states and that the Anglo-Americans countenance these ideas. A Europe yielded up to Soviet influence would hardly correspond to Helvetian taste.

The difficulties with which this encircled country has to contend demand a domestic concentration which naturally leads to the power and controlling position of the Government authorities in Bern making themselves felt more and more strongly. Consequently, it is already being claimed that the liberty of the individual has almost disappeared and that future responsibilities will be entirely in the hands of the collective organization, all of which is commented upon somewhat gloomily as being the "twilight of the Helvetian bourgeois era."

For the time being, however, the Swiss are intent upon holding out, and here private initiative has ample room to prove its worth. They are fully aware of the fact that their country can only continue to exist in a highly civilized Europe which is able to send tourists for the Swiss hotel industry and which requires the goods of the Swiss luxury and precision industries. Efforts are being made to maintain the hotels as far as possible by means of domestic tourist travel. Training of hotel personnel is still being carried on in order to keep this Swiss specialty going until better days return. Everything is being done to provide variety of life in the various cantons: national sports weeks are organized; the well-known fair of Lugano calls the people to colorful Tessin; Bern, the patrician town with its rural environment, has organized "days of the horse" in the national military horse depot; in Wallis the wine harvest is an excuse for wine festivals, followed by music weeks and art exhibitions; Lausanne also has a fair; and Geneva has exhibitions of masterpieces of Switzerland's two best-known industries and crafts—watches and jewelry.

Along the lakeside promenades of Geneva, the flowers bloom till the first storms of winter; music sounds from the cafés beside the lake, which are filled with well-dressed people; and an admiring crowd walks up and down in front of the stands on which the works of watchmakers, goldsmiths, jewelers, and enamel artists are exhibited on silk cushions. In the city, where three or more languages mingle, there is an atmosphere of undisturbed peace. But who knows? Perhaps the time may come again, as during the first few days of the Western campaign in 1940, when posters with orders of mobilization again appear on the walls of Swiss towns and villages to defend this island of neutrality.
The Alps. Through the ever-shifting banks of clouds rise the threatening peaks of Europe's highest mountains.

**EUROPE FROM ABOVE**

Like a huge aircraft carrier, the island of Heligoland lies guard off the North Sea coast of Germany.
Tens of thousands of young men are traveling across Europe and looking down on parts of this continent which they never dreamed of seeing before. Although the mission they are hastening toward in their bombers and pursuit planes is a grim one, the lovely, changing scenery of Europe smiles up at them. In the few examples presented here, we cannot reproduce the myriad evocations of color, the browns of the earth, the greens of field, meadow, and forest, with gray, white, and red towns and villages strewn among them.

The castle and town of Braumbela on the River Lahn, a tributary of the Rhine.

The land of 60,000 lakes. What the aviator sees when he flies over Finland.

Looking across from Porto d’Ischia to the Italian mainland near Naples.
One of the quaint medieval towns of northern France: Bergues. The circular boulevard follows the course of the former city wall. In the upper right corner is the town hall with its sixteenth-century belfry.

The Lowlands: the village of Monster in southern Holland near the North Sea coast, with its market gardening and acres of bothouses, is an old center of vegetable growing.

The Amalienborg Palace in Copenhagen
The rugged peaks of the Lofoten Islands off northern Norway point up through a white sea of fog.

Summer,
Autumn,
Winter . . . .

The medieval village of Rosenthal near Kassel, with its timbered houses, looks almost like a toy village from above.

Sleet has covered the village of Obereisenbach in the Black Forest.
COAL has been defined as a sedimentary rock of phytogenic origin of varying geological age. It can be used for burning and should not have more than 50 per cent ashes after combustion. This description, arbitrary though it is, serves its technical, industrial, and commercial purpose and reveals its practical standpoint at the time of its coming. The merchant looks at the burning qualities of coal; the industrialist at the production qualities—gas, tar, etc.; the navy at the smoke, etc.; the chemist at the amount and quality of ultimate constituents, the reactivity index as a measure of oxidation; whereas the geobiological expert regards coal from the standpoint of its age and its organic constituents, such as ulmic substances, algae, spores, which serve as an index for classification.

Where does coal come from, and what agencies, biological, chemical, etc., are responsible for coal-formation? What materials contributed to the making of the black diamond; what climate featured in its formation; when and how many million years ago was coal brought into being; what stages did it go through before it was ready to heat our stoves, give color to our clothes, and lessen our pains in illness?

Coal is an accumulation of plant remains of former ages. Many factors play determining roles in the manufacturing processes of coal, as we shall see later. We must bear in mind that the carbon of the plants, and hence of the coal, is not obtained from the soil by way of their roots but from the air by way of their leaves. Consequently, the original source of the vast amount of carbon locked up in the great coal fields was the carbon dioxide that formed part of the atmosphere in the coal-making era. The potential energy present in coal is the energy of the sun stored since time immemorial when the plants that now constitute coal were alive and green and capable of storing the radiant energy of the sun and transmitting it in a latent form to our era as petrified sunlight. Coal may be called "bottled sunlight," which is as substantially correct a name for it as it may sound fanciful.

WHEN WAS IT FORMED?

Coal was formed at different times during the geological periods. The coal age or coal measures were chiefly at the close of the Paleozoic, in the Carboniferous, when coal seams were laid down in North China, Northern Europe, and North America. Coal was also formed in the Jurassic, Cretaceous, and even in the Tertiary periods. How far back do you think these periods lie? A fairly accurate measurement for the length of time is the disintegration of radium, which is very regular and cannot be influenced by any of the known agencies.

Petrified
SUNLIGHT

By G. B. MATHEWS

"Of Lice and Men," Dr. Mathews' article on the fight against typhus which was published in our issue of March 1943, found much acclaim among our readers. In the following article the author again reveals his talent for presenting an involved topic in a manner comprehensible and attractive to the layman. The reader follows him through the different processes by which sunlight was stored up for posterity's use ages ago in the depths of the earth and realizes the myriad uses to which the modern world has put this product of the dim past.—K.M.
It may help us to study the geological clock in order to locate each period in its proper place. The long span of time since our planet became more and more solid is divided into twenty-four hours. Each hour is equivalent to 60 million years. The time which elapsed since the coal-formation during the Paleozoic period has been measured—and that quite accurately—to extend over one hundred million years, including the Carboniferous and part of the Permian.

![Geological Clock](image)

Illustration shows the time which has elapsed since the solidification of the earth's crust. One hour of the clock equals approximately 69,000,000 years. Man appeared in the Quaternary, the last minute, assuming that the Quaternary has lasted more or less a million years, as is generally accepted.

If we examine a lump of coal, it is usually difficult to discern with the naked eye any structure or material which would hint at the nature of the black sooty material. In the coal mine, however, it is an easy matter to look at the fire clay below the coal seam and to make out the impressions of roots and stems of plants, herbaceous and woody. Likewise, in the roof of the seam, impressions of leaves, stems, and fructifications can be recognized in the sandstone or shale (compressed mud). Microscopic investigation of a lump of coal shows the detailed anatomy of the plant part; chemical analysis reveals to us the hydrocarbons stored up since the plant died. Thus what the miner brings up from the depths of the earth is really sunlight wrapped up in the black gloomy mass.

What does our study tell us about the plants which made up the coal forests? The forests of that time were swamps of gigantic proportions, as we are permitted to conclude from the extensions of the known coal fields (see Map A). A comparative study of a present-day peat bog and a coal field gives some illuminating views of the formation of coal. Aeon before the sable-toothed tiger was fought by *Sinanthropus*, millions of years before the giant dinosaurs swallowed in the mud of the Shantung plains, immense swamps covered the districts where we now find T'ang-Shan, Tatung, T'ai-Yuan, etc.

**The Plants which Contributed to Coal**

For our knowledge of the botanical character of the Carboniferous flora, e.g., of the Kaiping basin in the province of Hopei, we are dependent on fossil remains, especially the casts and impressions preserved in the layers of shale or sandstone which separate and cover the coal beds. The plant remains themselves in the coal seams have for the most part been so greatly compressed and modified that individual parts are not readily distinguishable. The fossil remains, however, are numerous. They abound on the mine dumps in all coal areas. Unfortunately, they are always fragmentary; but, thanks to the painstaking and industrious study of paleobotanists the world over, there are now sufficient data available concerning the plants as well as animals, insects, and vertebrata including primitive fishes and feeble-limbed reptiles. Thus we arrive
at a fairly definite conception of the general constitution of the flora of the coal forests.

We even learn a great deal about the anatomy of the many plants of that time, about the cellular composition, the arrangement of the tissues, their fructifications, size and arrangement of spores. This knowledge, so essential to the classification and establishment of relationship to modern plants, is gained from coal-balls. Coal-balls, in the paleobotanical sense of the word, are concretions which are found in coal containing petrified plant remains. By means of thin sections or peels, the cellular structure of a plant can be determined. Coal-balls have not yet been found in East Asia or India, but it is merely a matter of time and search until the discovery of these very important documents of the coal-forest archives.

In these archives, where all documents are written in stone, we find representatives of plant families still extant today, though quite changed in habit and size. We recognize ancestors of our pine trees and wonder about the specimens which have no relatives today. The flora known to us—and there is little hope that our knowledge will be considerably enlarged—is that of a swamp forest. On the whole, the forests were monotonous and uniform. In a restoration we usually group together all the specimens of plants known to have existed over a wide area or in different coal seams. As a matter of fact, one coal seam may have only one or two kinds of plants which covered large tracts of land, near shallow water or at the back of a large watercourse, a locality where stagnation rather than movement prevailed.

The T'ang-shan flora was a kind that flourished only in the presence of abundant moisture and equable climatic conditions the year round. The borders of the estuaries were lined with calamite rushes, a treelike relative of our horsetails. They approached bamboos in height, though their diameter was even larger. The large horsetail rushes were greatly exceeded in size by the trees that formed the bulk of the vegetation. The two principal types of these specific Carboniferous trees were the Lepidodendron and Sigillaria. These huge club mosses, with their columnar trunks, fluted or ornamented as if by sculptural pattern, with their sparse or branchless tops, must have set a somber stamp on the entire landscape. The branches bore pendulous cones of enormous size, as large as 70 centimeters across. It is not surprising that the prodigious amount of spores produced and shed made up an important element of the plant material that was converted into coal. In fact some seams of coal seem to have been made entirely from spores. Of these two groups, only dwarf relatives exist today, viz., the ground pines and the selaginellas.

Another extensive group of tall trees were early gymnosperms, the Cordaites. These trees attained or even exceeded heights of 30 meters with a diameter of no more than 50 centimeters. The long straplike leathery leaves can be found all over the world. It has been suggested that these trees grew on the uplands and that their leaves and seeds may have drifted down the streams and were buried and preserved while the tree trunks themselves died and decayed on the uplands. Of these Cordaites as well as of other trees, only the inner casts of the stem core (pith cavities) have been preserved, making determination and classification immensely difficult. More than fourteen names have been given to the various parts of one single species of the Lepidodendron because its leaves, buds, roots,
stems, branches, etc., were found separated, and at the time it was impossible to know the relationship of the detached parts. Later on, larger portions of the *Lepidodendron* were discovered and the original relationship was established.

The shade of the upper canopy of the branches and needlelike leaves was not dense enough to prevent a luxurious vegetation of lesser size during the Carboniferous era. Fossil records include an extraordinary quantity and variety of stems and leaves (fronds) of fernlike aspect. Some of these plants were climbers, as can be deduced from their long, slender, weak stems. One of the more numerous leaves found universally belongs to a straggling, slender, fragile herb bearing the external appearance of our bedstraw (*Galium*). In the Carboniferous era there is already evidence of smaller club mosses, tiny ferns, mosses, and liverworts. These must have constituted the ground cover in places favorable to their development. Fungi, parasitic on old tree trunks and fallen stems, have been found. They, as well as bacteria, undoubtedly brought about the disintegration of some portion of the enormous mass of vegetation litter of the forests.

By no means the least interesting feature of the Carboniferous forest is its animal life. Primitive four-footed vertebrates moved along over the ground and fallen stems. Some were tiny forms; others attained a length of three meters. Besides fishes, reptiles, and amphibians, no other vertebrates, such as birds or mammals, roamed around. Insects were numerous. The modern groups, such as butterflies and beetles and bees, were entirely unrepresented; but some well-defined groups, such as the mantids, stone flies, and roaches, left their records in the stone. Compared to the modern types of insects, the primitive insects were large and rather clumsy and, on the whole, adapted to short flits and glides rather than flight. Dragon flies had a wing spread of 70 centimeters, and cockroaches were represented in hundreds of species. All the unmistakable peculiarities proper to this tribe today were already fixed in their ancestors of the Carboniferous forests. No one today can lay better claim to an ancient pedigree than the cockroach.

And all this life, strange if it were to appear today, was going on under a constant humid warm climate. We learn from the wood of the trees that there were no seasonal changes. Many years later, the coal forest was covered by water, mud, and sand. As the centuries swept by, a new forest grew up and flourished for thousands of years and was in turn buried under masses of sand. It has been calculated that one meter of coal seam represents 10 to 15 meters of peat. In some places we can still see several hundreds of such natural disasters, one after another, the several hundreds of coal seams varying in thickness from a few centimeters to several meters. This titanic drama went on for millions of years.

**Continental drift**

When you look at Map A, you may ask: if the climate was so uniform—as we rightly deduce from the fossil evidence—and the temperature was warm and humid, how then can the fact be explained that there are extensive coal fields in Northern Europe, Northern Asia, and North America, and that their floral composition is the same as in the latitude of, for example, Spitsbergen, where the polar
nights last for several months? And how can the presence of coal or fern impressions in Greenland be explained? These curious facts are best explained by the theory of "continental drift."

This theory assumes that the continents, as we know them today, were not always fixed in their present position but were once part of one great single land mass which later split up into portions that gradually drifted apart. Map A indicates the general distribution of the two coal floras—the northern and the southern; Map B shows the approximate arrangement of the present-day continents as parts of the Paleozoic continental block. The poles are also indicated, showing that the northern coal forests thus came to occupy a position along the equator. This fact would account for the uniform climatic conditions and for the uniformity of the *Glossopteris* (southern) flora in the now dispersed southern continents. Although this theory has not met with unanimous approval by the geologists, nothing else so well explains the wide distribution of the Carboniferous plant deposits of the coal age.

**HOW WAS COAL FORMED?**

Having studied the botanical components of coal and the geographical distribution of coal beds, we shall now turn to the processes by which plant material is converted into coal. We begin with the biochemical processes. Plant material in bogs usually decays before coal-formation sets in. Decay may assume various forms, as can be deduced from the observation of peat bogs. The air (oxygen as the most active agent) may have free access to the plant material. Complete decay is effected by dissolving the material into simpler substances of gaseous liquid character, such as carbon dioxide and water. Thus no considerable amount of solid material to contribute to the formation of peat or humus would remain.

If, however, the access of air is checked, molding takes place under moist conditions. This process can be observed in autumn where similar conditions prevail in humid forests of temperate or semi-tropical regions. Earth and leaf molds are easily discovered. The result of these processes is humus-soil. Thick layers are not formed because the access of air is too abundant. Should the access of air be completely cut off—as under water or layers of sand and mud—then rotting sets in, and most of the solid material is used for coal-formation. These three types of decay prevail simultaneously in a peat bog and are known collectively as humification. Bacteria and fungi play an essential role in these processes.

Besides changes of a more biological nature, purely chemical changes take place also. These changes involve the expulsion of oxygen and hydrogen as shown in the following table:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Ratio of Carbon and Hydrogen</th>
<th>Ratio of Carbon and Oxygen</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cellulose</td>
<td>7 : 2</td>
<td>0 : 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peat</td>
<td>9 : 8</td>
<td>1 : 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lignite (brown coal)</td>
<td>12 : 2</td>
<td>2 : 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lignite (perfect)</td>
<td>12 : 6</td>
<td>3 : 6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

From this table we see the progressive elimination of oxygen and hydrogen beginning with cellulose via peat and lignite, and the (relative) increase of carbon. How is oxygen eliminated? It may be eliminated from organic compounds (after many as yet unknown intermediate stages), combined with hydrogen as water (H₂O), or combined with carbon as carbon dioxide (CO₂). The formation of CO₂ is still going on in our coal mines, and its accumulation in some gassy mines may become very dangerous.

The plant body has, both relatively and absolutely, more carbon than oxygen and hydrogen; about 50-per-cent carbon constitutes the total dry weight of a tree. Carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen escape; however, more hydrogen and oxygen escape than carbon, so that, after a convenient interval, the amount of hydrogen and oxygen has decreased more than that of carbon. Hydrogen is eliminated by a process called dehydration. This latter process goes on continuously. Hydrogen may combine to water or escape as CH₄.
methane or marsh gas, as can be observed in peat and bogs.

WHERE DOES THE WATER GO?

The large amount of water present in peat or in a bog has somehow to disappear. The question is: how? Water may be present in peat in several ways. It can permeate peat as capillary water, physically bound, which can be shifted, removed by physical pressure, e.g., that of overlying sediments or by direct evaporation into the air, by infiltration into the adjacent layers of absorptive character, as sand, clay, etc. In this way about 40 per cent of the water is eliminated. With aging, due to changes in the colloids as a result of infiltrating neutral salts into the primarily acid peat substances, the swelling water is changed into capillary water. By these processes, some 10 to 20 per cent of the total amount of water is lost, thus leaving only about 40 to 50 per cent of absorbed water. Water present in this form is very difficult to expel. However, entire geological ages are available for the consummation of small effects.

These processes, in which hydrogen and carbon decrease, are called coalification. Carbonization is a process by which the material (e.g., cellulose, wood, etc.) is decomposed into simple substances and carbon. Carbon is an element which cannot be further divided without losing its carbonicity, whereas coal consists of compounds made up chiefly of carbon and hydrogen. That these processes of loss actually take place can be seen in the following table. It will easily be seen that hydrogen and oxygen, which are contained in wood fiber and other vegetable plant material, are eliminated step by step during the coalification.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Percentage of</th>
<th>Calories</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Carbon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wood</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peat</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lignite</td>
<td>70-78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bituminous</td>
<td>80-92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coal</td>
<td>94-98</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Geo-dynamical Processes

Geo-dynamical processes consist principally of densification, consolidation, and devolatilization. Simultaneous with dehydration and the elimination of gases, there is a drying process. In this way, the putrefying material is reduced in volume, hardens, and takes on the geological aspect of stratified sediment. At the same time, volatile matter is lost (devolatilization). The volatile matter in peat, dried at 100° centigrade, is about 70 per cent; that of typical lignite about 55 per cent. During geological ages, as a result of pressure and probably also of heat, an almost complete expulsion of the volatile matter (oxygen, nitrogen, and hydrogen) takes place. Should the geo-dynamical processes cease to act upon peat, the coalification stops, as was the case with the brown coal near Moscow. The lignite found there dates from the Carboniferous era. Not being overlain by heavy sediments, it has not been pressed; whereas forests of the Tertiary age, overlain by heavy sediments, have turned into real coal. Thus age alone is not a decisive factor.

Boghead Coal in the Making

Boghead coal is a coal that consists mainly of fossil algae; cannel coal consists mainly of spores. Both types are unusual in their original material but, curiously enough, we can trace the formation of the boghead coal in present times. Let us make an excursion to the Ala-Kool Gulf at the southern extremity of Lake Balkash in Turkestan. There we find an alga called Bortyococcus. This alga manufactures oil and thus comes to the surface. From time to time the scum of the lake is blown to the shore, where the algal masses accumulate. Soon hydrogen-sulphide fermentation sets in, the air dries the algae, and the entire mass is converted into an elastic, rubber-like substance which can easily be cut with a knife. Microscopic studies and chemical analyses have shown that Balkashite can be assumed to be the beginning of boghead coal. From studies of Coorongite (named after the river Coorong,
South Australia) which is formed from the alga *Elmaphyton*, the conclusion can be drawn that Coorongite is the peat stage of boghead coal.

**COAL PETROGRAPHY**

The microscopic study of the physical composition of coal is called petrography. Most of the coal which we use in our stoves is banded coal. If we select a lump we can easily classify it into the following groups. There are narrow layers of glossy material, more or less homogeneous, appearing as bands on the surface. These layers, like glass, break easily into cubes with a conchoidal (mussel-like) fracture. Hence the name vitrain. Another kind is dark brown in color, smooth and compact; its broken surface is never even. A large amount of pollen grains or spores are found in this type, called durain. In still another type of coal (all three types may be found in the same lump) a typical fibrous structure can be observed with the naked eye. This type has been called mineral charcoal, fusain. The anatomy of these wood pieces can be easily recognized.

There is some uncertainty and hence some dispute over the origin of fusain. Forest fires may cause layers of charcoal 5 centimeters deep; but to explain a layer of fusain 8 meters in thickness by forest fires does not seem convincing. Besides, megaspores are found in these layers, and they show no sign of having endured heat. The problem is not yet solved. Recent laboratory studies have indicated that woody material may change into fusain at normal temperature by anaerobic bacterial decomposition in a basic medium.

**COAL IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY**

For industrial purposes, waterfalls (white coal) supply about 10 per cent of the power, oil and gas about 37.7 per cent, and coal about 52.2 per cent. This strikingly shows the vital importance of coal for a country whether in peace or at war. Of the same, if not greater, importance are the by-products of coal industries. When coke and gas are manufactured by the dry distillation of coal at 900 to 1200° centigrade, some by-products are inevitable. Among these is coal tar. Black and thick in appearance, coal tar is for many branches of our industries of greater importance than the coal itself. In the hands of the ever-progressing chemical industry it has become the source of an unimaginable variety of valuable material (see illustration). Usually we say that a gold mine is the symbol of the greatest potential value; but this figure of speech is utterly inadequate to convey the enormous wealth of usefulness which the earnest labor of the chemical industry has created from coal tar.

Bergius and his co-workers in the production of benzene experimented with and discarded 20,000 different catalysts in an attempt to discover the most suitable substance to promote chemical reaction and which would not be destroyed by acids commonly found in coal, and which would be at the same time economical. And when, after six years of ingeniously arranged experiments, the laborious studies had advanced far enough...
to think of putting the laboratory experiments on a commercial basis, the price of gasoline had dropped from 18 cents a gallon to 3.6 cents a gallon in 1931.

There is still a long array of substances produced which await the skill of a competent explorer to be turned into a substance long needed by mankind. The hues of the rainbow are nothing when compared to the range of colors and shades of our synthetic dyes. Modern medicine copes with many diseases through the beneficent help of synthetic drugs, which owe their ultimate origin to coal tar. The perfumes of nature's flowers are less varied than those produced in lavish quantity from this evil-smelling, disagreeable raw material.

CONCLUSION

If such an interrelation exists between perfumes and drugs, it is easy even for the layman to understand that a dye-stuff factory does not require many changes in raw material and methods to produce potent synthetic drugs or vice versa; or to readjust itself to the manufacture of explosives or poison gas, or medicine, or synthetic rubber. Industries of this type are estimated, protected, and subsidized by the governments, and rightly so since they are a very important national asset. If we consider the gigantic development of the industries which work on coal, coal tar, and their by-products, we are justified in speaking of a new era in organic chemical industries.

In a bird's-eye view we have surveyed the tremendous variety of produced substances: compounds for pharmaceutical use, for prevention and suppression of diseases and illnesses, compounds used as antiseptics and antipyretics, as hypnotics and anesthetics, etc. We might exhaust the entire gamut of superlatives in the description of the immense variety of useful products which we enjoy in a comfortably heated room, products creating beauty and value—and all synthesized from disagreeable, common coal tar. Riches, which do not lie in finance or economics but in their significance in human affairs, riches which were laid down aeons ago unnoticed by any human eye, riches which are bursting and bristling with potential discoveries, are enclosed in petrified sunlight, the inconspicuous black coal.

More Worries For The FBI

In order to prevent acts of sabotage, all war-essential plants in the United States have been ordered to exert strict supervision on all persons entering the factory area. Every person entitled to admittance must carry an identification card with his photograph on it. Not so long ago, the FBI, the American secret police, made a check-up on how these orders were being carried out. This check-up frequently brought to light an appalling negligence.

One of the agents managed to enter several plants with an identification card showing the excellent portrait of a gorilla. It was not until he visited the sixth plant that the lack of resemblance struck the gate man. Another agent went around questioning workmen and office employees on all kinds of war-essential manufacturing secrets. He brought back a whole notebook full of information which would have been invaluable to foreign spies. A third agent happened quite by chance to discover an old sewer of more than ten feet in diameter under an ammunition plant. The entrance to this sewer was some distance from the factory area and, in addition, the sewer had manholes every few yards through which a whole army of saboteurs might have crawled in and out of the ammunition plant.
THE BATTLE OF SEKIGAHARA

By HERMANN BOHNER

Professor Bohner, the outstanding German Japanologue, is known to our readers by his previous contributions to this magazine. The title of his present article means nothing to most non-Japanese; but to the Japanese “Sekigahara” is a term as familiar as Cannae or Waterloo is to the European. The author shows how all Japan’s previous history converged on Sekigahara and what the battle there meant for the country’s subsequent history.

In his description of the battle itself, Professor Bohner was assisted by Werner Kölln, a young German officer who has made a special study of the battle as well as of the battlefield under the guidance of Fuji Izemon, the Japanese expert on Sekigahara. Werner Kölln has also translated Mr. Fuji’s account of the battle, of which some excerpts are quoted here.—K.M.

The battle of Sekigahara may be called the most decisive battle in past Japanese history. It brought peace for two hundred and fifty years, and there are not many battles of this kind in history. At that time, Japan was as divided and dismembered as Europe is today. The battle of Sekigahara united Japan, united it for ever.

2.

Seki (関) means barrier, a kind of gate or narrow defile everyone must pass through; hara (原) means flat, level field; ga is the old genitive form. Sekigahara is the passage, the gate, between east and west: he who holds this passage holds all Japan. It is a well-known fact that the first thing Napoleon did was to study maps and to decide, long before a battle, that it would have to be fought at such and such a place and no other. If the most decisive battle in Japanese history had to be fought, where else could it have been fought than at Sekigahara? For strategic reasons, men decided to have the battle take place at this spot; but, seen from the vantage point of today, it would appear as if the battle itself had decided with mathematical precision and inevitable logic to be fought here.

3.

The old Japan was the South and the West; the new Japan was the wild East and North. The old Japan was Nara and Kyoto; the new Japan was Kamakura and Tokyo. The South and the West represented culture; the East and the North were wild country, colonial territory. The center of Japan is Yamato, the Nara district, where Emperor Jimmu founded the Empire. In a former article we compared Japan to a beehive, cell adjoining cell, each strictly partitioned from the other. Yamato is the central cell. In the sixth and seventh centuries, there was a flowering of culture here such as contemporary northern Europe hardly knew. Then, for strategic and other reasons, the capital was moved from Nara a few hours’ march to the north: Kyoto became the capital for the next thousand years. The whole empire now blossomed forth like the England or Germany of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries.

The kuge (court nobles) were the leading power in the state. The East and the North, however, remained wild country. The men there were colonists, peasant pioneers who had to defend them-
selves with their arms against the wild natives of those regions, the *ebisu*. These colonists were known as *bushi*—*bu* (兵) meaning weapon, military, and *shi* (士) meaning (gentle) man—or *buke, ke* (家) meaning family, kin, clan. Life here was rough, harsh, primitive. At the capital with its culture, the people became over-refined, degenerate. The court aristocrats soon summoned some of the *bushi* clans to aid them in their intrigues. Once summoned, the latter gradually seized the power, even in the capital, even in the West and the South.

As in England during the Wars of the Roses, an almost interminable struggle set in in Japan between the two chief clans, the Minamotos and the Tairas. The Taira clan was defeated, its fleet sunk off Dannoura in 1185. For a while there was a strong *buke* regime. The *buke* placed a *bushi* official next to every *kuge* official, and it was these men who had the real power. However, this more or less peaceful period did not last very long. Among the *bushi*, within the clans themselves, discord broke out. Brother fought against brother, uncle against nephew. And the close of the Middle Ages saw a chaos of confusion and fighting.

4.

Then a strong hand, that of Oda Nobunaga (1534-1582), the first of the uniters of Japan, saved the situation. If it was the warrior who had wrought havoc in Japan, only a super-warrior could restore order. Nobunaga was the super-*bushi*. Like Napoleon, Nobunaga rose from obscure beginnings to the utmost heights. His end was that of a warrior. At a critical moment he had empowered his vassal Akechi Mitsuhide to muster 35,000 men against his enemies in the west; but the temptation was too great for Akechi. Instead of leading his troops to the west, he turned east toward Kyoto, moving against the Honnoji Temple where Nobunaga had his headquarters. Nobunaga, on hearing the tumult outside, came out to see what was happening; a few seconds later he fell, mortally wounded by the sword of Akechi himself.

5.

Now the second of the three great uniters of Japan made his appearance, Toyotomi Hideyoshi, Nobunaga's best and most loyal vassal. He immediately broke off the campaign which he happened to be waging against the Daimyo Mori, one of Nobunaga's opponents, and somehow managed to make peace with him. Then he hurried off to Kyoto and defeated and slew Akechi.

Hideyoshi came from even more modest beginnings than Nobunaga: originally he did not even have a family name! He was of peasant stock, and he was as slow and heavy as the soil itself. As a boy he showed no talent for anything. At the age of eight, after having lost his father, his relatives placed him in the care of monks. But before long the monks asked for him to be taken back again, as they could not do anything with him. At the age of thirty-three, he was still only permitted to bear the sandals in a Daimyo's procession. But, once discovered, this rustic, slow, shrewd, gentle man rose step by step, till at last he stood at the top, always deeply venerating the Emperor above him. Hideyoshi was Japan's West and South, the center of old Japan. The huge Osaka Castle, the biggest of those days, was Hideyoshi's stronghold.

6.

Hideyoshi's pinnacle was represented by his war against China over Korea: the Korean War. But at this pinnacle the great man fell ill (1598) and realized that he would never recover. His son and heir, Hideyori, was five years old. Now the old man began to move heaven and earth to safeguard the prospects of his heir and successor. He summoned the five most powerful rulers of the Empire and bound them by oath. He summoned the five great counselors and the intermediate counselors and made them swear allegiance. The most dangerous, taciturn, and powerful of all the great men was Tokugawa Ieyasu, the greatest Daimyo of eastern Japan. Hideyoshi called him to his sickbed and told him that
only he, Ieyasu, could keep the Empire tranquil, and he entrusted him with the care of Hideyori and the Empire. But Ieyasu remained cold and reserved, obstinately refusing this office. Hideyoshi, however, would not give up, and finally Ieyasu was installed as chief of the Five Regents whom Hideyoshi appointed just before his death. Maeda, another of the great Daimyos, was given the guardianship of Hideyori. Ieyasu was to supervise the general administration of the Empire.

Hideyoshi also ordered that there should be no giving or receiving of hostages or sureties among the Daimyos nor any political marriages arranged without consultation. The first to offend against this was Ieyasu. By means of three important political marriages he strengthened his own position as well as that of the East. The state counsellors came to him in a body and demanded his resignation from the government as he had infringed upon Hideyoshi's commands. Very well, Ieyasu resigned. But he had achieved what he had set out to do. With cool calculation and an iron will he was striving for absolute power. This is the trend, and the battle of Sekigahara is its acme: the East, rough and harsh, wanted totality and had the one great leader; the West, Hideyori's side, accustomed to power and wealth, was an alliance without a leader.

7.

The battle of Sekigahara is unique if only for the fact that it represents the largest concentration of troops ever to have been assembled in Japan. On Ieyasu's side there were about 85,000 men; on the opposing side some 90,000. Translated into modern conditions, these figures probably represent ten or twenty times those numbers. Anyone familiar with high strategy knows that one of the greatest problems is that of bringing up sufficient numbers of troops. Those troops came partly from the furthest North and South over immense distances.

At first Ieyasu would have no part in the whole affair. Why should he go west? He wanted first entirely to consolidate the East, and he was fighting there with one of the smaller Daimyos. But the West gave him no peace. Over there in the West there was a man who was always causing trouble, a jack-in-the-box, a little runt, far too small and unimportant in comparison to that giant, that grandee Ieyasu. Although this man was the very opposite of a worthy opponent and leader, he was in reality the driving force among the people of the West. Ieyasu knew the fellow well. He had risen from utter insignificance. Hideyoshi had discovered him as a temple boy who, when the thirsty Hideyoshi had once asked for some tea at a temple, had shown himself to be remarkably nimble. Since then, this unknown individual had risen higher and higher, up to the most powerful position under Hideyoshi's regime, and everyone in the Empire knew his name: Ishida Mitsunari.

Then Hideyoshi had died; and, although this man was also one of the Five Regents appointed by Hideyoshi, he was actually no longer a power. Ieyasu and Maeda, the two great Daimyos, had all the power. Mitsunari, by means of countless intrigues, had sought to incite these two against each other so that they should destroy each other. He had almost succeeded when, at the last moment, another Daimyo, a friend of both the great Daimyos, interceded. But Mitsunari's intrigues continued. The anger over this scheming civilian rose to such heights that seven well-known Daimyos got together and swore to have Mitsunari's head. At this point, the latter saw no other way out than to put himself entirely at the mercy of Ieyasu, the most powerful of all the Daimyos. Ieyasu advised him to give up all his offices and to retire to private life on his tiny estate.
Outwardly, Mitsunari followed this advice, but at the same instant he began to spin new threads, this time against Ieyasu himself.

It was this Mitsunari who was the imp, the disturbance. Because of him there was no peace in the West. But what he had brought about now was indeed something tremendous. The greatest Daimyos of the West and a large number of the lesser nobles had all been assembled by him against Ieyasu. The latter, however, was still waiting. Not until he had tested the loyalty of the Daimyos of the East in certain local battles did he begin to think of a campaign against the West.

Thus the people of the West saw Ieyasu approaching in full strength; his goal was undoubtedly Osaka and Hideyoshi's great castle there. They had to get in first and block his path at the defile of Sekigahara. Mitsunari had the mighty army advance in three groups on the three great imperial roads. The Easterners were approaching rapidly; the Westerners had to hurry if they really wished to block their road. The night of the last day of marching was pitch black; it was raining, and the rain turned into a tropical downpour. A cold wind set in and developed into a gale which whipped the water into the faces of the warriors. The roads became morasses. Late at night, Sekigahara was reached, and the opposing armies established contact, although the commanders held back.

Day broke. The mist was so heavy that one could not see further than a few steps. But the troops had guides who knew the terrain. The map shows that the Westerners had taken up such excellent positions that, according to all human calculations, Ieyasu should have been grasped by the pincers and crushed. He was faced by Mitsunari, by Mitsunari's close ally Konishi Yukinaga, by the valiant Otani Yoshitsuge, by the Tosa Daimyo Shimazu Koreaki, and by Ukita (under heavy obligation to Hideyoshi). Threatening Ieyasu's flank from the south stood Kobayakawa Hideaki with a large contingent, as well as various others. The gravest menace to Ieyasu, however, was the threat to his rear: the great Daimyo Mori Hidemoto with an imposing force, Kikkawa Hiroie, and others, occupying Mount Nangu and its eastern slopes.

A battle can only be understood properly at the battlefield itself. The Japanese often have a specialist living right at such a battlefield. Fuji Izamaemon is Japan's well-known specialist of Sekigahara. In the following we quote from Mr. Fuji's short documentary report on the battle.

"The positions of the Eastern army were as follows:

Heading the left column: Fukushima Masanori's troops
Heading the right wing: Kuroda Nagamasa's troops
Bulk of the army: Matsudaira Tadayoshi's troops
Headquarters: Tokugawa Ieyasu
Between the bulk and the left wing: Todo Takatora's and Kyogoku Takamori's contingents

"Toward eight o'clock the mist lifted a little and visibility improved. At that moment, several columns of the bulk of the Eastern army began to advance westward. In doing so they met with Shimazu's units, and hostilities began. When Fukushima Masanori noticed this, he precipitately attacked Ukita's formation from the south in order to snatch for himself the honor of having begun the battle. This was the signal for the entire right wing of the Eastern army to move forward in a bloc toward the west and to attack Mitsunari's as well as Konishi's positions. Todo and Kyogoku now also advanced
westward and crossed swords in bitter fighting with Otani."

The headquarters of Ieyasu, the commander in chief, lay far back. Fog still hindered visibility and—so Fuji Iizaemon explained—one of the most modern defensive strategies, namely, camouflage in the form of a smoke screen, was employed, a fact of great interest to military history. Ieyasu, who during the fifty-eight years of his life had fought in fifty-seven battles, took the decisive step: at eleven a.m. he moved his headquarters to the foremost lines. As a matter of fact, by midday the position was extremely unfavorable for the Eastern army and became more and more desperate. Had Mori and the other commanders on Mount Nangu been as active as Ieyasu and attacked him from the rear, that would have been the end of Ieyasu. Ieyasu was playing a bold game: he knew his men, and he knew the weak points of his opponents.

11.

We have said that Mitsunari was the driving force in the Western army. Mitsunari had one mortal enemy: Hideaki, and Ieyasu had established contact with him although he stood on the side of the Westerners.

Let us turn for a moment to this Hideaki, for the entire battle now hinged on this wavering point. When Hideyoshi was still young and unknown, he had been given the sister of a small Daimyo called Kinoshita in marriage. Moreover, he had thereupon also received the name of Kinoshita as a family name—which may have meant even more to him than the bride. In gratitude, he adopted the fifth son of this Daimyo and brought him up. Later, however, he had to give him to a grandee in order to make peace by hook or by crook. This grandee, one of the Mori clan, had been taken into the Kobayakawa family, while his brother had been adopted into the Kikkawa family. Kobayakawa means "small, swift stream," and Kikkawa "stream of good luck." The two Kawa brothers, the "stream" brothers, who fought in countless battles, were famous throughout Japan and still are so.

This adopted son Hideaki was appointed commander in chief of the Korean expedition in 1597 although he was only twenty years old at that time. The campaign was a failure, the real reason being the discord and jealousy among the various generals. Hideaki was denounced as incompetent by Ishida Mitsunari. Hideyoshi had ordered Hideaki to yield his command to someone else; but Hideaki had not obeyed. Relations between Hideyoshi and Hideaki had become extremely strained, and Ieyasu had intervened. Hideaki and Mitsunari, however, remained enemies.

If we look into the soul of this twenty-three-year-old youth, we see it seething like the undercurrents of a stream. Mystics have compared the feelings and passions of man with the formless aggregate of water: at any moment its shape can be changed. We find hatred for Mitsunari in Hideaki; we find loyalty toward Hideyoshi and his clan and yet sullen anger toward him; we find cold reserve for Ieyasu and yet a certain gratitude. For or against Hideyoshi, for or against Ieyasu; only the moment itself will decide. He had already given promises to Ieyasu, but they were only promises, words; they did not necessarily
mean anything yet. Only the moment would decide for Hideaki, whether left or right, West or East. The fate of tens of thousands of warriors, of millions of people, depended in the battle of Sekigahara on this wavering point Hideaki, the son of one of the Kawas.

12.

Now let us turn to the son of the other Kawa: Kikkawa Hiroie (1561-1625). His father had fought long, hard campaigns against Hideyoshi in which the sons had also taken part. The assassination of Oda Nobunaga had forced Hideyoshi to make peace with them. Hideyoshi tried to form close ties with Hiroda the son (who had inherited the great Daimyonate), by giving him his adopted daughter in marriage. Looking into the soul of this man, we also find vacillation. He did not know the meaning of loyalty, he would follow the moment, the greater power. He, too, had begun overtures with Ieyasu before the battle of Sekigahara. One might say that he had felt instinctively where the true power lay.

It does not seem as if he had gone over entirely to Ieyasu. He was waiting, active in his very inactivity. When he was sure that Ieyasu was succumbing, he would attack him suddenly in the rear; and Mori and the others behind him would follow. This Kikkawa held the fatal position at the head of the large contingents occupying the slopes of Mount Nangu. He covered up the vision of those behind him, literally as well as metaphorically speaking.

13.

As yet, everything was vague, undecided. For a moment there was almost a vacuum. How would the dice fall? Historians usually see history retrospectively. They tell us that everything was bound to happen the way it did. At the instant of happening, however, everything fluctuates and can turn out this way or that. But even at that instant there are people with an intuition, an instinctive feeling for how matters stand and how they will turn out. High officers who have taken part in many battles know

this feeling; some have this gift in abundance, others do not have it at all.

Ieyasu had this instinct. Now, at this moment at Sekigahara, he acted. “I shall force his decision! That wavering Hideaki must show his true colors. Either for me, as he has already secretly promised, or against me, and then I will smash him!” Ieyasu had sent messenger after messenger to Hideaki with urgent summonses. Hideaki made no move; he only seemed to grow more and more reserved, even hostile. Then at noon, when Ieyasu’s position was so desperate, he let loose a hail of missiles on Hideaki.

At this overwhelming turn of events, the vacillating Hideaki made up his mind: Ieyasu had snatched him over to his side. There were several other minor formations which had, for various reasons, become adherents of Hideaki or placed themselves under his command. Hideaki now stormed down the slope on which his units were standing and attacked Otani. Otani fought like a tiger, having been circumspect enough to have built entrenchments facing that slope. After three vain attacks, Hideaki was forced to withdraw. Thereupon, under pressure from Ieyasu, other small traitor formations on the northern slope of Mount Matsuo attacked Otani from the front and from the south.

Hideaki renewed his attacks on Otani’s rear. Under this triple attack, Otani was the first commander of the Western army to succumb. Although he was seriously ill, he had come from far off, from the north coast. He was bound by loyalty and fulfilled his duty to the last. In accordance with bushi tradition, he committed suicide on the battlefield.

Had Mori and the others at Mount Nangu, on the other side of the battlefield, been active; had they advanced and seen for themselves how matters stood; and had they then thrust at the rear of the Eastern Army, the latter would have suffered a debacle. But these allies of the West lacked unity and the desire to do their utmost for Hideyoshi’s side. They waited. And to the one Kawa
(Hideaki), who had gone over to Ieyasu, was added here the other—Kikkawa. He did nothing, and believed that he would serve his own purposes best in this way. Ieyasu later rewarded him as he deserved: he took everything from him and condemned him to a life of poverty.

14.

In circumstances such as these, the battle became more and more hopeless for the people of the West. The troops of the great Daimyo Ukita of Okayama and those of Konishi Yukinaga were routed, as were those of Mitsunari (who hid himself in the mountains). Entirely surrounded by the enemy, the bold Daimyo Shimazu, a true Satsuma man, made the daring decision to thrust his way right through the center of the main enemy forces. Mr. Fuji's report goes on to say:

"Straight ahead, a few hundred meters away, he could see Ieyasu's headquarters. In order to bring about a final decision, he assembled what was left of his forces, a little over two hundred men, and formed a phalanx with which he now stormed in a straight line toward Ieyasu's headquarters. Passing the front of these headquarters, he valiantly fought his way along the highway which leads to the towns of Taru and Toki and managed to get back to his native district of Satsuma in Kyushu."

Compared with modern figures, this break-through was a very small one. Seen from the point of view of military history, however, it is one of the most outstanding achievements in war strategy. And more than that: the Satsuma clan which had thus been saved was, together with the Tosa clan, for two and a half centuries the most indefatigable enemy of the Tokugawa regime. The Meiji Restoration is largely the work of the Satsumas and the Tosas.

15.

Visitors to old battlefields often enjoy finding relics there. At Sekigahara they will find nothing. Ieyasu took everything, even the most insignificant objects. The battle had hardly been fought and the decapitated heads of the enemies inspected according to old custom, when Ieyasu ordered his troops to march against Mitsunari and his castle of Sawayama. The castle fell, and Mitsunari was decapitated together with Konishi and others. Hideaki the traitor was rewarded with a large fief. He plunged into a frenzy of worldly pleasures, and his own vassals fled from him to the four winds. Suffering from a heart disease, he died at the age of twenty-five without an heir. His estates fell to the Tokugawas.

Ieyasu's final goal was naturally the conquest of Osaka Castle. The great Osaka struggle ensued. The moving spirit in the defense of Osaka Castle was Hideyoshi's widow Yodogimi. In Oyamotó Kido's play, Osaka Castle, the magnificent drama unrolls before our eyes. At the end of the battle, when the defeated knights are ready one and all to commit suicide and to kill the women, Yodogimi stands erect in almost superhuman stature and prophesies Ieyasu's imminent death: "Within a year we shall beckon to you from that other world! Within a year, Ieyasu will be dead." And so it happened. Nikko, Ieyasu's world-famous memorial, represents in the narrow sense the end of these struggles. In a wider sense, however, the reply was Meiji and the new Japan.
SONYA

By GISELHER WIRSING

Dr. Wirsing is a well-known German author. This sketch about Sonya was written in a Russian town in which his regiment happened to be stationed. However, his story is not about the war. It begins at a small Russian market and ends in Hollywood, and it describes the career of a Soviet girl.—K.M.

My friend Helmut and I had a few hours’ leave and decided to go to the market. A dense crowd was moving among the stalls displaying apples and melons, tobacco and cabbage, old coats and caps. And between the stalls sat begging musicians and fortunetellers with packs of cards or with guinea pigs that pulled letters of fortune out of a basket.

Quite by chance we met Sonya at this market. Her checks were glowing with excitement. She was just selling a pair of elbow-length white kid gloves to a sly Armenian dealer. Real kid gloves, like my mother used to have when she went to a full-dress ball before the Great War. At the last moment she would pull out a very long, mysterious box from the innermost recesses of her wardrobe. In it lay the white kid gloves, of which she always only put on one, gaily waving back at us with the other until the coachman slammed the door of the carriage. It was gloves like these that Sonya was setting. Helmut, who was already acquainted with her, was immediately roped in on the negotiations. Then we watched her as she used her proceeds to fill a large basket with a lot of grapes and all kinds of household objects and finally even a whole kilogram of soap. She asked us to accompany her home.

I had seen Sonya the day before on the stage of the German soldiers’ cabaret. She had worn a long black dress, which had made her look her best. Her voice was remarkably beautiful. She sang a curious mixture of melancholy folk songs and modern hit tunes. She had carried a bouquet of red roses. The roses were made of paper. Unfortunately, they always crackled when Sonya tried to emphasize her emotions by a gesture. But Russians love paper flowers, some preferring them to real ones. It is the naive person’s love for the artificial.

We finally followed her through a malodorous backyard covered with rubbish to an amazingly tidy room. It was a big, almost empty place with carpets hung on the walls, framing a real monster of a sideboard. It is a good thing for the inhabitants of the Soviet Union that the people of prewar Russia built furniture apparently intended to last for centuries. According to Soviet standards, Sonya was living in an elegant drawing room. She disappeared for a moment to return with the samovar and some teacups. In our honor she had changed into a European summer dress, put on a big straw hat over her curls, and placed a colored woollen shawl around her shoulders with which she juggled around as if it were a silver fox while she began to serve us. This is her story as she told it to us:

Her father had, before the Revolution, been a professor of botany at the University of St. Petersburg and, if one may believe his daughter, an authority in his field. He was not dismissed but, since he remained under suspicion as a bourgeois, he was banished to the University of Alma Ata on the borders of Sinkiang. It was there that Sonya spent her childhood.

“When I was twelve years old,” she told us, “I knew that it was impossible for me to stay with father. After all, he was a bourgeois, although he was so
much afraid that he didn’t dare object to the Soviets even in his thoughts. I realized that as the daughter of a bourgeois I could never become anything but a manual worker. But I didn’t feel like washing the laundry for the Kalmuck Soviet commissars we had down there. For I had already been allotted to that work. For a whole year I made my preparations. Then I ran away one night from my father. I don’t know what became of him. I never discovered how long he remained alive. I could not risk writing to him—it might have compromised me. Anyway, I didn’t want to have anything more to do with him; it would only have meant going back to the laundry.”

Somehow or other she got through to Samara, where she succeeded in entering a Soviet school. Someone paid the school fees for her which are required from the seventh class up, i.e., for those who wish to continue school beyond the age of thirteen. From Samara she managed to get to Moscow. And not only that—her girlish dream which she had already had in Alma Ata of going on the stage came true. As she claimed to be a proletarian child, she was sent at state expense to a dramatic school.

SONYA joined one of the ruling cliques in the Soviet theater world. She was allowed to appear a few times in Moscow, probably only in minor roles, and one day she was transferred, against her will, to the provincial theater of Rostov. There she appeared in The Merry Widow and other light operas. At the same time she became the mistress of a powerful commissar of the NKVD, as the GPU was then called. Now she had all the advantages on her side. Although her salary was only 500 rubles, little more than that of an average worker, she could buy in the NKVD shop and did not have to resort to the black market. In this GPU shop she got more for one ruble than at the black market for fifty. For the women of the ruling class, this shop had imported goods for the eternal feminine warpath; among these were the kid gloves which she had now sold.

In her matter-of-fact way, Sonya told us about the “wealthy proletarians” and “Soviet capitalists” who had summer residences in Kislovodsk in the Caucasus, in Sochi on the Black Sea, as well as near Moscow. The important thing, she said, was to maintain your proper place within these circles. This was not always easy. There were many candidates, few roles on the stage, and even fewer commissars of the NKVD.

We asked Sonya what she had thought of the fate of the masses, who had not been able like her to buy in the NKVD shops or who, when they were sick, were not taken care of by an NKVD hospital. She only shrugged her shoulders. “Most people,” she replied, “are just unlucky. I wasn’t.” She made it very clear that she had no intention of being unlucky now. A year ago she had appeared in Sochi—whither the theater had been evacuated from Rostov after the German advance into the Ukraine—before a British commission. Now she was acting for Germans. So what was it that mattered in life? Success. In spite of her Russian blood, Sonya is as hard as nails, a cold-blooded calculator. Too cold for that which she really wants to be . . . .

When we had left, it went through my mind that I had really heard Sonya’s story quite often. The milieu was a different one, but it was always the same story. I remembered the many little bars and drugstore counters in Los Angeles and Hollywood. Sonya’s American sisters sat there. Once they had run away from their small-town homes, they thought day and night about how they were going to get to the top. And when you asked them what was the most important thing in life, they would toss back their permanently-waved locks, a little defiantly, and say: “Success, darling, only success!”

These people from the twilight nations of the East and the West rise to a sudden brilliance, flutter around the light, and then sink back into oblivion with singed wings. Without solace.
THEATER—EAST AND WEST
HISTORY REIGNED ON TOKYO'S STAGE
By CARL GILBERT

On March 5, the nine leading theaters of Tokyo, including the Kabuki-za, closed their gates for a period of one year as an emergency measure caused by the war. The following pages, written by a German denizen of Tokyo, who is an enthusiast of the Nippon stage, present an analysis of Tokyo's stage and theater-goers during the last months prior to the closing.—K.M.

Recently, in the Tokyo Shim bun, the Japanese Bureau of Information published a statistical study of the Japanese theater which revealed the surprising fact that the great majority of Japanese theatrical troupes were performing Kabuki or at any rate historical plays, or a mixture of historical and modern plays; and that only a very few troupes performed modern plays exclusively. Even more surprising is the fact that at least half of the Japanese movie production is devoted to historical subjects.

In January 1944, Tokyo's two largest theaters—the Kabuki and the Meiji—showed performances by classical Kabuki troupes; in addition to this, the Kotobuki Theater in Hongocho and smaller theaters in Asakusa and Shinjuku as well as a theater in Yokohama played nothing but Kabuki and always to full houses. Moreover, the Bunraku puppet theater from Osaka, whose plays are closely related to Kabuki, were performed in Tokyo at the Embujo Theater in December. Thus there can be no denying the immense popularity of the Kabuki plays, the classical form of Japanese drama.

At the demand of the public, the Kabuki as well as the puppet stage always perform the same limited repertoire of classical tragedies with unvarying success. Some of the most famous of these dramas are Chushingura (the story of the Forty-Seven Ronins); the story of Igami Genta from The Thousand Cherry Trees of Yoshitsune; Terakoya (The Village School); Kanjinocho (The story of Yoshitsune and Benkei at the barrier of Ataka); and the story of Moritsuna's sacrifice. In 1943, one of the greatest screen successes was a version of Chushingura entitled Genroku Chushingura. In 1944 another new version of Chushingura is being produced, this time called Rokyoku Chushingura. This film is destined to be shown with the same success to packed houses.

The popular Japanese art of storytelling with samisen accompaniment takes the same subjects as do the puppet and Kabuki shows. The heroes of these tragedies and tales are in turn the same heroes whom every Japanese knows from his school primer. Moreover, the moral world is the same as that taught in Japanese moral primers. The favorite of the classical Japanese tragedy is the history of the struggle for power between the two noble clans of the Genji and the Heikes in the fourteenth century, a struggle which lasted for more than fifty years. A new edition of the classic work on this struggle, the Heike Monogatari, was recently published. It is the centuries-old "best seller" of Japan. Kabuki and puppet stage alike have taken a number of grandiose tragedies from this material.

Those who often go to see this type of play or movie will be struck by the "modernity" and "topicality" of the spiritual contents of this material. For these classical feudal tragedies of Japan always point in a negative sense to the tragedy of defeat and the uselessness of hoping for mercy at the hands of the enemy, and in a positive sense to the absolute value of doing one's duty, of loyalty, and of sacrificing one's life.

In the tragedy Moritsuna, the brothers Moritsuna and Takatsuna find themselves in opposite camps owing to a series of unfortunate events. Moritsuna's twelve-year-old son returns from his first battle with Takatsuna's son Koshiro, who is also twelve years old, as a prisoner. Moritsuna's lord orders him not to harm Koshiro but to hold him captive, as he hopes that Takatsuna's
love for his son will force him to capitulate. Moritsuna, however, secretly requests his mother to persuade Koshiro to commit seppuku (honorable suicide by his own sword). His object is to save his brother Takatsuna from the possible shame and disgrace of a capitulation which, according to the Japanese sense of honor, would at the same time stain the honor of the whole family. He is also influenced by the thought that, as long as Koshiro is in captivity, Takatsuna might be weakened in his loyalty to his lord.

Koshiro declares himself willing to die but expresses the childish wish to see his father and mother once again. At this moment news is brought that Takatsuna with a small band of warriors has attacked the mighty army of Tokimasa, Moritsuna's lord. Moritsuna feels that Takatsuna has lost his reason over his love for his son and is going to his certain death. Then it is reported that Takatsuna has been defeated. Lord Tokimasa appears with his suite and claims that he has captured Takatsuna's head. He orders Moritsuna to identify the head of his brother. While Moritsuna, grief-stricken, is about to carry out this sad duty, little Koshiro rushes forward as soon as the head is uncovered, and with the words “Father, I follow you into death!” he falls upon his own sword. Thereupon Moritsuna confirms that it is his brother’s head, and his lord leaves satisfied.

However, it is not Takatsuna’s head at all. Koshiro had immediately realized this and had killed himself to cover up the deception and to save his father. His dying words are: “Will Father win his war now?” Moritsuna is conquered by the heroism of the boy Koshiro. He decides to commit suicide to atone for his disloyalty toward his lord as soon as his brother Takatsuna is ready to do battle again.

This tragedy is so significant because it contains the two poles of death as a sacrifice and death of atonement in the Japanese moral code. Death as a sacrifice is the supreme fulfillment of life; death as atonement the redemption from shameful guilt.

In the story of the Forty-Seven Ronins, these men avenge the death of their lord on the guilty one. But since the latter is a great noble, they give themselves up to the law after having done their duty. The law demands their death on the gallows; the people demand their acquittal for their loyalty. The sentence pronounced by the ruler is—honorable suicide. The Forty-Seven Ronins accept this sentence with deep gratitude, for it is only thus that they can acquire supreme fulfillment: the death of sacrifice for their lord. Not until they all commit harakiri together at the grave of their lord do they become an example of bushido. Had they remained alive, there would have been no fulfillment. That is the way the Japanese people still feel. This is the sole explanation for the tremendous popularity of every performance of Chushingura.

The modern Japanese plays have not yet been able to produce anything equal to these classical tragedies. Now and again, recent war films have shown a similar spirit as, for example, the screen tragedy Tank Captain Nishidzuma, which depicts the career of a Japanese officer and shows him in his unflinching sense of duty, his example to his men, and his final death of sacrifice. Most modern plays and films, however, are too obviously determined by political didacticism.

In his book Inside Asia, the American journalist John Gunther stated that the Japanese had no sense of humor. This is not true. The Japanese have a very pronounced sense of humor which is expressed, among other things, in their humorous tales (rakugo), which are told by special storytellers and enjoy great popularity. Nevertheless, John Gunther unconsciously came near to discovering an essential characteristic of the Japanese people—their positive attitude toward the tragic.

The President of the Japanese Actors’ Association, Ichimura Uzaemon, recently told me that the Japanese had never taken any particular trouble to acquaint the Anglo-Saxon peoples with their classical tragedies, as they felt this to be futile, since the English and the Americans regard the culture of a people from a purely materialistic point of view. Matsumoto Koshiro, the seventy-four-year-old unexcelled Kabuki actor, who throughout November and December played the role of Benkei in Kanjine to the applause of packed houses, explained to me that it was typical of the Japanese people that even now, in the midst of war, they demand to see not light comedies but their classical tragedies, and that these very tragedies are reinforcing the people’s will to fight. The Japanese nation does not require new instruction on the spirit of sacrifice and loyalty by means of these
tragedies, Matsumoto Koshiro continued, but it corresponds to the innermost and deepest longings of the Japanese people to see these tragedies again and again, tragedies which represent, so to speak, a mirror of the Japanese soul, of the Yamato damashi, and which, Matsumoto Koshiro concluded, help to supply the Japanese people with the strength for new work and new battles.

My good friend the Japanese patron of the theater, Yokoyama Yui, emphasized in a conversation we had not long ago that the Japanese shows himself to be so strong in time of need and so composed in danger because, from his earliest youth, he is constantly familiarized with tragedy, with the idea of death. Unfortunately, he said, a part of the Japanese nation had been led astray by the shallow, superficial Anglo-Saxon culture to think that, as long as there was life, every other question could be solved. But this, according to him, was entirely wrong: only death could solve all questions, and only the death of sacrifice could give complete redemption.

The Japanese classical tragedy shows the death of sacrifice to be the most beautiful and noble experience of the Japanese people. It presents the death of the mother for the sake of her child, that of the child for the sake of its parents, that of the wife for her husband, that of the friend for his friend, and that of the subjects for their ruler. The supreme fulfillment for the individual Japanese is still the death of sacrifice. The heroes of Attu, Tarawa, and Makin have through their sacrifice in the present war become deities of the nation. This path of sacrifice has been walked and taught by the heroes of Japanese history of all times; it is the "divine path." To give expression to this is the supreme task of Japanese art.

In one of the classical Kabuki dramas the words occur: "Life lasts but one generation; the name outlasts a thousand generations." Schiller expressed it in the words: "He who would live in song must perish in life." Today the Japanese soldier is sacrificing his life as a hero as he has been taught by his primer, his history, and his art, so that through him the nation may live on truly victorious and his name may not fade in a thousand generations.

That is the great lesson imparted by the classical tragedy of the Kabuki and puppet theater to the Japanese people.

THE PARIS THEATER SEASON

For centuries Paris has been one of the chief centers of Europe's theatrical art. The following article, written by a Swiss author living in Paris, shows how this tradition is being carried on and what effects four years of war have had on the Paris stage.—K.M.

TWO GREAT MEN

The Paris winter season of 1943/44 was characterized by the death of two of the most outstanding personalities in the theatrical world of France—André Antoine and Jean Giraudoux.

Antoine, the patriarch of the modern French stage, died early in November in Brittany, where he had retired a few years ago. In spite of his eighty-six years, he had remained young in spirit and kept his love of argument to the last. On the day of his death, he married the woman who had been a loyal companion to him for thirty-five years. At the same time, the Paris theater which has borne his name since 1897 brought out a cycle of gala performances for the "Triumph of Antoine," for which four of his one-act plays from the former repertoire of the Théâtre Libre were dug up. Sacha Guitry had arranged these benefit performances in Antoine's honor, for the latter was living more or less in poverty, as had been the case almost throughout his career of sixty years. As his biographer put it: "He knew only one purpose in life—art, and only one financial result—the deficit." He was a representative of that idealism, that moving spirit of the theater, which wrenched it again and again out of its routine.

Of even greater consequence to the French theater was the death on January 31, 1944, of Jean Giraudoux. Giraudoux, whose comedy Amphytrion 38 was produced all over the world, was one of the best-known and most effective dramatic authors of France and a brilliant example of Gallic wit and humor. Born in 1882 as the son of an engineer, he traveled, mostly on foot, all over
Europe after having completed his studies. In 1907 he was a tutor to the Prince of Sachsen-Meiningen in Munich. In 1911 he joined the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Although he remained loyal to his diplomatic career, his real significance was to be found in the sphere of literature. He often resorted to Greek legends for his themes, and he had developed a very individual style which exerted considerable influence on contemporary French authors.

**SURREALISM?**

The première of Giraudoux' new play *Sodom et Gomorrha* in the Théâtre Hébertot was the first real event of the past winter season in Paris. The framework of the play is taken from the Old Testament, which also supplied the theme for Giraudoux' *Judith*; but the Book of Genesis is interpreted very freely. The legends, whether taken from the Greek, Nordic, or Biblical world, have always merely provided the author with an excuse for his own imagination, in which seriousness and fun, mythology and Parisian life, realism and magic, are woven into new legends. He extravagantly heaps aphorisms upon aphorisms, symbols upon symbols. In his wit and scholarly refinement, which nevertheless is always able to descend to the modest, touching commonplace, he resembles Anatole France. On the way from stage to spectator, however, most of this wealth is lost. The spectator is exhausted by the breathless rush of apertures and visions before the play is even half over. The whole leaves one with a confused idea, which can only be supplemented by reading the play.

*Sodom et Gomorrha* is the tragedy of the couple. The fire of heaven falls upon both cities because not a single couple can be found in them that corresponds to the divine idea. "In a fit of confidence," God divided the former hermaphrodite unity of man and woman. But instead of finding its way back to this unity as a couple, man and woman strain further and further apart, toward a new, ungodly pairing—woman and woman, man and man. Woman seems to bear most of the guilt; in reality, however, the main guilt lies with man, because he has allowed woman to discuss these things.

This is more or less the "idea" of the two-act play, as far as can be told after having seen it once. But no more than a faint indication can be given of the mental acrobatics with which the story is presented.

From household scenes and women's gossip one is transported into legendlike digressions of antique, Biblical greatness, to come up suddenly against intimations approaching Proust's *Sodom and Gomorrha*. One hears angels reporting on God's counsels and is told at the same time about the traffic problems in Sodom; with the gardener who, according to the Biblical version, could have saved the cities and who prudently enough is not married, one ascends into the regions of pure philosophy, only to be transplanted into a music-hall atmosphere by a Samson and Delilah scene. This mixture of styles is part of Giraudoux' method which, in turn, seems entirely without method. Giraudoux is hard to place. Is he neo-romantic? Byzantine? Does his art point forward or back?

**GREEK LEGENDS AND ALL OF EUROPE**

In 1943, Giraudoux' influence on the French stage once more became apparent by the fact that his manner of reinterpreting antique themes found several imitators, giving a new impetus to the antique genre of play. During the summer, the production of *Les Mouches* by Sartre gave rise to considerable controversy; it is a new version of the Electra theme. And at the beginning of the winter season, two unknown authors appeared with modernizations of Greek legends: Gabriel Aycout with an Orpheus play, *La Peur des Miracles*, at the Vieux Colombier Theater, and Georges Neveux with *Voyage de Thésée* in the Mathurins Theater.

Neveux' spiritual interpretation of the legend of the Minotaur is a skillful and beautiful one. Theseus realizes that the Minotaur is man's second ego, his lower ego, which he must conquer in himself in order to live nobly. This realization comes to him just as he is about to lose himself in his love for Ariadne and remain bound to her by the famous thread. He and his companions are spared the walk through the Labyrinth. Even so, the labyrinth is there: in the play itself, through whose uncertain and unclear passages one must wind one's way to arrive at the new interpretation.

Characteristic of the present spirit in Europe was the strikingly large number of plays from other European countries produced last winter on Paris stages. *Architect Solness* and *Hedda Gabler* by the Norwegian author Ibsen were played at the Montparnasse Theater; *Summer Lightning* by the Swedish
dramatist Strindberg at the Théâtre de Poche; the Irishman Bernard Shaw’s Pygmalion at the Hébertot Theater; and The Judge of Salamis by the Spaniard Calderón was performed by the ensemble of the Berlin Schiller Theater at the Comédie Française. The German writer Gerhard Hauptmann’s Rose Bernd and his Fuhrmann Henschel were played, the latter at the Odéon, and his Iphigenie in Delphi at the Comédie Française; Hebbel’s Maria Magdalena was produced at the Odéon. With this performance the Odéon commemorated Hebbel’s stay in Paris a hundred years ago, where he committed his tragedy Maria Magdalena. The Opéra also followed this European trend when it produced the opera Peer Gynt, composed by Werner Egk, a German, and with a theme taken from Norwegian legends. 

**REVIVALS**

But on the whole, the playbills are dominated by revivals. The Comédie Française disinterred Corneille’s last tragedy Suréna, written when he was old and unhappy with the aim of outdoing Racine’s Iphigenie, in which attempt, however, he was not successful. The oblivion into which this tragedy had fallen since 1699 was doubtless not undeserved. But the Comédie Française feels itself in duty bound toward its own author and never forgets its pedagogic mission.

The actual opening of the season was provided by Claudel’s Soulier de Satin, which the author himself has so shortened and condensed that the play can be performed in one evening. The press announced this as a première, but in reality it had already been performed by the Pitoëffs, in common with many another play decried as “unperformable.”

Another resuscitation was the production of Balzac’s first play, École des Ménages, revised, that is to say, shortened, by Jean Meyer of the Comédie Française; this was the first performance of this play since the days of Antoine’s youth. A brilliant caste is the saving of this melodrama, whose stage effects are so exaggerated that the play would hardly be accepted without the protection of the great name.

Proven dramatic products are being shown at the Gymnase, which is now under the new management of Paule Rolle. She has taken over the entire repertoire of Paul Raynal, which this author had withdrawn from the Comédie Française in his annoyance over the neglect his plays were undergoing there. Now the Gymnase—where the musical Rêves d’Amour has at last faded away—has revived Raynal’s first play, Le Maître de son Cœur. It still thrills one by the violence and abundance of its dialogue, which were originally something entirely new.

**J3 AND OTHER COMEDIES**

Among the comedies, the production of J3 ou la Nouvelle École by Roger Ferdinand at the Bouffes Parisiennes is well above the average. Ferdinand made a name for himself between the two wars as an author of harmless comedies which always just managed to avoid the burlesque. His new, slightly too long four-act play boldly enters into modern times, so that one expects a comédie des mœurs; but then the author turns off toward the eternal human commonplace. As indicated by the title ("J3" is the Food Bureau’s term for young people from thirteen to twenty-one years of age) the play is a schoolboy comedy. Having failed in their spring examinations, the boys are supposed to prepare themselves for the autumn exams during their summer holidays. Instead of this, however, they use their dingy provincial school for a roaring black-market trade in cigarettes, material, and coffee; and instead of devoting themselves to their grammar they raise a young pig by the name of Isidor. They have already chased away half a dozen tutors. In the end, however, they are tamed, enchanted, and led back to their work by a young female professor.

For sheer entertainment, we may also mention the medieval operetta Feu du Ciel at the Théâtre Pigalle. The popular singer Jean Tranchant wrote it: words, lyrics, and the music with its catchy tunes. He also plays and sings the leading part. Rather a lot for one man. The Théâtre Pigalle put all its revolving and rising stages to work, which seemed to delight the audience just as much as the scintillating performance of Elvire Popesco, who made her first appearance in an operetta. Thus Tranchant got in ahead of his colleague and rival Charles Trenet, for the latter is also planning a sort of operetta, the text of which, however, has been written by Sacha Guitry and is said to be intended to show off the talents of Sacha’s present wife Geneviève.—M.K.
VERSAILLES OF THE POPES

By THÉODORE VAUCHER

We have become so used to reading about European cities being bombed that few names of places raided have stuck in the memory of the average newspaper reader. Yet one name did stand out last month: Castel Gandolfo. This summer residence of the Pope in the Alban Hills is not Italian territory: it is just as extraterritorial as the Vatican City. Hoping to find safety from Allied bombs in this place without military importance or military installations, 15,000 civilians sought refuge there. The world was shocked when in February Castel Gandolfo was raided three times from the air, more than 500 civilians being killed.

The following article describes the Castel Gandolfo of yesterday.—K.M.

CASTEL GANDOLFO: a name that evokes in the inhabitants of Rome the idea of holidays, of rest, of coolness; it stands for retreat into the Alban Hills, for flight from the heat. Emperor Domitian discovered the charm of these wooded hills; and today, in the gardens of the papal estate, one can still see the remains of the sumptuous villa which he built here, a villa almost as large as that of Hadrian near Tivoli and which was a regular town.

But not until the seventeenth century do we see the birth of the great tradition of papal reconstruction. Before Paul V, Castel Gandolfo was uninhabitable, but this Pope had the small lake of Turno drained, as its waters were poisoning the surrounding country with malaria. In this way, he prepared a place where his successors could come and spend the sweltering summer months. Urban VIII was the first Pope to start the fashion of country estates. When he was still Cardinal Maffeo Barberini, he built at Castel Gandolfo the villa which the princes of the Barberini family still occupy to this day. When he became Pope he commissioned his architects Carlo Maderna, Bartolomeo Breccioli, Domenico Castelli, and his great protégé Le Bernin to erect the papal palace, a beautiful palace in the French style which, however, does not have the magnificence of the other buildings of the seventeenth century. Great simplicity of line and an atmosphere of intimacy and yet of grandeur make it the ideal residence for a sovereign pontiff. The large parks with their woods and flower beds, the profusion of statues, and the natural beauty of the site, have led the Romans to call Castel Gandolfo, somewhat pompously, the “papal Versailles.”

With the Pope, his entire court and its functionaries settled in the Alban Hills for the summer. Princes and cardinals built smaller but just as magnificent villas. A summer resort gradually developed.

However, if Alexander VII embellished the garden and the palace, if Clement XI made frequent stays there on the advice of his famous physician Lancisi, other Popes neglected to go there. Pius VII had a large number of the statues which decorated the park moved to the gardens of the Quirinal. The most tempestuous years in the history of Castel Gandolfo began with 1798, the year when the French seized it. After the fall of Napoleon, the summer residences were used again till 1870. Pius IX was not very fond of the place. He used to go there, he would say, to meditate on death.

And then for sixty years it was deserted. The palace remained closed, wild grass invaded the park, and the whole estate took on that sad, mysterious air peculiar to empty houses.
The Lateran convention of February 1929 confirmed as papal property the palace of Castel Gandolfo, the Villa Barberini, and the Villa Cybo, which thus became part of the state of the Vatican City. The papal architects were entrusted with the work of uniting the three properties, making them into one. This was a considerable undertaking, since they covered an area larger than that of the Vatican City itself. It was necessary to renovate and repair the palaces and restore the gardens and the park, transforming everything with due regard to the works of the past by harmonizing the style of new constructions with that of the existing buildings.

The papal apartments at Castel Gandolfo are almost an exact replica of those of the Vatican. Many new constructions have arisen, for the requirements of a modern papal court are infinitely greater than those of even the most magnificent court of the past: garages had to be built, a power station, and a radio station which, incidentally, was used for experimenting with some of Marconi's discoveries in the field of wireless telegraphy. In the gardens, above hundred-year-old pine trees, rises the aluminum cupola of the new astronomical observatory.

To supply the papal court with food a model farm was established. The stables are spotlessly clean, airy, cool in summer and warm in winter, and they contain fine selected cows. In the poultry yard, one can see chicken of the most varied species. The water needed for watering the lawns is electrically pumped from the nearby lake. Ten kilometers of wide avenues make it possible for the motor-cars of the Pope to travel around the estate. Rare plants enhance the beauty of the groves.

Within a few months a deserted hillside, where the undergrowth had swallowed up everything and where the hard volcanic rocks of which the Alban Hills are formed lay scattered everywhere, was transformed into one of the most superb residences imaginable. The site is unique: to one side, one's gaze looks out over the whole Roman countryside, stopping at the ruins of the aqueducts which break the monotony, then leaving the dome of St. Peter's to sweep out toward the sea, as far as Ostia, whose lights twinkle in the evening. Toward the other side, the view is less grandiose: it is picturesque and mysterious. Villages cling to the wooded flanks of the Alban Hills; and beyond, the two lakes of Nemi and Albano seem to be guarding a secret in their waters, which fill the craters of ancient volcanoes.

War and the Capelli Family

The following Red Cross report on the Capelli family of Naples is typical of the state of confusion reigning in Italy today:

The head of the family, Vittorio Capelli, is working in Germany as a mason; his wife Anna is recovering in a hospital in Naples from injuries received in one of the air raids on that city. The eldest son, Pietro Capelli, was taken prisoner in Tobruk and is now in a war-prisoners' camp in Canada. His brother Bruno was serving with the army group in Dalmatia which was disarmed by the Croats last autumn; he is now in Zagreb. Carlo Capelli, the third son, is fighting in a Badoglio division. Ugo Capelli, the youngest of the brothers—who has a German wife—has joined the Milanese detachment of the neo-Fascist militia...
THE WINDOW

THE ENGLISH DISCUSS THEIR FOREIGN POLICY

What is going on behind the façade of Churchill's and Eden's foreign policy? What do the British think about it? A Swiss journalist, after his return to Switzerland from an extended stay in Great Britain, has attempted to answer this question.
—K.M.

The war has given rise to an entirely new phenomenon in the political life of England: the masses of the population have begun to have their own ideas about British foreign policy. In former days, perhaps as a result of their insular character, the British people were interested in little but domestic politics; and if they did happen to glance beyond the coast lines of Old England, they were sure to stop at the borders of the British Empire. It is not so surprising that now, after four years of war, these masses of the population are taking an interest in world events which concern them directly, and that they are seeking to form an opinion on such questions as the Atlantic Charter, the future of East Asia, the future face of the European continent, etc. But what is interesting and astonishing is the independent attitude with which the man in the street tackles a field hitherto so remote to him as foreign politics.

The influence of the various party organizations has declined perceptibly during the last few years. As a result of the war, the state apparatus has moved into the foreground, and too many soldiers, sailors, and armament workers have been eliminated entirely from the influence of the parties. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that there have been no general elections for Parliament in England for the last seven years. Thus most of the men and women under thirty—who are, after all, entitled to the greatest consideration, since it is on their shoulders that the chief burden of the war is resting—have not yet been given any chance whatever to express their opinions or to identify themselves with politicians and parties, if only by voting for them.

It is from these young people, who are without prejudices and also, as a rule, without restrictions imposed by material possessions and responsibilities, that come the loudest demands for a definition of Britain's foreign policy. The soldier at the front, the sailor crossing the dangerous Atlantic, the working girl harnessed to the tiring rhythm of the armament industry—they all want to know for what they are fighting, working, and suffering. Some say simply and rather vaguely that "the world is to become better"; others have taken up a slogan formulated by the labor organ Daily Herald, and demand from the Government a "Beveridge plan of world politics."

But there are also many older people, especially among the middle classes, who regard the well-known author and radio commentator J. B. Priestley as their spokesman and who are insisting on similar war aims: a peace that will lay the foundations for lasting peaceful collaboration among the nations, that will avoid future disputes over national minorities, raw-material sources, and borders, that does not provide new sources of hatred and nationalism but really takes the Atlantic Charter as the basis for a "constitution of the world."

All the many people who think and speak in this way can be called "seekers"; they are people seeking for a new solution, a new world, who would regard the coming peace as lost as soon as it gave birth to a world which was the same as or similar to that before 1939. They are opposed by the "defenders," who reply to the "seekers" by reminding them of Great Britain's position in the world, of England's and America's political, economic, and spiritual influence, an influence which must be consolidated and increased if the world is to be given peace, prosperity, and quiet.
These are the same circles which originally showed great reserve toward the alliance with the Soviet Union, but which later accepted a formula by the Soviet Ambassador Maisky with which the latter skillfully provided them in a moment of psychological crisis: "Our countries have entered upon a partnership, not a marriage." This section of popular opinion also rejects De Gaulle, and even Benes. It instinctively tries to dissociate itself from everything which it deems "un-British," for fear that a close connection with these new foreign elements might weaken the old British traditions—and what is this war being fought for, if not for the defense of these traditions?

All this goes to show that the contrast between the two great trends of popular opinion is considerable. It is a significant fact that these two trends do not correspond to the traditional parties, social classes, or differences in generation. The "defenders" are by no means all Tories, capitalists, former isolationists, and smug old people: among them there are many leftist adherents of the League of Nations and labor union members, as has been proved among other things by the lively debates on foreign policy at the last two annual congresses of the Labor Party. On the other hand, there are also numerous "seekers" of a new path to be found in the conservative and liberal camps.

The divergence between these two trends dominates British public life far more than can be told from the ordinary official reports about England. It does not, however, affect the question of military tactics; it is only present in the political discussions on what is to come. Even in domestic politics, hints of these two trends are to be found. But there is hardly a single point of the Government's foreign policy that is not discussed and questioned, especially England's attitude toward the Soviet Union and toward the present enemy countries. Besides this, questions as to the future of the British Empire play an important part: for instance, individual responsibility of the Dominions, the future of India, and the system of "Empire government" recently suggested by the Australian Prime Minister Curtin because the British Government in London did not have sufficiently expert knowledge and versatility to administrate the Empire properly.

All these questions reveal the degree of tension between the "defenders" and "seekers." The preponderance fluctuates between the two trends: hence the attitude toward Germany, her government and her people; toward the question of Poland's eastern frontier; or toward India's constitution, represent barometers indicating the people's orientation in matters of foreign policy.

At the outbreak of war, the situation was still fairly unequivocal. The Labor Party's appeal of September 1, 1939, to the German workers contained the following sentence: "The British labor movement, which is a friend of the German people, will tell you...." There was no opposition to this formulation. The "Vansittartist" thesis that there is no difference between the German Government and its people did not gain ground until after the collapse of France; at the same time it gave a tremendous impetus to the British nationalism of the "defenders." The subsequent annual congresses of the Labor Party no longer emphasized its "friendship with the German people"; and at its congress in the early summer of 1943, a "Vansittartist" resolution on foreign policy was passed, although only after a long discussion and with a tiny majority. The barometer was clearly pointing to a decline in the influence of the "seekers" for universal peace and understanding.

Mussolini's overthrow brought a new turn. At that moment those people were on top again who declared that the Allied propaganda and diplomacy had failed to extricate Italy from the Axis front because they had used obsolete methods and had been unable to present a program for the future which might have induced the Italian people to undertake a radical shift in their political course. The "seekers," whose camp had become rather quiet, suddenly gained new supporters.

The public debate on Britain's foreign policy became more and more lively and extended to wider and wider circles. There can be no doubt that one of the main objects of the repeated declarations on the part of the Government to the effect that there was no question of a difference of opinion, much less of a conflict, between the British Government and the Soviet Union, was to pacify public opinion, which had become rather unruly, and to relieve it of the anxiety that the Soviet Union, shocked by the mistakes of Anglo-Saxon diplomacy, might withdraw in one way or another from the concert of the "United Nations."

These discussions and differences of opinion among the British people and in the British
public may not necessarily represent an acute danger to the unity of the Allies. But of one thing many Englishmen feel sure: that the political equipment of the British Government to be used for the work of reconstruc-
tion after the war requires a thorough overhauling. And all England is discussing what, according to British ideas, the new world order should look like.

W. W.

RUMANIA FINANCES THE WAR

One of the most difficult problems in warfare is that of financing the war. In fact, it is so complicated that usually it is described in a manner understandable only to the financial expert. In the following two pages our contributor in Bucharest has succeeded in presenting the problem of Rumania’s war finances clearly and simply.

—K.M.

MARSHAL Antonescu, who took over the government of his country in the autumn of 1940, could not think of leading his nation into a serious war unless he radically reformed all branches of the administration, which had been undermined by decades of corruption. One of his chief tasks was to bring order into the national finances.

The budget for 1940/41 had been made for Greater Rumania, including Bessarabia, North Bukovina, and North Transylvania. As a result of these regions being acquired by the Soviet Union and Hungary, the Government was now faced with a reduced income with which to cover expenditures which had risen considerably as a consequence of increased armaments and the restoration of earthquake damages. All unnecessary expenditures were therefore cut, thus entailing a saving of 16.16 billion lei. The tax collectors, who had formerly been in cahoots with the dilatory tax payers, soon felt the relentless hand of the Marshal. The law courts were slow and continued to lag behind; but, nevertheless, the punishment for tax evasions often followed on the heels of the deed. For the pillory and the concentration camp, both widely employed, proved far more effective than the law courts, in which skillful lawyers could often turn wrong into right. After many years of peace in which the budgets closed as a rule with deficits, the year 1940-41, a year of crises, brought in 40.98 billion lei in ordinary revenue, thus exceeding the estimated amount by 9 per cent. The Army budget and the Air Force and Navy budget, which were based on special revenues, also closed with surpluses.

PUNCTUAL PAYMENTS

This favorable development of the nation’s finances continued during the next two years. Salaries and old-age pensions were paid out punctually, and war pensions for disabled soldiers were distributed without a hitch. This fact, which might be taken for granted in many other countries, deserves special mention. For in all the previous years of peace it had never been the case in Rumania that the salaries of the Government employees were really paid every month on a certain day. Payments usually started on the 20th of every month, first in the capital, dragging along for two or three weeks until they had been made in the many small, remote towns and villages of the provinces. For pension receivers, there was never any regular date of payment. Day after day they would make their pilgrimage to the finance department, until their pensions were finally remitted. During the worst depression years, in 1930 and 1931, the salaries of the Government employees were not paid at all for months on end. Some years ago, when disabled soldiers of the Great War tried to form a procession in Bucharest to demonstrate in front of the Parliament, they were dispersed by means of fire hoses; but this did not mean that their pensions were paid any more punctually. These “normal” conditions must be borne in mind in order fully to appreciate the achievements of Antonescu’s Government during the difficult years of war.

The fiscal year 1941-42, with its 66.19 billion lei of ordinary revenue, also surpassed the estimates by 47.5 per cent. The extraordinary budget for national defense yielded another 19.59 billion lei of revenue; together the revenues surpassed ordinary expenditures by 37.11 billion lei, which amount was added to the amounts used for financing the war. The fiscal year 1942-43 brought a further considerable increase in revenue. In this case, however, the increased circulation of
bank notes and the decline in the purchasing power of the Rumanian currency must not be disregarded. In this second year of war, the ordinary income amounted to 112.911 billion lei, which was 55.7 per cent higher than the estimated revenue and 70.1 per cent higher than the ordinary income of the previous year. The extraordinary budget for national defense also closed with a considerable surplus.

MORE INDIRECT THAN DIRECT TAXES

In the current fiscal year 1943/44 the hitherto separate budgets were combined into a single one in which expenditures are divided into two large groups, military and civilian. 48.2 per cent of the entire ordinary budget is needed for civilian expenditure, while more than half of the ordinary revenue is used for military purposes. The estimates of this new budget have again been increased considerably in comparison to those of the previous year, amounting now to 171.88 billion lei. The budgets of the Government monopolies and commercialized Government plants, which are attached to the ordinary national budget, amount to a total of 192.96 billion lei, so that, including the special budgets for the autonomous provinces of Bukovina and Bessarabia, the estimates reach a total of 373.96 billion lei, that is, one third more than in the previous year.

A foreigner passing through Rumania is often amazed at all the different-colored revenue stamps which every waiter, in restaurants or dining cars, sticks on the bill. Later he finds similar revenue stamps on the bills for every purchase, on every movie ticket, on every public notice and every theater program. The reason for this time-wasting mania for stamps is to be found in the fact that, as a result of its inadequate tax apparatus, the Rumanian financial administration has to rely chiefly on revenue from indirect taxes, stamp taxes, etc. Although these indirect taxes cannot be socially adjusted as fairly as the direct taxes, they are easier to collect. Thus in the current budget the revenue consists of 56.6 per cent indirect taxes and only 18.6 per cent direct taxes, while 19 per cent represents income from the monopolies (tobacco, alcohol, matches, salt, gunpowder, playing cards, etc.), which can also be reckoned as indirect taxes.

For the actual financing of the war, a special finance plan was drawn up. It is based chiefly on the surpluses from the ordinary national budgets, furthermore on domestic loans (so far two in number) as well as on the issuing of short-term treasury notes. In addition there are extensive credits made by Germany to her Rumanian ally on the strength of the credit agreements of December 4, 1940, January 17, 1941, and January 17, 1942. These are in the form of war material which does not have to be paid for until after the war.

GOLD COVERAGE MAINTAINED

Under these circumstances, Rumania was able to carry out her war financing almost without any strain whatever on the National Bank. During the Great War, she had financed three quarters of her war costs with the aid of the bank-note printing press, which had led to a serious devaluation of the Rumanian currency. In spite of the fact that the Rumanian National Bank has had to increase its bank-note circulation from about 36 billion lei in the last year of peace to about 132 billion lei, it now occupies one of the most stable positions in Europe from the point of view of currency. The fact that it is anxiously clinging to gold coverage, which is still 29 per cent above the statutory minimum, is understandable, since Rumania is the only country in Europe which possesses a gold-mining industry worth mentioning (2,585 kilograms of fine gold in 1942).

But, quite aside from the question of currency, the problem of financing the war has so far been solved to the extent of 80 per cent by ordinary revenue, so that, from a material point of view, only a small part of the burden of the war has been shifted onto the shoulders of future generations.—P.
THE MARCH OF WAR

AMERICAN CASUALTIES

In our issue of October 1943 we published a chart showing the USA casualties according to official Washington announcements. This chart has now been brought up to date.

Curves I and II (Total and Army casualties) have climbed a little more steeply during the past five months, while Curve III (Navy casualties) continues to rise very slowly. However, with the exception of the periods November 11 to 15 and January 26 to February 7, during which there are marked jumps in the curves, the rise is again gradual and continues almost to resemble a straight line, despite the long intervals of rest between offensive operations. On the other hand it is noteworthy that the four-days' period in mid-November which shows a sudden jump in Army casualties was not characterized by particularly heavy fighting anywhere.

The reason for this first jump is probably to be found in some lack of co-ordination among the different departments in Washington. On November 11, the Office of War Information computed the total casualties at 118,877. Deducting Navy casualties (31,383), we arrive at a figure of 87,494 for the Army. Early in December, however, Colonel H. Stimson, US Secretary of War, declared that up to November 15 Army casualties had amounted to 94,918, i.e., a difference of 7,424. A similar slip had occurred two months earlier. The Office of War Information had announced Army casualties as per September 14 to have been 73,192, while on September 15 the Secretary of War put the figure at 85,042, a difference of 11,850. Other Washington quarters did not arrive at Colonel Stimson's figure of mid-September until the end of October, when they admitted an Army casualty list of 85,158.

Estimates made by German and Japanese military quarters and corroborated by Allied prisoners of war, arrive at considerably higher figures. On the second anniversary of the Greater East Asia War, Imperial Japanese Headquarters published carefully tabulated and specified data on Allied losses during those two years according to which American losses in the Pacific war theater alone aggregated 276,805 killed, wounded, missing, and prisoners. German military quarters have never published their compilations of total American losses in the European war theater. However, they have estimated American casualties on the Italian mainland up to the middle of December to be 50,000. If we add the losses suffered in North Africa, Sicily, in the air war over Europe, and by submarine attacks en route, we arrive at the conclusion that the American casualties suffered on all war theaters since Pearl Harbor are probably about four to five times higher than the figures

This chart is based on official Washington announcements, the dates given being those of the days up to which the losses had been calculated. As we go to press a new casualty figure of 162,282 has been published by the US Office of War Information for March 13, 1944. This figure has not yet been included in our chart.

(I) Total casualties; (II) Army casualties; (III) Navy casualties.
announced by the Office of War Information.

A good deal of criticism of the unreliable reporting on war losses by US authorities has been made by the American press. It seems that this has finally had an effect. In the latest figures published (February 7), a period of heavy fighting (at Cassino and on the Nettuno-Anzio beachhead) has for the first time coincided with a marked increase in admitted casualties.

Although the losses in the Pacific and European war theaters are not announced separately by Washington, their ratio can be deduced. According to Washington, the US casualties in the North African campaign were 18,600 and in the Sicilian campaign 7,545. On February 10, 1944, Undersecretary of War Robert Patterson stated that the casualties of the US Fifth Army on the Italian mainland since its landing at Salerno were 25,665. Furthermore the Washington Post reported that the Eighth US Air Corps, which is stationed in England, had lost about 6,000 men up to October 30, 1943. On the basis of this figure and in view of the intensification of air warfare in the ensuing three months, we can assume that the Americans will admit the loss of at least 10,000 men of flying personnel up to the beginning of February 1944. Thus the admitted total of American casualties on the European war theater amounts to about 62,000 men. As the total admitted army losses up to February 7, 1944, were 118,128, the ratio between the losses in the European and Pacific war theaters is, according to the American figures, about 1 : 1.

**Red Trade**

He came to me from the other end of Moscow, sweaty and troubled: “You have, I believe, a volume of Simonov poems?”

“I have. So what?”

“Could you let me have it? If you are interested in coins, I can offer you a Greek drachma; or, if you are a stamp collector, a very rare imperforate Guadeloupe.”

“What do you want the Simonov poems for?”

“They are not for me, they’re for a woman.”

“Well, well, well, I understand!”

“No, you don’t understand. I don’t even know her. I only know that for a volume of Simonov poems she is willing to give a can of bedbug exterminator.”

“So the bedbugs got you?”

“Not me, but the bookkeeper of the Lumber Trust.”

“Is that your uncle?”

“No, but for the bedbug exterminator he is prepared to give a record of ‘Go away, I don’t love you,’ sung by some woman...”

“... for which?”

“... for which the box-office man at the Moscow Art Theater will give me two tickets for Anna Karenina...”

“... which?”

“... which I shall trade with the elevator girl of the Moscow Hotel for a packet of cigarettes. For that is what I need.”

(Translated from a recent Soviet publication)
THE CHEESE TIGER

By ERWIN HEIMANN

In our series of short stories of the nations we have endeavored to publish English translations of stories which are characteristic both of the literature and the spirit of each nation. The following Swiss story fulfills these requirements. Besides giving us a glimpse into the heart and mind of a Swiss mountaineer, it is typical of Switzerland's reflective literature, which is more interested in the mind and the emotions than in outward events.—K.M.

Instead of choosing the easy road over the pass, I had let myself be enticed by the glorious day to take the route across the ridge; and in the joy of my lonely climb I had not bothered about the time.

Now I was racing with the twilight toward the valley over mountain pastures from which the herds had disappeared weeks ago. I had not taken the fact sufficiently into account that it was already October, and now I was faced by a night march in which I might easily lose my way unless I made up my mind to spend the night in one of the unoccupied herdsman's huts.

In my haste I left the gently descending path to gain the valley by half running, half sliding through the steep mountain forest. I thought I would regain the path lower down. But instead of this, when I stepped out of the forest I saw a green hollow in front of me, protected on all sides by trees. The only sign of life was a single, weatherbeaten hut.

"This is where I could spend the night." I reflected and made my way toward the hut, when suddenly I noticed that a feeble light shone from the windows under the low roof. More surprised than pleased, I stopped. Not until now did I make out through the gathering dusk a man standing in front of the hut who had apparently seen me for quite some time and was looking toward me. Now I had even less reason to pass by the hut.

But when I had approached to within about ten paces of the silently waiting figure, my step faltered again. Why, wasn't that—? Yes, it was one of my militia comrades! The "cheese tiger!" The nickname by which he was known in my company flashed through my mind. I racked my brains for his real name. But in vain. So I simply held out my hand to him.

"Fancy meeting you here! What a bit of luck—why, don't you even recognize me?"

My question was quite justifiable. He looked at me suspiciously, almost with a scowl; then he looked beyond me again, into the darkening forest, as if he were on the lookout for someone. Finally, as if waking up, he grasped my outstretched hand.

"Of course I know you. You are the motor sergeant in our company."

"Yes, I bet you never expected me here, did you?" I chatted away, trying hard to cover up my frosty reception. "It isn't more than four months since the
company split up. And in a few weeks we'll be called up again."

"Yes, I suppose so," he replied absentmindedly, still looking beyond me. Only after I had stood in front of him again for a while without speaking did he finally ask: "Do you want to spend the night here?"

"Thanks, I'd like to, if you have room," I admitted.

"I have another straw mattress," he muttered. "I suppose you might as well have it."

"Were you expecting someone?" I asked, a little uncertainly.

"Yes, for a long time—but now I needn't wait any longer." With a short, dry laugh he turned to enter the hut without bothering to see whether I was following him.

All this was not very inviting. But I thought I knew how to handle these mountain people. We had four of them in our company, unkempt, suspicious, taciturn fellows, all from the same remote village. The four of them always sat together, and it almost seemed as if they shut themselves off with a kind of fear from every contact with the surrounding world. Consequently, I had felt quite proud of the fact that I was on friendly footing with them, particularly with the "cheese tiger." I was all the more disillusioned by this frosty reception. Could it be possible that these fellows were even harder to get along with in their accustomed surroundings than in the militia?

In any case, I had no call to run away. So I followed him gropingly into the darkness of the kitchen, which was only relieved by the dancing flames of the open hearth. The "cheese tiger" was kneeling in front of the fire, about to put on a few gnarled branches.

"I suppose you'd like some coffee," he said without looking at me.

Yes, I certainly would; but as he was now blowing into the fire with all his might, there was no necessity for me to answer. Indeed, the longer I stayed the more convinced did I become that I was a highly unwelcome guest. Nor was this impression lessened when my host pushed me into the small room, scantily lit by a kerosene lamp, and immediately left me again. "I have some work to do in the stable," he explained tersely.

But as I was genuinely tired and hungry, I squeezed in behind the table and began to unpack my rucksack. This gave me time to look around in the room, which contained no furniture besides the large stone stove, the table, and two bunks one over the other. But I discovered something very welcome: the name of the occupant. It was carved, several times even, into the dark wall between the windows. There was a Nägeli Hans, a Nägeli Arnold, and also an Alexander. Nägeli Arnold, yes, that was the fellow in my company. What a good thing I had discovered it! Now I no longer had to be ashamed of my bad memory. And I could hardly have addressed him as "cheese tiger."

For the origin of this nickname could not be a very pleasant recollection to its owner. We had been having theoretical instruction on questions of supplies and packing, so as to know what was most essential and indispensable for a soldier. "Well then," our captain repeated, "what do we think of before anything else? What is it that, above everything else, makes a soldier fit and ready to fight? What do you think—" the captain's voice was suddenly raised—"Sapper Nägeli?" After his previous explanation, what he obviously expected to hear was: "Ammunition."

The man who had so suddenly been called upon, surprised perhaps in a doze or anyway while his thoughts were wandering, jumped up: "Yes, sir!" He was clearly trying to remember the words he had last heard. After a short reflection, he said confidently: "Cheese, sir!"

Roars of laughter, in which even the captain joined, repudiated this opinion. The nickname which was soon coined kept the episode alive. And yet, when one thinks about it, the answer was not
nearly as silly seen from the point of view of the good Nägeli. I had had sufficient opportunity to find out what the hard but tasty mountain cheese meant to these people. They never failed to carry a piece of it with them; it seemed to them more important than bread, and in hours of need the four companions shared the last crumb among each other just as inveterate smokers share their last cigarettes. So it was by no means so incorrect for our Sapper Nägeli to call cheese the essential prerequisite for the fighting capacity of a soldier.

Now I heard my grumpy friend clattering about in the kitchen, and before long he entered with a steaming pot. He also placed some bread and a huge chunk of cheese in front of me. "There, help yourself if you like," he growled, "that's all I have."

"It is more than I dared to hope for half an hour ago," I laughed and poured myself some of the fragrant mountain coffee, made only with milk and coffee powder. "That was a lucky chance, to stumble on you like that," I added. "I thought the herds had left the upper slopes long ago."

My companion was just lighting his pipe, and he blew out such showers of sparks that I was afraid his wild, yellow mane would catch fire. Not until the first clouds of smoke were spreading under the low ceiling did he reply:

"Actually I should have left for winter quarters long ago, too," he confirmed. "But I happen to have been waiting, day after day." His blue eyes under the shaggy brows, which usually looked so good-natured, regarded me with a strangely gloomy expression.

"Who knows, perhaps you were waiting for me," I tried to joke.

"No, it wasn't you I was waiting for," he replied with scarcely veiled rudeness.

I began to feel annoyed. After all, if I was so unwelcome, I could look for another place to spend the night. How the devil was one to understand these cranky fellows? There I had believed that I was getting along fine with them. And I had always taken a special interest in this man, the "cheese tiger." Whenever possible, I had got him the much-sought-after post of assistant to the driver, as I knew him to be a very calm, reliable soldier. And now he was making it so unmistakably clear to me that my presence was extremely disagreeable to him. To put it mildly, it was unpleasant.

In a silence that weighed on me, I finished my meal. The inhospitable host had placed both his elbows on the table and was smoking as strenuously as if it were an extremely important job demanding all his attention. After I had lighted a cigarette, I asked him quietly:

"And now, shall I go on?"

Nägeli Arnold only turned his gaze toward me, without moving his head, which rested on his fists. "What makes you say that?" he asked.

"Because you make it quite clear that you would prefer me to," I explained frankly.

I had smoked half my cigarette before I got any further reply. Then it was all the more surprising: "What do you know about us, you who always live among people? You stick your noses all over the world, you want to know all about the most remote tribes. But you haven't the faintest idea about how some people live in our own country. You can't grasp the fact that life shapes us differently from you, and that we attach importance to things which apparently seem unimportant to you. For instance, a word, a promise."

"I can't remember that I—," I sought in vain to connect this reproach with myself. But he interrupted me with a heavy movement of his hand.

"No, not you. I suppose I'm not very polite. But when you live year in, year out, only with animals, you can't adjust yourself so quickly to humans. Try for a moment to imagine this life: winter quarters, middle slopes, upper slopes; then back again with the closing year, and your only company cows and calves.
and Blässi, the dog. Once a week down to the village; once a year, on January 2, to a dance; and the weeks with the militia. And in between a lot of time for thinking and brooding. Is it any wonder if you go a bit balmy? Somebody else might have forgotten everything, might have stopped waiting long ago.

His last words were only mumbled, hardly intelligible. But suddenly I recalled his curious, searching look, which had struck me when I first saw him outside the hut. "So you've been expecting someone?" I asked.

"Yes, I have, for months now." His fists suddenly sank down onto the raw, knotted table top between us. "You expect to win first prize in a sweep, and all you get back is your stake. Can you imagine such a thing? Something like that happened to me today."

"That's tough luck, for you—and for me," I admitted with a smile.

"I'll say it is," he growled. "And this'll be just one more occasion for you to think that I'm a queer dog. That's what they think of us in the company, isn't it? That's why they laugh at us."

But if I explained it to you, I think maybe you might be able to understand at least a little."

"Just as you like," I replied, trying hard to hide my curiosity.

"Of course, I'm not much good at telling a story," he began. "all I need for my cattle is a few words. But I wouldn't like you to think badly of me. And perhaps it'll help me to talk about it. Otherwise it'll choke me. For a whole year I've been thinking of nothing else. Yes, it is almost exactly a year ago, perhaps a fortnight earlier than now. The summer and autumn had been lonely, as always. As you saw for yourself—one only comes across this hut by chance. There is not even a path leading to it. There I was, sitting again at this table, smoking, wondering, and every now and again reading a little in the book that I had brought up here in the spring. Every spring I take along a book. Last year's was called Mätteliseppi, and I had already read it several times from cover to cover. That's why I couldn't get up much of an interest in it any more.

"Suddenly—it was already quite dark outside, like now—someone knocked on the windowpane, very gently. Look, over there, in that square of glass I saw a head, a face—a girl's face. I quickly left the room to open the kitchen door. I don't even remember whether I asked her to come in. I believe she entered quite on her own. A little frightened and disheveled, she stood there in the kitchen and tried to explain to me how she had forgotten the time while picking flowers on the upper slope, and how she had lost her way in the dark.

"I didn't know what to say in reply and showed her into the room. She sat at the very spot where you are sitting now, and when I brought her coffee, cheese, and bread, she set to with an appetite. She didn't even have a rucksack with her. She was spending her holidays down in the hotel and hadn't left till after lunch. That's what she told me.

"Ah, what did I care about all that! I didn't want to know to what chance I owed it that she was blown in here like a flower out of season. I could only sit there and keep on staring at her when she wasn't looking. You know, she really was a darned nice girl, not very young but not old by any means. And friendly and sensible—I never thought a city girl could be like that. It wasn't a bit difficult to talk to her. I talked more in that one evening than I had for months, and the funny thing is, I liked to talk. I told her everything she wanted to know, and perhaps even more. At any rate, she suddenly laughed and said I was a rascal.

"When she had finished eating, she at once asked to be told the way down into the valley. She was afraid that they might be worried about her at the hotel. But it is difficult to explain the way from here, and at night it is quite im-
possible to find it. One just has to know it. So I offered to go down with her.

"But then—you know, I still can't understand it—we didn't go. Whether she was to blame or I, or whether it was that other something that can suddenly spring up between a man and a woman, I don't know. We went on talking—no, it wasn't just talking any more, it was a game, as if we were playing with fire. I felt as if I had woken up from a deep winter sleep to find a bright summer day, and words came to me which I had never thought of before.

"When I finally fixed up a bed for her, over there in the lower bunk, she only smiled. I collected all my blankets for her to lie on. I would only have had the bare straw left, and that, she said, wasn't fair was it?"

Nägeli Arnold looked across at the lower bunk, and there was a gentle smile on his face.

"There are some dreams which one doesn’t like to tell," he continued slowly. He seemed to have lost the thread of his story and stared in front of him. But at last he roused himself. "The next morning she said to me: 'I'll come back to you next year, I promise I will.' And before she left me, over there in the forest, she repeated it."

He got up and went over to the stove, where he ponderously cleaned his pipe. After a while, I heard his voice again from the dark corner.

"Have you ever waited, for a woman, for some great happiness? I suppose you have, haven't you? But in your case, waiting like that is only part of your thinking. You people wait when you happen to have time. In my case, however, in my loneliness, waiting becomes life itself."

"There was nothing to distract me from this waiting. Remembering, wondering, waiting—it may seem incredible to you that one can fill a whole year with that; and what must seem even more incredible to you: it was a wonderful year. When we were called up in the winter, and I knew that I was in the same town as she, I didn't even wish to interrupt this time of waiting, although I knew where I could find her. I wanted her to come to me, and then—you know, in the city we are like cows on ice. It can't be helped.

"And then again, when I was back home, I was sometimes tempted to curse my shyness. Waiting became almost painful, especially in the last few weeks since I have been back in this hut. For now uncertainty awoke in me. You may smile perhaps and wonder what marvelous thing I was expecting. It is difficult to put into words. I am not crazy enough to think of marriage. And for anyone else, a night like that might have been just one adventure among many. But then he couldn't have felt it like I did. It was too beautiful, too great and deep to have been a sin. Even the pastor would have to believe me.

"There I am working myself up again, using big words which don't suit me. And yet today I know that it was all only a superficial adventure—on her part. Day after day I waited, being poisoned more and more by the thorn of my disappointment. Just as you found me this evening, I've been standing in front of my hut every evening, waiting and hoping, till it was quite dark. She never came. I should have driven my herd down to winter quarters long ago, but I couldn't force myself to believe it. Every morning I drove my cattle onto the bare pastures. They are getting thin because of this—"

"No. I won't think badly of her. I mustn't. But I have had to realize once again that we are different from you, slower, perhaps more stupid, if you like. And I suppose it's too much to expect people to take this into account.

"Today I finally made up my mind to move down to the valley tomorrow. And it would be today, when I was waiting for the last time outside my hut, that a figure appeared at the edge of the forest. But it was—"
"It was only me," I finished for him, this time without smiling.

LESS than two months later, our unit was called up for active service again. Naturally, I was particularly on the lookout for Sapper Nageli at the place of assembly. To my surprise, although his three comrades were there, the "cheese tiger" was not.

"At the station he ran off without saying a word," one of the mountain fellows explained to me. "No one knows where he went."

The company formed ranks, the corporal read the roll call, but the name "Nageli Arnold" was followed by deep silence. When there was no sign of him by evening, I began to get anxious. Had he perhaps become more deeply entangled in his unhappy affair? How could we know what thoughts were seething in him?

The military police looked for him in vain. But at noon the following day he came back on his own. Without looking to right or left he went straight to the company office. No one found out where he had spent the last twenty-four hours, but by evening the whole company knew that he had been given six days in the guardhouse. And I heard the captain storm: "The stubbornness of these fellows! They're worse than mules. Not a word did I get out of him."

Some time later, when the "cheese tiger" had finished his six days' arrest, he suddenly came up beside me during a night march. "It wasn't right, what I told you," he said under his breath. "I should have known that she wasn't that kind. It was only that she was forced to postpone her holiday till the winter."

"Have you seen her?" I asked, as surprised as I was curious.

He nodded. "When I came out of the station with the others, I suddenly saw her on the other side of the road. The other fellows couldn't know, of course, why I ran off so suddenly. But I knew. And you know"—he grabbed hold of my arm—"this time I didn't wait, nor did she. Those six days in the guardhouse, I've deserved them. But even if I had been faced with six years, it would have made no difference. You see! We can be like that too!" Out of the darkness I heard a low, deep chuckle.

In this period of service, Sapper Nageli was never again guilty of the slightest irregularity. And one day I heard our captain say: "These people from the end of the world are among our best soldiers and compatriots. But they are so hard to handle that it is best to leave them the way they are. You can't bend a tree trunk."
BOOK REVIEW

Thoughts in Verse, by Eva Krahmaleff. (Shanghai, 1944, 60 pp.)

Miss Krahmaleff's first volume of collected poems is an interesting example of the work of one living in Shanghai. Although the author seems principally absorbed in lyrical and philosophical expression, her book also contains many poems which charmingly and convincingly render the unmistakably familiar atmosphere of Shanghai. We quote from the poem entitled "Rain on Bubbling Well Road":

The rain has cleared the street
Of passing feet,
It battered down the dust
A little gust
Of wind raised in the air —
And left it bare;
But those who have to cross
Take at a loss
The rickshaw as a ferrry.
The Cemetery,
Whose hapless monuments
Feel no events.

Has closed its wooden gate,
As if too late
For anyone to enter,
And in the centre
The holy Chapel's head
Sheds peace on the surrounding dead.

The volume is divided into three parts: "Nature," "People, Places, Periods," and "Sea Songs." In almost all her poems, Miss Krahmaleff looks beyond the outward appearance of whatever subject she has chosen—a Chinese lotus, a weeping willow, autumn in the country or in a public garden, the long swell of the ocean, an outgoing vessel—and expresses with great sincerity the meaning which these things reveal to her. This makes the appeal of her poems at the same time personal and yet human in a wide sense.

We feel Miss Krahmaleff's work would in future benefit by some variation in meter and rhyme; for the sincerity and lyricism of her verses are apt to be handicapped in their free, natural expression by a certain monotony in technique. —V.

DOCUMENTS

The following excerpts from Prime Minister Churchill's speech in the House of Commons on February 22, 1941, which deal with Great Britain's policy toward several European countries, form a striking illustration to our article "From Jeroboam to Bенен":

POLAND

"I have intense sympathy with Poland. I also have sympathy with the Russian standpoint. Russia has the right of reassurance against future attacks from the west, and we are going all the way with her to see she gets it, not only by the might of her armies but by the approval and assent of the United Nations. I cannot feel that the Russian demand for the reassurance of her western frontiers goes beyond what is reasonable or just.

Here I may remind the House that we have never in the past guaranteed on behalf of the Government any particular frontier line to Poland. We did not approve of the Polish occupation of Vilna in 1920. The British view in 1919 stands expressed in the so-called Curzon Line, which deals impartially with the problem. I have always felt that all questions of territorial settlement and readjustment should stand over until the end of the war, and that the victorious powers should then arrive at a formal and final agreement. That is still the wish of His Majesty's Government.

However, the advance of the Russians into Polish regions in which the Polish underground army is active makes it indispensable that some kind of friendly working agreement should be arrived at to govern war-time conditions.

THE MEDITERRANEAN

In Greece and Yugoslavia there are factions engaged in civil war one with another, animated by a hatred more fierce than that which they should feel for their common foe. The safest course for us to follow is to judge all parties dispassionately by the test of their readiness and ability to fight the Germans and thus to lighten the burden of the Allied troops. This is no time for ideological preferences for one side or the other, and certainly we of His Majesty's Government have not indulged ourselves in this way at all. Thus in Italy we are working at present with the government of the King and Badoglio. In Yugoslavia we are giving aid to Marshal Tito. In Greece, in spite of the fact that a British officer was murdered by the guerrilla organization Elas, we are doing our utmost to bring about a reconciliation or at least a working agreement between the opposing factions.

ITALY

The battle for Italy will be hard and long. I am not yet convinced that any other government can be formed at the present time in Italy which would command the same obedience from the Italian armed forces. Should we succeed in the present battle and enter Rome, as I trust and
believe we shall, we shall be free to review the whole Italian political position, and we shall do so with many advantages which we do not possess at the present time. It is from Rome that a more firmly based Italian government can best be formed. Whether such a government—and I throw this out as a thought—will be as helpful to the Allies as the present dispensation I cannot tell. It might, of course, be a government which would try to make its position good with the Italian people by resisting as much as it dare the demands made upon it by the Allied armies.

I should be sorry, however, to see any unsettling change made at a time when the battle is at its climax, swaying to and fro. The representative Italian parties who assembled a fortnight ago at Bari are, of course, eager to become the government of Italy. They will have, of course, no electoral authority and no constitutional authority until the present King has abdicated or he or his successor invites them to take office. It is by no means certain that they would have any effective authority over the Italian armed forces now fighting with us. Italy lies prostrate in her misery and her disasters. Food is scarce. The shipping to bring it is voraciously absorbed by the ever-expanding military operations.

YUGOSLAVIA

In Yugoslavia, two main forces are in the field. First there are the guerrilla bands under General Mihailovich. These were the first to take the field and represent to a certain extent the forces of old Serbia. For some time after the defeat of the Yugoslavian armies, these forces maintained a guerrilla war. We were not able to send any aid or supplies except a few dropped from airplanes. Mihailovich, I much regret to say, drifted gradually into a position where some of his commanders made accommodations with the Italian and German troops which resulted in their being left alone in certain mountain areas and in return doing nothing or very little against the enemy.

The partisan movement has outstripped in number the forces of Mihailovich. Around and within these heroic forces, a national and unifying movement has developed. Communist elements had the honor of being the beginners; but as the movement has grown, a modifying and unifying process has taken place, and national conceptions have supervened. In Tito the partisans have found an outstanding leader, glorious in his fight for freedom. Unhappily, perhaps inevitably, those new forces came into collision with those under Mihailovich. Many tragic fights took place, and bitter feuds sprang up between men of the same race and country whose misfortunes were due only to their common foe. At the present time, the followers of Tito outnumber manifoldly those of Mihailovich, who acts under the name of the Royal Yugoslav Government. Of course, the partisans of Tito are the only people who are doing any effective fighting against the Germans now.

For a long time past, I have taken a particular interest in Tito’s movement and have tried and am trying by every means to bring him help. A young friend of mine, an Oxford don, Captain Deakin, now Lieutenant Colonel Deakin, entered Yugoslavia by parachute nearly a year ago and was for eight months at Tito’s headquarters. On one occasion they were both wounded by the same bomb and became friends. From Deakin we derived a lively picture of the whole struggle and its personnel. Last autumn we sent a larger mission under Brigadier MacLean, Member of Parliament for Lancaster. Having joined the Foreign Secretary and me at Cairo to report, he has now entered Yugoslavia by parachute. I can assure the House that every effort in our power will be made to aid and sustain Tito and his gallant bands. The Marshal sent me a message during my illness, and I have since been in constant and agreeable correspondence with him. We intend to back him with all the strength we can draw on having regard to our other main obligations.

What, then, is the position of King Peter and the Royal Yugoslav Government in Cairo? Peter as a boy of seventeen escaped from the clutches of the Regent and, with the new Royal Yugoslav Government, found shelter in this country. We cannot dissociate ourselves in any way from him. He has undoubtedly suffered in the eyes of the partisans by the association of his government with Mihailovich and his subordinate commanders.

The position is a somewhat complicated one, and I hope to have the confidence of the House in working with the Foreign Secretary to unravel it as far as we can in concert with our Russian and United States allies, who are, I am glad to say, sending missions to Tito.

GREECE

The saddest case of all is that of Greece. Everyone recalls with sentiments of admiration the way she met the attack made upon her by Italy and then by Germany. It is painful to see the confusion and internecine strife which have broken out in Greece, attended by so many instances of treachery and violence, all of which have been to the advantage of the German invader, who watches with contemptuous complacency Greeks with munition sent to them with the purpose of killing Germans.”
IN THE WAKE OF THE BLITZ

By LILY ABEgg

Dr. Lily Abegg is a Swiss journalist who witnessed part of the German western campaign in this capacity and vividly describes her experiences in the following pages.

No more than four years have passed since that campaign began on May 10, 1940. But how remote it already seems! In the years since then, the war has become far more serious and bitter, and battles are no longer counted by days but by months. One might, therefore, feel inclined to regard the western campaign as just one among many episodes of the war. But that would be wrong. It deserves a special place in history, for it has made possible the present struggle of all Europe against the United States and the Soviet Union. It also proved to the whole world the weakness of Germany's opponents. France has drawn her conclusion from this realization and is now in a process of transformation. Only England, who was defeated just as badly in the western campaign in a military and moral sense, believes that everything can go on as before, failing to realize that she owes her present relative safety not to her own strength and not even so much to her island position as to the USSR and the USA.—K.M.

Instead of driving straight to Aachen we'll go via Cologne and look at some churches." With these words a captain of the German Army asked us on June 8, 1940, to take our seats in a few gray army automobiles standing in front of the building of the High Command of the Armed Forces in Berlin. Our party consisted of two Japanese reporters, three radio announcers, and myself, and we really felt no inclination whatever to go sight-seeing in churches. We wanted to travel as fast as possible via Aachen to Belgium and on into the battle zone.

Our big Mercedes touring cars hurtled westward along the wide new motor highway. Private motor traffic having stopped entirely as a result of the war, we had the highway to ourselves, and our driver, a typical smart Berlin boy, kept his foot pressed down on the accelerator. It was a fine, warm early-summer day, and throughout our trip we were to enjoy similar fine days, for, during almost all of the campaign, Europe experienced a spring and summer of such magnificence as is not often seen. Soon we were passing through Westphalia, where we were struck by the bridges and viaducts of the Autobahn, which are flung across the rivers and roads in arches built of beautiful red sandstone. Not having been in Germany for more than three years, I was surprised by these and countless other new public and private buildings; it seemed to me that an attractive, comprehensive architectural style was beginning to develop.

Our Captain, who, it turned out, was in private life the director of the German Academy in Rome, intended to include as many famous cathedrals and town halls as possible in our itinerary. A visit to the battle fronts with lessons in history of art! While listening to the Captain's reflections on Romanesque churches and Gothic cathedrals, we almost forgot the real purpose of our journey; above all, we lost all sense of traveling into enemy territory. But that, in addition to the beautiful buildings of Liège and Brussels, we were also to see the cathedrals of Amiens, Soissons, Reims, and even Notre Dame in Paris, was still unknown to us then; for the battle of the
THE XXth CENTURY

Somme had only just begun at that time.

In Cologne we drove through narrow streets to a cafe situated on the station square, right next to the cathedral. The two Japanese inquired where the cathedral was. They could not understand why we laughed at their question, until I slowly pointed upward with my hand. Their eyes raised, they stopped as if rooted to the spot. They were speechless; but they sensed that something of Europe’s spirit was revealed to them by this mighty cathedral.

Our “trip to the front” began with visits to several well-known churches in Cologne (all of which have meanwhile been more or less heavily damaged by the air raids). As a result, we arrived in Aachen so late that we found it hard to get quarters for the night. At that time the city was still a supply center for the battle zone, and all hotels were occupied by the Army. On the following morning, at the Belgian frontier, we had to show our passes. These permitted the bearer to proceed to “the battle zone in Belgium and France,” with no restrictions. Later, when Paris and many other towns fell, we could go there without any trouble.

THE initial battle zone we inspected was the famous forts of Liège, the first being the great Fort Baptise, a sister fort to Eben Emael, which latter had been captured in so sensational a manner by German parachutists. At first we were unable to discover how Fort Baptise had been taken. For two hours we roamed around the subterranean passages, went up and down with the elevators, and climbed onto the concrete domes. We did not dare to ask the Captain, as we were afraid that he might discover a cathedral near by. Our not exactly expert examination led us to the conclusion that the resistance of this fort must have been broken chiefly by the German artillery and Stukas. We could tell that the Belgians had, like the French, stayed in their holes, i.e., the forts, instead of trying to oppose the enemy in the open too. The defense had certainly been prepared, but why, we asked ourselves, in so unintelligent a manner? One can hardly accuse the Belgians and Frenchmen of cowardice. The commander of Fort Baptise, who had been seriously wounded, had himself carried back from the hospital to the fort, where he died at his post. The commander of the small fort of Fleuron, situated behind Fort Baptise, killed himself when he was forced to surrender. No, there was something else wrong here; during the next few days we gradually realized what it had been.

Belgian soldiers were still on duty in the fort to keep the electric plant, the water supply, etc., going. As they showed us the way through the fort they kept on exclaiming: “We couldn’t help it, it all happened so quickly,” or “We don’t know ourselves how it could have happened!” It sounded as if they had to apologize. All over the place there were chalk or charcoal inscriptions on walls and doors: “Vive le roi Léopold!” “Vive la Belgique!” King Leopold’s surrender had found the consent of the Belgian Army and the Belgian people; we later found confirmation of this everywhere.

They were not anti-German, these soldiers, but terribly disillusioned and embittered. Their world had collapsed or, to put it more accurately, not their real world but an imaginary one which years of propaganda had built up in them.

The German piercing of the Maginot Line and its Belgian continuation seemed inconceivable to the world at that time, so inconceivable that people believed they could only explain it by mysterious new German weapons. Some spoke of “freezing bombs” which froze the enemy to death; others of “heat bombs” which were able to melt artillery parts. Actually, however, the fortresses were captured, so to speak, in an entirely normal way and with weapons whose principles were known all over the world. To tell the truth, we too were surprised, not because we discovered a miracle but, on the contrary, because our first experiences led us to suspect that there
had been no miracle at all. Had we not secretly looked for the effects of “freezing bombs” in the forts? Had not one of us even believed to have found a gun barrel bent out of shape by heat?

In Liège and later in other towns we had ample opportunity for admiring the accurate work of the German Stukas and artillery. Sometimes, all the houses around a church had received hits, while the church itself had remained unscathed. In the German High Command in Berlin there was an art historian whose job it was to inform the fighting forces of the location of artistically important buildings which were to be spared.

“We’re gonna hang out our washing on the Siegfried Line,” we read on a wall in Louvain. This was as far as the English had got. Here we began to meet crowds of returning refugees, on foot or in overflowing motorcars, with prams or carts, beside which trotted their faithful dogs. They were returning to their villages where roses were blooming in front of the houses, in front of those that had been spared as well as of those that were destroyed. In spite of the wrecked war material lying about, it was a peaceful scene.

But why were there so many soldiers among these people? Had the Belgian Army not been taken prisoner? Some Belgian soldiers were smoking cigarettes with the German soldiers or were helping them at their work. A few Belgian officers, still with their swords and marks of rank, exchanged salutes with German officers. We were to be given an explanation for this curious state of affairs in Brussels.

BRUSSELS, which had been outside the main zone of fighting, made a peaceful impression. So far we had only seen half-empty towns and villages and refugees; and now we were suddenly in a large city full of people among whom the German occupation troops were hardly noticeable. Here one could stay in comfortable hotels and sit in cafés without the population even noticing that one was a stranger.

I went off on my own for the first time, called a taxi, and looked up my Belgian friends whom I had often visited in former years. To be quite frank, I did not feel quite at ease. Although I did not expect an unfriendly reception, I was afraid of a somewhat strained atmosphere. My friends belonged to the intellectual circles of Brussels; they were authors and painters whose second home was Paris and who had never been to Germany. But when, on going in, I was greeted with the words: “Les Allemands sont charmants,” I was so taken aback that I could only assume that the mental state of my friends had suffered from the impact of events. I soon learned, however, that what they meant was that the German troops were not living on plunder but had brought their own food; that the Gestapo had not yet hung anyone; that they themselves had fled and owed their rapid return to Brussels to the German Army; that the German army automobiles ran on real rubber tires and not on inadequate “Ersatz,” as the Belgian newspapers had claimed; that their own authorities had completely lost their heads since the beginning of the German offensive and that there had been utter confusion; that on their flight one had been presented with a shirt, the other with a pair of shoes, by a German officer; that the German soldiers were disciplined and polite, and that all they had heard up to now about Germany—and this was the essence of all they had learned—had been nothing but lies. This was why, they explained after many other astounding comments, they had had enough of their own fugitive government as well as of the French and English, and were ready to “give the Germans a chance.”

The surprisingly pro-German feeling in Belgium at that time could not maintain itself in the same degree as the war progressed. Under the impression of the German victories, the people suddenly expected everything from the Germans: bread, work, orderly social conditions and, above all, peace. It was inevitable that the ensuing winter, when food be-
came scarcer and a ration system was introduced, should bring a certain disillusionment. Germany was just as little able to bring the longing-for peace to the Belgians as to herself. But, in spite of the resultant difficulties, the Belgians have kept to their fundamental attitude of "giving the Germans a chance." The disappointment over the English and the French was so bitter that the Belgians never got over it.

When I was in Europe in 1940 (I also visited Switzerland, Italy, Holland, Hungary, Poland, and the Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia) I gained the conviction that a German victory was the best method to acquire sympathy for Germany. The prejudices existing in neutral countries against Germany are based less on an antipathy to Germany—a country with which most of the people are not even acquainted—than on the traditional habit of looking to the old masters of the world, i.e., England, France, and the United States. These powers, among which only France has so far disappeared, won the first world war, and the neutral countries regard it as the lesser risk to place their bets on these powers again in this war. People are not pro-German because they are not yet convinced of Germany's power. The moment Germany's victory is no longer in doubt in the eyes of the world, many people will suddenly discover their pro-German feelings. How unpopular were the English before they secured their position as a great power! The sympathies for England arose in the second half of the nineteenth century; today they are vanishing again in many parts of the world in step with the decline of England's power.

The Commander in Chief of the German armed forces in Belgium and at that time also in northeastern France, General von Falkenhausen, had taken up quarters with his staff in the Hotel Plaza. The staff was not very large and formed only the apex of the administration, almost all Belgian officials having remained at their posts. Many of the German staff officers who had been here during the Great War had only recently arrived in Brussels again; they could not get over the difference between the German occupation of those days and the present one. During the Great War the Germans were hated and shot at from ambush, so that no one dared to go out without being armed. And today? Some of the officers showed their pistol holsters—there were no pistols in them, but instead letters, spectacles, documents, etc. The same peaceful atmosphere reigned in all the towns of Belgium and northern France. Later on in Paris the German soldiers went out from the very first day without their rifles, while mounted French gendarmes with carabines maintained peace and order.

General von Falkenhausen told us that the Belgian authorities were co-operating very satisfactorily. When, after an act of sabotage, twenty citizens were arrested as hostages, two high officials offered to take the place of the hostages. Thereupon the military authorities released the twenty hostages without, however, arresting the two officials in their place. The General felt confident that the perpetrators of the act of sabotage would still be found and arrested.

"As for the prisoners of war," the General said, "I don't know myself yet what to do with them." The officers laughed: "Usually we simply let them go; nothing has ever happened!"

In the evening, when we went to a restaurant, the General did not use his gray army motorcar with the standard of the Commander in Chief, but an ordinary private car. Enemy country? I had actually almost forgotten it. In the restaurant we were all just as much at ease as in Berlin, and the German supreme commander was treated like an honored guest of old standing.

The people in Belgium were impressed and saddened by the rapid events of the last few weeks, which had taken from them, at least for some time to come, their independent kingdom. But they were not so despondent and filled with consternation as the French. King
Leopold has probably never been as close to the hearts of his people as during this time. Everywhere the portrait of the King was decorated with flowers and black ribbons bearing the inscription "For Our King." In front of the Palace in Brussels and out at Laeken, where the King was living as a prisoner of war, there were always piles of flowers.

When we left Brussels on June 12 to drive to Boulogne via Lille, the German armies were advancing everywhere and had already reached the Marne near Paris. The uncertainty as to whether there would be a battle for Paris was weighing upon everyone. An elderly German colonel grumbled: "If I have to shoot on Paris, the whole war has no meaning." And this was the attitude of all the officers, with the exception perhaps of the youngest among them, who had not given the matter any thought.

Along the road between Brussels and Lille we saw destroyed villages in increasing numbers; there was still a stream of returning fugitives coming toward us. Abandoned trucks, tanks, and cannons lay at the side of the roads. Large provisional signposts bore the English inscriptions: "To Arras," "To Dunkirk." In Tournai we hurried to the great Gothic cathedral with its many towers, and then to the railway station, where the English troops had passed through on their retreat. Countless empty claret and brandy bottles covered the floor of the restaurant and even the platforms. British overcoats, knapsacks, helmets, and blankets lay all over the place.

Throughout our trip, wherever we saw empty bottles lying around we found traces only of the English, never of the French. One of the main impressions I gained was that the English must have always been terribly thirsty.

The weather continued to be magnificent. Except for the people on the road, not a soul was to be seen, and the villages and fields lay deserted. But the cattle was there and the horses. The cows stood in the pastures with full udders and lowed with pain. The hides of some of the animals bore scratches; they had probably tried to break through the hedges in their search for water. The war had passed over them. The fleeing farmers could not take them along, and in the first days of fighting the German soldiers also had no time to milk cows and water the horses. However, the farmers had provided for their animals as well as they could. Everywhere there were buckets, basins, and even bath tubs filled with water standing in the pastures.

Now we came into France, to Lille. It was here that we had the only unpleasant scene of our whole trip. We were sitting in a café at the square in front of the town hall, when a woman approached us to collect money for wounded French soldiers. She was stopped by other women, who spitefully whispered in her ear that we were Germans. Nevertheless, she accepted our money, whereupon she was abused by people on the street.

Driving on to Boulogne via St. Omer, we enjoyed the charming, fertile scenery of northern France. The crowns of the oaks and beeches already bore the luxuriant verdure of summer, and the meadows showed the deep green of June. Although many of the villages and small towns were destroyed by the fighting, the country and the fields had remained more or less unscathed. The Blitzkrieg had taken place chiefly along the highways.

What struck us in France and also in Belgium in contrast to Germany was the lack of a uniform, genuine new architectural style. The picturesque old towns and the little châteaux hidden in their parks and gardens were beautiful, but the new suburban houses, the railway stations and public buildings were ugly.

The French roads were in an excellent condition. On roads like this there could be no difficulties of supply for the Germans unless the enemy air force interfered. And it did not interfere. Unhindered, the endless columns of huge German supply trucks rolled along the
highways in bright daylight. The French Air Force had been rendered hors de combat during the first day of the offensive, and the English preferred to save their own. We did not see a single enemy plane; only at night were we bombarded in Boulogne and Amiens by the English.

The big cannons of Boulogne, which point out to sea, were now manned by German naval troops; but on the whole the town was occupied by very few soldiers. Here in Boulogne, English detachments had already fled to their ships. A Belgian military surgeon, who had remained behind to look after the wounded, told us about the indescribable scenes which took place during the embarkation of the British troops. The enemy was approaching, and there was no escape except onto the ships. Many tried to get on board but were turned back, if necessary by force: no—only Britishers! Those who had to remain behind could not understand, and curses were the last salutations for the departing ally. In Dunkirk, where three French divisions had to remain behind, this tragedy reached its climax. This is where we drove on to now.

As the town of Dunkirk came in sight, we saw black clouds of smoke rising up behind it. The edges of the road and the fields were strewn with cars of all kinds, some wrecked and some unscathed: brightly painted delivery cars of dairies, laundries, and department stores; elegant limousines and low-slung racing cars; trucks from breweries and coal dealers; motorcycles with side cars; and even fire engines. The glorious retreat can hardly have presented a very military aspect! We found it difficult to penetrate into the town, as piles of debris from the destroyed houses blocked the roads. A heavy odor of putrefaction, fire, and oil hung in the air. On a large square stood hundreds of destroyed British and French tanks and cannons. At the wharves, with their burned-down warehouses and trains, oil was still burning as well as grain. A few undamaged piles of brushes, linen, felt hats, and other goods lay among the charred rubble. Our driver discovered some exquisite French lingerie in British knapsacks, a fact which he reported to us with suitable comments. Even the stone quais were charred in places, and the water in the canals and harbor was black. When one threw a match into it, it burned.

The bathing beach had been the actual scene of the British flight. Although nine days had passed since the surrender, we felt as if we could still see the fleeing English soldiers. Here they had just abandoned their motorcars, there they had even driven them into the sea in their hurry. Here lay their coats, steel helmets, blankets, water bottles, rifles, leather pouches, shirts, handkerchiefs, books, spectacles, wallets, fountain pens, pencils, even their passports, army orders, and family photographs. Several improvised landing stages ran out into the sea composed of forty to fifty trucks placed side by side. Landing stages of this kind, so the officers told us, could be found all along the coast as far as Ostend. Close to the beach the masts and funnels of ships sunk by the Stukas stuck up out of the water.

In view of this overwhelming spectacle, it became clear to us that Dunkirk had been a military as well as a moral blow to Britain. After the panic of Dunkirk a renaissance of British morale and of the British soldier was unthinkable without foreign support and encouragement. Meanwhile, the British have landed in Italy, and a new landing attempt may occur elsewhere in Europe at any moment. But the British no longer come alone: they are accompanied by American divisions.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of that day the loud-speakers proclaimed: "This morning Paris was declared an open city. The German troops have already begun to march in." So off we went to Paris.

From Béthune to Amiens we crossed one of the main battle centers. The country on both sides of the road was a scene of desolation, and now and again we passed the graves of German and French soldiers. In a forest which from
outside looked untouched lay the grusome remains of a French artillery regiment destroyed by Stukas. We arrived at Amiens late in the evening. We found out from a German military patrol that there was no local military command here; there was only a lieutenant, to whom one of the soldiers took us. The lieutenant informed us that there were 20,000 prisoners of war in the place, with an insufficient number of guards. British planes were coming over every night, and he could undertake no responsibility for us if the bombs should fall on the prisoners' camp.

With these words he took us to one of the most beautiful little palaces I have ever seen. Although there were fires behind us and on both sides, this building had not been touched. By the light of two candles we inspected the rooms with their formal elegance and old French furniture. In the dining room the table was laid for twelve people; on exquisite china plates lay the moldy remains of a dessert; beautiful old silver spoons and forks lay beside the plates, and wine and champagne glasses, charming porcelain figures, and withered flowers stood on the table. We opened the drawers of the buffet; they were filled with valuable old silverware. Thousands of German soldiers had passed through the town, and nothing had been touched. The occupants of the house had left everything behind, even underwear, clothes, and shoes. In the sitting room of the daughter of the house, the writing bureau stood open; letters lay around, a diary, and snapshots of some good-looking young people on the beach at Deauville. The two Japanese with us said it was the most beautiful European house they had ever seen and carefully brushed off the dust of travel before sitting down on the silk-covered chairs.

At the break of dawn we hurried over to the famous cathedral, which served as a model for the cathedral of Cologne, and then drove on to Paris. On the way we overtook merrily singing and marching German infantry, horse-drawn field artillery, and a regiment with heavy motorized guns. At St. Maxense on the Oise a horrible sight was presented by hundreds of dead horses drifting down the river. We were told that the horses of a French artillery regiment had got into a panic as the result of a Stuka attack and had jumped into the river.

PASSING by the little château of Chantilly, we found ourselves after a while among suburban houses. Someone in our party said he thought it was Paris. Impossible, I declared, for St. Denis, through which we were bound to pass, looked different. Finally—we were almost at the Place de la Concorde—the Captain said a little uneasily that it must be Paris after all. None of us had at first recognized the city. Deserted streets with no people and no vehicles; all the shutters and doors were closed, so that the houses looked like dead boxes. It was like entering a landscape of the moon with apartment houses.

At the Place de la Concorde we met German soldiers and the first few French civilians. In front of the Ritz we discovered a few large gray Mercedes cars. When the Captain and I entered the hotel we knew at once where we had got to. There stood the Führer's aide-de-camp Brückner, in conversation with a famous general, and there were several other faces which we recognized from newspaper photos. The gentlemen were in a good mood and did not take our invasion of the Führer's headquarters amiss. While they were finding out the address of the local military command for us, one of them told us that there had not been a soul in the whole big hotel, and that they were just about to open up the rooms to find provisional accommodation. At that time, the presence of the Führer in Paris was a secret and of course we took care not to tell anyone of our discovery.

The local military command directed us to the Hotel Scribe, where we found a few German officers, a doorman, and one single waiter. As the doorman was busy running the elevator, we picked our own rooms and opened the windows and
shutters. Toward evening, a few more waiters turned up, so that the dining room began to take on a more normal aspect. The food was supplied by the German Army.

We strolled through the silent streets; even the German soldiers, always ready to strike up a song, were silent here. I was relieved to notice a café being reopened on the Boulevard des Italiens. In the course of the afternoon, several others followed suit. In the Rue de Rivoli a German artillery detachment was taking time out for a rest. A few heavily made up women of unmistakable profession tried to get into conversation with the soldiers. But when a group of French prisoners of war were led past, the girls turned away from the Germans and hurried over to the passing Frenchmen. There they stood, together with a few old men and women, and the tears ran down their cheeks.

At the Arc de Triomphe there were already more people, standing looking down sadly at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, some of them sobbing. The eternal flame was burning, and fresh flowers lay there. German soldiers joined the group and saluted the grave.

The atmosphere in Paris at that time was curiously subdued and unreal. There were no rejoicing conquerors, nor was there any evidence of spite toward the invaders. The French were stupefied because their Paris was occupied and their army beaten, and the German soldiers could not understand how they had got here so quickly.

A German corporal arrived with a few soldiers and explained to them the meaning of the Arc de Triomphe. He began with the words: "We are standing here on France's most sacred soil . . . ." When he read off the heroic exploits of the French Army inscribed on the arch, one of the soldiers exclaimed: "Didn't they fight a lot against us!" Another one protested: "No, most of all against the English!" and read off the long series of France's victories against England.

On June 15 the first German parade was held at the Arc de Triomphe. It was the division under General von Briesen, who later fell in Russia. After the parade the slim, gray-haired General, standing on the bridle path of the avenue, told us about the twenty engagements his division had fought on its way here via Holland. He held out his left hand to us, for the right one was injured. In spite of this, he mounted his horse alone and then rode off at a gallop with his officers. The group of horsemen in its cloud of dust, with the Arc de Triomphe and the blue sky as a background, was like a painting.

Although no more than about twenty per cent of the population had remained in Paris, the city gradually came to life again. The reason for the totally lifeless impression given by the city on the first day was that the population had been told by loud-speakers during the surrender to remain in their houses for twenty-four hours in order to avoid incidents. Now numerous refugees were already returning, on foot, in carts, or in motorcars. The German officers told us that there was a surprising lack of mutual helpfulness among the refugees, especially on the part of the more wealthy ones. When, for instance, a large, half-empty limousine was stopped with the request to take a few pedestrians back to Paris, this was often refused by those in the car.

In the cafés on the great boulevards and at Montparnasse, people were only too ready to tell us about the panic-stricken flight before the entry of the Germans. Of course, it was hardly the cream of Paris society which was to be found at that time on the streets and in the cafés. The people were curious and talkative. Again and again they touched the tires of our car and the upholstery to see whether the material was genuine. They were amazed at the large number of automobiles used by the German armed forces, and always wanted to know where all the bread came from which the Germans had brought with them. Had not all the newspapers said that Germany was on the brink of starvation? It was like in Belgium, only more so. The newspapers—Le Matin and Victoire ap-
peared again after June 16—also complained that the Germans had had too many tanks. Had they not known that before? Germany never tried to make any secret of her rearmament. Like everyone else in Paris, the newspapers abused the mistaken policy of the Reynaud government, which had just resigned.

On June 17, Marshal Pétain asked for an armistice, and on the following day we started back for Berlin. Our trip took us via Sedan—north of which town the first piercing of the Maginot Line had occurred—to Reims, which had fallen without a fight only three days earlier. Reims proved a disappointment to us, for we had hoped to enjoy a glass of champagne here. But the German command had probably foreseen that others might also have this obvious idea and had simply barred the entire deserted town.

On this day all the German soldiers we met along the road were in excellent spirits. They believed that, in view of Marshal Pétain's request for an armistice, hostilities had already ceased. The soldiers were happy about the victory but, more than anything else, they were happy that the shooting was over.

When we were back in Berlin and the armistice had been signed in Compiègne, there was no exultant rejoicing in Germany over the victory. People were satisfied and glad, but there were very few who imagined that the war was over. The experience of the Great War has made the Germans distrustful, and most of them did not let themselves be carried away by the Blitzkrieg in the West; the premonition of approaching conflicts and the readiness to face them were already there. In retrospect I often have to think of the atmosphere in Germany at that time. It explains why the Germans have held out in spite of the setbacks suffered in the fighting of the last few years. They never had any illusions, and they know what is at stake.

**CARTOON OF THE MONTH**

*By SAPAJOU*
GERMANY AND EUROPE
By W. BRETTSCHEIDER

GERMANY’S relationship to the rest of Europe is one of the issues of this war. This relationship is not fixed but in the process of evolution, and will not receive its final form until some time in the future. Nevertheless, in this article our approach to the subject will be a historical one. The viewpoint from which history is written has always shifted with the times. At present we regard it purely from the political point of view. In other words, we do not wish to reconstruct the past as if it were a thing complete in itself, in order to be able to delve into the spirit of those days; we wish to perceive the great forces and currents which were inevitable, which have produced our Today and which will flow on just as inevitably tomorrow. History is there to teach and interpret politics to us. It is that which moves us to survey history in wide sweeps and to look for those currents that are still flowing today.

What is happening in Europe at the present time has been called a renaissance. It is the second European renaissance. The first one, that of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, which spread from Italy all over Europe as far as Paris and London, Basel, Nuremberg and Prague, represented a revival of ancient Greco-Roman culture in its widest sense. It linked the old Mediterranean Europe in spirit with the new Europe of the German and Romanic peoples. Today we are entering upon a second renaissance, a genuine rebirth. What is being reborn is the living unity of Europe. And, just as five hundred years ago, the realization of the Greco-Roman heritage led to a new Occidental culture, so the realization of the Germanic heritage is leading to the forming of a new European family of nations.

THE BIRTH OF EUROPE

The spade, and the exact scientific analysis of that which the spade has brought to light, have presented us with an entirely new vision of Europe’s infancy, a vision which has turned the vague feeling of an original unity into certainty. We know now that the European peoples came to be as a result of events affecting the entire continent. A host of people, all of the same race and with the same language and forms of culture, spread out over Europe during the two thousand years from 3000 to 1000 B.C. The starting point was the seaboard area of southern Scandinavia and northern Germany. The borders of this migration, which radiated in all directions, lay in the west in England and France, in the south in Gibraltar, Sicily, and Crete, in the east from Lake Peipus to the Black Sea. One long arm, which quickly withered, reached out across Persia into India.

It cannot be denied that the migrants did not move into empty territory, that sometimes they met with superior forms of culture—e.g., in the eastern Mediterranean—that they joined up and intermixed with those peoples in whose territory they settled. But they were not absorbed; they remained as masters. This original race of Europeans—which we call Indo-Germanic when we mean its affinity of language, and Aryan when we mean its race—made Europe a united
continent by putting its stamp on the various races, languages, and civilizations existing then. Racial mixtures arose everywhere, according to what the original migrating race had found; thus the Greeks and the Romans, the Illyrians, the Gauls, and the Celts came into being. The strongest ingredient, however, in these racial mixtures was represented by the migrants from the north, who had a share in all the new peoples and whose blood constituted the family link. The fact that today, three thousand years after the birth pangs were ended, all the peoples of Europe speak languages which are homogenous in etymology and the structure of sentences and which differentiate only as do the dialects of the same basic form, reveals more vitally than anything else the uniting force of the first European migration.

There followed a thousand years in which the new peoples took on definite character. Then a second migration started from the same regions on the North Sea and the Baltic. It was the migration of those parts of what we have called the original European people which had stayed at home and had evolved into the Germanic people. This Germanic migration, which took place in the dawn of the early Middle Ages, corresponded in extent to the first; it encompassed the entire continent and touched on Asia Minor and the northern rim of Africa. It represented a resuscitation with the old common Aryan blood and was the first Germanic wave to pass over the Occident. Although the states founded in the migration were not long-lived, it is in this very renewal of the blood relationship that we see the meaning of the Germanic migration to Europe.

EUROPE AND THE GERMAN EMPERORS

Goths and Lombards, Vandals and Burgundians, and many other tribes that participated in the migration vanished from history. Only the Frankish state remained. This small Frankish state on both sides of the Rhine was destined to become the new germ cell of the Occident. It developed into the powerful empire of Charlemagne which carried on the traditions of Rome and thereby became the first organized exponent of the new, now Christian Europe.

But Europe had become small. It revolved around the axis of the Rhine and actually only included what is now France, Germany, and Italy. It was based on Romance and Germanic groups living together. During the ninth century these groups split up again: the German and the French peoples began to take shape and, above all, the German kingdom, the German state, was formed. And now it was the German people which developed its state into that medieval empire which, at least in its claims and ideas, turned European unity into a political reality. The nucleus of the empire was German, but the empire as a whole was European or, to employ the ideas of those times, Christian.

It was founded on three principles: politically, on the idea of the Roman Empire; culturally, on the conception of Greco-Roman culture; in regard to religion, on Christianity. All three pillars of the mighty edifice were supra-national, i.e., Occidental. The human foundation, however, the leadership, was German. The community of European peoples under German leadership—that is what we may call the structure of the Middle Ages. After Occidental life had been flourishing for a thousand years on the warm coasts of the Mediterranean, around Athens and Rome, it returned once again to its original home in central and northern Europe.

PARTS AGAINST THE WHOLE

The unity of medieval Europe did not remain unchallenged for a single moment. The parts of this Europe were fighting for their rights, their rights to develop their own character. But these parts were the peoples or, to be more exact, those groups of human beings which now developed into nations. The general process was that nations were formed, awakened to a realization of their individuality, and strove toward having their own national state. As a parallel development in Germany—namely, the gradual separation of the Church and of
various territories—weakened the empire, one secession followed upon another. The ideal unity of the Middle Ages was destroyed by the process of individualization in the national, territorial, religious, and social spheres. The European and the German processes reached their common climax in the Westphalian Peace of 1648. The German Empire was split up into countless states of all sizes. Europe became a mosaic of independent states which would have nothing to do with each other. There was neither any linking political idea nor any feeling of cohesion, especially as the incipient colonial expansion of the western states directed the latter's forces overseas.

**FRANCE AS THE MASTER OF EUROPE!**

So-called equality has never existed in Europe. In every state lives the desire for power. When medieval Germany lost her leading position, France did everything to become her successor. The France of Richelieu and Louix XIV approached this goal, and the France of Napoleon achieved it, although only for a few years. Both Richelieu and Napoleon were aware of the fact that a French hegemony in Europe required the elimination of Germany as a power, indeed, the smashing up of Germany into a number of small rival states. And they acted accordingly. There can be no doubt that Napoleon's policy was not directed at the welfare of the French national state only: the Corsican was aiming at a European empire. That explains his war against Russia to force her into his European system, and against England who, turned as she was toward the ocean, regarded any European unity as a threat to her rear and consequently opposed any attempt to create such unity.

What Napoleon wanted was not a federation of European peoples but the dissolving of these peoples into a single "Frenchified" large state ruled by France. This idea, typical of French rationalism, awakened the most profound forces in those nations threatened by destruction and led to the irresistible rising of the peoples, the fall of Napoleon, and the sudden end of the planned hegemony.

Those who wish to unify Europe in the future can learn one thing from the Corsican's experiment: Europe cannot be unified against the will of or without the nations. A united Europe cannot arise from the destruction of the nations but only if the peoples are allowed free rein in their process of development and maturing. England, France, and Spain were early in reaching the stage of maturity, Italy, Greece, Germany, Russia, and the small Slavic and Baltic states of Europe, however, were in the days of Napoleon still on the way to this maturity. These peoples were striving with all their political might for their national states, i.e., for the free and independent organization of their national territory.

So national states were created: Greece, Italy, and Germany in the first wave in the nineteenth century, the Baltic and Slavic states in a second wave in the twentieth century. The European family was split up into individuals. Its members developed their own character more and more clearly and set it in contrast to those of the other members. The fact that the new states were born in revolutions and wars will not surprise any one who has ever looked at the kaleidoscopic picture of Europe: within narrow confines, a multitude of talented and ambitious peoples of great energy and pronounced self-confidence, dwelling close together and frequently intermixing, unrestricted by any superior power in their pursuit of naïve national egoism.

**THE II REICH AND EUROPE**

Germany had to obtain her national state by fighting against France, in whose tradition it was to regard German unity as a threat to her own greatness. January 18, 1871, the day on which the second German Empire was founded, changed all former foundations and combinations. The vacuum in the middle of the continent no longer existed. In its place arose a new state which, by reason of its extent and population, the industriousness and high culture of its
The Marienburg on the River Nogat near Danzig. Started in 1274 and completed in 1308, this fortress is one of the finest examples of German Gothic brick architecture. In 1308, Marienburg became the seat of the Grand Master of the Order of the German Knights and thus the center of the political life of Eastern Europe.

GERMANIC BUILDINGS IN EUROPE
The Order of the German Knights carried Christianity and German culture far into the East of Europe. At Narva (a place recently much in the news), it built a border stronghold. This castle, shown on the right of our photograph, is characterized by its vertical architecture. A hundred years later, in 1492, Tsar Ivan III of Russia erected the fortress of Ivanгород on the opposite bank of the Narva River. The horizontal lines of this building mirror the endless plains of the Slavic East.

The so-called “Tower of Frederick Barbarossa” in Terni on the Adriatic. It is known that Emperor Frederick II erected a castle here in the first half of the 13th century. The present castle, however, was probably entirely rebuilt in the 15th and 16th centuries. Other castles built by Frederick II are to be found in Sicily, mighty witnesses to the Mediterranean policy of the Emperors of the 13th and 14th centuries.

In Ravenna stands the mausoleum which Theodorick the Great, the King of the Ostrogoths, built for himself before his death in 526. The decagonal building is roofed by a huge round stone slab, providing a link between the Germanic barrow and Roman architecture.
inhabitants, its military strength and the superior leadership of Bismarck, formed a powerful center to Europe.

How did Bismarck's empire behave toward Europe? Did it attempt to lead and unite the continent from its central position? Bismarck refrained from any such ideas and limited himself entirely to safeguarding that which had been achieved. Germany and Europe—to him that meant nothing more than Germany in a position of equality among the other states. Europe—that meant a combination of national states among which a balance of power was to be maintained as far as possible. Bismarck knew that Germany needed peace in order to outgrow infancy and attain manhood.

So much for Bismarck. His neighbors, however, thought differently. A newcomer wanted to dine at the same table, a newcomer had snatched a piece of power. But power in its totality does not grow; and what Germany now possessed was taken from others. Although England and Russia had looked on idly when Germany warded off France's interference, they now felt that the new partner in the European business and on the world markets was becoming too big. They had now to undo that which they had failed to prevent. That is the meaning of the Great War of 1914-18, at least as far as Europe was concerned.

VERSAILLES AND EUROPE

What did the outcome of the Great War, what did the peace dictates mean to the issue of Germany and Europe? Europe had become smaller, for England withdrew again into her imperial sphere, and Russia was eliminated for some time. So Europe was dominated by France, the real victor on the continent. Indeed, Clemenceau had not achieved all he had set out to do—he had been able to enforce neither the dissolution of Germany nor the acquisition of the entire Rhine for France—and his disappointed people sent him into political exile. But Germany's leading position in the center of the continent was demolished, and all of central and eastern Europe was drawn into the magnetic field of French diplomacy and financial power. The ring of French vassal states extended from Poland to Yugoslavia. The old dream of a European system led by France, where the center was powerless on account of internal weakness and external encirclement, and where the small and medium-sized states were nothing but political and military branch offices of Paris—this old dream seemed at last to be coming true.

For almost twenty years Europe lived under French leadership, until the French system broke down hopelessly. It was bound to break down, as it was built up on conditions which were contrary to all that was essential to the existence of the continent. For France to maintain her leadership, the following three conditions had to be fulfilled: (1) the German center of Europe had to be kept powerless and passive, which seemed to have been achieved by Versailles; (2) the eastern and central European states had to be kept in a condition of hostility toward Germany and toward each other, which was to be provided for by the new borders and the resulting national minorities; (3) these same eastern and central European states had to be included in the French system. The French system could only exist if the body of Europe was stricken with fever, and it was obliged to feed this fever for its own sake.

EUROPE AT THE ABYSS

The result was disastrous. In view of the terrible threat represented by Communist Russia, the disorganization of eastern Europe menaced not only that particular flank but the whole of the continent. Simultaneously, Europe's weakness gave free rein to British and American imperialism. While France could fall back on her African possessions, the rest of Europe became more and more the object of Anglo-Saxon world capitalism. This exploitation was consciously or unconsciously collaborating with the revolutionaries in Moscow, who saw in the destruction of Europe their
THE XXth CENTURY

great chance to deliver up the old world to the Communist International. The secret co-operation between capitalism and Communism has now turned into an open alliance, so that the recent past is revealed in the glaring light of the present. Sick Europe was in mortal danger between the two attacking international powers. The downfall of Germany was bound to be the beginning of the end, and Germany's rise the prerequisite for Europe's salvation.

THE III REICH AND EUROPE

This was what that January 30, 1933, the day on which National-Socialism came into power, meant to Germany and Europe. The new Germany, stabilized politically, socially, economically, in possession of a strong army, once again filled the center of Europe with her strength and erected the most powerful obstacle against the Soviet rule of Europe. The new Reich now set about doing what each nation must regard as its natural task: uniting all its parts into one state. It united with Austria and was determined to clear up the national problems in eastern Europe. The continent was crying out for a reorganization of its eastern parts which, owing to Versailles, offered a spectacle of senseless mutilation and of utterly opposed nationalities yoked together in misery. It was the disparity between states and peoples which allowed no peace to the regions between the Baltic and the Balkans.

The multitude of peoples living in Eastern Europe are intermixed and interlocked in their territories. The peoples governing the various states usually represented only a percentage of the total population of these states. Poland and Czechoslovakia, however, the very states which were most mixed, did not travel the path of national tolerance and equality but tried to maintain their supremacy by violence. The fate of millions of Germans outside of the borders of Versailles forced the Reich to intervene. In doing so, the German policy planned to do away with the disintegration of Eastern Europe by a generous settlement of national differences according to the principle of every nation's right to live, a close economic union among the small countries and with the Reich, and finally the creation of a unified political determination to ward off Communism. Germany's attempts in this direction were halted by the outbreak of the present war.

The situation was similar to that of 1914. After the anti-German powers had been unable to prevent the formation of the Third Reich, they attempted now to destroy it and—this is what is important—simultaneously to stifle any European community of nations that might be forming. England, America, and the USSR all agreed in this: England's traditional policy of balance of power meant the dismemberment of Europe; America saw in the new economic system and strength of the continent, which was being brought about by the Reich, an encroachment on her capitalist interests; and Soviet Russia's most powerful trends, imperialism and world communism, aimed at the same goal, namely, to make Europe Russian and Communist, i.e., to destroy it. The question now is, what is to come: a strong, united Europe, or a chaos in which England, America, and the USSR, will quarrel over the booty?

UNITY IS ESSENTIAL

But is not Europe only a word? A geographical term of quite arbitrary borders? Is it not a mere Utopia to speak of a united Europe, after its peoples have for centuries been waging bitter wars upon each other?

We are bold enough to believe in Europe, for we are aware of the strong roots from which the idea of Europe has grown and which nourish it. The community of the Occident is not an ideology—it is founded on the most durable base there is: blood relation. For that reason we placed the birth of Europe from one original race at the beginning of this essay. As a result of this relationship and three thousand years of common history, there is a harmony in the cultural stamp as well as in the mentality and attitude of all Europeans which has long
produced unity in the spiritual and moral spheres. All great changes in religious, artistic, and moral life were common to all Europe: Christianity, the Renaissance and the Reformation, baroque and rococo, rationalism and liberalism, classicism and romanticism. And in the same way the new political and social conceptions of National-Socialism are already, in a different form in each nation, becoming visibly common to all of Europe. No one can see and feel this more clearly than the European living in Asia or the Asiatic visiting Europe.

So far, however, the racial and cultural links have not been strong enough to unite the continent. The coercion of political reason had to be added. More openly and cynically than ever before, the Allies proclaimed their war aims during the last few months and announced the coming annihilation of the European peoples. And if there is any disagreement among the Allies in this respect, it is only whether the continent is to be turned into Soviet republics or Anglo-American colonies. Without a strong Germany, no individual state in Europe will be able to maintain itself between the huge jaws of Moscow and New York. Europe cannot suffer another fratricidal war among its own nations without falling victim to these jaws. Seen both from the political and economic points of view, Europe will either continue to fight out its own disputes and cease to exist, or unite and live. Today this is no longer mere theoretical speculation but desperate political necessity.

We cannot predict in detail how the new Europe will look. But it will be based on the peoples as representing the indestructible pillars holding up the structure. These peoples cannot be destroyed, nor can they be mixed and, so to speak, put into a chemical retort in order to distill them into a new "European people." Our knowledge of biology prevents us from believing in the possibility of such a solution. That for which the peoples fought for centuries, their national life, will not be abolished. The peoples have developed their own personalities and are conscious of this fact.

The goal will be to unite the peoples into a European federation of nations without any attempt at destroying the personality of each nation. We can compare the nature of this federation and its path through history to that of the human family: at the beginning there is complete unity among all members; then a feeling of independence awakens among the children, they gravitate away from the family, they become individuals who develop their personalities in conflict with each other, and they deny the ties of family; and finally they return into the family and form a new relationship—that of free and equal beings.

While those who eternally live in the past are still discussing a thousand possibilities of saving their own little selves without the aid of all the others, the living conception of Europe is daily and hourly being turned into reality. On the battlefields of the east and at their working places at home, the members of all European nations are now standing in close conjunction with their German leaders, are facing Bolsheviki shells or Anglo-American bombs, are working and fighting for the new community of peoples.

Once again, to maintain itself, Europe must preserve its creative center. In fighting for the Reich, the Germans are fighting for the future of the Occidental family of nations. Those of the nations which have joined in this struggle are fighting not only for their own people but for a community which alone can safeguard the lives of its members.
MAKERS OF EAST ASIA'S WEATHER

By REV. FR. ERNEST GHERZI, S. J.

The daily life of each one of us is influenced by the weather. Not only the farmer, but every single human being plans his day to a certain extent according to the weather. How often when making plans do we add: "If the weather is fine!"

But very few of us know anything about the forces which determine our weather. The following article explains in clear words how the weather of East Asia is caused, why we have clear and rainy days, high and low temperatures.

The Rev. Father Gherzi is the Director for meteorology and seismology at the observatory of Zi Ku Wei in Shanghai. He is a scientist of world renown, whose work is known to every navigator in East Asia and to every meteorologist in the world.—K.M.

MODERN meteorology has realized for many years that the world's different types of weather are not a function of the barometrical recordings or the thermometer readings at the reporting stations, but that they depend on the type of "air mass" which, at the contemplated place and time, causes such pressure and temperature figures.

The analysis of such masses is especially important for weather forecasting. This, of course, requires a three-dimensional research of the atmosphere, for which pilot or sounding balloons and radio sondes are essential.

Sounding balloons are rubber balloons of a diameter of anything from 1½ meters to 3 meters, inflated with hydrogen. They carry registering instruments for temperature, humidity, ionization, etc. When these balloons reach a high level, the expanding gas explodes them, and the instruments float down to the earth by means of an attached parachute. The name of the observatory is marked on the instruments, together with a request to the finder to return them.

Radio sondes are rubber balloons carrying, in addition to the meteorological instruments, a radio transmitter of very moderate power (2 to 5 watts' output in the aerial). These radio transmitters send out special signals corresponding to the checked values of temperature, pressure, or humidity. The radio-sonde balloon gives recordings all the way up which are received immediately, so that one does not have to rely on people returning the instruments. These radio sondes have been known to reach levels as high as twenty to thirty thousand meters.

In China the research of air masses has just begun, and the few series covering several years which are available have already yielded very promising results. The reason for this is to be found in the fact that in East Asia the main air masses act in a very powerful way. Nowhere in the world can we find such a strong air mass as the Siberian anticyclone, spreading as it does all over China and freezing the northern and central provinces within twenty-four hours. Only in the United States of America can cold waves of a similar kind be observed; but, as far as we have been able to ascertain, neither the thickness of this air mass nor its permanent hold over the country can be compared with that of the Siberian air current.

A real handicap to the analysis of air masses in China is the scarcity of humidity and temperature observations in the upper levels of these air currents. Fortunately, the air lines—through the most obliging co-operation of the pilots, among whom the late Captain Lutz of the Eurasia Aviation Corporation was the most active—supplied thermometer recordings which have helped a great deal to establish the characteristics of the interacting air masses.
Naturally our brief review can deal only with the really distinct air currents; it is obvious that, while mixing or traveling over the ocean or over the continent, these will gradually show aspects partially different from the original ones.

The “weather” over China proper and the adjoining seas is caused by the action of four main air masses, viz., the Siberian air mass, the trade-wind air mass, the tropical or Indo-China and Tongking air mass, and the Australian or Philippine air mass (also known as the southwest monsoon).

These air masses are of different types, and their temperature and humidity characteristics are the cause of all the weather conditions experienced all over China. The Siberian air current is, as a whole, colder and drier than the others. The trade-wind air current is relatively warmer and dry. Both the tropical Indo-China and the Australian air currents are very damp and almost equally warm. These four air masses act either alone, or two at a time, or all four together, as may happen during some months. On the earth’s surface they flow either one close to the other or intermingled. In the upper air they are found one above the other, sometimes split up into different layers at different altitudes, sometimes with a rising tendency, sometimes with a downward or subsiding motion. Each one of these conditions will produce a different type of “weather” on the earth’s surface.

In winter proper, the Siberian air mass acts almost alone, except in the southern provinces, where it meets the tropical Indo-China air mass. In spring the Siberian, the tropical, and the trade-wind air masses all act together, although with differing intensity, as the Siberian current weakens while the tropical and trade-wind currents both show more vigor. In summer the Siberian current rarely acts at all, having lost most of its strength. The tropical air mass overruns all China and Manchuria; while the trade-wind air mass, which brings us the typhoons, spreads from time to time, sometimes very powerfully, over eastern China, Nippon, and Manchuria. The reason for this westward motion of so large an air mass is still a mystery, as it has to work against the rotation of the earth. In autumn the Siberian air mass comes down again to fight the tropical and trade-wind air masses. As winter approaches, the trade-wind air mass recedes further and further eastward over the Pacific Ocean.

Three of these air masses (the Siberian, the trade wind, and the Australian) cause high-pressure areas, with clockwise (anticlockwise (cyclonic) wind rotation and relatively different effects on the climate of the region above which they are located. The tropical air mass develops low-pressure areas with anticlockwise (cyclonic) circulation of the winds.

Now let us look at each one of these air masses in turn.

The Siberian air mass is as a rule centered over Siberia, where the frozen, snow-covered ground helps to cumulate cold air, building up a tremendous anticyclone system. In the Lake Baikal region, the atmospheric pressure has been known to reach 805 millimeters and often records over 790 millimeters. These figures are the highest for the whole world. This extremely powerful anticyclone spreads southeastward in winter,
east-southeastward in spring and autumn, while in summer, being quite reduced in its strength, it flows eastward. The air flowing off all around in a diverging stream is cold and dry.

In early spring and autumn, it is often laden with very fine sand (each grain, usually a quartz particle, being from ten to forty thousandths of a millimeter in length). This phenomenon has been met with by airplanes as high as 5,000 meters. The cause of this atmospheric sand is to be found in the violent cyclonic winds raised by extratropical depressions crossing Siberia; after these centers have passed, the anticyclone returns with violence, causing strong gales, and the sand is deposited all over North and Central China. Indeed, this dusty weather is even experienced occasionally in Chosen and Tokyo. In Shanghai the sand in the air has sometimes been so thick that the opposite bank of the Whangpoo was invisible from the Bund. The snow brought by these invasions of the Siberian air is not very heavy; only in Central China, where this air mass meets the damp tropical air, can snowfall be heavy.

The original low temperature of this Siberian air (around 30° centigrade below zero) gradually rises as it approaches North China. Owing to the friction caused by its moving over the ground and to contact with a warmer earth surface, its temperature rises by 10° centigrade between Lake Baikal and the region of Peking, while, when it reaches the Yangtze estuary, we register no more than 8° or occasionally 10° below zero. In an exceptional case, Hongkong once had zero while in Shanghai the thermometer stood at minus 12° centigrade.

These invasions of Siberian air cause the familiar “cold waves” of our winter, with fine weather but icy northwesterly to northeasterly blasts of winter monsoon. The mean velocity of this air mass spreading over China is of the order of 50 kilometers per hour, but sometimes it reaches as much as 100 kilometers per hour, which explains those very sudden changes we experience, for instance, in December and early January. At sea, north-bound ships have to labor heavily against these winter-monsoon gales. The highest wind velocity registered at Zi Ka Wei, at the time of these sudden Siberian “blows,” was just over 100 kilometers per hour. The change of temperature in twenty-four hours has been as much as 15° to 20° centigrade.

At any rate, this reign of the Siberian air mass is good for our health and gives us the finest periods of clear skies of the year. The thickness of this air layer in the winter months must often be more than 4,000 meters. Nevertheless, its homogeneity is not perfect, as many small inversion layers are detected by sounding balloons, and when flying through it one feels those nasty “holes” which make some passengers “air sick.”

The trade-wind air mass spreads westward from the Pacific Ocean, where it is centered all year long. It is an important climatic factor for eastern China and sometimes, though rarely, in summer for the central provinces (Hupeh and Hunan). Its influence over the China coast begins to be felt intermittently in April and then, more steadily, in May. On the earth’s surface it produces fine, mild weather with some ball-type cumulus clouds in the morning and evening. Later on, in summer, the temperature is higher, and the highest temperatures registered at Zi Ka Wei have been under the influence of this air mass (40° centigrade).

It invades China, moving westward, but with a velocity much less than that of the Siberian air invading our regions. Nevertheless, it can cause quite a sudden change of weather in spring, when it takes the place of the Siberian air, allowing us to enjoy a balmy temperature after a belated cold spell. This usually coincides with a southeasterly wind. The trade-
wind layer seems to be able to push on below the colder layer of the Siberian air mass. In July and August the prevalence of trade-wind air means very hot temperatures by day with cooling south-easterly breezes at night. There will be no thunderstorms unless, as we shall explain later, this air mass thins out and contacts a spur of Siberian air, either on the surface of the earth or on the lower levels of the upper regions of the air.

The only data available so far concerning the humidity and temperature in the upper strata of this air mass, are those published by the Reverend Father Ch. Depermann, S. J., of the Manila Observatory. They were obtained by airplane flights and show that the trade-wind air mass, while relatively damp in the lower stratum, is rather dry in the levels above 2,000 meters.

Once well established over a region, this trade-wind air mass can reach a very great thickness. Some of our pilot-balloon soundings have shown easterly winds from the ground surface up to 10,000 meters. If we can trust our calculations, i.e., if the pilot balloon, having reached a certain height, did not begin to "float" instead of rising further, we registered even 15,000 meters, which is the upper limit of the troposphere. If this air mass meets with another, colder or damper one, it will cause condensations (summer monsoon rains). This occurs in the early spring and late autumn, at least as far as our regions are concerned.

The velocity of the trade-wind air mass at high altitudes can be very great, even exceeding 100 kilometers per hour, when this air mass is acting as the driver of a typhoon.

The tropical or Indo-China air mass is next in importance to the Siberian air mass in "making the weather" in China. It constantly tries to invade China on a northeasterly track. Even when the Siberian air mass covers the whole of China proper, this tropical air can be found in the upper levels, flowing over its antagonist from the frozen north.

The temperature of this tropical air is high and the humidity considerable. Unlike the trade-wind air mass, which causes clear skies, the tropical air mass causes very oppressive cloudy skies, often overcast. Thunderstorms are frequent, and everyone in China knows the happily short-lived periods of hsi nan feng (southwest wind), with their hot temperature and excessive humidity, even at night. Although, when the layer over the region observed is very thick (possibly up to 10,000 meters), the weather can be defined as "fine," the human body feels it to be very "heavy." As we shall show in the following pages, this air mass is the cause of cyclonic extratropical storms, heavy rains, and thick fogs. The stability of this air is great, and flying through it is quite smooth. Its important action over the surface of the earth explains many of the types of agriculture which are prevalent in South and Central China, rice being the foremost among them.

Its presence over regions in winter causes those "abnormally mild" days which are
suddenly followed by cold invasions of the Siberian air mass. In summer, when it is steady for many days on end, the weather becomes very unhealthy and trying. Thunderstorms, as we have said, are observed or experienced every day, making the whole affair even worse and damper for the inhabitants of the big city of Shanghai. In late spring and early summer (June and July) it causes that notoriously depressing period of “rotting weather” (waung mei of the Shanghai dialect).

Nevertheless, it is due to its action (humidity of the air and depression rains) that the waters of the Yangtze River rise and make steam navigation possible as far as Chungking, and that the agricultural products of this Central and Southern part of China are so abundant. When, for some unknown reason, this air mass fails to push away the cold, dry Siberian air, harvests are doomed or greatly reduced, even in the most fertile parts of our valley.

One can notice this air invading our regions when the wind and lower clouds start coming from the south-southeast, slowly veering to the south and southwest.

The Australian or Philippine air mass is caused by a stream of air arriving from the south of the equator and diverted from its southeasterly track to a northerly and northeasterly one while crossing the “line.” It is also called the southwest monsoon. We can distinguish it from the tropical air from the Indo-China regions, which also moves toward the northeast, by the fact that the southwest monsoon causes high-pressure areas with anticyclonic circulation, while, as we have already said, the tropical air mass causes low-pressure areas with cyclonic circulation. The temperature and the humidity of this diverted Australian air are quite similar to those of the tropical air mass. Perhaps it is more “gusty” and “showery.” It very rarely invades China proper, being found only over the coasts of Kwangtung and Fukien. The northern limit of its mass can sometimes be fixed to the north of Formosa, especially when a typhoon has passed to the east of this island, moving in a northerly direction.

This is enough to show how little influence this air mass has over the “making of the weather” in our regions.

II

So much for the “air masses” which cause the different types of weather. They do so when their mass is situated above the locality observed with such a thickness of body that rain clouds cannot be formed. Let us explain this.

When you enter an overheated room, you feel “warm,” as you are in a warm air mass that is entirely homogeneous; when you enter an air-conditioned cinema, you feel comfortable, for you are now in a very agreeable type of homogeneous air mass. But out-of-doors the surface air mass does not occupy the entire lower atmosphere. Above it there flows another type of air mass. In winter, for instance, if the surface air mass should be the Siberian air mass (cold and dry), there is at a certain height above the ground the tropical air mass (warm and damp) flowing northeastward. Its humidity is condensed by the lower Siberian air mass and, according to the height of this contact level, high, mean, or low clouds are formed.

If high clouds (cirri) are formed, the weather experienced on the surface of that locality will be “fine,” with the characteristics of the Siberian air mass, namely, cool and dry. If the clouds formed are of the alto-cumulus or alto-
stratus type (at an altitude of about 4,000 meters), the weather will be cloudy to overcast and still of a rather “fine Siberian” nature, cool and cold. But if the clouds produced by the contact are of the strato-cumulus or strato-nimbus type (2,000 to 1,000 meters’ altitude), the condensation will not just float, as in the case of the other types of high and mean clouds, but will fall as rain or drizzle. We then have “bad” weather.

All this goes to show that, as long as we are under a thick layer of one type of air mass, we shall experience “fine” weather with the temperature and other characteristics of that type of air mass. But as soon as the layer of the surface air mass becomes thin or, indeed, mixes on the ground with an air mass of another type (e.g., Siberian air contacting tropical air), the weather becomes “bad.” We are then in a “frontal zone.” This is the atmospheric situation which causes “bad weather.”

If the thermodynamic characteristics of the two types of air mass now in contact differ greatly, the “bad weather” will become “very bad weather,” with perhaps even a development of cyclonic centers. A depression will form which slowly starts moving east-northeastward. In these depressions of continental origin, southerly winds will bring warm and damp bad weather with drizzle or fog; while northeasterly to northwesterly winds (cold sector of the depression) will bring strong squally winds with showers and falling temperature—all conditions ideal for developing those colds so well known to Shanghai citizens! As soon as the temperature starts to fall, thundery weather will often be experienced too. This is usually the case in winter, late autumn, and early spring.

If, instead of Siberian air lying over the ground, we find the trade-wind air mass enveloping our city, and if this air mass is very thick, we shall enjoy a period of fine, warm and sunny weather with reduced humidity—until, this layer having thinned out, we find ourselves again in a frontal zone, with the tropical air mass reacting. The “bad weather” produced now will not develop into a depression but will cause stagnant fogs with rain in the morning and evening. As a rule, no thunderstorms will form, but the weather will be “bad” and “variable,” according to the alternate advances and retreats of each one of the two air masses. This happens very often in spring and summer.

Suppose now that the trade-wind mass layer on the surface be in contact with the Siberian air mass. In that case, fog banks will appear over our coasts and over our regions, usually dissipating by noon. In the evening hours, large cumulus nimbus will form and grow up with zigzag flashes of lightning, especially on the western horizon. If the surface trade-wind air layer thins out sufficiently, local thunderstorms will form, drenching the city dwellers and flooding the streets, a blessing to the ricksha pullers, as we all know.

Thus it is quite clear that bad weather is not experienced in the central regions of each type of air mass but only on the borders, and that the type of bad weather depends on the types of air masses which are, so to speak, fighting each other over our heads. A clever and experienced weather forecaster has therefore to see, according to the weather reports received, which kind of air mass is liable to come
down and mix with the air mass already existing over the region observed.

To be quite frank, an entirely reliable forecast of the motion of the prevailing air masses has not yet been perfected. Although these enormous atmospheric bodies show a kind of five- to seven-day periodicity in their motion, they are acted upon by certain general agents of the total atmospheric circulation, undoubtedly including some influence due to the attraction of the moon, which up to now have baffled all our researches. It may be that even the stratosphere has a part in this bad joke played upon the human beings, who would like to enjoy perpetual sunny and bracing weather.

At any rate, it is a fact already well established that in winter the rain- and depression-producing contact zone between the Siberian and the tropical air masses is usually located over Tongking, where it causes cool weather with drizzle. As spring approaches, that zone—100 to possibly 200 kilometers wide—starts moving northeastward in such a way that in May and early June it is located over the Yangtze River area. In April, these “contact and depression rains” have already caused the rise of the Blue River waters and pleased all the rice growers. But this beneficial rainy contact zone should not linger too long over our valley; by July it should already have settled over the southern border of Shensi, Shansi, and over the Peking and Ching-wangtango districts, which get 80 per cent of their annual rainfall in July and August.

If this contact zone remains over Central China all through summer, floods will occur or threaten to occur in the Yangtze and Hwang Ho basins. At the same time, North China will experience a drought, which may cause a famine.

Then, in October, this same contact zone between the Siberian and the tropical air masses will start its return trip and visit our shores again, say in the last week of that month. One gains the impression that the return trip is not greatly enjoyed by the tropical air mass, as its pace is not maintained at a regular speed. But the Siberian master does not permit the tropical air to imitate boys going to school. From time to time, especially in November and December, the icy Siberian air comes down with a “blow” (mariners call it a “gale”); and, in the days when we could still enjoy motoring, we knew that it was time to put an antifreeze mixture in our radiators, even if the weather was still warm, for within twenty-four hours we might find all our outdoor water mains frozen and broken. Around Shantung, this wrath of the Siberian air mass against the lazily moving tropical air mass raises violent blizzards.

As a result of these repeated panzer assaults of the Siberian master, we find by January that the contact zone is back again in the regions of Hanoi and Tourane, waiting only for its chance to start a new northeasterly counteroffensive in the coming spring.

We must also mention here that there is another type of “very bad weather” we have not yet touched upon and which the reader may expect to find described here, namely, typhoon weather. This type of bad weather also forms on the border of an air mass, the trade-wind air mass. Typhoons, however, are a subject in themselves which it would take too long to go into in detail here.

III

As a complement to what we have said about the possible influence of the stratosphere on the weather, let us now add a
few facts which, we must confess, have
not yet been co-ordinated with those
already detailed and which therefore can-
not yet be used with any real degree of
reliability.

The stratosphere (a word which means
a stratified atmosphere, and wrongly so,
as we now know that it is not stratified)
extends above the troposphere, the 15-
kilometer-thick lower atmosphere. The
surface separating the so-called strato-
sphere from the troposphere has been
named the “tropopause” and continuous-
ly oscillates, or “waves” up and down,
in such a way that its height varies con-
siderably from week to week. As a rule,
it is located over our regions at about
15,000 meters, while over the poles it is
at about 8,000 meters and over the
equator at about 18,000 meters.

One feels tempted to assume that the
oscillations of that dividing surface, the
tropopause, may perhaps in a certain
sense command the motion of the air
masses of the troposphere and so become
an indirect cause of the making of the
weather. Coincidences have already been
observed between the behavior of this
tropopause and the vagaries of the sur-
face weather; but a coincidence is not an
explanation. More data on the tempera-
ture, humidity, etc., of the upper
troposphere are needed for the reaching
of any serious conclusion.

Another coincidence fact is also avail-
able for checking whether there is any
action of the upper troposphere in the
making of the weather. We know that,
owing to the ultraviolet rays, corpuscular
bombardment, etc., caused by the sun,
the upper layers of the stratosphere are
ionized and that these layers, known as
the Kennelly-Heaviside layers, are formed
all around the earth, making possible the
reception of radio waves all over the
globe. Three principal layers have been
determined: the E layer, at about 100 to
140 kilometers, sometimes even as low as
80 kilometers; a second, the F layer, at
about 230 to 260 kilometers; and a third
layer, called F2, at about 350 to 450
kilometers.

Our own researches, on a frequency of
6,000 kilocycles, made during the years
preceding the Pacific War, seem to show
that this frequency is reflected downward
by the E layer (irrespective of the season)
when we have an invasion of the trade-
wind air mass over us, while it is reflected
only by the F layer when the Siberian
air mass is well established over our
regions.

We do not know what results have
been obtained elsewhere or are being
obtained nowadays by those who are
permitted to continue these studies during
the war. For our part, we must confess
that we feel at a loss as to how to find
any plausible physical relation between
the behavior of the upper stratosphere
and the weather produced over the sur-
face of the earth by the conflict of the
different air masses. It will be interesting
to see, when this war is over, whether
our own researches, already some four
years old, have been confirmed by ex-
periments made elsewhere, and whether the “making of the weather” is also
dependent on the influence of these
ionized layers so high up in the atmos-
phere.

Coincidences between two facts do not
explain these facts; yet they can help to
conduct the research in a direction which
will later lead to the finding of the actual
physical link between the events con-
sidered.
TWO SECRETS OF THE RED BILLIONS

From January 28 to February 1, 1944, the Supreme Council of the USSR, the highest executive organ of the Bolshevik empire, met for its tenth session. A sensation was caused in the world press by the fact that the Council decided in this session to make additions to paragraphs 14 and 18 of the Soviet Constitution according to which the 16 republics of the Soviet Union were to receive their own People’s Commissariats for National Defense and Foreign Affairs. But very little attention was paid to another point on the agenda: the acceptance of the national budget for the year 1944. The following analysis of the new budget is based on printed Soviet material corresponding to about 125 pages of this magazine. It provides extremely revealing information on the financial position of the Soviet Government and permits insight into two secrets of the Soviet state.

ACCORDING to the proposal of A. G. Zverev, the People’s Commissar of Finance in the USSR, the budget estimates for 1944 were passed at 245.566 billion rubles of revenue and expenditure each. The main items of the budget for 1944 are as follows:

Chief Items of the Soviet Budget for 1944
(in billion rubles)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Revenue</th>
<th>Expenditure</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Accumulation from government enterprises and organizations:</td>
<td>1. Financing the war ............... 128.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(a) tax on turnover ............. 80.2</td>
<td>2. Financing national economy ...... 44.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(b) returns from profits made by government enterprises and organizations .......... 23.0</td>
<td>including:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. From the people:</td>
<td>(a) for rehabilitation of reconquered areas .......... 16.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(a) taxes ......................... 34.3</td>
<td>(b) new capital investment ......... 20.8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(b) voluntary loans ............. 30.3</td>
<td>3. Financing social-cultural measures ...... 51.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Administrative expenditure ..... 6.7</td>
<td>5. Social-cultural expenditures ...... 5.0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

For comparison we have listed some of the budgets of the last fifteen years:

The Soviet Budgets 1929-1944

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Years</th>
<th>Billion Rubles</th>
<th>Increase in per cent</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1929-30</td>
<td>10.5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1932</td>
<td>27.5</td>
<td>plus 27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1933</td>
<td>35.0</td>
<td>plus 254</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1938</td>
<td>124.0</td>
<td>minus 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1939</td>
<td>153.1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1940</td>
<td>174.3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1941</td>
<td>191.3 (estimate: 216)</td>
<td>plus 27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1942</td>
<td>182.8</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1943</td>
<td>231.9 (estimate)</td>
<td>plus 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1944</td>
<td>245.6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The first thing that strikes us in this list is that from 1932 to 1938 the budgets of the USSR increased by about 350 per cent, while from 1938 to 1944—the same number of years—they rose by less than 100 per cent, although they included years of war in which budgets usually rise out of all proportion. A comparison with the US budgets of recent years shows this difference very clearly.

How is it to be explained that the national expenditures of the USSR of the last few years by no means reflect the fact that this state has been conducting a life-and-death war since 1941? Indeed, how can we explain that the increase in national expenditure was less in war time than in years of peace?

To be sure, the Soviet Union lost large parts of its territory, among them some of the richest and most important from an economic point of view, at the very beginning of the war. But it is well known what exceptional and costly measures the Bolsheviks undertook to neutralize this terrible blow to their economy. By means of a speeded-up economic development of the Urals region, of Central Asia
and Siberia, and by transferring entire factories and plants from the Ukraine and Central Russia to these areas, they tried to make up for their losses. It is also known that the whole population of the country which had not been called up for war service, including women, adolescents, and children, has been mobilized for work to raise production and increase the revenue of the state.

Thus the loss of territory alone does not explain the unparalleled low level at which expenditures in the national budget have been kept.

THE FIRST RIDDLE SOLVED

An explanation can only be obtained if we regard the financial policy of the Soviet Union as a whole and realize that the Soviet budgets do not represent normal national budgets, just as the Soviet state is not a normal state. The Soviet state is not a "nightwatchman" in the sense in which traditional economic science regarded the state, whose only task it is to safeguard the life and economic activities of its people. On the contrary, the Soviet state is the owner of almost all economic enterprises, and its organs determine the type and manner of the economic activity of all its subjects. The state is the sole owner and general manager of all industrial enterprises, the sole merchant, and the most important landowner. The development of economic life, the type of goods produced, the accumulation of capital, the employment of the national income and, to a large extent, the employment of the savings of its individual citizens, are determined by the Soviet state.

This explains the vast increase in the national budgets of the USSR which was so characteristic of the years preceding the war and which found its expression in the Five Year Plans.

Consequently, the budget of the Soviet Union contains not only the income and expenditure of normal state activity but also the net income of all industrial, agricultural, and commercial enterprises and the greater part of all savings. Since the Soviet Government inherited very rich and largely undeveloped lands from Tsarist Russia, it was possible by these means and by completely neglecting the economic requirements of the people to bring about a huge increase in production and budget. In this way, even long before the war, the national budgets of the USSR represented the maximum mobilization of the population's means and the highest possible economic development of the country at any given moment.

On the other hand, however, and for the same reason, the readjustment of Soviet economy from a peace-time to a war-time basis could not show any great success. While other belligerent states could fall back on immense reserves in the economy of the country and the savings of its population when turning to war production, these reserves were not available for the Bolshevist state. They had already been exploited to their utmost for years.

Long before June 22, 1941, in fact all through the years of Bolshevist rule, the internal political conditions, the economic structure, and the way of life of the people of the USSR were as if in a perpetual state of war. Nothing proves this fact more conclusively than that section of the budget of the USSR which contains military expenditure:
The Military Budget

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Years</th>
<th>Billion Rubles</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1941</td>
<td>70.9 (estimate)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1941</td>
<td>91.5 (actual expenditure)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1942</td>
<td>108.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1943</td>
<td>124.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1944</td>
<td>128.4 (estimate)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In other words, the actual military expenditure in the third year of all-out war was only 76 per cent higher than the peace-time estimate for 1941, and the estimate for 1944 exceeds this peace-time estimate by only 80 per cent.

In spite of a war unparalleled in violence and extent, the military expenditure of the Soviet Union has risen quite insignificantly. What is this but another proof of the fact that the Bolshevik economic and financial policy was on a war-time basis long before the war actually broke out?

LIMITATIONS OF SOVIET ECONOMY

The fact that the Soviet state was unable substantially to increase its military budget in war time reveals the limitations of the Bolshevik economic system. They are emphasized as well by the very moderate success met with by the Soviet efforts to reduce the cost of production and thereby to provide new income. Naturally, the question of cost is of utmost importance to a national economy which is bureaucratically directed and lacks the price-lowering influence of free competition. The measures of the Soviet rulers to reduce production costs are accordingly severe and multi-form. For years the Soviet press and radio have been full of the campaigns which were to reduce the costs of production by "over-fulfilling production plans," by "voluntary extension of working hours," by the employment of labor-saving devices, and by new inventions.

However, results have not corresponded to efforts. The costs of production in the government enterprises and organizations (i.e., the most important enterprises of the USSR) sank no more than 9.2 per cent in 1942 and only 5 per cent in 1943.

Moreover, these figures do not even reflect the actual situation. The costs to have sunk most are those in the war industry. The reasons for this were given by N. S. Patolichev, the delegate of the Chelyabinsk area, who made the following statement at the last session of the Supreme Council:

At the beginning of the war, when it was necessary to get the evacuated enterprises going again and to create new locations of production for the war industry, this task was carried out without consideration for cost.

In other words, no one had at first paid any attention to the cost of production in a large section of the war industry, since all that mattered was to get it going. This made a considerable reduction in costs possible, once the initial consequences of transfer or new erection were overcome. Since this rather illusory reduction is included in the total reduction quoted above, the actual decrease of costs in the entire industry has been infinitesimal. Thus no new source of state income has been opened in this field.

THE REOCCUPIED AREAS

That the financial reserves of the USSR are at present very limited is also revealed by the amounts provided for the financing of national economy in 1944 in the Soviet budget. Although the total amount of this financing (44.7 billion rubles) is larger than in 1943 (31.1 billion rubles), one must bear in mind that a large part of this amount, namely, 16 billion rubles, is intended not for the expansion of existing industries but for the general reconstruction of the national economy in the reconquered western territories of the USSR.

Consequently, these 16 billion rubles will for the time being not be of any benefit to the war economy of the Soviet Union. The productive power of this capital will not become apparent for some time, all the more so as, in comparison to the devastation of the almost entirely depopulated western territories, it is no more than a drop in the ocean. For, according to Professor E. Varga, the noted Soviet economist, the total losses of the Soviet Union as a result of the war
already amount to many hundred billions of gold rubles (Voina i Rabochy Klass, No. 10, 1943).

These 16 billions represent a loss to the economy in the Ural region, in Central Asia, and in Siberia, i.e., the very areas which at the present time represent the most important economic bases of the Red empire. Accordingly, the war economy will receive for its expansion in 1944, not 44.7 billion rubles of credits, but (after the deduction of 16 billions) only 28.7 billions, that is, 2.4 billion rubles less than in 1943.

**STRANGE ITEM**

While war expenditures rose in 1944 by only about 3 per cent in comparison to 1943, the expenditures for “financing of social-cultural measures” were increased by about 40 per cent. Even if we consider that this includes medical service, war pensions, etc., this is an amazing amount. In order properly to understand this increase, so unusual in war time, we must discuss another peculiar aspect of the Soviet state.

The more the Soviet state approaches the “ideal Communist society,” the larger becomes the proportion of cultural and social requirements of its population which the state itself must satisfy. For, if that “ideal” society should become a fact and all citizens of the USSR be “true Communists,” the satisfaction of their requirements would cost them nothing, just as they would not get a cent for their work. The trend toward such conditions has been considerably speeded up since the outbreak of the war.

In his report on the financial situation of Moscow, V. P. Pronin, the President of the Moscow Executive Committee, stated: “The proportion of taxes from the population in the budget of Moscow has been reduced from 27 per cent in 1940 to 5.5 per cent in 1943.” And this at a time when the total revenue in the Moscow budget rose from 1.1 billions (1942) to 2.056 billions (1944), and when war demanded the utmost exertion of forces and means.

Indeed, are not the citizens of Moscow living in seventh heaven? All the nations of the world, even the neutral countries, must shoulder increasingly heavy tax burdens: only the inhabitants of Bolshevism’s capital lead an almost tax-free existence.

But seriously: since the very first day of Bolshevist rule, the question of satisfying the social and cultural requirements of the USSR’s population has been an almost insolvable problem. The object of the Soviet economic policy was, without regard to the requirements of the people, to promote the industrialization of the country as much and as rapidly as possible. As a result, the so-called “social-cultural requirements” which the state must satisfy in the Soviet Union include also such things as housing, clothing, food, etc., things which in other countries the individual citizens can naturally pay for out of their own incomes. All the world knows that the Soviet people have always had but very little of these things. The consumption-goods industry and municipal enterprises, which must provide them, were never favored by the state. As a result of the war with its devastation of wide areas and its concentration on the business of war, the situation has grown much worse. The Soviets themselves admit this. At a meeting of the Supreme Council, A. N. Kosygin, the President of the Council of People’s Commissars of the Russian Republic, made the following statement:

The local Soviet organs must see to it that an end is put to the failure of the municipal enterprises to satisfy the social-cultural demands of the workers. . . . In some cities, for example, in Kuybyshev, Kazan, Saratov, Chelyabinsk, Novosibirsk [i.e., the most important cities of the Red state], the situation of the municipal enterprises has deteriorated since the outbreak of the war.

**A BAD SIGN**

It is the adolescents and children who are suffering most from the consequences of war. Their fathers are either at the front or dead or prisoners or in hospitals or in factories, and their mothers have also long been mobilized in one way or another. Thus the parents cannot look after the social-cultural requirements of
even the simple food requirements of their children. At the same time, however, the state must rely more than ever before on the service of these adolescents, who form a large proportion of the workers in industry and, even more so, in agriculture.

Consequently, the state must somehow look after them. Moreover, there are many indications that some of these adolescents are beginning to run wild, to show themselves to be "undisciplined"—a fact which is constantly being censured—so that, as Kosygin said, it is absolutely necessary to take immediate measures for "additional safeguarding of the schools."

Not for nothing did several speakers at the last meeting of the Supreme Council of the USSR mention new credits for increasing the number of kindergartens, day nurseries, and children's homes; and K. I. Nikitina, in her report to the Budget Commission of the Council of the Union, demanded that the greatest attention be paid to the "material safeguarding of pupils and teachers."

Thus we see that the increased amounts for "financing social-cultural measures" do not indicate an improvement in the situation of the broad masses of the Soviet population. On the contrary, they are a proof of the desperate plight of the population: although the people are compelled to hard work and long working hours, they are not able to satisfy the most primitive human requirements, either their own or those of their children, so that the state is forced in its third year of war to expend a greater amount on this than on its own economy.

THE SIXTEEN REPUBLICS

The effect the war has had on Soviet economy is the first secret revealed by a study of the Soviet budget. The second concerns the position of the individual republics within the USSR.

The budget of the USSR for 1944 and the law which grants the individual republics of the Union the right to maintain their own Commissariats for Foreign Affairs and War were passed at the same meeting of the Supreme Council. One would obviously expect the new rights and duties of the republics to be expressed in one way or another in their budgets, since the new organs of their own foreign policies and, to an even greater extent, the organization and maintenance of their "own military formations" will require considerable added means. Since the major part of the reforms is to be carried out this year, the required means should already appear in the budgets for 1944.

Yet nothing, not one single indication of this is to be found in the budgets. Why?

The new "rights" of the republics which the Supreme Council has granted them are merely propaganda measures on paper. The budgets, on the other hand, are the financial expression not of the alleged but the real activities of these peculiar constitutional fictions which bear the name of "republic." These "republics" owe their existence not to any right of their own but solely to the will of Moscow. Their rights and duties are not determined by their own sovereignty: they are bestowed upon them. Everything in the Soviet Union belongs to the state, but mainly to the Soviet Union, not to the individual republics. Thus the owner of all important enterprises contained in a republic is not that republic but the USSR. Indeed, even the land of each republic does not really belong to it but to the USSR.

In such circumstances it stands to reason that the finances of the individual republics are very limited. From where can a republic take its money if all important enterprises and thus all important revenue in its territory belongs not to it but to the Union? Consequently, while the budget of the USSR is balanced at 245.6 billion rubles, the total of all the budgets of the republics amounts to only 36.1 billion rubles.

"REPUBLICAN" AND "LOCAL"

The table below shows that the budgets of the individual republics are divided
into "republican" and "local" sectors. The "republican" budgets contain the income and expenditure of the republic as a whole, while the "local" sectors apply to revenues and expenditures of a local or municipal character.

The total sum of all "republican" revenues amounts to some 22 billions or about sixty per cent of the total income of all the budgets, while "republican" expenditures amount to only 11 billion rubles or about thirty per cent. On the other hand, the local organs in the republics receive only some 14 billion rubles (40 per cent of the total) from enterprises and taxes under their control, while they expend some 25 billions (70 per cent of the total expenditure).

In other words, although the "republican" organs provide 60 per cent of all the income of the republics, the local organs spend 70 per cent of the total expenditure. This means nothing less than that the economic significance of the "republican" administration is far inferior to that of the "local" organs.

Thus the republics represent only intermediate steps between the highest authority (the Union Government) and the lowest, the local administration. In fact, the activities of the republics do not go beyond those of provincial administrations.

THEIR "OWN" AMBASSADORS

The main task of the republics is to look after the requirements not of sovereign states but of a local and municipal nature. Even the granting of the new "rights" which were regarded as so sensational in the world at large has changed nothing in this respect.

Since the republican budgets contain no items of expenditure for the republican Foreign Commissariats and the maintenance of military formations, all such expenditures must be provided from the budget of the USSR. The "independent" ambassadors, ministers, and consuls of the republics, as well as all their generals, colonels, and corporals will thus receive their pay not from their republics but

State Budgets of the Republics of the USSR for 1944

(1 million rubles)

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<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Revenue</th>
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<td>&quot;Re-</td>
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<td>Total</td>
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<td>11,393</td>
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<td>6,102</td>
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<td>3,118</td>
<td>521</td>
<td>3,640</td>
<td>1,617</td>
<td>2,023</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Azerbaidjan Sov. Soc. Republic</td>
<td>1,011</td>
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<td>242</td>
<td>1,011</td>
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<td>1,174</td>
<td>888</td>
<td>286</td>
<td>1,174</td>
<td>485</td>
<td>689</td>
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<tr>
<td>6. Armenian Sov. Soc. Republic</td>
<td>536</td>
<td>466</td>
<td>69</td>
<td>536</td>
<td>275</td>
<td>260</td>
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<tr>
<td>8. Uzbek Sov. Soc. Republic</td>
<td>1,877</td>
<td>1,205</td>
<td>671</td>
<td>1,877</td>
<td>755</td>
<td>1,121</td>
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<td>479</td>
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<table>
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<th>&quot;Re-publican&quot;</th>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>36,175</td>
<td>22,159</td>
<td>14,015</td>
<td>36,175</td>
<td>11,104</td>
<td>25,070</td>
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The Soviets have included only twelve of the sixteen republics in their budget for this year, as four of them were outside their sphere of power. (Discrepancies in additions are explained by the fact that decimals do not appear in this table.)
from Moscow and, whether they like it or not, continue to take orders from there.

It is indicative of the sovereign disdain with which Moscow treats the intelligence of world opinion that the Soviets did not even deem it necessary to complete the comedy of the "growing independence of the republics" by announcing the inclusion of corresponding items in the republican budgets.

Nor can any increase in the authority of the republics be construed from the fact that the total amount of the republican budgets has risen in comparison to last year. 71.1 per cent of all expenditure is reserved for "financing of social-cultural measures." It is obvious that looking after day nurseries and orphanages has no immediate relation to the question of the constitutional position of a territory, especially in a state like the Soviet Union, where everything is determined by economic factors.

Nevertheless, the sums for "financing national economy" in the republics have also risen. For 1944 they amount to 5.1 billion rubles, which is 1.7 billions more than in 1943. But upon closer study one discovers the following. As a result of the reconquest of large parts of the Ukraine, the budget of the Ukrainian Soviet Republic was increased from 600 millions (1943) to 3,470 millions (1944). The White Russian Soviet Republic, which did not appear at all in the 1943 budget, received 420 million rubles for 1944; and in the Russian Soviet Republic, too, several provinces were included in the budget for 1944 which did not appear last year as they were occupied by the Germans. All this goes to show that the item "financing of national economy" does not contain a real increase.

To realize the actual economic power and importance of the republics within the Soviet Union we need only glance at the amount provided for new capital investments in 1944. The republics received a total of 1,535 billion rubles for this purpose, namely, 193 millions for agriculture, 552 millions for municipal enterprises, and 523 millions for industry. Thus, while the industries controlled by the various republics receive only 523 million rubles for new investment, the industries controlled by the Union receive 14.645 billions, i.e., 28 times the amount.

**POLITICAL BOOKKEEPING**

When the Soviet Government saw itself forced—first by reason of its war preparations and later as the result of the loss of its western territories—to promote an unparalleled industrial development of its eastern regions, there was a danger that the economic advance of the Asiatic republics, especially Uzbekistan and Kazakhstan, would lead to an increase in their desire for independence. This danger the Soviets attempted to remove by means of a bookkeeping trick.

The right to exploit the mineral wealth of the country is not in the hands of the "free and independent" republics or the people living in them: it is owned exclusively by the USSR and the anonymous "Soviet people." Consequently, the vast increase in the industrial capacity of these republics during the last few years has in no way influenced either their constitutional or financial position. They have grown neither stronger nor richer; on the contrary, they are poorer today than before, as their natural wealth has been exploited at a tremendous rate for the purposes of the Union.

Of course, according to the constitution of the USSR, these republics could leave the Bolshevist Union. Theoretically, they are entitled to this step; but even to discuss this step is prohibited on pain of death.

Moreover, would it be opportune for a republic to cut its ties with the USSR? Naturally, a republic seceding from the USSR would be allowed to keep only what rightfully belongs to it. And what belongs to it? A few shoe factories, tailoring enterprises, motor busses, day nurseries, and the air over its heads, and one cannot very well live on that. Everything else, however, would remain in the hands of the USSR, for it possesses everything of value which the individual peoples may have. That is the second secret revealed by a study of the Soviet budget.
THE CROATS

By CARL HEINZ EICKERT

Croatia, the youngest independent state in Europe, was founded on April 10, 1941, when Yugoslavia broke up after having been driven into the war by England. On June 15, 1941, Croatia joined the Tripartite Pact; on December 14 she declared war on Great Britain and the United States.

During the first two years of its existence, the Croat state was faced with certain problems with regard to Italy. A Savoyan prince, the Duke of Spoleto, had been declared King of Croatia. Moreover, Italy had been given parts of Dalmatia, including the towns of Split and Kotor. The treason of the House of Savoy last autumn relieved the Croats of these conditions. On September 9, 1943, with the aid of German troops, the Croats occupied all of Dalmatia and the Croatian part of Istra. The Duke of Spoleto lost his Croatian throne which, as a matter of fact, he had never occupied.

We have outlined these political events because the following article—the first of its kind in East Asia—is not concerned with the political situation of present-day Croatia but with the Croatian people. The author, now an instructor of German at the State Foundation University of Hsinking, spent the years 1938 to 1940 in a similar capacity at Zagreb, the second most important town of what was then Yugoslavia. Although not a historian by profession, he has included an interesting picture of the little-known history of the Croats.—K.M.

AUSTRIAN TRADITIONS

Of the minds of many of the inhabitants of Central Europe, the word "Croat" calls up a vision of wild bands of horsemen in the Thirty Years' War. And in certain districts of South Germany, the expression "Kroat" is still used to frighten children with. The word "cravat" also seems traceable to the neckcloths of Croat soldiers in olden days.

Except for experts, the only people in Europe who have more than a superficial knowledge about the Croats of today are the inhabitants of old Austria; for the Croats were one of the peoples included in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Even when the Croats belonged to the Yugoslav federation, the Austrian traditions among them remained very much alive, and naturally these traditions have not diminished in the few short years since the establishment of a Croat state. All the older generation speak German, since the men served as soldiers under the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. For the women of Zagreb, Vienna has remained the city of glamour and of fashions. Some of the members of the nobility speak better German than Croatian, and it is by no means rare to hear Croat society people conversing in German.

Among the younger generation, the knowledge of German is far less widespread. During the years I spent in Zagreb, a daily newspaper, the Morgenblatt, was published in German, although a somewhat artificial German. Among the common people, one often finds a curious jargon which employs German words in a Slavic form. On the Zagreb stage, one can see scenes in which the dialogue jumps back and forth between the two languages; a quarrel between a married couple, for instance, gains in humorous effect by the fact that the wife shouts at her husband in Croatian at one moment and in German at the next. The Croats as a whole have an extraordinary gift for mimicry, while they are less able to express dramatic emotions. As a result, their quite highly developed modern social plays are not so much dramas as series of scenes.
NOT BALKANS!

For very many Europeans, the "Balkans" begin southeast of Austria. But anyone expressing this opinion in Croatian territory would soon bring down Croatian wrath upon himself and would be given to understand that the Croats are not Balkans but that the Serbs are! In contrast to the Orthodox Serbs, the Roman Catholic Croats regard themselves very definitely as Occidentals, as belonging to the culture of Western Europe. While they use the Latin alphabet, the Serbs—like the Russians—write with the Cyrillic alphabet. The fact that, unlike the Croats, the Serbs were for four hundred years under Turkish rule, widely separates the Serbs and Croats from each other while, on the other hand, an almost entirely homogenous language unites them.

In the Yugoslav state the official language was called "Serbo-Croat." The Croats called it "Croato-Serb." The Slovenes, the third people formerly belonging to the Yugoslav federation, speak their own idiom, which is related to the "Serbo-Croat" language but closer to the Russian in sound.

The population of the former state of Yugoslavia was composed of Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Germans, Macedonians, Albanians, and Montenegrins. It cannot be denied that the contrast between the Serbs and the Croats was a sharp one in several respects. It led to such extremes that, to return to the language, it was possible for the author to meet an otherwise educated man who claimed that Serbian and Croatian were two entirely different languages. In composing the groups of students at the German Academy in Zagreb we had always to bear in mind this cleft between the Croats and Serbs, just as in social life much tact was required in bringing Croats and Serbs together.

NEIGHBORLY CONFLICTS

On the whole, both are very sensitive, often irritable and excitable. These traits doubtlessly point to a southern as well as a Slavic origin; but they reveal just as much a long series of ups and downs in the history of the two peoples. Foreigners living in small countries often observe a national pride which inclines toward hypersensitivity as well as more emotionalism than rationalism. Especially in such countries in which an agricultural form of life gradually comes into contact with industrial and city life, natural confidence gives way to an uncertainty which is expressed emotionally in an increased touchiness and intellectually in an increased receptivity for ideological slogans.

A good example of remaining what one is by exploiting one's natural environment, or at least of letting oneself be drawn into modern evolution at one's own pace, is offered by the Montenegrins, who were included in the Yugoslav federation in 1918. The country of Montenegro is mountainous and inaccessible, except for a level area around Lake Scutari. The population, of mixed Serbian and Albanian origin, is a tribe of warlike mountaineers. The following anecdote told among their neighbors shows the Montenegrins to be a special type, reckless and proud, that has remained loyal to its old mountain-warrior traditions. A unit of Montenegrin soldiers is ordered to number off: one, two, three, etc. The first man yells "One!" The second does not call out "Two!" but "I'm beside him!" The pride of a Montenegrin would never allow him to admit that he was Number Two.

On the whole, it can be said that all the peoples of the Balkan Peninsula—where the most varied racial mixtures have taken place and where the most amazing questions of nationality possess more than purely theoretical significance—have remained more or less primitive to this day. This is true at least in that no thorough civilizing or industrial process in the sense of Central European urban culture has so far been able to evolve there. This may turn out to be a great advantage for the future of Europe's vitality. For an inhabitant of Central Europe it seems amazing that all these
peoples should actually bear their individual traits. Herder, whose ideas did much to awaken the peoples of Europe to a sense of the value of their own cultures at the beginning of the last century, seems to have been right when he said: "No man, no country, no people, no history of a people, no state, is identical with another; nor, consequently, is the true, the beautiful, and the good in them alike. If the people do not seek for this, if they blindly take another nation as their example, all these qualities will be stifled."

Nevertheless, the Balkan Peninsula can with justification be regarded as a unit, and not only as a geographical unit. There are voices like that of the Bulgarian Yanko Yaneff which speak of a Pan-Balkan sense of unity. In order the better to perceive this basic Balkan physiognomy, which undoubtedly exists, it would be necessary to make more detailed studies of prehistoric and early times in the southeast of Europe. The archaeologist and the historian walk through the workshop of life itself when they see residences and shops built into the vast palace of the Roman Emperor Diocletian in the Dalmatian port of Split, or when in the same town or in the coastal fortress of Dubrovnik they witness in the streets and squares a southern-urban life in the open which corresponds exactly to our ideas of the ancient city republics.

ROMAN EMPERORS FROM DALMATIA

The Dalmatian coast of the Adriatic—which, after twenty-nine months of Italian rule, was annexed to Croatia as a result of last autumn’s events in Italy—is one of the most interesting parts of the whole Balkan Peninsula. Originally inhabited by the Indo-Germanic Illyrians and bestrewn with Celtic, Phoenician, and Greek fragments since the fourth century B.C., Dalmatia finally became an area of Roman colonization under Emperor Tiberius in the first century A.D. In the north it reached as far as Istria; in the northeast up to the River Sava; in the south to the Albanian River Drin; and in the southeast as far as the interior of Bosnia. The ruins of Salona, one of the most important cities of that time, which was destroyed in 639, can still be seen. Living traces of the Roman past are to be found in near-by Split in the Palace of Diocletian which we mentioned before and the Temple of Jupiter. Several Illyrian military leaders became Roman emperors, among them Claudius II and Probus. Diocletian himself was a Dalmatian.

Some hundred and fifty years after the Roman Empire had been divided into its western and eastern halves, Dalmatia was included in the exarchate of Ravenna. In the sixth and seventh centuries, the immigration of the Slavs took place. The Roman patricians of the cities later intermarried with noble Slavic families, thus in Zadar (Zara) where they intermarried with the Croatian nobility, and in Dubrovnik and Kotor, where they intermarried with the Serbian nobility. The increasing granting of civic rights to Slavic families, as well as widespread epidemics, contributed toward the absorption of the Roman element. In the seventeenth century, the patrician families of Dubrov-
nike openly professed themselves to be Slavs.

THE RULE OF VENICE

The period of Roman colonization was followed from the ninth up to the eighteenth century by the appearance of the Venetians in Dalmatia, which was accompanied by much bitter fighting. Venice gradually occupied the entire eastern coast of the Adriatic, which she needed for her Levantine trade as well as for protection against the Turks. To this day one can still see stone replicas of the Venetian lion in the former city republics of Dalmatia.

The antique atmosphere of the towns which we mentioned above can be traced to the former presence of the Roman Empire and of half-Occidental, half-Oriental Venice. On the other hand, one must not disregard the fact that some of the buildings which the traveler sees were erected not by Roman but by Slavic architects, although Roman traditions in style stood godfather. This applies, for example, to the Cathedral of Sibenik and the Rector’s Palace of Dubrovnik.

The Venetians seem to have done very little colonizing in Dalmatia. According to a census made in 1910 by Voinovic, there were 610,669 Slavs in Dalmatia and only 18,028 Italians. The largest proportion of Italians was to be found in the urban community of Zadar: 49,915 Slavs and 11,574 Italians, followed by Split (Spalato) with 50,514 Slavs and only 2,090 Italians. It is significant that the city state of Dubrovnik (Ragusa), with all its island possessions, as well as part of the county of Split—altogether a coast line of about 250 kilometers—were never under Venetian rule. Dubrovnik had its own diplomatic corps and its own fleet. It also had its own literature, one of the most interesting representatives of which, the poet Gundulic, is unfortunately as good as unknown in Central Europe. Moreover, Dubrovnik remained in constant contact with the Slavic regions of its environment.

In the sixteenth century Dalmatia received new Slavic blood, Serbs and Croats who had fled from the Turks in Bosnia. Incidentally, there is a strong Slavic liturgical movement in the Roman Catholic Church of Dalmatia, the strength of which may be gauged by the centuries-old stubborn fight of especially the lower clerics against the Latin liturgy. In spite of being under Venetian rule, Split was one of the strongholds of this religious Slavism. There exists a breviary written in the old Slavic church script known as the “Glagolica.” It is said that the Glagolica is older than the Cyrillic alphabet of the Orthodox Church. One of the squares of Zagreb is named after Bishop Strossmayer, one of the champions of the Slavic liturgy in the last century; and the contemporary Croatian sculptor Mestrovic has immortalized one of the most famous medieval Slavic bishops in a giant statue.

THE CROATIAN KINGDOM

Dalmatia is the cradle of the Croatian kingdom, which stills forms the basis of Croatian history as seen through Croatian eyes. Toward the end of the ninth century there were three South Slavic states. (By “South Slavs” we mean the former Yugoslavs, yug meaning “south.”) These three states were: Dalmatian Croatia; Serbia, which was divided up into several principalities; and Croatian Pannonia on the banks of the Sava and Drava Rivers, where the present capital of Croatia, Zagreb, is situated. One of the successors of the first Dalmatian king Tomislav took on the title of Rex Croatiae et Dalmatiae. But the Croatian royal house came to an end after it had existed for about two hundred years, the last king, Zvonimir, being assassinated. A Hungarian, the brother of Zvonimir’s widow, became his successor. It is amazing to see the tenacity with which many present-day Croats cling to the idea of their now almost mythical old kingdom. Numerous streets of Zagreb recall this ancient kingdom by their names.

In the days of the Hapsburgs, Croatia was part of Hungary. In 1848 a serious
The beautiful coast of Dalmatia: Dubrovnik, a town perhaps better known by its Italian name of Ragusa.

CROATIA WHERE HISTORY LIVES ON

Cathedral Square in Split. In Roman days it was the courtyard of Emperor Diocletian's palace, the columns of which are still in use.

Entrance to the cathedral of Sibenik. The lion of St. Mark is a reminder of the days when Venetians ruled. 
The Croatian Scene

Colonnade of the Rector's Palace in Dubrovnik. Slavic architects have produced their own adaptation of the Romanesque style.

A country church on the River Drava.
revolt broke out against the Hungarians; it was led by Jelacic, the Banus (highest official) of Dalmatia, a monument to whom now stands in the main square of Zagreb. It must be emphasized, however, that this Croatian-Hungarian enmity did not arise until comparatively modern time. and can be traced to the minority policy of the Magyars, which aroused the wrath of the Slavs. For the absorption of the old Croat royal house by the Hungarian one, which had taken place in the eleventh century, had been sanctioned in 1102 by a reciprocal treaty. The way in which the Croats interpreted their medieval status under the Hungarian crown is typical of the pride of the Croats. It is contained in a document addressed in 1712 by the Croat Diet to Emperor Charles VI. "We are free," the passage runs, "not slaves! Although we belong to Hungary, we are not her subjects; we have had our national kings, who were not Hungarians. It was not force, not enslavement, that subjugated us to the Hungarians; on the contrary, we voluntarily subjected ourselves, not to the kingdom, but to the king."

ILLYRIAN PATRIOT

A large share in promoting the Croatian (Dalmatian and Central Croatian) feeling of independence is to be conceded to the Illyrian movement of the thirties of the last century which took its name from the original inhabitants of Dalmatia. The short Napoleonic rule in Dalmatia (1806/14) had recognized the Slavic character of that country and used Serbo-Croatian as the language of its administration and schools. Ludovic Gaj, the father of the Illyrian Movement, was born in the Croatian region of Zagorje between the Drava and Sava Rivers. In 1841 Nicolas Tommaseo, a native of the town of Sibenik and a curious mixture of Italian and Slav, wrote thirty-three prose poems entitled Iskrice (Sparks). To use his own words, they were written "in our sweet tongue," and they contain one of the most emphatic credos of Illyrian intellectualism, although as an author Tommaseo actually made his name by Italian literary and philological works.

As a young man he settled in Italy, where he remained until his death in Florence.

Let us quote from the Iskrice:

My poor people! You know not your history. You are like a child who knows not the name and the deeds of his parents... .

The peoples that surround you, my little Dalmatia, have nothing in common with you...

My Dalmatia, you are small among your South Slavic sisters; but a voice tells me that one day you will not be the smallest or the ugliest among them...

Buried for centuries in ignorance, we still have a lively good sense, a frank way of speaking, clear thought. Simple and dignified race, peaceful and vehement, you reveal your spirit in your physical forms; powerful, you are yet refined and brilliant, and your muscles are supple; your brow is dark but your smile is sweet...

Tommaseo was an autonomist and did not join the Slavic rebels of 1848, among whom there were also many Serbs, led by Jelacic and whom the poet-prince Peter II of Montenegro offered the support of himself and his warriors. But Tommaseo's fiery spirit had a deep effect upon the Slavic movement.

CROAT INTELLECT AND PHYSIQUE

The intellectual endeavors of the Croats—which are just as hard for the outsider to follow as the political history of the Croats—show various trends during the nineteenth century. Clerical currents, as well as currents originating in method and form from German and Austrian culture, are two among many. During

 Croat woman and boy
(From a Croat primer)
the period that Croatia belonged to Austria-Hungary, Zagreb ("behind the mountains," also known as Agram), which is situated not far from Vienna, was a point of contact of German and Slavic culture. There are still many German books to be found in Croatian bookstores, especially in second-hand bookshops. As a result of their training in German universities and their studies in German literature, Croatian authors and scientists frequently wrote books in German. The modern authoress Paula von Preradovic, for instance, published a volume of German poems about the Adriatic.

As long as Croatia belonged to the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, there was always a Croat detachment garrisoned in Vienna. General Boroevic, who was the commander of the Fifth Austrian Army during the Great War and held the Isonzo front against the Italians for three years, had Croats, Hungarians, Slovenes, and Germans under his command. Boroevic, who was extremely popular among his soldiers, was soft of heart but of utmost severity in cases of military necessity. Men of a similar type are to be found among the Croats quite often.

Physically, the Croats show great differences in type—from the tall Alpine type to the dark-skinned Balkan mixture. Temperamentally one often finds, especially among the women, that combination of extreme warmth and coldness so common to the Slavs.

**SONG AND DANCE**

Modern Zagreb has all the attributes of a rapidly developing city: modernistic utility buildings, luxurious residences with a lot of glass and chromium, automat restaurants, and a tabloid press. We have already seen that Croatia possesses a virile intellectual life. The names of such Croatian artists as, for instance, the composer Gotovac or the dancer Mercedes Goric-Pavelic, are known beyond the borders of their own country. Some years ago, during the days of the Yugoslav state, a special tax was levied on movie tickets to support the stage, which was declining in popularity. This, together with the fact that the beautiful national costumes of the peasants in the interior must now be protected by special institutions, are regrettable phenomena. But these trends are to be observed throughout the civilized world.

However, the Croats, who are a very musical people, still love to dance the Kolo, a Slavic round dance. One often notices young people sitting in the evening on a bench under a tree, singing together. Or it may happen that in a café, after the professional singer has finished, someone, perhaps a student, gets up and sings a song which is enthusiastically applauded by the guests. The community singing which begins when the conversation threatens to peter out at a party or when the first indications of drunkenness become apparent is among the foreigner's most memorable impressions. The vocal and dance performances of peasants which sometimes take place in one of the parks of Zagreb reveal that the old spirit of the peasant is still alive, in spite of all modern influences. The children's primer issued by the official schoolbook-publishing house of the Croatian government shows all the people in Croatian national dress. The men wear white trousers and a white shirt with a blue sleeveless jacket and soft woven leather shoes or high boots; the women wear full-skirted white dresses, charmingly embroidered, mostly in red. They also wear woven shoes, and on their heads little embroidered caps.

**IN AND AROUND ZAGREB**

Every day one could see in Zagreb the peasant women in their white dresses, who had come from their villages carrying huge bundles of laundry on their heads, walking through the streets with their rhythmic gait: they were bringing back Zagreb's laundry which they had washed at home. Men in national costume drove flocks of turkeys through the city; they carried one or two switches with which they directed the birds through the noisy streets as with magic wands. Sometimes they would sit down on the curb for a rest, and the turkeys would then placidly
gather around their master with the utmost discipline. Now and again a man would ride past on a peasant’s cart playing the violin; or a sick person would be carried across the street by his friend.

On the roads to the villages near Mount Sljeme there were numerous beggars on Sundays; sometimes their eyes were gone and one was stared at by the empty red sockets. As one walked along one heard the incessant chant of the beggars. Little girls stood next to baby carriages on which a homemade placard indicated the disease from which the baby was supposed to be suffering.

The women and girls of Zagreb frequently made street collections for the poor. In addition to such public social campaigns, there was a “mobilization” against illiteracy, which was still fairly widespread and to combat which schoolteachers offered their free time. On the whole, it can be said that public life was really more public, took place more openly, than is the case nowadays in the highly organized states of Central Europe.

To this is added the colorfulness of all Balkan cities. There are Turkish restaurants, where one can obtain fried Turkish cakes. Turkish coffee, prepared in small brass vessels, is drunk everywhere. Dalmatian wine shops offer sweet dark-golden wine which, more often than not, was grown by the owner in his own vineyard. An appetizing smell assails one as one passes by shops where meat is grilled in the open. Paprikas cut in slices are served as salad. Men from the mountainous region of Lika wear flat little caps, Mohammedans from Bosnia promenade in their fezzes. The policemen, often Serbs, were picked, broad-shouldered giants, wearing uniforms similar to the English “bobbies,” with the same type of helmet.

Dr. Macek, the leader of the Croatian Peasants’ Party, endeavored to realize the aims of the Croats within the Yugoslav state. The Croats accused the Serbs of oppressing and exploiting them, one of the many points being the neglect of public construction work in the Croatian parts of the country. Dr. Macek was admired by many and repudiated by others, in whose opinion he was not radical enough. Public opinion in Croatia was, indeed, thoroughly worked up. Every conceivable political maxim was championed and fought over. Above all, the cultural individuality of all peoples was stressed, an attitude characteristic of the Croats. Meanwhile, the events of the present war have led to the formation of the state of Croatia.

Croat contingents are now fighting on the eastern front against the Soviets and were mentioned for their bravery during the heroic struggle at Stalingrad. Once again, the Croats bear arms as they did under their own kings, in the armies of Venice, during the Thirty Years’ War, and under the Hapsburgs. Now and again one hears reports of their traditional courage. It is to be hoped that the Croats may in a more peaceful future become stabilized as a nation in accordance with their historical and cultural traditions and within the European community of Balkan nations.

**American Defense Statistics**

It costs about US$800 to take a woman visitor through the big Douglas Santa Monica aircraft factory, a company official estimated—she distracts so many of their young men workers. A similar factory barred a proposed visit from movie actress Susan Hayward, estimating that the time lost for ogling would in this case cost US$20,000.
TWILIGHT FRONT

By BERNHARD GRAMLICH

Never before has a war been fought in regions beyond the polar circle. It is a fantastic war in which, for almost three years, German and Red troops have been facing each other in this sector, known as the Murmansk Front. The author has visited the German positions. His description is especially topical at a time when Finland has refused the Soviet armistice terms submitted in February, Point I of which demanded the internment of the German troops.—K.M.

The front at the Arctic Ocean is a twilight front. Beyond the polar circle, on the shadowy side of the Continent, washed by the waters of the northern Arctic Ocean and the Barents Sea, in the twilight of the unknown, this region leads a life independent of that of the other theaters of war. Its unusual situation is shown by the fact that it is as far north as central Greenland, northernmost Alaska, and the northernmost parts of Eastern Siberia.

On their journey to the north, the German mountain infantry troops—who form the bulk of the defenders of this remote front—have a unique opportunity to discover the changes in vegetation and climate from south to north. The wealth and variety of the vegetation gradually decline, becoming more and more uniform till finally the bare rock gains the upper hand. The world becomes inhospitable and empty. The harsh air of the Arctic Ocean is hostile to growth of any kind, and all life freezes under its icy breath.

THE SURGE OF WAR

During the Finno-Soviet winter war of 1939/40, northern Lapland and the regions bordering on the Arctic Ocean had already been a war theater. The Soviets overran the Fisher Peninsula, the smaller part of which had belonged to Finland since the peace treaty of Dorpat in 1920, and thrust across the Petsamo Fiord toward the Arctic Straits. They operated along the Finnish border from well-prepared bases whose backbone was formed by the Murmansk Railway and a road system that had been feverishly developed during the last few preceding years. The winter seemed the most favorable time to the Soviets. Frost had built firm bridges across the lakes and marshes, and snow filled in the deep gulleys and leveled the impassable terrain. The tragedy of this winter war was that, in spite of having won the battles, the Finns lost the war in the peace treaty of March 1940.

Now a German mountain infantry division way beyond the polar circle can look back almost three years to its successful break-through of the Soviet defense line near the banks of the Titovka. Since 1941 this front has been standing far beyond the border of 1940, holding a line favored by the nature of the country. While forests reach well beyond the polar circle, the symphony of changing green breaks off with a shrill discord at the coast of the Arctic Ocean. Cold and brutal, the primitive rock dominates the scene, corroded by the action of storm, snow, and rain: a tossing sea turned into stone by some sudden whim.

From the luxuriant vegetation of the short summer, every kilometer eastward on the Russian road took us further into the treeless tundra. The green of shrubs and grass turned into the brown of thin layers of peat and the gray of lichen and moss. The granite peaks rose in mighty waves, growing higher and wider. The mirrors of little lakes appear like windows in the countryside, and remains of snow lie strewn about like white skins laid out on the rocks to dry. We drove for hours...
and knew in advance what the world would look like behind the next hills. The camouflage, which framed the road like screens and crossed it in narrow garlands, confined the view. But behind the thin network the undulation of hill and dale seemed to go on into eternity.

ROCKS

We stood in a battery position on the right wing of the Liza River front. Looking through binoculars, we could see the Soviet positions three to four hundred meters away in the foothills of a vast, primitive mountain range. The thrusts of the Soviets, forming the northernmost threats to Europe, were stopped here before they could achieve their object. Behind trenches, breastworks, and dugouts, the diverse ranges of hills flow together in the direction of Murmansk to a majestic scene whose severity is emphasized by its warlike foreground. Single shots rang out on both sides, shells clattered against the summits, and behind us fountains of snow rose up and collapsed after every hit. It was hard to say whether the great silence amplified every sound or whether every sound emphasized the stillness. The unreality of this war beyond the limits of ordinary conception does not become reality until one has reached the foremost lines where — always invisible but none the less dangerous — it lies in wait with bated breath.

The soldier has blasted his dugouts and trenches into the tough rock. He has piled up the rocks into long walls to hide his movements, and in the cliffs he has built his machine-gun nests and observation posts. He has learned to handle the rock and the thin peat that covers the rock in such places where the wind cannot blow it away. Wood is scarce and precious, as it has to be brought up over hundreds of kilometers. Nevertheless, the dugouts do not lack comfort and warmth and, in addition to radio sets, even books and newspapers have found their way into the front lines. Here, more than on any other front, the dugout is the soldier's real world: during the endless nights of winter it is the limited sphere of his existence, and in the summer's flood of light which betrays every movement it is his refuge.

WEIRD CLASHES

Now we were on our way to the left, the outermost wing of the Murmansk Front. Our cross-country motorcar leapt tirelessly over the boulders on the road. At our side, the Liza River became wider and wider, turning into the Titovskaya Bay which joins the Motovsky Bay behind blue cliffs. The scenery became even more grandiose, the cliffs more fantastic. Like a wave of surf, the rocks rose up for the last time before hurling themselves upon the sea. Here the Continent comes to an end in a heroic finale. One feels the elemental breath of a primeval world.

Open to enemy observation, the road led on to the front. One felt as if one were under the spell of an invisible eye. The car drove slowly to avoid raising dust; then the broad shadow of a range of hills covered road and car and protected both till they reached their goal. In the valley, the road led around a mined marsh. A mosaic of splinters indicated the range of the Soviet artillery. The vastness of the landscape disappeared,
all that remained being the battle emplacements. A few huts and observation posts clung to the rear slopes of the range like a Tibetan village. They were hardly visible to the naked eye. Passing them at long intervals, we drove up onto a height. The irregular design of our camouflage coats made us look like part of the countryside, which was torn up and strewn with splinters. A white seagull sailing along a gray rockwall without moving its wings enhanced the fantastic atmosphere. Then the weird silence was broken by a howling whistle. The Soviets had started to fire at the height.

In the morning hours there was a minor clash in a neighboring position. The reverberations of excitement still made themselves felt in sudden hammerings of machine guns. The Soviets had tried to capture a post, but the watchfulness of the mountain infantry had prevented this. There were wounded on both sides, and the enemy left a few prisoners behind. It is the devil of a job to creep up to an enemy position in this glaring light and complete lack of cover. The Bolsheviks take their time. They can lie without stirring for hours to creep on another few inches at a given opportunity. They do not mind taking ten to fifteen hours in order to cover a few hundred meters.

Through binoculars we could see the network of the enemy's position. Trenches, barbed-wire entanglements, pill-boxes, and artillery positions could be clearly made out. There was no visible movement, and yet everyone knew that behind this façade hundreds of eyes were watching and searching. The two main front lines run irregularly, meeting for a few hundred meters, separating, and meeting again.

FRONT BETWEEN THE SEAS

Running at right angles to the Murmansk Front, the German position on the isthmus to the Fisher Peninsula effectively cuts off the latter. The positions face the sea as well as the land, and it is probably the strangest front among all the strange battle fronts of this war. Militarily and politically, it has turned the Fisher Peninsula into an island which must rely entirely upon the sea for its rearward communications. The exclusion of the Fisher Peninsula as a base of operations against northern Finland and northern Norway is the work of the mountain infantry. Being the last and northernmost battle post, the Fisher Isthmus is at the same time a part of the multiform system of the Atlantic wall, which runs out here into the northern Arctic Ocean.

There has rarely been a partial front so clearly defined in a geographical sense as the Fisher Isthmus. Enclosed by the Petsamo Fiord and the Barents Sea, it drops away to the north across the Soviet lines toward the Fisher Peninsula, while in the south it joins up with the primitive mountain base of the tundra. In contrast to the Murmansk Front, and even more in comparison with the forest fronts in Karelia and near Lake Onega, the battle positions and outposts are so dense here that they form a solid front which offers no possibility of seeping through. Rock, water, and a fantastic sky form the backdrop to the warlike foreground. The rocks are absolutely barren. While along the Liza River there is still a suggestion of green birches, a breath of vegetation, to enliven the gray aspect, here the totality of dead rock places the countryside into a region cut off from all life.

UNEXPLORED COUNTRY

Our motorcar worked its way up from the valley of the Titovka to the headquarters of a regiment. The fact that there is a road—blasted out of the rock here for many kilometers—is as amazing as any human achievement can be in such circumstances. The roads bring us to the crucial problem of warfare in desolate areas. For without roads there can be no supplies, and without supplies no front can be held, much less an attack carried forward. The land to the east of the North Cape was uninhabited and unexplored; and, if in spite of this, the
German advance in the summer of 1941 gained so much ground and threw the Soviets back on their own soil, this is due solely to the German mountain infantry. Added to the unexplored nature of these northern regions, there is the tundra, whose sea of undulating hills and cliffs places an almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of all movement, especially during the summer months. The lakes and rivers and, in the valleys, marshes and bogs, as well as a primeval wall of rock, lie like a vast barrier between the forested zone and the Arctic Ocean. It is only the winter, which levels out the country with ice and snow, solidifies the swamps, and throws bridges across the lakes, that enables large-scale movements.

A small group of soldiers was descending toward the valley with a burden, silently, like emissaries from another world. As they passed us, we saw that the heavy burden was a stretcher. "They got him up there," one of the men said and pointed up to the black mountain.

On the Fisher Isthmus, the fronts face each other with a minimum of distance, and from the elevated German positions one can look into the Soviet dugouts. One can look across the entire sector. Over here on the left wing the Varanger coast in the distance forms the horizon. To the left lies the entrance to the Petsamo Fiord. Behind the Soviet positions the land rises again toward the flat plateau of the Fisher Peninsula. The terrain in front of us was strewn with obstacles. There was a deceptive silence in the cliffs covering a tension which every now and then exploded in sudden bursts of fire. Three or four Soviets were carrying wood across a slope. A machine gun barked. The figures disappeared.

By midnight the light seemed, if possible, to have become even brighter. The sun had been hidden for some time, but now it broke through the clouds again and shone with the penetrating force peculiar to the midnight sun. The bank of clouds, which came to a halt over the coast, covered half of the sun, and it seemed as if its whole illuminating force were concentrated in the other half. It blazed and glowed, flamed and flashed, burned and flared, as if it contained all the fires of the world. The edges of the clouds were torn open, and the sun cast its torches deep into the gray mass. The sky was alabaster. The night was enchanted. Heaven, earth, and sea ran riot in an ecstasy of colors and receded through every shade from burning red to palest blue and ethereal green.

APRIL FOOL IN PALESTINE

April 1, 1944, will go down in Palestine as one of the crucial dates in the history of that country. The significance and background of this date are explained in the following article from Ankara.—K.M.

"UNREST in Palestine" — "In Palestine the extremists among the Arabs and the Jews are secretly preparing a war"—"In Palestine the smuggling of arms is flourishing; its underground channels reach as far as Cairo"—"In Haifa two torpedoes were stolen recently, probably because their content of explosives was needed for the manufacture of bombs."

This is a selection of news items sent out by British correspondents in Jerusalem, Haifa, and Cairo during the last few months. The reason for this unrest and increasing tension between Jews and Arabs was the approach of April 1, the date set by the British mandate authorities for the complete stoppage of Jewish immigration into Palestine.

FAILURE IN 1938

In order to understand this situation with all its underlying causes it is necessary to throw a glance at the last five
years of British policy in Palestine. After the Arab revolt had been quelled by force, the British Government decided at the end of 1938 to convocate an Arab-Jewish conference in London, in order by means of common discussion to find a solution to the problem of Palestine, i.e., a final demarcation of Arab and Jewish claims in that country. This conference met in February 1939, with delegates from all Arab states participating. The British Government submitted to it proposals of arbitration which, after a period of transition under British supervision, provided for the creation of an independent Palestine state. The length of this period of transition was to depend on the functioning of the co-operation between Arabs and Jews. Jewish immigration was to be limited during the period of transition to the extent prevailing at that time, and supreme government authority was to remain in the hands of the British High Commission until the end of the period of transition.

These British proposals were turned down in March 1939 by the Jewish as well as Arab participants in the conference. Eight weeks later, the British Government published a White Book on its future policy in Palestine in which the principles for proposed political action were announced and declared as binding without recourse being taken to the opinion of the Jews and Arabs. These principles have since then actually been adhered to in the political course of the mandate government in Jerusalem.

THE WHITE BOOK

The White Book is divided into three chapters: constitution, immigration, and land regulations. In the first chapter, "Constitution," it was stated that the promise of the "establishment of a national home for the Jewish people in Palestine" contained in the Balfour Declaration was by no means identical with the creation of a Jewish state in Palestine against the will of the Arab population. The words "national home," the chapter continued, only formed a basis for safeguarding and supporting the Jewish community existing in Palestine and being increased by immigration. Moreover, the British Government could not agree with the Arab opinion according to which Palestine should be transformed into an Arab state on the basis of promises made during the Great War. It could only support the creation of an independent state if it proved possible to bring about friendly relations between Arabs and Jews.

In the chapter entitled "Immigration," it was proposed that the Jewish immigration during the next five years, i.e., up to April 1, 1944, should be permitted to an extent which would allow the Jewish population to increase to about one third of the total population of the country. In practice this meant admitting a further 75,000 persons during the years from 1939 to 1944. From April 1, 1944, onwards, the White Book provided for a definite cessation of Jewish immigration.

THE CRUCIAL DATE

After its publication, the White Book policy was at first repudiated in Jewish demonstrations of protest as being a violation of the Balfour Declaration. The Arab High Committee also expressed its disapproval. After an epoch during which the two races seemed to be living quietly side by side in Palestine, both Arabs and Jews then started preparing for April 1, 1944, the day on which, according to the White Book policy, Jewish immigration was finally to come to an end. The Arabs wanted to see this first decisive point of the White Book policy carried out, and the Jews wanted to sabotage it. The Jews mobilized all Jewish forces to exploit England's dependence on international Jewry in order to maintain immigration. The Arabs of Palestine sought contact with the Arab neighbor states.

While hitherto the illegal militant terrorist organizations of the Jews in Palestine were silently tolerated by the British administration, indeed, even supplied with arms by certain British military quarters, such serious material regarding Jewish intentions seems to have fallen
into the hands of the British authorities recently that the latter saw themselves forced for the first time to interfere. In Tel Aviv and a number of Jewish settlements in the environment of Tel Aviv, the mandate police instituted searches which brought to light not only arms and ammunition depots but, in addition, membership and organization lists of an illegal Jewish terrorist organization which represented a sort of covering organization for the various militant units and which seemed to extend all over the country. When arrests were made, this led to clashes between Jews and British mandate police; in this connection, some Jewish newspapers used such language that the High Commissioner suppressed all the Jewish newspapers of Tel Aviv.

To create a sort of balance for these British steps against the Jews, the British High Commissioner also ordered investigations among suspected Arab circles. This also led to disturbances. But this could not hide the fact that suspicion was growing among Arab circles that the British Government was trying to withdraw from the obligations of its White Book.

EXCUSES AND THE ARABS

Now these suspicions have been confirmed. On March 22 the British Colonial Secretary issued instructions to the British High Commissioner in Jerusalem that Jewish immigration into Palestine would not cease after April 1. The British give two excuses for not fulfilling the promise contained in their White Book. The first is that, after all, the White Book had at the time of its publication been rejected by the Jewish and Arab sides alike; the second is that not all of the expected 75,000 Jewish immigrants had entered Palestine yet. At the time of writing, the Arab reaction cannot yet be gauged, but it is to be assumed that they are not likely to be satisfied by these reasons. Even before the British decision was known, the Arab newspaper *Mod* wrote: "It is to be hoped that the Arabs' demand for the cessation of Jewish immigration will be fulfilled. If it is not, then relations between the Arab states and the powers which are one-sidedly patronizing the Jews will assume a completely new aspect."

Some time ago, King ibn-Saud of Saudi Arabia, who enjoys great esteem among the Moslems, also made known his personal attitude in the question of the Jews in Palestine. His declaration, which he made in an interview granted to an American journalist and which he later published in his own country, starts with the words that the King had never yet informed his co-religionists of his attitude toward the question of Jewish immigration. But, since an American had come to see him, he thought it right to let the Americans, whom he regarded as friends of the Arabs, know his opinion. Ibn-Saud then went on to contest any claim to Palestine whatever on the part of the Jews. The Arabs, he said, had liberated it 1,300 years ago from the Romans, and since then it had been Arabian. If the Jews were seeking for a country of their own, there were countries that were bigger and more suited to their talents and interests in America and elsewhere in the world where they could settle without harming anyone. Their claim to Palestine, however, was unjust, and if they insisted on it nobody would profit; for it would only create distrust and conflicts between the Mohammedans and their friends the Allies.

"ARAB UNION" WITH A SAFETY BRAKE

Why did Britain decide on this step which antagonized her relations with the Arab world? Apart from her obvious desire to retain the sympathies of the Jews throughout the world, there is one other important point which has probably contributed to it.

It has caused a good deal of surprise that England seems lately to be supporting plans aimed at uniting the Arab peoples in an "Arab Commonwealth." But for England this solution may today be desirable in view of her alliance with the Soviet Union and the obligations resulting from it. An Arab federation—whose financial and economic dependence on England and America is already a
fact—might be the means of barring the Soviet Union from the Persian Gulf and the British Empire routes. On the other hand, such an Arab commonwealth would also threaten England's sea and land route to India, and thus in the last analysis the structure of the Empire. It is for the purpose of preventing this that the "national home of the Jews in Palestine" offers a favorable tool.

Indeed, London seems to consider the time ripe to apply the lever for the realization of much further-reaching plans. In 1936, when the mass influx of Jews from Europe led to serious fighting between Jews and Arabs, a new plan made its first appearance. This plan, supported by Lord Melchett, one of the most prominent Jews in England, was to open up Transjordania to Jewish immigration. Transjordania happens to be an artificial and poor state created by England, whose ruler was placed on his throne by England and has been able to hold his position solely through England's patronage and money. But the oil line of Mosul, coming from Iraq, was laid in a curve around Syria through Transjordanian territory. This oil line ends in Haifa, the chief port of Palestine, thus running exclusively across British-controlled territory. In addition to this, Transjordania has a port on the Red Sea; and, to the same extent to which England must recede from her position of preponderance in Egypt, she has tried and will continue to try to extend her influence on the other side of the Suez Canal in Transjordania.

If England should now have definitely to give up her rights as a mandate power in Palestine, the Jews would remain so to speak as a foothold, and the expansion of their "national home" to Transjordania would become a necessity. In view of the Transjordanian Emir's submissive attitude toward England, this plan appears feasible, and the poor Transjordanians—who are mostly nomads—as well as the wealthy Jews may have no objection to an industrial opening up of this corner between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. On the other hand, this project hardly fits into the future plans of the Arabs: it represents a "thorn in the flesh" of a future Arab commonwealth.

The British point of view was recently aptly summarized by the Manchester Guardian: "Only a highly developed Jewish national home in Palestine can form the basis for England's authority, England's influence, and England's security in the Near East." This definition of the Balfour Declaration has never been recognized by the Arabs and never been dropped by England—P.S.P.V.

"DANGEROUS BANK-NOTE CIRCULATION"

By WALTER SIEK

A few months ago the Finnish Government asked Parliament to pass a law which was to empower the Government to stamp the bank notes in circulation, and at the same time to reduce their nominal value by a certain percentage and compensate their owners with government loans to the same amount. The object of this measure, it was stated, was to reduce the note circulation—which had risen in Finland from some 2.1 billion Finnish marks (100 Finnish marks=5 Reichsmarks) before the war to 10.4 billions in the spring of 1943—by about 20 per cent.

CAMPAIGN AGAINST BANK NOTES

So far this law has not yet been passed, and perhaps it is not supposed to be passed. Perhaps the intention of the Government was only to scare the people. At any rate,
the first rumors about intended measures of the type described were enough to reduce the Finnish note circulation from the high of 10.4 billions to 9.1 billion marks by the end of June. However, the Bulgarian example shows that measures of this kind can be carried out in all seriousness. We also refer in this connection to the events after the Great War, when in Greece, for instance, bank notes were cut in half, one half being recalled in favor of the state, the other being reduced to half its face value.

In Bulgaria a regulation was issued on June 22, 1943, according to which all bank notes of 5,000 and 10,000 leva (equivalent to 150 and 300 Reichsmarks) had to be exchanged by September 20. Those who handed them in received 60 per cent of their value in bank notes of small denominations and 40 per cent in 3-per-cent treasury notes. The Bulgarian Government went even further and ordered the credit institutions to make all payments exceeding a minimum amount, either totally or to the extent of 50 per cent, in treasury notes. However, in contrast to the Finnish plan, which would amount to a compulsory loan from the owners of bank notes, the treasury notes handed to the Bulgarian bank-note holders were short-term treasury notes which could in many cases be used like bank notes in making payments.

Let us finally remember that in March 1943 the Dutch bank notes of 500 and 1,000 guldens were recalled at very short notice, having to be paid in to the Finance Bureaus for tax accounts wherever possible; that in England all notes exceeding £5 are being withdrawn, while the financial press has already demanded their compulsory exchange at short notice in order to prevent the English note circulation from exceeding the limit of one billion pounds, which will soon be reached; and that similar measures are being discussed in France and Switzerland. All this reveals an international campaign against the possession of bank notes.

What is behind this remarkable procedure? The note circulation in all countries—belligerent and nonbelligerent—has risen since the outbreak of war at a surprising rate. An increase to twice the former amount is, so to speak, the rule, and increases to three to five times that amount are not rare. This development is obviously causing anxiety to the heads of the note-issuing banks and ministries of finance, since it is feared that the high figures of the note circulation may release fears of inflation at home and abroad and harm the national credit. But there is more to it than this: because they are chiefly in the hands of wide masses of consumers, bank notes are generally regarded as latent purchasing power, ready to be used at any moment. The larger the possession of bank notes in the hands of the general public, the more serious does the danger appear that a sudden wave of purchasing power might flood all the dams of market regulation and price control. Furthermore, bank notes, especially the larger denominations, are known by experience to be the sole valid means of payment on the “black market,” which might thus be limited by the withdrawal of this medium. And finally, every large hoard of bank notes also represents—at least in countries with a highly developed property tax—a corresponding tax evasion.

WHY SO MUCH CASH?

Hence, here are apparently reasons enough to justify measures for restricting the circulation of bank notes—even if they are only of an “optical” nature, as shown in the Bulgarian example. But is the bank note really so dangerous a thing as would appear from all this zeal? The anxiety caused by the high figures of note circulation in competent and incompetent quarters can in its last analysis be traced to memories of the times after the Great War, when the size and trend of the bank-note circulation were generally regarded as an infallible standard by which to measure the extent and speed of the process of inflation. This relationship between the trend of the note circulation and of prices undoubtedly still exists to some extent; but in this war the note circulation has risen considerably even in those countries which have kept prices under firm control, i.e., have been able to prevent any inflation of the kind known hitherto. This fact should make it clear that not only the credit requirements of the government but also other, entirely natural factors may be responsible for the increased circulation of bank notes in war time.

Since the state pays its suppliers mainly not in cash but by way of remittance, the increased government credits appear chiefly as an increase in bank deposits. The size of the cash circulation, however, is determined by the current cash demands of the country’s economy and by the “public’s” current habits of holding cash. It naturally
rises with a rising economy and a rising national income. But it also rises when the money's speed of circulation is reduced (e.g., as a result of a shortage in goods); when the individual economic units have a growing desire for liquidity; when cheque and remittance payments are reduced (black market); and when interest returns lose in importance and esteem—all factors which have made their appearance in a more or less pronounced form in this war. Above all, this war, which has everywhere brought the masses of the population into motion and enormously enhanced the insecurity of individual existence, has led to an increased personal demand for cash, which in some countries has undoubtedly assumed the proportions of cash hoarding.

ONE SYMPTOM AMONG MANY

So we see that an increased circulation of money is, so to speak, a natural and inevitable part of modern war economy and need not therefore be any indication of the existence and size of a possible inflation. If now and again an excessive cash circulation has been regarded as a handicap to national finances, this anxiety is entirely without foundation. From the point of view of national finances it is more or less a matter of indifference whether the monetary surpluses of the individual economic units appear in the form of cash or deposits; for since nowadays the notes in circulation are issued everywhere by the state, any increase in the note circulation benefits the national finances even more directly than an increase of savings or bank deposits.

In former days, when the circulation of bank notes rose as the result of hoarding trends, people complained that economy as a whole was being paralyzed by the withdrawal of money. Nowadays, the very opposite causes anxiety, namely, that the latent purchasing power crystallized in the bank-note circulation (which lies somnolent as long as bank notes are being hoarded), may, once it starts moving, overstimulate economy and thus release an unrestrained price inflation. This worry may be justified in countries without market and price discipline. But in such cases a restriction of the bank-note circulation by more or less artificial measures does not help much if the economic body and the public possess additional large bank and savings deposits which, after all, as call money represent immediate purchasing power just as much as bank notes do.

The increased bank-note circulation is, as we have shown, only one of the various forms by which the surplus purchasing power of the war years manifests itself in the realm of finance. If a government wishes after the war to prevent the inflation it has just managed to hold back during the war by means of strict control from gaining the upper hand in the end, it is thus not enough to begin with the note circulation. Indeed, what is required is an all-encompassing politico-economic program which aims at tying down and guiding the nation's war-inflated monetary resources in all their possible forms and which keeps the markets under control by fixing prices and production until a normal balance between the supply of money and goods has been reached.

Mental Cruelty

Mrs. F. Hugh is one of the thousands of upper-class English women who evacuated to Canada and the USA in the summer of 1940. In 1943 the husbands of many of these women began to feel that this separation was lasting too long, and the return of some of the wives to England began. Several months ago, Mr. Hugh also requested his wife to fly back to England. But Mrs. Hugh refused and went to Reno, America's famous divorce mill. The American judge was sympathetic and gave her a divorce on the grounds of "mental cruelty."
THE RUSSIANS

IN EAST ASIA

By N. N. NIKOLAYEV

Among the Europeans in East Asia, the Russian refugees occupy a special position. Being by far the largest group, they have left their mark on a number of East Asiatic cities, particularly Harbin, Peking, Tsingtao, Shanghai, where their shops, churches, restaurants, and cabarets, are to be found in great numbers. The first of these refugees arrived in 1919, a quarter of a century ago, and we believe that the time has come for a survey of their history. It is a history of severe hardship, but also of great endurance and fortitude. This survey has been written by Colonel N. N. Nikolayev, who has shared the fortunes of the Russian refugees in East Asia from the very beginning.—K.M.

BEFORE the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, most of the Russians who had their domicile in East Asia outside of the frontiers of the Tsarist Empire lived in the zone of the Chinese Eastern Railway in Manchuria, the center of which was the city of Harbin. At that time they numbered about 80,000 civilians, mostly railway employees and their families. In addition there were stationed in the railway zone the troops of the Trans-Amur District Frontier Guards, consisting of fifteen regiments and several other units, and amounting altogether — including families — to another 60,000 persons. Including those scattered in many other places, the total number of Russians living in northern Manchuria at the outbreak of the Revolution was between 150,000 and 200,000.

In the other parts of East Asia, the number of Russians was at that time very small. Their communities in Mukden, Peking, Tientsin, Tsingtao, Shanghai, and Hankow numbered between a few dozen and a few hundred. Leading among these Russian communities were those in Peking, where the ancient Orthodox Mission is located, and Hankow, with its wealthy Russian tea firms. In Shanghai and some of the other large Chinese cities the Russian communities consisted chiefly of the employees of a few Russian firms and shipping companies, the Russo-Asiatic Bank, and the officials of the Russian consulates.

THE GREAT TREK

On that sad and fateful day, November 6, 1917, the Bolsheviks, making use of the exhaustion of the Russian people after three years of bitter war, took the power into their hands and hoisted the red flag of world revolution over Russia. This was the beginning of those insane experiments which were to be conducted on the backs of the unfortunate Russian people in accordance with the world program of the Communists. The civil war with its fighting, burning, and looting began. The Bolsheviks defeated the White Army, which was fighting without a clear program, and many Russians began to leave their native country, fleeing from the storm of advancing, ruthless Bolshevism.
Thus began the great trek of the Russian refugees. While large numbers of them moved westward into Europe, many inhabitants of Siberia, the Urals, and the Volga areas, as well as the troops of these regions with their families, fled eastward. Those that survived entered China. One group under Ataman A. I. Dutov, Major General Bakich, and Ataman V. V. Annenkov, coming from the southern Urals, crossed into Sinkiang in March 1920. A year later, when Soviet agents killed Ataman Dutov and carried Ataman Annenkov back into Soviet Russia, the Russian refugees in Sinkiang continued their march eastward. Many died on the way. Of the Bakich contingent, which had numbered some 12,000 at the start, only 350 men survived, eventually appearing in the coastal cities of China. Of the Annenkov Cossacks, a whole squadron reached Tientsin. The largest group, under the leadership first of General V. O. Kappel, later of Ataman G. I. Semyonov, fought its way clear across Siberia in the terrible “Icy Campaign” and reached the Manchurian frontier on August 15, 1920.

The main mass of the Russian refugees who crossed the border, mostly near the station of Manchuli on the Russian-Manchurian border, consisted of: (1) Cossacks from the Orenburg, Siberian, Yeniseisk, Irkutsk, and Transbaikalian armies; (2) the remnants of the Samara, Volga, Ufa, Ural, Omsk, Tomsk, Irkutsk, Tobolsk, and Manchurian infantry divisions; (3) the workers of the Ijevsk and Votkinsk factories, organized into an infantry division; (4) remnants of various cavalry, artillery, engineering, and other units; (5) the families of the officers and men of these units; (6) inhabitants from cities in Siberia, the Urals, and the Volga districts, and peasants, mainly from the provinces of Samara, Ufa, Vyatka, and Perm; (7) many other small groups or individuals who crossed the Russo-Chinese border on their own.

**BY SEA AND LAND**

Another large wave of refugees left Russia after the collapse of the provisional Amur Government of the Merkulov brothers in Vladivostok. The core of this wave from Vladivostok was the “Far Eastern Cossack Group” under the command of General F. L. Glebov, which sailed from Vladivostok on October 23, 1922, on the transports Okhotsk, Zastitchnik, and Mongaigai. This group also included the remnants of some other army units with their women and children and carried 36 flags of the Russian Imperial Army, mainly from Cossack regiments. With about 3,300 people, the flotilla entered the Chosen port of Gensan. During its long stay there, General Glebov ordered all families and civilians to move to Manchuria, where they settled in Harbin, Hailar, and other places. Only the single men remained with Glebov, in all some 850. These sailed to Shanghai, where they arrived on September 14, 1923. Soon afterwards, 240 Cossacks, under General Anisimov of the Orenburg Cossack army, turned Bolshevist and returned to Vladivostok on the steamer Mongaigai. The other two ships remained in Shanghai and were later sold to China.

At about the same time, a large number of other ships, under the command of Vice-Admiral Stark, left Vladivostok. They carried 1,000 soldiers, 700 sailors, 700 cadets, 1,500 civilians, and various other small groups including 100 Serbians. Many of these boats were very small, and quite a few were lost on the way; others reached Shanghai, as did also the steamer Lorestan with its 400 people aboard which was chartered by the German firm of Kunst & Albers.

Some 8,000 men under the command of Generals Borodin and Molchanov left the Maritime Province by land and entered Manchuria in October 1922 in the neighborhood of Hunchun, near the point where the frontiers of Russia, Manchuria, and Chosen meet. By order of Marshal Chang Tso-lin this group was quartered in the towns of Kirin and Hsinkiling, and the Chinese authorities as well as the Japanese Red Cross assisted them greatly with housing, food, and medicines. Another force of about 5,000 men was led into Manchuria by General Smolin via Pogranichnaya.
When the flood of Russian refugees began to reach Manchuria, the most prominent Russian there was Lieutenant General D. L. Khorvat, the Director of the Chinese Eastern Railway, who immediately offered his help. Since he had succeeded in building up an excellent reputation for the Russians in Manchuria, the Chinese population also came forward to aid the Russians. From high officials down to ordinary railway workers, the inhabitants of Manchuria held General Khorvat in high esteem and called him their "little grandfather"; and the railway zone under the General's control was often affectionately referred to as "Happy Khorvatia." When the Bolsheviks assumed power in the Russian Far East, General Khorvat opposed them and moved into the Maritime Province with troops which he had organized in Manchuria. A Cossack meeting appointed him provisional ruler of Russia. However, his march on Vladivostok was blocked by troops of the Czech Legion (released prisoners of war), who were at that time in control of large parts of Eastern Siberia, and Khorvat's men returned to Harbin. General Khorvat died in 1937 in Peking.

When the Soviet power became entrenched in Siberia in the middle twenties, the number of Russian refugees crossing the border into China gradually decreased, and finally such flights became a rare occurrence. The favorite points for crossing the border were the district near Manchuli, the Amur between the towns of Blagovestchensk and Sakhalyan, and the region south of Pogranichnaya, where Russian and Chinese smugglers guided the fugitives across mountains, forests, and swamps. Once across the border, the refugees usually tried to get to Harbin or to the Muling coal mines in search of work.

THE "NOT-RETURNEES"

When the Soviet Government sold the Chinese Eastern Railway to the Government of Manchoukuo on March 23, 1935, the bulk of the Soviet citizens in the employ of the railway returned to the USSR, while a small number, several hundred in all, preferred not to go to the land of the Bolsheviks and remained in Manchoukuo. Some of these "Not-Returners" (Verozvrazhentny) later moved to other parts of China. The time came when they blessed their decision, as those of their colleagues who did return to the USSR were deprived of most of their possessions by the Bolsheviks and then sent to build new railroads in Siberia and Central Asia under appalling conditions. This came to light from the letters they wrote later on and from the stories of those who managed to flee.

Thus we see that the composition of the Russians in East Asia is a varied one. Some were here before the Revolution; some arrived in regular military formations; some as refugees; and some stayed as "Not-Returners." It would be difficult to find a term to include them all; but since they have been officially designated by the authorities as "emigrants" we shall employ this term, although linguistically it does not apply to them in every respect.

WHERE DID THEY GO?

By 1925 most of the Russian emigrants in East Asia had settled down in one way or another. Their center was Harbin. This town quickly prospered owing to the energy of thousands of able newcomers who were eager to work and build up a new life after the nightmare of Bolshevism. Other towns in Manchuria which had considerable Russian populations were Hailar, Hsinking, Manchuli, Yablonia, and Lukashevo.

In the area between the Hingan Mountains and the town of Hailar, known as the Three River Land (Tryokhrechye), several dozen Transbaikal Cossack families settled down. Gradually, some Cossack villages developed. There was plenty of land, and the Cossacks worked hard and with enthusiasm. Eventually, more Cossacks joined them, and after half a dozen years of industrious labor the Three River Land blossomed and prospered. The people who had stayed in Siberia and who suffered poverty and had no rights
against their Bolshevist exploiters looked with envy on the free, happy life in the Three River Land. Finally, the Bolsheviks organized a guerrilla band which in October 1929 made a raid on the Three River Land from Soviet territory. After crossing the border secretly, this band invaded the Cossack settlements, plundered and burned several villages, destroyed all grain reserves, and murdered some 200 Cossacks. Although this bloody crime remained unavenged, the Three River Land continued to develop and has by now reached a state of even greater prosperity.

From Manchuria a steady stream of emigrants flowed into other parts of East Asia. Quite a few settled in Tientsin, where many entered the fur trade, establishing business connections with Mongolia by way of Kalgan, in which town a number of emigrants also settled. Others went to Tsingtao and Shanghai, and some to Japan. Everywhere the Russians proved themselves to be good workers and honest businessmen.

In all there are at present about 100,000 Russian emigrants in East Asia, of whom about 60,000 are in Manchoukuo, 20,000 in Shanghai, and 800 in Japan.

During the period from 1924 to 1928 quite a number of emigrants moved on to America, as far as the strict American immigration laws permitted this. Those who went there were of a comparatively high social standing, including professors, teachers, engineers, staff officers, etc.

**RAILWAYMEN AND SOLDIERS**

Having arrived in China either with no money at all or having spent it long since, the emigrants have to make their living by their daily work. In Manchuria, thousands obtained work on the Chinese Eastern Railway and, although they had until then been officers or soldiers, they soon learned their new trade and turned into efficient and reliable railwaymen. Conditions became somewhat difficult when the Soviet Government obtained control over the railroad in the autumn of 1924. After its sale to Manchoukuo in 1935, those Russians who remained were given a special section on the western branch, between the stations Douitsienshan and Anda. Other emigrants found work in Russian firms. About a thousand White Russians are employed by I. Y. Churin & Co. in Harbin under excellent conditions. The firm, which has the atmosphere of one big united family, is managed by Mr. Fütterer, a German, who is highly respected by all the employees and workers of the firm.

In 1924, when war broke out again between Marshal Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pai-fu, the Mukden War Council decided early in September to organize a Russian volunteer brigade of about 400 to 500 infantrymen with two pieces of artillery. Major General Constantin P. Nechayev was called from Harbin to command it, and the brigade was included in the First Mukden Army under the command of Marshal Chan Tsung-chang, who had lived in Russia for a long time and had participated in the Russo-Japanese War on the Russian side.

In spite of many deficiencies and without further preparations, the brigade started off on its march toward the Great Wall of China. The news that a Russian formation was marching with the Mukden army quickly reached the enemy in a greatly exaggerated form and spread confusion in his ranks. In their first engagement, the Russians dispersed a portion of Wu Pai-fu's army. The town of Tientsin was occupied before Christmas, and all the members of the Russian brigade received monetary gifts. By the end of January 1925 the brigade with its armored trains entered the Chinese section of Shanghai, and on February 3 it occupied the town of Wusih, where it was given quarters to rest and complement its ranks. There was a steady stream of officers and men who came, sometimes as far as from Harbin, to join the brigade.

For the summer, the brigade was quartered in Taian. It was here that a special cadet company was formed of young men who had finished middle school. On October 21, 1925, the Russian brigade again saw action, this time
The Cathedral of the Blessed Virgin in Shanghai, built in 1935 with donations from Russian emigrants. Adjacent to the left is the official residence of Bishop Yoanna.

Helina, the charming, versatile prima ballerina of the Ballet Russ in Shanghai, known for her exquisite dancing throughout East Asia.

A vendor of Russian newspapers and magazines displaying his goods to a prospective customer.

Archbishop Victor of Peking, the head of the Russian Orthodox Church in China.

The Principal and the smallest member of St. Tichon's Orphanage in Shanghai.
A Russian Orthodox priest, on the city wall of Peking, overlooking the Orthodox Mission compound.

Young Russian members of the cadet company of Chang Tso-lin's Russian Brigade in 1925.

Russian emigrants crowding around one of Shanghai's White Russian newspapers displayed outside a shop belonging to a Russian ex-officer.

"Moscow Boulevard" is the name by which one of the main thoroughfares of the former French Concession in Shanghai is sometimes referred to because its appearance is so dominated by Russian emigrant influence. Russian policeman in the foreground.

Pupils of St. Andrew's School in Shanghai during a handwork class.
against Marshal Sun Chuan-fang, who had unexpectedly attacked the Mukden army. After an unfortunate start which cost the Russians four armored trains near the station of Kuehen, the campaign was successfully ended in April 1926 with the defeat of Feng Yu-shan’s armies and the occupation of Peking. In the autumn of 1927 the brigade was demobilized, and at present, with the exception of some railway guards, there are no Russian troops in Chinese service.

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONS

The majority of the Russian emigrants in East Asia have chosen commerce as their means of making a living. New commercial enterprises were opened in many towns, and some of them have continued to exist to this day. The owners of these firms were largely former officers and soldiers of the Russian Far Eastern Army. In Shanghai, for example, many enterprises were founded by ex-officers, among them a textile firm, a sausage factory, a jewelry store, a men’s clothing shop, a restaurant, a library, a pharmacy, a photo studio, a food store, a furniture shop, a vodka factory, a bakery. On the other hand, a large number of emigrants found a living in old firms which had existed in Russia before the war. Among them, the vodka distillery A. N. Lazaridy and the textile firm of P. S. Grigorieff moved from Vladivostok to Harbin and finally to Shanghai, the vodka distillery Mercury from Khabarovsk to Shanghai, the candy factory Tkachenko and the watch and jewelry store G. A. Stepanoff from Vladivostok to Shanghai.

The President of the Russian Chamber of Commerce in Shanghai is Peter S. Grigorieff, who began his business life in Moscow in 1912 and opened a dry-goods store in Shanghai in 1926. He is even better known among his countrymen for his welfare work, by which he has continued the fine traditions of the old Russian merchant class. It was at his initiative and owing chiefly to his efforts that the Russian Chamber of Commerce was organized in Shanghai.

The wave of Russian emigrants also brought numerous highly qualified Russian doctors to East Asia. The Russians particularly cherish the memory of Dr. V. A. Kazem-Bek, who settled in Harbin, did a great amount of good, and died in 1931 of a disease he contracted in the execution of his profession. A hospital in Harbin now bears his name. Many of the Russian specialists, who enjoy a fine reputation among non-Russians, too, were formerly members of the medical staff of the Imperial Russian Army and Navy.

All over East Asia, restaurants, bars, cabarets, and other amusement places were opened by Russian emigrants, mainly in Harbin and Shanghai. In recent years, quite a few have been forced to close down as a result of the war.

Apart from the settlement in the Three River Land, the Russians also took up agriculture in other parts of Manchoukuo as well as in the environment of Dairen and Tsingtao. Comparatively few turned toward this means of income in Shanghai, among them being General N. P. Sakharov, who has a bee farm.

Many Russian emigrants have worked at all kinds of odd jobs: as salesmen in stores, as waiters, as watchmen and bodyguards of private individuals and firms, as inspectors in streetcars and busses, as riding instructors, as clerks in firms and municipal offices. More than a hundred are employed by the Shanghai Canidrome. Quite a number found employment on the many ships plying the China coast—some as antipiracy guards—and in other branches of the maritime service. Captain P. I. Tirbak was for many years harbor master in Shanghai, and P. P. Volchanetsky is well known among mariners for his Tables to Find Position Line and Ex Meridian Tables.

The women have found work as salesgirls, stenographers, waitresses, bar girls, taxi dancers, nurses, governesses, music and language teachers, dressmakers, milliners, manicurists, masseuses. There is hardly a job in which Russians have not tried their luck.
THE ARM OF THE LAW

A large number of emigrant officers and soldiers entered all kinds of police service. The majority of these found work in the police service of the Chinese Eastern Railway under Generals N. T. Volodchenko and A. K. Mitrofanov. Others served in the municipal police of Harbin and other Manchurian communities. When an increasing number of emigrants moved to Shanghai, many of them found work in the police forces of the former International Settlement and French Concession.

On January 17, 1927, a special Russian force was organized in Shanghai consisting at first of two companies and known as the “Russian Detachment of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps.” It was chiefly the remnants of the Cossack group that had reached Shanghai from Vladivostok with the squadron of Vice-Admiral Stark which entered this detachment. The military organization of the detachment was carried out by General Glebov. Eventually a third company was added consisting of Russian volunteers who served without pay. As a result of its service and discipline, the Russian Detachment soon became the pride of the Russians in Shanghai. After a fourth company had been added, the detachment was changed in 1932 to a regiment and received its own regimental ensign with the old Russian colors. It was also honored by a telegraphic message from Grand Duke Kirill Vladimirovich, the late head of the Russian Imperial House. In 1942, upon the demobilization of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, the Russian regiment was reorganized into a police detachment of three companies of altogether about 400 young men, commanded by Major S. D. Ivanov.

The career of the commanding officer of the first company, Captain I. S. Lobanov, throws a light on the strange fortunes of the Russians in East Asia. He had entered military service in Russia in 1915 as a private and eventually, in the course of the Great War, attained the rank of captain. During the Russian civil war he started all over again as a private in a White Russian battalion consisting exclusively of officers, progressing by degrees to the rank of captain and finally even of lieutenant colonel. In Shanghai, when he joined the Russian Detachment in 1927, he started once again as a private and eventually, for the third time in his life, reached the rank of a captain.

In the former French Concession of Shanghai, a Russian Auxiliary Police Detachment was formed by General Glebov in January 1932. It consisted of some 350 men and was commanded by Major General L. M. Adamovich and Captain G. G. Sadilnikov. It was recently disbanded, and its personnel is now attached to the various police stations of the city.

PARTIES AND VIEWS

When the Russian emigrants arrived in East Asia, there were many different political views among them. The one thing that united them was their loathing for Bolshevism. On this score, all of them, monarchists or socialists, agreed. The majority of them soon abandoned their old party affiliations. Those who adhered comparatively the longest to their party principles were the so-called Social-Revolutionaries, who changed the name of their party to “Peasant Party,” with headquarters in Prague. In Shanghai its adherents published a small anti-monarchistic newspaper, Golos, which appeared for a certain time.

The mass of the Russian emigrants in Shanghai adhered to the monarchistic principle, and during the thirties there was a strong monarchistic movement among them. At that time, a number of monarchistic newspapers and magazines were published in Harbin and Shanghai, among them Gryadushchaya Rossiya, Russkoye Znamya, Shtandart, Novy Put, Na Granitse, and others. But after the death of Grand Duke Kirill Vladimirovich in 1938, the monarchistic movement in East Asia lost much ground, and at the present time there is only one monarchistic organization in Shanghai, the society “Faith, Tsar, and Nation.” However, once this war is over and connec-
tions restored between the Russian monarchists in East Asia with those in Europe—particularly with the head of the Imperial House, Grand Duke Vladimir Kirillovich—a renaissance of the monarchistic movement may be expected among the Russian emigrants here, as many of them are monarchists at heart.

During the period of exile, several new anti-Bolshevist political movements originated among the young generation. The rise of Fascism in Italy, for example, stimulated a Fascist movement: in 1930 the “All Russian Fascist Party” was formed, which adopted a white swastika with the Russian double eagle as its emblem. Its slogan is “God, Nation, and Labor.” Eventually, the party split up, one section under A. Vonsyatsky having its center of gravity in America, and the other in East Asia under K. V. Rodzayevsky. Following upon the events in Italy in 1943, Rodzayevsky changed the name of his party to “Russian National Labor Party,” while the emblem and slogan remained; a monarchistic section was also added. Since November 18, 1943, Rodzayevsky has been a member of the Bureau of Emigrant Affairs in Harbin.

The two leaders of the former Siberian autonomist movement are Professor M. P. Golovachyov—one-time Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Siberian White Government—in Shanghai and Colonel F. I. Porotikov in Japan.

One of the leading personalities among the emigrants, who is also well known among non-Russians, is Ataman G. M. Semyonov. Having fought in the Great War as a Cossack officer, he was the first to organize armed resistance against the Reds in Eastern Siberia after the Bolshevist Revolution. By dint of his extraordinary energy he was able to raise a large army which for a long time caused much trouble to the Bolsheviks, as it was in control of the strategically important area between Chita and the Manchurian border. Since 1920 he has been living near Port Arthur.

The so-called “Young Russians” played a considerable role during the thirties, when they had many members and a strong party press. They advocated loyalty to the legitimate Tsar and at the same time closer contact with the Russian people and the Red Army over the heads of the Soviet Government. Now the party as such no longer exists.

**Organizations and an Organizer**

The official organs of the Russian emigrants in China are the “Emigrant Bureaus,” “Emigrant Committees,” and “Anti-Communist Committees.” All these organs are for the Russian emigrants something like unofficial consulates, whose main work is that of registration and of aiding their members in case of need. They also watch the political activities of their members and exclude all those who have taken out Soviet or any other citizenship papers.

The President of the Russian Emigrant Committee in Shanghai is General Feodor L. Glebov, a widely known, colorful figure. He comes from a simple Cossack family in Siberia. From the very beginning of his military service, when he was still a private in the Cossack force, Glebov attracted the attention of his superiors. In the Great War, Glebov stood always in the first ranks, always under fire. He was wounded several times and received every possible military decoration: four soldiers’ crosses of St. George and four medals of St. George—the golden cross of St. George of the first order from the hands of Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaevich. He was promoted to the rank of officer and quickly rose to the rank of squadron commander and even divisional commander. After the outbreak of the Revolution, Glebov remained loyal to Russia and became a confirmed enemy of Bolshevism. During the civil war he participated in many battles and led his Cossack brigade across Siberia with an iron hand. Eventually, he rose to the rank of lieutenant general. Out of some 15 million Russian soldiers who were mobilized during the Great War, Glebov is the only one who, starting as a common soldier, attained this rank.

Having fought against the Bolsheviks until the last possible moment, General
Glebov brought his Cossack force to Shanghai, as was described elsewhere. After his ships had cast anchor in the Whangpoo, he refused for years to comply with the demand of the authorities of Shanghai who, under the influence of Russia's former allies, wanted him to lower the old Russian flag.

For several years Glebov was President of the "Council of the United Russian Organization in Shanghai." On January 3, 1943, he became President of the Russian Emigrant Committee of this city.

CLUBS AND ASSOCIATIONS

In some towns as, for instance, Tientsin, there is a "Russian House," where the whole communal life of the emigrants is concentrated—passport office, schools, clubs, etc. In Shanghai, in addition to the leading "Russian Club" and the "Russian Ex-Officers' Club," there are also various other social organizations such as the "Russian Ex-Servicemen's Association," which has its own dormitory and kitchen and is headed by Colonels A. Speransky and P. A. Vedenyapin, and the "Cossack Union," which also has its own small clubhouse. Finally, there are several other veterans' organizations such as the "Russian Ex-Servicemen's Association," which has its own dormitory and kitchen and is headed by Colonels A. Speransky and P. A. Vedenyapin, and the "Cossack Union," which also has its own small clubhouse. Finally, there are several other veterans' organizations such as the Shanghai department of the Imperial Army and Navy Corps and the veterans of the First Siberian Infantry Regiment headed by Colonel N. N. Nikolyayev.

Among political youth organizations in Shanghai, there are those formed in Harbin some twenty years ago: the "Crusaders," "Musketeers," "Black Ring," and others. Among church organizations are the "Circle of Saint Yoasaf" and the "Circle of St. Seraphim," in which young people study the history of the Russian Orthodox Church and the lives of outstanding Orthodox saints under the leadership of Bishop Yoann.

The largest among the athletic organizations is the "Russky Sokol," which has more than a thousand members all over East Asia. Its motto is: "In the heart—courage, in the muscles—strength, in thought—the fatherland." In various towns there are branches of the "Young Scouts," an association whose task is the patriotic education of the younger Russian generation. In Shanghai the Young Scouts have two organizations: the "Scouts of St. George" and the "Scouts of St. Nikolai."

EMIGRANTS AND THE AUTHORITIES

In Manchoukuo the Russian emigrants have met with an extremely friendly attitude on the part of the local authorities. The latter try to give the utmost consideration to the needs of the emigrants in business life as well as in political and social questions. The authorities are also doing their best to reconcile the various existing internal tensions among the emigrants and have shown full understanding of their political views. Colonel Komazu expressed this appropriately when, on November 6, 1942, in the presence of Ataman Semyonov, he addressed an emigrant meeting in Dairen:

We do not support those emigrants who do not burn with the spirit of irreconcilable struggle with Communism. To burn with the spirit of the fight with Communism and to be disciplined, that is the only way for the refugees to exist, rather, the only way of their salvation.

In Tientsin the Russian emigrants were firmly organized through the efforts of the local authorities. At the Russian House there is an office in charge of supervising the behavior of the emigrants and safeguarding the honor and reputation of the Russians. It also provides military training. In a similar way, the Russian emigrants in Taingtao have been organized into the "Russian Anti-Communist Committee." In Peking the center of Russian life is the Russian Orthodox Mission. Politically and socially speaking, they come under the Russian House in Tientsin. The emigrants living in Shanghai, of whom there are about 20,000, belong to many different organizations, while all of them are obliged to register with the Shanghai Russian Emigrant Committee.

In Japan, owing to their small number and wide dispersion, the Russian emigrants have little organized life. In Tokyo there is an Emigrant Committee.
In other parts of East Asia the number of Russian emigrants is very small. The uniting bond is provided by the parishes of the Orthodox Church, which enjoys the protection of the authorities.

All Russians in East Asia are obliged to have passports issued at a small charge (for unemployed, free) by the local authorities and valid for one year. A number of emigrants who decided to settle in Manchoukuo or China for good have taken out citizenship papers of these countries.

PUBLICATIONS

The leading newspapers at the present time are the Zaria and Kharbinskoye Vremya (Harbin Times) in Harbin, the Vozrojenie Azii (Rebirth of Asia) in Tientsin, and the Shanghai Zaria and Novoge Vremya in Shanghai. The remaining Russian dailies in Shanghai are Soviet publications.

The Editor-in-Chief of the much-read Shanghai Zaria is Leo V. Arnoldov, who began his journalistic career in 1916, when he worked on the Irkutsk paper Jizn (Life). After the Revolution, he was appointed Director of the Foreign Department of the Russian Press Bureau in Omsk. In 1919 he worked first in Khabarovsk and then on two Vladivostok papers. From 1921 to 1925 he worked on the Harbin Zaria, and since October 1925 he has been Editor-in-Chief of the Shanghai Zaria, which has steered a steady course of anti-Bolshevism throughout the past nine years. He is also a lecturer on Chinese history and culture at the Russian Commercial Institute in Shanghai and has published several books.

In view of the present high cost of paper, few of the many magazines founded at one time or another have survived. Among them are Rubej (Border) and Luch Azii (The Light of Asia) in Harbin, the latter of a monarchist tendency; and in Shanghai the Shanghai Rubej, Kstati (published by the Shanghai branch of the Union of Russian War Invalids), Shtandart (the organ of the monarchists), Nash Put (published by the Russian National Labor Party, the former Fascists), and Vestoroi (published by the ex-officers of the First Siberian Infantry Regiment).

Among the publishing companies, which have turned out many Russian books, only one has survived: "Nashe Znanye" in Tientsin. That Russian emigrant author who is best known among non-Russians is N. N. Baikov in Harbin, famous for his descriptions of life and hunting in Manchoukuo.

SCHOOLS, STAGE, AND ART

The largest number of Russian schools is to be found in Shanghai, among them being several commercial schools, a middle school, a high school for girls, and some boarding schools, mostly subsidized by the "Russian Central Welfare Committee."

In Harbin, the State High School is open to children of both sexes, and education and uniforms are of the cadet type. The Polytechnic Institute, which has a Department of Law, and the Dental School pay their own way, receiving only a small subsidy from the emigrant bureau. There are also emigrant schools in a number of other towns, and Dairen, Mukden, Manchuli, and Hailar can even boast of quite good high schools.

The Russians have always been known for their love of theater and music, and they enthusiastically carry on their traditions in East Asia. In Shanghai, the performances of the various theatrical groups, such as the Russian Dramatic Theater (Director: E. M. Hovans) and the ensemble of A. S. Orlov, usually take place on the stages of the local Russian clubs. Known throughout East Asia is The Ballet Russe in Shanghai, which usually puts on about six different performances every season, most of them directed by N. M. Sokolsky and with Y. V. Bobinina as prima ballerina. Light operas (under the direction of L. I. Rosen and Z. A. Bitner) and even grand operas are also shown from time to time. Their outstanding stars are at present Sophie Zorich and G. V. Kudinov.

In other fields of art, too, the Russian emigrants play a comparatively big role. Numerous Russian musicians are to be...
found in the orchestras and concert halls of East Asia. In the field of graphic art George A. Sapojnikov, a collaborator of this magazine, is famous far beyond East Asia. Sapojnikov, known to the world at large as “Sapajou,” was born in Russian Turkestan, the son of an officer of railway troops and took up a military career. But like his father, who left the Army to become an artist and devote himself to painting under the great painter Repin, he himself, after having been wounded and discharged from military service in 1915, entered the Academy of Arts in St. Petersburgh. During the Revolution he joined the White armies in Siberia and arrived with them in East Asia, where he is now the best-known among Western caricaturists.

Another Russian emigrant artist living in East Asia who enjoys an international reputation is the painter V. S. Podgursky. Having studied under famous painters in Moscow and St. Petersburgh, he left Russia after the Revolution and settled in Shanghai, where he joined the Shanghai Chinese Academy of Art. Many prominent buildings in Shanghai are decorated with murals by his hand, and in 1933 an exhibition of his works in Florence met with great success among European art critics.

THE CHURCH

There are a number of Orthodox dioceses in East Asia: (1) the diocese of Peking, which is in charge of all Orthodox parishes in China, with Archbishop Victor of Peking and China as its head and Bishop Yoann as its representative in Shanghai; (2) the diocese of Tokyo, in charge of all Orthodox parishes in Japan and Chosen and headed by Bishop Nikolai of Tokyo, a Japanese; (3) the diocese of Harbin, which has the largest number of members. In this latter diocese are also included Archbishop Nestor, who still bears his prerevolutionary title of “Archbishop of Kamchatka,” Bishop Dmitry of Hailar, and Bishop Yuvenaly of Tsitsihar. It is headed by the venerable Metropolitan Melety of Harbin and Manchuria, who is also the East Asia representative of the Russian Orthodox Church Abroad, which has its seat in Karlovac, Croatia.

The oldest of all Orthodox missions in the world is that in Peking, which has existed for 262 years, i.e., since 1682 when the first Orthodox Russians, prisoners taken on the Amur River, arrived in Peking and built a small Russian church. However, the real founder of the Orthodox Church in China was Peter the Great: he sent Bishop Innocence to Peking, who was later declared a saint and became a miracle worker, greatly revered, particularly in Siberia. When a Bolshevik commission of scientists opened his grave in Irkutsk in 1922, his body was found uncorrupted. Although the Chinese authorities did not allow Innocence to enter Peking, and he stayed to the end of his life in Irkutsk, he must be considered the first head of the Orthodox Mission in China. In addition to its land in the northeastern corner of Peking, this mission at present owns lands and church buildings in other Chinese towns such as Mukden, Dairen, Harbin, Peitaiho, Tientsin, Tsingtao, and Shanghai. The number of Russian emigrants living and working in the missions is now quite small, as most of the economic enterprises connected with the missions have been closed.

The present head of the Russian Orthodox Mission in China, Archbishop Victor, is a former officer, whose name at that time was Leonid Svyatin. On his father’s side a descendant of a priest’s family, while his mother came from a Cossack home, he graduated from the Orenburg seminary in 1915 and soon afterwards entered the military school at Tiflis. As an officer he participated in the Great War, and in the civil war against the Bolsheviks. In 1920 he crossed into China with Ataman Annenkov’s army; via Hankow he reached Peking, where he entered priesthood under the name of Victor. For ten years he was in charge of a church in Tientsin, where he did much for the welfare, education, and spirit of the Russian emigrants. In 1932 he was appointed bishop, and in the following year, upon the death of his predecessor, head of the Russian Orthodox Mission in China. For
his tireless and successful work in this capacity he was given the rank of archbishop in 1939.

The number of Orthodox churches in East Asia is considerable. Some of them were built before the Revolution, others in recent years through the contributions of the emigrants. Among the latter are the St. Sophia Church in Harbin, an exact duplicate of the Kronstadt Navy Cathedral, and the chapel in Harbin which was built in memory of the murdered monarchs, Tsar Nicholas II of Russia and King Alexander I of Yugoslavia. It looks like a huge replica of the ancient Russian Monomakh crown. Inside, all icon lamps represent Tsarist crowns and are covered by the medals and orders donated for this purpose by officers and soldiers of the Imperial Russian Army. The Svyato-Pokrovsky (Intercession of the Holy Virgin) Church in Tientsin was built with money donated by the Japanese military authorities to replace the Russian church destroyed during the Boxer Rebellion. In Shanghai the Cathedral of the Blessed Virgin was built in 1936 with donations, chiefly from Mrs. Y. N. Litvinova, while the St. Nicholas Church was erected in memory of the murdered Tsar and his family. Its icons were either painted by the best Russian artists in East Asia or had been brought from Russia by the emigrants.

There are several Orthodox monasteries and convents in East Asia: the Kazan Holy Virgin Monastery and the St. Olga Convent, both in Harbin, the latter with a branch in Shanghai; a convent in Dairen, and one in Peking.

A small number of the Russian emigrants belong to other churches. Some are Adventists; others Baptists or Evangelists; and some, chiefly in Shanghai, belong to the Unias, known as the Russian Catholic Church, which is headed by Archimandrite Nikolai, who has gone over to it from the Orthodox Church.

WELFARE ORGANIZATIONS

The main welfare activities for the support of needy emigrants were concentrated from the beginning in the hands of the military leaders and large refugee organizations. In Manchuria, the remnants of the White Army received about two million gold rubles from Ataman Semyonov to organize the changeover of officers and men to a civilian life. With these funds, co-operatives, shops, restaurants, and small factories were organized. Unfortunately, the inexperience of the ex-soldiers in business matters, coupled with the dishonesty of certain “advisers,” impeded the success of these undertakings, and soon many of them had to be closed again. As long as the Chinese Eastern Railway remained in White Russian hands, its management supported the emigrants by giving them work, land, and even loans and other help.

The Church has greatly contributed toward the alleviation of the sufferings of the needy. Archbishop Nestor has been particularly active in aiding the old and the orphans. In addition, many private individuals and enterprises gave large donations.

In Shanghai, the former Russian Consul, V. F. Grosve, energetically organized the support of needy refugees. In February 1923 one of his chief assistants, the physician D. I. Kazakov, organized the “Russian Orthodox Brotherhood,” which became a center of welfare work. At present these activities are carried on mainly by the “Central Welfare Committee,” the honorary president and most active leader of which is Bishop Yoann. This committee takes care of a great number of institutions, such as the Public Russian Kitchen, which provides cheap dinners as well as free dinners every day; orphanages; the Russian hospital; and various schools. Independent of this committee, there exist such additional organizations as the “White Flower” for the fight against tuberculosis and the “Cradle,” a home for small children.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

Most of the younger Russians, many of whom graduated from Russian and other schools, have completely acclima-
tized themselves to life in East Asia and are prepared to make their living in many different fields and professions. After finishing school, the majority of the boys try to find work in Russian or foreign firms, while a few of them have gone into business on their own.

The situation is somewhat more difficult for the girls. Although they, too, try to find jobs, and many of them keep them even after they are married, their choice of proper occupation is very limited. Most of the foreign firms, where many of them were employed, have been closed. A large number of the girls work in places of amusement but, owing to the closing of many of them as a result of the war, employment in this field, too, has been greatly curtailed. In general, the difficulties facing Russian women in making a decent living have increased considerably during the last few years.

LOOKING AT BOLSHEVISM

Up to the outbreak of the German-Soviet war, the Russian emigrants as a whole had preserved the same attitude of hostility toward Bolshevism which they had felt ever since they left their native land. Only a small group, mainly among the young people, had been influenced by the Young Russian movement toward a different attitude; they regarded the Red Army as a “Russian National Force” and believed that it would eventually turn against Bolshevism. This wishful thinking with regard to the Red Army—which, although consisting of Russians, is fighting for the aims of the Bolshevist leaders—served later on as a basis for the growth of so-called “Soviet patriotism.”

On June 22, 1941, the guns began to speak on the Soviet border, and the Red Army withdrew before the powerful German war machine. Many emigrants sincerely rejoiced, believing that this was the beginning of the end of Bolshevism and the liberation of Russia. They looked upon the Germans as their allies. But the Bolsheviks immediately started to appeal to all Russians by advancing the slogan of “Defense of the Fatherland” and by carrying through reforms in the Red Army which, although completely insincere, were meant to create the impression that the Red Army was truly a Russian army. As the war dragged on, an increasing number of emigrants began to fall in line with the “Defense of the Fatherland” idea. The return of shoulder straps and national decorations in the Red Army, and many other measures (described in the February 1944 issue of this magazine), were naively taken by them as proofs of the approaching transformation of the Bolshevik into a national Russian state. The Bolshevist press turned out “patriotic” propaganda day in and day out. The advance of the Red Army since the winter of 1942/43 seems to have convinced these emigrants not only of the strength but, for some reason, also of the Russian nature of this army.

Deafened by the noise of Soviet propaganda, these emigrants wish neither to see nor to hear of the way the GPU treats the population of the “liberated” areas, nor the large-scale flight of Russian people westward, away from their “own” Red army. The clever Soviet propaganda has succeeded in winning many emigrants and making them forget the real, unchanged character of Bolshevism.

PASSPORTS WITH STRINGS

One of the consequences of Bolshevik propaganda among the emigrants has been the growing number of applications for Soviet citizenship. It is believed that since the outbreak of the German-Soviet war some 2,000 emigrants in Shanghai have made such applications with the local Soviet Consulate. Upon this they have received receipts entitling them to join various Soviet organizations and clubs. However, the possession of such a receipt does not necessarily mean that the owner will be given Soviet citizenship or obtain a Soviet passport. These latter are issued only in small numbers and after detailed enquiries about the applicant have been made. By no means do they entitle their owner to go to the USSR. In fact, as far as is known, only
one emigrant from Shanghai, the composer Alexander Vertinsky, has so far been allowed to travel to the Soviet Union. The best way, of course, to open the eyes of the young people would be for them to go to the Soviet Union and see for themselves all the falseness of the Soviet propaganda and the dreadful conditions under which the Russian people must live. But the Bolsheviks are smart enough to withhold permission to the young emigrants who wish to go to Russia for the "Defense of the Fatherland."

Although the Russian emigrants in East Asia are not united, their most outstanding members have retained the same, immutable spirit of irreconcilability toward Bolshevism. This group consists of the best Russian nationalists, tried in battle and loyal to the end. When the hour strikes, thousands of Russian people who have credulously been following pseudopatriotic slogans will rally around these men. Then the love for Russia and the hatred for Bolshevism will reappear in increased strength and will unite all Russian emigrants in one single body.

**Number Two Metal**

War and iron are almost synonymous. Iron (or steel) has been the metal of war, from the sword of the ancient Greek and Roman to the modern cannon and tank. But just as iron and steel once replaced bronze, steel may one day be replaced by another metal. Perhaps future generations will think first of aluminum when they speak of war-important metals.

Aluminum was discovered by Wöhler in 1827. In 1852, Bunsen succeeded in producing a small quantity of aluminum by electrolysis. At the Paris World Exposition of 1855 a few bars of aluminum, weighing altogether about one kilogram, caused a sensation, and everybody went to see the "silver made from mud." In those days, a ton of the metal cost about US$50,000. The Great War brought the first boom in aluminum production. After the war, production receded, and by 1930 the price was down to US$400 per ton.

**WORLD ALUMINUM PRODUCTION (in tons)**

Then, in the thirties, came the preparations for the second world war, and more and more aluminum was produced. After 1940, production shot up to such an extent that by now aluminum has probably taken second place by volume, if not by weight, in the metal production of the world, being surpassed only by iron and steel.
THE WINDOW

THE SEVEN WORRIES OF TURKEY

A few months ago the Allied newspapers behaved as if Turkey's entry into the war on their side were only a question of days. Yet Turkey has so far neither taken up arms against nor broken off relations with the Axis countries. On March 4 England and America stopped their supply of armaments to Turkey in the hope of achieving by economic pressure that which they had failed to achieve by persuasion. London was especially disappointed and, according to a report by Radio Algiers, Churchill made no attempt to hide his annoyance. Asked whether some captured arms should be sent to Tito's partisans or to Turkey, he replied: "If we give them to the Yugoslavs, they will kill Germans with them. If we give them to the Turks, they will clean them—if they know how. Let's give them to the Yugoslavs."

A Swiss author in Ankara has written about some of the considerations borne in the minds of the Turkish statesmen today.—K.M.

"W

E can now permit ourselves to safeguard our today as well as our tomorrow and to prepare for our children in new Turkey a better future than the past has been." With these proud words the "father of the Turks," Kemal Pasha Ataturk, started the period of reconstruction of a modern young power after the peace treaty of Lausanne in 1923 on the ruins of the old Ottoman Empire. This period of reconstruction has lasted now for more than twenty years, and the world knows that the results have been imposing. For years the Turkish Republic has been a factor of stability of the first rank in the turbulent Southeast, and since the outbreak of war she has been a much-courted power.

With great skill Turkey has succeeded so far in steering a safe course through the dangers threatening a neutral power in a world war. Her leaders, above all such men as İnönü and Saracoglu, are cool, expert calculators. They know the weak points of Turkey, and when they count them off they arrive at seven problems, seven factors which cause them anxiety.

The first of these factors is the military one. Turkey has rearmed, she has not let the breathing space granted her since the outbreak of war pass by idly. Vast quantities of modern arms have entered the country as a result of the Lend-Lease policy, chiefly machine guns, heavy artillery, and coastal defense boats. On the other hand, there is still a shortage of tanks and planes—and especially of sufficiently trained flying personnel. That is the first worry.

The second is of a diplomatic nature. For some time the relations between Turkey and the Soviet Union were not as cordial as they might have been. However, since İnönü's conference in Cairo has placed these relations on a better footing, this second "great unknown" has receded somewhat in importance. The inimitable skill of Turkish diplomacy, which has always managed to maintain more or less good relations with Germany and her allies, is regarded with justification by all Turks as a guarantee that unforeseen disasters will not befall the country. Nevertheless, there are enough focal points of trouble along the borders of the country to warrant ceaseless watchfulness.

Then there is—worry number three—the wave of agitation running through the Moslem world. In the southeast, Turkey borders on the French mandate of Syria, and all that happens there is of concern to Ankara. The mighty movement aiming at the creation of a Pan-Arabian union, which has seized all North Africa and the entire Orient, has not met with an entirely favorable regard in Ankara; for the formation of a powerful bloc of states directly adjoining Turkey would give rise to many new problems. Many Turks would rather see a Pan-Islamic cultural movement, in which—in contrast to the Pan-Arabian union—they would also have a word or two to say. But such a movement, in turn, is opposed by the British because of the Mohammedans in India.

On Turkey's northwestern border begins the witches' cauldron of the Balkans. The
Turkish Government's sincere desire to find stable and quiet conditions there among its immediate neighbors, conditions which would make normal neighborly communications and commerce possible, is Ankara's problem number four, perhaps at the moment the most serious of the country's seven worries.

The fifth worry is provided by the Straits of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles. For eight years Turkey has exerted full, autonomous control and police authority over this tremendously important focal point of political and military ambitions, this strategic key position of the first rank. And although this solution of the Conference of Montreux in July 1936 does full justice to the Turkish point of view, it has burdened Turkey with a great responsibility. In war time such a responsibility, especially at so ticklish a point on the map, may turn into very much of a two-edged sword.

The situation is not much different as regards the Dodecanese islands off the west coast of Turkey, an Italian possession now occupied by the Germans. These islands represent the most important territorial demands which Turkey might raise at a future peace conference. The Turks know that, in the event of their entry into the war on the Allied side, they might easily be threatened from there by flank attacks. This, too, is a serious worry.

Seventh and last, there are domestic political problems which must not be underestimated. Forced like all other neutral countries to the greatest possible economic self-sufficiency since the outbreak of the war, Turkey has been industrializing herself at a rapid speed and is now producing machinery, railway carriages, tools, textiles, indeed, even motors and certain chemicals. This has made it a great deal easier for her to carry on during the war years. But it is very uncertain whether these young industries, now being supported artificially, will be able to live and compete in a world of normal peace-time trade. Turkey will probably be forced after the war to undertake a large-scale economic reorganization and operations of adjustment. That this will not be possible without social convulsions and economic crises is generally acknowledged today. Furthermore, the Government is planning far-reaching measures of aid for the "distressed areas" of Anatolia, the earthquake regions—one of the most urgent internal problems of the country. The population of entire valleys which are particularly often threatened is to be resettled, and one whole district is to be evacuated; where this is not possible, solid, one-storied stone houses are to replace the flimsy peasant huts: a large and tremendously important emergency program that may in future save the lives of hundreds of thousands. The population problems caused by the ever-recurring earthquakes are also among the great worries of the Turkish statesmen.

It is indeed a proof of the sober realism which determines the political "climate" in Ankara today that all intelligent minds in Turkey clearly realize these seven great worries and are discussing them without any false illusions.—B.B.

REHABILITATION IN FRANCE

The following report, written by a neutral observer in Vichy, throws an interesting light on economic developments in France since the Armistice.—K.M.

THREE and a half years ago, France was faced by complete collapse and a condition bordering on anarchy. As far as the financial situation is concerned, however, she has recovered from this disaster comparatively quickly thanks to the immediate commencement of reconstruction work—which deserves praise regardless of any political prejudice—and thanks to her innate wealth. Of course, it must be admitted that the long duration of the war and the continued destruction have hindered this work of rehabilitation in financial, economic, and social respects.

The best example of this rehabilitation, begun but impeded, is supplied by the figures of the national budget. For 1940, the year of the Battle of France and her defeat, there are no figures whatever, a normal budget being out of the question at that time. Even at the beginning of 1941, the Government did not dare to draw up budget estimates for more than three months at a time, since it seemed quite impossible to predict the course revenues would take. But in the summer of 1941 it was already possible to draw up a regular annual budget. And since then Government expenditure
has usually been below the estimated amounts, while revenues have exceeded estimates.

General conditions are just as responsible for this favorable development as the Government's determination to bring order into its finances. On the one hand, extraordinary expenditures decreased with the increasing liquidation and annulment of contracts for war supplies. On the other hand, military expenditure shrank considerably. Moreover, the shortage of raw materials and labor prevented the execution of large-scale emergency construction, for which billions of francs had been set aside in the first postwar budgets. To a certain degree, this decrease in expenditure was balanced by the cost of an enlarged administrative apparatus required for planned economy; and the general rise in prices, which the Government had not been able to prevent entirely, also increased the Treasury's burden. This latter was in turn offset by a corresponding increase in normal revenue, especially in tax income. In part this increase was a normal and, so to speak, automatic consequence of increased Government expenditure and the resultant mounting bank-note circulation, prices, wages, and general income. In part, however, the additional tax income resulted from very considerable increases in the tax rates, by which means part of the surplus purchasing power was removed.

At any rate, the following figures show that, in spite of all difficulties, France's national finances have been steadily approaching a state of balance and that the national deficits are slight in comparison to those of the prewar years. From a total of 123 billions in 1941, fiscal expenditure rose to 133.1 billions in 1942 and has been estimated at 128.3 billions for 1943. Revenues, however, rose from 80.7 billions (1941) to 97.9 billions (1942) and had reached the amount of 94 billions in the first ten months of 1943. This revenue considerably exceeded estimates. The deficit of the budget estimates sank from 53.5 billions (1941) to 35.2 billions (1942) and was estimated at 26.3 billions for 1943. For the first eight months, i.e., two thirds of the year, it amounted to no more than 9.8 billions. Not counting the additional revenue from monopolies, Government estates, and industrial concerns, tax revenue alone showed an increase from 64.3 billions (1941) to 79.3 billions (1942) and was estimated at 84.5 billions for 1943. By the end of October it already amounted to 81.6 billions, which, calculated on the basis of a whole year, would aggregate 98 billions.

The rehabilitation of national finances was, of course, gravely impaired by the burdens which France has had to bear since 1940 as a result of the Armistice and which consist of occupation costs and payments to cover the Franco-German clearing deficit. In order to meet this burden, the Treasury has had to take recourse to loans and bank credits. Including the French war costs and loans from the outbreak of the war in September 1939 up to the Armistice, the national debt has increased from August 3, 1939, up to the end of August 1943 by some 785.8 billions, amounting to 1,231.6 billions.

However, the cost of the interest has not increased in the same proportion as the debt. The lowering of interest rates since 1941 and the conversion of high interest loans into cheaper bonds at 4 and 3 1/2 per cent interest have contributed toward this. In comparison to rates of 5 and 6 per cent before the war, the interest for long-term Government loans sank in 1941 to 4 and in 1942 to 3 1/2 per cent. The lowering of interest rates was an automatic consequence of the liquidity of the money market which, in turn, was a result of the tremendous national expenditure.

From the end of 1939 to the end of September 1943, bank-note circulation rose by 317 billions to a total of 468 billions, to which must be added 479 billions in short-term Government notes. The constantly rising bank-note circulation facilitated the financing of national expenditure by means of "money circulation," i.e., by the issuing of bonds and savings certificates. At the Postal Savings Bank, savings deposits rose from 26.7 billions in 1939 to 47.5 billions by the middle of September 1943; in the ordinary savings banks, the deposits amounted to 63.8 billions on July 31, 1943. Thus savings deposits totaled the immense sum of 111.3 billions, while bank deposits rose from about 87 billions at the end of 1939 to about 212 billions by the end of June 1943. Deposits did not, however, keep step with the increase in the bank-note circulation. A large part of the notes have been hoarded and do not appear in bank deposits, which are subject to fiscal control.

The increase in bank-note circulation, while the supply of goods is decreasing, has
exerted an upward pressure on prices. Although no official statistics have been published on price trends since the war, a considerable increase has been perceptible. On the other hand, wages have also risen. According to the inquiries sent out twice a year, in spring and autumn, the average hourly wage for male workers in the provinces was 37 per cent higher in April 1943 than in October 1938, that for female workers 57 per cent. In view of the political, social, and other consequences of a decline in the purchasing power of wages, the French Government obtained permission last spring from the occupational authorities to grant wage increases. To date such increases have been applied to metal-industry workers and miners.

A problem that caused much anxiety at first, that of unemployment, has been automatically solved and practically reversed during the last three years as a result of the increasing number of workers being sent to Germany. At the beginning of October 1940, the number of unemployed on relief throughout France was one million. In April 1943 the number was no more than about 42,000, among them 66 per cent being women and the rest old men over sixty.

There are no figures available on the state of economic activity. As far as the civilian sector of industry is concerned, it has decreased; in the war-material sector of industry and in agriculture, activities seem to have increased.

THE MARCH OF WAR

SECOND FRONT REHEARSAL?

(Nettuno and Anzio)

In the February issue of this magazine we reviewed the Allied campaign in Italy up to mid-January. We saw how the British Eighth Army on the eastern wing had advanced to the mouth of the Foro River, where it has remained ever since, while in the west the US Fifth Army had at last plodded to the vicinity of Cassino, gateway to the plain leading to Rome. Here, along the German barrier position, General Clark met with a stone-wall defense. Despite great sacrifices in men, a prodigious waste of matériel, and the destruction of the Monte Cassino Monastery by heavy air raids, all attacks yielded nothing. The latest offensive in that sector began on March 15 and was preceded by an attack of 800 bombers and an artillery bombardment hitherto unequalled in the Italian campaign. But it was just as unsuccessful at dislodging the defenders as the previous ones had been. Indeed, British reporters claimed that the Germans found it easier to defend the ruins of Cassino than to defend the town before it had been destroyed by the Allies. At any rate, the long-drawn-out battle of Cassino has given the Germans ample time to prepare new defensive positions to which to withdraw when the time has come.

As the mountainous terrain does not permit an outflanking of the barrier position on land, the Anglo-American command decided on another major amphibious operation, the third one after those at Salerno (September 9) and Termoli (October 4). In the early morning hours of January 22, a large fleet of transports and special landing craft, escorted by three aircraft carriers, three battleships, and numerous destroyers, appeared off Nettuno and Anzio, two small ports some 50 kilometers south of Rome. After a heavy bombardment, British, Canadian, and US forma-

tions went ashore in a manner which has by now become familiar: behind a fire curtain laid by naval guns and protected by an umbrella of fighter planes. They encountered little resistance in the process of landing itself.

The Sixth Army Corps, which carried out this operation under the command of General Truscott, was composed mainly of such crack troops as the British First Division—considered to be the best British army unit in the Mediterranean area and comprising guards regiments only—a US parachutist division, as well as picked infantry units and ranger battalions. Apparently Sir Harold Alexander, the commander in chief in Italy, was determined to break the deadlock in his theater of war. The initial success roused great expectations in the Anglo-American camp. London quarters asserted that warfare on the Italian front would become exceedingly mobile, that the German forces further to the south would be cut off, and that the fall of Rome was imminent.

But even after so successful a start, the Anglo-Americans adhered to their principle of "safety first." They hesitated to expand their beachhead beyond a comparatively small area during the first few days. On January 24, Aprula was occupied, while scouting parties felt their way as far as 11 kilometers south of Cisterna and 10 kilometers west of Littoria. Thus the surprise effect which the landing might have had in the beginning was quickly effaced. The Germans, operating on the inner line with numerous railroads and highways at their disposal, had time to forge a steel ring around the beachhead. One week after the initial landing, more than 100,000 men were lined up on either side. On the ninth day, the first real battle developed.
Halt! Who Goes There?

Peering through the darkness, the sentry of a Canadian unit that had just arrived in England saw a shadowy figure approaching. His rifle to the ready, he shouted the challenge: "Halt! Who goes there?"

"Foe!" came the answer.

The sentry was perplexed.

"Now, don't much about," he said, and repeated the challenge.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Foe!" came the answer again.

Now completely bewildered, the sentry went inside and told the sergeant of the guard what had happened.

The sergeant scratched his head reflectively, then deciding that perhaps he had better deal with the matter himself, he went outside and repeated the challenge: "Halt! Who goes there?"

"Foe!" came the reply again.

The sergeant grunted with disgust.

"Well, buzz off, then—we're not properly organized yet!"
TWELVE O'CLOCK

By FREDERICK WIEHL

In our series of short stories of the world, we now publish an American one. It deals with a topic that is a standard theme of American literature and movies—the world, or rather the underworld, of the gangster, which is vividly and humorously depicted by the author.

Frederick Wiehl is known to our readers by previous contributions on American topics.—K.M.

"Is there anything else for today, Miss Holman?"

"Yes, Mr. Sessel of the New York Enquirer is waiting in the reception room."

"Tell him to come in . . . . Hello, Andy. What's on your mind, you look worried."

"Duke Nelson's in trouble."

"What's the matter with your pal 'Baby Face'?"

"Didn't you read the papers?"

"I don't read newspapers."

"He wants you right away."

"I'm not handling any more of 'Baby Face's' cases."

"But the newspapers say you're handling the case."

"Never mind the newspapers, I'm not working for the newspapers."

"Well, all the same, the Duke wants you down in The Tombs right away. He says he wants your health to stay in good shape."

"What else?"

"He says that if you'll rush down he can guarantee that you won't have any trouble."

"Did you see him, Andy?"

"Yes, I just came from him in The Tombs. He told me the whole story."

"What's it all about?"

"It's the old trouble over Brooklyn."

"With Abe?"

"Yes, Abe, Brown, and Sam. They're dead."

"Listen, Andy, you better give me the low-down. What happened?"

"Well, yesterday at about 10 p.m. a party of residents of Brooklyn started across Manhattan Bridge to make a call on Duke Nelson. In their car was Abe the Ox, who was mad as hell because the Duke was muscling in again on his territory in Brooklyn. With him was Big Bill Brown and Slippery Sam. They don't want the Duke to sell any more liquor in Brooklyn. Slippery Sam, you know, is supposed to be a wonderful
hand with a burlap bag when anybody wishes to put somebody in the bag. In fact, Slippery Sam had a burlap bag with him that night because the automobile party was figuring to put Duke Nelson in the bag when they called on him."

"And so?"

"Well, they had Duke Nelson pretty well timed. They knew that on that particular evening, along toward 10 p.m., the Duke was scheduled to stroll along East 57th Street on his way to a certain spot on East 53rd Street called the Stork Club, where he likes to show off his shape in a tuxedo to the swell dolls.

"As the automobile carrying the residents of Brooklyn rolled past Duke Nelson, Abe and Big Bill shot off a round from a couple of sawed-off shotguns, while Slippery Sam held the burlap bag, figuring that Nelson would hop into the bag like a rabbit. But Nelson was no sucker, and when the first blast of slugs from the sawed-offs breezed past him, without hitting him, he hopped over a brick wall alongside him and dropped into a yard on the other side.

"So Abe, Big Bill Brown, and Slippery Sam got out of their car and ran close to the wall because they figured that, if Duke Nelson started popping at them from behind this wall, they would be taking plenty the worst of it. They felt sure that Nelson would not be strolling about without being fortified somewhat. But Nelson was by no means fortified, because a gun would be apt to create a bump in his shape when he wore his tuxedo.

"Now the brick wall which Duke Nelson hopped over was a wall around a pretty fair-sized yard behind an old two-family house well known to all as a house of great mystery and pointed out as such by the drivers of sight-seeing busses. You know, the one that belongs to an old maid by the name of Miss Sophie Stetson, who has so much money that it is really painful to think of the amount. It was once rumored that Miss Sophie Stetson had all the money in the world except for maybe such an amount as may be necessary for general circulation. This fortune was left to her by her papa, old Colonel Stephen Stetson, who accumulated it in the early days of New York by cornering real estate very cheap before people realized that corner real estate would be quite valuable later for selling hot dogs and for fruit-juice stands.

"Colonel Stephen Stetson was a most eccentric old bloke and was very strict with his daughter. He would never let her marry. Finally she got so old she didn't see any use in getting married, or anything else, and became very eccentric herself. She lives in that house all alone except for a couple of old servants and it's very seldom that anybody sees her around, and many strange stories are told of her.

"No sooner was Duke Nelson in the yard than he began looking for a way to get out. One way he did not wish to get out was over the wall again because he figured that Abe the Ox and his sawed-offs were bound to be waiting for him in 57th Street. So Nelson looked around to see if there was some way out of the yard in another direction. It appeared that there was no such way, and pretty soon Nelson spotted the snozzle of a sawed-off poking its beak over the wall with Abe's ugly features behind it. There was Duke Nelson all cornered up in the yard and not feeling so good at that. So Nelson jumped over to the side of the house to try the door and the door opened at once. He hastened in to find himself in the living room of the house.

"According to what Duke Nelson tells me, it was a very large living room with very nice furniture standing around and about, and statuary here and there. On the walls were oil paintings, family portraits, set in heavy gold frames. On one side was a huge open fire-place big enough for a cow to walk in and warm up her milk. On the opposite side was a big old grandfather clock as high as the ceiling with an inlaid design of mother-of-pearl pieces which looked al-
most as well preserved as the teeth of Mahatma Gandhi. It was such a nice comfortable-looking room that Nelson was greatly surprised and pleased, as he was expecting to find a regular mystery-house room with cobwebs here and there, and everything all rolled up, and maybe a ghost wandering about making strange noises to frighten away unwelcome vermin and other visitors.

"Sitting in this room, unnoticed, was none other than Miss Sophie Stetson, all dressed in soft white. She was comfortable in a low rocking-chair facing the open fireplace where a bright fire was burning, and she was engaged in a continuous chatter, answering in her own way the spattering noises coming from the crackling of the wood fire.

"Naturally Duke Nelson was somewhat startled by this scene. All of a sudden she looked up at him, turning her head and showing a gentle smile. She spoke to him in a soft quiet voice saying: 'Good evening.' Nelson couldn't think of any reply to make. Certainly it was not a good evening for him. He stood there somewhat dazed. She smiled again and told him to sit down.

"So Nelson sat in a chair in front of the fireplace. She didn't seem at all alarmed, or even much surprised, at seeing Duke Nelson in her home. He was not such a bad-looking guy as would be apt to scare an old doll, or young dolls either, especially when he was all slicked up in his tuxedo. He was very courteous to her because, after all, he was a guest in her home and he didn't want her to scream for the coppers.

"'You are young,' the old lady said to Duke Nelson looking him straight in the face like a young maiden who falls in love at first sight. 'It has been many years since a young man came through yonder door,' she continued. 'Ah, yes,' she sighed, 'so many, many years.' And with that she let out a big sigh and looked very sad and Nelson's heart seemed to have been touched. 'Forty-five years ago now,' she continued in a low voice as if she were talking to herself, 'a young man, so young, so handsome, and so good.'

"Although Duke Nelson was in no mood to listen to reminiscences at that moment, the next thing he realized was that he was hearing a very pathetic love story. From what Duke Nelson told me, it appears that Miss Sophie Stetson was once all hot and bothered over a certain young man about forty-five years ago who was nothing but a clerk in her papa's office. There was nothing wrong with that young man that a million dollars couldn't fix, but her papa wouldn't listen to her marrying such a poor man and so they never let him know how much they loved each other.

"But, it further appears, her ever-loving young man had plenty of oomph, and every night he came to see her after her papa had gone to bed. She used to let him in through the same side door through which Duke Nelson came in. They used to sit by the fireplace and hold hands for long hours and talk in low tones and plan what they would do when the certain young man would make the necessary pile of scratch.

"One night, papa Stetson had a stomach-ache, or some such, and couldn't sleep a wink. So, unexpectedly, he came wandering downstairs looking for the stomach bitters and caught Sophie and her ever-loving young man in a clutch. This scene was so repulsive to papa Stetson that he was speechless for a moment. Then he ordered the young man out of his life and told him to never again darken his door, especially not the side door. At this time there was a great storm raging outside, and Sophie begged and pleaded with her papa to let the young man remain at least until the storm subsided. But, being all sored up at the clutching scene and his gripping stomach-ache, papa Stetson was very hard-hearted indeed and made the young man take to the wind.

"The next morning the poor young man was found at the side door, frozen as stiff as a board. The storm which was raging happened to be the great
blizzard of 1888, the most famous event in the history of New York outside of last year's victory of the New York Yankees over the Boston Red Sox. According to Miss Sophie Stetson, the young man must have returned to the side door seeking shelter after wandering about in the storm for a while, but when he returned her papa had the doors already bolted up and nobody heard the young man.

"'And,' continued Miss Sophie Stetson, 'I never spoke to my papa again as long as he lived. No other man ever came in or out of yonder door, or any other door of this house, until your appearance tonight. This side door was never again locked in case such a young man came seeking shelter,' continued Miss Stetson.

"Then she looked at Duke Nelson in such a way that he wondered if Miss Stetson had heard the sawed-offs popping when Abe the Ox and Big Bill Brown were tossing their slugs at him. But he was too polite to ask.

"All these old-time memories seemed to make her feel very sad and she began to weep. Now, if there is anything which Nelson can't stand that thing is a weeping doll. So he tried to cheer her up by saying: "'Why, I am greatly surprised to hear your statement about the doors around here being so little used. If I knew there was a house in this neighborhood with unlocked doors, I would have been in there a long time ago. By the way, do you happen to have a drink in the joint?"

"With this, Miss Stetson dried her eyes and smiled again and pulled on a sort of rope near her. And who came in but a butler who seemed about ninety years old. He was so surprised to see Duke Nelson there that he was practically tottering when he left the room after hearing Miss Stetson tell him to bring in some wine and sandwiches. Finally Duke figured that there was no chance of Abe the Ox and his sawed-offs being outside waiting for him, so he guessed he would be going. Miss Stetson personally saw him to the door, and this time it was the front door.

"Just as he figured, there was no one in sight when he got to the street, so he continued on over to the Stork Club. There he learned that many citizens were greatly disturbed by his absence and were wondering if he was in Slippery Sam's burlap bag, for by this time it was pretty well known to all along Broadway that Abe the Ox and his fellow citizens from Brooklyn were in town and around and about. Somebody told Duke Nelson that Abe was, at that moment over in Happy John's Chop House in East 61st Street buying drinks for one and all and telling how he made Nelson hop a brick wall.

"While Abe the Ox was still buying these drinks and still speaking of making Nelson a brick-wall hopper, all of a sudden the door of Happy John's Chop House opened and in came a guy with a Betsy in his hand and this guy threw four slugs into Abe before anybody could say hello. Then the guy threw one slug into Big Bill Brown and one slug into Slippery Sam who were still with Abe.

"So the next thing anybody knew, there was Abe as dead as a door nail, and there was Big Bill Brown even deader than Abe, and there was Slippery Sam deader than both of them. And nobody could remember who the guy was who did the plugging or what he looked like except a couple of stool pigeons who stated that he looked very much like Duke Nelson.

"So what happened but early this morning Johnny Harrigan, the plain-clothes copper, put his hand down on the arm of Duke Nelson for the plugging of Abe the Ox, Big Bill Brown, and Slippery Sam.

"Well, that's the story, and I don't mind telling you it's the first time I ever saw Duke Nelson worry about a first-degree murder charge."

Sessel paused. Then he added:

"What's your professional opinion, how does it look?"

"I don't know yet, Andy. What do the bookies say?"
"At Uptown Joe's betting office they are taking odds of 2 to 1 that Duke Nelson will burn in the electric chair. That's a bad sign!"

*

By the time Nelson's trial came up, you could get 3 to 1 at Uptown Joe's that he would be convicted.

And later, when the trial was in progress and the prosecution got through with its part of the case and proved by the stool pigeons that at exactly twelve o'clock on the night of January 5 Duke Nelson stepped into Happy John's Chop House and plugged Abe the Ox, Big Bill Brown, and Slippery Sam, the price went up to 5 to 1. Several other witnesses who claimed they knew Duke Nelson by sight testified that they saw him in the neighborhood of Happy John's Chop House around twelve o'clock.

So by the time my turn came to put on the defense, and I had subpoenaed everybody whom I thought might make some kind of an alibi witness, many people were saying that if I could do no more than beat the chair for Duke Nelson I would be doing a wonderful job.

It was late in the afternoon when, after a number of recesses, I was forced to drag myself onto my feet and defend another hopeless case. It was raining outside and my spirit was like the weather. Nelson was acting as if the trial was his funeral celebration.

Without wasting too much time on an opening statement to the jury, who refused to look at me except to throw an occasional side glance, I turned to the Court Attendant and said:

"Call Miss Sophie Stetson to the stand."

At first nobody quite realized just who I was calling as the first witness, although the name sounded familiar to one and all present. Then in came a little old lady in a black silk dress that almost reached the floor, and a black bonnet which made a sort of frame for her white hair and face. She came into the courtroom surrounded by so many old men that you would think it was a recess at the Old Men's Home, except that these men were all dressed up in coat tails and high collars. I concluded that they were the Stetson Estate lawyers and that they all represented her in one way or another, and that they were all present to see to it that her interests were protected, especially from each other. I knew that they were estate lawyers because they passed me by without a nod.

Nowhere have I ever seen so much bowing before in a criminal courtroom. Even the judge bowed, and his Honour Judge Levinsky was never seen to bow before except to the financial backers of the Levinsky Democratic Club. I found myself bowing too because, the way it looked, anybody like Miss Sophie Stetson was entitled to a general bowing.

When she took the witness stand, all her lawyers took hold of their chairs and moved up as close to her as possible. In the street outside, there was practically a riot as word went around that Miss Sophie Stetson was in the court. The town's citizens came running from every which way hoping to get a peek at the richest old lady in the world.

When all hands finally got settled down a little, I moved closer to her and said:

"Miss Stetson, I am going to ask you just two or three questions. Kindly look at this defendant." And with that I gave Nelson the sign to stand up. "Do you recognize him?"

Before she could answer, the judge got into a huddle with the D. A. and signalled to me to come over to the judge's bench. The D. A. spoke very excitedly: "This whole thing looks ridiculous. What is this, a circus to stage a break for Nelson? I want you to know, my friend, we have all the exits covered by machine guns." Then spoke his Honor Judge Levinsky: "I agree with that opinion. If this witness is supposed to be an alibi witness, I object. I don't mind your calling your usual
staff of alibi witnesses, but please leave your hands off the respectable democratic citizens of this city. We must protect them from men like Duke Nelson.” So the judge took over the questioning of the witness himself.

“Miss Stetson, do you by any possible chance happen to know this defendant, Duke Nelson?” asked Judge Levinsky, at the same time giving her a broad re-election smile.

The little old lady looked at Nelson and then nodded her head yes, and Nelson gave her a large smile to complete the trade.

“Was he a caller in your home on the night of January the 5th?” continued Judge Levinsky.

“He was,” answered Miss Stetson, “in the living room.”

“Is there a clock in the living room in which you received this defendant?” continued Judge Levinsky.

“There is,” said Miss Stetson, “a large clock, a grandfather clock.”

“Did you happen to notice,” Judge Levinsky continued, “and do you now recall the hour indicated by this clock when the defendant left your home?”

“Yes,” Miss Sophie Stetson said, “I did happen to notice. It was just twelve o’clock by my clock, exactly twelve o’clock.”

This testimony created a sensation in the courtroom, because if it was twelve o’clock when Duke Nelson left Miss Sophie Stetson’s house in East 57th Street, it was obvious that Nelson could not have been over in Happy John’s Chop House, which is more than five blocks away, at the same minute. The judge began to peek over his specs at the coppers in the courtroom, and the cops began to scowl at the stool pigeons, and I was willing to bet 6 to 5, in cash, that the stools would soon be wishing they had never been born.

The D. A. was looking very embarrassed for he must now either cross-examine Miss Sophie Stetson, which meant the same as insulting a million dollars, which would also hurt his re-election; or he must quit. The jurors began muttering to each other. I moved that the case against my client be dismissed. The D. A. consented. And so the judge granted the motion and dismissed the case.

So there was Duke Nelson, as free as anybody. As he started to leave the courtroom, he stopped at Miss Sophie Stetson and shook her hand and thanked her. And that is the end of the case as far as the public is concerned.

* * *

A week or so later while I was in the neighborhood of East 57th Street, I decided to drop in and see Miss Sophie Stetson, figuring to ask her a certain question which had been keeping me awake at night.

When I finished conversing with her in the reception room, I asked her if she had any objection to my taking just one look at her grandfather clock in the living room. She readily consented. I went over and looked at it and, although my watch showed the time to be 9 o’clock, the grandfather clock pointed to exactly twelve o’clock. I was startled and turned to Miss Sophie Stetson. She explained to me, very confidentially, that, when she recovered from the shock of finding her ever-loving young man frozen to death, she stopped all the clocks in her house at the hour she saw him last, so that for forty-five years it has always been twelve o’clock in her house.
OF TIME AND LIFE IN THE USA

What is going on in America? There is no person in East Asia interested in politics who has not asked himself this question many times. Of all the major belligerents there is none of which we know less than the United States. The relatively limited space accorded to that country in this magazine has been due to the scarcity of authentic material. The American short-wave broadcasts are no help toward the understanding of the USA, as they spread American propaganda to the rest of the world rather than information about America; while the long- and medium-wave programs, which are meant for American consumption and which would throw much light on the internal situation, cannot be heard in other continents. The telegraphic news sent out by the news agencies is filtered through a dozen censorships and reveals only a tiny fraction of the picture. Yet much in the present world war depends on the internal American situation—the situation in America as well as in the heart of each individual American.

Therefore it gives us great satisfaction to be able to present first-hand material on America in this issue. We have had the opportunity of examining many 1942 and 1943 issues of two of the most popular and important American magazines, “Life” and “Time,” several thousand pages in all.

We should like simply to reprint large parts of these magazines without any comment, in order to let them speak for themselves. But we do not have sufficient space for this and must concentrate on one problem. We have selected the most important one, the American attitude toward the war, on which we give many quotations as well as some summaries and analyses.—K.M.

It is often said that the first impression gained of another person is the most correct one. The same might perhaps also be said about other things. The first glance at a large number of recent American magazines gives you the impression that nothing has changed compared with prewar times. The quality of the paper is somewhat inferior, it is true, as is the quality of the reproductions; but otherwise everything seems to be as before—outward appearance, advertisements, and the clever editing. As you start to read more carefully, however, you hit upon differences, and gradually you discover more and more of them. Yet in the end you arrive again at the original impression: basically nothing has changed.

ADVERTISEMENTS’ NEW LINE

This fact is perhaps most obvious in the case of the advertisements. We have reprinted a number of them in the next few pages, omitting for want of space the pictures which go with them—except in one case. (Our own explanations are given in brackets.) In these ads, all the essentials of American high-pressure advertising are still there. Yet, with very few exceptions, they have one new feature in common, so much so that it becomes almost monotonous, even though it is amusing to watch how each advertiser tries in his own way to comply with this new feature: in practically every ad, war and patriotism are somehow included, no matter how far-fetched the connection, no matter what the advertised article, whether it is underwear, lipsticks, nightgowns, playing cards, thermos bottles, or whisky.

In cases where even the fertile American mind can find no connection with war and patriotism, the latter are expressed in some other way. Thus the Scot Paper Company tries to sell its toilet paper by offering “Clean-Up-Warden
Arm Bands” for children who “help the war effort by cleanliness.” Among the verses which are to inspire the children toward cleanliness is the following one which goes with a picture showing a little boy eating his dinner:

I keep the table neat and clean
I never spill a speck-o
And watch me drink my milk right down
The inside of my neck-o!

The Mennen Company advertises its shaving cream by filling a full page in Life with illustrated suggestions: “How you can help win the war.” Among them are:

- Rent spare rooms to war workers.
- Carry your parcels to save gasoline.
- Grow vegetables in your own back yard.

Only in one corner of the page is anything said about the shaving cream, and discretely, in small print, the reader is asked to cut out the page and “Post this page on bulletin boards of offices, plants, schools, churches, clubs etc.”

A number of electric companies published a full-page map of the USA with the high-tension lines shown on it. The details of the map are obliterated by the word CENSORED in huge letters, and the advertisers explain:

> We are glad to co-operate in concealing information that might aid the enemy.

Many American advertisers are facing a peculiar problem. We shall let Time magazine express this in its own words:

> Before the war advertisements were written mainly to entice people into buying things. Powerful and persuasive, advertising improved the nation's health; made the U.S. conscious of haitosis, dishpan-hands, B.O., floating power, coffee nerves, the delights of motoring; advertising gave birth to many a new household word, taught Americans to eat better things, have more comfortable homes, use gadgets instead of elbow grease.

> When war came, some experts thought at first that advertising itself might die; many a firm, no longer having goods to sell to civilians, no longer had an ostensible reason for continuing to advertise. But advertising did not seriously decline. In 1940 advertisers spent $150,000,000; in 1941, $469,000,000; in 1942, $440,000,000.

How are you going to compete with a uniform? The young civilians are in for difficult social times, for there is no denying the glamor of a uniform. Next best to wearing Uncle Sam's clothes is to appear in one of the smart, luxurious fingertip coats by Monarch.

Advertising held up because businessmen well knew what had happened to firms which had stopped advertising in World War I; the makers of such now-nearly-forgotten products as Sapolio, Pearl's Soap, Omega Oil suffered; some even died.

**THE NEW TWIST**

The American firms have found an ingenious way out of their predicament. With the same exuberance with which before the war they urged the American people to buy their products, they now implore them, in the interest of the war effort, not to buy them. An American telephone company, for instance, used to make a point of telling the people that a full and happy life was only possible by constant use of the telephone, particularly of the long-distance call. “Daddy” was urged, when traveling, to tell “his little girl” good night by a long-distance call. Now, on the contrary, the company publishes expensive ads in which it asks the people to use the long-distance telephone service only in the most urgent cases:

> “Don’t get in the way of the war. We need to win it as quick as we can.”

Automobile firms which spent millions telling the people that the thing to do was to buy a new car every year now spend the same amount informing them in advertisements how the old car can be used much longer.

Even in little things this principle is observed. Spam advertises its canned food with enticing pictures and at the same time informs the reader that from now on cans will no longer have their own openers attached to them in order to save metal and that customers should keep their old ones or use ordinary can openers.
The US Rubber Company, which has no more rubber to sell, has a huge ad in Life running over two full pages and trying to organize a "Car Owners' Plan," by which a number of car owners would share the same car to save tires.

Other firms try to profit from existing shortages by praising their substitutes. Lever Brothers, for instance, show the picture of a woman's worried face surrounded by phrases such as:

"Sorry... no more meat!"
"Sorry... only one to a customer."
"Sorry... butter's all gone."
"Sorry... all out of milk."

and then offers its vitamin pills "Vimms" with the peppy and cheerful slogan:

"Get that Vimms feeling."

"Please... if there's going to be an air raid, let me be wearing my Manuscripts nightie."

Men's and Women's Underwear, Sleeping & Lounging Wear

As one can see—American advertisers have stayed much the same. They are employing their tried and successful methods, only with a new twist. They have found out that it pays to be war-minded, and so they are outdoing each other in patriotism.

THRILL, SCRAP, AND CUTE IDEAS

Just as in advertising, so everything else in America today is under the influence of war and patriotism. Yet—just as in advertisements—America has remained the same. For example: average Americans like their fun. If something has no fun in it, they usually quickly tire of it. To rouse them, a thing must be "thrilling." While in other countries, particularly in Germany and Nippon, the governments appeal to the sense of duty of their citizens, the USA appeals to the American's instinctive love of playing.

In all countries at war, scrap iron is being collected, but in America alone a game has been made out of it, as Life's description of the scrap-iron campaign in the State of Nebraska shows. The focus of the show was a large empty lot in the center of the state capital on which all the scrap iron collected was dumped:

In a corner of the lot wore 40 old pianos, and all evening Omaha's amateurs would bang away on the dingy keyboards right out in the middle of the city. It was a lot more thrilling than a movie or a night club. Because it was the U.S. really going to war.

At first the campaign managers were afraid they would run out of cute ideas for stimulating the public interest. The drive in the city of necessity lacked some of the color and drama of the outstate drive. Here the interstate competition reached a fever pitch and with true American inventiveness the "impossible" became the commonplace.

Collection totals were assembled daily in county seats and standings published by the World-Herald, like major-league baseball standings. The race for leadership took on all the enthusiasm of a Big Ten conference [baseball] championship. Plans were used to "bomb" farm areas with printed scrap appeals and to locate scrap
piles. Churches held “Scrap Sundays” when the congregations rode to church on piles of scrap which they donated. Every movie theater in the State gave at least one scrap matinee at which the sole admission price was a scrap-metal contribution. There were baseball games, to which the ticket was a piece of scrap.

MONEY AND BLOOD

In selling war bonds, America is employing the old stand-by—human interest. At one time, celebrities gave everyone who wanted to buy war bonds through them the thrill of talking with them over the telephone. This is how Time describes it:

WAR EFFORT

On a chocolate soda, a sandwich, occasional sips of water, vast, durable Kate Smith [well-known singer] topped the shattering, 17-hour warbond-selling grind of moderately vast Charles Laughton [English actor] by three hours. She sat down at a mike at Manhattan’s WABC at 6 a.m., one minute later answered the first phone call from a bond-buyer, answered calls for the next 20 hours at the rate of two a minute. At 6 p.m. she complained of a sore neck, asked somebody to hit her. No one did. At two the following morning she had taken $1,977,450 worth of orders.

The same approach is found in the manner of collecting blood for transfusions (see illustration p.394). The collection was turned into a “Blood Drive” with the goal of getting one million pints of blood. Human interest is widely utilized. Thus Life gives a full-page picture of the famous film producer Cecil B. De Mille lying on a cot while giving a pint of blood. But that was still not enough “human interest”—a woman had to be in it. So movie actress Carole Landis was made to pose peeking through the door. The caption reads:

Miss Landis promised her pint for a little later in the month . . . .

War costs money. One way to get the money is to sell war stamps. One way to sell war stamps is to make bouquets out of them, to pin them all over a pretty girl, to put her on a stage and gradually to undress her, as the stamps and clothes are sold for the war fund. This is exactly what was done in the broadway hit New Priorities of 1943. Our photo on p.402 shows the girl after her upper garment had been sold to the public. Next in line is the war-stamp bouquet which holds her skirt together. A few more minutes and she will have next to nothing on at all.

War makes it necessary to conserve all kinds of material. To make this more fun, Life informs its readers of a new law which is intended to save cloth by showing three pretty girls in very abbreviated nightgowns with the caption:

Conservation reaches into bed, snips off bottoms of nightgowns.

RUMORS, SPIES, AND FUN

Everything is being utilized for the war effort—even rumors. Leading in this field the Boston Herald opened a new column called the “Rumor Clinic” which publishes and refutes rumors. It co-operates with the Division of Propaganda Research which analyzes rumors and formulates counterpropaganda, and

(The ad shows a pretty, bored-looking girl reclining in an easy chair with a book on her lap.)

"She just loves being home with a good book."

(Oh, yeah!)

"Sitting home too often when you could be out dancing or at a party? Spending too many Saturday nights alone with a good book? Remember this:

'Competition is keen these days, with so many men away at camp, so you can't afford to overlook anything that pulls down your popularity, especially 'Double O' [Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath]"

'Start in today with the delightful new Listerine Tooth Paste.
Owing to the rubber shortage, no more elastic girdles are being manufactured in the USA. This illustration is meant to make the new breed rubberless corsets acceptable to women (and men).

LIFE bases its hopes for America's victory, next to planes, guns, tanks, and ships, on the American "quick lunch." This photo, taken from a series showing prominent Washingtonians during lunch time, portrays Secretary
American soldiers are taught some "dirty fighting."

Note expression on instructor's face.

Movie stars offer blood for victory as Red Cross starts nationwide drive.

Movie Starlet Marilyn Hare is building up the US Army's morale by kissing B-1000 chewing gum "mints."

Gum in Washington. This photo was contributed by one of Life's readers, who wrote:

"Sir,
War property Washingtonians, including thousands of gum-chewing Government employees, made this picture possible. They mash thousands of gum wads every day on the main street of downtown Washington (this is F Street between 13th and 14th).
Meanwhile it has been reported that millions of Americans will have to go without chewing gum, as Wrigley's, the largest of the chewing gum producers, have announced that, as from May 1, 1941, they would cease producing for civilian..."
it has organized a large number of volunteers who collect rumors and bring them to the “Rumor Clinic.” Thus everybody is made to feel that he is doing an important job in winning the war. A similar case of forcing Americans into war consciousness is the suggestion made by Life that everybody could be a spy for Uncle Sam, contained in the caption to one of our illustrations on p. 402.

A superb example of the—to us almost unbelievable—amalgamation of business, fun, and patriotism is offered by the following quotation from Life:

**FLORIDA AT WAR**

Florida’s big business is providing the rest of the nation with fun and its amusement moguls do not intend to let the rigors of war interfere with that business. Since Dec. 7, 1941, they have dedicated themselves to the rehabilitation of the “war-weary” tourist, advising the country that “civilians need furloughs, too.” To help Americans rest up in advance for the war, Miamians especially have joined in an all-out effort to maintain their escapist paradise on a business-as-usual basis. Hotelmen there boasted that as their “contribution to civilian morale” they wouldn’t raise their rates above last winter’s highs. Press agents decreed a “blitzkrieg of joy” designed to make the tourist “a bit slap-happy or a wee bit punch-drunk.” Ingredients of the blitzkrieg include at least 30 tournaments, festivals, boat races and chowder parties. A late-season boom has added to the business of the city’s 39 lavish night clubs and track officials predict that last year’s record-breaking wagers of $43,000,000 (enough to pay for three heavy cruisers) may this year be topped.

Everything is being done to keep disconcerting thoughts of war from encroaching on the pleasure of Florida’s guests. Utility companies advertise that the State, with few military targets, is a safe region. After Miami’s practice blackout in January, resort people begged the local Defense Council to please not let it happen again during the rest of the season. When Miami Beach stages an air-raid drill, great means and groans go up from business folk who want to forget the war’s horrid implications.

Patriotic Finale at one of Miami’s night clubs consists of lightly clad cast singing God Bless America while flag ripples realistically in the background. Club’s guests are moved by this.

With the gay trimmings of war providing so much fun, the only disconcerting thought might be that of the war itself. But such thoughts are put into the background, for instance by the Senator from Alabama, John H. Bankhead who, according to Time, told his countrymen:

> Of all the countries in the world, China and Russia are in the best position to furnish men, while America is in the best position to furnish equipment. Why should we not accept these undisputed, fundamental facts, and apply to them the rule of sound reason?

**HOMES WITHOUT CANS**

The American magazines do not attempt to conceal existing shortages, as everybody is aware of them anyway. They particularly stress the manpower shortage, urging people to go into war work. In the material field, the main shortages (or bottlenecks as the Americans call them) appear at different times in different fields. For the period covered by the magazines, rubber headed the list of American bottlenecks. In the summer of 1942 the President’s economic adviser Bernard Baruch estimated that the USA needed 1,037,000 long tons of synthetic rubber a year. A certain Bill Jeffers was made Rubber Director or, as Americans now say, “Rubber Czar.” But another Czar, Economic Stabilizer Jimmy Byrnes, gave him only enough equipment to produce 425,000 tons of synthetic rubber a year. The reason was that some of the component parts needed for the building of synthetic-rubber factories are also needed in the construction of...
of navy escort vessels and in the manufacture of high-octane gas. Army and Navy representatives demanded a radical slashing of the rubber program. "If that is not done," one War Department official said ironically, "we will be marvelously equipped to fight a war in the Mississippi Valley."

In this article we shall not go into the details of American shortages. This is a topic which is known comparatively well in East Asia, as many reports on this situation have reached us from America. Suffice it to say that the shortages and resulting restrictions and rations of rationing are increasing. And although they are still small compared with many other countries at war, they look big to the Americans.

The Americans as a nation have been raised in the tradition that any restriction is an outrage on their "personal freedom." Hence even small inconveniences arouse grumbling and dissatisfaction. In some cases the shortages actually affect the Americans more than they would affect other nations, for instance, in the case of canned food.

Canned food was one of the main items on the shopping lists of prewar America. According to Time, Americans can now, on the basis of their rationing books, buy only three or four cans per month while in many an American household more than that number of cans was opened every day. As the American city housewives were largely accustomed to cans, this restriction causes much more inconvenience in America than the shortage of cans would in other countries where they were used only in small numbers. This inconvenience is felt all the more in America as it coincides with the mobilizing of millions of women for work, making them still less inclined to spend much time in the kitchen. Incidentally, it is the low-income group which has been particularly hit by the shortage in cans, as it was the chief consumer of canned goods, while the high-income group used far fewer of them, being able to afford to buy the more expensive fresh foods and to employ servants for their more lengthy preparation and cooking.

**W**AR G**ETS "PRETTY AWFUL"

It is not so much the shortage itself which counts in America—there is still enough for the Americans not to starve—as the attitude which the Americans take toward shortages. Typical is Time's report of the reaction to a decree which prohibited the production of bread-slicing machines, in order to save 100 tons of slicing-machine alloy steel.

To U.S. housewives it was almost as bad as gas rationing—and a whole lot more trouble. They vainly searched for grandmother's serrated bread knife, routed sleepy husbands out of bed, held dawn conferences over bakery handouts which read like a golf lesson: "Keep your head down. Keep your eye on the loaf. And don't bear down." Then came grief, cussing, lopsided slices which even the toaster refused, often a mad dash to the corner bakery for rolls. But most housewives sawed grimly on—this war was getting pretty awful.

One of the evil results of shortages is the specter of the inflation. We have copied a chart published in Time which analyzes the income of the Americans. According to it, the American people were expected to earn in 1943 $132 billion in pay or dividends but to produce only $70 billion worth of consumers goods. (Time takes the term of consumers goods to include a very wide range of things, including a seat at the movie or a table at a night club.) Thus the Americans will find use only for $70 billion out of their earnings of $132. Of the other $62 billion the Government will take a large amount and part will go into savings, but there still remain many...
billions of US dollars for which there is no outlet and which will greatly increase the tendency to inflation which usually comes when there is more money available than goods.

MORALE-BUILDING PROJECTS

What do the magazines tell us about the "boys" in khaki? The best way perhaps to describe the attitude which is being fostered is: war is a picnic. The magazines are full of stories and pictures which are meant to show how much fun is to be had in the armed forces. There is amazingly little about actual war, far more about army life in America. This may have changed of late when the quotas of army and navy personnel have been more or less completed, when increasing numbers have gone overseas, and when more and grimmer fighting is taking place. But in the magazines which we have seen, the fun-aspect is still overwhelming. Again we will let America speak for herself. Here is Life's story of how Marilyn Hare is building up the soldiers' morale. The article is, of course, accompanied by many alluring photos; for one of them turn to p. 394.

STARLET STARTS IN KISSING 10,000 SOLDIERS TO HOUSE MEN'S SPIRITS

At an Army encampment near a southern California aircraft factory last month, 18-year-old perky movie starlet Marilyn Hare embarked on one of the most formidable morale-building projects yet contrived for the US Army. A good fighting machine, she knew, thrives on you de vive. In this hour of national crisis, Miss Hare evolved an unique inspirational program of her own. It was her aspiration to kiss 10,000 soldiers.

Bright and early Feb. 5 squads of soldiers assembled in the balmy California sunshine. Bright and early merry Marilyn arrived for her great undertaking. She mounted a soapbox and as a kind of musical hors d'oeuvre sang Kiss the Boys Goodbye to an accordion accompaniment. Then stepping down, she went to work.

First she passed down the aisles giving each grinning trooper a taste of her pretty lips. Since other soldiers had duties elsewhere in camp, she wandered from barracks to soup kitchens to sentry posts. There was no shortage of Marilyn's war commodity, nor were there priorities or second rations. She left each soldier well-bussed and bemused. At day's end her kissometer recorded 733 smacks. "My only regret," she patriotically proclaimed, "is that I have but two lips to give for my country." With fewer than one-tenth of her kisses distributed, Marilyn dauntlessly prepares for the next 9,267. The effect on morale was terrific. As they staggered back to their chores, Marilyn's be-lipsticked beneficiares mumbled dreamily: "We won't wash our faces for a month."

Claudette Colbert is doing a grand job in the Volunteer Army Canteen Service. You should see her starring in the new Paramount picture "Palm Beach Story."

Or two other items:

Not yet married is Jean Ruth, known as "Beverly at Reveille," dream girl of the four Army posts in and about Denver. Every morning from 5:30 to 6:30 the men rise, wash and police their barracks with portable radios tuned in faithfully to Beverly, who at KFEL broadcasts records, chatty personal messages, camp bulletins and Pep. Beverly, pretty, brown-haired and 22 has dates with the boys at camp, dances and drinks Cokes with them on the air kids them out of their early morning blues, to the delight of morale officers.

Curvilinear Cinemactress Joan Blondell got herself a fresh hair-do, a new fur coat, headed for Greenland and Iceland to entertain the armed forces.

The magazines tell the young men of America that everybody can find what he yearns for in the Army. If a man is troubled by the fact that he is too fat, for example, all he has to do is to follow the advice of a letter to the editor published in Time together with the photo of the author who holds up his ex-pants to the readers and writes:

The photo enclosed shows the amount of excess weight I was able to remove through clean, healthy

What can a man believe in?

"I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States." Say it over to yourself tomorrow morning as the boys and girls in our schools pledge themselves again "to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." That's something you can believe in always.

Every Squibb product bears an individual control number. Look for the name and control number when you buy. You can believe in Squibb.

E. R. Squibb & Sons, Manufacturing Chemists
and inviting conditions, found during my period of Army service since June 10, 1941.

My weight last June was 184 lb, size pants 42 in. waist. Today’s weight: 155 lb, size pants: 33-in. waist.

Angelo J. Vaglio
Private First Class

FIGHTING AND KISSING TECHNIQUES

As to the training of the soldiers itself, it is the same thing again—the more fun the better. Life, for example, tells in a well-illustrated article of the training in a school for bombardiers. To make it more fun to practice with the bomb sight the targets they have to find consist of pictures of pretty girls.

Dirty fighting is openly encouraged. Life publishes an article with many illustrations (for one of them see p. 394) which shows how this is done:

The Special Services Branch School at Fort George G. Meade, Md. is training officers from army units all over the country. An expert, Dr. Francesco D’Eliseo instructs the officers in new techniques for the silent and effective elimination of the enemy, especially valuable to Commandos.

On this and the following pages Dr. D’Eliseo and his students demonstrate “dirty fighting” tactics based on tricks, wrestling and street brawling. Before they graduate, D’Eliseo’s students learn how to hogtie a victim with a sash rope, how to break an arm, leg or neck, how to administer a kick in the groin, how to apply a strangle hold, how best to gouge an eye, and how to use the feet in attack and defense.

Lest they may make a mistake, Life instructs soldiers in a series of photographs on how soldiers should kiss their girl friends. The photos show the various techniques and have captions such as these:

Gloved-hand-over-mouth-kiss is dignified but reserved technique.

This may-be-your-last-kiss technique resembles modified half Nelson. [The half Nelson is a wrestling grip.]

The quicky or brush-off kiss is strictly for mothers and sisters.

Last-clinch.

Songs which soldiers like best are somewhat characteristic of their state of mind. Says Time:

So far, the two most popular U.S. Army songs in North Africa are ditties called Dirty Gertie of Bizerte and 4-F Charlie. Investigation last week disclosed no single printable stanza of either.

SOLDIERS’ ATTITUDE

The type of soldier that comes out of such training and attitude is easy to imagine. He may be daring, tough, skillful, but in his mental attitude he will be totally different from the soldier of the German or the Nipponese armies. The comparing of war with a racket and a football game (“The air war is the world’s toughest racket” or “The army is a football team”) is quite revealing. Raketeers also have their fighting quali-

CHART OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM

Under the heading of “Statistics of Patriotism,” Time published the following item:

“Many a visitor to the Army at home and abroad has gone away with the impression that half the U.S. soldiers are from Texas. Texas’ Representative Wright Patman proved last fortnight that while that was not true, Texas did have a higher percentage of volunteers than other states. Its percentage: .826. Patman’s list, furnished by the War Department, ranked the other state percentages thus:”

Here followed a state-by-state account of the percentage of volunteers in the USA, on the basis of which we have drawn this map. It shows that, apart from Texas, the highest percentage of volunteers is to be found in the New England states with their close connection to England and on the Pacific Coast with its traditional anti-Japanese feelings. A wide belt of low percentage stretches through the center of the country. The South with its serious domestic problems and the Middle West with its strong non-Anglo-Saxon population groups and traditional aversion to melding in other parts of the world clearly cannot raise much enthusiasm for the war. This is particularly true of the inhabitants of the Great Plains, while the adventure-loving mountain folk of the more sparsely populated states of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, and New Mexico, stretching in a belt from Canada to Texas, are more ready to go to war.
Behind the ever-increasing swarm of American warships, “Thermos” brand vacuum bottles play an important part.

It takes plenty of good, wholesome food and drink to maintain the workmen’s health and stamina for this kind of production. In shipyards and war plants everywhere “Thermos” provides hot soups, stews, coffee—cold milk and fruit juices—added nourishment for lunch-time meals.

War workers know that “Thermos” puts an extra punch in every lunch.

ties, and football players learn how to endure pain under thunderous applause from the grand stand, yet it seems strange to find these ideas play such a great role in the preparation of soldiers. Of course, there are also traces of such sentiments as duty and sacrifice to be found in America, but the emphasis, at least as far as we can judge from these magazines, lies on the war-is-a-game-and-fun line. With this attitude a soldier will naturally not be very eager to risk his life.

This is the reason why the reliance on the material and quantitative superiority of the Allies is constantly stressed. This is the reason why such huge space in the magazines and even in their ads is devoted to descriptions of technical and industrial progress. Among the most beautifully illustrated articles in Life, for example, partly in color prints, are such excellent photo series as “Flame at Work” which describes the role of the flame as a tool in cutting as well as in welding metal; “Industrial Chemistry,” with its first-class color photos of chemical processes, or a long article with map, photos, and charts to prove that the Allies have more oil than the Axis.

Articles of this kind are supposed to instill in the American readers the feeling: our equipment is so superior to that of the Axis that the war will really be just a game, a game moreover in which the others have no chance. We shall squash them with steel and machines and with our numbers.

The fighting at Cassino in March is an example which shows that steel, ma-
chines, and numbers alone are not enough in the face of a determined opponent. At Cassino the Allies dumped thousands of tons of bombs and shells on a few square kilometers, more than has ever been thrown on an area of that size in history. But while they had thought that all they would have to do after the bombardment was to walk in and take it, they found to their dismay that there were still Germans left who had survived the fire and who came out of the cellars and ruins ready to continue the fight. Not until the middle of May did the Allies occupy Cassino. This gave the Germans another two months to strengthen their position in Italy.

PIES AND GALS

Decisive for the morale of the Army as well as of the home front is not the ballyhoo put on in connection with war. Some day it will be revealed to the American soldiers as well as to the civilians that the war is not just fun and that all its many amusing frills will not bring victory. Then, apart from inborn stamina and strength of character of the individual, it will be decisive whether soldier and civilian alike know what they are fighting for and whether they believe that this is worth fighting for. This problem is repeatedly brought up in the magazines.

When Life asked soldiers what they wanted for Christmas, the three most frequent answers were:

1. a blonde
2. my wife
3. an honorable discharge.

Life does not mention whether “victory” appeared at all among the answers. At any rate, it was not among the first three.

A similar question was asked by the writer John Hersey, as he describes in

You’re sabotaging the Victory program by not wearing shorts with Gripper Fasteners!
his book *Into The Valley* about the fighting on Guadalcanal. *Time* quotes a paragraph from this book:

So I asked what they were fighting for. They did not answer for what seemed a very long time. Then one of them spoke... and for a second I thought he was changing the subject or making fun of me, but... he was answering my question very specifically. He whispered: "Jesus, what I'd give for a piece of blueberry pie."

Even advertising has taken hold of this topic, and advertisers usually keep their ear close to the ground. The Texas Co. published a full-page ad in *Life* showing a young woman working at the construction of an Army airplane. As she works, "Alice," as the ad calls the girl, is thinking of "Eddie, looking handsome as he left to join his squadron, and of the sweet sound of his words as he talked of the home they would some day have together." Here the ad continues:

They would have it now if it weren't for Adolf [Hitler].

Alice and Eddie know why they are fighting.

In a way, the answer of what the Americans are fighting for can also be judged from their postwar plans. One young officer describes the following scene in a letter to *Time*:

We had been out on a four-hour hike with full packs, and had stopped for the ten minutes rest which comes after every hour of marching. I was checking over some of the men's packs, which seemed to be out of adjustment and were cutting off the circulation in their arms. It was very cold and one big brawny lad, whose teeth were chattering like castanets, was saying to an appreciative audience, "Yes sir, this man's army is all right but let's hurry up and lick Hitler, and then we can get out and when we do I am going to build me a great big glass house and I am going to keep it filled all the time with sunshine and I

am going to sit in that sunshine with only my undershirt on, perspiring all day long, and there will be a bunch of pretty gals to fan me if I ever get too hot, if such a thing is possible, and I will only go out to meals of fried chicken and waffles and just rest and rest and sweat and sweat." To which dreams he got appreciative responses of, "oh boy, oh boy."

![Full Speed ahead... we've got a date with the Axis!](Erie Railroad)

The Americans have been told so long that the Germans and the Japanese have the sinister plan of destroying their country and "way of life" that naturally they parrot this slogan. But can they really believe it? The quintessence of the American war aims—the blueberry pie of the Marine, the home of Alice and Eddie, the glass house with its "gals" of the soldier—what does its achievement have to do with the war? After all, where is the fighting going on? In America? No, thousands of miles away. In Italy, on New Guinea, in Burma.

When in 1904 hundreds of thousands of Russian peasants were put into uniforms and sent to war against Japan they were told that some wicked people wanted to take away the Russians' land. It sounded plausible to the Russian peasant—who had very little land anyway and who knew its value—that this should not be allowed. But as he traveled for days and weeks through the Tsar's Empire and the enormous plains of Siberia and Manchuria to meet the enemy practically on the other side of the world, he was no longer quite sure that the Japanese wanted to take away his land. The position in which the Americans find themselves today is similar. They have to travel halfway around the world in order to meet the enemy who is supposedly threatening them.

**THE EDITORS' GOSPEL**

So we find no compelling war aims when turning to the statements of the average American. It is, of course, another matter with the editors of the two magazines. They have very definite
Fun, Publicity, and War

With photos such as these, Americans are enlisted into the government's espionage service and made to feel that everyone can take part in the war, even by turning in his travel snapshot.

You must use whatever your boy friends provide for entertainment.

In one of its articles, Life presents "A Girl's Guide for Entertaining Soldiers." By means of photos, the girls are told what to expect and how to behave when visiting their Army boy friends.

"Human interest" helps the collection of a metal. Westbrook Pegler, one of America's best known newspaper columnists, sets an example by removing the bumpers from his automobile.
Life’s caption of this picture, which is one of a series describing the life of US Army nurses in the Southwest Pacific war theater: “Dressing table in a nurse’s tent in New Caledonia differs but little, except for candle, flashlight and water canteen, from any girl’s dressing table at home. Notice the powder puffs, combs, scissors, ink, hair tonic, medicines, deodorant, toothbrush, cigarette holder, compact, good luck charm, talcum, bobby pins, ash tray and nail file.”

A “ruman clamp” has been opened in the USA to watch over the morale of the American civilian population (see p.392).
What every woman wants to know about a man—that if he can't see action on the fighting front, he swings into action on the home front... that he makes the most of his well-earned leisure... that he chooses the best and enjoys it in moderation... that he compliments his guests and his own good taste by serving mild Old Schenley Whisky.

ideas on this subject, and they try to impress the Americans with them. Here they are. Life writes:

Whether we look to the East or to the West, whether we think of war or of peace, it is evident that the imperative of victory is American leadership. America must be first in the work of farm and factory. America must be first on the fields of battle—and on sea and in the air. America must be first in the councils of war and America must be first in the policy of the world.

To some, the words America First may sound strange in a journal which has sought to be truly "international" in its outlook. But anyone who has truly felt the imperative of internationalism in our time has also felt the imperative of American leadership. There can be no genuine internationalism in our time which is not inspired by American leadership.

Our task is to win the war and create a family of nations. That family will require an elder brother, strong, brave and, above all, generous. America must be the elder brother of the nations in the brotherhood of men.

This is a remarkably candid expression of American imperialism, of an imperialism which is no longer satisfied with the rule over the Americas but which demands that "America must be first in the policy of the world."

In an article unusually long for Time, the magazine also deals with postwar problems. It, too, tries to instill into the American reader the idea that he is the leader of the postwar world and publishes a characteristic list of those things on which America bases her claim to world leadership:

- Enough factories
- Enough foodstuffs
- Enough ships
- Enough airplanes
- Enough materials
- Enough projects
- Enough frontiers
- Enough collaborators

The article continues:

Whether he knew it or not, or liked his new role, each dweller in the U.S. had become a leading citizen of the world and one on whose conduct the hopes of the world rested.

Thus the 132,000,000 Americans, honest and dishonest, good, bad and humbly both, had become the only people of the earth's two billion who could save the hopes of the world in the simple struggle to save their own.

The U.S. was unchanged, Isolationists, Interventionists, Democrats, New Dealers, Republicans, keeping the same beliefs, the same politics, the same internal squabbles, the same President, the same newspapers, the same columnists, radio commentators, movie stars, had unwittingly grown in stature as the earth grew smaller. The U.S. was still the land of plenty; it was the land of faith that government of the people, by the people and for the people should never perish from the earth. It was the land where millions sang without selfconsciousness that their eyes had seen the glory of the coming of the Lord. It was the land where all men are created equal and endowed by their Creator with the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Here again we find this almost messianic build-up of imperialism, curiously based on a mixture of high-sounding slogans and—"enough ships and planes."

In this American-controlled future which the magazines are conjuring up in the mind of the people, the American cities have already started to compete for their respective spoils. Here is a tale of three cities:

The beginnings of debate over "freedom of the air," the realization that all the world's air is navigable, brought the Midwest a discovery of great local import: its inland cities are, geographically, the logical U.S. "ports" for the world's sky traffic. This month three great Midwestern cities were hard at work on plans for these world ports of the future.

In Detroit bug-eyed businessmen heard a Lafayette Escadrille veteran, Gill Robb Wilson, now National Aeronautical Association president, say that their city would "have a pretty good chance" to become a great international air-transport center after the war.

Chicago and St. Louis are the two other cities which claim to be predestined as air centers of the future.

To condense thousands of pages and pictures in the limited space of one

His duty to serve,

hers to inspire.

(Coty Lipstick and Perfume Manufacturers, showing a full-page ad of a soldier and a girl)
article is not possible. There are many wide topics such as, for example, the arts and sciences, which we have not touched upon at all. The most one can do is to indicate the spirit and atmosphere in America up to the summer of 1943, particularly the American attitude toward the war. This attitude, as our article has shown, is radically different from that in the Axis countries. It is typically American.

The Americans like to consider themselves the “freest people on earth.” In reality, the average American does not possess more political or economic influence than the average man in other countries. However, he must be treated as if he did. Therefore, if the American leaders want something to be done, the wise thing for them is not to order the people to do it, nor to insist on their discipline, but rather to appeal to something within them that is more likely to respond—to their love of fun and play. This has led to the, for most of us, incomprehensible treatment of war as a sport.

The war being so far away, it is particularly difficult to make the American people war-minded. To make up for the absence of real reminders of the country’s being at war, artificial reminders have to be invented. This caused the endless and in many cases vulgar injection of war and patriotism slogans into everything down to the ads of toilet paper.

Our brief summary of the contents of the two leading American magazines reveals both the strength and the weakness of the United States. Her strength consists of the enormous reserves of materials and also of human nerves, the latter the result of considering the war a huge joke, a new super-thriller. The Americans want to win the war, just as a football team is out to win the game. There has been many a tough football fight in America, often blood flows freely and sometimes a player even gets killed. The football attitude toward war can also result in hard fights and daring actings. Coupled with America’s enormous war machine, with her huge numbers of planes and tanks, it should not be underestimated. In a nation as big as America, many of whose inhabitants are the descendants of hard-fighting pioneers, there must be a few hundred thousand dare-devils who are ready to get into any exciting adventure, just as the American Government always found Marines who did not mind risking their lives in scraps on distant shores. In the first phase of the present war, therefore, the absence of popular war aims has been of relatively little consequence. The novelty and thrill of the war itself occupied everybody sufficiently.

But how will it be in the long run? Here lies the weakness of America. This has been well understood not only by the editors of Time and Life but also by many other American leaders who try to create for the Americans war aims of world imperialism which have very little to do with blueberry pies and Alice’s home, but which, so they hope, will give the American people the strength for the fight lying ahead.

This time it is not an expedition against Mexico or Nicaragua but a war against nations who have mobilized their every ounce of strength and to whom the war is everything but a game. The initial period of the war has lasted already two and a half years, and still Americans are very far from the centers of their enemy's strength. The real fighting has not even started. When it does, and the losses begin to mount, and the strain to tell on the people, then only will the real test come. It is then that the difference in the attitude toward the war will make itself felt. On the one hand there is the will to win the world championship on the part of an ambitious football team which knows that after all, even if it were defeated, the world would continue much the same. On the other side there is the will to win of nations to whom the difference between victory and defeat is as great as the difference between life and death.
Dr. Abshagen is intimately familiar with the inside working of the British press, having spent many years of his journalistic career in England.

THE BRITISH PRESS

By K. H. ABSHAGEN

The British press, as we see it today, differs in many ways from the press of the countries of the European continent, the principal difference being that in Great Britain the press as a whole has lost its character of an organ of national politics. This does not mean that there are no political newspapers in the British Isles or that the majority of the papers do not represent political views of a kind. But the main source of the forces moving the British press is to be found nowadays not in the political intentions of the owners or controlling interests of most of the newspapers, but in the openly admitted intention of earning money by means of newspaper publishing. The press in Great Britain has become primarily a business proposition, it is regarded as an "industry."

Ways of making money by newspaper publishing can in the final analysis be reduced to two factors: circulation and advertisements. It is the latter which really bring in the money, as the low retail price of one penny cannot even cover the cost of paper and printing, let alone editorial and overhead expenses. But the attraction of a journal to potential advertisers depends on the quantity and quality of its readers, and in the case of mass-production goods it is chiefly the number of the readers that counts. Circulation is therefore an essential premise of gaining advertisements. The everlasting battle for circulation dominates the newspaper life of Great Britain. It has led to the elimination of many once famous newspapers and to the rise of journals with circulations which would have been regarded as fantastic less than a generation ago. In 1939—since the outbreak of World War II no exact circulation figures have been made available—there were in London two daily papers with circulations of over 2 millions, four others with roughly 1½ millions each, and one approaching the 1 million mark.

"NATIONAL" NEWSPAPERS

Notwithstanding its seven or eight million inhabitants, London can naturally not absorb these enormous circulations. This leads us to an interesting phenomenon, viz., that the big London dailies cater for the news demands not only of the metropolis but of the whole of the United Kingdom. The London morning papers are called "national newspapers," a name which does not by any means imply a national or nationalist policy on the part of these papers but only stresses their nation-wide distribution. This distribution requires a highly developed transport system by rail, road, and ship. This system has been organized on a collective basis by the Newspaper Proprietors' Association, which runs special newspaper trains and motor trucks, engages distribution agents in big and small localities, etc., the members of the Association sharing in the cost of the organization according to the number of copies of their journals handled by the services of the Association.

In spite of the fact that all the members compete with each other, friction has occurred very rarely. Among the exceptions may be mentioned the case of the Sunday Referee a few years before the outbreak of the present war. The paper was at that time owned by the film magnate Isidore Ostrer, who tried to advertise his journal by means of an extensive broadcasting program, on the American model, in English from Radio Luxemburg, rented by him for this purpose. This combination of radio and
newspaper was regarded by the majority of the newspaper proprietors as a threat to the interests of the press in general and, as Ostrer refused to yield, the Association excluded the *Sunday Referee* from its transport and distribution services. The circulation of the paper—never very important—dwindled rapidly, and in the end Ostrer sold the paper, which was then amalgamated with the *Sunday Chronicle* belonging to the Allied Newspapers group.

As another instance of the power of the Newspaper Proprietors’ Association it may be mentioned that, up to the time of the Anglo-Soviet alliance in 1941, it consistently refused to admit the only Communist daily, the *Daily Worker*, to its membership and services, thus making the distribution of the Communist paper extremely difficult and expensive.

So the newspaper reader in all of Great Britain from Land’s End to John O’Groats, and in the bigger cities of Northern Ireland, finds his London paper on his breakfast table; and the price is the same everywhere, one penny in the case of the popular daily papers, twopence for the voluminous Sunday papers with 16 to 32 pages of text.

**PROVINCIAL AND EVENING JOURNALS**

Only comparatively few provincial morning papers of any importance have succeeded in surviving the competition of the “national” morning papers centered in London. This is understandable, as the enormous circulations allow the latter to engage the services of first-class editorial staffs and news services against which provincial papers of moderate circulation and means cannot hope to compete successfully. Those morning papers in the provinces which did survive owe their further existence with few exceptions to the fact that they were taken over by big newspaper combines which are able to supply them with articles and reports comparable in quality to those of the London press.

The British press does not have the institution of papers published in more than one edition every day. Although a morning paper and an evening paper may very often be published by the same firm, both papers will have their separate identities, usually not only in name but also in character and in editorial staff (although it happens that some of the collaborators do work for several papers published by the same firm). Generally speaking, the morning papers carry the weightier stuff. Foreign and imperial news as well as the more important items of internal politics will, as a rule, be dealt with in their columns. The evening papers, although they, too, contain “hot” political news, if and as far as such is available, specialize in reports on sports events, local affairs, and social gossip. Many of them also cater for the entertainment of various classes of readers by publishing short stories, serialized novels, book reviews, etc. The evening papers published in London serve the metropolis and its surroundings only, thus leaving the field in the provinces, in the evening, to local journals. Compared with seven popular morning papers with an aggregate daily circulation (in 1939) of about 11 millions, we find only three evening papers in the metropolis with a circulation of together some 1½ millions.

Newspaper publishing of such scope and size requires enormous capital. In an article published in the *Daily Telegraph* in May 1939, Lord Camrose, the controlling shareholder of the paper, estimated the value of the land, buildings, and plant belonging to the Daily Telegraph Company—all of which he describes as necessary for the actual production of the paper—at £1,300,000, adding that the capital assets of the four so-called “popular” newspapers (those with circulations of 1½ to over 2 millions) are probably very much more. The majority of the big London papers are published by public companies whose preference shares are widely distributed in the public, while a controlling interest in the ordinary stock is usually in the hands of one or a few persons who direct the editorial policy of the paper or papers concerned.
NEUWSAPERS AND POLITICS

The business character of most of the British newspapers and particularly of the “popular” dailies makes it extremely difficult if not impossible for the men at the helm to follow a consistent political line. On the whole, experience seems to show that the publishers of British newspapers, rather than try to influence their readers politically, keep their ears very close to the ground in order to guess the likes and dislikes of the general public so as not to offend any important section, because that would be tantamount to losing corresponding numbers of subscribers, or rather buyers. It is a peculiar British feature that the majority of newspaper readers obtain their papers from newsagents, who are independent shopkeepers selling all papers without preference for any particular organ, and as a rule on a weekly account, a fact which contributes to the great fluctuations in the circulation of the “popular” papers from one week to another.

Besides watching the reader, the British newspaper proprietor must try not to offend the advertiser, or the potential advertiser—the real source of his income—by excursions into the political arena. Experience has taught that such political excursions of the popular press have never been successful and, moreover, usually endangered either the circulation or the income from advertisements. In 1933, the Evening Standard, owned by Lord Beaverbrook, in connection with a series of London arson cases in which a number of Jews were prominently involved, published information which a correspondent of the paper had received from insurance circles, purporting that the leading fire insurance companies were charging higher premiums to Jewish than to Gentile customers. Although this information was undoubtedly correct and although it had been printed without any comment, on the pressure of the owners of big department and chain stores led by Moses Israel Sieff of the firm of Marks & Spencer the Evening Standard revoked its contents a few days later. For years the very same advertisers’ circles enforced an embargo on all reports about the activities of the British Union of Fascists led by Sir Oswald Mosley and secured a complete victory over Lord Rothermere when in 1934 the latter came out openly with his Daily Mail in support of Sir Oswald Mosley. By threatening to withdraw all their advertising contracts from the Daily Mail and its “stable companions,” the Sunday Dispatch and the Evening News, they brought Lord Rothermere to heel within a few weeks, the Daily Mail giving up its support of the B.U.F. as suddenly as it had taken up the Fascist cause. The importance of this threat may be gauged from the fact alone that the first page of the Daily Mail, which at that time used to be taken up every day of the week by one of the leading department stores, brought the paper a fee of £3,000 a day.

If we have said that newspaper proprietors in Britain as a rule avoid excursions into high politics, this does not mean that the newspapers are devoid of all politics; but, compared to the press of other countries, the part of politics—domestic as well as foreign—in the popular papers in Great Britain is by tradition rather unimportant. The majority of the big London dailies in a general way support the Conservative Party and the National Government. The Liberal and Labor Parties have only one big morning paper each, the News Chronicle and Daily Herald respectively. But it is the best proof of the limited political influence of the popular newspapers that, although many more people of the labor class have for years been reading newspapers with a distinct Conservative bias than have been reading Labor papers, the percentage of the people voting Labor is steadily increasing.

BRILLIANT “ATTORNEYS”

The enormous income accruing to the popular newspapers enables them to engage the services of a highly qualified staff of journalists and writers of all kinds. But here again we witness a particular feature of the British press which will appear paradoxical to foreign observers. The majority of the men
who write for the Conservative papers, even many of those who write the pro-
Conservative editorials and leading articles, are in private life Radicals or Sociali-
sts. Most of them will admit this quite frankly and without any qualms. To
them their journalistic profession is com-
parable to a barrister’s brief. “By sup-
porting the policy of Mr. Baldwin in the
leading article of the Daily So-and-So, I
identify myself just as little with Bald-
win as for instance Sir William J. . . .
[a famous barrister] identifies himself
personally with the murderer he has
been defending at the Old Bailey last
week,” said one leading British journalist
some years ago when asked about this
puzzling state of affairs.

If politics hold second or third rank
among the subjects dealt with by the
popular press of Great Britain, what
then are the determining factors of its
editorial policy? In the first place, the
modern British newspapers, following
United States models, offer their readers
a very quick and “snappy” news service.
Society gossip, too, plays an important
part, because the Englishman of all
classes takes an interest, difficult for
outsiders to understand, in the activities,
the ways of life, and amusements of his
“social betters.” Thirdly, scandal—
particularly scandal with a “sexy” under-
tone—and crime take up a very large
space in the popular newspapers. The
proceedings of the criminal and divorce
courts are reported extensively.

STUNTS

Finally, in order to captivate the
readers and thereby secure the circulation
for some longer period than just the
current week, the editor of a popular
paper must again and again wrack his
brain to find some new “stunt” which
his journal can run for some time—until
the subject is completely exhausted and
a new “stunt” must be thought up.
Pseudoscientific subjects which can be
presented so as to capture the imagination
of simple minds are favorite “stunts.”
From Einstein’s theory of relativity to
the latest developments in the experi-
ments to split the atom and to Sir Oliver
Lodge’s opinions on spiritualism or a
new theory of numerology, everything
has been written up by one newspaper
or another in a more or less sensation-
alizing way as a “stunt.” Usually some
men of science with great names can be
found who, for fees running easily into
thousands of pounds, will set the ball
rolling by an article or two. In a nation
where everybody is constantly worrying
about his or her digestion (the troubles
being mainly due to antiquated cooking
methods) questions of better and health-
ier nourishment can be successfully
used as “stunts.” Not many years ago,
one of the leading London papers was
able to sustain its editorial policy for
about two months by a campaign in
favor of wholesome bread of a particular
kind, with the additional benefit of se-
curing thereby very considerable adver-
tising contracts from the milling and
baking combines producing the whole-
meal and the bread thus boosted.

Politics, as we have said above, occupy
a back seat among the subjects deter-
mining the editorial policy of the popular
press in Great Britain. The fact that,
during the years leading up to the pres-
cent war, foreign politics were featured
more and more in British newspapers
seems to give the lie to this statement.
But we can safely say that such is not
the case. Whoever takes the trouble
to look up the old files of such papers as
the Daily Mail and the Daily Express
of the years 1935 to 1939, will find there
very few attempts at a serious discussion
of the problems of foreign policy. The
anti-Fascist and later the anti-Hitler
campaigns were run as stunts, one may
say as “super-stunts,” initiated by the
papers after political parties and organi-
izations all over the country had created
the conditions under which these stunts
could be run successfully for much longer
periods than any stunts in the past, the
more so because the hectic developments
and changes of the political picture in
Europe and the world at large created a
new background almost every day on
which the old story could easily be
written up again and again in a new sensational way.

THE CONSCIENCE OF THE NATION

All that has been said so far refers to what we have called the "popular press" of Great Britain. In a country like Great Britain, there must obviously be serious political organs, too, in which the discussion of political problems is carried on. They do exist, but they are few in number, at least as far as the daily press is concerned. Among the dailies of political importance, two are outstanding: The Times and the Manchester Guardian. The former is beyond doubt the most influential journal in the English-speaking world. It is not the official organ of the Government or the Foreign Office, as foreigners often wrongly believe. On the contrary, The Times, by a tradition scarcely ever seriously disputed, regards itself as a kind of guardian and conscience of the British nation. Although in close touch with the governments of the day, it reserves full liberty to propound and advocate policies of its own, which very often run counter to governmental intentions. Although its circulation is small compared to those of the popular papers, it weighs heavily, because everybody of any importance in politics, the government, or administration reads The Times. In addition to its sometimes ponderous but always well-documented and balanced leading articles, it also offers high-class special articles and reports written by experts. Last but not least, it has an excellent, complete foreign-news service of its own, based on the reports of a great number of excellent correspondents in all parts of the world and presented without sensationalism, although not always without a certain bias in favor of the politics advocated by the paper. Though The Times is not strictly bound to any political party, its general tendency is conservative.

The traditional political independence of the editorial staff of The Times of outside influences was seriously impaired when, a few years before the Great War, the Walter family, which had owned the paper for several generations, was forced by financial considerations to sell out to Lord Northcliffe. After the latter's death, powerful circles succeeded in preventing Northcliffe's brother Lord Rothermere from acquiring his late brother's holdings in The Times Publishing Company. Since then, the independent policy of the editor-in-chief has been guaranteed by the formation of a body of trustees in which, among others, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the Church of England, and the Government are represented. It is also this body of trustees, not the shareholders or the directors of the Company, who decide on the successor to a resigning editor of The Times.

LIBERAL VOICE

Second only to The Times in influence, especially in foreign affairs, is the Manchester Guardian, the only provincial paper in Britain which is really able to exert an influence on the policies of the country in general. (The recently much-quoted Yorkshire Post can in no way be compared to the Manchester Guardian either in quality of contents or in real influence. This Leeds paper owes its temporary importance to the fact that it is owned by the family of Anthony Eden's wife and is sometimes used by the Foreign Secretary as his political mouthpiece.) The Manchester Guardian is the organ of the Radical wing of British Liberalism. Although the Liberal Party in Parliament has dwindled, Liberal ideas continue to be very much alive, particularly in the industrial North and in the Southwest of England, and among the middle classes in general and the intellectuals, as far as the latter have not moved further toward the Left and joined the Labor or Communist ranks. Although the Manchester Guardian, with a circulation of probably less than 100,000, cannot afford as far-flung a net of its own foreign correspondents as The Times, its news reports as well as its editorials are usually very well written, but often impaired in their effect by a tone of self-righteous superiority and professorialism. The Manchester Guardian is regularly read
by every serious student of politics in England.

British daily newspapers are issued on weekdays only. For his Sunday reading, the Britisher has to fall back on special Sunday papers which, generally speaking, differ from the daily press more in size than otherwise, with 16 to 32 pages of text (in peace time; during the present war all papers with very few exceptions were cut down to 4 to 6 pages, including advertising) against the 8 to 10 of the ordinary morning paper. They are full of entertaining material, "true-life stories," short stories, women's pages, children's corners, etc., so as to give entertainment during the long lazy hours of Sunday to the whole family. Politics are even more in the background than is the case with most daily papers. There are, however, two exceptions, the Sunday Times and The Observer. In order to correct a widespread error, let us state at once that there is no connection whatsoever between the Sunday Times and The Times. All the rest of the Sunday papers have no particular political importance with the possible exception of Reynolds's News which—being owned by the Co-operative Society, a branch of the Labor movement—is, besides the Daily Herald, the only popular paper openly advocating Labor's policy.

The views of the City not only on financial but often on political issues as well are usually expressed by two financial dailies, the Financial Times and Financial News. The former is owned by Lord Camrose, while the latter does not belong to any of the big newspaper combines. Through the pen of the prolific Jewish economic writer Paul Einzig, the Financial News has for many years been particularly active as an advocate of international Jewish finance and protagonist in the fight against the Axis.

PERIODICALS

It would lead us too far if we undertook to extend the scope of this article beyond the world of newspapers properly speaking into the wider sphere of periodicals. However, an exception may be admissible in the case of a few weekly publications, since their opinions are frequently quoted in the foreign press.

Although The Economist, as its name shows, deals primarily with economic matters, its weekly political comments deserve to be taken seriously, as they very often reflect the views of leading men of the city. The editorial policy of this journal is secured against interference by publishing interests or any other outside powers by a similar arrangement to the one mentioned in the case of The Times. The political attitude of The Economist is generally Liberal. The Spectator represents the viewpoint of the more Conservative element among the British intellectuals; while the Radical element within British Liberalism, which has much stronger leanings toward Communism than organized Labor, finds a weekly platform in The New Statesman. Time and Tide is representative of the views of what is usually called the Labor intelligentsia. The Tribune, edited by the Labor M. P. Aneurn Bevan, has recently gained in popularity as an organ of the Labor "Pep Group," which is strongly critical of Churchill's foreign as well as domestic policies.

During the last few years before the present war, there appeared in London a number of weekly journals modeled after American news magazines like Time. The ones which survived were News Review and Cavalcaide, the latter, however, only after it had been converted into a rather cheap news and scandal sheet. Both never equaled their transatlantic model.

Shortly before the present war a new illustrated weekly called Picture Post was started by a group which obviously had very ample financial means at its disposal. While up till that time there had been a gap between the cheap illustrated newspapers of the Daily Sketch and Daily Mirror type and the expensive illustrated weekly magazines such as The Tatler, The Illustrated London News, and The Graphic, the new weekly paper, selling at the low price of twopence, offered excellent photographs and photo-
graphic series combined with well-written political comments and entertaining articles and stories. The character of the paper, which within a few weeks reached a circulation of more than 1 ½ millions, rapidly became more and more anti-Fascist and anti-Hitler. It was one of the foremost propaganda organs against the idea of "appeasement" between Britain and Germany. Furthermore, the paper had from the outset a very definite Left-wing bias in internal politics.

DISCREET MUZZLING

It may help to give a true appreciation of British press comments if an explanation is given of how the influence of the Government is being exerted—and how far it can be exerted—on the press of Great Britain in peace and war time. There is no newspaper in Great Britain which could be called the official or semi-official mouthpiece of either the British Cabinet, the Foreign Office, or any other Ministry. Reuter's, too, can be regarded as an official news agency only in a limited sense, as will be explained in more detail below. By means of press conferences in the Foreign Office, in the Prime Minister's office at No. 10, Downing Street and, since the present war, in the Ministry of Information, the Government has ample means of bringing its point of view before the public without prematurey taking any formal responsibility for the views thus expressed.

It should also be realized that the reports of the Diplomatic Correspondents of The Times and other big London papers, so often quoted in the foreign press, do not express editorial views of the paper in question, but are concoctions of news and views received by the correspondents in their daily contacts with the News Department of the Foreign Office. Summing up, one might say that the British Government has not got any one particular official organ among the newspapers, because it has ample opportunity of using either the whole of the press or whatever sections of the press at any given moment appear to be particularly suitable for the propagation of its views and intentions.

On the other hand, the powers of censorship wielded by the British Government even after almost five years of war are still relatively limited. It is true that, from the very outset of the war, the censorship of news, in particular any kind of news referring either directly or indirectly to the conduct of the war and the war effort of Great Britain and her allies, was extremely strict, so strict, indeed, that during the early stages of the war it seriously impeded the British war propaganda, all the more so in face of the much more elastic handling of news censorship on the German side. There was, however, during the first eighteen months of the war scarcely any direct attempt at governmental interference with the expression of views on the policy of the Government and the conduct of the war. (An exception to this rule was the ruthless suppression of all British Fascists' organs and the imprisonment of the leaders of the Fascist movement in Britain.)

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

Free expression of views and opinions through the press, even in war time, is one of the few things which lend a semblance of democracy to the British oligarchy, and the powers that be have hesitated for a long time before attempting to muzzle the press in this respect also. While thus keeping up the appearance of a completely unhampered expression of views by the press, the Government has, in fact, been able to exert a fairly effective control, in a quiet way, over the subjects discussed by the newspapers. This control has been exerted by means of and in collaboration with the Newspaper Proprietors' Association. Whenever the Government feels that any subject might seriously interfere with its war-time policy, it asks the Association to induce its members either not to touch on this theme at all, or to pass over it as lightly as possible. This practice already existed in exceptional cases during peace time, e.g., during the weeks preceding the abdication of Edward VIII, when British newspapers kept a complete silence about a subject which was supply-
ing headlines to the press of almost the whole world.

Since the beginning of the present war, what had hitherto been an exception became the rule: a special joint committee was formed in which representatives of the Government and the Newspaper Proprietors' Association settle day by day the question of "forbidden topics." However, this committee has no power to enforce the "advice" it gives to the newspapers. And it very soon became evident that some newspapers, in particular the Daily Mirror, had not the slightest intention of abiding by the decisions of the committee. It was then that early in 1942 Prime Minister Churchill moved his "Press Bills" which, however, got into the Statute Book only in a rather emasculated form. It still remains a fact that British papers—as far as the expression of views and criticism is concerned—have a considerable measure of liberty, and that their opinions are often not at all in accord with the policy and intentions of the Government.

It would, however, be wrong to overstate the practical importance of the criticisms thus leveled against the Government in the British press. Such free expression of heterodox views, whether from a soapbox in Hyde Park or through the columns of a newspaper, is to the average Britisher synonymous with democracy, but he who expresses himself most violently in speech or writing against the Government will usually be the most obedient in his actions and would not dream of putting his rebellious words into practice.

In conclusion, a few words about British news agencies. We have said before that Reuter's cannot be regarded as an official agency in the full sense of the word as it is understood in other countries, although there is no doubt that it is heavily subsidized by the Government. Co-operation with the Government, as in the case of the newspapers, goes on in a personal and elastic form.

Of the remaining British news agencies only Exchange Telegraph and Central News deserve mention. The former is the more dynamic of the two. It has developed from a pure Stock Exchange news service to the rank of Britain's second most important general news agency. In a number of countries where it succeeded in overshadowing or even ousting Reuter's altogether (e.g., in Portugal), it enjoys considerable governmental subsidies. Its capital is largely in Jewish hands.

The Leading Newspapers and Newspaper Combines in Great Britain

(The following figures refer to 1939)

The Times: owned by The Times Holding Company Limited. 90 per cent of the capital is held by Major the Hon. John J. Astor (a brother of Viscount Astor, q.v. below), the remaining 10 per cent by a member of the Walter family, which owned and managed The Times for three generations in the past. Today, full financial control is with Major Astor, while the freedom of the editorial staff in shaping the policy of the paper is secured by a special arrangement described above. General tendency: Independent Conservative; circulation 204,491.

Manchester Guardian: managed and edited for more than fifty years by one of England's ablest and most respected journalists, Charles Prestwich Scott. Since his death in 1932, the paper has been run by a board of trustees, its policy being unchanged as an organ of Radical Liberalism. Its circulation before the war was, according to expert estimates, somewhat under 100,000.

Daily Telegraph: owned by The Daily Telegraph Ltd., a private company under full financial and editorial control of Lord Camrose. The Daily Telegraph, the leading Conservative paper, steers a middle course between the "political" and the "popular" papers. In order to increase its circulation, which in May 1939 had reached 763,000, certain concessions to the taste of the masses had to be made. However, up to the outbreak of the Greater East Asia War the political columns of the Daily Telegraph managed to maintain a fairly high level.

The Observer: a Sunday paper owned by Viscount Astor, who for many years left full freedom of expression to the editor, J. L. Garvin. When Garvin resigned his post, the paper lost much of its former political importance. No circulation data are available; probably not over 200,000.

The Associated Newspapers Group

Daily Mail: the oldest of the "popular" morning papers, founded by Lord Northcliffe in 1896. From its founder it inherited a certain political
tradition which it still tries to keep up. Its readership profile is of a slightly higher social level than that of the other "popular" papers, reaching well into the upper middle classes. The *Daily Mail* is popular in Army and Navy circles and is sometimes used by the War Office and Admiralty for the propaganda of their political plans. Political tendency: Conservative and Imperialistic; circulation around 1½ millions.

_Evening News_: the most widely circulated evening paper (about 650,000).

_Sunday Dispatch_: tendency and circulation similar to the *Daily Mail*.

The above three papers are the property of Associated Newspapers Ltd., a public company which in turn is controlled by the Daily Mail & General Trust, the latter firm owning 49 per cent of the ordinary shares of Associated Newspapers. Up till 1937 the late Lord Rothermere was chairman of both companies. Since his resignation his son, the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, now the second Lord Rothermere (who is also President of the Newspaper Proprietors’ Association) has directed Associated Newspapers and the Daily Mail & General Trust. It is known, however, that the Harmsworth family no longer holds financial control in either of the companies. In view of Sir John Ellerman’s control of the _Daily Mirror_ (q.v. below), it is interesting to note that the _Daily Mirror_ Newspapers Ltd. and its subsidiary, the Sunday Pictorial Newspapers Ltd., had by 1939 acquired about 12 per cent of the capital of Daily Mail & General Trust.

The Beaverbrook Group

_Daily Express_: has the biggest circulation of all British dailies, with well over 2½ millions.

_Sunday Express_: circulation between 1 and 1½ millions.

_Evening Standard_: the favorite evening paper of the upper strata of London’s population. Special features: the cartoon by the most famous of contemporary cartoonists, David Low, and the "Londoner’s Diary," a very well-written and usually well-informed political glossary. The latter feature makes the _Evening Standard_ the only evening paper of some political importance. The "Diary" was edited in the past by Harold Nicolson, M.P., and Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Information, and Bruce Lockhart, now Director General of Political Warfare. Circulation over 400,000.

The three papers of this group very strongly reflect the forceful personality of Lord Beaverbrook, who holds an absolutely controlling position and influences the editorial policy day by day. In their editorial methods the papers are the most Americanized amongst all British journals. On the other hand, at their master’s behest, they have consistently advocated close political as well as economic co-operation of the Empire (under the slogan “Empire Free Trade”) and a kind of isolationism toward the events on the European Continent. In the present war, Beaverbrook, although in the Cabinet, has repeatedly tried to influence the policy of his colleagues from outside by attacks of his newspapers on certain measures of the Government or persons in the Cabinet. One of these attacks was said to have been the main reason for his temporary eclipse as a Minister.

The_Cadbury (Liberal) Group

_News Chronicle_: the only Liberal morning paper published in London. It is more outspoken, politically, than the other "popular" dailies. For years before the war, the paper was very anti-Fascist and anti-Nazi and advocated Anglo-Soviet rapprochement. Circulation around 1.3 millions.

_The Star_: the second largest evening paper, following the same policy as _News Chronicle_, but more colorless. Circulation about 500,000.

The two papers are owned by the Cadbury Trust, founded by the late George Cadbury, chocolate magnate, prominent Quaker and Liberal. The Cadbury family still forms the majority of the trustees, but the active management and ultimate editorial control rests with Sir Walter Layton, the well-known economist.

The Odhams Group

_Daily Herald_: the only daily paper in Great Britain openly advocating the views of the Labor Party. And even this one paper is not unhindered in the presentation of Labor opinion. By an arrangement concluded in 1930, 51 per cent of the shares of the paper came into the hands of the purely capitalist publishing firm of Odhams Ltd. which, among other periodicals, publishes _The People_, a moderate Conservative Sunday paper. The arrangement which leaves only 49 per cent of the shares of the _Daily Herald_ in the hands of Trade Union nominees was forced upon the Labor movement by the fact that, without the endorsement of capitalist interests, the Socialist paper had been unable to win the favor of the big advertisers, and had for 18 years led a precarious existence.

Of the 9 directors of the Daily Herald Company, 5 are nominated by Odhams, the remaining 4 by the Trade Unions, among the latter being the present Minister of Labor, Ernest Bevin, and the Secretary-General of the Trade Union Council, Sir Walter Citrine. The Chairman of Odhams Ltd. is Lord Southwood (né Elias). In 1939 it became known that by then Sir John Ellerman had bought up about one tenth of the capital of Odhams.

_The People_: a "popular" Sunday paper without political importance. Circulation over 2 millions.

The Allied Newspapers Group

_Sunday Times_: important Conservative Sunday paper. Circulation: no data available.

_Daily Sketch_: a daily morning picture paper of the "tabloid" type. Circulation between 1 and 1½ millions.

_Sunday Graphic_: for all practical purposes the Sunday edition of the _Daily Sketch_.

_Sunday Chronicle & Referee_: a Sunday paper which is popular in Northern England. Printed in Manchester and recently also in London.

This group is financially and editorially controlled by Lord Kensley, a brother of Lord Camrose. Another big shareholder is Lord Iliffe. Apart from the _Sunday Times_, the papers have no political aspirations.

The Daily Mirror Group

_Daily Mirror_ and _Sunday Pictorial_: originally "tabloid" papers without political aims and
color belonging to the Northcliffe group; taken over after Northcliffe's death by Lord Rothermere. Since 1931 Rothermere owns no more shares in either of the papers. The two papers belong to separate companies; however, the directors and big shareholders are practically identical, the chairman of the board being in both cases John Cowley.

In recent years, Sir John Ellerman, the extremely rich shipping magnate, acquired a controlling interest in the Daily Mirror. In spite of his wealth, Sir John Ellerman, who is of Jewish descent, has extreme Left-wing sympathies. On his initiative, the Daily Mirror attacked the Chamberlain Government, as long as it was in existence, and criticized the generals, the admirals, the industrialists, the bankers, and the Civil Service, earning for itself the nickname of the "Daily Terror." It also attacked Churchill and his cabinet, and its rabid attitude was largely responsible for the Press Bills introduced and passed in 1912. Circulation of both papers: considerably over 1 million.

**The News of the World:** deserves to be mentioned only because it is the Sunday paper with the highest circulation in Great Britain (3½ to 4 millions). It caters for the week-end entertainment of the lower classes and has no political importance.

**Reynolds News:** a Sunday paper with Labor leanings owned by the Co-Operative Association. Editorially mediocre, but sometimes politically interesting, because in an outspoken way it ventilates the complaints of the dissatisfied Left wing of the Labor movement. Circulation around 500,000.

**Daily Worker:** published by the Communist Party of Great Britain. General Manager: the well-known Communist Harry Pollit. Editorial policy dictated by Moscow. Since outbreak of war repeatedly banned, but enjoying more liberty since Soviet Russia's war entry. Circulation around 75,000 in 1939. It has probably risen considerably since the conclusion of the Anglo-Soviet alliance.

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**CARTOON OF THE MONTH**

By SAJAPOU

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The Super-Advertiser
VOICES FROM GERMANY

For more than a book or article, written with a large circle of readers in mind, does a personal letter mirror the character, mood, and experiences of the writer. For that reason we now publish, as documents of our time, excerpts from twelve letters which have arrived from Germany in East Asia in the course of the last few months. The writers of these letters are average Germans who wish to keep their relatives out here informed of their daily lives. They had no intention of endowing their letters with any literary quality, and they never had any idea that they might be printed one day. Every one of the writers wanted simply to express his actual feelings and thoughts. This, to our mind, gives the letters their documentary value.

For obvious reasons, the names of persons and places as well as certain dates have been changed. Moreover, only those parts of the letters are reprinted which are not only of a purely personal interest to the original receivers. Wherever explanations were necessary for the understanding of certain references, these have been added in square brackets.

These letters tell of tragic and humorous, heroic and petty things. What strikes us particularly is the quiet, matter-of-fact way in which the very saddest experiences are described. It is an impressive confirmation of some of the ideas expressed in the article “Socialism from Above” (March 1944). But what is also striking is the fact that, in spite of heavy work, bombs, and suffering, life goes on—with flirting, weddings, christenings, and birthday parties—and that, faced day by day with the actual experience or the threat of losing all earthly possessions, people turn with growing intensity toward spiritual values such as music or the drama.

Bombs

(A Mother to her Daughter)

Our house is still standing. Although it was hit by seventeen incendiary bombs, they were effectively put out by our house A.R.P. After the first terrible night, Rudolf, who had been staying at Aunt Gertrud’s on a visit, arrived at seven in the morning, black and dirty and all wrought up: “Gertrud’s house is totally destroyed! And I don’t know where the two of them are,” he told us. He had run out to look for a means of escape through the garden, and when he came back, the whole house had been in flames from top to bottom. Then we made Rudolf lie down, he was so exhausted, and I went off through the burning streets with a wet cloth in front of my nose and mouth and tried to get through to Aunt Gertrud’s. Daylight would not come, for the smoke lay in heavy clouds over the city. It was a terrible journey for me, indescribable the many scenes of suffering and terror, women and children whose faces all showed horror. I looked through all the shelters and got as far as Aunt Gertrud’s neighborhood, but no further. Everything was in flames and was collapsing. I came home with burning eyes without having found out anything about Grandmother and Aunt Gertrud. Then Rudolf went out in search again. In the bedroom and elsewhere in the house, Käthe had held off the rain of sparks with sopping wet bath towels, as our windows were broken and there were fires all around us.

At eleven o’clock in the morning Aunt Gertrud and Grandmother arrived, both of them amazingly calm. When Rudolf had left them they had put their arms round each other and crouched down, ready to wait for death together. Later, when there was a pause after the terrible explosive bombs, they could hardly grasp that they had been spared, under and between the crashing walls of their house. Then Grandmother (she is 86 now) fled with Aunt Gertrud to neighbors in the same street, passing through the rain of fire and hail of bombs with a wet sheet over her
fur coat. They only saved a few things in a small suitcase. Aunt Gertrud had not
sent away any of her things. All the Webers’ lovely furniture and linen has been
destroyed by fire, too, and Lotte has lost *everything*. During the next 24 hours
there was one alarm after another. No one could tell whether it was day or night.
There was no light, no water, no gas. The people were all unbelievably brave. No
complaining, a great, undreamed-of community of people intent upon helping each
other. Aunt Marie, who is 88 years old, also arrived at our house, wearing a
nightgown with a dress slipped over.

The organization was admirable. Everybody was supplied with ample food.
Grandmother was wonderful. But no one could really grasp what was happening.
It was hell let loose over every one, more terrible than one could ever imagine.
Hans fetched Grandmother by car to take her to Hertha’s. Aunt Marie was taken
to her children. Then there were three more days and nights like the first ones.
Käthe, Aunt Gertrud, and I wanted to go to Hertha’s too. But there was no
possible way of getting there. On the fifth day, good old Konrad managed to get
through after an endless amount of trouble, and we had a great reunion. Each
of us packed what we needed in a suitcase and went off to L. Square. There was a
long wait there till we found room in a bus going to Hertha’s. We shall all re-
member this trip. That there can be such a fury of destruction in the twentieth
century among so-called civilized nations, that thousands of women and children
are killed in a most frightful manner in civilian areas still seems incomprehensible.

Arriving at Hertha’s was like a dream. Sun, blue skies, a mass of flowers
in the garden, deep peace surrounding one. Everyone felt that the world must
stand still in view of so much suffering. We looked like shadows of ourselves, but
we quickly recovered. If only you knew what a blessing your coffee beans proved
to be during these days! It gives all the shattered people so much new pep. We
cannot thank you enough for providing us in the midst of so sad a world with so
great a pleasure as your coffee has meant to us. I am so very delighted over your
little packages of gifts, which enrich my life, even now that I am in East Prussia
at Anna’s. I moved there because it is the best place for me with my diet. Both
Käthe and I are getting along here splendidly. In the loneliness and wonderful
peace of the country we are terribly grateful that there can still be such a place in
this world.

A Wedding

*(A Mother to her Daughter)*

How you must have longed to be here on Ilse’s wedding day! It was a very
happy occasion. The mother and two sisters of your new brother-in-law were there.
We had an opportunity of getting to know and like each other. The wedding went
off beautifully. The whole house was decorated with roses. Aunt Hedwig had
come and was a tremendous help during the fortnight she was with us. The cer-
emony took place at home. Then the whole party rode in a special tram, which was
decorated with myrtle, to the hotel, where the wedding dinner took place, after
which we all came back here and spent a cozy evening. The young couple left by
train about ten o’clock for the mountains. By now the young husband has returned
to the Eastern Front, and Ilse has taken charge of all his work.

By the end of March we shall be grandparents. The old cradle is being
fixed up again. Isn’t it strange! Father and I are getting older, the years are
beginning to tell. But otherwise we are both very well, thank goodness. In October
we spent a nice, restful holiday in a charming mountain resort. The autumn was
exceptionally fine and warm, and the autumn colorings were glorious.
The Death of One Son

(A Mother to her Other Son)

Hermann was in the northern sector of the Eastern Front all the time. He wrote often and very cheerfully. He had a great gift for always making the best of it and found his greatest satisfaction in the feeling of comradeship. Promoted to the rank of corporal, he had to look after his men. I don’t believe there could have been a more conscientious superior. All “his boys” were close to him, and he believed that, in spite of all its horror, war awakens the best in man. He always knew how to set my mind at rest and to make me feel that things were not so bad after all, that he was leading a comfortable life as if in a maneuver. I never heard a word of complaint from him. He was above all that.

From the beginning of January, there was a different note in his letters. They seemed so mature, so spiritual, remote from all material things, although he never failed to write about his plans too. For the first time I felt a vague premonition of fear; until then I had not worried so very much. He had somehow seemed invulnerable to me. At the end of January he sent back some of his things, “to prevent their falling into the wrong hands.” From this moment on I knew that something would happen. For three weeks I had no news at all. Three times every day I waited for the mail with my heart beating wildly, but in vain. At last a letter came. “We have reached our new positions after strenuous days of marching; I am quite a bit closer to you now.” He meant it as a little consolation. That was his last letter.

Music and “No”

(A Sister to her Sister)

I ought really to be doing some darning, everything has been so neglected; but the two hours in the evening pass too quickly. Yet I am amazed at all the nice things we still have time for. My main pleasure these days is our Cantata Club, of which I am a member. It is really nothing but a very private little group which meets once a week to sing. It is run by a clergyman, who is at the same time a professor at the Music Academy, a composer, and an author, an exceptionally forceful and original personality, at the same time with a jolly sense of humor. All of us are amateurs, but so musical that it is a pure joy. In six rehearsals we managed to do an oratorio and a cantata. This angelic music makes one so blissful that nothing else seems to matter. The concert went off very nicely. Afterwards we all went to our conductor’s favorite café, where everybody was as gay as could be. Next winter we are going to have two big concerts, where we are to sing Brahms and, of course, Bach cantatas. In the autumn I shall also start organ lessons, together with a charming young actress.

A few days ago, I saw a long film about Japan here, it was excellent. I know more about that country now than you do! A scene from a No drama was also shown (what does No mean?), it was extremely interesting. Afterwards Rosi and I acted the No scene over again, you can imagine what that was like! The gracefulness with which all the women move. And what beautiful hands they all have. Perhaps they get them from arranging flowers.

War Widow

(A Sister to her Brother)

I feel most at peace with my gay, carefree children, who know nothing yet of my grief. All three of them are still at such a lovely age, such really innocent children. By the way, Gertrud has lost her first two teeth, a fact she is very proud of, as it makes her superior to the other two, who still have all their teeth.
The children talk a lot about their Daddy, and in all innocence, as I have not told them yet in order not to dampen their gaiety too soon. All three love him with a fondness which Gertrud has a sweet way of expressing. The other day, when we were playing lotto, she quickly fetched a photo of Daddy, so that he could play too. He was given a card, and all three were very happy when Daddy won—thanks to my secret cheating.

**Back to the Front**

*(A Brother to his Brother)*

[Having taken part in the entire Eastern campaign as far as the Caucasus, the writer was given one year’s leave to participate in an officer’s training course in the mountains of southern Germany.]

Before I return to the front, this letter shall go out into the wide world and bring you my love. My time in God’s eternal mountains, which brought me many things I enjoyed, climbing trips, mountain fellowship, life out in the open, etc., has come to an end. On Sunday all of us, with the exception of you, were at home once more, including Victor and my fiancée, to say good-by. Some snapshots were taken too. Victor will doubtless send you some photos if his art did not fail him. You see, they were taken in rather a hurry, one after another. I never much cared for it. Well, you’ll see.

My trunks are packed and I am waiting for the train to take me away. This means the beginning of a new chapter in my life. I believe that all will end well, I believe this not fanatically, but with all the steadiness and constant warmth of a human heart. It is not the arbitrariness of man but a superior, wise will enfolding us that determines the fate of each individual. “To be good, to be strong, to be loyal, that is all,” I read the other day. And more: “Perhaps men are not in this world to be happy. I do believe that they are there to learn to love their fate and to fulfill it.” That is also my opinion and my wisdom, to experience my true happiness in this fulfillment. And with this knowledge I set out on my great journey, from which nothing may turn me away.

I wish you well with all my heart. If no written messages should come from me during the next few months, know that unwritten ones will go out to you every day and will find you too. God bless you.

**More Bombs**

*(A Sister to her Sister)*

Our house burned down in the very first, terrible night. We were all sitting, or rather standing in the air raid cellar, trembling with fear, when there was a terrible crash and a smell of burning. The stairs were already aflame and we were barely able to escape into the garden with the two prams and our suitcases. All night we watched our beautiful house gradually burning down to the ground. Thank goodness our cellar remained untouched, where quite a few cases and trunks of mine were still standing, as well as my little stock of supplies and bottled preserves. These I managed to get out of the scorching cellar during the next two days. I first took them to our neighbor’s, and on Tuesday I sent them by truck to Aunt Emmi’s cellar.

Dr. Paulsen’s house is still undamaged, thank goodness, although across the street and all around him everything was burned down. Inge, Annie, and the children are going to move there. At present they are still in Tirol. The way things work out with the rooms, Anny will sleep on the chaise longue in the living room.
The dining room will be used by all, and Dr. Paulsen will keep the large study and his bedroom. That is the best solution for all concerned, as Dr. Paulsen had anyway to take in four people. The Social Service has given its O.K., so that is all settled.

Thank God, all the closer members of our two families got away with their lives. But many of us have lost everything. Mrs. List saved only what she stood up in. I am able to give her quite a few of my things as, touch wood, I still have quite a lot. When the alarm came, I quickly took a few dresses and the costume I had fixed up last year into the cellar, so that I am lucky enough still to have something to wear now. During the last few weeks I had packed away some of my beautiful art treasures in my trunks and cases in the cellar, and some of my china too. One hardly likes to speak of being “saved” yet, for this is not yet the end.

As I told you in my last letter, I had been to Stettin for the christening [of the writer’s grandchild], when Georg [the writer’s son] had had three weeks’ leave. We had all been so gay and happy together. Then he sailed out again at the end of August and was supposed to be back toward the middle of October. Of course there is no news while the boat is cruising. We waited full of hope and looked forward to seeing him again. Then, in the middle of October, Erna [Georg’s wife] got a letter from the naval command saying that there had been no news from the boat since September 3, so that Georg must be regarded as missing. You can imagine the terrible shock and my grief: my only, beloved child missing! A tiny, tiny ray of hope remained that he might still be alive; but now three months have passed and I no longer have any hope, although Erna clings to this hope with every fiber of her heart. And she loves her Georg so much, and he himself was so delighted with his little daughter. Oh, it is terribly cruel to have to lose, within so few days, what one loves most on earth and one’s nice home too. In sleepless nights I always imagine his last hours. Heaven grant that his end was a quick and not so painful one! Loyal to his oath to the flag, he gave his young, hopeful life for his beloved Führer and his country; I am proud of my son, who was respected so much by all and who was also decorated with the Iron Cross, but in the heart of the mother there is bottomless grief over the loss of her only, her beloved child!

And I have had to bear all this suffering and grief alone. I see our brothers so rarely, and they are very busy too. If only I could have had you here, my dear sister, you would have helped me during those difficult days, I know, you always feel everything I feel and you have given me so much with your love and solicitude. Now I stand alone in the world, only my little grandchild is the living legacy of my son; but she is so far away, and I see her so seldom. Thank goodness, I am always very busy, work is the best antidote to all grief.

The Garden
(A Father to his Daughter)

Mother will tell you how we are getting along. We both of us have a lot to do, but since we are no longer weighted down too much by fat, we are well able to do or work and feel fine doing it. The cold winters of 1940/41 and 1941/42 caused quite a bit of frost damage among our flowers, so that I have planted ten new trees this year, whose fruits you are to enjoy one day.

Hard on the Nerves
(A Mother to her Daughter)

Father is busier than ever and is often out of town to substitute for colleagues. I always feel sorry for him when he has to leave before dawn and ride in the trains,
which are unbearably full, with people simply jammed in. When traveling to S.,
you can be squashed to a jelly even before you get through the barrier. This is
because of the many bombing victims who travel to S., mostly to do some shopping,
in the hope of getting a few things there.

As for myself, my moods change quite often. My housework is often more
than I can manage. Yesterday, for instance, I had scrubbed and waxed all the
floors (with an awful concoction that calls itself floor wax, for applying which one
has to be Schmeling himself). Then the evacuees from Hamburg—of whom we
have three—came and trampled all over everything while cooking dog food in the
kitchen, all three of them, and letting it boil over. But they did not bother to clean
up the mess again, so that in five minutes my whole work was for nothing. That
was too much for my patience. I told them that, after all, I was not born to be a
charwoman and that I did not feel inclined to be the only one to do all the scrub­
bbing. Those people don’t do a thing; they cook and cook, but they never think
of polishing the stove or cleaning the sink, they leave all that to me. While I
work like a nigger, they play the radio all day, a thing that drives me to desperation.
I love music more than anything else, but not in such quantities.

Barbara came last week on a visit. It is really touching, the interest she
takes in you. We read her your letters and had a bottle of good red wine, which
we enjoyed very much. Unfortunately our two visits to the cinema were disturbed
by alarms, a fact that unsettled me especially in the smaller of the two theaters, as
there are no cellars there. We could hear the explosions and see the A.A. fire in
the sky.

Flappers Are Still Flappers

(A Sister to her Sister)

I shall stay here till December, perhaps a little longer, till I have passed my
stupid exam, which I hate to go in for!! I am working for it like a madman; you
would never have expected me to be like this, would you? Well, times have changed!
Besides, I’m as keen as ever on art, drawing a little every day, just so as not to
forget everything that makes life worth living. It sounds like an anachronism to
us, indeed, in a world that knows nothing but racing and rushing after phantoms
and—food for the greedy stomach. Perhaps the few that survive all this will be
inspired by some great idea which they will keep throughout their lives and hand
down to their children.

Oh, my dear, the summer is gorgeous this year, boiling hot, heaps of flowers
in our garden at home. Of course, the garden is a jungle now, compared with the
old days, with potatoes and vegetables growing everywhere in the back part (we
could have done without them, touch wood, till now!). The Felds had berries by
the ton. Spent the holidays making preserves with mother till we were both sticky
lumps, a fine bait for wasps.

Eva Lorenz is flirting with Mr. Link, whom I guess you know, the horrible
prig; I blush when I remember my faux pas! All the widows and orphans around
us are just the same. Elisabeth P. is having a serious flirt (what a paradox!) with
an old friend of mother’s by the charming name of Herring. Ha, ha, but he’s well­
to-do, that’s the point!

On my way back here I practically “fell” into Heinz and his wife on the
train, they going southward to Aunt Paula. It was a scream; with one foot in my
train already, they got me out and made me go with them! I couldn’t resist visit­
ing the dear old place again with all my old friends. It was like a ray of sunshine
in these dark days, really. I met Susi and Leni (Clique Angèle) at a party, and
after that the three of us stayed at Susi’s for endless cozy hours, interrupted by little alarms, and behaved like real flappers of the giggling age. In this case, three was company, two was none, as we found out after one of us had left.

So that’s all I can tell you about my poor little heart, which still is the flame that lights up this world of mine. I don’t know whether you will understand this, but there is one reality in our lives, and that is our spirit, the best part of which is love. That is the wisdom I have acquired during this time, when everything within the range of seeing, hearing, feeling, in short, the five senses of ours, is slipping away under our hands to be lost forever. So although you are so far away, I’m not as sad as I should be, for I know that our thoughts will meet somewhere, perhaps over the Siberian plains, and that is more than the wealth of the earth.

Music Again

(A Sister to her Sister)

Today is the first Sunday in Advent. I really should be on a tram on my way to town, for at three o’clock there is a Schubert Mass in one of the churches. But just as I was about to leave, there was an air-raid alarm. So we filled the bathtub, got the pump and steel helmets ready, and are now waiting for those bad boys, the English. One has really become quite fatalistic and waits with resignation for the worst to happen. But, thank goodness, the all clear has come after half an hour.

I am waging a battle with my so-called non-stop stove; unfortunately I have burned all my wood for the winter already. You can imagine how much that was. The Schubert Mass was beautiful, but not as beautiful as Bach. In Schubert’s music there is so much suffering; Bach is above all that and gives us only the music of the angels. Bruckner too. We are all starving for things like that now, one rushes to every possible concert. Good shows are not such an easy matter, because one cannot get any tickets. Next Sunday I shall queue up early in the morning for tickets for Wallenstein. They say it is an excellent performance. Yesterday afternoon I had tea at Frieda’s; as usual, it was delightful, and we laughed a lot.

A Soldier Brother

(A Daughter to her Father)

[The writer’s brother, Friedrich, was seriously wounded during the campaign in France and had been invalided out of the Army.]

My Christmas telegram will have told you that Friedrich has been called up again. For six months now he has been a soldier again. Before that he had volunteered on several occasions, but had always been rejected, especially since his firm would not let him go. On Easter Sunday he came to me and, beaming with delight, informed me that he had been called up. It had been worrying him for a long time that he had to go about as a “measly civilian,” as he put it. The first month or two he was garrisoned near here, which did not suit him either, as that was no real soldier’s life. We made good use of the time he spent here, and we were always together. I must say that Friedrich is always very attentive toward me; indeed, he acts like a gentleman, even toward his own sister! When he came to call on me, he always brought a huge bouquet of flowers. Even in winter, when flowers were hard to get, he always ordered flowers for me from his flower woman, with whom he probably has a standing order.

Toward the end of August, he was transferred to France, and he immediately asked me to send him a French dictionary. Although he was very well off there,
he always wanted to get away. What Friedrich would have liked better than anything else was to become a parachutist. When he was examined, it was discovered that his vision was slightly defective. He was terribly annoyed about this. He swore that on the morning of the examination he had not seen as well as usual. But there was nothing to be done about it.

On Friedrich's birthday the doorbell rang, and he himself stood at the door, heavily laden and armed with a large bunch of carnations (from Paris). That was a surprise! He remained a few days and went on to Italy. He only stayed there for a short time and ate his fill of oranges, peanuts, and other fruit. One morning at about 1.30 a.m., in the middle of December, I was woken up by our old whistle and thought at first that I had been dreaming; but indeed, there stood Friedrich in the street. I am still amazed that I heard him on the second floor. I hurried down to open the door. He was carrying a huge rucksack, his guitar in his right hand, and his suitcase in his left. In addition he had three parcels for comrades of his. Upstairs, when he took off his coat, I saw that he was wearing the proud uniform of a corporal with its silver braid. And was he proud! Then he unpacked: oranges, wine, walnuts, peanuts, and chocolate. All for me! And then we talked for hours. With great satisfaction he showed me his new paybook, which stated that Corporal Friedrich B. was with the Panzer troops. This latter fact was responsible for his visit, as he was on his way to a training course in South Germany. This time he did not take along his guitar; he did not think that there would be room enough for it in a tank.

Did I tell you that Friedrich, when he was still a civilian, went for three Sundays running to the box office to get tickets for Faust. The first time he arrived at 7 in the morning, and long before it was his turn the seats were all sold. The second time he went there at 6 a.m., the box office opening at 9.30 on Sundays. The woman standing in line immediately in front of him received the last ticket. But all that was not enough to discourage Friedrich: he went there a third time, this time at 10 p.m. on Saturday, arriving as the sixtieth person in line. Sitting or standing, the people kept up a lively conversation all night. Friedrich was finally rewarded for his trouble: he got two excellent tickets.

Sunday in the Country

(A Mother to her Son)

It is Sunday today, and things are more quiet even in the country, so that I have time to write you. Our house is full up to the top, and food must be prepared every day for fourteen people. A while ago the children were fed. The three smallest ones sit at a children's table, the four bigger ones at the dining table. They all enjoy their food, and one has always to fill up their plates again. Not a crumb is left over. After their meal the whole lot had to lie down and soon fell asleep. So we grownups have a little peace at least during our meals. In order to reassure you that we are well off as regards food, let me describe today's menu: chicken broth with noodles, pot roast with potatoes, lettuce with radishes, and finally a pudding with caramel sauce. On week days there is, of course, not so much, but it is always enough for us.
A report from Stockholm tells of life in one of the world's few remaining neutral countries

SWEDISH PANORAMA

EVEN in neutral countries, the harvest of 1943 was a national affair. In the Mälar Valley around Stockholm there was almost a superabundance of volunteer harvest workers, students from the university and the high schools and other helpers in their colored blouses. After that, mushrooms were picked in the forests. Public prizes were offered for this, as had been done before for picking blueberries. And when finally the cranberries had been picked in the morning mist of the autumn days, the Swedish countryside, plowed or unplowed, was stripped of its fruits as never before.

What had once been a game for Sunday excursionists is now by means of posters impressed upon the people as their patriotic duty. Collect, hoard, endure, gain time, these standard slogans of neutral policy have had a growing effect in the course of the years. As a result, supplies have been increased and the nerves of the population strengthened. This concentration on domestic problems has done much to make the contrast between Sweden's quiet peace and the noise of raging battles across the border more endurable. The detail work for stabilizing the food situation is the best means of making one forget that the great decisions on the battlefields in the East and West will also affect Sweden; and the way things are, there are many who seek this forgetfulness. While working hard, it is easier to imagine that the fate of Sweden might go on unaffected by that of the rest of Europe.

"ERSATZ" IN SWEDEN

The Swedes have indeed succeeded in more or less maintaining a peace-time outward appearance of everyday life. A Stockholm exhibition, "Through the Crisis to Peace," provided some revealing insight into this. It showed the progress made in this country in the manufacture of substitutes. The great and little triumphs of adaptability, the substitutes found only for the period of transition and isolation, were very interesting. One could admire automobile tires of a springy beechwood construction which are to replace rubber tires. An epoch-making technical progress was displayed in the form of a new Swedish light-weight concrete, a building material of so little weight that it floats on water like wood. And what is there that cannot be produced from wood or wood pulp of which Sweden has more than enough? Not only rayon and staple wool, but now even artificial leather for shoe soles, as a result of which points could be added to the ration cards that had to be introduced last spring because there was a stoppage in the supply of hides from South America. This exhibition was another indication of where the Swedes like to direct their thoughts to avoid the great riddles of the future in the field of politics.

Or they turn to the idyllic. Was there not almost every Sunday last summer some town or other in northern Sweden or on the west coast that celebrated the three-hundreth anniversary of its founding with speeches and parades in which the whole nation participated, as if a sunny market square with flags and a festive crowd could radiate trust and confidence for another thirty generations? And when a little community in Småland celebrated the hundredth birthday of the great singer Christina Nilsson, who rose from a barefooted peasant child to the most famous operatic star of her time, did not all the large Stockholm papers bring four-column reports on her career, which, although brilliant enough, can hardly be of much concern to us nowadays? How, at the age of fifteen, she carved her first violin herself, and how
later, as the Spanish Countess de Casa Miranda, she sat at table with princes and kings, and yet remained the same all through her seventy years of life, reading a chapter in the Bible every morning and evening? This is the kind of thing the people want to know again and hear about now, especially now.

SCANDINAVIAN ILLUSION

Against this background it is worth while looking at the strangely unreal political vision of the future being spread among the Swedish people by the very active association "North": the hope for a federation of the four northern nations. The Scandinavian federation is the only idea of a renewed, unchanged postwar order which has hitherto found any echo among the Swedish population. However, Sweden and Finland, Denmark and Norway, have suffered entirely different fates in this war; the four nations are homogenous neither as regards race nor language; their various economies compete with rather than complement each other in the export markets. No one can tell today whether they will ever be able to form a Northern European bloc, unless one or more of the great powers undertook to guarantee this bloc. Where the eyes of the Swede are not turned toward domestic problems, he is secretly on the lookout for this unselfish great power. It would prove an interesting task to study the numerous ministerial speeches made on this subject during the last few years in Sweden, Finland, and even Denmark, and to pick out all those references in which the possibility is left open that a "foreign power," either a single great nation or a group regarding itself as a sort of international policeman, might have to be the most important sleeping partner of a Scandinavian bloc. In other words, the Scandinavian idea would slip through the fingers of the Nordic nations, would dissolve into something entirely different, something they neither meant nor desired, as soon as it became an apparent reality.

But to return to the outward appearance of everyday life in Stockholm: it is not entirely unchanged. The assistant at the corner barbershop, who has worked there for several years, is suddenly gone one day. Then the laundry tells you that the washing cannot be returned as quickly any more, as they have only three employees now compared to the nine they had until recently. Your son comes back from school and says that the gymnastics teacher has not appeared since the beginning of the new term and that nobody knows when he will return.

PREPAREDNESS

Where are they all, the barber, the laundry workers, the teacher? Called up. When you ride in a tram out of the city, you see horses from the near-by barracks trotting on the exercise ground to your right, while small groups are drilling to your left. At the barbed wire protecting a piece of land from intruders stands the plump figure of a middle-aged man in the brownish-green uniform of the Swedish Army. The sun reflects from the steel helmets of the guards company which marches to the Royal Palace every day at noon. The helmets are not quite as flat as the English ones but, like the English, the Swedish soldiers do not wear the strap under the chin but under the mouth. And while the band at the head of the guards company plays its marches, the salesgirls take a quick look through the door of the shop and perhaps wonder for a moment why so many girls must suffer from loneliness these days.

There is not much sense in wracking one’s brain as to why the Government and the military leaders of Sweden should want to maintain so large a number of troops at the present moment. The Commander in Chief of the Swedish forces announced to the public last autumn—and the public must be satisfied with this—that military preparedness must be maintained on a large scale. The international situation, he said, continued to include the possibility of unexpected changes.
Incidentally, formulations of that kind are by no means new or surprising. They reappear at intervals and, moreover, they represent only some of the reasons for the measures taken. The Swedes are not only concerned with safeguarding their borders and protecting their neutrality against all eventualities: they also wish to keep up in their military training with the developments of modern warfare and to increase the fighting power of their Army by constant training. It is only a few years ago, actually since the beginning of the present war, that the Swedish Government set itself the task of a thorough reorganization of the Swedish military system. The Swedish Government has not had much time at its disposal to do this, for the events in the outside world more or less prescribed the speed. Although the end of the program has not yet been reached—as is proved by the Five Year Plan which was commenced last summer with an unusually high expenditure for rearmament purposes—much has already been achieved, and the Government feels quite satisfied with the results of this work.

By the end of summer 1943 practically all men of military age could be regarded as fully trained. According to figures published in the newspapers, of all men born between the years 1906 and 1922 and due for military service, 91 per cent of those liable for Army service have already been trained. In the case of the Navy, the figure is 83 per cent, in the case of coastal artillery 93 per cent. Add to this that no less than 77 per cent of the older men (born before 1906) had already been called up, i.e., had received military training. Thus the Swedish military preparedness, with regard to training, compares favorably to that of a belligerent country.

**INDICATIVE PAMPHLET**

The sphere of active military service is not the only one in which the idea of rearmament is being realized. Even in neutral Sweden, total war with its demands upon the civilian population is being expounded to the people. By explaining the consequences of a military conflict, the Swedish Government is attempting to achieve the correct psychological attitude toward an emergency even among the broad masses. Last summer, for instance, the morning post brought a little pamphlet to every house entitled *When War Breaks Out*. At first one might have been inclined to believe it to be some irresponsible attempt at getting people into a panic. But no: the pamphlet bears the Royal signature, is published by the Government Information Service, and calls itself a “guide for the citizens of the country in case of war.” The introduction starts: “Modern war is not only a trial of strength between military forces. It affects everything and everyone. The attack may arrive without previous warning and come by land, by sea, or from the air.” Hence every Swede must from the beginning have a clear idea of his position and his tasks.

Four and a half years of war have passed, and Sweden has managed to stay out, and hopes to remain neutral to the end. But to remain neutral one must, above all, be neutral; one must by word and thought keep the pendulum of public opinion balanced and not submit it to the laws of sympathy and antipathy. This preparedness for neutrality in thought is just as important as the military preparedness to watch over one’s outward neutrality. Sweden should not forget this, even though the reorganization of the armed forces has led to notable successes, although searchlights pierce the darkness of the night sky, although a great “convoy battle” has been fought in night maneuvers of the Navy off the coast of Blekinge, and although new tanks and armored cars parade in front of the gates of Stockholm.—K. A. S., Stockholm.
AIR WAR OVER EUROPE

By KURT FISCHER

Here are some technical details and figures on the air war over Europe which are not generally known and which show the extraordinary proportions this war has assumed during the last few months. The author is a staff member of the magazine.

On September 4, 1939, some forty hours after Britain's declaration of war on the Reich, the British Air Force dropped the first bombs on German territory. This raid on Wilhelmshaven and points on the lower Elbe was followed by further British raids, chiefly on Western Germany, during the Polish campaign. Little damage was done, and it is probable that the raids were meant only as a sop to the Poles. Another series of attacks began in December 1939, leading on January 12, 1940, to the bombing of the seaside resort of Westerland on the island of Sylt.

In May 1940 British raids increased in number and severity, the first night attack being carried out on May 10. By the end of that month, the number of British raids on German territory had mounted to 393, of which 276 had been directed at nonmilitary objectives, claiming more than five hundred dead and wounded among the civilian population. This went on till June 20, without a single German bomb having fallen on British soil—except for the silencing of a coastal antiaircraft battery on March 16 during a German raid on British warships off the Orkney Islands—and without a single British civilian or British home having been hit. On June 20, 1940, the German High Command announced that retaliatory attacks on military objectives in the British Isles had begun, although still on a minor scale. The warning was not heeded. The British air war against residential quarters was continued, reaching a climax in eight raids on Berlin, the first of which was carried out on August 26. The counterblow came in the night from September 6 to 7, 1940, when the port and city of London shook for the first time under the impact of a concentrated German bombing. Up to the end of 1940, almost 45,000 tons of bombs were dropped on Great Britain, of which 43,000 tons were explosive bombs and 1,600 tons incendiaries.

The fact that the British started the bombing war is not as astounding as might have seemed at first sight in view of the patent inferiority of the British Air Force, both in quantity and quality, during the early stages of this war. Bombing had been resorted to by Britain for almost two decades to uphold "law and order" throughout the Empire. During the Disarmament Conferences, the British Government opposed all proposals aimed at banning the bombing weapon. And in a letter to the Editor of The Times, dated May 18, 1943, Lord Winster contradicted the assertions of an English newspaper that the air raids on the dams of German rivers, which had cost many civilian lives, had been suggested by a German refugee; he disclosed that a committee for the selection of bombing targets was formed years before the outbreak of war.

The British contention that the Germans started the bombing war on civilians by their attacks on Warsaw and Rotterdam is an attempt to sidetrack the issue, for both these places were in the center of military operations, were fortified and defended by troops, and had refused demands for capitulation.

The German campaigns in the Balkans and against the Soviet Union relieved the
British Isles of the immediate menace of German bombing raids and spared the British Air Force the heavy defensive losses in men and material it had sustained up to March 1941. It was thus able to train more personnel and increase aircraft production. Yet the increase in bomb-weight dropped on Germany and the occupied territories by the British Air Force during 1941 and even 1942 was comparatively small.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Tons</th>
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<tr>
<td>1940</td>
<td>12,795</td>
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<tr>
<td>1941</td>
<td>31,185</td>
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<td>1942</td>
<td>45,285</td>
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Hence the British dropped the same bomb load throughout 1942 as the Luftwaffe had dropped in the second half of 1940.

Except for the coastal districts and Western Germany, the territory of the Reich was not within the effective range of the bomber types then at the disposal of the RAF. American production was likewise not yet running at full speed and, after December 8, 1941, it had also to fill the tremendously increased requirements of the US Army and Navy. Moreover, the new long-range bomber types built in Britain and the USA had to undergo many changes before they could be produced in large numbers, while a huge personnel to man them had also to be trained. So it was not until 1943 that the Allied bombing of the Continent reached a high pitch. During that year, British planes alone dropped 157,165 tons of bombs, to which must be added the bomb load dropped by US formations. American crews had taken part in bombing raids since July 4, 1942, but, lacking fighting experience, they were at first only sent out together with British-manned planes in enterprises with fighter escort against the occupied western territories. Their first independent operations did not begin until the end of 1942.

THE BRITISH AT NIGHT—THE AMERICANS BY DAY

Since 1940 the British have, in their raids against Reich territory, adhered to the principle of attacking at night. This seemed to assure their bomber formations—which had to dispense with fighter escort—of adequate protection without impeding their main purpose of spreading terror through “area bombing.” However, the gradual increase in the number of German night fighters and the improvement in their tactics forced the enemy frequently to change his methods. At first, British raids were carried out preferably on moonlit nights, later on dark nights, and recently there seems to have been a predilection for bad-weather nights. Ideal conditions for a British night raid obtain when the weather in the British Isles favors starting and landing, while there is an extended zone of bad weather over the Continent with low, thick clouds. Above the clouds, night bombers are comparatively safe from night fighters, especially when the latter must expect the formation of ice on the wings.

A change is also to be observed in the tactics used by the British Air Force. Up to the middle of 1942, the raids were usually carried out in several waves, each wave having to face the full force of the antiaircraft fire. Later on, the British command attempted to get all attacking planes over the target area within the shortest possible time, echeloned in height. This simultaneous mass attack was to force the defenders to direct their fire at varying ranges, thus reducing its effectiveness. These “bomber stream” tactics of flying in irregular yet joint formation, as well as various other maneuvers, such as feint attacks, have failed to cut down British losses.

The US Army Air Force, on the other hand, has been trained for daylight raids, the better to be able to make out its targets. Its theory was that heavily armored and armed bombers flying in close formation would need no fighter escort and yet be virtually invulnerable. But this proved erroneous. Notwithstanding their armor and weapons, the big American bombers suffered heavily. Since the end of September 1943, their formations have been protected by fight-
ers as far into Reich territory as their fuel supply would carry them. The defenders continued to take an increasing toll of US planes, reaching a climax on October 14, 1943, when, during an attack on Schweinfurt, the record number of 139 planes was shot down. On that day, the formation of "Flying Fortresses" was accompanied by "Thunderbolt" fighters as far as the Ruhr district; after that they were constantly attacked by single- and twin-motored fighters and rocket-bearing planes. Since that time the Americans have been employing more and more fighters to escort their bombers. In recent weeks, bombers have been protected by as many as twice or three times their number of fighters.

**BOMBERS AND FIGHTERS**

As a rule, the fighter escort flies in three groups: one accompanying the bombers to the objective, the second protecting the bombers over the target region, and the third accompanying them on the way back. Of course, this method requires some very fine timing, an especially ticklish job in bad weather. Since the Americans do not yet have a sufficient number of long-range fighters at their disposal, they have had to make shift with ordinary fighters equipped with extra fuel tanks fastened under the wings. To be able to carry the same armament over long distances in spite of this additional equipment, these fighters have to put up with a reduced speed. Moreover, since the extra tanks are highly explosive, they represent an added threat to the fighter when it is attacked. Consequently, the planes have an automatic device which allows the pilot quickly to cast off the extra tanks before taking on a German fighter. In that case the plane must rely on its normal fuel load and the pilot must keep his eye on the fuel gauge if he does not want to run the risk of coming down on German or man-occupied territory because his fuel has run out. Often he has to break off the battle and abandon his bombers when his fuel supply runs low. Obviously the German fighters do not suffer from such a handicap, as they rise from airfields along the path of the bombers and near the target area and need not worry about their fuel supply in their maneuvers, being always able to land on one of the many airfields within short range.

Evidently the command of the US Army Air Force now also prefers to order major attacks when bad weather or low clouds are expected to hamper the defense. Diversion raids are carried out simultaneously, and sometimes night raids by the British and daylight attacks by the Americans have come in rapid succession, wherever possible from different directions and against different objectives, in order to split up and disorganize the German defense squadrons. If the Allied bombing raids on Europe have increased in scope and severity during the past year, the defenders have

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**Anglo-American Plane Losses Over Europe**

(not including planes shot down over the Mediterranean battle fronts)

The curve shows monthly Allied losses of planes of all types in the air war against Europe since July 1942. The columns represent aggregate losses during the two-months' period of December/January and the six-months' period of July/December in four successive years since 1940. The figures were compiled from official German communiqués. They include only definitely ascertained losses and not losses caused by planes being interned in neutral countries or crashing unobserved by the defenders. The total number of planes destroyed during the period covered by the chart amounts to 11,912.
at least kept pace with them, if not done better. This can be seen from our chart of Allied losses in planes.

The significance of the chart is two-fold. On the one hand, it indicates that, seen as a whole, the monthly Allied plane losses show a rising tendency, apart from temporary declines, especially during the winter months, due chiefly to weather conditions disadvantageous to the defense. Actually the increase in air losses during the past two years is even more pronounced than indicated by the chart, inasmuch as the percentage of heavy bombers shot down has increased since the beginning of the air war. On the other hand, the mounting losses also mark the growing fury of the air raids on the Continent and the increasing hardship to which the civilian population of Europe is exposed. It is difficult to calculate the percentage of attacking planes shot down. While both attackers and defenders have had their ups and downs, most recent developments seem to have disproved predictions like that of General Arnold, the Chief of the US Army Air Force, who spoke last autumn of the crumbling German resistance and the declining plane output of the Reich.

The British and Americans have pinned such high hopes on their air war against Europe that a very substantial part of their war effort has gone into it, even to the neglect of other services. In a recent issue of the Illustrated London News, Cyril Falls, the well-known British military commentator, quotes Sir James Grigg, Secretary of State for War, as having stated that British heavy bombers have laid greater claim to the British productive capacity than everything that was required by the rest of the British armed forces.

THE COST OF BOMBERS

It has been estimated that the building of one four-engined bomber devours 300,000 working hours or, calculated on the basis of a 10-hour day including Sundays, one full month’s work of 1,000 men. The mere replacement of the present average monthly loss of 1,000 heavy bombers, to which must be added at least another 50 per cent for ordinary wear and tear, emergency landings, crashing on the way back or when landing, and damages, would therefore require a standing labor army of at least 1,500,000 men in the production plants. To this must be added the labor needed for the replacement of fighter planes, quite apart from the requirements of the various battle fronts in the Mediterranean and Indo-Pacific areas. It goes without saying that the expenditure for the construction of manufacturing plants and of the planes themselves runs into astronomical figures, the cost of a four-engined bomber being estimated at around US $300,000—500,000. This would mean the monthly cost of some half-billion US dollars in destroyed heavy bombers alone. Quite aside from the huge amount of labor, a large quantity of valuable material goes into the making of a four-engined bomber weighing 25 tons. The Germans have now taken to collecting bomber wrecks systematically for their scrap value and are obtaining considerable amounts of light metals, ball bearings, crankshafts, valve pipes of special alloy, etc., in this way.

Air armadas need plenty of spacious airdromes and ground installations. Nothing is known about the number of landing fields constructed in the United Kingdom except that they are said to have cost more than 3 billion US dollars. A report dated August 5, 1942, from Stockholm stated that 150 airdromes in Britain had been placed at the disposal of the US air forces.

Besides pilots, radio operators, and gun crews, air armadas also need a huge number of men for ground personnel and for supplies of all sorts. Last winter, the Illustrated London News wrote that some 100,000 men are—directly or indirectly—engaged in the preparing and carrying out of an attack of 800 bombers. According to a recent article in Life, no less than 38 men are kept busy in fitting out one US four-engined bomber. There is
the flying crew consisting of 4 officers (pilot, co-pilot, bombardier, navigator) and 5 men (2 radio operators, 2 engineers, 1 tail gunner). The ground maintenance crew of 11 (1 master sergeant and crew chief, 8 engine mechanics, 2 airplane frame mechanics) is supplemented by 7 specialists (1 each for instruments, radios, armament, parachutes, propellers, and 2 for electrical equipment), these latter being able to attend to several planes. Then come the bomb-supply crew of 5 and the gas supply crew of 4, and finally 1 dispatcher and 1 weather man. Considering further that bombs, munition, and fuel have to be manufactured and hauled over long distances, it is patent that the Illustrated London News is on the conservative side. To what extent manpower would be absorbed by a super-large air force was made clear by Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, one of America's foremost aviators, when he urged the necessity of an American air force consisting of 300,000 pilots, 5,000,000 mechanics, and some 10,000,000 in other personnel.

The training of flying personnel not only involves considerable cost in time and money but, what weighs more heavily, entails a great deal of wear and tear on machines and other equipment. The cost of training a fighter pilot has been put by British quarters at roughly US$150,000 and at about US$200,000 for the training of a bomber pilot, while the training of a gunner would cost about one eighth of that amount. As regards training casualties, Time stated in its issue of January 24, 1944:

Before the war, 13 out of every 1,000 Army student pilots were killed in training. Since the war the fatality rate has risen to 20 in every 1,000. . . . In flying training the rate of fatal accidents is about the same as before the war. But in combat training the rate has skyrocketed from 82 fatal accidents in every million hours of flying to 182. In combat training the fatality rate (a "fatal crash" may cause one or many "fatalities") jumped from 145 for each million hours to 321.

However, it should be noted that many US flight officers are only partially trained and have to rely on formation flying. They are directed by leader planes manned by pilots and navigators whose schooling has taken from four to six years. This explains why so many US bombers go astray once their formations have been dispersed.

**FUEL AND BOMBS**

The consumption of fuel for mass attacks over great distances is very considerable. A single Lancaster bomber requires some 6,000 liters for a flight to the Ruhr district and back, i.e., a total of about 900 kilometers. If Berlin is to be attacked, the distance increases to 2,000 kilometers and the additional fuel required makes it necessary to decrease the bomb load. For their night attacks, the British have to provide fuel for their bombers only; the Americans, on the other hand, have to add the fuel used by the fighter escort.

In a raid on the German capital, a Boeing "Flying Fortress" of 4,800 hp carries a bomb load of about 2 tons. The accompanying fighters, some of which are of the twin-engine type, add another 4,800 hp, so that each ton of bombs to be dropped on Berlin requires 4,800 hp. Assuming that 500 bombers and 1,500 escort fighters participate in a daylight raid on Berlin, the fuel consumption would be about as follows. At a cruising speed of 350 kilometers per hour the flight would take some 6 hours, consuming for the greater part of the way about 50 per cent of the maximum power. Allowing for detours, as well as for maximum performance at starting and over the target area, we shall take 70 per cent of the maximum power as being the approximate average used for the entire raid. Calculating a consumption of about 250 kilograms of fuel per 1,000 hp per hour, the 4,800 hp of one bomber would absorb 7,200 kilograms of fuel in six hours or, at 70 per cent of the maximum performance, about 5,000 kilograms, to which must be added another 5,000 kilograms of fuel used by the accompanying fighters. 500 bombers and their fighter escort would therefore consume somewhere around 5,000 tons of fuel, i.e., the contents of a fairsized tanker, for a single raid on Berlin.
THE ARMY BEHIND

Before the recent intensification of the air war, the British were staging some eight to ten large-scale attacks every month in which, on an average, some 750 four-engined bombers took part; the Americans, who made 10 to 15 raids a month, usually employed 400 super-heavy bombers and 1,200 fighters on a venture. These figures allow us to estimate that the number of Anglo-American planes always kept in readiness for the war against Europe amounts to about 3,500 bombers and 2,500 fighters. The upkeep of such a force, calculated on the replacement figures of the first quarter of 1944, would require, at a conservative estimate, a standing army of more than 2 million men, viz.:

- Construction of bomber replacements: 1,500,000 men
- Ground personnel, manufacture of ammunition, transportation of supplies: 550,000
- Meteorological service, training of flying and other personnel, replacement of training planes: 100,000

It must be borne in mind that the cream of these men, namely the flying crews, has been exposed to rising casualty rates. As early as May 1943 the aviation expert of the Evening Standard estimated the British Air Force's loss in men at 47,000. If we disregard the relatively small American losses up to that time and add only the approximate casualties suffered by the Anglo-Americans between June 1, 1943, and April 30, 1944, in the air war over Europe, excluding the actual battle fronts, we arrive at a figure of more than 100,000 men.

The types of airplanes most often mentioned in reports on the Allied raids are:

**USA**

- 4-engined bombers:
  - Boeing "Flying Fortress"
  - Consolidated "Liberator"

- 2-engined bombers:
  - Douglas "Boston"

- 2-engined fighters:
  - Lockheed "Lightning"

**British**

- 4-engined bombers:
  - "Lancaster"
  - "Wellington"

- 2-engined bombers:
  - "Mosquito"

- Single-engined fighters:
  - Republic "Thunderbolt"
  - Hawker "Typhoon"

There can be no doubt that the Allied command has brought the full weight of the air war to bear on the Continent in order to crush the Reich. As far as the British Air Force was concerned, it was out to terrorize the civilian population and, by undermining the morale of the home front, to break German resistance. The first mass attacks on Lübeck, on the night of March 28/29, 1942, which marked the beginning of the large-scale destruction of German cities, shows all the features characterizing later raids. The center of the town was completely laid waste. The churches, the town hall, the old gates, the historic narrow streets, were converted into a heap of rubble by explosive and incendiary bombs. Many hundreds of civilians were killed and the cultural treasures of centuries destroyed. Long is the list of German and other European cities thus hit, but common to all these raids is the desire to terrorize, to unnerv the population.

Although some people in England still pretend that the British are seeking to bomb military objectives, they are contradicted not only by the effects of their bombing but by the less prudent utterances of leading men and journals. On October 24, 1942, Harold Balfour, Under-secretary of State, stated that he hoped the raids would "shatter the morale and the belief in the Führer." In a debate in the House of Lords, Dr. Bell, the Bishop of Chichester, regretted the indiscriminate bombing of big cities like Berlin and Hamburg. He said it had been admitted that the objective of such raids was the complete destruction of these towns, which could hardly be regarded as a legitimate act of war. According to the air expert of the Daily Express, British airmen dropped at least 70 per cent of their bombs in their night attacks on Berlin without seeing their targets. The very idea of "area bombing" excludes the target bombing of military objectives.

The US Army Air Force proclaimed the purpose of its daylight raids to be the destruction of the Reich's production...
centers, boasting as it does of the "best bombing sight in the world"; it too, however, has aimed in the main at residential districts and city centers. If one considers that the US bomber squadrons usually appear at great altitudes or seek cover in clouds whenever possible, there can be no question of their taking proper aim. In February 1944, Lieutenant Colin Bednal, the Daily Mail's air expert, admitted that the Americans, who had arrived in Britain with delicate instruments in order to carry out precision bombing by daylight, had given up the idea and were now going in for "area bombing."

THE GERMAN DEFENSE

How has it been possible for the Germans to inflict such telling losses on the raiders? Naturally, large forces have been mobilized on the German side too. But they can hardly be compared to the forces used by the Anglo-Americans. First of all, fighter planes can be manufactured far more easily than bombers and are manned by one or two men. Moreover, as most of the battles take place over German territory, German losses in flying personnel are comparatively small, as those airmen who must bail out do not fall into the hands of the enemy. And secondly, the German anti-aircraft batteries are manned partly by boys not yet of military age, thus effecting a considerable saving in manpower.

The main weapon of the German anti-aircraft artillery is the famous 8.8-centimeter gun, but there are other types of even larger caliber. New searchlights with a diameter of 2 meters cast a beam of 15 kilometers and, if combined in batteries, penetrate as far as 20 kilometers. The number of AA guns employed in the defense of Reich territory is unknown, but in the middle of 1943 an American estimate already put it at 30,000. After the daylight raid on Berlin on April 29, 1944, one American gunner said on his return: "The flak was terrific. ... Berlin must have flak guns in every street, every house, and every apartment."

Among the German fighter planes, the Messerschmitt 109 and the Focke-Wulf 190 are single-engined, while the Messerschmitt 110 is twin-engined. The first German night-fighter planes were also twin-engined two-seaters; but a new single-engined single-seater night fighter has been developed and proved successful. It is nicknamed the "Wild Boar." New tactics have been tried out, just as new arms have been employed against the raiders. Rocket cannons have been mounted on twin-engined fighters, firing explosive salvos as well as fog rockets which caused some of the attackers to collide. American pilots reported fire bombs being towed by German planes by means of cables and being exploded near the "Flying Fortresses." Night raiders found themselves spotted in the light of whole series of flares forming luminous paths, in which they were attacked by the Germans. Here is the description of an American daylight raid as it appeared in Time, January 24, 1944:

Almost from the start, the mission was hell in the heavens. The Germans attacked over Holland's Zuider Zee, never stopped for long. They used tactics and strength which they must have been cautiously hoarding for pre-invasion battles.

A flight of 32 Messerschmitts and Focke-Wulfs tackled a leading squadron of Thunderbolts. Other German fighters bored straight through at the bombers. First, four Focke-Wulfs; then 30; then 12; then they poured in, slaming through the tight gun-studded bomber formation without even rolling over.

The first enemy waves had the job of breaking up the bomber squadrons. Rocket-firing planes stayed out of gun range, fired broadsides from formation. To the U.S. crews, the battle at this stage had a weird naval quality. A Fortress gunner watched a group of 18 twin-engined Me-110s circle from the rear, fly up in line three-quarters of a mile away; then, like torpedo boats, execute a superb 90-degree turn and lob their rockets simultaneously—"a broadside of rockets that seemed to burst in an unending line of red and yellow fire." Some bombers were under continuous attack for as much as 90 minutes; 24 hours later the men were still tense and grim-eyed, haunted by the strain of battle.

PILOTS' NERVES

This last reference points to an entirely new aspect affecting the problem of flying personnel. In a recent article in Air News, Frederick Sondern, Jr., describes the work and experiences of physicians assigned to the American air
squadrons in Britain. The strain on bomber pilots is apparently particularly great, and after 100 hours of bomber flying the physicians have to look for symptoms of overstrained nerves in the pilots. One of the doctors explained this fact as follows: let us say that the task requires 10 hours, 5 hours each way. Have you any idea of what it means to fly 5 hours with every nerve as taut as a fiddle string? When the pilot approaches his goal, hell is let loose below, above, and around him; but he must get there with the accuracy of a calculating machine and provide his bombardier with the absolutely straight course needed for using the bomb sight and releasing the bombs. Then comes the nerve-wracking job of looking out for damaged comrades who need protection while they try to limp home. The following 5 hours, the flight back—in constant danger of fighter attacks—are endless. Figure out all that he has used up in nerve strain, and realize that all this time the pilot has had no relief for his tension. The fighter pilot can at least see what he hits, he can do a lot of fancy flying and in this way blow off some of the steam in his nervous system. But the bomber pilot, as well as the rest of the crew, must sit and sit for hours on end, waiting for the few minutes of concentrated hell. Look at a bomber crew when they come back from an assignment. The information officer whose job it is to squeeze details about the flight from these fellows usually has a hard time pumping them. They have not the least inclination to talk, all they do is sit and gulp down their food, fall into bed, and sleep well into the next day.

The doctor told Sondern of a typical case. In one pilot he noticed signs of overstrained nerves and suggested that he should take a short vacation. The pilot, however, was reluctant, as he was afraid of spoiling his chances of long leave if he took a vacation now. The physician continued: "I gave in—a mistake I shall never make again. The following day came the breakdown, in the midst of the attack. He simply lost control over his plane, flew around like a wounded bird, and had his ship badly shot up by the Luftwaffe. Not until the last moment, when he was six or ten feet above the water, did he get hold of his plane again and somehow managed to get home. 'Doctor,' he said to me, 'the devil knows what happened. Suddenly I started to sweat and tremble like an aspen leaf. I wasn't afraid, but I felt as if I had turned into jelly.'" The doctor added: "This fellow will never be able to touch a plane again. His nerves have cracked."

AND THE RESULT?

What effect have these gigantic efforts on the part of the British and Americans had? As for the German supplies in arms and other war material, the Allies themselves have not been able to claim any noticeable decrease as the result of their air raids. And as for the second object of the raids, the breaking of the civilian morale and the German people's will of resistance, we shall quote from a recent article appearing in the Neue Zürcher Zeitung, a Swiss daily that can hardly be accused of pro-German sentiments. In a lengthy description of how Berlin was bearing up under the almost continuous raids since November 22, 1943, the Berlin correspondent of the paper writes:

After the large-scale raids of the last few months, enough experience has been gained to justify a detailed observation of the political effect of the air war. We do not know what the future has in store; but at any rate, one thing is certain: so far the morale of the population has stood up well. The will to fight has remained unimpaired. Any impartial observer is bound to confirm this. Of course, the Government is faced by numerous difficulties in organization and war economics; but its political position has not been weakened—in fact, in a certain sense it has even been strengthened. For the vast majority of the bombing victims believe that victory alone will give them back at least a part of what they have lost. This links these people even closer to the fate of National-Socialism. It provides them with the energy to exert their utmost effort for the war which, incidentally, no German, whatever his political convictions may be, would wish to see lost. The British have, politically speaking, definitely lost a lot of ground, a fact which is only natural. A family losing all its possessions through a bomb directs most of its curses against those who have dropped it.
ON THE BLACK RIVER

By HARO TRÜSTEDT

To communicate the experience of war to someone who has not been through it himself is as difficult as trying to talk of colors to a blind man. Hence, for all the vast numbers of front-line reports, there are only a few which actually give the reader at home a feeling of what the front is like. Among these is the following description of the fighting on the Black River on the northern sector of the German-Soviet front. The front line in various parts of the northern sector has changed little or not at all, while the central and southern sectors of the front have been in constant movement since the spring of 1942.—K.M.

THOSE who lived through the battles on the Black River, who saw the scented forests rent asunder, the ancient moors rooted up, and many a comrade falling there and bleeding to death, may well have been brought to despair by the feverish onslaught of all those agonizing questions as to the meaning of this suffering, indeed, of life itself, into which man is born so blindly. But none of that. The infantryman, whose last year’s dugout has long been destroyed, who lives in the ooze of water-logged shell and bomb holes, who has no other possession than his piece of canvas to cover himself with during his short hours of light sleep and his weapons to defend his own life and the life of the entire northern front, that of his country and his people—this infantryman has turned into a pure element of nature, like the stars he sees rising and setting according to the eternal law in which he recognizes himself.

At first the magnificent forests were still a true realm of innocent, cruel, beautiful nature, which passes through the constant change in sublime, immutable serenity and fills it with divine meaning.

And here, amongst comrades from almost all parts of Germany, a Rhenish-Westphalian grenadier regiment had established itself on the dominating road which follows the edge of the forest, leading along a treacherous bog covered with sparse bush. These western Germans, mostly from Düsseldorf, had built dugouts neatly lined with birch bark. In memory of their beautiful home town they had named the old forest road “Königsallee”; and their outpost far out in the bog they called the “Deutsche Eck.”

Facing them across the Black River, in a front line running almost straight from north to south, lay the Soviets, invisible and menacing. But when we turned our eyes to the left, we could see a blue lake shimmering far across the bottomless bog and a narrow strip of forest along its banks. It often shone so brilliantly that we had to blink; so brilliantly, indeed, that the refracted light of its waves was thrown up onto the clouds in the blue sky and we were amazed and stirred to see the delightful interplay of light and motion on the wide lake repeated in the endless spaces above.

But soon the lake froze over, and the days saw hardly any light at all. Winter came with an unimaginable harshness. Motors stood still, bread and butter, sausage and honey came only in a frozen state, soup and coffee in pieces, and the hungry horses ate twigs from fir trees, birch bark, and each other’s tails. The sentries shivered and exerted their utmost will to keep the spark of life going in themselves; yet many were found standing as if alive, human columns of ice, when they were to be relieved; now they lie safely in the darkness of the earth.
After the anxieties of winter, spring awoke and intoxicated blood and sap alike, so that the tender shoots of the birch trees blushed and shone and made all eyes sparkle with joy. The water came alive, it rained down from the gray sky and gushed forth from the bogs, which could no longer be distinguished from the lake. It was no longer any use bailing out the dugouts, the water was stronger—the men had to climb out onto the roofs. Butterflies fluttered over the first green; ferns unrolled from the receding floods; when tapped, the birches gushed forth so milch of their precious sap that, in trying to catch it, we could wash ourselves in it.

The crows disappeared into the forest. The magpies, lapwings, snipes, and all the countless singing birds were busy with themselves and shrilled and jubilated in heavenly delight. The geese returned, screaming with joy, and among the dark firs the mountain cock gobbled, blind in his frenzy of love.

Then there was no more night. The forest round about was turned into one vast nursery. In the bog, which was dusted with cotton-grass blossoms as with snow, ducks and whistling swans were hatching, nightingales warbled, the time came and went when we could make eggnogs from lapwing eggs, young hedgehogs appeared and were trained, snakes moved through the wilderness, mice, mosquitoes... and mosquitoes, mosquitoes, till we went almost crazy. But then, when we caught a glimpse of the horned king of the northern forests, a mighty elk, his beauty silenced our curses at the diabolical bog, and we sensed the eternal power of creation.

Along the "Konigsallee" and far into the wild underbrush, one position after another was built, field railways, barrier positions, and dugouts, dugouts that were made comfortable behind shiny white birchwood fences.

And finally cobwebs floated gently across the country, the forest smelled more strongly of old resin, and the birches turned golden.

Titmice played around in the autumn twigs, squirrels danced up and down the pine trunks like red flames. But the Soviets on the other side of the Black River were removing mines in no-man's-land. Dispatch bearers were gliding through the undergrowth, which was not able entirely to swallow up the sound of motors. Radio messages were intercepted: there could be no doubt, the Bolshevists were going to attack.

At five o'clock on the morning of August 27, while a light mist still covered the ground, the business really started. Out of the solemn quiet of the jungle a storm of shells of all calibers, accompanied by the howling of bombs, suddenly broke over our positions. It lasted for hours.

Then a single shout of relief came from hundreds of throats: "They're coming...!" The bombardment had ended. They came and attacked—but with tanks, countless tanks and battle planes which fired at any movement they saw. The Russian command intended to force a break-through and sent tens of thousands of men in a wide front against our few positions in the marshy forest. The Black River, which separated us from the enemy, turned red beside the terribly thinned-out forest. Eight times the Bolshevists attacked on this first day—and did not advance a single step.

But during the night, during all the following nights, figures seeped further south through the high reeds, through the almost impenetrable, splashing thicket, slowly and softly, sinister brown figures, at first a few, soon a few hundred, and then thousands, more and more, like demons, which sank away, reappeared, slipped away, disappeared. And suddenly they stood in the rear of the German on the road, cutting off the regiment from its headquarters, located a few kilometers back near a small "24 ton" bridge. In the north, toward the lake, the Soviets were not able to overrun the position in the flat bog, the "Deutsche Eck." In spite of all their artillery and tanks, they were unable to annihilate this single, isolated German company.
But to creep past the position through the murderous bog, they knew how to do that—and now the regiment was encircled. Soviet tanks barred the road between regimental headquarters and the front-line positions.

The regimental commander immediately collected all dispatch bearers, regimental clerks, radio operators, and baggage men, and left them as a last protection at the “24 ton” bridge, while he himself with his most trusted men broke through the surprised Bolsheviks, past all the Soviet tanks, to his trapped men. The almost impossible deed succeeded, and his grenadiers cheered their “little king” in their midst. For seven days he and his men, surrounded in a tiny area and supplied only from the air, not only held the position in spite of uninterrupted fire from all sides but even re-established connections with the “24 ton” bridge, so that the regiment, facing east and south, where the enemy was still pushing more and more forces into the deep forest, formed the hinge of the entire northern front.

Seven days later they were freed by German Alpine infantry. Simultaneous with the attack from here, another was started from the hinge on the other side, south of the Bolshevist break-through. Both attacks advanced, and finally the hosts of men in the forest were, in turn, encircled and completely annihilated. Thousands of Soviets were swallowed up by the bog.

Colonel Wengler, the commander of the Rhenish-Westphalian regiment which had broken all the waves of the Soviet attack and thus made the German victory possible, was decorated with the Knight’s Cross; and from that day on the little area along the Black River which had proved such a stubborn rock was known as the “Wengler Head.”

*  

Once again the men from the Rhine celebrated Christmas here. Past experience had shown that timely work at fortifying the positions saves loss in lives later on. So the countryside was entirely transformed according to the tactical ideas of the tireless commander. This made it possible for the men to enjoy Christmas in complete confidence that there would be no surprises from the Bolsheviks. To this was added the pleasure over the warm new winter uniforms. Potatoes and turnips had been stored safely. The new year started with frost and snow, clean and white. On the twelfth day of the new year, however, the snow suddenly turned black with torn-up earth and red with blood: with an artillery barrage of undreamed-of force the new attack of the Soviets had begun. This time they concentrated their entire firing power, from the east, the north, the northwest, and from above with bombs and airplane cannons, on the “Wengler Head,” in order to gain the road, above all the road. The bog, even the lake was frozen, and there was no reason why they should not advance across them with their tanks. But of what use would the oozing bog be to them in summer? They had to have the road at any price.

Day and night, without interruption, they drummed away. Raving madness should have seized those who were not yet mangled. At the “Wengler Head” there were soon no telephone lines, no dispatch bearers, no trenches, no dugout, no antitank guns, indeed, no heavy weapons of any kind, no mine fields and no reserves of ammunition—nothing. All around there was not even any forest left standing—nothing.

But when the Bolsheviks came storming with a loud “urrrah,” men rose from the torn-up earth, poor, lost, but living men, and flung back the amazed hordes onto the tanks and blasted them, mercilessly struck down enemy after enemy in hand-to-hand fighting, and held the position.

Meanwhile, the enemy tanks had rolled on across the frozen bog and suddenly stood on the road again at the “24-ton” bridge, where the dugout containing regimental headquarters had received a direct hit. The colonel, himself wounded in the
head, was placidly tapping out messages in the midst of all the shambles. When his regiment inquired: "What is meaning of infantry fire from the west?" he replied: "Regimental headquarters passing additional tests for acquiring medal for hand-to-hand fighting." Now everyone knew what was going on: as in the autumn, when it had faced east and south, the regiment had once again to be the hinge of this entire sector of the front. But this time the Soviets had broken through north of the regiment and were by now preparing to encircle it. Once again the commander suddenly appeared at the most threatened point, took up quarters in the small dugout from which he had directed the autumn battle, and made it possible through his determined holding on for the High Command to build up the new northern front along the "Königsallee" and the bags that had been lost to the enemy.

This new northern front has held, although the Soviets attacked for weeks, day after day, with artillery, battle planes, tanks, and thousands upon thousands of infantrymen, and are still attacking. But they did not get the road. In February the regiment, which twice held the entire northern front, was finally relieved. A regiment of North German grenadiers has taken its place. What was once a well-constructed position is now a torn-up field of craters. After countless Soviet attacks and German counterattacks, the actual front line gradually moved from crater to crater, so that finally all that remained was a "Wengler Nose" covering the actual hinge of the front on the "Königsallee" and jutting out into the bog. Along the base of this "nose," new positions were built at a higher elevation, so that recently—a small but typical example of the general, well-prepared withdrawal of the front—the main front line could be transferred to these dominating heights without interference on the part of the enemy.

Do you comprehend now that those who have gone through experiences of this kind with such inborn superiority are proof against all idle talk; that they are like nature herself who serenely faces eternal change, like the stars which fulfill their destiny according to the Law? It is true that, as far as the eye can see, there is no more forest, no squirrels dance merrily, no birds sing their songs. And many comrades can listen only to the secret whisperings of the great mother who has folded her hands over them. They rest in peace. Just as under the rays of the life-giving sun the glistening play of the waves is reflected again in the sky, the deeds of the dead and the living appear more sublime in the eternal soul of their nation and invigorate it on and on to immortality.

**Combatant Pigeons**

Centuries before Christ, the Greeks used pigeons to send the names of the winners in the Olympic Games to their home towns, the message being attached to the pigeon's leg. Seventy years ago, during the siege of Paris, the French sent messages by pigeon post out of the besieged city, and the Germans tried using trained hawks to kill the French pigeons. In the last war, homing pigeons were used to send back messages from the trenches when telephones had been destroyed.

In this war, pigeons are being used by the air forces. If a plane is in difficulty or is shot down over the sea, the airmen send off a pigeon with a message, giving their position tied to its leg, and the pigeon flies back to its loft. When it arrives, the bird, by alighting on its perch, automatically rings an electric bell and so no time is lost. Use is now also being made of pigeons to give the position of ships when wireless would betray them to the enemy.
WAR ECONOMY AND SOCIALISM

By FRITZ NONNENBRUCH

WAR economy is something essentially different from the idea National-Socialism has of a peace-time economy based on each citizen’s right to work. To the National-Socialist, peace-time economy has two sides to it: on the one hand it is the nation’s apparatus of production; on the other, it employs living people to whose lives their work must give a meaning. In an economy based on the right to work, the demand for better and better work is derived not from the necessity of increased production but from the fact that a man’s work forms the purport of his life. The constant improvement of his work is to provide man with possibilities for employing his creative energies.

War economy has a different appearance. The right to work has turned into full employment. The economy has, above all, to serve the war. War economy is earmarked by the breathless pursuit of the product. And from the demand for the greatest possible increase in production are derived the forms found for the organization of production as well as the demands for mechanization.

The great difference between the National-Socialist idea of economy and the capitalist one consisted in the fact that in capitalist economy the product was placed above man, while in the National-Socialist economy man is to be placed above the product. But war economy and capitalist economy have one criterion in common: all emphasis is placed on the product, not on man.

For the very reason that we National-Socialists have our own ideas of economy and wish to make man and not the product the center of economy, war economy is to us nothing but a war-time measure. We recognize its necessity in time of war, but we look forward to the time when the accent will be shifted from the product to creative man. When will it come?

Not immediately after the end of this war. For some time, the pressure for more production will remain. In the first place, there are the internal war debts to be worked off. As long as this is not done, money, in the form of war debts, is the master, not the tool, of economies. Hence no other path remains open than to remove the problem of war debts as quickly as possible by an increase of production. Furthermore, one cannot yet foresee how great the damage will be that is being caused by air raids. The removal and replacement of these damages place additional demands on production. To this must be added the people’s requirements, pent up during the war, for consumers’ goods. At any rate, we shall be faced for some time by tremendous demands on our productive power. Until the problem of war debts has been surmounted, the bombing damages have been repaired, and the urgent requirements of the nation filled, the product must remain in the focal point of our economic efforts.

It is very important to see quite clearly in this point. There is a vast difference whether an increase of production takes place as the result of material pressure or by the free will of man in his desire to afford scope for his creative powers.

It is true that peace affords economic policy more scope than war does; in other words, the pressure for increasing production can be tempered. But such alleviations do not blind us to the fact that the increase in production is still
forced upon us by circumstances and not brought about by our free will; that the accent is on the product and not on man; and that this economy does not serve the nation in the same way as the economy envisaged by National-Socialism.

The vision of the future thus appears rather gloomy. Have we exaggerated? Hardly. But there is a very important change, which has taken place mainly in the war economy, and which we have disregarded so far. It has affected both organization and mechanization.

War has brought considerable advances in the field of organization. Every form of organization is bound up with a certain level of production. Capitalism was one form of economic organization which was maintained even when it no longer permitted a further increase in production. The surplus of productive power was blown off in economic crises like surplus steam from an engine. War economy differs fundamentally from capitalist economy with regard to its attitude toward the forms of organization. In capitalism the increase of production depended on whether the form of national economic organization permitted it, while in war economy the forms of organization are subject to the necessity of increasing production. The forms of organization have become elastic. They are employed as the means to an end and have ceased being an end in themselves.

Now let us turn to mechanization. There can be no question that without the war it would not have progressed at such a speed and to such an extent. At one time, during the period of rationalization in the late twenties, mechanization was to replace men by machines. In the present war economy, mechanization has undergone a visible change; for it is pointing more and more toward the creative idea, i.e., to man.

Since the forms of organization are no longer bound up with any definite level of production, and since they have become elastic for the sake of increased production, the organizations have ceased to be bureaucratic apparatuses. Instead, they are collective groups of active and creative men. Man and his idea have become more important than the government office and the apparatus. Thus here, again, we find exactly the same process as in the case of mechanization, where man with his ideas has risen above the machine. For the main characteristic of this new mechanization is that it is not the existing machine which counts but the improved one that does not exist yet, in other words, the man who is yet to invent it. This fact opens up vast future possibilities for the worker: mechanization no longer means that an existing order of the work process stands supreme, an order to which man must subordinate himself, but that an improved work process is to be found, which shifts the accent of value on the man who succeeds in discovering this improvement.

Thus even during the fulfillment of those postwar production tasks which are forced upon us by circumstances man will be given scope to extend his creative gifts.

Not Like F.D.R.

A reporter was interviewing President Calvin Coolidge. “Do you wish to say anything about Prohibition?” was the first question.

“No.”

“About the farm bloc?”

“No.”

“About the World Court?”

“No.”

The reporter turned to go.

“By the way,” said Coolidge, “don’t quote me.”
ROCKETS AND SHELLS

By ALFRED STETTBACHER

A well-known Swiss expert on explosives, Dr. Alfred Stettbacher, supplies some up-to-date information on rocket guns and gives his authoritative opinion on recent developments in the field of explosives.—K.M.

THERE are many thousands of substances which possess explosive properties, but hitherto there have been only very few which could be employed for military purposes. The reason for this is that, while the explosive should be sensitive enough fully to unfold its destructive power within a fraction of a second after the action of the fuse at the target, it must at the same time be stable enough to withstand the tremendous shock it receives when the cannon is fired off, in order not to endanger the men using it. Since the rocket projectile, which is propelled by a charge burning off in its rear part, accelerates gradually without suffering the shock a shell does when it is fired off, far more sensitive and thus more effective explosives can be used in it. Moreover, the uniform, gentle acceleration of the rocket imposes no particular stress on the outer case of the projectile in the way of pressure and rotation. Consequently, much thinner shells can be employed with a correspondingly larger capacity of explosives.

The Germans have been using rocket guns since the beginning of 1943. Six barrels made of sheet iron are mounted on one pair of wheels. These cannons do not require heavy gun carriages and barrels; yet one cannon with six barrels can be as effective as a battery of six normal cannons. Moreover, a three-ton tractor is enough to transport the rocket gun. German rocket gun regiments are divided into batteries and detachments. Thus it is easy to figure out the number of projectiles which, for example, 12 batteries of four guns (of six barrels each) are able to shoot at a given target. There are three kinds of shells in use at present: explosive, incendiary, and smoke shells. The explosive shells have an effect similar to that of air bombs, as have the incendiary shells. The smoke shells permit the rapid laying of a smoke screen in front of one’s own or the enemy’s troops.

Rockets have a lower speed and penetrating power than shells, so that they must rely for their effect on their explosive power, mainly the air pressure created thereby, and this to a greater degree than any other projectile propelled by the discharging of a cannon. The range of the rockets probably does not exceed several kilometers, as it is very difficult to aim them properly at greater distances.

ROCKETS AGAINST BOMBERS

There is no contradiction between these facts and the employment of rockets by the German air force to fight off bomber squadrons. This is an innovation which skillfully makes use of a very old principle for modern purposes, as has been shown by the destruction of numerous Allied bombers in recent months. Let us quote from the report of Colonel Budd J. Peaslee, a co-pilot of an American bomber that participated in the raid on Schweinfurth in October 1943 which turned into a disaster for the Americans:

...we had constantly to fight off German pursuits. At first single-motored pursuits of the Focke-Wulf 190 and Messerschmitt 109 types went for us; a little later these were reinforced by whole chains of two-motored fighters which were apparently equipped with rockets. My rear gunner called through the telephone: “We’re getting it now! Sixty of them are in a line behind us!” From then on I saw more rockets than I cared for, and I imagined that it was quite possible that none of us would get back. Each of those
German rocket guns in action. The eye can follow the projectile as it travels with increasing speed through the sky, its fiery tail leaving behind a trail of white smoke. A few seconds later the rumble of the explosion is heard and waves of terrific air pressure flow back.

Rocket's accuracy in hitting depends greatly on the burning time and this in turn on extremely careful workmanship as well as on the varying influences such as air pressure and temperature at the different levels.

As the equipment for shooting off rockets can easily be improvised and shifted everywhere, this mobile weapon seems especially suited for the defense of an invasion. For as soon as the coastal zone chosen for the landing is under the uninterrupted fire of the approaching two-dimensional armada and all railway lines and roads have been made impassable, it may quite possibly be the rocket, brought out from the safety of deep dugouts, whose screaming splinters will cause havoc all over the landing places and far out into the sea covered by barges.

NEW EXPLOSIVES

It has been known for some time that the heavy Allied bombs weighing several tons contain as their charge two separate liquids, nitrate tetroxide (N₂O₄) and a combustible carbohydrate, for instance, toluol or gasoline which, when mixed after the bomb has been released and is falling or even at the target, become a devastating explosive (Panklastit). Lately there has been mention of explosive air or Oxyliquit bombs which contain a firm, absorbent combustible—such as soot or naphthalene powder—which, shortly before the bomb is released, is soaked with liquid oxygen (the combustant) from special tanks, making it into the most powerful of explosives. At any rate, patents were taken out in the early days of this war for aerial bombs with liquid contents, with either a separating wall or a breakable container for one liquid within the other.

The Panklastit as well as the Oxyliquit class are—pound for pound—among the most powerful of all explosives, and it would seem obvious to use these liquids in artillery shells too, to obtain charges for special purposes. Most suitable for artillery, as its boiling point is as high as 126° centigrade, is tetranitromethane in conjunction with a soluble carbohydrate such as toluol, benzol, or nitrobenzol.
Illustrations 2, 3, and 4 show the proportion of the weight of the explosive charge to the total weight of the shell in the case of the two new liquid charges and the old TNT shell.

Keeping two liquids separate in a shell from the moment of discharge till the shell has left the barrel (to prevent an explosion in the barrel) is technically an easy matter, a similar method being employed as for the safety stop for the detonator in an ordinary shell. The pressure of acceleration and the rotation of the shell set off a gadget which releases the safety stop. The space to contain the explosive charge can be enlarged considerably, as long as the wall of the outer case remains thick enough safely to withstand the strain of pressure and rotation. It is quite possible that projectiles are already being produced with twice or three times as big a charge, and this in turn twice as powerful and with twice the speed of detonation as TNT shells of the same caliber.

![Figures 1-4](https://via.placeholder.com/150)

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**CAN URANIUM BOMBS END THE WAR?**

Now let us turn to another "secret weapon" that the world press has been speaking about: the uranium bomb.

In natural as well as in artificial atom disintegration, energies are released which are millions of times greater than those released in the combustion and explosive processes employed by us at present. Thus the element radium disintegrates in 1,590 years to half its original weight and produces 3.7 million kcal per gram, which corresponds to 2.3 million times that weight of dynamite (2.3 tons). Another radioactive element, uranium, which has the atomic weight of 238, disintegrates into helium and lead, but much more slowly, for it takes five billion years for half its original weight to disintegrate. During this natural disintegration, about one thousandth part of the uranium is destroyed, dematerialized and transformed into the vast energy of more than 20 million kcal (corresponding to 12.5 tons of dynamite) for every gram of uranium.

Owing to the infinitely slow speed of the natural disintegration, neither of these two radioactive elements has any explosive power. Nor has it been possible to influence the speed of the natural disintegration by the employment of electricity of even the highest possible tension. On the other hand, it is well known that numerous elements can be split up with the aid of high-tension electricity, but that the yield is infinitesimally small and the energy released correspondingly ineffective. The element best suited for such artificial disintegration was found to be uranium, the heaviest and most unstable of all atoms. However, it was also discovered that only the rare uranium isotope with the atomic weight 235, of which natural uranium with the atomic weight 238 contains no more than 0.72 per cent and which it is hard to isolate, could be disintegrated by means of electricity.

Just before the war, the discovery was made in Berlin that as a result of the artificially provoked atom disintegration, too, approximately one thousandth part of the uranium mass is destroyed with a corresponding equivalent of energy being released. The most recent calculations have shown that, if it were possible to make 1 gram of uranium U-235 vanish in the time of detonation, an explosive power equivalent to that of 10.6 tons of dynamite would be set off. In other words, instead of four
TRANSPORT PLANES OR FREIGHTERS?

The heavy shipping losses suffered by the Allies through the action of German U-boats have entailed the employment of transport planes to an extent undreamed of ten years ago. This has led to a lively discussion on the pros and cons of the movement of freight by planes. Not long ago, the English magazine "Aeronautics," edited by Oliver Stewart, dealt with this subject, and the conclusions it reached are summarized below.—K.M.

WILL postwar freight movements take place in the air? In order to give a reply to this question, it is necessary to take the various factors into consideration which determine maritime and air transport, for instance the frequent discrepancy in the lengths of the shortest sea and air routes; in the case of air routes, the unequal intervals between landings; the raw-material geography of the various routes, etc. All these factors play an essential role in calculating the necessary units of transport, fuel requirements, and personnel.

What influence do these individual factors exert? On a comparatively short route, such as from San Francisco to Alaska, a plane can cover the distance several times in the time required by a ship for the same journey, so that on this route, for instance, 35 transport planes of the most usual type can transport an equal amount of goods within a given time as a medium-sized freighter. On the route San Francisco/Australia, however, as many as 121 planes are needed for every ship. On this latter route it is the great distance between landings (from one Pacific island airport to the next) which necessitates the carrying of large quantities of fuel, and naturally this has to be done at the cost of the pay load.

When one considers all these factors, one arrives at the conclusion that air transport cannot compare in economy with maritime transport, as is clearly revealed by our chart. In order to transport 100,000 tons of freight a month from the United States to the Atlantic coast of Europe, 34 freighters with crews amounting to 2,380 men are required if the goods are to go by sea. For air transport, however, taking all factors into consideration, 1,900 transport planes with crews amounting to 22,500 men are required! Thus the requirements in personnel alone would be almost ten times greater in the case of planes.

Now let us turn to the question of fuel. To transport 100 kilograms of freight from America to Europe, a ship uses 7.93 kilograms of fuel; a plane, however, uses nearly 40 times as much, viz., 295.5 kilograms. Consequently, the fuel consumption of the plane is almost three times as great as the pay load it can transport. This applies to the route USA/Europe. The comparison turns out even worse on the route San Fran-
Cisco/Australia, for there a ship needs 16.64 kilograms of fuel for every 100 kilograms of freight, i.e., about one sixth of the pay load, while a plane uses 60 times as much fuel as the ship, namely, 1,012 kilograms of gasoline for every 100 kilograms of pay load! It is easy to imagine the difference in transportation costs.

And finally we come to the factor of raw-material geography. A ship sailing from the USA to Europe will take on enough fuel before its departure to last for the return journey, for in the USA there is plenty of cheap fuel oil, but not in Europe. In the case of a plane, this is not possible: it must refuel in Europe. But where does the European gasoline come from? The European oil wells do not even suffice to cover European requirements in motor spirits. Hence the aviation gasoline would have to be transported from abroad—from the USA, from the Near East, from Central and South America—and this requires ships, more ships, indeed, than would be needed for carrying the pay load to be transported by the planes. For while 34 ships are sufficient to carry 100,000 tons of merchandise across the Atlantic in a month, more than twice that number of ships, namely, 72, are necessary for bringing the aviation gasoline to Europe which a fleet of air transporters with a corresponding freight capacity would need. Again the comparison turns out even worse on the San Francisco/Australia route; for there 5½ times as many ships would be required to transport the aviation gasoline from the regions of production to the airfields as would be needed for transporting the freight itself by sea.

As we see, the plane is hopelessly inferior to the ship as regards economy, and the obvious conclusion would be that there could be no question of air transport in the postwar period. But there is one very important factor which we have so far disregarded: we human beings do not always act according to the demands of economy.

"Time is money!" says the Yankee, and he is quite prepared to pay for a saving in time. Incidentally, so are many others. For if economy alone were the deciding factor, even steam transport would be unthinkable. After all, a sailing ship is incomparably more economical than a steamer. And how about railways and transportation by road? Would it not be possible to transport merchandise infinitely more cheaply by a system of shipping canals?

In spite of obviously higher costs, a considerable part of the postwar movement of goods between the continents and also within the continents will nevertheless take place by air, namely, in those places and in the case of such goods where the speed of transportation plays an important part. And this applies to many goods. In passenger traffic the plane will within a few years undoubtedly be the means of transportation—from the point of view of the passenger in many if not in most cases, by far the most economical one.

The inhabitants of Sinope informed Diogenes of the following public decision: "We condemn you to leave Sinope.” Thereupon the exiled philosopher replied: “And I condemn you to remain in Sinope.”
land of limited possibilities

On January 28, 1944, the New York Times announced that the US Government was planning, in conjunction with private capital, the greatest venture in the history of the oil industry by envisaging the construction of a system of oil pipes to connect the Persian Gulf with the Mediterranean.

A week later US Secretary of the Interior, Harold Ickes, in his capacity as President of the US State Petrol Reserves Corporation, announced that an agreement had been concluded between the US Government and two American oil companies (the Arabian American Oil Co., owned by the Standard Oil Company of California, and the Texas and Gulf Exploration Co., a subsidiary of the Gulf Oil Co.) for the exploitation of Near Eastern oil reserves. He informed the press that the US Government would build a pipeline system extending over 2,000 kilometers at an expected cost of US $150,000,000. Ickes also stated that the US State Petrol Reserves Corporation would take over the building and upkeep of the pipe line, while the US Government would watch over the plan of operation. The building costs, with accrued interest, were to be repaid to the Government within 25 years. The US Government would have the right to buy the oil for military purposes at 25 per cent less than market value and to take over any desired quantity for a period of 50 years, in case of necessity even the entire production.

James Moffat, the former president of one of the largest American oil companies, in commenting on this scheme, explained that its realization would require half a million tons of steel which would have to be transported halfway round the world. A little later London was startled by reports from America that the actual plans of Washington went far beyond the construction of a pipe line, aiming toward the transfer of half the British oil resources in the Near East to the United States.

All these news reports and many additional rumors surrounding them gave rise to a great deal of excitement in the world and nowhere more than in England. What had caused this pronounced interest of America in the oil fields of the Near East, which had hitherto been practically the monopoly of Great Britain? The world is so used to regarding America as the richest country in the world that to most people it came as a surprise when President Roosevelt, in his press conference of February 11, gave as the reason that America must turn elsewhere for additional supplies, as her own oil reserves are running low.

As a matter of fact, the limitations of the American oil reserves had been known for some time; but only as a result of the war and the tremendous requirements caused by it have these limits been endowed with acute political significance. In 1939 the National Resources Committee in Washington published a detailed study, Energy Resources and National Policy. This study revealed that the ascertained oil reserves of the United States amounted to about 11 billion barrels (1 barrel = 31½ gallons) which, at the rate of production prevailing at that time, would last until 1950. It went on to say that, by deeper drilling and new methods for exploring underground conditions, new supplies were likely to be discovered in the large areas in which they might possibly exist.

This prediction has been proved correct: new reserves have been found during the last five years. However, the extent of new oil reserves discovered each year is below the amount of oil produced, which was around 1 billion barrels per year before the war and is between 1.6 and 1.8 billion
barrels per year at present. In more than half of the United States the occurrence of oil is either impossible or very unlikely for geological reasons. In the remainder, new discoveries are possible in small localities but are probable in only very limited sections, most of which have already been well explored. All the promising and some of the less promising areas of the United States have been probed by nearly a million deep wells in the search for oil.

The Americans are thus facing an unpleasant situation: their oil resources are heading toward quick exhaustion because, as a result of their policy in the present war, they are supplying a large part of the world with oil. Quite naturally they feel that they are entitled to some compensation.

A glance at our chart, which is based on the figures supplied by the US National Resources Committee, shows that the Near East is the only area where such compensation can be found in sufficient quantity. Hence the American desire is: first, to obtain part of the oil needed in the present war from Near Eastern oil fields, and, secondly, to secure titles to these fields for the period after the war.

Of course America could shift over to the production of oil from her huge coal deposits, and eventually she is bound to follow the example set in this respect by Germany, a country with practically no oil fields of its own. But this would considerably increase the price of oil production and thus have an unfavorable effect on the standard of living in a country where everybody feels entitled to drive his own car. Hence the Americans wish to postpone that evil day as long as possible.

In this connection it is interesting to note that in several other fields, too, the extraordinary consumption caused by the war has raised the question of the limits of certain US raw materials. It has been estimated that the easily workable and profitable US deposits of lead and zinc will be exhausted within the next ten years. Thus America would have to rely on deposits in Canada, Mexico, Australia, and Africa.

The USA deposits of bauxite are expected to be depleted by 1948, which fact has increased American interest in the bauxite deposits of Dutch and British Guiana and Brazil. There are several other minerals in which the USA has always had to rely on imports. Manganese is supplied to the States chiefly by Russia and Brazil. In 1939 imports amounted to US $141,196,000. Rhodesia, Cuba, and India are the main suppliers of chromite. The USA’s imports of nickel and nickel alloys from Canada in 1939 totaled US $24,914,000. And finally there is antimony, which is imported from various countries, especially China and Mexico, as well as tin, which the USA must obtain from abroad.

In bringing out these facts, we do not wish to imply that the United States is facing an economic catastrophe. Far from it; America is still immensely rich. But the threatening depletion of certain essential raw materials is causing the Americans to be on the lookout for compensation elsewhere. And this “elsewhere” happens usually to be within the British sphere of influence.

How far this competition goes and how it reaches into fields practically unknown to the general public was recently revealed by W. Berge in New York’s Wall Street Journal. Quebracho extract is an important ingredient used by the tanning industry. It is obtained from the wood of the red quebracho, a tree that grows in Argentina and Paraguay. By far the greatest producer of quebracho extract is the British Forestal Land, Timber, and Railway Co., Ltd., which uses its almost monopolistic position to the benefit of Britain in dealings with the USA. W. Berge suggests in his article that the United States should free herself of the British monopoly and points to the example of Germany who, even before the war, discovered a suitable substitute in the tannin contained in the bark of German oaks.

Smart Boy

A reluctant conscript faced the US Army oculist, who asked him to read a chart. “What chart?” asked the draftee. The doctor persevered: “Just sit down in that chair and I’ll show you.” “What chair?” asked the man.

Deferred because of bad eyesight, the draftee went to a nearby movie. When the lights came on, he was horrified to discover the oculist in the next seat. “Excuse me,” said the conscript as calmly as he could, “does this bus go to Poughkeepsie?”
THE WINDOW

CANADA CANNOT TURN BACK

When on January 26, 1944, Argentina broke off her diplomatic relations with the Axis powers, Washington’s desire for expelling all Axis observers from American soil was fulfilled. Since then they have continued the study of American affairs mainly from the Iberian Peninsula where newspapers and magazines from across the Atlantic are to be obtained shortly after publication. The two contributions of this issue’s Window, both dealing with America, were written in Lisbon and Madrid.—K.M.

In August 1943 President Roosevelt made a ceremonial visit to Canada’s little capital Ottawa after his lengthy war council with Churchill in Quebec had been adjourned for continuation in Washington. He was the first President of the United States to make such a visit. British press representatives sent reports of enthusiastic ovations and applause when the President, accompanied by the Earl of Athlone, the Governor General, drove through the streets to the strains of the “Star-Spangled Banner.”

His old liberal friend and pioneer of Canadian-American solidarity, Premier Mackenzie King, had just signed a mutual communiqué on the subject of the Aleutians with the President. Words almost failed him when he welcomed the “mighty leader of liberty” and suggested doing away with all frontier barriers between the two countries. Although Churchill has taken care not to admit that the only path open to the Empire as a whole is the American path, the example of Canada reveals all that which is an unspoken fact between the English and the Americans. Canada can no longer withdraw from her complete identity of interests with the USA since she was sucked into the military, economic, and political vortex of the war.

In a recent issue of the magazine Fortune, the Canadian journalist Bruce Hutchison called Churchill’s former reference to Canada as the hub of peace and the magnet drawing England and the USA together a phrase of no practical significance. Today everybody knows as well as Mackenzie King, Churchill, and Hutchison himself, that Canada has given her vote to the great neighbor across the border. In his interesting study Hutchison writes that, since the beginning of the war, the United States has flanked Canada on both oceans, has fortified Alaska, which lies between Canada and the Eastern world, has constructed mighty bases on Newfoundland between Canada and Europe, and has built a military road right through Canada to Alaska territory. From one end of Canada to the other, the Americans have extended their network of flying fields and military air lines, part of which, at least, will remain as a commercial network. If the United States were a potential future enemy, she could already consider Canada as occupied and deprived of power. Instead, the two nations have concluded a military alliance; in the economic sphere the United States has to a large extent merged her war production with that of Canada. Raw materials have been pooled; imports and exports have been balanced as a result of agreements. Trade between the two countries has suddenly been tripled. American investments in Canada are by now much higher than in any other country, although Canada has accepted no loans or Lend-Lease aid. On the basis of huge exports to the markets of her neighbor and even greater imports from there, Canada, with her 11 ½ million inhabitants, has, per head of population, become the greatest industrial country in the Allied camp. The United States, Hutchison continues, can return to a normal economy after the war, but Canada can never turn back. Her economy has been revolutionized by the war.

That which the battles in the past history of Canada were to prevent, namely, the “obvious fate” of a union of all North America up to the Arctic Ocean, has step by step been nearing realization since the
outbreak of war in Europe. Canada has apparently grown into an industrial power; in reality she is the so far most valuable and most dependent colony of USA capitalism. One might regard the Ottawa Conference of 1932 and the markets of the British Empire, which were to be reserved for its members, as the starting point of a development which is now leading to its American counterpart. The first stage was Premier King's trip in 1936 when, with the assent of Roosevelt, he brought about a tripartite trade agreement among the United States, England, and Canada. Although at the outbreak of war in 1939 there was still a Canadian-American customs tariff, there also existed a large number of Canadian-American economic committees to open up the means of close economic co-operation. American investments in Canadian enterprises amounted to four billion dollars, and Canadian investments in USA enterprises totaled one billion dollars.

After France had been eliminated from the war, Roosevelt and King met in the little town of Ogdensburg in the state of New York and on August 17, 1940, signed a permanent mutual defense agreement and appointed a Canadian-American defense committee. This was the first case of a USA alliance with no time limit and thus the first step toward including Canada in the North American union. The economic agreement concluded between Roosevelt and King on April 20, 1941, at Hyde Park, the President's rural estate, was even more explicit in its aim of organizing the collaboration of all North America.

Since Dunkirk, Canada had become England's supply base. With American aid in tools, coal, and steel, she had hastily built up her own war industry for everything from tanks to planes. She was already 400 millions in the red toward the USA when the Hyde Park agreement stipulated that both countries were to combine in their war purchases and the development of their war industries in order not to compete with but complement each other.

In contrast to the permanent alliance of Ogdensburg, the Hyde Park agreement contained no stipulations for the postwar period, nor did it touch upon the customs barrier for non-war-essential goods. But all the more vigorously did it push the merger of the war-production plants, which practically dominated the entire economic life. When the United States finally openly entered the war, the last stage of Canadian-American economic integration was reached with the announcement on December 22, 1941, that both countries would pool their raw materials and distribute them in such a way as to achieve the highest possible war production. Another billion dollars' worth of American war orders immediately flowed into the Canadian industry. American coal, oil, steel, cotton, airplane motors went across the practically abolished border, Canadian aluminum, nickel, and finished war material came the other way. Although Canada remained above all the supplier of war material to England, Canadian-American trade rose in 1942 to 2½ billion dollars, an amount corresponding to half the entire world trade of the United States in 1938.

Should the USA one day stop her imports again—an action that is by no means impossible, as all agreements apply only to war production—Canada would be ruined. Since Canada depends economically, for better or worse, on the good will and future economic fluctuations of the United States, the only question that remains is what political price the good neighbor will demand for the stabilization of postwar conditions in Canada. The President can always hide behind Congress, as the prewar customs barriers have, after all, not ceased to exist. It is significant that the Canadian study in Fortune mentioned above is placed on the same level with a study on the war economy of the Southern states of the USA, under the motto: both territories—old Canada and the old South—at the two ends of the Mississippi have a unique chance now to adjust their economic life to the great market of the central part of the continent.

Canada can no longer turn back. Through Canada, England has started out on the American path.—C. L., Lisbon.

A NEW TRANS-AMERICAN CANAL?

THE American fear of air attacks on Manhattan and on the Panama Canal is surprisingly great. The Americans believe that these two goals must prove of special attraction to the enemy for bombing attempts. Experts endeavor in articles so to speak to popularize these worries by painting vivid pictures of the results of such
attacks for their countrymen. In a recent debate on this theme in Congress a Senator declared: "Why shouldn't our opponents attempt such an attack? As far as I am informed, we have taken the necessary precautions in the case of Manhattan and carried out large-scale evacuations of the population to other industrial areas where there is less danger of houses of a hundred floors collapsing and dragging down thousands of people with them. Why don't we take corresponding precautions in the case of the Panama Canal too?"

As regards the threat to Manhattan, the American Government has already issued a regulation according to which no more skyscrapers may be built in the future, as they represent a danger to the safety of their inhabitants. The protection of the Panama Canal, however, appears to be far more difficult. In the course of the war, this water route has grown into one of the biggest worries of the USA. First of all, volcanic influences have in recent months caused several incidents in the Canal Zone which greatly hindered regular traffic. Some fifty years ago, when the plan of a canal was being debated in the USA and those concerned could not make up their minds whether to decide for the construction of the Panama or Nicaragua canal, a member of Congress handed around a Nicaraguan stamp depicting three volcanoes to prove the difficulties from which the construction of a Nicaragua canal would have to suffer. Today American experts are aware of the fact that the volcanic influences in the Panama Canal Zone are even greater, and they feel sorry that the Nicaragua canal was not built. To this must be added that the Nicaragua canal would allegedly be far easier to defend against attacks from the air, as it would be much closer to the United States and, moreover, would not require the numerous locks which make the Panama Canal so vulnerable. Thus a project has come into the limelight which once before agitated the minds of the citizens of the United States.

There are two trends of opinion in the USA today. One propagates the immediate commencement of construction work on the Nicaragua canal. The other is opposed to this and emphasizes the fact that at least fifteen years are required for the completion of the canal. By then the war would be over, so that one could not count upon the new canal as a detour in case the locks of the Panama Canal were destroyed by air raids. Moreover, one should ask oneself whether the USA could, in addition to her already tremendous war cost, afford the expenditure involved in such a construction, a construction which is not able to fulfill immediate requirements.

The champions of the new canal, on the other hand, cite the statements of engineers, who are of the opinion that the construction of the Nicaragua canal, although more difficult, would be much cheaper. Moreover, the United States now have the full support of the Nicaraguan Government, which expects an immense economic and communications boom from such a construction. In 1912 the USA already concluded a treaty with Nicaragua which entitles the United States to build the canal at any time. When in 1927 this treaty became the cause of a dispute and the government of Nicaragua declared the treaty void, the USA sent troops to Nicaragua and forced the government to recognize the treaty again. Today Nicaragua is so dependent on the United States that her President sent a congratulatory message to Washington when it became known that the construction was being discussed once more.

When the old project was dug out of the files, some technical details were published which permit interesting comparisons to be made with the construction of the Panama Canal. The route of the planned Nicaragua canal begins at San Juan del Norte and follows the course of the San Juan River to Lake Nicaragua. The river goes through
jungles and mangrove swamps and has an average depth of eight meters. To make it navigable, numerous waterfalls must be overcome; it is hoped, however, that three locks will be sufficient in this case. The surface of Lake Nicaragua is some 34 meters above sea level. It is the only fresh-water body in the world in which sharks and swordfish are to be found. The distance from the western bank of this lake to the Pacific is no more than 18 kilometers. The total length of the canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific would be about 260 kilometers, i.e., three to four times as long as the Panama Canal. The new canal would shorten the sea trip from the West to the East Coast by two days.

The supply of the necessary experts, engineers, and workmen would be a special problem, as they cannot be suddenly withdrawn from the armament industry. It has been suggested that the excavation workers might be brought from Italy, while the engineers would have to be procured from among the European refugees in Mexico and North Africa.—H.J., Madrid.

IS LANCASHIRE DOOMED?

WHILE British commercial and industrial circles agree with the Government in that England will only be able to make good the losses she suffered as a result of the war by increasing her postwar exports at least 50 per cent above the prewar level, experts are aware of the fact that in practice such an increase of exports will meet with the greatest possible difficulties. The chief factors in this respect are, on the one hand, the stagnation—which always means regression—of certain British industries in the years after the Great War and, on the other, the rising competition in the new industrial countries and the head start of the old ones. These doubts apply above all to the British cotton industry—and up to 1939, cotton goods headed the list of British exports.

In good years, approximately 80 per cent of Lancashire’s cotton products were exported. Even under the most favorable conditions the expansion of home consumption could never make up for the loss of overseas markets. In 1938 the value of the cotton goods exported amounted to no more than half of that of 1928 and one third of that of 1913. It will now be a matter of life and death for Lancashire whether an increase in the export of cotton goods will be possible after the war.

One of the main difficulties facing the industries is the question of labor costs. If the shortage of cotton workers, which will doubtless exist in the first few years after the war, is to be overcome, it is obvious that higher wages must be offered than in prewar times. At the same time a considerable improvement in working conditions will become necessary. In any case, these measures will have to be carried out on a very wide basis, as a result of which the difficulties in Lancashire’s competitive position will increase in the ensuing years. The advantage of other countries resulting from the presence of cheap labor will continue undiminished.

In this connection the question immediately arises of Japan’s postwar position. It is to be assumed that the Japanese industry will not only very probably regain its prewar strength, but that even more attention will be paid to the cotton industry as part of the national economy than before the war. The rapid advance of Japan in the former British export markets before the war was, of course, largely a result of the yen devaluation. But there can be no doubt that even without this the Japanese advance would have been very considerable. As regards wages as well as the working and admixture of Indian and American yarns, the Japanese had a notable head start. The fact remains that, especially in the coarsest types of cotton, Japan will compete successfully with the products of Lancashire and that, thanks to the continued development of her technique, she will also penetrate into the British markets with finer cotton goods.

There was a time not long ago when Lancashire, the English county in which Liverpool and Manchester are situated, was the center of the world’s cotton-goods production. Since the Great War, Lancashire has been passing through a serious crisis. What are its prospects for the future? The following pages are based on an article by an English economist in close touch with Lancashire’s industry published in a recent issue of the “Financial News.”
Export of Cotton Goods
(in million square yards)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Japan</th>
<th>England</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1913</td>
<td>412</td>
<td>7,075</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1929</td>
<td>1,418</td>
<td>3,866</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1933</td>
<td>2,130</td>
<td>2,116</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Important as Japan's competition may be, it does not touch upon the root of the problem. Even before the war, it became more and more clear that the rise of native industries in those countries which had formerly been buyers of Lancashire products threatened the prosperity of Lancashire far more than the progress of Japan's industrialization. In itself, this problem is not a new one. The process has made itself felt since the middle of the last century. What is new is the lack of territories into which Lancashire can advance as soon as the old circle of customers disappears. The loss of the European market did not mean much, as India and the Americas stood ready as new customers. But today there are no new markets to replace the customers of India, China, and Africa.

As regards financial aspects, there are difficulties arising in connection with the replacement of entirely obsolete machinery. While the spinning mills of England's competitors have modern equipment and are built according to modern standards, the Lancashire mills are obsolete and considerably behind the requirements of modern times. When a "new" mill is mentioned in Lancashire, it has generally been built before 1910, and many of the mills originate from the last century. According to figures appearing in Financial News on January 26, 1944, no more than 5 per cent of the English looms were fully automatic in 1937, compared with 95 per cent of those in the United States. Today there is an urgent call for more efficient machinery and a complete reorganization of the industry. The extent of the necessary reorganization of the mills is such that it appears impossible to have it carried out without outside financial help. To what extent and at what time this outside help will be given is a difficult question; but a solution must nevertheless be found.

The fourth chief difficulty is the rise of the tremendous competition of synthetic fibers, which by far surpasses the former competition of wool. After the war, even more will be heard of these synthetic fibers. The manufacture of Nylon already takes up an important place in the United States. Although cotton will probably remain in the lead, one must not underestimate the replacement of the old textile fibers in the "plastic decade." The large manufacturers of synthetic fibers would do well to turn their attention to the question as to what extent former cotton mills can be employed for the manufacture of yarns and cloth from the new material. At the same time it would appear appropriate for some of the large cotton concerns to turn to the manufacture of synthetic fibers.

The author of the article in Financial News finally arrives at the conclusion that Lancashire can only hope to retain a certain degree of its importance if, in addition to acquiring new machinery, its industry is able to take up modern planning and ideas. Among these is, above all, a more pronounced turn toward synthetic products.

It must be hard for British industry to be told by an expert that the decline of Lancashire, which possessed an almost unrivaled market throughout the world some seventy to eighty years ago, can no longer be checked. This decline set in after the Great War. Today, Germany, Japan, and the United States are far ahead in the production of synthetic fibers. This means that Lancashire's prospects for the future are gloomy indeed.

When Rossini, at the height of his fame, made a journey to Portugal, King Pedro invited him to dine at the Palace. But that was not all; the King was very fond of singing, and Rossini was to pass his opinion on the royal voice.

After the meal, the party went over into the music salon. The King sang. Rossini listened with the proper reverence. "Well, Maestro?" the King asked when he had finished. "What do you think of it?"

"Your Majesty," Rossini replied with unmistakable conviction: "never have I heard a king sing better."
OLD JINSHICHI

By JOJI TSUBOTA

This is one of the finest examples of recent Japanese literature we have met with. In this story the author, well known to Japanese readers for his wonderful understanding of children, spans the wide range from childhood to old age. The story was translated from the Japanese by Kurt Meissner of Tokyo.—K.M.

OLD Jinshichi with his eighty years no longer had any desire for definite undertakings. At the most, he looked forward to his meals, although for some years now he had only been having two meals a day. Now and again he would order this or that special dish; but when it appeared on the table, prepared specially for him, the old man did not enjoy it as much as he had expected. The best thing for his empty stomach was still hot rice with fried horse-radish. For the rest, he had only one pleasure left: to walk around everywhere and to look at things. When we say "everywhere" we do not mean far-off places. No, he only felt an urge to visit places which held some memory from his eighty years of life, like the stone bridge near by or the willow tree at the edge of the village. Suddenly it would occur to him to wonder what had happened to it, or how it looked there now; then, leaning on his stick, he would set off to see for himself. Perhaps he was driven by a hidden desire to take a lingering farewell of every blade of grass in this world before his death. But he was by no means conscious of any such idea. He simply enjoyed looking at this or that and the memories they brought to him.

Today, as on every other morning, he was sitting on the open veranda running round his house, smoking a little pipe of tobacco, and looking out into the garden. Suddenly he felt a desire to go to the cemetery. Not that he wanted to visit any graves there; he just wanted to enjoy the view from the cemetery hill. Possibly he was driven by a hidden desire to take a lingering farewell of every blade of grass in this world before his death. But he was by no means conscious of any such idea. He simply enjoyed looking at this or that and the memories they brought to him.

"Ooi! Ooi!" This was the way he always called for Grandmother.

"Haai, hai," came the reply after a little pause, and soon Grandmother came herself.

"Have the horse saddled!"

"The wooden horse!"

For some years now, the old man had not been strong enough to ride on a real horse. But in order now and again still to enjoy the feeling of sitting on a horse, he had had one made of wood and placed in a corner of the yard. Today, however, the old fellow was not thinking of his wooden horse: he wanted something quite different.

"Silly fool," he exploded, "what nonsense you talk! How can I go for a ride on the wooden horse!"

"But a real horse is too dangerous!"

"Never mind, never mind! Have it saddled!"

"But a real horse jumps and kicks. It's not like a wooden horse."

"I've already told you—never mind, And I mean never mind!"

"Hai, hai!" Grandmother disappeared into the kitchen and said to the servant: "Sakzo, you are to saddle a horse, a live horse!"

Sakzo was dumfounded. "What? The master really wants to ride?"

"Yes, evidently he doesn't like the wooden horse any more, and now he wants to sit once again on a real horse. I expect he'll only get onto it when it's tied up in the yard, and then he'll shout 'Hoi ho hoi ho.' When I hear that, I don't know whether to feel ashamed or to laugh. I really feel sorry for him."

So Sakzo led a horse out of the stable, tied it to a post with its head well up, laid the saddle on its back, and put the bit in its mouth. Then he went to his master.
“Great Danna-san! The horse is ready.”

“All right, I’m coming.” The old man had put on riding clothes. A bamboo whip in his hand, he came out into the yard. When he was still four or five steps away, he called out soothing words to the horse, then he patted its neck.

Sakzo had carefully placed a box with two steps under the stirrup to make it easier for his master to mount.

“Oh, that’s very nice,” said the old man, mounted the steps, stuck the hem of his riding gown in his belt, arranged the reins, and settled in the saddle. The horse made a few steps. “Now, now, now,” said the old man soothingly, and then, turning to Sakzo: “Call Sampei! We’re going to ride out to our graves today.”

“Hai!” Sakzo went to the kitchen and called out: “Bot’chan! Your grandfather says he’ll let you ride!”

“Good!” Sampei came skipping along at once. He was followed by Grandmother, bringing the old man’s high hat. But she began to reproach him again: “Have you quite forgotten how you fell off the horse that time?”

The old fellow did not deign to reply. Proudly mounted, he stuck out his chest. But Grandmother still would not relent: “If you want to go to the graves, you can go by carriage. And you can ride here in the yard!”

The old man paid no attention, thrust out his chin, and did not reply.

“It’s all because you’re so cocky that you always forget how old you are!” The old woman mumbled this as if she were talking to herself. Meanwhile, Sampei had already mounted from the case and was sitting on the horse in front of his grandfather.

The old man was in fine spirits. “Well, how do you like it, Sampei? A fine horse, eh?” And then he added: “As soon as we are out of the village, we’ll gallop—like on the racecourse!”

But Grandmother was ready with an answer: “What? Gallop! You can’t possibly do that!” But then she saw Sakzo taking the reins and getting ready to lead the horse to the gate. So she quickly called out: “Sakzo! Look out for the motorcars! And see to it that, whatever happens, master gets off at the foot of the cemetery hill. Don’t ever let go of the reins!”

Indeed, it really looked dangerous, the way the oldster with his high hat and six-year-old Sampei sat on their horse. Not only in Grandmother’s eyes, but in everyone else’s too. They were not riding; they were obviously just sitting on top of a horse.

Nevertheless, they paid no attention to Grandmother and her anxiety. “Giddy- up, let’s go,” said the old man and laughed. The two were already swaying about on their steed, and the old man said to Sampei: “Our grandmother doesn’t understand. If we were to listen to her, we couldn’t do a thing. Eh, Sampei!”

Soon they were crossing the stone bridge at the end of the village. Beyond a rape field in full bloom and a gum-tree plantation, they could already make out the hill with the white gravestones.

“Only up to there,” said the old man, “we’ll easily manage that.” By now they were on the path on the other side of the bridge which led along the stream. Suddenly there was a sound from the water.

“Hey! What was that?”

“What?” Sakzo stopped the horse which he was leading by the bridle and looked into the water.

“What, a catfish? I see, hm. . . . Couldn’t we catch it?”

“Yes, we probably could, if we had a net or a fishing rod. But you can’t catch a catfish with your bare hands.”

“Oh yes, of course. But let’s get down from the horse. Eh, Sampei? We two would also like to take a look at the catfish.” So Sakzo lifted first Sampei and then the old man, one after another, off the horse. The old man immediately looked down from the bank into the dark shadow of the water plants at the bottom of the stream.

“I’d like to catch that one,” he said, and Sampei added at once:

“I too!”

“Yes, you would, wouldn’t you?” said his grandfather, delighted with the little boy’s support. He turned to Sakzo:
"Listen, Sakzo, run back home quickly and fetch the net and a fishing rod. In the meantime, we two will keep an eye on the fish."

"Yes, yes."

"You can take the horse and ride."

"Yes, yes." Sakzo mounted and galloped off toward the village.

The old man and Sakzo squatted on the bank of the stream and stared into the water. Each was murmuring to himself:

"Don't swim away! Don't swim away!"

"Go to sleep, big catfish, go to sleep!"

Now they would stretch out their heads, now they would draw them in again between their shoulders. Five minutes passed, ten minutes, twenty minutes.

"Whatever is the fellow doing? What a long time he's taking! Perhaps he can't find the net, or the fishing rod? Surely he hasn't gone to sleep somewhere!" The old man looked in the direction of the village, then back at the catfish and the stream, and in doing so he again remembered an incident from his young days: "In this stream your grandfather once caught a catfish four feet long."

"Really?"

"It was in August, on an evening during the hottest time. I had put a green frog on the end of my hook. We used to move the frog in such a way that it looked as if it were jumping around close to the edge of the water. And then the big catfish came with a leap—I thought my rod would snap! Nowadays they don't have such big catfish around here any more. After all, it must be nearly sixty years ago—"

"Look, he's coming, he's coming!"

They could already hear the loud clop-clop of the hoofs. Sakzo was carrying the long fishing rod on his shoulder. At the lower end of the rod dangled the basket. Because the horse was galloping, the fishing rod swung up and down against the sky. The basket danced about wildly, sometimes bumping against Sakzo's head. And that was not all. He had stuck the rolled-up net through his belt like a sword. He looked very imposing, like a robber on horseback, as he came bravely galloping along on his steed. But Grandfather was by no means pleased by such a display of courage. The catfish might be scared away by the noise of the hoofs!

So he quickly got up with the words: "He's coming, he's coming, but with too much noise!" and, his gaze still riveted on the bed of the stream, moved a few steps toward Sakzo. Then he spread out both arms; it seemed as if he wanted to stop the horse in full gallop:

"Thank you for the trouble!"

Sakzo tore at the reins; he barely managed to bring his horse to a halt just in front of the old man. He mumbled something and handed down the fishing rod first. Then he handed over the basket, and finally he undid the net from his hip. At this very moment Sampei shouted: "Oh the catfish—the catfish has got away!"

The old man and Sakzo ran toward the spot where Sampei was standing. Craning their necks, they looked into the stream. But it didn't help—there was no trace of the big catfish. All three of them stood there speechless, thunderstruck. There was nothing to be done about it.

Suddenly the old man broke out into peals of laughter. "Why, of course we were not right to want to kill a living creature just on the way to the graves. What a good thing it escaped!"

Sakzo agreed as he wiped the sweat off his face: "Yes, that's what Ooku-san said too. She scolded me terribly for it."

This again made Grandfather laugh out loud! But then they finally started off once more on their trip to the graves. Fishing rod, basket, and net now proved a nuisance. They looked around, but there was nothing in the vicinity but rape fields and gum trees. So they hid the three articles in a gum-tree plantation; on the way back they would pick them up again here and take them home. The old man and Sampei were lifted up onto the horse
again, Sakzo took it by the bridle, and they moved off at a comfortable pace.

At the point where the path began to rise, Sakzo said: "Danna-san, what about it? Great Oku-san said that master should get off before the slope began. It is dangerous here."

But the old fellow would hear nothing of it. "What are you talking about! Just where it starts going uphill we are to get off! Do you mean to say that old people should climb mountains! That would be pure murder!"

"Well, all right, but then let's ride up as slowly as possible."

Around the many bends and windings the path made here, they finally arrived at the cemetery at the top. There they dismounted, and the old man had the horse tied up in the grove. Then he climbed up the last bit to the graves of his ancestors. But here he neither sacrificed incense, nor did he think of folding his hands. All he said was: "Ah, a fine view indeed." And he drew himself up and looked in all four directions.

"Well, Sampei, isn't our country beautiful?"

Toward the east one could see the old castle near the town, to the south the white sails on the Inland Sea. To the north there were only hills and mountain ranges. In the west the long ribbon of the river sparkled in the plain, and behind it ran, like a little toy, a train drawing its plume of smoke behind it.

Having looked into the distance to his heart's content, the old man began to give his attention to what lay near by. On the west side there lay a little wood at the sight of which our old friend suddenly felt a desire to release birds here!

Long, long ago, yes, seventy years ago, when the old man's father had died, birds had been given their liberty here at this spot. They had been rice birds and pigeons and some other birds. They had been let loose from pretty baskets. At first all these birds had flown with a whirr of wings to that wood over there; sitting on the branches they had chattered excitedly and had flown from tree to tree. What the rice birds had done then, the old man had forgotten. But the three white pigeons, they had flown up high into the sky and then, in a beautiful straight line, had disappeared toward Okayama. As a little boy he had followed the flight of the pigeons till he could not make them out any longer. Under the blue sky he had seen how the white wings of the pigeons had moved up and down and how they disappeared into the distance. This sight had remained deep behind his eyes to this very day.

But now he wanted to see it once again. So he said to Sakzo: "Listen, Sakzo!"

"Yes?"

"I am sorry to trouble you again, but you must go quickly into town and buy some birds."

"What?"

"Yes, I would like to set free some birds here."

"Oh."

"Two or three pigeons and a few small birds, any kind will do. You must buy five or six birds!"

"Yes, sir!"

Sakzo's face remained unmoved, but inwardly he did not altogether approve. However, he descended to the grove, led out the horse, and grumbled at the animal: "The old chap!" Then he mumbled a few more words, clicked his tongue, and rode down the slope.

For a while the old man followed Sakzo with his eyes as he rode off toward the village; but then he finally became aware of Sampei standing next to him. Sampei had nothing to do, he stood there looking bored. The sight of him brought back memories of the old man's own youth. When he was as old as Sampei, he had once evoked a distant echo here by loud calls. At that time, when he had heard the echo, he had had the feeling that a lot of children's voices were coming from that valley there and that mountain over there. There seemed to be children everywhere, among whom he himself was in a large, joyous company. He had recently thought of this from time to time and felt a desire to hear this once more. So he said to the boy now: "Sampei! Do you know what an echo is?"

"Yes, of course!"

"Let's try here! It's great fun."

Sampei smiled and called: "Oooi!"
"Who is there?"
"Who is there?"
"Who is there?"

"Yes, that's fun," said the old man. He sat down on a gravestone, pulled out his tobacco pouch, and filled his pipe. While he smoked, he told Sampei about the pigeons and the little birds which Sakzo was probably just buying. But then Sakzo's mounted figure appeared on the path from the village.

"Grandfather! Sakzo is coming back!" Sampei was the first to notice.

"Mm. That's remarkably quick!"

Sakzo was already beginning to ascend the hill. Now one could see quite clearly that he was not carrying a single basket.

"Grandfather, he isn't bringing any birds!"

"Isn't he? Indeed. I wonder what can be the matter?"

Having arrived at the grove, Sakzo dismounted, tied up the horse, and came running up to the cemetery.

"Danna-san! It can't be done. Great Oku-san is terribly angry!"

"Hahaha," the old man laughed, "yes, Grandmother is stingy—hahaha—I had already been wondering what she would have to say!"

"Yes, you are to come home at once, I am to tell you."

The old man burst out laughing again. But there was nothing to be done about it. So Grandfather and Sampei, with Sakzo pushing them, climbed up onto the horse again, and off they went, at first very slowly and carefully down the cemetery hill.

"The old woman doesn't understand a thing, does she, Sakzo? Women are all fools." The old man up on his horse went on talking to himself in this vein for a long time.

The following night he had a dream. He dreamed he was already dead. Yes, quite dead. So he should really not have been in this world, this village, this house any more, but he was still here. Although this was contrary to all reason, that is the way the dream was. What surprised him most was that, in spite of his death, nothing had changed in the least. He went here and there. In the tea room there still stood the table, the long fire brazier with the little drawers, the iron kettle, the round wooden bowl for the boiled rice. He lifted the lid of the bowl and, sure enough, there was really rice in it.

"Nothing has changed," he said in astonishment. Then he went into the village to have a look round there too. As he came out of the gate he met Kinsaku. He was carrying his hoe on his shoulder and was on his way to the fields.

"Kinsaku-san, the village hasn't changed a bit," he said questioningly and wanted to add: "you know, I have died." But he could not get out the words, he simply could not say it. But why he could not say it, he did not know.

"No, nothing has changed," Kinsaku confirmed.

"Is your persimmon tree bearing fruit again?"

"This year there were a lot of caterpillars in it. They have eaten all the leaves."

"Have they? Then I suppose the caterpillars are stinging again?"

"Yes, of course. They are tiger-hair caterpillars."

And then he stood in front of a tree trunk. He could not tell where. On the trunk sat a cicada. It chirped: "Jiiiii-jiririri-jiii. . . ."

"The cicadas chirp here too," thought Jinshichi.

Then a boy came in view. He had on a white shirt, white trousers, and a light hat with a wide brim. Everything about him was bright and clear. Well, if it wasn't Sampei! And, since it was Sampei, he would have to speak to him. But then again he did not like to do this. He was afraid he might somehow frighten Sampei; for, after all, he himself was dead . . . . But this sight, too, proved that nothing changes in the world after death.

The old man's heart felt light and gay. Now he would like to have gone to the stone bridge to take one more look at the catfish hiding in the holes of the embankment. But he decided not to and went home. In the back room he pulled out a small drawer in the chest. There had
always been some money in it. When he looked in, he found everything unchanged even here. There stood the little money box. Three or four silver fifty-sen pieces twinkled in it, and among them lay a few copper coins. In one corner, carefully folded, lay some notes. There seemed to be two or three ten-yen notes.

At about this point the old man woke up. But even when awake he still had a strange sensation. He did not know whether he was alive or whether he had already died. He raised his body slightly and looked around him. There was complete darkness everywhere, not a glimmer of light. He cleared his throat: "ehem . . . ." Then Grandmother next door also cleared her throat. Now only did the old man know he was still alive.

"Oh, it was only a dream," he said to himself and crawled back under his covers.

The following morning he sat up on his bedclothes, and in doing so remembered the dream, which caused him to feel amazement again. But now he did not feel amazed that nothing changed in this world after death; he only felt astonishment at having believed that the world should change after death. After all, there was no reason for it to change—that is what he felt now.

When, for example, one has been absent from school for many days, one might perhaps think that there must have been a lot of changes in the school meanwhile. In reality, however, nothing changes at all. It is just that people all believe it does. The old man chuckled as he thought this. In the end, death is nothing else than being absent from this world, simply staying away from it. One simply disappears from the world. And so dying is nothing so extraordinary as one has always imagined all one’s life.

But when one thinks about such matters one remembers a lot of things one has enjoyed on this earth. This and that, one after another, come to one’s mind, things one would like to see once more.

During breakfast Jinshichi said to Grandmother: "Grandmother, I believe it’s a long time since I saw a rainbow."

"Is it?" Grandmother was thinking: I wonder what he wants now? She tried to be as noncommittal as possible.

"Aren’t there any more rainbows nowadays?"

"Yes, of course there are."

"I see—well, then I want to be told when there is one."

"But rainbows always disappear so quickly again, there wouldn’t be time enough to call you. Why don’t you go out when it’s raining and look for yourself!"

Now the old man was furious. For a while he was quite silent. But then a new idea occurred to him: "Grandmother, haven’t some small birds built a nest somewhere!"

"Most likely they have."

"Where have they built it?"

"I don’t pay attention to such things. Why don’t you let Sakzo look for one?"

"Hm—yes, please call him."

Sakzo was called.

"Have some small birds built a nest somewhere?"

"Well, I couldn’t say offhand. Does the master wish to have a nest taken down from a tree?"

"No, I’d only like to look into one."

"Oh, I see." Sakzo looked as if he did not quite agree.

The memory had returned to the old man of a nest into which he had once looked in his young days. He still remembered how prettily the little birds had sat on their fairy-like eggs. He felt that he could not die before seeing this once more. But it was not only the nest he wanted to see. At that time, when he had looked into the nest, he had climbed a very high tree, and
from there he had had a bird’s-eye view of the whole village. That had been wonderful, and he wanted to see that once more now.

He said to Sakzo: “Place a ladder against the persimmon tree behind the barn.”

“What? What do you want a ladder for?”

“Hmm—I want to climb up afterwards.”

“Wha-a-t?”

Sakzo and Grandmother, too, of course, were thoroughly alarmed: “The things you think of! You’re eighty years old, not a heedless boy up to tricks. I am sure Sampei will laugh at you!”

“Hold your tongue, Grandmother! What do you know about it?”

“A lot! I know a great deal about it! You only want to climb up very high somewhere so that afterwards you can brag to everyone how strong you still are. But there’s not a single person who will admire you for doing such a thing. They’ll only laugh at you. Sakzo! The ladder is not to be placed against the tree!”

Now the old man was very angry. At least, if no nest could be found, he wanted to enjoy the bird’s-eye view again. But it was useless to explain such things to Grandmother; it was impossible to carry out his plan now. So the old man made up his mind to carry out the ladder himself at the next opportunity.

When Grandmother noticed that the old man was silent and apparently in very ill humor, she said to console him: “If you really want to climb up very high somewhere so that afterwards you can brag to everyone how strong you still are. But there’s not a single person who will admire you for doing such a thing. They’ll only laugh at you. Sakzo! The ladder is not to be placed against the tree!”

Now the old man was very angry. At least, if no nest could be found, he wanted to enjoy the bird’s-eye view again. But it was useless to explain such things to Grandmother; it was impossible to carry out his plan now. So the old man made up his mind to carry out the ladder himself at the next opportunity.

When Grandmother noticed that the old man was silent and apparently in very ill humor, she said to console him: “If you really want to climb up very high somewhere, why don’t you simply go to the top floor and look out of the window? That will give you pleasure.”

“Never mind, never mind. I wouldn’t like to climb up anywhere if Sampei is going to laugh at me. Hahaha!”

That was telling her! Furious, Grandmother got up and went out. She went to the back rooms, although there was not the least thing for her to do there. As she went out she mumbled: “His tongue is the only agile thing about that old man!”

“What did you say?” Jinshichi called after her. “If anyone has an agile tongue around here, it’s you!”

At last he was finished with his long-drawn-out breakfast. After he had smoked a little on the veranda he took his stick and went out. He had to take one more walk around the village. He said “one more,” but he went every day. With every new day he felt that just today he had to take a look to see how the trees and branches looked.

The following morning found the old man sitting again, as always, on the veranda of his house and smoking a pipe. He was ruminating as to whether there was not something nice to do again today.

“Oh yes,” he suddenly said. He seemed to have thought of something nice. Although it was a little too early in the year for this, the old man wished now to see the decorations for the Boys’ Festival in May.

“Grandmother!” Jinshichi always called for Grandmother, although she habitually scolded him. But in the course of the long years he had become accustomed always to call for Grandmother whenever he had something to say.

“Tell Sakzo to put up the mast for the carp banners in the garden.”

“What kind of an idea is that? It’s only April!”

“Why not in April? I can’t wait till May. I’d like to see the Boys’ Festival decorations because they are so jolly, so full of life.”

“You really are a lot of trouble. People are already saying anyway that you are getting childish.”

“Who cares what people say? But no one knows in this life what tomorrow will bring. As for me, before I take leave of this world I have a lot of things which I should like to see once more.”

“All right, all right.”

Grandmother withdrew. The old man looked after her for a while with a smile on his face. Now that he was alone he could smile at her. But then he heard Grandmother’s voice:

“Sakzo, you are to put up the carp banners.” And then to the maids: “Please fetch the knight dolls from the storehouse and set them up in the tokonoma in the living room.”
Soon the armor of the dolls was shining in the rays of the spring sun. The old man enjoyed the spectacle all by himself. He was so pleased that he laughed. For two hours, three hours, he looked at the decorations. Now and again he drank some tea, smoked, drank some more tea, and smoked again. He gradually felt a little tired, stretched out on the veranda, and fell asleep, snoring gently. While asleep, he had another dream: in front of the veranda in the garden, men in long-maned lion masks were dancing the lion-dance. Others were beating drums and playing the flute. The flute went only ryu-ryu, the way the old fellow liked it. And from somewhere petals fell chuari-chuari on the dancing lions.

When the old man wakes up he will be sure to say that he would like to see a lion-dance.

But—this time it will be a long time before old Jinshichi wakes up.

Age does not make us childish, as is said, it finds us only as true children still.

Goethe
BOOK REVIEW

Sinica, XVI. Jahrgang, Heft 1-6.

A recent publication from Germany is a rare treat nowadays. The friends of the Frankfurt-China Institute are delighted to have received the latest volume of its periodical Sinica, a link between those interested in China at home and abroad. A reprint of this volume has just been published in Shanghai.

A guide to an exhibition of Chinese ships held at the Institute by E. Rouselle gives much general and detailed information about seafaring and fishing, the latter interspersed with well-flavored gastronomic items.

The greater part of the volume is taken up by the two final installments of a detailed and scholarly account of the "History of Chinese Money," by Liao Bao-seing. It is a most exhaustive study of all aspects of the Chinese monetary systems, from earliest times until this century, of gold and silver, copper, iron and paper, with the inflations they entailed. The author has made an extensive study of all those Chinese books which yield information about any kind of payment. Anecdotal quotations and carefully compiled charts illustrate his points, which are of the greatest historical interest even to the numismatist. This article is a synthesis of the Chinese and German ideal of careful scholarship.

The first installment of an article about Chinese medicine by W. Hartner will also captivate the layman's interest. An introductory account of the competitive struggle between the old Chinese and the modern foreign ways of healing, which still divides the public into two camps, is followed by a history of medical development and of China's most famous doctors and their treatises from mythical times up to the T'ang dynasty. One is amazed to learn that the Chou had a system of public hygiene and that the different religions bred quite different systems of medical thought.

A book review by W. Eberhard of a translation into Persian of old Chinese medical works is worth reading as a supplement to the article on medicine. From the pen of E. Rouselle comes much information about Taoism and its roots in one of the oldest cultures on Chinese soil. He writes about Lao-tze and his book, of which he has recently published a new translation, and about "Woman in Chinese Society and Mythology," and about the age-old myth of the "Island of the Dead," to which souls are carried in a boat formed by the waning moon. There is also a description of pictures of the 'Eight Taoist Immortals' by Ernst Diez.

Buddhism is represented by an article on the problematical personality of the painter Hu Chih-fu, by W. Speiser, who paints in the amusing manner of the Ch'an individualists.

Perhaps the most unusual article is W. Eichhorn's "Causes, Opponents and Beginnings of Neo-Confucianism." He sees in the influx of foreign elements during the T'ang dynasty a grave danger to China's cultural unity. The Neo-Confucians of the Sung dynasty were aware of this danger and sought to fit Confucianism for the struggle with Buddhism and Taoism, which had adopted many Buddhist features, by supplying some answers to metaphysical questions, which Confucius himself neglected but human beings will always ask.—E.C.

Naturwissenschaftliche Textreihen (Natural Science Texts), published by the Section for German Language and Literature of the Fu-Jen University in Peking.

The German Section of the Fu-Jen University in Peking has continued its useful preliminary work for the study of German scientific literature with a series of new publications. This series consists of short German texts, accompanied by a Chinese vocabulary, followed by a complete Chinese translation. The list of these books, which have proved very convenient to schools and universities, has meanwhile grown to quite a respectable size. It includes four volumes in the mathematical series (Basic Mathematics, Primary Numbers, Differential Equations, K. E. Gauze), two volumes in the chemical series (Basic Chemistry, Anorganic Chemistry), one volume in the physical series (Selected Reading Matter), as well as the first volume of the biological series (You and Life), while the German-Chinese Primer already consists of three volumes (Short Scientific Items, Excerpts from Popular German Literature and Poetry, German Scientists).—B.

Vorgeschichte des europäischen Krieges 1939 (Background of the European War 1939), by W. Bretschneider. (Shanghai, 1944, Mox Nössler & Co., 85 pp. German-Chinese and German-Japanese editions.)

A new volume has appeared in the series "Deutsche Schriftenreihe," a survey of European history from the Treaty of Versailles (1919) to the outbreak of the present war. While the book includes a brief summary of the early period after the Great War as well as of the League of Nations, the author places the emphasis on tracing international relations since 1933, i.e., since the year in which Hitler came into power in Germany. Dr. Bretschneider deals first with German-Polish relations during the phases of Germany's weakness, the Hitler-Pilsudski rapprochement, and the deterioration of relations after Pilsudski's death. Next he turns to relations between Germany and Great Britain; the attitude of the USA toward Europe and Germany, in particular the role of President Roosevelt; and Franco-German relations. This latter part he prefaces with a survey of the more remote past, to which he adds an interesting map (p. 44) showing the French campaigns in Central Europe between 925 and 1919. Finally he contrasts the characters and aims of the two world camps at war today.

The author's presentation is clear and concise and offers a guide through a period of history which, because of its recent date, is still in the raw from the historian's point of view.