QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

By E. Haldeman-Julius
Questions and Answers

You say history shows that the economic factors in warfare are of paramount importance, especially in these days of mechanized fighting. I agree. You say that the democracies will defeat the Axis powers because they have what it takes. I agree again. But I believe you should go into this subject with actual facts and figures. Show us from the record where the democracies and the axis countries stand in matters that concern population, area, food, minerals, cotton, wool, petroleum, and other raw materials. This is a big order but I know you can deliver. It's one of the most important subjects facing students of world affairs. The economic aspects of the present situation are every bit as important as the naval and military establishments.

The facts, gathered from official sources, economic and financial authorities, statistical abstracts, government reports, reliable magazines, and the like, all show that the democracies alone—that is to say, Britain, the U.S., China and the Dutch East Indies—have the Axis powers backed off the map. When we add the Soviet Union to the democratic resources, the results become even more overwhelming. But even if we were to omit Russia, the economic forces on the side of the democracies still would be vastly superior to the Axis countries. These facts, I insist, spell the eventual doom of Fascism, assuming that the democracies intend to use their resources to crush the Axis countries, among whom I include Germany, Italy, German-dominated Europe, and Japan. The economic factors listed below must have a decisive effect in favor of the democracies, and it's sure now that they're going to be used to the hilt.

Let's take two points as starters—population and area. The world's population is 2,095,000,000, of which 1,235,000,000 (58.9% of the world total) are in the democracies, plus 175,000,000 (8.4%) are in Russia, while the Axis countries have 388,000,000 (18.5%). Figuring area in square miles: total for the world, 51,143,000, of which 24,203,000 (47.3%) are in the democracies, plus 8,200,000 (16%) in Russia, while the Axis countries have 2,235,000 (4.4%).

Now let's turn to the most important raw material in mechanized warfare, petroleum. Figured in barrels, world production per year is 1,790,291,000, of which the democracies produce 1,294,282,000 (72.3%), plus 125,000,000 for Russia (7%), as against 67,500,000 (3.7%) for the Axis.

Look at iron ore (in tons) for a normal year. World production, 174,500,000, of which the democracies produce 79,500,000 (45.6%), plus Russia's 28,000,000 (16%), as against 65,500,000 (37.5%) for the Axis. The same figures, roughly, hold with pig iron and steel ingots, which show that the democracies are maintaining an overwhelming advantage in materials that are of first importance in wartime.

The democracies produce 68% of the world's copper, plus 4.1% for Russia, against 11.9% for the Axis. The democracies again stand far out front with lead and zinc.

Gold and silver are also weapons of war. Here's the record, in ounces: gold, world production, 35,165,000, of which the democracies produce 22,954,000 (65.3%), plus Russia's 4,785,000 (13.6%), as against 1,447,000 (4.1%) for the Axis. Silver: world production, 249,171,000 ounces, of which the democracies produce 102,232,000 (40.9%), plus Russia's 3,900,000 (1.6%), as against 18,126,000 (7.3%) for the Axis.

The world has 40,560,000 motor cars, of which 32,000,500 (78.9%) belong to the democracies.

The democracies are far ahead of the Axis in developed and potential water power.

Cotton is a top-flight war essential. The world's production is 30,200,000 bales, of which the democracies produce 23,768,000 (78.8%),
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plus Russia’s 2,800,000 (9.3%), as against zero for the Axis. The world’s production of rubber is 855,-
300 tons, of which the democracies produce 841,000 (98.3%), as against zero for the Axis. Germany pro-
duces about 60,000 tons of artificial rubber annually, but Russia does much more, though the exact figure
isn’t available.

Wool is also important, with world production of 3,580,000,000 pounds, of which the democracies produce 2,170,000,000 (60.6%), plus Russia’s 2,000,000,000 (5.6%), as against 244,-
000,000 (6.8%) for the Axis.

Now comes wheat, with world production of 4,599,000,000 bushels, of which the democracies produce 2,-
196,000,000 (47.7%), plus Russia’s 1,133,000,000 (24.6%), as against 295,000,000 (6.4%) for the Axis. The
democracies and Russia are ahead of the Axis in rye, barley, oats, rice, sugar beets, cane sugar and tobacco.

Corn is outstanding, with a world production of 4,602,000,000 bushels, of which the democracies produce 3,377,000,000 (78.4%), plus Russia’s 109,000,000 (2.4%), as against 783,-
000,000 (17%) for the Axis. The Axis leads only in potatoes, of which world production is 8,127,400,000
bushels, and of which the democracies produce 569,065,000 (7%), plus Russia’s 2,562,480,000 (31.5%), while
the Axis countries produce 4,663,305,-
000, or 57.4%.

Live stock is important. Here’s the record for cattle. World production is 654,300,000, of which the dem-
ocracies produce 352,421,000 (51.4%), plus Russia’s 56,500,000 (8.2%) as against 91,854,000 (13.4%) for
the Axis. Hogs: world production, 284,-
800,000, of which the democracies produce 58,996,000 (20.7%), plus Russia’s 30,400,000 (10.7%), as
against 52,780,000 (18.5%) for the Axis. Finally, sheep, with world production of 742,300,000, of which the
democracies produce 311,545,000 (41.9%), plus Russia’s 73,300,000 (9.7%), as against 88,440,000
(11.9%) for the Axis.

Coal and lignite, in tons, come next, with world production of 1,-
379,000,000 tons, of which the dem-
ocracies produce 776,366,000 (56.3%), plus Russia’s 94,000,000 (6.8%), as against 462,550,000 (33.5%) for
the Axis.

Figures tire the average reader.

But these are the things men fight with, and one can’t consider the poss-
ible outcome of a world war with-
out measuring these items. And they all point in one direction—tremen-
dous advantages in favor of the
democracies and Russia; signs of sure defeat for the Axis powers.

That’s why the experts are right when they say Hitler will win more battles, but he won’t win the war. The
reason is at hand—the economic situation is all loaded in favor of the democracies. And these things
will count in the end.

I hope you will find time and the in-
cination to discuss the question of race prejudice amongst people who are
themselves members of persecuted races. I happen to be a young colored woman. Recently I entered the barbershop of a colored man who employs three other barbers. I know all of them because they are prominent figures in the Negro population of this community. When I entered, the owner came surrying to the door to greet
me—not with a welcome but with the news that his shop caters only to white people and for that reason I
should take my trade elsewhere. He was kind enough to recommend a Negro’s shop that welcomes Negro cus-
tomers. Please comment.

I have discussed this subject in numerous articles (see my volumes of “Questions and Answers”) and
in several speeches before Negro audiences. Whenever I tell an audi-
ence about race prejudice among Negroes themselves they greet my critical remarks with enthusiastic ap-
plause, for they know my words go to the heart of a touchy subject.

Light-colored Negroes look down on mahogany-colored Negroes, and these in turn look down on darker ones,
and so on down the line until the next to the blackest Negro draws away from the blackest of all black
men. Not all, mark you, only those who are addicted to the vice of racism. Intelligent Negroes, like in-
telligent whites, have no truck with such uncivilized nonsense. But this isn’t a world dedicated to intelli-
gence. Prejudice, which is encourag-
ed by numerous people in positions of power, has a tremendous hold on millions of people, which accounts
for much of the personal misery that rages far and wide. I’ve met Negroes who dislike darker Negroes,
as I’ve already mentioned. I’ve also
met Negroes who hate Jews with all the ardor of a follower of Hitler. On the other hand, I've met anti-Negro sentiments among Jewish individuals. And, speaking of Jews, reminds me that they also have their social lines of demarcation. In the old days, before the advent of Hitler's organized race-baiting, a German Jew would look down on a Polish Jew. A Polish Jew would look askance at a Russian Jew. While a Portuguese Jew would look down on everybody, including Spanish Jews. But all these Jews were acting as individuals, not as a group. We must remember to keep that in mind. And when we find Jews discriminating against Negroes, let's bear in mind that this isn't representative of the Jews as a race. Intelligent Jews know that if they're to fight persecution aimed at themselves they must participate in every legitimate movement that strives to stamp out all forms of racism, including, naturally, the Negroes. You can't find any anti-Semitism among the leaders of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, for they are too civilized and humane for such vile expressions of the human spirit. Also, you can't find anti-Negro prejudices among liberal, enlightened, tolerant, civilized, educated Jews. They know the lessons of history too well for such obscene behavior. But that doesn't stop individual Jews from showing the vilest kind of anti-Negro impulses. Let me illustrate this by an example that comes from one of my readers in Washington, D. C., democracy's headquarters, the seat of the international movement against Nazism and all it means. An employee of the Klapowitz Clothing Store, in Washington, received a circular from his Jewish employer, Mr. Klapowitz. The boss was instructing his sales force how to handle Negro customers. It sounds unbelievable, but I want to assure my readers that it's absolutely authentic. Here is Mr. Klapowitz's appalling letter:

SPECIAL NOTICE THIRD FLOOR
During busy periods and on sale days we wish to avoid waiting on Colored trade. Of course, we have quite a few very valuable customers among colored people—teachers, professors in colleges and some of them whose husbands hold high type positions with honor and distinction. If you know those people it is good business to give them service and when you do, it must be done unobtrusively and in such a manner that it will not look like a colored convention.

In other words, you should take them to the fitting room, make this sale in the fitting room, complete the entire transaction, then take her to the elevator so there will be no lingering or lingering on the floor. All others—you may tell, that we are sold out, we do not have their size or in some way, without offending them, get them out as quickly as possible.

All this must be done with discretion and good judgment so you will not start any arguments or create a disturbance. We leave the entire matter up to your discretion and good selling judgment. The main point is to get them into the fitting room as quickly as possible.

With colored trade we have, we want only the high type of trade and the others, we would rather not be bothered with.—A. J. K.

There's a much larger store in Washington that's run by Julius Garfinkel, a department store that has a national reputation. Well, it happens to be a fact that Garfinkel's store refuses any kind of dealings with the colored people of Washington. I'm sure both of the gentlemen mentioned above have "logical" reasons for their actions. But what good does such "logic" do when explained to the colored man who wants to buy a suit of clothes or a necktie? He's hurt deeply and painfully. Why shouldn't he be? And his misery has been caused by prominent members of a race that itself has to accept insults, persecutions, discriminations, and even worse, from Jew-haters. The first suggestion that comes to mind is to advise Negroes to take their money and trade away from such unfriendly people, and see to it that this unfair discrimination is advertised widely so that fair-minded whites will be informed regarding the facts and be encouraged to act accordingly, either protesting in words or going so far as protesting with deeds in the form of a just boycott. Negroes and Jews who are victims of race prejudice should stand together, and never joining in movements that are nothing more than the tactics of a band of Nazi hoodlums. Negroes are being taught to
hate Jews; Jews let themselves despise Negroes. All this is terrible. It must be fought. Publicity is an effective weapon in the struggle for justice and fairness among the races. If Fascism takes hold in this country the first groups to suffer will be the Negroes and the Jews. If they have any sense they'll stand together now, while there's still time to fight racism. After Fascism comes it'll be too late. Both will go down in ruin. By standing together today they can help hold off the forces that encourage race-baiting.

Can you tell me how much damage the Nazi air raids did to British real estate during the first two years of the war?

The Economist, London financial publication, estimates Britain's property loss through air raids at $480,000,000 for the first two years of the war. The journal bases its estimate on insurance figures, which showed that the companies had suffered losses of 3½ percent on their policies covering real estate in Greater London. The Economist put the entire country's loss at a lower figure (an average of 2 percent), because London received more attention from Hitler's bombers. Two percent equals $480,000,000, based on the country's estimated real estate values of $24,000,000,000.

Douglas Miller, the author of "You Can't Do Business With Hitler," says a Nazi victory will mean that Hitler will dominate the Catholic Church. Please comment.

Here are Douglas Miller's words: "If Hitler wins in Europe, he will control the Pope, the Vatican, the overwhelming majority of the Cardinals of the Catholic Church, and its central executive organization."

Mr. Miller, who was our commercial attache in Berlin for six years during Hitler's regime, has shown by his writings that he knows a great deal about Nazi schemes. There's nothing unreasonable about his assertion regarding Hitler's control over the Black International, should he nail down his victory. His record shows that when he achieves power he uses it to the limit. That being a fact, isn't it plain that he would use the immense powers of the Church for his own ends? Hitler isn't given to generous gestures, to half-way measures, and to easy compromises. If he has the reins in his hands he dictates the route. On the other hand, the Church would rather be an organic part of any Fascist State than a mere rubber stamp. But the Church would rather be subordinate to a dictator than have to tolerate the free institutions of free countries, including free press, free speech, free education, and the right to choose one's own religion or dispense with religion entirely. The Black International has made its choice. It prefers Catholic-Fascism, in which it's a full partner. Look at what it wrested from Mussolini when it signed the Lateran Treaty in 1929. But, half a loaf, you know...

You say, in one of your volumes of "Questions and Answers," that more civilians are being killed in this war than in the first World War. Can you give the figures?

In the first World War, according to insurance company statisticians, the ratio was one civilian killed to 75 military deaths. In this war, up to the opening of the Russo-German War, the same experts estimated it to be one in three. This figure undoubtedly will be changed at the close of hostilities in Russia.

I am enclosing several quotations from Father Coughlin's magazine "Social Justice," which show his deep hatred for democracy and freedom. I suggest you use them.

I have shown beyond debate that Father (of what?) Coughlin is the spearhead of Catholic-Fascism in the U.S. My volumes of "Questions and Answers" are crowded with data to prove his position is opposed to everything valuable in our American way of life. The quotations referred to above are typical Coughlinisms. At the time when the Russians were holding back Hitler's armies and counter-attacking along several hundred miles of the central front near Smolensk, Coughlin's publication was saying:

"Now that the Russian campaign is practically decided in favor of Hitler, British morale, which hoped against hope for a Soviet victory, is lower than the bottom-most ledge of Dover cliff."

Turning to the United States, with its hated Bill of Rights, Coughlin lets loose with this:

"We predict that the National-
Socialists in America—organized under that or some other name—eventually will take control of government on this continent... We predict the end of democracy in America."

Yes, if it isn’t to be called National-Socialism in the U.S., Catholic-Fascism may be the label, if re-actionaries like Coughlin can drum up a sufficiently large following. Coughlin is devoting much space to praise of Petain, France’s Catholic-Fascist dictator. To Coughlin, Petain is France’s saviour. He says:

"Do not forget that it was the French Revolution which trumped up the triple slogan of liberty, equality and fraternity as their moderns trump up democracy, freedom and humanitarianism."

...Petainism is Hitlerism. Coughlin hails both expressions of Fascism. This is brought out clearly in a New York Times letter from Boston, on July 15, 1941, in which George M. Hanfmann, of Cambridge, Mass., gives the position of Coughlin’s militant organization, the Christian Front:

"For the first time in the history of this movement, despite the lies of a subsidized press, we give tribute to the world’s most hated man. To the one national leader who has had the courage to fight to the death the curse of modern civilization, Soviet Russia, we say Heil Hitler!"

In one of his speeches, Father Coughlin made a direct appeal for civil disobedience in the U.S. Plainly calling on his followers to refuse to pay taxes to Uncle Sam, Coughlin said:

"I ask you as a priest participating in Christ’s priesthood and as a subject in obedience, may I direct you to pay taxes to a government which expends that money to supply munitions to Russia? May you support a government that says ‘all out for Russia’?"

In the above words Father Coughlin shows himself as an enemy of America’s great defense movement. Were he able to put his policies into practice he could cripple our country’s efforts to help all victims of aggression, destroy American democracy, and place in power a regime dedicated to intolerance, bigotry, anti-democracy, racism, and all the other evil manifestations of Catholic-Fascism. These are harsh words, but remember I am basing them on the record, not on wishful thinking. At this point I usually arouse some pious readers to the point of writing me long, threatening letters, in which mention is usually made that Father Coughlin’s fulminations are his own notions, and that they do not represent in any way the policies of his Church. A student of history can’t be fooled by such nonsense. Father Coughlin couldn’t print an anti-democratic column or deliver a single pro-Fascist sermon if the hierarchy felt he was misrepresenting the Black International. Americanism hasn’t been condemned only by Father Coughlin. Hatred for progress, liberty and democracy go right up to the top of the organization. Let me quote a paragraph from Pope Leo XIII’s Encyclical "Humannum Genus," issued on April 20, 1884, in which the Freemasons are blasted for holding to ideas that are in harmony with true Americanism. Here are the reasons why the Pope condemned the Freemasons, and, through them, liberty-loving, liberal-minded, democratic Americans:

"They teach that men have all the same rights, and are perfectly equal in condition; that every man is naturally free; that no one has a right to command others; that it is tyranny to keep men subject to any other authority than that which emanates from themselves. Hence the people are sovereign; those who rule have no authority but by the commission and concession of the people, so that they can be deposed, willing or unwilling, according to the wishes of the people. The origin of all rights and civil duties is in the people or in the state, which is ruled according to the new principles of liberty. They hold that the State must not be united to religion that there is no reason why one religion ought to be preferred to another, and that all must be held in the same esteem." Bear in mind, please, that the document from which the above is quoted is intended to serve as a warning against the teachings listed above. They are rejected in toto by the Black International.

What is meant by “an exception proves the rule”? It's one of those silly sayings that persist even though they can never make sense. People who use this one seem to hold to the absurd view that
no rule really is a rule unless there's an exception. Which is like saying that gravitation pulls an apple from tree to ground, but once in a while we have the right to expect the apple to go sailing into the clouds, thereby violating the law of gravitation and thereby proving it. If we accept the word “prove” in the sense of “test,” one can get sense out of the expression, for in such a case the exception would not only test the “rule,” it would explode it.

Are members of the House of Representatves and the Senate permitted to smoke while on the floor?

In 1871 Congress passed a House Rule which is still in force, reading: “Smoking is prohibited within the bar of the House or the galleries.” In 1896 the rule was extended by the addition, “neither shall any person be allowed to smoke upon the floor of the House at any time.”

How much insurance does the Government carry on the White House?

None. The Federal Government never insures any of its buildings.

Can you explain why lb. stands for pound? The word “pound” contains neither an L nor a B.

The symbol lb. is a contraction of the Latin word for pound, libra.

Please let me know where Abraham Lincoln used the famous saying: “You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time.”

It's said that Lincoln used the expression in a speech at Clifton, Ill., September 8, 1858, but no copy of the supposed speech is in existence. There's been a long argument about this quotation, some experts insisting Lincoln never made it. Some say it was originated by the great showman, Barnum, but here also little evidence is offered.

Is it a fact that swimming in deep water is easier than in shallow water?

There's no difference.

Which rock is the most useful?

Limestone, because of the variety of its industrial and other uses.

Let us suppose an airplane could be made to stand still in the air. Would the earth as it travels on its orbit leave the plane behind?

As the airplane would still be in the earth's atmosphere, it would move with the earth.

Do you go in for fancy, blooded stock on your farm?

All I ask of an animal is that it be in good health, of fair disposition and reasonable looks. I'm a great believer in plain folks, human or farm animal—strong-looking alley cats, stray dogs without credentials except their alertness, companionship and sturdiness, and the common run of the human family. Blue-bloods aren't for me. Speaking of fair disposition, I had a splendid sow who weighed about 275 pounds, mother of six fine pigs, which she raised efficiently, and all-round excellent individual, except for her bad habit of killing chickens, a habit which every neighbor agreed I could never get the animal to break—so I sent her to her doom, regretfully but sternly. That reminds me of two dogs, both of whom went in for chicken-killing and other hell-raising in the barnyard and pastures. I said I'd have them destroyed, but their lives were spared when it was found that others were willing to assume the arduous task of turning a couple of killers into good citizens. The other day a neighbor sold me two bull calves, each about three months old, for $9.50 each. Another neighbor sold me six kids for a total of $6.50. And still another neighbor sold me seven excellent lambs, each weighing about 60 pounds, at $5 per head. So you see I don't go in for expensive, aristocratic, high-toned animals, though I realize such prices aren't going to last. Here I prefer to travel along with my neighbors, who seem to know their business, judging by their well-kept and well-run farms. There are no gentleman-farmers around this part of the State, and I certainly have no desire to become a gentleman-farmer. I can't be an actual doer of chores and tiller of the soil, but I'm not running 160 acres as a money-eating, show-off hobby. I know of no farmer in my part of the county who has ever even seen a $5,000 hog. We all go in for $5 weaned pigs. We're not like the fellow who asked $1,000,000 for his boar. When told that such a price was a little steep the owner asked what the
offer was. "I'll give you $10 for him," said the other. "Nothing doing," replied the owner. And that's all there was to it until, several weeks later, the friend met him and asked about the young pig. "Oh, I sold him," he answered. "Did you get your price of a million dollars?" "I got my price," the owner said, "I sold that boar for a million dollars, but it wasn't exactly cash. I took two $500,000 buck lambs for it." 

What percent of the total area of the British empire does Canada represent?

More than 27 percent.

I've seen Benjamin Franklin referred to as the author of "Genesis 20:1." Can you tell me what this means?

Franklin once wrote a plea for religious tolerance, which he called "Genesis 20:1," because he meant it as an addition to the Bible.

What effect do you think the defense situation will have on book publishing?

The International Association of Printing House Craftsmen has been warned by its general chairman, Harry M. Sachs, to get ready for fundamental changes in the publishing world because of the paper shortage, a situation that will surely get much more acute in a few months. This means that "jeep books" are going to have their day—small books, after the tiny army cars that now go by the name of "jeep cars." All this is up my alley, for I've been printing hundreds of millions of "jeep books" all these years while standard publishers were dressing up their books to make them look like over-sized dictionaries. It won't take me anytime at all to become adjusted to the situation, for I'm all set to go. I face the difficult problem of the paper shortage with several advantages on my side—first, a stock of about 8,000,000 little books in my warehouse; second, enough paper on hand to print another 3,000,000 booklets. But this set-up can change quickly if the public decides to make heavier demands on my facilities, for I'd have to go into a market that's already afflicted with the problem of a paper shortage, one that'll get progressively worse. My method of publishing will fit in with the times. Where others will have to make themselves over to get their material into "jeep" format, all I'll have to do will be to go ahead as in the past.

Tell me how much water falls every second on the earth's surface in the form of water?

15 tons.

What's your opinion of Yoga?

It's intellectual garbage.

Who do you think is writing the best prose today?

I'd put Bertrand Russell at the top of the list.

What's the source of the phrase, "Smite them hip and thigh"?

The Old Testament.

Who originated the expression, "till the cows come home"?

Jonathan Swift, in 1738. He also fathered "a son of a gun," in "The Battle of the Books." A 1690 slang dictionary gave space to "elbow grease," and Lewis Carroll's "Through the Looking Glass," gave us "as large as life and twice as natural."

Who carried "Everyday Book," issued in 1826, including "one of the has been."

Charles Dickens, in "The Pickwick Papers," first used "where do you hang out"? And you'll find "fit as a fiddle" in a play published in 1616.

What size individual do furniture manufacturers have in mind when they turn out their pieces?

The trade goes on the theory that furniture made for an individual 5 feet 8 inches tall will satisfy the majority's demands for comfort.

How many known elements does sea water contain?

About 50.

Do migrating birds ever travel at night?

Yes, frequently.

Is it a fact that much of vitamin C in quick-frozen vegetables may be dissolved in cooking water?

Yes. Something like a third may be dissolved. The only remedy I know of is to save and use the water.

When I was a lad, 40 years ago, I used to see, in the windows of art stores, a picture of a human skull, and under it a few powerful lines writ-
ten to a skull. Knowing how you go poking around for literary curiosities, I turn to you for the little masterpiece. Can you dig it up?

Mme. A. Segalas wrote the famous lines on a skull, which were used in the way mentioned by my reader. They follow:

Lamp, what hast thou done with the flame? Skeleton, what hast thou done with the soul? Deserted cage, what hast thou done with the bird? Volcano, what hast thou done with the lava? Slave, what hast thou done with thy master?

Do deaf and dumb people, when “talking” in their sleep, use the finger language?

Yes, in many instances.

What’s the highest that ferns reach? There are giant ferns in Australia and New Zealand that grow to a height of 75 feet.

Was the great French author, Anatole France, a Jew?

He had a Jewish grandmother.

For months a psychiatrist has been treating me for melancholia, groundless fears, and impulses to commit suicide. Recently he called in a brain surgeon, who asked me to submit to what is called a “frontal lobotomy operation.” The assertion is made that such an operation literally cuts worry from the brain. But before letting them cut away part of my brain I want to hear from you.

I wouldn’t let that brain surgeon touch me with a 10-foot pole. The operation referred to above is intended to make the frontal lobes useless. It happens that this is part of the brain about which experts know least. In fact, little is understood about the function of the frontal lobes, though they’re known to be in an important area. It’s claimed by some brain surgeons that severing the fibers of both lobes will render them useless and thereby “remove anxiety and impulses to commit suicide and murder.” There’s no evidence to support such a claim. The Journal of the American Medical Association, which has criticized this much-publicized operation, says: “In spite of these ‘improvements’ in the mental condition of some patients, this operation should not be considered capable of transforming a psychotic personality into a normal one . . . There is ample evidence of the serious defects produced by their removal in non-psychotic persons. It is inconceivable that any procedure which effectively destroys the function of this portion of the brain could possibly restore the person concerned to a wholly normal state.”

The same article says that in a few instances frontal lobotomy has resulted in convulsions, which did not appear until months or even years after an operation that’s still in an experimental stage.

Can you tell me how the word “starboard” came to mean the right side of a boat?

The Franklin Institute, in one of its bulletins, says early Norse and medieval vessels had one steering car on the right side of the boat. This came to be called the steering side, steering board, and finally starboard.

I’ve been following the reports of your battles with the Black International, and it seems that you, a lone individual, have been holding up your end of the fight. Considering the immense odds against you, it’s to be wondered that you have the heart to stay in and pitch, but you refuse to be discouraged. I suggest that you continue this tactic. Keep hitting back. Supporters of democracy, freedom and intellectual progress are with you, and if you should decide to give concrete form to your campaign I’m positive you’ll receive handsome and sincere support. Don’t pull a single punch.

When the Black International turned its tremendous powers against me, I never felt the slightest dismay, but rather looked around for new ways to strike back. Several months ago, while the Jesuits were hazing me at full pack, I decided to get in touch with the one man the Black Internationalists hate and fear above any other writing man—Joseph McCabe. As my readers know, he has written more than 50 volumes on various aspects of Catholicism, and as a result he is considered the greatest living authority on the social and political policies of the Vatican. I poured out my story to McCabe (who was dodging Hitler’s bombs in London) and asked him for his cooperation. He came back with the welcome suggestion that the best defense is a powerful offensive. Fight back, he urged—not with bullets, but with the light of truth; not with prejudice and bigo-
try, but with facts. "I have been gathering a vast amount of data on the recent activities of The Black International," he wrote, "and the obvious conclusion is that Catholic-Fascism has been turned loose on the world in an attempt to kill democracy and liberalism. I suggest that you let me tell my complete story. You are the only man in the world with courage enough to print what I have to say. I feel it will take 150,000 words for me to get the job done, so if you will let me do 10 numbers of a new publication, each containing 15,000 words, the educational campaign will be crowned with complete success." I cabled at once, telling McCabe to get to work immediately, and soon I received by air mail the Ms. of Vol. 1, No. 1, which is now being set and prepared for early publication. I suggested that the new publication be called The Black International, which McCabe said was a perfect title for the writing he had in mind. And that's my answer to the cavortings of the Jesuits—the Gestapo of the Black International. I mightn't have thought of this literary project if they had let me alone.

Can vegetable margarines be fortified with vitamins so they are every bit as nutritious as the average butter?
Yes.

Does lean meat in a shoulder of lamb have as much food value as lean meat in lamb chops?
Yes.

Is one sure of getting tender beef if one buys the kind that is stamped with a round purple stamp?
No.

Is it always unsafe to keep food open in open tin cans?
No.

Do children need more food in comparison with their size than adults?
Yes.

Are all bacteria in milk harmful?
No.

What diseases can be transmitted through unsanitary milk?
Tuberculosis, scarlet fever, diphtheria.

You make bold to assert categorically, in one of your volumes of "Questions and Answers," that there's nothing to the belief, held by a majority of Americans, that fish is good brain food. Do you happen to know that the authority for this opinion is none other than the great Harvard naturalist, Prof. Louis Agassiz?

So what? It doesn't take granitic will-power to question a naturalist's notions about such a problem, especially when he expressed them 50 years ago. The great Agassiz was out of his field, a fault suffered by many scientists and still more laymen. Dr. August A Thomen, in his book, "Doctors Don't Believe It—Why Should You?" says Prof. Agassiz based his dogmatic assertion on the fact that "since the brain contains phosphorus, a chemical which fish have in relatively large quantities, the finned creatures make superior brain food." Dr. Thomen debunks this by showing why they should as easily go in for heavy portions of molasses and cheese, for "the two items are rich in iron and calcium respectively, and the brain also contains these chemicals." In short, as I've quoted him before, "any good food is good brain food."

What causes nutritional night blindness?
Lack of vitamin A.

What do you think about such favorite hiccup cures as scaring a man, holding the breath, drinking water slowly?
They're no good. Dr. August A. Thomen, in a book of his which I've already quoted, says there's a fairly reliable method, as follows:

"Let the victim hold a paper bag over the nose and mouth, so that the sufferer can breathe in and out of the container. In a few minutes the hiccups are usually gone, because the inhaling of collected carbon dioxide from the bag stimulates respiratory nerve centers to control the involuntary spasms."

Incidentally, my pet reader, C. A. Lang advised Freemanites recently to practice a certain reducing exercise, the main point of which was to sit down before a square meal and then push hard, thus moving the table away from the diner, or words to that effect. The idea is Dr. Thomen's, who words it this way:

"There is one exercise that can be highly recommended as an almost infallible method of reducing
one's weight: give yourself a vigorous push away from the dining table while your hunger still is partly unsatisfied. Take this exercise three times a day! Exercise your will—it is much more important than exercising the muscles."

Thus do we see how an intelligent, alert layman can hit on an idea already endorsed by a competent scientist.

What's the meaning of "Hobson's choice"?

It means one's to "take it or leave it." The expression goes back to the 17th Century, when a Mr. Hobson, a livery-stable owner of 40 horses in Cambridge, England, established the rule that riders must take the horse nearest the door. Hence, when we say "Hobson's choice," we mean there's no other choice.

Please tell me the best sources of vitamin D?

Egg yolk, oily fish, fish liver oils.

What is your opinion of so-called "health shoes"?

In most cases, consumers who buy "health shoes" let some clerk diagnose their foot ailments and fit shoes that are supposed to correct the alleged faults. That means disappointment. Only a competent doctor is able to tell a person what's wrong with his feet, for in many cases arch troubles get their start in the bones. Besides, there are such factors as heredity, wrong diet, diseases somewhere else in the body, etc. These "health shoes" usually cost much more than ordinary ones and it's safe to say they can do the wearer no good, and in some cases harm. It's wise to look on a pair of shoes as something to wear, like a hat or a pair of socks. Buy them to fit, not to cure ailments. A well-made shoe that fits comfortably will help you get around with a minimum of pain. If something's wrong with your feet, see a good doctor.

Do you follow the word "committee" with a singular or a plural verb? Also "none."

I prefer the singular, but there's authority for the plural. "None" is another word I prefer to follow with the singular, but again there's excellent authority for the plural. I was taught that "committee" is a collective noun and takes the singu-
awfully dull. It all depends on the set-up. Some sensible men of my acquaintance prefer marriage because it regulates, with fair satisfaction, the sexual impulse, doing it with a minimum of effort, distraction, expense, complications, risk, and pain.

How do wild boys of the swing bands react to the Italian terms usually used on musical scores? Do they know what they mean?

Benny Goodman says he uses American streamlined expressions to replace the conventional Italian linggo. He explains:

For instance, “Fortissimo” appears nowadays as “sock it and ride”; “scherzo” has given way to “minimum bounce” “staccato,” which formerly instructed musicians to cut their notes short, is now rendered by “bite it off” or “whack it off.” “Tutti,” which to classical musicians means “all play together,” has become “free wheeling.” “Pianissimo” is now “whisper it” and the popular term “ad lib,” which told the soloist to go ahead and interpret a passage in his own way, has bowed to “ride solo,” “go to town,” “jam,” “take off” and “go out of the world.”

What are soon good books on the bachelor point of view besides Schopenhauer (“On Women”) and Alexander Wright (“How to Live Without a Woman”)?

The library is meager, if one’s looking for books devoted to the subject, but if one studies the lives of the great and near-great one comes on material all the time. There’s a wealth of material in the biographies, autobiographies, letters, plays, stories, novels, and general works of figures like Voltaire, Benjamin Franklin, Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw (and Ellen Terry), Cellini, Laurence Sterne, Jonathan Swift, Wm. Hazlitt, Balzac, Rabelais, Boccaccio, and no end of others. One picks it up in driblets as one meanders from book to book.

I wish you’d dip into your bottomless store of useless learning and bring up a poem that keeps repeating, “We may live without music,” etc. Your immense respect for gigantic trifles and the utterly useless always fascinates me, because I’m inclined the same way.

The poem is by Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton, earl of Lytton, dip-
lomat, who did it while living in Washington, D. C., in 1850. The poem:

We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized men cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

The earl, who at one time got as far as the viceroyship of India, wrote the above under the pen name of Owen Meredith.

The August 27, 1941, issue of The New York Times (page 18) quotes Pius IX’s definition of religious freedom, as follows: “Every man is free to embrace and profess that religion which, guided by the light of reason, he shall consider true.” Please comment.

It’s a good definition, but the writer who quoted it shows lamentable ignorance regarding its source. It comes from the Pope’s “Syllabus of Errors,” and the definition is rejected by the Church as an “error.” In short, the purpose of the syllabus was to enumerate those liberal “errors” which the Church must fight. Putting the definition in harmony with the Black International’s traditional policy, it should be written this way: “No man is free to embrace and profess that religion which, guided by the light of reason, he shall consider true.”

After reading articles on Portugal’s Catholic-Fascism in your valuable volumes of “Questions and Answers,” I was surprised and somewhat confused by a piece in The New York Times, by M. R. Madden, in which the assertion is made that the clerical-Fascist State of Oliveira Salazar “is in line with the United States political philosophy as laid down in . . . the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution.” He states further that the Salazar dictatorship “does recognize equality, consent of the governed, inalienable rights, constitutional guarantees to protect them.” This argument is in direct contradiction to everything you have written on Catholic-Fascism in Portugal. Please comment.
If a Catholic writer insists that Fascism in clerical-dominated Portugal is another utopia, one must smile, for the penman of the Black International is merely trying to close the public's eyes to actual conditions. Arguing with such a false propagandist is waste of time, but for the benefit of those who want to see the truth about world conditions the article deserves some consideration. The press department of the Black International can't be made to stop lying, even when asked to look at the record. In the case of Portugal, Mr. Madden's nonsense is brought into sharp focus by Dictator Salazar's own words. The chief of Portugal's Catholic-Fascism, Salazar, speaking to Antonio Ferro, said:

"Not only, our dictatorship is similar to the Fascist dictatorship in its strengthening of authority, in the war which it declares on certain democratic principles, maintenance of the social order."

There's no blah-blah there. Just plain speech straight from the mouth of the dictator himself. And he doesn't gloss over the ugly picture of Fascism by ringing in the American Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution. I make no bones about saying that if any subject of the Portuguese dictator were to mount a soap-box on any street in Lisbon and try to read the two American documents just mentioned he'd be shot, or, at the least, sent to prison. In one of my volumes of "Questions and Answers" I quoted Salazar on the subject of popular education. Salazar, the "benevolent" dictator (if we are to believe the press agents of the Black International) insisted that education, during his regime, will be withheld from the masses. Education, he argued, is only for the few. Popular education is just another delusion of democracy. Now let's turn to Salazar's own book, "Doctrine and Action," and see how much inspiration he has received from our Declaration of Independence and Constitution, two of the greatest documents ever written. Here are Salazar's words:

"We are anti-parliamentarians, anti-democrats, anti-liberals, and we are determined to establish a corporative State. ** To believe that the liberty of the people is linked to democracy or parliamentarism is to be blind to the evidence which the political and social life of every period of history affords."

No bunk there about American democratic documents and their idealism. Salazar knows what he wants—Catholic-Fascism. Mr. Madden should have discussed our Constitutional provision which separates Church and State. That's true Americanism. How much is there of that in Portugal? Needless to say, the Catholic Church enjoys a monopoly on religion in Portugal, where, at its best, non-Catholic revolutionaries are persecuted. The Church is an organic part of the Portuguese State. Did Salazar get that policy from our Constitution? Listen to William H. Rainey, superintendent of the British and Foreign Society for Western Europe, in the September, 1939, issue of the Missionary Review of the World:

"The great army of militia on the fascist model, which includes practically all citizens from the ages of 10 to 60, is well under the control of the Roman Catholic clergy. Attendance at mass, although not legally obligatory, is practically so. Only the valiant few have the courage to spoil their prospects by refusing to attend.

"There are also minor cases of persecution. Two cases are indicative of the trend of things—recently a State employee, a lay preacher of the Portuguese Presbyterian Church, was threatened with dismissal if he did not stop preaching. A Baptist church has been closed on the pretext that Communists attended the services."

Space doesn't permit me to quote other data along the same lines. Suffice it to say, the record, which can't be suppressed in free countries, gives the lie to the mouthings of the pen-prostitutes of the Black International, which everywhere is in a conspiracy to destroy democracy and establish Fascism, but which must, while it's still a minority in free countries, pretend to be innocent lest it be condemned to permanent separation from the goal of clerical domination. Fascism doesn't look good to free, civilized people, which accounts for the tireless efforts of the Jesuits to make it look like something sweet, wholesome and innocent. But the device never fools the informed.

How does that 200-inch telescope on Mount Palomar, in California, compare
in keenness with the human eye?

The telescope is 1,000,000 times keener than the human eye. It took 20 tons of molten glass to make the huge mirror. The disk is 17-feet in diameter. It should be ready for use in 1943. In all, the telescope will weigh almost 800 tons. This vast machine will enable astronomers to see almost 10 times as many stars as ever seen before. Many people make the error of assuming this telescope is a lens that will magnify objects in the sky. It'll do nothing of the kind. The 200-inch concave mirror will only bring in much more light, thereby enabling the eye to see more of what's in the heavens.

Recently the Nazi short-wave radio broadcast "greetings to our loyal friends in Geneva, Wisconsin." Can you tell me why this small, obscure place was picked out for special mention by Hitler's propaganda department?

Scribner's Commentator holds forth in Geneva, Wisc., and as the magazine is completely Fascist it was entitled to the cordial greetings sent from Berlin.

I enclose a press clipping which says that Henri Bergson, the Jewish philosopher who died in Paris not long ago, became a Catholic convert before the end. Do you believe this?

I read the story when it appeared in the press and it seemed unreasonable, but I said nothing because I had no evidence to the contrary. Now comes Father Sertillanges, Catholic philosopher and member of the French Institute, with a book, entitled "With Henri Bergson," in which he says the famous originator of the theory of the *elan vital* (about which I've written several times in my volumes of "Questions and Answers") never was converted to Catholicism. Father Sertillanges was close to Bergson for many years, right up to the philosopher's death, and says the most he was ever able to get out of him was the admission that "Jesus Christ was superhuman." Catholic propaganda is given to claiming every possible great man. One of my volumes of "Q & A" contains an article about Louis Pasteur, who is claimed as a devout Catholic by the Church's propagandists. I showed that Pasteur never was connected with the Church during his lifetime, that he was indifferent to the "miracles" of the Black International. But when he died, one of his relatives put a crucifix in his hands. A photograph of this scene was taken, after which much use was made of it by the Church's press agents. A fat book could be written on this curious theme.

How many people in the U.S. were holding down jobs in August, 1941? What is the country's potential labor force?

The Work Projects Administrator says 50,500,000 people were at work in August, 1941, out of a potential labor force of 55,800,000. Because of my passion for accuracy, it's necessary to mention that the figure of 50,500,000 holding jobs should have been revised downward of 50,499,999, because of one fellow who got canned in August, and for good cause. He was told to look for a water line valve, so he took a small crew of high-priced workers and dug until they reached the line. He then carefully superintended the difficult job of digging along the line looking for the valve. Finally, near the close of the day, they came to the wall of a manhole. Climbing out of their ditch they opened the manhole cover and found the valve they were digging for inside.

What are the chances for a collision between two stars?

According to Sir James Jeans, "an actual collision between two stars can take place on an average of only once in 600 quadrillion years." That's 600 followed by 15 ciphers. All of which means that while there are lots of stars in the universe there's so much space that they're comparatively lonely. Dr. H. Spencer Jones, Astronomer Royal of England, takes up this subject in his book, "Life on Other worlds," where he graphically pictures the situation. The quotation from Dr. Jones came to my attention while reading "Man's Career in This Universe," by Corliss Lamont, and reads as follows:

"Suppose we have a hollow globe the size of the earth, 8,000 miles in diameter, and that we put half a dozen tennis balls inside it and allow them to fly about in any direction, rebounding from the wall when they hit it. The chance that two of these balls will collide is about equal to the chance that
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two stars will come into collision."

Mr. Lamont adds that since the origin of our solar system was due to another star passing near the sun, "it is all the more improbable. that such a phenomenon, having happened once in our vicinity, will happen again. In other words, the sun has already had its 'collision,' which fortunately was only a near-collision."

What do you think of windowless offices?

This layman's opinions on architecture aren't worth two cents, but I'll express them regardless of hell and high water. I think the windowless office is the bunk and predict it won't find acceptance after architectural modernists have given free rein to their nightmare. I grant you solid walls provide more efficient insulation, but that shouldn't be the only consideration. Sunlight for the employees is more important than extra insulation. What's going to happen to the human moles who'll work for years in those prison cells? Office pallor will become worse than prison pallor. I say worse, because modern prisons, with their liberal allowances for sunlight, don't produce prison pallor the way the old living graves did. In my opinion, windowless office-buildings are ugly, forbidding, uninviting. They're going to cause no end of skin diseases that result from absence of sunlight. I hope the fad dies an early death.

I am enclosing a page torn from The Occult Digest, a magazine devoted to Astrology, crystal gazing, fortune telling, numerology, forecasting, and related forms of drivel. Please comment on the ad I've marked. Do you see the little joke?

Yes, and it gave me a chuckle. If my readers are to be let in on this cute gag let me explain that the ad offers a selection of what the hokum-promoters call "gazing crystals." You're supposed to look into these balls of glass (which are offered at so much per diameter inch) and see what's ahead in the way of health, wealth and happiness. But here's the pay-off—the ad closes with this line: "No personal checks accepted." We crude debunkers feel justified in asking the advertisers why they don't use their "gazing crystals" in order to tell whether the check will clear or bounce. If it can't give me the straight dope about a piece of paper how can I expect it to tell me whether or not Marlene Dietrich will be responsive to my passes?

Is the earth a perfect sphere?

Dr. Earl Apfel, geologist, answers the above, as follows:

The earth is better called a spheroid than a sphere. It has a diameter between sea levels at the poles of 27 miles less than the diameter between sea levels at the equator. In fractions this means that the polar diameter is 1/297 less than the equatorial diameter. Very precise determinations have shown that while the equator is almost a true circle there is a difference of about 500 feet between the maximum and minimum diameters across the equator at all places. For all practical purposes only the polar flattening of one part in 297 of the earth's diameter is taken into account. If you want a name for the earth it might be called an ellipsoid of rotation.

Is it true that white bread is more easily digested than whole wheat bread?

No.

How long have physicians known that bad teeth have something to do with bad health?

The fact was known as early as the 7th Century B. C., according to an Assyrian manuscript. It plainly attributed ailments to bad teeth.

If a family keeps a cow how much money will she save the family in dairy products?

Specialists with the University of California say the saving will be $100 a year.

I notice from your volumes of "Q&A" that you aren't a teetotaler. I'm in the same crew. Will you say we fellows who like our liquor are merrier and generally pleasanter and happier than those poor saps who're always on the wagon?

We who aren't teetotalitarians should try to take our liquor straight without bunk as a chaser. Once I saw some consumers of giggle-water making nekked whoopee, but one shouldn't draw odorous comparisons from limited evidence. Dr. Theodore F. Lentz, director of the Character Research Institute of Washington
University of St. Louis, Mo., speaking to the American Psychological Association, said “teetotalers are happier and more optimistic than drinkers of alcoholic beverages.” He made his report after studying personality traits of 780 young persons.

How much of the earth is under water?
Seventy-two percent. The oceans contain about 325,000,000 cubic miles of water.

Why is ocean water salty?
The oceans weren’t salty when they were formed. The salt was washed into the oceans from the land. This process is on continuously, at a rate of about 3,000,000,000 tons a year, if we include all other minerals washed into the sea. Most of it comes from limestone. If we were to solidify the minerals in all the oceans we would have almost 5,000,000 cubic miles of it, enough to cover all of the U. S. to a depth of a mile. Of this, 75 percent would be salt.

How is common table salt extracted from ocean water?
The process is simple and thousands of years old. One merely draws ocean water into shallow pools where it is evaporated by the action of the sun.

What do you think of the fountain-pen guarantee, “not just for a lifetime but forever”?
It’s ridiculous and dishonest. Forever means time without end. Who can make such a guarantee? Where will the pen be a million years from now. And where will the company be? And where will the guarantee be? And yet such an advertising slogan is permitted by the Federal Trade Commission. It’s disgusting and outrageous. How long will consumers consent to being treated like morons?

Can you tell me where a telephone directory wears out the quickest?
According to the telephone company, the phone booth in a Times Square, N. Y., cigar store cops the record, it being necessary to replace the worn-out telephone directory by a new one every 72 hours.

What are your three favorite records to start off the day with.
Each morning it takes about three large-sized records to cover the time needed to scratch the hairs off my face and loosen the foreign substances in my scalp and other parts. As I have a large library of records, it’s impossible to pick out three and say they top everything else. If the mood is for something light—say, a magnificent Strauss waltz—why compare it with Brahms’ glorious First? You can pick up three records of any of a dozen symphonies and I’ll be satisfied. The next morning I’ll continue the chosen symphony where I left off, in the same way that I’d continue reading at a certain page of a book. This has been going on for more than 20 years and I like it.

How would you describe the essence of military strategy?
General Nathan Bedford Forrest, of the Confederate Army, got to the heart of the thing with this brilliant dictum:

“Git that fustest with the mostest men.”

General Forrest anticipated the current phrase “shooting war” with this dictum;

“Fightin’ means shootin’ and shootin’ means killin’.”

Where can I get some intellectual companionship? I live near New York City and am starving for interesting company. As I have traveled extensively (Europe four times), have sailed before the mast and have read a great deal, I find I am way ahead of my years and need an intellectual outlet. The only real friend I have is another fellow my age (28) who worships Thoreau. This fellow has all the answers. He works as a mechanic six months of the year, then takes a six-month vacation and goes up in the country and builds himself a house and reads philosophy. But to get back to the main point, do you know of any intellectual centers around these parts. Or do you find that as you grow older you grow more and more content with your own company and that intellectual societies are not much more than a high-class, boring cocktail party?

It shouldn’t be hard for an intelligent young man to find intellectual companionship in New York City. There are scores of institutions where the best brains (in the finest sense of the word) can be met. If I were this young man I’d start off with the Rand School, at 7 East 15th Street, N. Y. C. From that
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center of controversy, debate, discussion, research, study and conversation he should be able to spread to other establishments in the city, and then become familiar w.r.t. the country places and camps run by forward-looking, progressive, liberal-minded unions and other societies. After such a beginning the sailing should be easy.

How do sweet, sour and buttermilk compare in food value?
They’re all about the same.

Do you ever accept circumstantial evidence?
Certainly. Thoreau said: “Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk.”

How much have U. S. brewers spent for barley, rice, corn and hops since the return of legal beer?
During the past eight years, $725,000,000. During these years more than 25 percent of the U. S. barley crop has been bought by brewers. In the same time, 7,000,000,000 pounds of corn, 1,400,000,000 pounds of rice, 260,000,000 pounds of hops. About 100,000 farm workers are kept busy supplying crops to the brewing industry.

Is the artichoke a newcomer in the U. S.?
No. When Thomas Jefferson was President he mentioned artichokes among vegetables available in Washington’s markets.

How do you handle these tedious, yawn-provoking bores who try to impress you with their “superior” family tree?
I usually smile and edge away. That’s all one can do, for nothing’s to be gained by discussing family pride with a freak who doesn’t know we’re all poured out of the same keg, the differences being mainly in matters of health and other inherited tendencies. I recall vividly how this question of family snobbery was disposed of, some 25 years ago, by the Socialist journalist, Charles Edward Russell, who, in a Cooper Union speech, went on a satirical jamboree and proved how he was as good as the bluest of Newport’s bluebloods, his ancestry going back to the great Charlemagne. It’s all a matter of Mathematics. If you go back 200 years you’ll account for 128 eighth generation grandparents. And if you go back a couple dozen more generations you’ll find your ancestors consisted of just about the whole human race. Here’s how it works:

1. Your generation
   2. Your parents 2 of them
   3. Their parents 4 of them
   4. Their parents 8 of them
   5. Their parents 16 of them
   6. Their parents 32 of them
   7. Their parents 64 of them
   8. Their parents 128 of them
   9. Their parents 256 of them
   10. Their parents 512 of them
   11. Their parents 1,024 of them
   12. Their parents 2,048 of them
   13. Their parents 4,096 of them
   14. Their parents 8,192 of them
   15. Their parents 16,384 of them
   16. Their parents 32,768 of them
   17. Their parents 65,536 of them
   18. Their parents 131,072 of them
   19. Their parents 262,144 of them
   20. Their parents 524,288 of them
   21. Their parents 1,048,576 of them
   22. Their parents 2,097,152 of them
   23. Their parents 4,194,304 of them
   24. Their parents 8,388,608 of them
   25. Their parents 16,777,216 of them
   26. Their parents 33,554,432 of them
   27. Their parents 67,108,864 of them
   28. Their parents 134,177,728 of them
   29. Their parents 268,355,456 of them
   30. Their parents 536,710,912 of them
   31. Their parents 1,073,421,824 of them

If you’ll stop to figure your ancestry on the basis of 35 years per generation you’ll get results that’ll prove your ancestors were the past’s greatest geniuses, criminals, heroes, pirates, and what have you. And that’s all there is to this bunk-ridden boasting about one’s glorious family tree. But don’t waste time presenting such factual evidence to the bores that blow about the stock they came from. Let them alone. They’re usually just as boresome about every other subject, so you miss nothing by passing them up.

Please explain the meaning of “common carrier”?
All transportation systems that carry passengers or freight for hire are “common carriers,” including railroads, steamships, buses, and airplanes.

In your volumes of “Questions and Answers” I came on several articles discussing the situation in Eastern Canada, where, according to your assertions, the Catholic Church controls not only the educational institutions.
but the courts as well. You give facts to support the charge about the schools, but I can find nothing about the courts, except in one place, where you tell how the crucifix is to be found over the bench in Quebec courts. Have you something that will show deeds as well as sentiment?

Let me give an illustration, Laura Magdalen May and Harold W. Delaney, both Catholics, were married by an Anglican minister in 1917. The marriage lasted until 1941, when an annulment was asked for—mark you, 24 years after the ceremony was performed. Superior Court Justice Alfred Forest granted the annulment because, according to the judge, under Quebec law a marriage of two Catholics by a Protestant minister is illegal. Provincial law, said the justice, provides that marriage of Catholics "is not only a civil contract but is also a sacrament, for which the Roman Catholic Church alone has the right to prescribe." The Black International has a powerful grip on the province of Quebec. The whole business sounds like a voice out of the Dark Ages.

I have just finished reading, for the third time, your 20 volumes of "Questions and Answers." Is there any possibility that some more will be published? I hope so.

Volumes 21, 22 and 23 of "Questions and Answers" are now available. All three volumes may be had free, carriage prepaid, by sending The American Freeman, Girard, Kansas, $2 for a two-years' subscription, new or renewal. I'm glad to hear that many readers like the volumes.

I understand that Jack London's great musical talent once saved his life. Can you give the details?

Jack London, according to his own story, was a small boy when a great flood swept his town. When the water inundated Jack London's house, his father hopped on a bed and floated downstream on it until he was rescued. "And what did you do?" a friend asked London, who replied, "I accompanied him on the piano."

Can you tell me who wrote the piece "White Man Heap Loco," in which an Indian gives his opinion of the white man?

I first came on that little oddity about 10 years ago in an obscure Socialist paper. Since then I've seen it quoted several times, but no one seems to know who did the writing. So, giving the credit to the great, distinguished, illustrious Mr. Anon, here it is:


Are cold hands a sign of a warm heart? Cold hands have nothing to do with the warmth of one's heart. Rather are they indications, in nine cases out of 10, of anxiety and tension. Studies made at Cornell show that "other temperatures being normal, normal finger temperatures are in the low 90s." The same study holds that "in moments of anxiety and tension, finger temperatures may drop from 10 to 24 degrees."

What did the pregnant rabbit say? "Oh, how these ingrown hares do hurt!"

Can you give me the brief poem by Edwin Markham in which he tells about two circles, a smaller and a larger circle, whose chief significance is tolerance, including international, interracial and religious tolerance?

Edwin Markham's frequently quoted stanza follows:

He drew a circle and shut me out—
Rebel, heretic, a thing to flout,
But love and I had the wit to win—
We drew a circle and took him in.

Years ago I heard Markham recite the above lines at a luncheon meeting of a Kansas City, Mo., businessmen's club. It was a smash hit, bringing the most enthusiastic applause I ever heard at the reading of pieces of poetry. Markham was a magnificent figure, with his beautiful white beard, alert, live features,
and sturdy body. When he opened his recital the aged poet said: "I'm glad to be with you men in Kansas City today—in fact, at my age, I'm thankful and happy to be anywhere." That brought a big laugh.

Have you found (like Voltaire) that work is the greatest opiate to combat the frustration of life's meaninglessness?

Yes, I think Voltaire had the right idea. Work is a means for reconciling oneself to life, providing the work is interesting, stimulating and self-improving. Nothing is more deadly than labor that's monotonous, wearing and uncreative. Nose to the grindstone—that hurts. But work that gives color and flavor to life helps make life bearable. "The best worship," said Carlyle, "is stout working." But it must be a labor of love if it's to wake up one's mind and fill one with the exciting impulses of the man who sees his efforts taking shape. Under such circumstances work, as Seneca saw it, "is the sustenance of noble minds."

I make a practice of judging people by what they do. When I meet a person for the first time I immediately hint around until I find out what he does. H. L. Mencen put it this way: "A man who gets his board and lodging on this ball in an ignominious way is inevitably an ignominious man."

Having reached my 28th birthday I have come around to the idea that I will have to work fast if I expect to get a husband. Until recently I didn't take an alarming view of the situation, but now it's different. This city, Boston, doesn't give the girls a fair break in the race for husbands. Please comment.

The U. S. Census Bureau says Massachusetts has 94 men for every 100 women; Rhode Island, 95; Tennessee, 99; Vermont, 99; New Hampshire, 99. That puts a burden on women who want to get married. Perhaps the solution is to head for the West, where men outnumber women. The Census Bureau says Nevada is a woman's best bet, with 124 men for every 100 women. Other States: Wyoming, 117; Montana, 115; Idaho, 111; North Dakota, 110. If traveling doesn't appeal to my Boston reader perhaps it would be in order to insert a plug for a mod-
est notice in The Freeman's classified department. A woman, after getting into correspondence with 10 or 12 men, ought to be able to do something constructive along matrimonial lines, but this is a field in which I offer no promise of success. Every woman for herself, and no squawking, please, in case of a bad guess. I've got troubles enough without underwriting Dan Cupid.

Will wire screening shut off the violet rays of the sun?

No.

What gives lemons their sourness?

Citric acid.

What's become of Mussolini's slogan, "mare nostrum"?

Changed to "mare nauseam."

We hear a lot about our Pacific fleet but mighty little about the number of units in the Atlantic. How many fighting ships are we keeping in the Atlantic?

Our Atlantic fleet is by no means a small outfit. My guestimate is that it consists of 170 units and that new ships are being added rapidly from new construction, and repaired and reconditioned ships, perhaps at the rate of a fighting ship each six days.

Do you believe these stories about Petain's senility?

Yes. He's a senile, reactionary, democracy-hating, rotten-hearted old fog, and in addition is subservient to both the Brown and the Black Internationals. Petain's senility is brought out in a story which tells of a speech he was to make one day, and it was found he couldn't memorize the few lines Darlan had written for him, so Hitler-Stooge Darlan stood behind him and whispered the speech, word for word, into Petain's ear. Darlan closed the little speech with this: "The sturdy oak of our glorious national history..." Petain repeated the words. Then came: "must be guarded in root and branch," which Petain repeated. "—and bark—" Darlan whispered. Petain turned around and whispered: "What's that?" "And bark," Darlan repeated. So the senile codger turned to his audience and let loose with a series of bow-wows.

I've just seen Bernard Shaw's "Major
Barbara," which I accepted as excellent movie entertainment, but I'll be damned if I know what the author was driving at. What was his point? An attack on the Salvation Army?

I haven't seen the movie yet, but I read the play 25 years ago, and got many chuckles from it. I have a limitless appetite for Shaw's brand of humor. As for the meaning or point of the comedy, I took it to be a powerful attack on poverty. The Socialist in Shaw was revolting against the worst disease of capitalism—poverty. This reminds me of the young fellow who visited my home several months ago and went to great pains to convince me he was some sort of a rebel. "Why," he boasted, "even back in 1888 my father was revolting." But, to Shaw, whose satire never attracts those colorless females with breasts as flat as cow-flop. Bishop Beerbeck also holds the great playwright in horror, an attitude endorsed by Mrs. Priscilla Prissy-Pratt. You get the idea of the play when Undershaw, the munitions manufacturer, lets loose with this speech to his daughter Barbara, who's a major in the Salvation Army:

All the other crimes are virtues beside it (poverty): all the other dishonors are chivalry itself by comparison. Poverty blights whole cities; spreads horrible pestilence; strikes at the souls of all of those who come within sight, sound or smell of it. What you call crime is nothing: a murder here and a theft there, a blow now and a curse then, what does they matter? They are only the accident and illnesses of life; there are not fifty genuine professional criminals in London. But there are millions of poor people, abject people, dirty people, ill-fed, ill-clothed people... I had rather be a thief than a pauper. I had rather be a murderer than a slave. I don't want to be either, but if you force the alternative on me, then, by heaven, I'll choose the braver and more moral one. I hate poverty and slavery worse than any other crimes whatsoever. And let me tell you this. Poverty and slavery have stood up for centuries to your sermons and leading articles; they will not stand up to my machine guns. Don't preach at them; don't reason with them. Kill them.

I'll never forget the thrill I got from Shaw's eloquent passage, but what really bowled me over was that funny scene in which Undershaw's son tells the old man why he doesn't care to spend any time managing his father's business. "Correct!" to the marrow, the ethically inelastic one says he has no business ability or interest, and that there's "nothing of the artist about him, either in faculty or character, thank heaven." But he's sure of one thing—he knows the difference between right and wrong, which moves the father to speak these grand lines:

You don't say so. What! No capacity for business, no knowledge of law, no sympathy with art, no prefection to philosophy: only a simple knowledge of the secret that has puzzled all the philosophers, baffled all the lawyers, muddled all the men of business, and ruined most of the artists: the secret of right and wrong. Why, man, you are a genius, a master of masters, a god.

That scene alone is worth the play. I wonder if it's in the movie.

Your Newsclip Filing System received. I have found it convenient and practical. Enclosed please find $1.25 for another kit. I would like to know if you would allow a discount on a bigger order.

The writer of the above is P. A. D'Acierne, M. D., Union City, N. J., who, like so many other professional men and women, is finding my newsclip filing system helpful. I worked the system out when I found it necessary to cut clippings from newspapers and magazine. My system enables me to file them quickly and find them when wanted. The price is $1.25 per kit, prepaid, but if customers will order five sets at one time, at $1 each, I'll prepay all carriage charges.

What did Goethe think of his own people?

Goethe, who would be an anti-Nazi were he living today, confessed he had suffered "the deepest pain, thinking of the German people who are so worthy of respect as individuals and so miserable as a whole."

I caught a Berlin broadcast in which a Nazi took President Roosevelt's shoot-on-sight speech to a drubbing. F. D. R.'s comparison of Germany to a rattlesnake was accepted as a compliment. The speaker said: "According to the 14th Edition of the Encyclopedia
Britannica it is not easy to provoke a rattlesnake, but once provoked, the snake defends itself stubbornly." Please comment.

As usual, the Nazi propagandist lies, for he deliberately misquoted the Britannica (14th edition), to which I have just referred in order to check the Nazi assertion. Here's what the book really said:

"They are, however, not easily provoked and will usually endeavor to escape or, if cornered, to frighten the aggressor by rattling and puffing themselves out as much as possible."

At that, I think the President was too generous in comparing the Nazis to a rattlesnake. The other day I saw several on my farm, and although the man on the place killed them I spent several enthralled minutes admiring their amazing beauty. No one has ever said a Nazi is a beautiful creature.

How big is the button industry?

It employs 12,000 persons, who, make 10,388,000,000 buttons per year.

In his Des Moines, Iowa, speech Charles A. Lindbergh charged the Jews with being one of the three elements that are trying to force the U.S. into war. Please comment.

Where is the greatest sentiment in favor of making war on Hitlerism? The record shows more people favor war in the South and the South West, and yet those two parts of the country contain fewer Jews than any other part of the country. This shows how unfair it is to blame America's feelings about the world situation on a single race. Lindbergh is living up to the comments I've been making these past few years, all of which are in my volumes of "Questions and Answers." I showed from the beginning, when Lindbergh was still a popular "hero," that he was pro-Nazi, a race-baiter, an enemy of democracy, and in other ways a true supporter of Hitlerism. I received hundreds of letters criticizing my articles, but subsequent events prove me absolutely correct in every respect. Even his arguments have all been answered in advance in the volumes just mentioned. Space doesn't permit me to repeat all my data, but I do want to assert that I've exposed the Lindberghism that would have the public believe the Jews are in control of our press, radio, moving pictures, business, finance, and the government. There isn't an atom of truth in the charge. The Jews are dominant in only one business—the clothing industry, an activity which Jews have followed for centuries. Jews are being made the scapegoat by pro-Nazis like Lindbergh who seek to promote anti-Semitism and disorganize the country. Anti-Semitism is a favorite device of the Fascists in order to cause disunity. Blame all the world's ills on the helpless Jew—that's the tactic—and it works in many places. Lindberghism is coming into the open, as I predicted it would several years ago. Lindbergh is trying to qualify as Hitler's American galanter, or district boss. Goebbe's' propaganda strategy is now standard equipment in the Lindbergh camp. Step by step he is taking over Hitler's ideology. Lindberghism is intended to be America's special brand of Fascism.

FILTH FOR THE BLIND

[Father (of what?) Coughlin's Fascist magazine, "Social Justice," for September 9, 1941, contained an editorial comment, under the above headline, as follows:]

Catholic friends of the New Deal will be interested, we are sure, in the announcement that the Library of Congress has asked the Haldeman-Julius Company for permission to transcribe some of that firm's booklets into Braille for the enlightenment of blind readers.

Catering to the moron trade, the Haldeman-Julius company publishes sexy filth and "exposes" of Catholicism in booklet form, in addition to an anti-Catholic sheet called The American Freeman.

Of the latter, America, the Catholic weekly, says:

"It is very much like the old "Mennen," only not so refined."

Attacks on the Catholic Church, which it calls the 'Black International,' feature the paper. It doesn't seem to think very highly of the Founder of the Catholic Church, either. It spells out his name as follows: Gawd . . . . The paper belittles the idea that 'people are endowed by Gawd with a religious instinct . . . It refers in scoffing spirit, to an 'angry Gawd,' to the 'Gawd-intoxicated South.'"

The Librarian of Congress is Archibald MacLeish, a leftist ap-
pointee of the President, and no doubt a very broadminded man in such matters as immorality and attacks on the Catholic Church.

So—according to a Haldeman-Julius announcement—the Library of Congress has asked permission to transcribe some of its works into Braille.

Another worthy New Deal project which should receive the wholehearted support of every atheist, bigot, Communist and fellow-traveler in America!

[Editor's Note: I'm touchy about being criticized for spelling Gawd for God. This is phonetic spelling after listening to Fundamentalists by the score pronounce the word from the pulpit and radio. I'm willing to bet a full set of my little books that Father (of what?) Coughlin always pronounces the word Gawd. In fact, it was hearing him yell the word that gave me the idea for my more accurate spelling. If it's good enough for Father (of what?) Coughlin, it's good enough for this candidate for eternity in Hell. I deny in toto that The Freeman is anti-Catholic. I defy Father (of what?) Coughlin to find a single sentence in all my writings in which I show an unfriendly attitude toward Catholics. True, I have always been anti-clerical, but that doesn't mean one's anti-Catholic. I'm against the hierarchy, not against the dupes. In fact, I feel pity for the gullibles, which is one reason why I give them the opportunity to become acquainted with the world's mind-liberating literature. It's part of my job to try to educate Catholic Fundamentalists, not arouse prejudice against them. But when it comes to the hierarchy, I pull no punches. Coughlin says I cater to the moron trade. I suppose it's catering to the moron trade to issue works by such names as Shapespeare, Bacon, Nietzsche, Spinoza, Voltaire, Ingersoll, Lincoln, Washington, Jefferson, Paine, Emerson, Thoreau, Bernard Shaw, Ibsen, Oscar Wilde, Shelley, Byron, Keats, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Macaulay, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Boccaccio, Balzac, de Maupassant, Moliere, Jonathan Swift, Socrates, Aristophanes, Plato, Epicurus, Montaigne, Tolstoy, Gorky, Jack London, Mark Twain, Will Durant, Joseph McCabe, Thomas Hardy, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Rabelais, James Russell Lowell, Goethe, Schiller, Havelock Ellis, Dr. Sigmund Freud, Anatole France, Charles Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Prof. Huxley, Ernest Renan, Ernest Haeckel, Luther Burbank, Heine, Pascal, Marlowe Charles Lamb, Emile Zola, Dumas, Poe, Longfellow, Whittier, and scores of others. I could make better use of my presses reprinting the pious hogwash of the Saints and their obscene, disgusting superstitions. Of course, any publisher who issues anything on the science of Sexology immediately becomes a purveyor of 'sexy filth.' One must follow a policy of 'hush-hush' in order to satisfy the fine esthetic sensibilities of a Father (of what?) Coughlin. I insist that educational books on sex are socially useful. The Catholic Church says they're filthy. I leave it to the intelligent reading public to decide this controversy. I know the answer in advance.]

What is the size of the dues-paying membership of the American Federation of Labor?

On September 15, 1941, it was 4,569,056, the highest in the history of the organization and a gain of 321,613 over 1940.

How much equipment must the army supply in order to provide each soldier with a night's sleep?

The War Department is getting together almost 42,000,000 pieces of equipment and supplies in order to assure a night's rest for each soldier. The procurement program of the Quartermaster Corp is making available the following for each soldier: a steel bed, mattress, two pillows, three mattress covers, four pillow cases, six wool blankets and nine sheets. Each soldier will also get a trunk locker for storing personal things and surplus clothing that can't be hung at the head of the bed. There's provision for a supply of sheep for soldiers afflicted with insomnia.

Please tell me how many American workers use motor cars to get to and from their jobs.

11,000,000.

How many pairs of full-fashioned silk or nylon stockings did American women buy in 1940? How many bales of cotton would be needed to replace those materials?

In 1940, U. S. women bought 516,000,000 pairs. It would take 300,000 bales of cotton to replace the silk or nylon in those stockings.

Was E. W. Howe a Freethinker?

I wrote several articles about E. W. Howe, the Sage of Potato Hill, in
which I showed he was a complete Materialist. Various aspects of his philosophy will be found in Howe's Little Blue Books. The October 25, 1941, issue of The Saturday Evening Post contained a long article on this excellent paragraphist and wit by his son, Gene A. Howe, editor and publisher of the Amarillo (Tex.) News-Globe, in which Ed Howe's views on religion are given competent treatment. Here's how the son describes the father's ideas on religion:

My father called himself a materialist. He insisted that sentiment-alism and emotionalism and Socialism were menaces to progress and better living, and that religion was the embodiment of the three of these. But he wasn't merely a materialist or an agnostic; he was an atheist, as I understand the word. He didn't believe in any supreme being or hereafter or anything. He believed that when we die we are dead; that when the human body and mind stop, the story is over. So many have inquired as to whether father weakened in his last illness. He didn't in the slightest.

Howe, who was such a Tory in the fields of economics and politics, believed in telling the truth regardless, and the result was a daily paper, The Atchison (Kans.) Globe, in which he, for several decades, told exactly what he thought about the church, religion, ministers, and related pests. I agree with the son when he says that Howe never wrote a word for publication that he didn't believe in with all the strength of his mind at the time he wrote it. He was the target of much local abuse because of his anti-religious philosophy, but he always stood by his ideas. He refused to be blackmailed by the Black International and other sources of obscurantism, and to the end he held on to his right to express himself. He turned out such a good newspaper that he prospered in a business sense despite numerous efforts to ostracize and boycott him. In his old age the community either forgot or forgave his anti-religious angle and went out of its way to honor him as Atchison's first citizen, the most famous small-town editor in the country, and the most quoted paragraphist in the newspapers of his day. Young Howe picks up a characteristic passage from Ed Howe's writings to show the old man's independence of mind, as follows:

Let me say here, I shall not urge my opinions impudently; I shall print them modestly, as the opinions of one man who has thought a good deal, who knows people intimately and who honestly desires their good; if I ever consciously write anything that harms humanity, I hope my hand may be withered. I do not believe there is any such power, but I invoke it if I may be mistaken.

But I do not believe there is an educated, intelligent man on the face of the earth who actually believes in religion. To me, the most wonderful thing in civilization is religion. That people should have advanced so marvelously in everything else, as they have done, and carried along with them a doctrine they know to be untrue, is a fact I have marveled at all my life. Never have I known a sincere religious man or woman.

I shall write more of this subject in the future, but modestly, I hope, for I have little respect for the fanatic, whatever his opinions. But it seems to me that it is a great human question, worthy of your attention and mine. If religion is true, let's accept it; if it isn't true, we are not just to ourselves to continue to teach it halfheartedly, but with apologies. People often say, "If we give up religion, what will take its place?" We don't need anything to take its place, if it isn't true.

Such words, let me repeat, actually appeared in a standard newspaper, and in a small city, at that. Try to get one of today's newspapers to resort to the same kind of freedom of expression. Just try. The standard papers, from the biggest to the tiniest, cringe before the supernaturalists. My readers know how my full-page advertisements were hounded out of the big daily newspapers by the intellectual hoodlums of the Black International. I told the full story last Winter. Since then I went in for small catalogue ads, and even these have been driven from every newspaper in New York City. Only the other day (October 17, 1941) Ben L. Moyer, of the advertising department of The New York Daily News, wrote as follows:

"Our decision not to carry the advertising of Haldeman-Julius in the future was based upon a num-
ber of complaints from individuals. Their complaints all had to do with the attitude of some of your publications toward religious groups."

The books, let me add, were advertised in all these newspapers scores of times, but as there was no organized campaign of protest they ran from time to time, according to the condition of my treasury. But suddenly the Coughlinites, the Jesuits, and the other bigots of the Black International swung into action with an organized campaign that aimed at terrorizing the publishers of the standard press, and in numerous instances the drive against freedom of speech won out. This was done by striking at the business heads of the publishing companies, not at the editors. The Black International knows that some American editors still hold to the old-fashioned Americanism which considers free speech something worth having. They don't tell the whole truth themselves, but they like to see others stand for what they think is true and right. They tremble when the Black International thunders, but they smile when they see someone else having his say—especially if he pays his bill promptly and at the full card rate. But all this goes overboard when one steps into the business office. There one can find only one test—what will produce the most dollars. Is all this just so much ranting from the frothing mouth of a candidate for Hell? No, it's the truth, and it's all written down in the Jesuit magazine America (February 11, 1928) wherein the rules are printed on the best ways to terrorize publishers and control standard press. If a newspaper offends the Black International here's the list of instructions which are to be followed in order to bring the offending paper into line:

1. Do not attack a magazine or newspaper through its editorial department, but act through its business office.

2. When a magazine or newspaper is attacking your religion, write to the business manager and inform him that you will not buy the offending periodical again, and mean it.

3. Call the attention of your friends to the insult and request them to call the attention to their friends. They, too, should write, and pledge themselves not to buy any offending paper, and mean it.

4. Call the attention of the merchants with whom you deal to the insults and tell them that as long as they advertise in any offending paper, you will not buy their goods, and mean it.

5. Call the attention of your pastor to the insults and suggest that he have his people pledge themselves never to buy any magazine or newspaper that insults the Faith, and never to deal with merchants who advertise in such periodicals, and mean it.

6. Tell your newsdealer that as long as you see a magazine or newspaper on his stand an open insult to you, you will not buy from him, and mean it.

7. Call the attention of your local Catholic paper to the insult, but suggest to the editors not to give free publicity by naming the offender, rather to sound the slogan, "We will never buy a paper or magazine that insults our Faith. We mean it!"

In the above you have a blueprint on how to curb the standard press. Such tactics could never have frightened Ed Howe 30 or 40 years ago, but how many Ed Howes can a country produce? Howe was big enough to stand the abuse of the obscurantists, and he had guts enough to continue writing his opinions on controversial subjects despite lampoons from the disseminators of religious opium. The Black International, as my readers surely know, don't believe in discussion, or debate, or a civilized exchange of ideas and opinions. It follows the medieval policy of beating down the opposition. As I've said before, of the 175 or 185 books on religion and Catholicism written by Joseph McCabe not one has been made the subject for a reply by the Black International. It's afraid of an honest, candid discussion. That would hurt the racket. Instead, it goes after its opponents with clubs, boycotts, threats, ostracism, blackmail, terror, and the other weapons of the Dark Ages. Never argue with those who reject Catholic ideology, says the Black International: gag them, strike them down, throw them in jail, drive them to financial ruin. Nothing is toodespicable. And the thing that resorts to such methods poses as the instrument of God, the tool of sacred righteousness. The thing stinks no end. And
the stink drifts from a mind rotten with theological cancer. Honest, sincere people everywhere must learn these facts and take them seriously to heart, for there are forces at work that intend to deprive Americans of the right to discuss controversial questions candidly and openly. You Americans have a weapon with which to fight back and eventually defeat the reactionaries—your moral and financial support for those editors who aren’t afraid to print the truth. That’s all there is to the fight, it’s as simple as that. And yet, what’s more important? I am just an individual who’s taking the blows of the Black International, but I don’t feel alone, for I know many of my readers are ready to spring to my support once the situation compels me to turn to them. As for the behavior of the Black International and its concentrated assault on this lone individual—I take that as the greatest compliment ever paid me in my career as a writer and editor.

“War-monger” is the favorite name hurled by isolationists at any of us who express the opinion that Hitlerism should be crushed. What’s the best way to reply to such a charge?

Just go on mongering! Upton Sinclair meets the same charge in a paragraph he wrote to an isolationist friend, as follows:

“You send me the speech of President MacCracken of Vassar, and I am quite sure that this gentleman is so good that it is absolutely impossible for him to conceive of anybody being as bad as Hitler is. If you try to tell him, you become a ‘war-monger’—and every follower of Hitler throughout the world chuckles with delight while he calls you that name. We confront the greatest war-monger in the history of the world, and we are compelled to fight for our lives and for all the things that we value more than life; but in the face of that situation we shrink from being called war-mongers! I, for one, am mongering all the war I can.”

Do you believe the news report from Washington, D. C., that there are rooming houses in that city that now rent sleeping quarters on an hourly instead of a daily basis?

Yes, there’s no doubt about it. The city is overcrowded with workers, and rooms are scarce, especially for small-fry jobholders, who, in some cases, rent a bed for six, eight, or 10 hours at a time. Even then the rental is higher than a full-time room costs in numerous other cities.

While aboard the ‘club car’ of one of our great railroads I came on a Sears-Roebuck catalogue What do you think of such mail order practice?

It shows that the paper shortage has become critical at last.

The enclosed circulars tell me how to use astrology and numerology in order to win in speculations. In addition I’m offered astrological forecasts that will give me a year’s guide in important matters of finance, income, investments, business, health, marriage, happiness, love etc. Please comment.

The circular was put out by the Astrology Press, Chicago. The Federal Trade Commission got after this company and compelled it to agree to discontinue advertising along the lines mentioned by my reader. It’s about time this astrology bunk was kicked in the pants.

I don’t like to see Uncle Sam’s submarines called U-Boats the name for Hitler’s undersea craft. Can you suggest something different?

We could call them “V-Boats.”

What do you think of the magnificent underground movement of the Serbs?

It proves they’d rather be Serbs than Serfs.

You have called Father Coughlin all manner of names—crook, liar, etc. Why doesn’t he sue you for libel?

Father (of what?) Coughlin knows I’m loaded with facts when I brand him as an intellectual crook, a liar, a hypocrite, a Fascist, an anti-Semite, a dogmatist, a bigot, a race baiter, a worshipper of the New Order, a spearhead of the Black International, and de-linter of the Pope’s pippik.

Isn’t it a fact that erotic literature appeals only to a part of the reading public?

I think you’re right. The parts roughly are as follows: young men and women, middle-aged men and women, old men and women, and very old men and women.

I see that we are shipping eggs in dried form to England in order to
save shipping space. How many eggs does it take to make a pound of eggpowder?

Thirty-six.

What in Gawd's name does former King Carol see in Madame Lupescu that he sticks to her so long?

For that matter, I don't know what she sees in him.

After leaving high-school I landed a $12 job here in California. Then I got a raise to $16. Yesterday my pay was hikes to $18, so I'm beginning to feel rich. But this question of taxes is beginning to worry me. By hard work, honesty, application and loyalty I hope to increase my net income to $1,000,000 per year. How much would I have to take in in order to enjoy such a net income?

This question was passed up to the Tax Foundation, Inc., which replied that if the Los Angeles fellow is a bachelor without dependents he'd have to gross $5,700,000 before he could have a net income of $1,000,000. The Tax Foundation says its figures are based "on the arbitrary assumptions that he would own around $700,000 of assessed property and would buy consumer goods in an amount suggested by his economic status." The estimate:

Gross income ............... $5,700,000
State personal income tax .......... $ 839,800
Normal federal income tax and surtaxes ...... 3,779,284
All state property taxes ........ 43,000
Sales and excise taxes ........ 37,916 — 4,700,000
Net income ............... $1,000,000

Kindly comment on Louis Adamic's plan to reconstruct Europe after the war.

First let me say that I don't question Mr. Adamic's sincerity and constructive purpose. But that doesn't erase the impression that Adamic is qualifying himself as a male Alice in the Wonderland of world politics. His scheme, boiled down to a few sentences, is simple and direct. The United States must go the limit to defeat Hitlerism. True, and all anti-Nazi agree. After Hitler's downfall the United States must establish a provisional government in Europe. We can let that pass, though my first reaction is to ask why Uncle Sam must do this. Then comes the dramatic list of suggestions. Americans of foreign descent are to take charge over there—Wendell Willkie in Germany, Judge Peccora in Italy, Knudsen in Denmark, Tom Amlie in Norway, and so on. Each democratic leader is to run the country of his ancestors until democracy gets firmly established. Here, it seems to me, is the flaw in the Adamic proposal. He goes on the theory that a dozen supporters of democracy can pack their bags in this country and go to Europe for the job of putting democracy on its feet for a hundred or a thousand years. It's that simple. It's over-simplification, I believe history will show that United States bullets will kill many Nazis but the real shove that will topple over the Nazi madhouse will come not from Uncle Sam's munitions but from the people of Europe. And the people will take over, if Hitlerism is finally crushed. When that comes to pass the work of reconstruction will be taken over by men and women from the ranks of Europe's masses, not from Americans sent over to spread light and justice. Such Americans can help, but they can't build European democracy. It must come from the people. That's getting to the goal the hard way, but the hard way's the only way democracy has ever advanced. Louis Adamic's plan is humanitarian in purpose, but shot through with utopianism. When Europe's democracy comes from the brains, the hearts and the hands of the people it'll be the real thing, but when it's brought on a golden platter by a crew of third and fourth generation Americans there'll always be the danger that a movement in the direction of democracy might be shunted down a side street and end up as a streamlined, benevolent form of imperialism.

What have you been reading?

I've had several pleasant evenings of fun with Clifton Fadiman's "Reading I've Liked," a 900-page book published by my old friends, Simon and Schuster, N. Y. C. Some day, when I get the time, I hope to do a book containing my own collection of the odds and ends of literature, with special emphasis on the fugitive fragments that keep circulating because they're lively. Most of them have to be credited to the
distinguished, gifted, modest Mr. Anon. Many such pieces are kept alive on the back of business cards issued by saloonists. I must have a thousand such nuggets. They may shock, but they never bore. This Fadiman collection is on the respectable side of the tracks—sound, literary, artistic, with dashes of humor that are untainted by the breath of scandal. I was especially pleased by Fadiman's inclusion of four pages of sentences from the sayings of Ken Hubbard, including:

"Miss Fawn Lippincut wen t' th' city t'day t' match a gold fish."
"Some people are so sensitive that they feel snubbed if an epidemic overlooks 'em."
"It's th' good loser that finally loses out."
"When a feller says, 'it hain't th' money, but th' principle o' th' thing,' it's th' money."
"Some fellers pay a compliment like they expected a receipt."
"Hon. Ex-editor Cale Fluhart wuz a power politically fer years, but he never got prominent enough t' have his speeches garbled."
"Miss Tawney Apple's niece wuz prematurely drown'd yesterd'y while walkin' in a canoe."
"Laf Bud has lost his job at th' meat shop 'cause his thumb was too light."
"We like little children, 'cause they tear out as soon as they git what they want."
"Mrs. Tipton Bud has sold her gold fish as they kept her tied down."
"Th' Tornado Insurance Agents' Union 'll hold an important business session here next month if they kin git an oriental dancer."
"Miss Eloise Moots has resigned from th' Monarch 5 & 10, and it'll give her whole time t' her hair."
"Joe Kite has quit his job at th' saw mill, but th' idea wuz not original with him."
"Ez Pash says he allus hates t' break in a clean towel."
"It's no disgrace t' be poor, but it might as well be."
"Mr. an' Mrs. Tipton Bud, who have been quarantined fer two weeks, have both applied for a divorce."
"Mr. Lemmie Peters, whose graduation essay, 'This Is Th' Age o' Opportunity,' caused so much favorable comment a year ago, almost took th' agency fer th' Eclipse Fly Swatter yesterday."
"It don't make no difference what it is, a woman'll buy anything she thinks a store is losin' money on."
"Bees are not as busy as we think they are. They just can't buzz any slower."
"There ought t' be some way t' eat celery so it wouldn't sound like you wuz steppin' on a baskit."
"Stew Nugent has decided t' go work till he kin find somethin' better."
"Now and then an innocent man is sent t' th' legislature."
"Th' world gets better every day—then worse agin in th' evenin'."
"Two homely people allus seem t' be so genuinely glad t' git t'gether."
"Mrs. Tilford Moots' gran'father, who has played golf fer th' past three years, died anyhow t'day."

Of course, there are other good things in Fadiman's Reader.

How much space does egg-drying save?

A 30-dozen case of eggs dries down to a powder weighing 10 pounds. The dehydration of eggs is becoming a big business in this country. The process saves shipping space, especially important in these days when we are assuming the job of feeding Britain. Powdered eggs make fine scrambled eggs, but naturally one can't fry them "sunny side up." I've tried powdered eggs, just out of curiosity, for I'm connected with an old-fashioned hen line that continues to supply my table with conventional eggs, which I enjoy. But, at that, I think powdered eggs make excellent scrambled eggs, the main reason being the white and yolks are more thoroughly mixed in the powder. But there's a prejudice against. Lots of people insist they can tell the difference. It's mostly imagination. Until recently most powdered eggs went to commercial customers, but now that we have to keep England's tummy satisfied, the situation is changing rapidly. All one does in order to run the powder into something suitable for scrambling is to add water—one part egg powder to three parts water being the most popular proportion. Another advantage, besides the ease and economy in shipping, is the fact that the powder keeps indefinitely. The process removes the egg's 72 percent moisture content quickly and inexpensively. A carload of powder is the equivalent of five cars of fresh shell eggs.

About a century ago Walter Savage
E. Haldeman-Julius

Landor wrote a poem, "A Foreign Ruler," which hits of a certain Adolf Schickelgruber. Can you give me the piece?

Yes, "A Foreign Ruler" is Hitler all right. Here's the poem:

He says, MY REIGN IS PEACE, so slays
A thousand in the dead of night.
ARE YOU ALL HAPPY NOW? he says,
And those he leaves behind cry QUITE.
He swears he will have no contention,
And sets all nations by the ears;
He shouts aloud, NO INTERVENTION!
Invades, and drowns them all in tears.

What do you think about the dollar Ingersoll watch's guarantee?

The Ingersoll-Waterbury Co., offers the public a repair or replacement guarantee for a fee, but customers who send in their watches for repair are usually given new ones. But here's the rub. The old watches are disassembled and the parts are put in the bins containing new parts. This means that a "new" watch is fairly certain to contain old parts, some of them vital. It's my notion that a new watch should contain new parts.

I'm curious to know how it came that a part of European Russia came to be known as White Russia.

Some authorities say the name may have something to do with the fact that the former traditional costume of the people of that section consisted of white smocks, white leggings, and white homespun coats.

In one of your volumes of "Q & A" you carry on in a merry mood and when you get into Lincoln's Gettysburg Address you talk about "its one great inaccuracy." I'll bite. What is it?

"The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here."

What's the death rate in our army?

The figure for 1940 was a record low—2.8 per 1,000 men. It was 3.1 in 1939.

I wish you'd turn your one candle-power mind away from trifles long enough to express an opinion on the attempts to get Labor Leader Bridges deported to his native Australia.

Harry Bridges is a militant, result-producing labor leader who knows how to make the shipping bosses behave, which makes him unpopular and nothing more than a damned Communist. Also, he can't be bought. Which makes him even worse than a Communist. Perhaps an Atheist. So for years, powerful interests have been hard at work trying to get Bridges (who isn't a U. S. citizen) booted out of the country. Bridges denies he's a Red or that he ever was one. No direct evidence has ever been produced. Here I'll refrain from the temptation of writing on the theme that a man's political and economic theories are his own, which the government has no right to invade. A man should be judged by his acts, not his opinions, in matters of deportation. But here's the joke. While the authorities in Washington were trying to cook up a new case against Bridges for being a Communist, Roosevelt had Mr. Harriman representing him in Moscow, where he went to great pains to find out what we could do for the Soviet Union in the way of supplies and other support in its war with Hitler. Over here we would deport a man for being a Communist; in Communist Russia we ask how we can spend billions of dollars in order to help preserve the Workers' Father-
land. That's a situation for the combined pens of Voltaire, Bernard Shaw, Jonathan Swift, and Mark Twain.

How many words should a child have in its working vocabulary?
The University of Oklahoma's survey shows that a normal child's vocabulary is 14,583 words.

Do cows respond to their names?
An agricultural experiment station reports that in a herd of 100 cows all responded to their names.

Is a child's mental growth an even process throughout the year?
No. According to a report made by a psychologist connected with the University of California, "children's mental growth is faster in Autumn and Winter than in Spring and Summer."

How do theologians explain Gawd's purpose in creating the syphilis germ or intestinal parasites?
I haven't come on anything discussing the Ethereal Esquire's reasons for creating syphilis germs or intestinal parasites, but I happened on something just as good in the August 30, 1941, issue of the most important organ of the Jesuits, America. In this piece a divinely inspired theologian tries to explain why Gawd (Father Coughlin's pronunciation) created mosquitoes. He writes: "When you grasp the raison d'être of a mosquito—you have solved the problem of evil." Warming up to his subject, the most intellectual publication of American Catholicism lets loose with this:

"Undoubtedly their genesis followed the Fall. Their mission, which seems so vindictive, is undoubtedly salutary. Each sting, each itchy bite is a poignant reminder that here we have no resting place and mundane joys are never perfect. They are stern preachers, unpleasant preceptors, uncomfortable reminders...they seem to have a purpose after all."

Then mosquitoes were made by Jehovah for strictly worldly uses. Heaven, we must conclude, is devoid of mosquitoes. But, is that quite fair to one of Gawd's own creatures? If he had a good reason for making them, and if they are doing their duties resolutely, is it divine justice to snuff out their existence for all time? I refuse to believe in such an unfair, ungrateful Creator. There must be a separate heaven for mosquitoes, where they go to eternal orgies of lush drilling into sweet, warm flesh as a reward for having done their best to remind humans that "mundane joys are never perfect."
Or does He send them to a general heaven, first removing their amazingly efficient needles? One never knows where he'll come to a halt if one dives into the insanities of the Christian superstition.

What's become of that old Fascist chestnut about Mussolini making the trains run on time?
...That slogan was a favorite before the war, serving many fools as a justification for Mussolini's form of tyranny. I showed several times (see my volumes of "Questions and Answers") that the cry was based on bunk, and, besides, the trains in democratic America weren't such awful things. Well, even if we were to grant that the trains in Italy ran on time (just for argument's sake) they haven't done the country any good for after joining the Axis Mussolini delivered the land over to the Nazis, so that Italy is now as much under Hitler's heel as any other occupied country in Europe. Hitler, supposed to deliver 1,000,000 tons of coal monthly, has let his Italian province down, for Mussolini has just announced that the country would use during the Winter of 1941 only 30 percent of the quantity of coal used in 1940, which wasn't a howling success even then. So, Italians have lost their country and their liberty—and the trains don't run on time, and in many cases don't run at all. In Milan, for example, one goes to the depot at 6 a.m. to catch a train that had been due the previous 6 p.m.

What do the Japanese mean when they speak of "thought" prisoners?
If you think thoughts in Japan that the police think you shouldn't think you're thrown in the hoosegow until the flat-foots think you've been cured of the thoughts you've been thinking, or at least that's what they think, and so long as they think your thoughts aren't dangerous you're let on the loose, but you're watched carefully in order to stop you from thinking thoughts that the police think you shouldn't think. All of
which adds up to a big Fascist stink.

My husband wants me to ask you for the difference between direct taxation and indirect taxation?

The difference is simple. When you ask him for money, that's direct taxation, but when you go through his pockets while the dope's asleep, that's indirect taxation.

I notice you go in for lots of statistics. Your volumes of "Question and Answers" are crowded with them. Therefore, please comment on the wisecrack made recently by a university president: "Statistics are facts collected to prove what is not true."

That's clever, and I wish I'd said it, but that wouldn't make it true as well as cute. You can't prove what's untrue by facts, for facts are in themselves the raw material of truth. I don't like statistics, but as a student of affairs I have to use them if I'm to get anywhere. A brilliant opinion isn't worth a dime if it doesn't stand up to the facts. How could we get along without statistics in the important fields of economics, finance, commerce, science, national income, mortality rates, birth rates, health, business, social security, prices, unemployment, agricultural production, consumption, and so on down the line? Yes, figures bore, but we'd be greater bores than we are if we tried to talk about current life without resorting to facts. I'm reminded of the Irishman who had landed a job in a railroad station, where he was responsible for calling the name of the station and other germane information. But the fellow forgot the name of the station, so this is what he called out: "Here ye are for where you are goin', All in there for here, come out."

How many shells did the cannon of the Union Army fire at the Battle of Gettysburg?

In three days of fierce fighting, only 33,000 shells.

Is the average American a betting man?

Yes. War or no war, Americans like to gamble. A Gallup survey shows that 54 percent of those questioned admitted they have put money on the line during the last 12 months, with church lotteries among the leaders. Dr. Gallup says the following list shows the percentage of Americans who said they had taken a chance in one or more of the commoner forms: church lotteries, 24%; playing cards or dice for money, 24%; slot machines, 24%; punchboards, 23%; betting on elections or athletic events, 21%; betting on a horse race, 9%; playing the numbers game, 8%. Only 14 percent claimed they had come out ahead. Farmers are least addicted to betting. Men and women in the East and Far West do the most gambling. The least betting is done in the Middle West and South. According to the Gallup poll, 43,000,000 of the country's 80,000,000 adults bet or gambled at least once during the past year. If succumbing to the gambling impulse is sinful, let's not forget to squeeze a smile out of the spectacle of church lotteries being among the three leaders. An "Amer" is quickly followed by "Bingo!" If you shoot craps in a club, you're immoral; if you gamble in a church, you're doing the work of the Lord. In short, you'll go to Hell for taking a spin at roulette, but you'll mingle with the angels if you lay it down on the line at church-conducted lotteries.

An Isolationist friend of mine, who prefers the "mild reasonableness" of Lord 'erbert 'ovoer to the crassness of the Lindbergh-Wheeler-Nye bloc, says he seconds the anti-Soviet stand of 'erbert 'ovoer. He insists that Stalin is just as much an aggressor as Hitler.

Please comment.

During the Harding, Coolidge and Hoover administrations our military establishment was neglected, the policy being that there was no need for a large army and certainly no need for a great increase in armaments. This was at a time when the Soviet Union was going full blast and years before Hitlerism became entrenched. Hoover, as President, must have felt that the Soviet Union had no scheme of military aggression against the world. And he was right. The Soviet Union rested its case on propaganda of the word. There was no propaganda of the deed. The U. S. under Hoover had no fear of the U. S. S. R., even though you could see the latter's territory from points in Alaska.

In several articles in volumes of your "Questions and Answers" you say that the United States and the Soviet Union are natural allies. Please discuss this
subject more thoroughly. I thought we and the Communists were enemies.

There are ideological differences between Uncle Sam and the Russian Bear. That isn’t the point. We both have conflicting ideas on numerous subjects. So what? The fact is, we’ve always been at ideological loggerheads with Russia, and by this I mean even under the Czars. We broke a trade treaty with Russia that had been running for about 75 years because we didn’t like the way the Czar’s hooligans were slaughtering Jews. Our Congress bawled out the Russian regime in a formal resolution. Czарist Russia, on the other hand, hated the U.S. from its birth, mainly because of its political liberal-ism. It was one of the last countries to recognize us diplomatically. But that didn’t stop the Russians from siding with the Union during the Civil War. The reason? Because the Czar’s government knew that Britain and France were inclined to favor the Confederacy. Russia even went so far as to send fleets to San Francisco and the Eastern Coast as friendly gestures in support of Lincoln’s administration. This wasn’t done because the Czar favored freedom and democracy. It was because the Russians had good political reasons for wanting to see the U.S. saved from dismemberment. Look at the map. It tells the whole story. Russia balances the U.S. as a wall against Prussian militarism. Russia balances the U.S. as a wall against Japanese militarism. Our military men know this, and they are always among the first to favor an alliance with the Russians, regardless of their wicked ideas about economics, religion, and the like. Even after the World War, when the naughty Bolsheviks took over Russia, President Wilson’s administration didn’t want to see the Japanese swallow huge portions of Eastern Siberia, so we sent a military expedition to Siberia to keep the Japanese from stealing the country. This wasn’t because we loved the Bolsheviks, but because we had a vital interest at stake. We didn’t want Japanese aggression to destroy independent Russia. We made our stand clear. All this shows how the U.S. and the U.S. S. R. have military reasons for supporting policies that will protect both countries. And that, in the year 1941, explains why capitalistic America is ready to swallow its peev against the Bolsheviks and actually back them up with supplies in order to enable them to save their country from both the Nazis and the Japanese Fascists. When we help preserve the sovereignty of Russia we’re really serving our own interests.

Can you tell me in what way the backbone of the herring is mentioned in the judicial oath used in some obscure place in or near England?

The Isle of Man uses this judicial oath: “You swear to do justice between cause and cause as equally as the backbone of a herring doth mid-most of the fish.”

I’m puzzled by news reports of men like Hopkins and Harriman flying from London to Moscow. Is this done by way of Sweden or the Mediterranean?

The 1,000-mile flight from London to Moscow is made as the crow flies, which means bombers travel over Germany. The trip over enemy territory is usually made during the night and at a tremendous height.

What’s the big idea of Stalin’s “scorched earth” policy?

To give Hitler the “hot foot.”

Don’t you agree that the main dangers on the roads are drunken driving, uncontrolled thumbing and indiscriminate spooning?

In short, hic, hike and hug.

What’s the difference between a card shark and a card sharp?

A card shark is an exceptionally good player; a card sharp is a crook.

What mysterious force makes Mexican beans jump?

There’s nothing mysterious about them. The beans jump because they’re inhabited by insect grubs that writhe and double up.

Is it true that Clarence Darrow, while in the Swiss Alps, was once rescued by a St. Bernard?

Absolutely. The way he told it, he was climbing up the Matterhorn in Switzerland with two guides in short pants and feathers in their hats. Every once in a while the guides would stop and go yo-hee-ho-dodle-dee and an enormous St. Bernard would rush up with a keg of
whisky. After the third keg, Darrow was out-yo-hee-ho-dodle-dee-laddling the guides. When Darrow let loose with his mightiest yell, up dashed a St. Bernard with a keg of whisky around his neck, and right behind him was a goat with a coke chaser.

What was Abraham Lincoln's idea of democracy?

Lincoln defined it this way:

"As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. This expresses my idea of democracy. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference, is no democracy."

Did Lincoln once write a soap testimonial?

Yes, but he did it in a spoofing mood. It was just after he was elected President that a Professor Gardner wrote him for a soap testimonial. Here's what he replied:

"Dear Sir: Some specimens of your Soap have been used at our house and Mrs. L. declares it is a superior article. She at the same time protests that I have never given sufficient attention to the 'soap question' to be a competent judge."

Was the great Union general, William T. Sherman, showered with a lot of criticism from the so-called blue-blooded aristocrats?

General Sherman came from the common people and always supported democratic ideals. He never worried about the sneers of the "fine people." Once he was shown a batch of newspaper clippings (my newclip filing system was still to be invented) and was asked about the report that he had once run a corner grocery. Sherman replied calmly: "For my part, I think a corner a good place for a grocery store."

**BRINKLEY INDICTED**

A Federal grand jury in Little Rock, Ark., has indicted "Dr." John R. Brinkley, notorious goat-gland quack, on the charge of using the mails to defraud 16,000 persons who had paid the fake surgeon $12,000,000 for an operation that's supposed to "restore to normal sexual vigor sexually weak men and women" and increase their life-span to a mere 100 years. As many readers know, The American Freeman was the first paper to expose Brinkley's medical quackery, at the same time showing him up as a Fascist and anti-Semite. Evidence was printed that showed Brinkley had paid $5,000 to Silver Shirt Pelley for Fascist propaganda in this country. Eight years ago, when Brinkley was rolling in wealth through his fake operation, The Freeman was exposing him as a medical fraud. His colleague, Norman Baker, was also shown up as a crook and quack. It was The Freeman that first exposed Norman Baker's fake cancer cure for which he sued The Freeman's editor for $600,000. The suit never came to trial because he had to go to Leavenworth for four years, having been found guilty of using the mails fraudulently in promoting his fake cancer project. Editor Haldeman-Julius was put to great expense in fighting Baker's libel suit, but he was helped in this by numerous donations from Freeman readers. In fact, it was found that after the expenses had been met some money was left over for use in The Freeman's deficit fund. Yes, The Freeman's a little sheeet, but it manages to get important things said. Meanwhile, the editor gets cursed and abused by the friends of the quacks, fakes, crooks, Fascists and others. But he keeps smiling—and fighting.

Can you give me the text of the little girl's letter which moved Abe Lincoln to let his beard grow?

Grace Bedell, a little girl who lived in Westfield, N.Y., after seeing Lincoln's picture in the newspapers, wrote him as follows:

"I am a little girl, eleven years old ... have you any little girls about as large as I am ... If you will let your whiskers grow, you would look a great deal better for your face is so thin ... I must not write any more answer this right off. Goodbye, Grace Bedell."  

Lincoln took her suggestion to heart, and a few months later he had the beard by which we know him best. Once he passed through Westfield, where he asked about Grace. When she was brought to him, he gave the girl the thrill of her life by pointing to his beard and saying: "You see, I let those whiskers grow for you, Grace."

Why is it that you rarely review a new novel?

The answer is simple, I rarely read any of the new novels. Clifton Fadiman tells a story about Professor Raymond Weaver, of Columbia University, an authority on the classics. One evening, at a dinner party, Dr. Weaver was asked by a pretty young blonde, "in her most buffed
and polished finishing-school voice," if he'd read a best-seller that was the rage of the hour. When the professor said he hadn't, she exclaimed, "You'd better hurry up—it's been out over three months!" The professor replied: "Have you read Dante's Divine Comedy?" And when she shook her head, he continued, "Then you'd better hurry up—it's been out over six hundred years."

Do you agree with press commentators and others who say Hitler and Stalin are just two of a kind?

I've done my share of criticizing Stalinism, for, as my readers know, I'm not a Communist and doubt I'll ever be one, but this gibb talk about Hitler and Stalin being exactly alike is nonsense. True, both are dictators, but writers who discuss Russia should bear in mind that that vast country has never known the meaning of democracy. Democracy may come to the Soviet Union in time, but if it does it'll be something new for the Russian people. Stalin didn't destroy democracy in Russia, while Hitler stamped out many expressions of the democratic impulse in Germany. Another point to remember when comparing the two is that Hitler is a fanatic on the subject of racism, while Stalin has always taught the Russian people to rise above racial persecutions. True, both dictators are ruthless when crushing political opposition, making extreme use of the secret police. Hitler has indoctrinated the Nazis with a deep hatred for the German and other masses. Stalin, on the other hand, in the words of Maurice Hindus, "exiles men who speak slightly of workingmen." Hitler has "glorified" war, painting it as something beautiful and noble. Stalin, says Hindus, trains his boys and girls to meet a necessity. Stalin, when he exercises control of peoples, goes on the theory that all are equals. He treats them the same. Hitler, we know from the record, treats the Poles, Czechs, Belgians, Frenchmen, Jews, Yugo-Slavians, Russians, and the like as so many brute creatures. For example, when Hitler went into the Western half of Poland he left the great landlords in control of their great estates, while the small Polish farmers were herded into the roads and sent them forth to starve and freeze, placing German Nazis in their homes and on their acres. In the Eastern half, Stalin divided the great estates among the common people. Hitler has taught his Nazi brutes to treat women like cattle, to compel them to accept sex inequality, and to be content with the meagerest forms of education. The Russians insist on sex equality, economically, politically and educationally. Almost 150,000 women have been trained in Russia to work as engineers. Such differences are certain to have ultimate effects on morale. This explains, in some degree, the glorious reactions of the Russian people to Hitler's invaders. They have been fighting as though they felt they have something to lose. The Germans, enslaved by Hitler, have been compelled to fight Hitler's battles in order to entrench their own slavery and impose slavery on neighboring peoples. That's why I agree with Hindus when he writes: "Hitler may seize Kiev, Kharkov, Rostov, Leningrad and Moscow... push eastward to the Urals, but he will not win the war because he cannot hold the Russian earth and Russian humanity." Russia has changed since the days of the Czars. Russia, says Hindus, "is a land where workers may go hungry but have pride in their status as workers... Neither Nazi rhetoric, with all its vituperation and prophecies of doom, nor Nazi tanks and Stukas and flame-throwers have scared it into flight." That explains in part why Hitler hasn't been able to carry out the prediction of some Washington officials, who early in the war insisted that "the German army will go through Russia like a knife through butter."

How would you go about solving the sex problem of the boys in the army and navy?

I wouldn't know.

Do you believe the oft-quoted statement that four-fifths of the country's wealth belongs to widows?

No.

I snore so loud I keep myself awake. What shall I do?

Sleep in another room.

Recently, while in a hotel dining room, I heard three men order "au gratin." One asked for potatoes "aw grotton."
another insisted on ordering potatoes "oh grayton," while the last man asked for potatoes "aw grayteen." How would you pronounce it?

I'd ask for French fries.

Why do so many people reject Eugenics?

All men believe in heredity when their children act up right, but they question it when they see them acting up idiotically.

Why do green apples cause bellyache? They won't if you'll chew them well.

How much did the Nazis spend on re-armament from 1933 to 1939, and how much on war since?

My guestimate: $40,000,000,000, from 1933 to 1939; $50,000,000,000, since 1939.

The magazine of the Jesuits, "America," seems to be fed up with you and is now out for bigger game. Are you jealous? Read the enclosed clipping from "America" and weep.

Small Streams That Swell into the Current of Paganism" is the headline in America, considered the greatest magazine issued by the Jesuits. My small stream isn't even mapped. Such neglect is discouraging. But the magazine will probably get back on my neck again before long and take me on for another round. The October, 1941, America turns its guns on some of the big fellows in the field of American publishing, including Collier's, The Ladies Home Journal, The Woman's Home Companion, Harper's Bazaar, The Reader's Digest, Time, American Magazine and The New Yorker. The editor probably feels that since he has disposed of me for all time he can now sail into other journals. The article in America is based on a report issued by the United Catholic Organizations Press Relations Committee, a group that snoops among all publications in order to root out not only direct attacks on the hierarchy but the subtle poison of "paganism." Here's the Black International's case against our big circulation periodicals:

"Ladies Home Journal (circulation, 3,630,318), July and August: Bette Davis, penning her autobiography, expresses impatience with people who are unhappily married but live together because of the children. . . . The general tenor of How America Lives, No. 19 in Series, endorses birth control. The arrival of two children in the early years of a marriage is deplored. "Lois (the wife) might have learned housekeeping easily,' if planned parenthood had not failed."

"Collier's (circulation, 2,790,465), July 26, August 16: 'Poor Man's Garbo,' by Ted Shane, Glorification of a strip-tease girl and her disrobing act. She is described as leaving 'the third year of a . . . parochial high school' and overcoming 'her innate modesty' in order to help her family."

"McCall's (circulation, 3,150,195), July, August: In a fiction story, a woman, though stricken with an incurable disease and preparing for an early death, never thinks of religion."


"Woman's Home Companion (circulation, 3,439,737), August. In 'Panama Threat,' by Brenda Conrad, love comes once more to a married woman. Her husband agrees to give her a divorce, 'Andy (not her husband) was standing in the hall doorway. She closed her eyes and waited. She could hear him coming across the terrace toward her. The End.'"

"The New Yorker (circulation, 156,548) . . . For more than a year The New Yorker frequently has thrown open its pages to the contemptuous and blasphemous use of the Name of God and the Name, Jesus Christ. The issue of August 2, for example, links the Sacred Name of Jesus Christ with Gypsy Rose Lee, James Joyce, sex, liquor."

One thing that gives me a tremendous laugh is the fact that some of the above organs of "paganism" rejected my advertising when threatened by the Black International. Now they're collecting their reward for their faithful work in saving the country from that horrible, wicked, sinful Haldeman-Julius. It ain't fair. The whole thing smacks of Hitler's tactic of dividing the enemy. First the Black International gets the organs of "paganism" to kick me in the pants; then the Black International turns around and kicks the kickers. But, seriously, all this is an indication of what free America can expect should the Black International
be able to write its bigotry, supernaturalism, obscurantism, superstition and medievalism into the law of the land. I'd be the first to be slapped in the hoosegow, naturally, but these other respectable, powerful organs of "paganism" would get theirs next. The American ideal of a free press would be crushed. The Black International would knock out the teeth of the "pagans" and then proceed to give us the kind of reading matter that meets the approval of the hierarchy. And it's for writing strictly factual comments like the above that I'm attacked and slandered from one end of the country to the other, held up by the Black International as a horrible example of a destroyer of piety, righteousness, purity and saintliness. All of which brings to mind my oft-repeated sentence: Catholicism is a brain cancer.

The other night I heard Charles Laughton in a broadcast recite as a dramatic monologue a piece on freedom written by a girl. Can you give me the text?

Hazel Parker, an 18-year-old reporter on the Louisville Courier-Journal, wanted to achieve the glory of a by-line, so she wrote a short piece entitled "Freedom is Made of Simple Stuff," but the editor liked it so much that he decided to run it as a leading editorial, without credit to the girl. Soon it was quoted all over the country, and then the actor, Charles Laughton, used it for one of his powerful readings. (Do you remember the way he read Lincoln's Gettysburg Address in "Ruggles of Red Gap"?) Miss Parker got her by-line at last, and here's how it reads:

Freedom is a man lifting a gate latch at dusk and sitting for a while on the porch, smoking his pipe, before he goes to bed.
It is the violence of an argument outside an election poll; it is the righteous anger of the pulpits.
It is the warm laughter of a girl on a park bench.
It is the rush of a train over the continent and the unafraid faces of people looking out the windows.
It is the howdys in the world, and all the hellos.
It is Westbrook Pegler telling Roosevelt how to raise his children; it is Roosevelt letting them raise themselves. It is Lindbergh's appeasing voice raised above a thousand hisses. It is Dorothy Thompson asking for war; it is Gen Hugh S. Johnson asking her to keep quiet.
It is you trying to remember the words to The Star Spangled Banner.
It is the sea breaking on wide sands somewhere and the shoulders of a mountain supporting the sky. It is the air you fill your lungs with and the dirt that is your garden.
It is a man cursing all cops.
It is the absence of apprehension at the sound of approaching footsteps outside your closed door.
It is your hot resentment of intrigue, the tilt of your chin and the tightening of your lips sometimes.
It is all the things you do and want to keep doing. It is all the things you feel and cannot help feeling.

Freedom—it is you.

What, in your opinion, is a citizen's major duty?

To back Roosevelt's foreign policy.

I enclose a press clipping (dated October 23, 1941) which quotes the Archbishop of Canterbury as saying that there are some points on which the Bible and Communism agree. Can you give me the text of such a Bible quotation?

Verses 44-45 of Chapter 2, of Acts of the Apostles, (New Testament), supports the Archbishop's assertion, as follows:

"And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted (divided) them to all men, as every man had need."

Now try and get the Vatican to accept such an outlandishly anti-capitalistic doctrine. You try, I'm too busy. And if you're foolish enough to ask the hierarchy about this sentiment you'll find that the Black International, the greatest real estate corporation in the world and one of the great receivers of income from stocks, bonds and other forms of wealth, hates Communism because it strikes at the heart of its system of mass exploitation.

What nation do you think is the most civilized in the world?

Before Petain and the Catholic-Fascist reaction, I would have placed France at the top of the list. Now it's the United States, far above any other nation in music, art, literature, poetry, the theater, architecture, motion pictures, journalism, scholarship, science, humanitarianism, social pro-
gress, freedom, democracy, homes, transportation, industry, natural resources, invention, citizenship, controversy, the free exchange of ideas, medicine, tolerance, health, material abundance, education, idealism, justice, and the thousands of devices and facilities that put comfort and ease within the reach of anyone who has money n his pants pocket. I don't mean we're perfect in everything listed above. We'll never be perfect. But we're on our way, and we're going places.

For years I've been wanting to read the actual words in the review that told John Keats to quit writing poetry and return to the drug-store where he had been employed before writing "Endymion." I've seen it referred to many times, but don't seem able to meet up with the precise words. Knowing your hobby is to collect such curious incidents in the Republic of Letters, I turn to you for relief.

The melancholy review of John Keats' "Endymion" appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, from which I lift the sentences that have gone down in literary history as one of the greatest boners ever pulled off by a critic:

"The Phrenzy of the Poems was bad enough in its way; but it did not alarm us half so seriously as the calm, settled, imperturbable drivelling idiocy of 'Endymion' . . . Mr. Hunt is a small poet, but he is a clever man. Mr. Keats is a still smaller poet, and he is only a boy of pretty abilities, which he has done everything in his power to spoil . . . We venture to make one small prophecy, that his bookseller will not a second time venture £50 upon anything he can write. It is a better and a wiser thing to be a starved apothecary than a starved poet; so back to the shop, Mr. John, back to 'plasters, pills, and ointment boxes,' etc. But for Heaven's sake, young Sangrado, be a little more sparing of extenuatives and soporifics in your practice than you have been with your poetry."

Let me make a patriotic and constructive suggestion to the editors of this country. The idea is to have each publication agree to print the essence of the Bill of Rights at least once a year. Show where you stand on this plea by being the first to accept my plea.

The American Freeman is glad to act on the above suggestion. From now on, at least once each year, The Freeman will print the 150-year-old Bill of Rights:

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of people peaceably to assemble . . .

A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms shall not be infringed.

No Soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house . . .

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated . . .

No person shall be held to answer for [an] infamous crime, unless on . . . indictment of a Grand Jury . . . nor shall any person be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall [he] be compelled . . . to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation.

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial . . . and to be informed of . . . the accusation . . .

In suits of common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved . . .

Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution are reserved to the States . . . or to the people.

I like the way you avoid the annoying habit of exaggeration.

Thanks. I warn myself against exaggeration a thousand times a day.

As a careful student of your advertising methods, I am interested in knowing what you think of "the dangling comparative"?

The dangling comparative is a popular device with copy writers in advertising offices. For the benefit
of laymen, let me explain that when an advertisement says the article it's exploiting is “better” than others it's indulging in the dangling comparative, an unfair and childish trick that should fool no one, but usually does. The Federal Trade Commission banned the dangling comparative in the case of a small company that caters to farmers, which may mean that the Government is getting ready to make its crackdown general. That would be a healthy thing for honest advertising.

One thing I like about you is your passion for useless knowledge. True, your numerous volumes of “Questions and Answers” show you give thought to serious, vital, significant themes, but you're always ready to take time out for knowledge that can never build a bridge or fill a tooth. Therefore, I turn to you with the request for an answer to this question: Suppose a smooth-faced man shaves an average lifetime—from 17 to 70—how many miles will his razor travel?

The best estimate is 20 miles. It's hardly more than a guestimate because men's faces are all shapes and sizes. Besides, men don't all use the same shaving technique. Also, whiskers and skin don't run the same. But here's what one mathematician dug out: On the average, from ear to ear around the chin, you get something like 12½ inches. Then you get about 4½ inches from the line where the beard starts on the throat to the chin and then on to the lower lip. Our wizard then allows two strokes of the razor for each half inch, or fraction of an inch, in order to get the entire surface covered. Then the face is gone over again for a clean shave. All this adds up to 68 inches per day, assuming a shave each day, which is about right. From then on the figuring is easy, making the razor travel a total distance of 20 miles on the basis of a daily shave from 17 to 70.

Your Freeman is too old-fashioned. Get away from newsprint and turn to a good grade of paper. Try to get into step with the times, you old mossback.

I'm never ashamed to have my pieces appear on newsprint. Here I recall FPA's remark, "There never was a poem too good to appear in newsprint." If Pegasus can ride through Utopia on newsprint my prose can travel the same road without embarrassment. As I've said before, it doesn't make any difference what one's words are printed on. What counts is the words. If a thing has reader-interest, you can print it on toilet paper and it'll still find its audience. Toilet paper always does, even when it's wordless.

What's the difference between a cartridge and a bullet?

A cartridge is a brass case that holds the bullet. To be exact, a cartridge consists of much more than the metal case, for it includes the primer, explosive and projectile, or bullet. Thus, a person inserts a cartridge into the breech of his gun, but when he fires the weapon the bullet leaves for its target. The bullet, until the gun goes off, is a part of the cartridge. This means that after the explosive charge the cartridge case remains in the gun while the bullet has been sent on its way. It's a common error to speak of a cartridge case, or a cartridge, as a bullet.

The attached clipping says John Gunther, author of "Inside Europe," "Inside Asia," and several other inside jobs, says he started, back in 1925, keeping a private morgue, in which he put away magazine and news articles that interested him. There are about 75,000 clippings in it now, which is probably as many as you have filed away. Does Gunther use your newsclip filing system?

I don't know. But, I'm sure that if he uses a different system it's no better than my simple, easy kit. I've reduced the practice of filing clippings to a b c simplicity. I've studied several dozen systems, but all the others impressed me as being too complicated.

I weigh almost 300 pounds, which isn't altogether pleasing to my dear little husband of 119 pounds. He says I ought to diet, but I say I'm too far gone. Am I right? A friend says she read somewhere that diet won't help one reduce after one reaches 300 pounds.

Dr. James J. Short, of N.Y.C., writing in the Journal of the American Medical Association, says he had a woman patient who weighed 479¼ pounds when she came to him for treatment. Dr. Short took charge of the woman, who was 35 years old,
and succeeded in reducing her weight by 300 pounds in 18 months, which, so far as I know, is something of a record. No injury to health resulted. This shows there seems to be no limit to the amount of excess weight one can remove. Dr. Short says he started his patient on a submaintenance diet, which means she was required to eat less food than her daily requirement, thus making it possible for her body to consume its own fat for heat and energy. The diet, writes Dr. Short, averaged 600 to 800 calories daily, and during the first four months she lost 115 pounds, an average of 29 pounds per month. For short periods minor complications ensued, including labored breathing, nausea and abdominal pains, but these conditions were easily corrected. Varicose veins appeared, and these were treated surgically. Dr. Short removed sagging skin left on the abdomen, hips, thighs and arms. The patient’s health improved markedly, including a better mental attitude.

Isn’t it a fact that your references to your volumes of “Questions and Answers” belong in the category of plugs?

You’re right. I find it necessary to refer to the volumes in order to save myself the unnecessary labor of repeating subjects already covered, but in the back of my mind is the hidden thought that such passing remarks about the books will move some of my readers to the point where they’ll want to buy them. Is there anything terrible about that?

I am afraid and become dizzy when in high places or on a fairly tall ladder. Why is this?

Dr. Vedlus Lineman, physiologist, answers the above, as follows:

Persons often become dizzy in high places because they are unable to acclimate their vision properly. Dizziness often can be produced by improper glasses which distort the object. This is essentially what happens when one is on a ladder. The landscape is somewhat distorted.

Can you tell me the best way to play poker and shoot craps?

The best service I can give you is to tell you nothing. The best way to tackle poker and craps is to learn to let them alone. If you play against professionals you’ll lose. That’s certain. And it won’t make any difference how many tricks I teach you, so I prefer to let you remain in abyssal ignorance—for your own good. There’s no harm about gambling with friends, but playing with gamblers is foolish and expensive.

How safe is one in a motor car during lightning storms?

Dr. Gilbert D. McCann, research engineer, Westinghouse High Voltage Laboratory, Trafford, Pa., says his staff has made demonstrations that prove that occupants of a steel-topped motor car are safe from natural lightning attacks. Three million volts of man-made lightning hit a car in which Dr. McCann was seated at the wheel, and the stroke “streaked to the ground in a hundred millionth of a second, showing the safety of an auto during an electrical storm.” Dr. McCann added:

“Although the laboratory lightning stroke hit the motor car just six inches above my head, I was safe from injury. Why? The answer is simple. Because modern steel car bodies are effective shields against lightning. If lightning struck a car on a highway, the extremely high current electricity should be conducted through the metal body to earth without injuring the occupants.”

Some 400 or 500 years ago, according to a source which I can’t identify, a body of leaders in the Church got into a hot argument over the number of teeth in a horse’s mouth. I’ve seen it quoted several times, but can’t put my fingers on it. If you know what I have in mind, can you help me? The passage is an amusing and subtle argument for Freethought and Rationalism.

My reader probably refers to a paragraph which Theodore Shroeder, the distinguished scientist and scholar, describes as a fascinating exhibition of “erudite infantilism.” The passage, according to Shroeder, is by the oft-quoted and frequently gifted Mr. Anonymous, and reads as follows:

In the year of our Lord 1432 there arose a grievous quarrel among the brethren over the number of teeth in the mouth of a horse. For 13 days the disputations raged without ceasing. All the ancient books and chronicles were fetched out, and wonderful and
ponderous erudition, such as was never before heard of in this region, was made manifest. At the beginning of the 14th day, a youthful friar of godly bearing asked his learned superiors for permission to ad a word, and straightforwardly, to the wonderment of the disputants whose deep wisdom he sore vexed, he beseeched them to unbend in a manner coarse and unheard of, and to look into the open mouth of a horse to find answer to their questionings. At this, their dignity being grievously hurt, they waxed exceeding wroth; and, joined in a mighty uproar, they flew upon him and smote him hip and thigh, and cast him out forthwith. For, said they, surely Satan hath tempted this bold neophyte to declare unholly and unheard-of ways of finding truth contrary to all the teachings of the fathers. After many days more of grievous strife the dove of peace sat on the assembly, and they as one man declared the problem to be an everlasting mystery because of a grievous dearth of historical and theological evidence thereof, and so ordered the same writ down.

I often wonder how you manage to track down so many curiosities of literature, little things that may be trifling but always interesting, at least to me. Now I bring one to you on my own. As we all know, the expression “What did the governor of North Carolina say to the governor of South Carolina?” has become a part of our folklore. The answer, of course, is: “It’s a damn long time between drinks.” Now here’s what I want to know: Is the question and answer just an American fable? Is it merely on the level of George Washington and the cherry tree?

The famous, often-quoted Q&A is fact, not fable. The “Dictionary of American History” and the Raleigh (N.C.) News and Observer ran the thing down to its origin. However, the immortal statement wasn’t made by one governor of North Carolina but by two. One hot Summer day, in 1838, over a couple of mint juleps, Governor Edward B. Dudley, of North Carolina said “It’s a damn long time between drinks” to Governor Pierce Mason Butler, of South Carolina. In 1842, during a political debate, Governor Morehead, of North Carolina, said it to Governor J. H. Hammond, of South Carolina.

Is it true that: (1) All red-headed people have bad tempers? (2) Fat people are almost invariably jolly? (3) Square-jawed people are especially courageous? (4) A rattlesnake always rattles before he strikes? (5) The right way to lift a rabbit is by the ear?

The answer to all: No. The above popular beliefs are described by Dr. William S. Walsh, in “Making Our Minds Behave” as “mental rubbish.” “They become,” he says “furniture for our minds chiefly through our lazy habit of taking, without scrutiny, what we are told, and particularly what we read.”

How did the death rate in pre-historic times compare with man’s death rate under civilized conditions?

Preliterate man didn’t keep mortality statistics, of course, so we have to do a little guestimating, along with studies of contemporary primitive peoples. This we know: It took primitive man 1,000,000 years to increase the world population to about 900,000,000, including up to only 130 years ago. During the past 130 years we added about 1,250,000,000 people to the world population. This proves that until recent times the population was fairly fixed. Preliterate man just about succeeded in sustaining himself. This was because, in the words of Dr. J. M. Gillette, Department of Sociology, University of North Dakota, “foods were rough, famines were frequent, pestilence often ravaged populations, animal and human enemies took their heavy toll, and births were relatively infrequent because of long nursing periods, which in turn were the outcome of crude foods unsuited to the young.” That’s why it’s fairly safe to say that preliminate man’s death rate just about equaled the birth rate during that long stretch because the world’s population remained small and scattered.

I’m sure you can give me the answer to a little problem that has been bothering my friends, especially after the fourth highball. It’s about a squirrel, not a pink elephant. The squirrel is in a cage a yard long, with openings at both ends large enough for him to stick his head through. Remember, please, this is just an ordinary squirrel without any special training. Well, sir, he begins to exercise, and only one second elapses from the time his head disappears from the hole in one end of the cage till the time his head appears in the opposite hole. On the approach
of a human being he becomes excited and covers the distance in one-half the time each successive run. How long does it take until he has his head sticking out both ends of the cage at the same time?

I went into this problem and supplied the answer several years ago. All my pad-doodles were quoted to prove my answer was correct. But I see no reason for rehashing all this since the material is in my volumes of "Questions and Answers," all of which are available. Like Shakespeare, EHJ never repeats himself unless he has to for the sake of clarity.

In one of your volumes of "Q&A" you come out boldly in support of the split infinitive. That's all right by me, though I was taught by purists never "to needlessly split" the parts. You go so far as to say that great stylists like Matthew Arnold, Walter Pater and Thomas Hardy weren't above infinitive-splitting. But you quote no examples.

Let me cite a few. Here's Matthew Arnold: "... without permitting himself to actually mention the name." Here's Walter Pater: "... of a kind to directly stimulate curiosity." Here's Thomas Hardy: "Promise not to quite forget me." And, for good measure, here's Arthur Symons: "He used to literally see these figures." With such infinitive-splitters for company we little teers-apart don't have to worry about the frowns of those who warn us not "to needlessly split" the parts. I say it would be a crime to unsplit sentences like: "We want to thoroughly reorganize the affairs of the company." Instead of making the sentence sound awkward "to thoroughly reorganize" makes it smooth. There's nothing hard on the ear about, "To deliberately defame an honorable man is slander." Fifty years ago grammarians stood pat against infinitive-splitting, but today's authorities are fast letting down the bars. We common people have 'em licked, especially after lining up box-office names like Arnold, Pater, Hardy and Symons.

Please reprint the legend, "Appointment in Samarra."

The legend of the servant who went to Samarra to escape death:

There was a merchant in Bagdad who sent his servant to market to buy provisions and in a little while the servant came back, white and trembling, and said: "Master, just now when I was in the market place I was jostled by a woman in the crowd and when I turned I saw it was Death that jostled me. She looked at me and made a threatening gesture; now, lend me your horse, and I will ride away from this city and avoid my fate. I will go to Samarra and there Death will not find me." The merchant lent him his horse, and the servant mounted it, and he dug his spurs in its flanks and as fast as the horse could gallop he went. Then the merchant went down to the market place and he saw Death standing in the crowd and he went to Death and said: "Why did you make a threatening gesture to my servant when you saw him this morning?" "That was not a threatening gesture," Death said, "It was only a start of surprise. I was assigned to see him in Bagdad, for I had an appointment with him tonight in Samarra."

Let me tell you how much I appreciate your splendid moral influence when you go to such pains to urge moderation in drinking. Like you, I don't want to be a teetotalitarian. At the same time I don't want to make a boozier out of myself, for like you I admire hogs but frown on their table manners. So get down to cases and tell us how to use whisky as a friend.

I'm always happy to be of constructive service to my pious readers. Here is a likker schedule that should gladden the heart of any man who believes in orderly, fine, civilized living: Begin the day with an eye-opener. Then go to your breakfast and top it off with a mea-settler. Two or three hours later you should give thought to a picker-upper, after which, when luncheon approaches, you should study the possibility of an apppetizer. Another meal-settler should be disposed of after lunch. Bracers come in handy once or twice during the long afternoon, with another appetizer before dinner. A man should use his own judgment about what to gurgle during so important a meal as dinner. Then take one or two during the evening to keep you awake. Never go to bed without giving consideration to the ultimate value of a night-cap. Then when you curl up in bed decide, after consulting your reason and conscience, whether a couple wouldn't fortify you against catching cold when you get out of
bed to go to the place one or more times during the night. Such a schedule can be adjusted liberally to meet individual needs.

Can you give me the original text of "The Elephant's Cutlet"? Who fathered it?

The story of the woman who wanted an elephant cutlet has been going the rounds for decades, perhaps generations, its author being the distinguished, gifted, gnome-like Mr. Anon. Ludwig Bemelmans has turned it into a short short story, setting it in pre-Nazi Vienna, where two men opened a restaurant that was to be different from any restaurant in the world, its slogan being, "Cutlets from Every Animal in the World." The first customer, a countess, said she would have an Elephant Cutlet, smothered in mushrooms, with a mountain oyster on top. The waiter returned with the chef, who asked: "Madame has ordered an Elephant Cutlet? Is Madame alone?" "Yes," said the grand lady, "I am all alone, and I want my Elephant Cutlet."

"Sorry, Madame," said the Chef, "I am very sorry, but we cannot cut up our Elephant for one cutlet."

As you go in for all kinds of literary odds and ends, let me submit a piece that crops up in the farm press. It's about the jolly life of the farmer's wife. Here's a copy from our local paper, which I know for a fact has been reprinted at least five times in the past five years.

The piece, by the distinguished Anon, follows:

"The farmer's wife has no excuse for not being cultured and up-to-date. All she has to do is to cook the meals and wash the dishes and mop the floor and scrub the steps and wash the clothes and mend the linen and darn the socks and milk the cows and churn the butter and feed the chickens and bathe the children and can the fruit and cut the children's hair and set the dog on tramps and chase the cat out of the milk house and polish the silver and black the stove and straighten the shades and settle the children's scraps and sho the hens off the porch and wipe up the mud and wash the boys track in and bake the bread and make the cake and chase the pigs out of the garden and answer the telephone and sift the ants out of the sugar and air the feather beds and heat the water for father to wash his feet and watch out for bed bugs and get the men up in the morning and gather the eggs and set the hens and keep the neighbor's baby while she goes to town and get the children off to school and get rid of insurance agents and spray the fruit trees and gather the berries and trim the lamps and swat the flies and empty the ashes and slop the pigs and peel the peaches and rake the lawn and feed the pet lambs and string the beans and fill the lantern and sort the apples and find the men's collar buttons and carry in the wood and pick the geese and answer the door and tell the men what they did with the ax the last time they used it and write a letter to mother. Then in the afternoon she can go to the missionary meeting and work her head off for the heathen."

I wish you would write a hot piece on beer guzzling.

I agree with Bishop Howard B. Potts that beer is the urination of the country.

How much gas does it take to warm up a big army bomber?

Some of our bombers use almost 55 gallons of gas while warming up for the takeoff.

Can you give me some of our current slang expressions which are found in Shakespeare's plays?

Here are a few: "done me wrong," "not so hot," "beat it." The same plays also contain these expressions: "back a horse," "catch a cold," "breathe one's last."

What physical satisfaction can one get out of smoking?

At a clinical congress of the Connecticut Medical Society, Dr. Edwin F. Gildea and Dr. Eugene Kahn reported that they had found that smoking "is a means of satisfying, in part, the craving for food and the whole process of sucking, chewing, biting and eating is fundamentally a pleasurable one." The sense of smell, the doctors should have added, enters into the pleasure of smoking, if the pipe isn't rank or the cigar isn't a stinko. Then there's the sense of sight, which the doctors ignored. It's pleasant to see the smoke. Some smokers have told me they can't enjoy the taste or smell of the fragrant weed if they can't
see the smoke. Then there's the psychological element, which adds up to solace for the smoker. All these things the doctors should have looked into. But they've learned other things about smoking that we laymen ought to know. For example, they divide masculine smokers into two general groups—the lusty and the tense. I, as a smoker, never thought of that, but coming to think of it the thing sounds correct. According to the doctors, the lusty smoker is a guy with a strong appetite who thoroughly enjoys the good things of the earth, a choice meal, a fine book, and a well done play or concert. He prefers cigars and pipes to cigarettes. All this hits me right between the eyes, for I enjoy the things listed above, and besides I don't smoke 20 cigarettes a year, going in for numerous cigars and endless puffing of pipes. So put me down as a lusty smoker. The tense smoker is a guy who is all tightened up with tensions, and they have to be relieved or he'll bust a nerve and blow out an emotional fuse. Such tense smokers find cigarettes right up their alley. The tense smoker lights up "in a hasty, somewhat ritualistic manner and then inhales the first pull with a half absent-minded, half ecstatic facial expression; on he goes spilling ashes around, manipulating his cigarette, finally either dropping the remaining stub contemptuously or burying it in an ash tray with some sort of a ritual." I've seen such smokers, and I always pity them. They're the kind who give smokers a bad name. They even set fire to warehouses and burn holes in bedding. The ad writers ignore such jittery cripples, preferring the Falstaffian expression and gestures of the lusty worshippers of Lady Nicotine. Now comes a question I've been asked a thousand times—how to quit. I've never tried to quit, so I can only deal in hearsay, turning again to the two doctors. They hold—and here let me add the fact that they're on the faculty of the Yale School of Medicine—that the lusty smoker often needs no anti-smoking treatment. That's me all over. Science leaves me out. Whoopee! We're the kind of creatures who have been blessed by the Ethereal Esquire—or Gawd, as Father (of what?) Coughlin says the word—so that we get old without showing ill effects. However, let me warn my kind of smoker that the doctors say those who are afflicted with vascular or cardiac disturbances should go in for therapeutic (curative) measures, especially "denicotinized" (castrated) tobacco or a filter device. But let's turn to those heart-melting tense smokers again—those pathetic unfortunates who smoke the way most people read a telegram. There isn't much that science can do for them. "They not rarely lead back to a rather early youth when the patient saw his tense father or mother or both his tense parents smoke and imitated them," say the doctors. "If one can clear up such a background thoroughly and show the patient that his real goal—the relief of tension—is not reached through smoking at all or only episodically, one may step by step help him to break his habit." That's the theory, but it's my guess it won't work more than one case in a thousand. The tense smokers are doomed. Gawd has abandoned them. But we lusty smokers can quit if we want to, but we just don't want to, at least this little child of Satan. And with that I close this sermon and reach into my desk drawer for a 5c Roi Tan, which is worth every mill it costs, plus tax.

You'll see from the enclosed that the Nazis even blame the Jews for the "crime" of inventing white bread. Pass it on so your readers can see what a fanatic is capable of when he gets wound up.

This is a new one. The clipping quotes a Nazi broadcast which credits the Jews with the invention of white bread, as follows:

"The baking of white bread was promoted by Jews both for speculative reasons and also for the purpose of undermining the health of the German people. Before the Jews settled in Germany, the people generally ate whole wheat bread."

Whenever a preacher quits to take a job at another church he says he received a "call." What does the call sound like? What language does it use?

If a preacher leaves a $2,500 job to take on that pays $5,000, the call is loud. If it's a $7,500 job, it's as loud as thunder. If he's canned from his $2,500 job and has to take one that pays $2,000, the call is just
a mouse squeak, but if the pay should be only $1,000, 'tis naught but the gentle zephyr of the breaking of wind.

What does a fisherman mean by a "sou'wester"?
A sou'wester is a hat made of oiled cloth as well as a gale from the Southwest.

Do wild birds sing all year?
No. They don't sing more than eight or 10 weeks in the year.

Are freckles inherited?
Sometimes.

When the second World War started where did the U. S. stand among military powers in the size of its army?
Seventeenth.

Do birds average higher temperatures of body heat than humans?
Yes. Their normal temperature varies from 104 to 110 degrees.

What is geodesy?
It's the science that deals with the shape and size of the earth.

Is a tomato a vegetable?
No, it's a fruit.

How did the caveman protect himself against dinosaurs? Also, how did he hunt the huge beasts?
Dinosaurs never bothered the human animal because they disappeared millions of years before man appeared in the evolutionary procession.

Does a watermelon contain more water than rhubarb?
The water-content percentage of the rhubarb is higher than the watermelon.

What is a lapidary?
A craftsman who works with precious stones.

I've been told I belong to "hoi polloi." Does this put me among the aristocrats?
No, you're just like the rest of us—among the common people.

I've read of "plaits in the plaid of a Scotchman's kilts." Please explain.
A cloth of tartan design is called "plaid," and the flat folds in the fabric are called "plaits."

Name the trees whose branches or leaves are used as symbols of victory, peace, sturdiness.
The palm, for victory; olive, for peace; oak, for sturdiness.

What is the rate of birth per minute in the U. S., and at what rate is the undertaker called?
A baby is born every 14 seconds; the undertaker calls every 23 seconds.

What is the total circulation of all newspapers in the U. S.?
Almost 63,000,000.

What does the average U. S. family spend each year on newspapers?
Almost $10.

What does the abbreviation O. D. mean when used in the U. S. Army?
It refers to olive drab uniforms.

In which war was the U. S. involved longest?
The Revolutionary War, from April 19, 1775, to January 4, 1784.

in the U.S.?
About 7,000.

Can you tell me a quick way to recognize the presence of vitamin A in vegetables?
Green and yellow colors.

Yes. Tests made at the Philadelphia zoo showed "the same whorls and arches as human prints."

What percent of the world's population uses cotton?
Practically 100 percent.

How big a business are vitamins?
$100,000,000 per year.

What do the U. S. weather reports cost me, an average citizen?
5c per year.

What is the weight of the earth's annual growth of vegetation?
About 35 billion tons.

Does refined sugar have fewer food values than sorghum syrup?
Yes.

How many insects has man domesticated?
Only two—silkworm and bee.

What would you say are the 10 best years of a woman's life?
That period between 28 and 30.
Joseph Machala, Donora, Pa., is one of the scores of thousands of new readers I've attracted during the past year, and as such he's a little puzzled over my position as an editor and publisher. He happened to come across the 22nd volume of my set of "Questions and Answers," in which he found letters written by C. A. Lang, Maplewood, Mo., long my pet subscriber. "I am taking this opportunity," wrote Mr. Machala, "to ask of you your frank opinion of E. Haldeman-Julius' publications and his statements printed therein. Please send me your advice." Being both letter-writer and letter-carrier, there-by earning the degree of Doctor of Letters, Lang spat on both palms and tore loose with this epistle:

"Dear Mr. Machala: The publications of Haldeman-Julius, I have found, are uniformly educational, informative and enlightening. Where the subject dealt with is of a factual nature, these publications deal with facts, as determined by scientific authorities in the fields concerned. Where these facts lead to certain obvious conclusions, those conclusions are usually also given due consideration no matter whether or not they happen to conflict with widely prevalent superstitions, beliefs or opinions. They have been a large factor in the maturing of such intellect as I may possess.

In the field of fiction the choice of material has always been from the writings of the world's greatest authors; one need only scan an index of what is available to perceive this. In addition, where an author has clashed with the entrenched opinion of his time, those controversial writings have been given equal prominence with others of a more "respectable" nature that are usually featured by more orthodox publishers to the exclusion of all the rest.

The price of Mr. Haldeman-Julius' products has always been kept at a minimum; production has been planned on a mass basis so that prices could be made to appeal to the widest possible audience, particularly the classes with low incomes. Bindings, naturally, are not in the class of the rich man's frequently unread library. But the booklets are put together with a simple dignity that suffices for their purpose. A careful reading of Mr. Haldeman-Julius' own book, 'The First Hundred Million,' is a revelation of his ideas for the founding and development of his famous series of Lit-
tle Blue Books which, I believe, have now passed in the number sold, all over the world, not only the hundred million mark, but the two hundred million mark also.

Inasmuch as you mention only the one book of "Questions and Answers" I infer that your acquaintance with the publications of Mr. Haldeman-Julius is not extensive. Should that be the case you might be interested to know that that one book is but one of the latest in a series which began some eight or 10 years ago. They are all verbatim reprints in a more permanent form of a monthly paper edited by Mr. Haldeman-Julius, called The American Freeman. By subscribing to that paper— it costs $1 a year—one can follow the trend of the editor's thoughts somewhat more closely as events take place than by reading the more infrequently released books themselves. And that is not saying that much interesting reading cannot be found in all of the series, even the earliest.

As I've already said, most of Mr. Haldeman-Julius' publications are compilations of the writings of a long list of eminent authors. Many people superficially infer, or are mislead to that inference by parties with axes to grind, that he is an irresponsible wiseacre who presumes to write on any and all subjects whether he knows anything about them or not, and that he is personally the author of all his publications and that he should be ignored because, obviously, no one man could possibly be an authority on so many subjects. Were the premise correct the conclusion would certainly be warrant-ed. Mr. Haldeman-Julius can nevertheless point with pride—although he seldom takes the time to do so—to more than a small achievement as an author. The monthly writing of most of The Freeman is in itself no small job.

In spite of all the successes of this man, which I've now briefly sketched, I could not end without warning you against some further errors that are widely entertained concerning him. He is no millionaire. He is not even more than moderately well off. In fact, many a small-town merchant or banker is much better fixed. I've visited him twice. He lives in a large but inexpensive house on his 160-acre farm on the East edge of the town of Girard. But I never have seen a house—other than the Public Library—so utterly filled with books. And yet so utterly bereft of trashy reading. I dare
say he has a larger collection of good literature under his own roof than have hundreds of Public Libraries scattered over the country. And he's got a system by means of which he can use, like an inexhaustable well, this vast treasury of information.

I am compiling a list of words derived from personal names. Can you help me with a few?

Here are some words from personal names:

Bakellite—From Leo H. Bakeland, born 1863, its discoverer.
Bartlett (pear)—After Enoch Bartlett of Dorchester, Mass.
Bobby (London policeman)—After Sir Robert Peel.
Bowie (knife)—Col. James Bowie, who died in 1836.
Boycott—Captain Boycott, land agent in Ireland.
Braille—Louis Braille, inventor of this method of printing for the blind.
Bright's disease—Dr. Richard Bright of London, who described kidney diseases in 1827.
Cardigan—Earl of Cardigan.
Colt (firearm)—Samuel Colt, inventor.
Dahlia—A. Dahl, Swedish botanist.
Delaware—Lord De La Warr.
Derringer—After the American inventor.
Fahrenheit—After G. D. Fahrenheit.
Forsythia—After William Forsyth.
Gardenia—Alexander Garden, American botanist, 1730-91.
Gibus (opera hat)—M. Gibus of Paris, original maker.
Heaviside layer—O. Heaviside (1850-1925), British physicist.
Listerine—Sir Joseph Lister, English surgeon.
Mansard roof—Francois Mansard, French architect.
Marcel—Marcel, French hairdresser, born 1852.
Martinet—Martinet, who devised a drill system.
Mausoleum—From the tomb of Mau- solus, king of Caria.
Melba toast—Madame Melba, singer.
Mesmerism—F. A. Mesmer, Vienna.
Morse code—Samuel F. B. Morse, its inventor.
Nicotine—Jean Nicot, who first introduced tobacco in France, in 1560.
Ann Oakley (a complimentary ticket, usually with holes punched in it)—Ann Oakley, who was an expert rifle shot with Buffalo Bill's circus.
Plimsoll mark—After Samuel Plimsoll.
Pullman car—George M. Pullman, 1837-97, who introduced it.
Saxophone—Antoine Sax, inventor.
Sequoia (tree)—After Sequoyah, inventor of the Cherokee syllabary.
Silhouette—Etienne de Silhouette, French politician.
Stentorian—After Stentor, loud-voiced herald in the "Iliad."
Timothy (hay)—Timothy Hanson, who carried the seed from New York to Carolina about 1720.
Trudgen (swimming stroke)—John Trudgen, amateur swimmer.
Vandyke (beard)—Van Dyck, famous painter.

How would you define a gentleman?
I like the one that says it's a man who won't strike a lady with his hat on.

Do orang-utans and chimpanzees have the same finger-print patterns as humans?

What is the exact length of the earth year?
365.242 days.

If all the water on the earth were leveled out how deep would it be?
Two miles.

What are sponges?
The skeletons of animals that lived on the bottom of the ocean.

How many time tables do the railroads turn out per year in order to keep passengers informed about schedules?
About 100,000,000.

What's the meaning of the word "agenda"?
Things to be done.

What about "the government are"?
That's all right in England; over here we prefer "the government is."

Is black coffee more stimulating than coffee with cream and sugar?
No.

Does a brown-shelled egg have more food value than a white shelled egg?
No.

Is it a fact that pasteurized milk has no bacteria in it?
No.

Is it a fact that most accidents at grade crossings involve local people who are familiar with the hazard?
Yes. About 80 percent of accidents at railroad crossings involve
drivers who live in the neighborhood. It seems they become careless after making numerous careful crossings.

Is skimmed milk fattening?
No.

Will an application of raw meat to a swollen eye reduce the swelling?
No.

Is it a fact that rich foods are indigestible?
No.

Is it dangerous to drink water with one’s meals?
No.

What does it cost to build an average railroad boxcar?
$4,000.

Is it necessary to have lots of meat if one is doing heavy physical work?
No.

What percent of farms have motor cars?
85 percent.

How many bottles of soft drinks do we consume in a year?
5,250,000,000.

What is the weight of a bee’s “full load” of honey?
About half its own weight.

How many varieties of apples are there?
Let me know which are the three best catches in U.S. fisheries.
Salmon first, followed by tuna and oysters.

What is the area of the Soviet Union?
Russia, the largest country in the world, contains 8,144,500 square miles.

Is tobacco smoke a disinfectant?
No.

Is sleeping on the left side harmful?
No.

Who said, “Life is a tragedy for those who feel, and a comedy for those who think”?
La Bruyere.

What are the eating habits of a wild lion?
In its wild state a lion will run down its kill—a zebra, let’s say—eat about 60 pounds of it, sleep for about 12 hours, get up for a while, take another nap, then go around without eating for 36 or 48 hours, after which he’s ready for another kill, of which he’ll eat another 60 pounds, and so on.

How many tourist camps and courts are there in the U.S.?
Almost 16,000.

How long does a homing pigeon live?
About 14 years.

What is the best way to prepare frosted or frozen vegetables?
Drop them immediately into boiling water.

Please recommend several foods for vitamin C.
Oranges, tomatoes, leafy vegetables.

Are raw eggs more digestible than cooked eggs?
No.

What is the best way to keep one’s skin healthy?
Wash it.

Are native-born Indians citizens of the U.S.?
Yes. They may vote and exercise all other rights of citizenship. A law, which went into effect on June 2, 1924, says: “That all non-citizen Indians born within the territorial limits of the United States be, and they are hereby, declared to be citizens of the United States . . .”

Does shaving make one’s hair grow faster?
No.

What would be the weight of a column of air an inch square extending from sea level to as far as the atmosphere goes?
About 16 pounds.

What is the annual budget of N.Y.C.?

How many letters does the N.Y. post-office handle daily?
15,700,000.

Were most great men born from commonplace parents?
No.

How does a big bomber compare in horse-power with a locomotive?
The U. S. Army’s new four-engin-
ed bombers have enough horse-power to out-pull a big locomotive that moves 2,000,000 pounds.

I've heard it said that a person was one-sixth Negro. What did that mean?
It meant pure nonsense, for one can't be of one-sixth blood. The ratio of blood is always two or the power of two, thus: one-half, one-fourth, one-eighth, one-sixteenth, one-thirty-second, one-sixty-fourth, but never one-sixth, one-twelfth, one-fifth, or one-tenth.

Is it a fact that a drowned woman always floats face up while a drowned man floats face down?
No. That's another popular superstition.

How much oil and gas does it take to keep an average bus rolling?
The average bus uses 12,000 gallons of gas a year, 400 quarts of oil, and 100 pounds of grease.

I like the little sermons you deliver against extremists. Don't you believe a middle-of-the-roader has a good chance of getting there?
Yes, except when driving a car.

Is there a Federal law against the destruction of U. S. coins?
There's no law against the total destruction of coins, but it's illegal to mutilate or lighten them.

Will whiskey cure snake bite?
No.

What did Paul Revere say when he finished his famous ride?
Whoa!

Which ocean has the greatest known depth?
The Pacific, its greatest depth being 35,400 feet.

Is cane sugar sweeter than beet sugar?
No, there's no difference.

Is cancer contagious?
No.

Are birthmarks caused by fright suffered by the mother?
No.

What is the traditional cry of the fox-hunters?
"Yoicks."

Knots in boards are accepted as com-

Questions and Answers

How many theaters are there in N.Y.C.?
1,105.

What's the color of the Statue of Liberty?
It's green, because the copper of which it's made has corroded.

What is "timbre"?
"Timbre" describes difference in quality of sound between musical instruments. For example, when one plays the same note on a violin and a clarinet, the difference is "timbre."

Can you give me that old-time favorite about the wonderful time the frog has sitting down?
That scrapbook favorite, author unknown, goes like this:
What a wonderful bird the frog are—
When he stand, he sit almost;
When he hop, he fly almost,
He ain't got no sense hardly;
He ain't got no tail hardly either;
When he sit, he sit on what he ain't got almost.

What causes mold on foods?
Generally the mold comes from spores commonly present in the air.

What are marshmallows made of?
Gelatin or gum arabic, confectioner's sugar and white of egg. And you can have my share, especially when they're put into salads.

What is sclerography?
It's the study of the moon's geography.

Which Shakespearean play has been filmed most often for movies?
"Romeo and Juliet," seven times.

How much feed does a hen eat, on the average, to produce a dozen eggs?
About seven pounds.

In one of your volumes of "Questions and Answers" you make fun of the purists for the way they howled against the word "scientist." What were the grounds?
The purists were horrified because the word "scientist" is a combination
of a Latin stem and a Greek ending. It was attacked with a moraine of words, but survived because no one could offer a better one.

How much of our production of milk goes into butter?
* 41 percent.

When was canned soup first put on the market?
In 1898.

How many of the unemployed are classified as unemployables even in boom times?
About 1,500,000.

What's the word that's of or pertaining to an uncle?
Avuncular.

Which subject do students flunk oftenest?
Mathematics.

Can you give me the little piece of poetry (pardon the fancy word) in which an unmusical Englishman tells about the only two tunes he knew, and then gets them wrong? He calls them “Pop Goes the Queen and God Save the Weasel.”
The pome, by the famous Mr. Anon, goes this wise:
There once was a something old dean
Whose musical sense was not keen,
He said, “It is odd
But I cannot tell God
Save the Weasel from Pop Goes the Queen.”

What's the technical name for the type of drawbridge that separates in the center and lifts up?
It's a bascule bridge.

What's the number of U. S. homes that are still lighted by kerosene lamps?
About 2,000,000, some in N. Y. C.

How many persons are there to the square mile in the U. S., on the average?
44.2 persons, according to the U. S. Bureau of Census.

Is tuberculosis inherited?
No.

How far do bees have to travel to gather a pound of honey?
It depends on local conditions. If flowers are plentiful, they must cover something like 60,000 miles in order to get a pound of honey, but

where flowers aren't abundant they may have to travel 350,000 miles to get that same pound.

What is the annual output of U. S. sausage factories that produce under government inspection?
Almost 750,000,000 pounds.

How much ink do U. S. printers use annually?
During 1940, almost 260,000,000 pounds of printing and lithographing inks were used, worth about $45,000,000.

How much water does a camel drink at a time?
Its average swig is about 15 gallons, which lasts about five days, during which it can travel about 35 miles a day with a load of around 850 pounds.

Do rattlers give warning before striking?
I've answered this question several times, as may be seen by peeking into my volumes of “Questions and Answers.” Most rattlers strike silently. Dr. H. S. Pitch, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, has learned that only 12 percent of rattlesnakes give warning before they strike.

Who was it that commented on the heroism of the first man to down an oyster?
It was Jonathan Swift, thus: “He was a bold man that first eat an oyster.”

I've read that Thomas Gainsborough painted his famous “Blue Boy” to disprove something. What was it?
He wanted to disprove the statement that blue shouldn't be massed together in a picture. He made his point for all time.

Does an elephant's heart beat faster when he is lying down than when he is standing?
Yes, by about 20 percent.

Is glass a solid?
Technically, no; it's a super-cooled liquid.

What animals have the keenest eyesight?
Eagles and hawks.

Did George Washington recommend a cure for fits?
Yes. He said that an iron ring
pressed against the flesh would cure fits.

How much does the average working girl spend per month on cosmetics?
She spends $6.11 a month for creams, lotions, perfumes, lipstick and beauty treatments.

How many sheep does it take to provide wool for each soldier's clothing?
For his first year of service, 26.

Why do our sailors call the Reserve Officers "metalmen"?
Because they have silver in their hair, gold on their sleeves, and lead in the pants.

For what purpose was the first steam-driven machine made?
Spinning cotton.

Is there any difference between melodies and harmonies?
A melody is the result of notes in succession, while harmonies consist of notes in combination.

What's the best kind of wood to use in making bows and arrows?
Oak and ash are good for arrows; yew and hickory for bows.

Are worms deaf?
Yes.

You say that Nietzsche (who has been taken in tow by the Nazis) hated Germany. How?
Because of Germany’s "brainless insolence toward all independent people and countries."

What's the weight of the average steam freight locomotive?
144 tons.

Is it true that campers caught without matches can always get a light by rubbing two dry Boy Scouts together?
I am forwarding this question to the U. S. Bureau of Standards for an authoritative opinion.

I've been told not to take canned goods to a high altitude lest it spoil. Is this true?
No.

Please explain the process by which a fresh egg is reduced to a powder.
It's simple. The eggs are inspected when they arrive by holding them against a bright light, which enables the workers to remove the spoiled ones. Then they're broken by a crew of women, who drop them into buckets. The broken, liquid eggs are then put in a huge chilled vat, after which they're piped to what the industry calls the "cyclone," another huge vat in which 190 degrees of heat is maintained steadily. By the use of 5,000 pounds of pressure the liquid is sprayed instead of poured into the vat. This combination of heat and pressure evaporates the moisture instantly, leaving a rich-looking, yellow powder. After that it's just a matter of getting the powder screened into wax-lined barrels. The process takes little time.

I've heard that a clerk in Congress misplaced a comma that cost Uncle Sam about $3,000,000. What are the facts?
The bill that Congress passed read:
"All foreign fruit-plants are free from duty."
But a careless clerk slipped in a devastating comma, like this:
"All foreign fruit, plants are free from duty."
At the following session the error was corrected, but meanwhile the treasury had been nicked for several million dollars.

What was the gist of Heinrich Heine's unfriendly and critical attitude toward his native land?
Heine thundered against "this stiff, hypocritical Prussia, this Tartuffe among states." To his dying day Heine fought for democracy.

Do you agree that things are never as bad as they seem?
Yes—they're worse.

How much manpower does it take to make one horsepower of aircraft engine?
One man-hour will make 1 h. p.

How many deaths are there each day throughout the world?
Normally, about 100,000. I say normally, because Hitler is still alive.

Can you give me the text of Rabelais' famous will?
The great humorist's last will:
"I have nothing. I owe much. The rest I leave to the poor."

Do lie detectors detect?
They don't. Warden Lawes dismis-
sed these expensive contraptions, which are making suckers out of numerous police departments, with this curt opinion:

"Those lie detector gadgets are all right . . . provided you have a couple of stool pigeons working behind the scenes."

Do you think it's all right for women to smoke?
Certainly, if they bring their own smokes.

Is it true that Shakespeare's daughter was illiterate?
Yes.

Give me the facts about the wine-guzzling bishop who willed that wine be poured on his grave.
It was a German bishop, Johann Fugger, who said in his will:

". . . A barrel of wine might be annually upset upon his grave so that his body might still sop in that delicious fluid."
Money was left to take care of the bishop's wish.

I want Plutarch's riddle.
The riddle: What we caught we threw away, but what we could not catch we kept. The answer: Fleas.

How did the word "tip" get into circulation?
It's from the initials of the words: "To Insure Promptness."

Is the coffee berry a berry?
No, it's a seed.

Is a guinea pig a pig?
No, it's a rodent.

How much cork does a cork leg contain?
None. Dr. Cork, who invented the artificial limb, gave his name to it.

Is there any lead in lead pencil?
No. They contain graphite, a form of carbon.

Does rice paper contain rice?
No. Pitch or wood pulp are the raw material of rice paper.

Did Thomas Jefferson refuse to issue a Thanksgiving Day Proclamation during his eight years as President?
Yes. It wasn't until Abraham Lincoln's administration, during the darkest days of the Civil War, that a proclamation was issued. Joseph Lewis writes that Lincoln did it under pressure "and with the comment that it 'pleases the fools'."

Do you believe that can openers have broken up more homes than dizzy blondes?
There's a lot to it, but I'd throw in weak coffee that tastes like what's scraped off the bottom of a birdcage.

How tall is King Victor Emmanuel III. of Italy?
Five feet, 2 inches.

What is "suzerainty"?
In international law, it means absolute control of one nation over another.

How small can a farm be and still be called a farm?
The U. S. Department of Agriculture calls even a three-acre patch a farm if it produces at least $250 worth of produce per year.

Is it possible to keep a perfectly straight face when one is telling a lie?
No, the lips must move.

How much more horsepower does a battleship require than a destroyer?
A 32,600-ton U. S. battleship develops 28,900 h.p., against an 1,800-ton destroyer's 50,000 h.p. Our smallest deep-water fighting ships require more horsepower than the largest because the little ones are made for speed, and speed requires additional horsepower.

How much do we spend on swing music?
About $2,500,000 per week.

I see that Bernard Shaw is taking sides in the controversy on whether or not Handel's "Messiah" should be played as written. What's your position?
It shouldn't be played at all.

Has the size of a cow anything to do with the quantity of milk she'll give?
A study of 500 dairy herds in New York State showed that the bigger the cow, the more milk she's likely to give.

At what age is a human being's resistance to disease strongest?
Prof. Henry Simms, of the School of Medicine of Columbia University, says a 10-year-old has the best dis-
ease-fighting powers. If they could be kept throughout their lives, he writes, they could enjoy a life-span of about 550 years. Old age, he says, is the result of body-sapping chemical processes.

Since you quote Lincoln frequently, maybe you can give me the passage in which he explained the difference between the government and the administration.

It was while Abraham Lincoln was a young Congressman from Illinois that he spoke these words on the floor of the House:

"There is an important sense in which the government is distinct from the administration. One is perpetual, the other is temporary and changeable. A man may be loyal to his government and yet oppose the peculiar principles and methods of the administration."

How many mammals, beside the bat, can fly?

None.

Which insect has the longest life-span?

The 17-year locust, or periodical cicada, which lives in the ground in the form of grub or larvae for 17 years (13 in some sections of the U. S.). When it emerges at last as an adult, it "sings" its magnificent and beautiful chorus, mates, does a little flying, lays its eggs, and dies.

What would a mid-Summer early evening be without the powerful, truly musical tunes of these extraordinary beautiful insects? The trees in front of my home always have on them enough of these musicians to put on a splendid concert, which to me is as stirring as anything in Beethoven.

I admire the way you practice complete freedom of expression. There aren't many editors who dare tell everything.

I never feel "daring" when expressing myself, but I do feel uncomfortable when people tell me about my "courage." I don't try to give the impression that I tell everything. I too have my inhibitions. There are subjects that I never discuss, and the reasons are numerous. This reminds me of my old friend and contributor to my library of Little Blue Books, the late Ed Howe, of Atchison, Kansas, one editor of whom it could be said that he told every-

thing. And he was a rock-ribbed conservative. Once, back in 1901, Editor Howe's son, Gene (who has become a successful newspaper publisher in Amarillo, Texas) went with two young companions on a Missouri River excursion. At Leavenworth, they got off the boat and made for a saloon; the first time the kids had ever seen such an establishment. The three jacks (none over 16) got gloriously plastered on straight whisky and missed the boat home. When they got back to Atchison the next day the whole town was in on the scandal. That afternoon's Atchison Globe contained this paragraph by Ed Howe:

"Three Atchison young men disgraced themselves in Leavenworth yesterday. The publisher's son was the drunkest of the bunch."

I often mull over the above incident, wondering if I'd have gone as far as the Sage of Potato Hill.

Can you work out the late Dr. William Henry Welch's puzzle? I'm stuck.

Several weeks ago I put aside the brain-teaser passed on to me by my reader, hoping I'd find time to get it done, but I've been too busy. So I'm going to print it below without the answer:

By inserting a certain vowel in the proper places one gets a sentence indicating the knowledge obtained at one of our oldest universities. Here are Dr. Welch's series of letters:

RTHDXXFRDDNSKNWGDLPRTFRMLGW

Assuming the tall blonde in the front office who reads my proof will get it straight, I pass it to my clinic readers, and ask them to work the thing out. I'll be glad to print the correct answer.

How often do you get stinko?

I go in for a lift, a tilt, a tilt, and even a wuzziness, but never a stinko. However, my friend and collaborator in sin, Joseph McCabe, in a letter to The Freeman, says he intends to get drunk the day this war ends. Therefore, I plan to keep an open mind, for I may want to join him in his understandable celebration. But I don't think I can stand up to that doughty 74-year-old pea-bitten wasp, for I recall that the last time he visited me in Girard he poured himself three-fourths of a tumbler and downed it like a spot of water. I had
visions of seeing McCabe splattered all over the wallpaper, but the next morning he was as chipper as ever. What amazed me, now that I can look back on the scene objectively, is that the quality of whisky I served him was pure and adulterated bootleg that tasted like the scrapings off the deck of an oil-tanker.

Is it fair argument to say that churchy people should be consistent and live up to their dogmas, no matter how silly?

It's fair argument, but I don't see where it'll get you. The Church has always dished out moral precepts galore, and whenever a skeptic butt ed in with some history of local behavior he was sure to be told that everything would be hunedyory if only the people would live up to the high ideals of the sacred institution. But let an Atheist get caught with a woman or with too much likker under his belt and immediately we're told—well, you know what. But all that shouldn't make one angry. It's better to dismiss the thing with a smile and the story about the small-town minister's bicycle. Some fellow had stolen it, and did that burn up the preacher. The sky-pilot decided he'd get even next Sunday morning by preaching a scorching sermon that'd nail the culprit to the door. All wound up, the preacher got loose on honesty and the Ten Commandments, mounting to his glorious climax, "Thou shalt not steal!" Then he went right on to his next climax, but his high moral purpose flopped dismally, because when he got to the Commandment, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," he suddenly remembered where he'd left his bicycle.

What's the weight of fleece shorn from an average sheep?

It depends on the kind of sheep. An average Montana sheep in 1941 gave 9.3 pounds of wool.

Your remark, in one of your volumes of "Questions and Answers," that anti-Semitism is mainly a device in the grand strategy of Hitlerism should be expanded somewhat, for here is a hint of a line of thought that's significant.

As I've written before, scratch an American anti-Semite and you find either a Nazi agent or a Nazi supporter. That's clear to any fair-minded student of Hitler's world-wide anti-Semitic propaganda. In the Anti-Nazi Bulletin, (page 4) January, 1939, Ferdinand Lundberg takes up this whole question of the objectives underlying anti-Semitism. The passage is so valuable that I want to reprint it, for Lundberg's opinions throw a bright light on this dark and difficult subject. He writes:

"The Nazi anti-Semitic propaganda is fundamental to Hitler's strategy. In Germany, it has helped to unify the people against an alleged common enemy, the unified national community falling under control of the Nazis. Now what does this propaganda do outside Germany. For it is spread as assiduously throughout the world as it is in Germany.

"Although a unifying force in Germany, when the Nazis want unifi ty outside Germany, it is a disruptive force. Virtually all the world's populations are racially mixed in some degree, including Germany's. These populations are at different stages of assimilation. In Germany and Italy, for example, the process is very far advanced. So advanced, that they can be said to have a national 'type.'

"Of the other large countries this is not true. It may be true of France and Great Britain in their home territories, but it is not true of their empires. It is not true of the U. S. nor of Russia with its large mixed native population.

"Anti-Semitism carries the seed of racial dissension into all corners of the world, for the modern Jew is cosmopolitan. Others may dispute whether what is designated as a Jew is merely a European intermixture, but at any rate there is a group of people that calls itself Jewish and that is recognized as such by the world. That is enough for the Nazis.

"Anti-Semitism, in this form, becomes a way of waging war from within nations by setting one racial group against another. Instead of being a unifying force, as in Germany, with its absence of clearly demarcated races, it is a disruptive force. In a country like the U. S., with its history of potential and incipient racial conflict, it is like a match dropped into a keg of gunpowder.

"Anti-Semitic propaganda dumped in the U. S. has the effect of an invading armed force. But the invaders do not fight with their own men; they depend on Americans to fight one another. The anti-Semite,
whether he knows it or not, functions therefore as an agent of a foreign power intent upon destroying American national unity.

"Not only does the Reich-inspired anti-Semitic propaganda tend to kindle all varieties of racial animosity in the U. S. but it tends as well to set German-Americans off as a separate bloc, to become the convenient targets themselves of racial animosity.

"The entire process spells internal strife that would tend to make the U. S. impotent on the world stage.

"Anti-Semitism today is simply a disguised form of pro-Hitlerism. Some of the disseminators may well be the hirelings of Berlin. Such zeal seldom appears spontaneously. Nor is it exercised without large ends in view. Jews as such are no more than pawns in the game."

Thus, I say again, scratch an American anti-Semite and you find either a Nazi agent or a Nazi supporter.

✦ ✦ ✦

Where in the Bible will I find this quotation: "Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"?

People not only misquote this sentence but mistake its source. It sounds biblical, I grant you, but it isn't from the Bible. It was written by Laurence Sterne, author of "A Sentimental Journey," a book I reprinted many years ago and which is still in print. Sterne worded it: "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." Incidentally, I wonder if this pungent line is credited to the Bible because it sounds good and yet doesn't sound true? I've seen shorn lambs shivering in the cold, and never once did Gawd (pardon my common touch) temper the wind. I've always noticed that if the shorn lamb doesn't duck for shelter he'll be in for a bad spell. This subject of misquotations is discussed by Carl Van Doren, in his introduction to the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, in which he comments on the interesting fact that the most familiar quotations are the most likely to be misquoted. He shows, for example, that the marriage service's "till death us do part" becomes "till death do us part." The Bible's "The way of transgressors is hard" becomes "The way of the transgressor is hard." Shakespeare's "A young man mar-

ried is a young man that's married," becomes "A young man married is a young man married." Mark Twain's "The report of my death was exaggerated" becomes "The report of my death has been greatly exaggerated." But all this is wasted time and effort if one expects to lead people to the habit of accurate quoting. It can't be done. Misquotations of familiar quotations have passed into the speech of the common people, and when a thing gets there it's placed, or, as the movie people say, typed.

✦ ✦ ✦

I envy you your ability to discuss the masterpieces of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. You see, I've been peeking through your volumes of "Questions and Answers." As for myself, I must confess I know nothing about art and music. They mean absolutely zero to me. What would you suggest? I like good reading in the fields of philosophy, Freethought, history, literary criticism, and such things. What's wrong with me?

There's nothing the matter with you. If you don't care for art and music, shut them out and go your way. You shouldn't consider yourself inferior to those who like to spend hours with pictures and symphonies. Here I'm reminded of the wise words of James A. McNeill Whistler, who was a great artist, a fine critic and a brilliant wit. Study his words carefully, take them to heart and I'm sure you'll throw off your self-reproach:

"It is no reproach to the most finished scholar or greatest gentleman in the land to say that he is absolutely without eye for painting or ear for music—that in his heart he prefers the popular print to the scratch of Rembrandt's needle, or the songs of the music hall to Beethoven's C minor symphony. Let him but have the wit to say so, and not feel the admission a proof of inferiority. Art happens—no novel is safe from it, no prince may depend upon it, the vastest intelligence cannot bring it about, and puny efforts to make it universal end in quaint comedy and coarse farce.

✦ ✦ ✦

Now that Gene Tunney is an influential leader of American youth, it would be of some value to know whether he is a supporter of democratic ideals, freedom and liberalism.

I was the first writer in the country to call public attention to Gene
Tunney's support of Catholic-Fascism, a fact that can be checked by referring to my volumes of "Questions and Answers." At the time I quoted from Father (of what?) Coughlin's anti-Semitic and fascist magazine, Social Justice (August 14, 1939), in which the ex-champion fighter, Gene Tunney, a fanatical Catholic, wrote as follows:

"As a matter of fact I have not become a partisan of Franco's cause since his victory but have worked and subscribed to his cause from the inception of the rebellion against the godless and inhuman government popularly known as the Loyalist government of the Spanish Republic."

Tunney's slanders against the Spanish Loyalist Government have been exposed many times since the Catholic-Fascist conspiracy struck down the Republic and put Spain back into the horrors of the Dark Ages. And yet, the U. S. Government accepts Tunney as one of the leaders of the young men in our navy, an arm that's supposed to preserve our American way of life—liberalism, democracy, racial tolerance, and freedom of thought and expression. Can a Catholic-Fascist like Tunney be trusted? What can we expect from him but an attempt to deliver a death-blow at democracy once the Catholic-Fascists in the United States feel the time is ripe for a militant movement of reaction and authoritarianism? Tunney, according to his own words, supported the Franco movement from its inception. Franco, we know, is a Catholic Fascist who has told his country and the world again and again that he is for Hitler and Mussolini, for a Catholic, corporate State, for organized persecution of the Jews, and for the end of democracy. "We must exile liberalism," is one of Franco's slogans.

Please comment on the charge frequently made that the Jews are slackers. If the allegation holds up, wouldn't it be a good idea for the Jews to take the criticism to heart and enlist in the army and navy, thus showing the rest of the country that they are willing to do their share in the job of defending the country?

The facts explode the charge that Jews are slackers. If Jew-baiters will turn to the November 25, 1941, issue of The Congressional Record, they'll find official reports that tear this libel to shreds. Government documents prove that during the first World War "the Jews supplied 40 percent more than their proportionate quota of soldiers in the U. S. Army." The record also shows that of these Jews 18 percent volunteered. Half of the volunteers went into the Marine Corps, one of the fightingest arms of the service. Of the 78 Congressional Medals of Honor, six were given to Jews. At the time of the first World War the Jews were 3 percent of our population. The War Department's files show that 5 percent of the men who died in the first World War were Jews. Hate-breeding Coughlinites prefer to ignore such simple truths and spread vicious propaganda about American Jews being slackers and unwilling to do their share in the defense of our country. Such tactics were taught them by Adolf Hitler and his gangsters. Anti-Semitism is always the entering wedge of Fascism. It's easy to inspire hatred for the Jews because of their helplessness, which is primarily the result of the fact that they are such a hopelessly small minority. Defenseless minorities are easy targets for race-mongers. Which means that in addition to being brutal, anti-Semitism is a device of arrant cowards.

Since you're always quoting Mark Twain's sayings and stories, maybe you can give me his watermelon story.

In a talk at Annapolis, Md., on May 11, 1907, Mark Twain, who once stole a watermelon, confessed to the deed, this way:

I remember it so well—the first time I ever stole a watermelon. At least I think it was the first time, or along about there. It must have been about 1848, when I was 13 or 14 years old. I remember that watermelon well.

Yes, I stole it. Yet, why use so harsh a word? It was the biggest of the load on a farmer's wagon standing in the gutter in the old town of Hannibal, Mo. While the farmer was busy with another customer I withdrew this melon, I retired it from circulation and retired with it.

It was green—impossibly, hopelessly green. I do not know why this circumstance should have affected me, but it did. It altered for me the moral values of the universe. I began to reflect, Now, re-
flection is the beginning of reform. There can be no reform without reflection.

I asked myself what course of conduct I should pursue. What would conscience dictate? What should a high-minded young man do after retiring a green watermelon? What would George Washington do? Now was the time for all the lessons inculcated at Sunday school to act.

And they did act. The word that came to me was “restitutions.” I reasoned with myself. At last I was fully resolved. “I’ll do it,” said I. “I’ll take him back his old melon.” The moment I did that I felt a strange uplift. One always feels an uplift when he turns from wrong to righteousness. I arose spiritually strengthened, renewed and refreshed, and in the strength of that refreshment carried back the watermelon—that is, I carried back what was left of it—and made him give me a ripe one.

But I had a duty toward that farmer as well as to myself. I was as severe on him as the circumstances deserved. I did not spare him. I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself, giving his customers green watermelons. And he was ashamed. He said he was. He said he felt as bad about it as I did. In this he was mistaken. He hadn’t eaten any of the melon.

Why do concert pianists always sit profile-wise to their audiences?

Franz Liszt introduced the custom. He was so infatuated with his own stunning, magnificent, gorgeous, exquisite profile that he thought it only fair to let his audiences enjoy it while he produced music. The custom took hold, so now even profiles that aren’t at all handsome are exposed to concertgoers. Prior to Liszt, pianists either faced the audience over the instrument or turned their backs.

My wife broke an umbrella over my head. Please comment.

It may have been an accident. I doubt she had any idea the umbrella would break.

Do you think Groucho Marx a vulgarian?

I suppose so, but being something of a vulgarian myself I think it’s funny when he shows up at a formal party and proceeds to wipe his hands on the train of a swell sassenheit dame’s evening gown. I shouldn’t, and I wouldn’t, if I were refined. Groucho’s cigar is vulgar. So is his mustache. And his black frock-coat is a vulgarian’s jibe at our pompous, respectable, conservative, right-thinking leaders. His speech is vulgar. His walk is vulgar. His jokes are vulgar. And I like him. Terrible reports have it that Groucho is “through with the racket.” If they’re true, Groucho is about 50 years ahead of his public. He may be through with us, but we aren’t through with him. Get back the props, Groucho, and buckle down to work. I need the laffs.

I, like you, go in for printed oddities. The other day my favorite bartender handed me one of his establishment’s business cards, on the back of which I found a piece called “A Day of Your Life,” which I think your readers will find interesting.

“A Day of Your Life” says that if you’re an adult weighing about 175 pounds, in 24 hours you’ll do the following:

- Your heart beats 103,689 times.
- Your blood travels 168,000,000 miles.
- You breathe 23,040 times.
- You inhale 436 cubic feet of air.
- You eat 3¼ pounds of food.
- You drink 2.9 pounds of liquids.
- You lose in weight 7.8 lbs. of waste.
- You perspire 1.43 pint.
- You give off in heat 85.6 deg. F.
- You generate in energy 450 foot tons.
- You turn in your sleep 25-35 times.
- You speak 4,800 words.
- You move 750 major muscles.
- Your nails grow .000046 inches.
- Your hair grows .01714 inches.
- You exercise 7,000,000 brain cells.

I have read several underground newspapers now being published in France, which show that the glorious spirit of French liberty isn’t dead. One, called “Little Wings,” uses appropriate and interesting quotations on its masthead, which I have copied for your readers.

Three quotations are submitted, as follows:

- Napoleon Bonaparte: “To live in defeat is to die every day.”
- Marshal Foch: “A people is defeated only if it accepts defeat.”
- Clemenceau: “At Doullens I found myself between two men. One was saying that we were lost; the other pacing up and down like a madman, wanted to fight. I said to myself: ‘Let us try Foch. At the very least we will die gun in hand.’ I dismissed Petain, the sensible, reas-
onable man, and chose the madman,
Foch. It was the madman who
pulled us through."

Is there any truth in the statement
made by a Rome radio commentator
that Lincoln once asked Garibaldi to
become one of his generals during the
Civil War?

Carl Sandburg, who knows more
about Lincoln than any other liv-
ing man, says the yarn is "just one
more of those goofy affairs that
come out of Italy."

I see from your writings and from
books you've edited that you are an
admiring Denis Diderot, the great
French writer, Freethinker, associate of
Voltaire, collaborator in the enlighten-
ment of medieval France before the
magnificent French Revolution, and
editor of the vast French Encyclopaedia.
But he wasn't always tied down to
serious, solemn writing; he could do
charming, light pieces. Let me suggest
that you give your readers a treat by
letting them read Diderot's "Reflections
on a Discarded Bath-Robe."

I agree with your reader's opinion.
Diderot's amusing trifle has charm.
It's delightful, warmly human and
amusing. And here's the thing:

Why didn't I keep it? It was
made for me, I for it. It fitted all
the lines of my body without encumbering me. I was picturesque
and handsome in it. The other,
stiff and new, makes a dummy of me.

There was never a need that its
heart did not meet. Should a book
be covered with dust, one of its
soft folds would offer to wipe it
away; clotted ink refused to flow
from my pen; it presented its noble
flank. On it one sees recorded in
long black streaks the frequent
services it has rendered me. These
long streaks proclaimed the man
of letters, the writer, the man who
works. Now, I look like a wealthy idler; no one knows what I really
am.

Under its sheltering folds, I feared
neither my valet's awkwardness,
nor my own—nor sparks from the
fire, nor splashes from the wash
bowl. I was the absolute master of
my old bath-robe; I become the
slave of the new.

The dragon that guarded the
golden fleece could not have been
more anxious than I. Fear envelops me. . . .

I do not weep, I do not sigh;
but at each instant, I murmur:
"Ah, accursed he who invented

the art of making a quite ordinary
material expensive by dyeing it
royal purple. Curses on the precious
garment I revere! Where is my
old, my humble, my accommodating
calico rag?"

Gentle reader, treasure your old
friends. Beware of the tentacles of
wealth. May you profit by my ex-
ample. Poverty has its freedom.
Wealth, its shackles.

Can you give me the text of a will
that was found in the ragged coat bel-
longing to one of the inmates of the
Chicago poorhouse? It received much
publicity some years ago.

The will, which was found after
the inmate's death, was read before
the Chicago Bar Association and
later ordered probated, which set off
a stream of publicity for what came
to be known as "The Bequest from
the Poorhouse." It follows:

Item: I give to the good fathers
and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of
praise and encouragement, all quaint
pet names and endearments; and I
charge said parents to use them
justly, but generously.

Item: I give to children inclusively,
but only for the term of their childhood, all and every flower of the field, and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of childhood, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over giant trees. And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to all the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

Item: To lovers, I devise their
imaginary world, with whatever
they may need, as the stars of the
sky, the red roses by the wall, the
bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet
strains of music, and aught else
they may desire to figure each
other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

Item: To young men jointly I
bequeath all the boastful inspiring
sports of rivalry, and I give them
the disdain of weakness, and un-
daunted confidence in their own
strength. . . .

Item: And to those who are no
longer children or youths, or lov-
ers, I leave memory... that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully without tithe or diminution.

Item: To the loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

Can you supply me with Mark Twain's letter that was supposed to have been written by a fellow who committed suicide?

The note reads like this:
I married a widow with a grown daughter. My father fell in love with my step-daughter and married her—thus becoming my son-in-law, and my step-daughter became my mother because she was my father's wife.

My wife gave birth to a son, who was, of course, my father's brother-in-law, and also my uncle for he was the brother of my stepmother.

My father's wife became the mother of a son, who was, of course, my brother, and also my grandchild for he was the son of my daughter.

Accordingly, my wife was my grandmother because she was my mother's mother—I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time—and, as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather—I AM MY OWN GRANDFATHER!

As an old bookman you probably know which book of etiquette said it isn't moral to keep volumes by men and women on the same shelf.
The thing's unbelievable today, but it really appeared in a book by Lady Gough, in 1863, the Emily Post of her day. Here's what the great London Lady wrote:

"The perfect hostess will see to it that the works of male and female authors be properly separated on her bookshelves. Their proximity unless they happen to be married should not be tolerated."

It was Robert L. Ripley who came on this precious morsel.

What kind of pipe tobacco and cigars do you smoke?

My pipe tobacco mustn't cost more than 76c per pound, which means it's usually Prince Albert, an excellent article that hits me better than those phony mixtures that sell at $4 and $5 a pound. In fact, I insist that 76c tobacco is more honest, sincere and true than the high-toned $5 stuff. As for cigars, anything that'll burn. Usually it's a 5c Roi Tan, which I buy at $2.25 per box of 50, plus 5c tax. A box lasts five or six days. When I'm indulging in a wick-ed night I've been known to pay as much as 10c for a cigar, but I rarely buy more than two or three in an evening. I'm self-conscious whenever I light one. They lack the intimate, democratic, home-spun touch. But, at that, I sometimes wonder what Winston Churchill's huge 60c cigars taste like. I couldn't buy one even if I got the notion, for there isn't anything over three-for-a-half within 100 miles of my farm.

I am writing this at a time when the air is full of bad news for Uncle Sam. I mean, of course, our naval losses in the Pacific as a result of Japan's surprise attack. What would happen to us if Japan were to get naval supremacy in the Pacific?

The first news was bad, but as this is being written the Yankees are beginning to deliver body blows at the Japanese navy. One capital ship sunk and another badly damaged in a single day isn't bad at all. It isn't likely to happen, but assuming for the sake of argument that the Japanese were to destroy the U. S. navy this wouldn't necessarily mean a death-blow for our country. As a nation we could still fight defensively in the Western hemisphere, and later strike offensively with tens of thousands of new, four-motored bombers. On the other hand, a naval defeat for Japan would be the absolute end of the country, because Japan is an island and therefore completely dependent on the ocean highways for existence. Now that the surprise treachery of the Japanese belongs to the past, let's not overrate the Japanese. They have plenty of fight still in them, but there can be little doubt that Japan will lose this war, as will Hitler and Mussolini. One fortunate thing for the U. S. is the character of our President. He is fighting for freedom and democracy, but he isn't going to be squeamish about methods of attacking our enemies. Since Hitler decided wars must be fought without rules, Roosevelt is going to teach him a few lessons in that kind of fighting. This isn't going to be a
gentlemanly war. It's going to be dirty, The U. S., Britain and Russia aren't going to become paragons of virtue while fighting the three gangster governments. Since the Japanese don't hesitate to strike while their men are talking peace in Washington under what amounts to a flag of truce, surely they won't yell "fool" when Roosevelt lets an occasional blow land a little low. Anything's going to pass as ethical warfare from now on. Roosevelt will teach Hitler new lessons in underhandedness, which is fortunate for our country, for it would be a calamity if we were saddled with a man in the White House who took time out to ask if a certain line of action would be ethical and sportsmanlike. Be prepared for all-out war, with Uncle Sam agreeing to take the worst and give out extra dividends in viciousness, blows in the groin, and anything else that will make the organized murderers roll back in the sand. Roosevelt is a gentleman when dealing with gentlemen, but when he's in a fight against a crew of super-Capones will throw him the rules out the window and use every weapon, clean or dirty. We are in the dirtiest war in all history. I bet on Roosevelt. He knows the measure of his opponents. He can call their tactics from hour to hour. But here's the difference. The Axis gangsters are out to destroy civilization; Roosevelt is retaliating in order to save civilization. So, in addition to fighting in a good cause Roosevelt may be depended on to put on a good show. The democratic world is watching him, united and loyal as never before. Our own country is behind the President, our true leader. He is carrying our fate in the palm of his hand. We are in safe, strong hands. Have confidence in the future. There'll be plenty of bad news, but don't let that discourage you. Keep your faith high. Trust the President. He has only one end in view—complete victory over the international gangsters. There'll be no compromise. Roosevelt is in the ring for a knock-down-and-drag-out decision. Don't be squeamish about what he does. Remember the character of the beasts he's fighting.

I know a fellow who can't see anything but what the figure of a Jew comes into mind. Recently we discussed the waning popularity of Paul Whiteman's orchestra. His reason was that Whiteman is not free to choose his own artists; that the Jews dictate to orchestra leaders as to their style of playing, etc. He said that the Edwards girl now singing with Whiteman was foisted on that orchestra leader by the wealthy Jewish father of the girl. This fellow referred to is always bringing out some such argument from his coat sleeve. Can it be that there is some publication in this country publishing such stuff? He claims too that Charlie Chaplin cannot use the English language properly, that he cannot speak it well. Where in hell he gets all this stuff is a mystery to me. Maybe you can solve it.

There are scores of little publications, and several fair-sized ones, especially Father (of what?) Coughlin's Social Justice, that specialize in such hateful trash. Most of these furtive obscure magazines use much of the propaganda material disseminated by the Nazis, and many of them get money directly or indirectly from leading Jew-baiters and Fascists. In addition, the Catholic press (there are some exceptions here, of course) goes in for anti-Semitism, one of the worst offenders being The Tablet, published in Brooklyn. Speaking of The Tablet reminds me of a Jew-baiting piece quoted from its columns. I got the clipping out of a reliable publication, but unfortunately I forgot the medium's name. But I knew the Tablet article (which ridiculed the inter-religious committee of Jews, Protestants and Catholics) was the straight stuff. One of my readers took the piece to the editor of The Tablet and asked him why he printed such unfair, bigoted stuff about the helpless Jews, and his reply was that my article (which didn't mention the actual issue of The Tablet from which the sentences had been taken) was a pack of lies, that he'd never said such a thing. Naturally, if I had been guilty he would have exposed me in his paper, for the press of the Black International has never hesitated about giving me publicity, but he didn't do that because he knew I had told the truth. But, I was unable to identify the actual issue because I don't happen to have a file of The Tablet in my office and none is available within hundreds of miles.
All this is trivial stuff, but it shows the intellectual dishonesty of the country's Fascists and anti-Semites. Such people are always ready to blame the poor Jews for everything that's bad. If anything's wrong—find the Jew. That sort of stuff is disgusting, but as a device of propaganda it's effective with tens of thousands, even millions, of unthinking, prejudiced, bigoted readers who are ready to believe anything the hate-breeding agents of Gawd (Father Coughlin's pronunciation) spew forth. They feel privileged, these hate-mongers. They resent being criticized. One must let them write their rotten lies without protest. If one hits back, they react with every possible weapon, including business boycott and ostracism. It's considered in bad taste to expose their methods. If one tells the factual truth about the hierarchy and its dupes one's immediately branded as an anti-Catholic bigot. My readers know that nowhere in the millions of words I've written about the Black International have I ever suggested the slightest act of prejudice against individuals because they happen to be Catholics. I've never written an anti-Catholic line in my life, but my works (see my volumes of "Questions and Answers") abound with anti-clericalism. One should never say anything against or do anything to a person because he happens to be a Catholic. But one has the right to discuss the political aspects of the Vatican and the policies of the hierarchy, even in the avowed hope that some of the gullibles now under the control of the supernaturalists will shake off their mental chains. The obscurantists hate such bringers of light. They strike out with every available lie, abuse and persecution, but fortunately for anti-clericals like ourselves they can't resort to the handy devices that were always available just a few centuries ago, when critics, skeptics, Rationalists, truth-seekers, Freethinkers, heretics and other non-conformists were tortured by the Inquisition or burned at the stake.

There is one thing you might explain. You speak of the Black International. I suppose you are talking about the Catholic Church. But what is the origin of the phrase? Is it one you coined, or did some great writer describe the Church that way?

The phrase—the Black International—is my own little baby. I hit on it several years ago when I wanted to bring out the internationalism of Vatican intrigue and reaction. Stalin's Red International and Hitler's Brown International are only parts of the international color scheme. Later, after coining the phrase and using it several dozen times, I toyed with the notion that it would be a good title for the series of booklets I was arranging for Joseph McCabe to write. He took to it readily and I notice that he uses it frequently in his new manuscripts. I fancy the idea that the Black International will receive popular acceptance before long. The Jesuits have already bawled me out for using it, as may be seen by referring to the pages of the Order's most prominent organ, America. Jesuitism is the heart of the Black International, but the phrase is intended to cover all of the political, economic and social manifestations of the world's greatest real estate corporation, the Roman Catholic Church, the oldest citadel of international obscurantism, bigotry, dogmatism, illiberalism, intolerance, and unprogressiveness.

Please comment on the declaration issued by the Catholic bishops of the U. S., on November 15, 1941, under the title, "The Crisis of Christianity."

The pronouncement is intended to silence American friends of freedom and democracy who are beginning to ask about the Church of Rome's attitude toward political and economic tyranny. It will fool many liberals and progressives. Even the editor of The New Leader, Dr. William E. Bohn, let himself be deceived by the clever spokesmen of the American branch of the Black International. Readers who are following Joseph McCabe's series of discussions on the international policies of the Vatican won't be hoodwinked by such poison. The pronouncement speaks against Communism and Nazism, but fails even to mention Fascism. That's the pay-off. Fascism is sacred, in the eyes of the hierarchy. Catholic-Fascism's record is all too clear in totalitarian countries like Italy, Spain, Portugal, and, before Hitler's invas-
ton, Poland. Fascism represents the political ideology of the Church. And, while the Church says things in opposition to Nazism, the heads of the institution make undercover deals with Hitler, but this phase of the subject had better be left to the competent and informed Joseph McCabe, who presents the record in an unanswerable way. The chosen "shepherds of souls" help keep the shackles of political tyranny on the bodies of the masses. The word Nazi is unpopular in our country, so the Church falls back on its Authoritarianism and the Fascism that went forth (with the Vatican's blessings) to murder the innocent, helpless masses of unarmed Ethiopia, the liberal-minded portion of the Spanish Republic, and the Italy of Mazzini and Garibaldi. But the hierarchy is subtle. It can give the impression of opposing totalitarianism in the U. S. while serving the interests of Fascism in Europe, Latin America, and Eastern Canada. Mention of Canada moves me to show how the Black International gags its critics when it has sufficient political power. Up in Toronto, Canada, is an institution known as the North Toronto Bible House. If you were to write a letter to that address it would come back with the notification, "Mail for This Address Prohibited." The Catholic press gives the reason for this extreme form of suppression. It happens that the North Toronto Bible House bought for local distribution two pamphlets published by the Protestant Book House of Toledo, O. Thus, says the Catholic press, the Toronto house must stand for being blacklisted "following numerous complaints that certain literature emanating from the center attacks the Catholic Church." Mail to and from the Toronto address has been banned until the Rev. E. J. Taylor, its proprietor, gives written assurance he won't distribute any more such pamphlets as caused complaint. When asked to give his assurance following the post office order, the Rev. Taylor refused. What's happening in Eastern Canada can happen down here—if. And these ghouls of the Black International actually become mad when one questions their loyalty to the Americanism which must always include freedom and democracy. But they themselves give away the show when they talk long enough. Look at the January 20, 1940, issue of The Brooklyn Tablet, organ of the Brooklyn diocese and most reactionary of Catholic organs, after Father (of what?) Coughlin's Social Justice, which still hold first place as a distributor of lies, Fascism, and antidemocratic ideas in general. The issue of The Tablet just mentioned reported a speech delivered before a chapter of the Holy Name Society, which bid everyone beware of "this ceaseless, this inane, talk concerning 'democracy.'" The Tablet went on: "It (democracy) was started and is kept alive by our Communist brethren and their so-called 'liberal' friends. And what does it signify? Nothing—It is a mere rebellious, anarchistic, paganistic shibboleth." Such words can come only from Fascist-minded people. People who advance the interests and philosophy of democracy never get a hearing among Catholic audiences, but Catholic-Fascism gets no end of platforms and pulpits, and unlimited space in the Catholic-Fascist press. This brings up the experience of the Catholic layman, Associate Justice Frank Murphy, who recently made a speech at the national convention of the Knights of Columbus, in which he supported President Roosevelt's foreign policy and urged all possible aid for the Soviet Union. The Black International got after its own son and criticized him unmercifully. Joseph Scott, of the California bar, a well-known layman, ran to a radio hook-up and denounced Justice Murphy for having "abused the invitation of the Knights of Columbus convention by acting as the mouthpiece of the White House!" Justice Murphy had spoken for freedom and democracy (ideals that are being protected by the man in the White House), which Murphy shouldn't have praised. If he had spoken well of Fascism (without using the word) all would have been well and no mention would have been made of abuse of hospitality. Gerhart Seger, as some of my readers know from reading my volumes of "Questions and Answers," is a tireless fighter for American democracy. He has been in this country only seven years, during which he became a citizen. Prior to escap-
ing to the U. S., Mr. Seger was a Social Democratic member of the German Reichstag. After a turn in a concentration camp, from which he escaped, he came to this country, where he has been devoting himself to working for democracy and exposing Fascism. Up to November, 1941, Mr. Seger, according to his own words, delivered 1,584 public lectures before every conceivable kind of body. He has spoken in colleges (I heard several of his lectures at the Teachers’ College in Pittsburg, Kansas), before union men, before organizations of employers and numerous other kinds of organizations and committees. “I have,” writes Mr. Seger, “addressed Negro Colleges, and I spoke at the annual dinner of the Chamber of Commerce of Newport, R. I.” Mr. Seger adds:

There is no Protestant denomination with whom I have not spoken, from the swankiest Episcopalian Church in the most fashionable residential districts of large cities to the poorest Negro Baptist Church in Alabama, I have been invited by the most orthodox Jewish synagogues as well as by the Free-thinkers of America. But, of those 1584 invitations to speak, only once, one single time, was I invited to address a Catholic Women’s Club in Hollywood. This is no accident—the conclusion is obvious.”

Mr. Seger is right when he says the conclusion is obvious. The hierarchetes of the Black International don’t want to hear supporters of democracy and freedom. Were Mr. Seger speaking against democracy and liberalism ways would have been found to place him before audiences of Catholics.

As a Rationalist and Freethinker it bothers me to have to join in singing patriotic songs that have religious ideology imbedded in them. For example, I wince when I have to let go with “God Bless America.” What can an admirer of Clarence Darrow, Joseph McCabe, Robert G. Ingersoll, Joseph Lewis, and other pious saints, do to save his own feeling of intellectual honesty and decency?

Some years ago (see my volumes of “Questions and Answers”) I told a reader who was worried about the closing line of “My Country ‘Tis of Thee,” which contains the words “God our King.” I suggested a simple remedy—just sing it “good” and smilingly reach for the potatoes and gravy. As for the Irving Berlin song, “God Bless America,” Rationalists can bust loose with a grand and sincere “Guard Blessed America.”

What’s the real gain in having all voting anonymous?

To keep it from becoming unanimous.

Why does Hitler edit all official bulletins?

He’s afraid one of his murderers might forget himself long enough to tell something true.

What’s the hardest time to get a baby to sleep?

When she’s 18 years old.

Have you ever commented on the cavortings of Saint Bingo in the establishments of the Black International?

I’ve written several pieces, always in a light, sardonic, facetious, foppery mood, as may be seen by referring to my volumes of “Questions and Answers,” but the subject is worthy of more serious consideration, for the activities of Saint Bingo are a disgraceful, dishonest, parasitic racket that can’t hide its ugliness even under the saintly, sacred robes of Gawd’s (Father Coughlin’s pronunciation) revealed religion. The hierarchetes of the Black International in Cleveland, O., alone takes in $18,000,000 yearly from Bingo, most of it stolen from the poor, for the game is run so that the players rarely get back more than a third of the money they put into the hands of the pious, saintly, Gawd-intoxicated priests. A survey conducted by the Gallup Poll (which I reported in full) shows that the Bingo robberies conducted by the Black International stand up with cards, craps and horses so far as the “take” is concerned. The police department in Bergen County, N. J., recently showed that “20 games in operation in the County, under the auspices of certain churches [mainly Catholic] take in over $470,000 a year in door and card receipts alone.” Informed people know that the door fees paid by players are rarely more than a fourth of the money spent at the game itself. It isn’t unusual for 1,500 people (mostly from the working class) to attend a single session un-
der the auspices of Saint Bingo. This tremendous graft grosses immense fortunes throughout the country, all of it far more crooked than the average card and crap game in a crooked gambling joint. Professional gamblers haven’t the heart (or the gall) to cut in for the immense percentage that the Catholic Church takes from Bingo. In most cases the police are afraid to crack down on the church racket because Saint Bingo has much more political influence than ordinary gamblers—and the Church never has to pay graft to the police, either. It keeps all the tainted money for itself. Yes, it’s all done in the name of sweet charity—anything the priests lay their hands on is always blessed and is therefore beyond social criticism or official action. The other month I showed how the sheriff of Los Angeles raided a Bingo session, because the gambling happened to be carried on at a picnic. Later he apologized publicly, explaining he didn’t know the game was being run by the Catholic Church. The sheriff closed his statement with the suggestion that the people who had filed complaints against the gathering must have been Communists. It has been shown that professional gamblers run the games for the priests in certain large communities, because they know the angles better and can increase not only the “take” but the percentage for the “house.” Even after the professionals draw their commission the Church has more graft than it would have if it permitted its own amateurs to run the game. All this, needless to say, comes out of the pockets of the poorest elements of the community. Recently Bishop Schrembs, of Cleveland, O., announced that Bingo wouldn’t be permitted in his diocese during Lenten season. Nothing was said about the rest of the year, and nothing will be said, for the Cleveland suckers, as stated above, turn in $13,000,000 yearly to the saintly thieves. Other bishops shut their eyes to Saint Bingo even during Lent. Last year, in St. John’s Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., a woman who was playing Bingo suffered a stroke when her number came up and she won $50. The officiating priest stopped the game long enough to give her absolution and Extreme Unction, after which he resumed his duties on the platform. She died, but the players knew everything was in order for it stood to reason that Saint Bingo would take good care of her soul when she showed up before Saint Peter for a visa into the realms of the Ethereal Esquire. Saint Bingo is busy at both ends of the racket. When he isn’t working in this vale of tears he’s probably putting on a Bingo session in some secluded corner of heaven.

I rejoice because there are a few men in the U. S. who are brave enough to print the truth about the Black International. The enclosure from the “Sunday Visitor” (issue dated November 23, 1941), one of the mouthpieces of the Black International, doesn’t approve of your activities, naturally. Your readers will be interested in the novel idea he lifts from the columns of “America,” the organ of the American Jesuits.

The editorial in the Sunday Visitor quotes America to the effect that “as a matter of practical expediency the many hundreds of tons of paper used in the publication of lewd, immoral and un-American leaflets and magazines be put to decent use now that a shortage of paper stock is imminent.” It would seem, says the Father (of what?), that the “system of priorities be extended to this field.” The editor of America then notes that the October, 1941, issue of Writer’s Digest said that “every (good) American thinks first” about sex, love and passion when casting about for reading matter. I don’t think even the mighty Catholic Church (with its neurotic interest in sex) can get the world to accept its perverted attitude. Sex, like television and cellophane, is here to stay. If you took sensuality out of Michael Angelo’s magnificent Vatican paintings what would you have left? Even the Vatican bows to the beauties of the sexual life, exposing Adam’s body down to the last tassel, at the same time that it berates others for appreciating the poetry of sex. According to the twisted view of America, a book or magazine reproducing Michael Angelo’s more sexual-minded creations should be barred and its editor jailed, while the source of the material adorns the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel for the
pious to jitter and throb over. I can imagine nothing more futile than an attempt to discuss with the bigoted hierarchy the civilized right of men and women to satisfy their interest in the problems and pleasures of the emotions. The civilized world, in this matter, has gone on ahead and looks back only for an occasional smile. Other booklets on the sexual views of Havelock Ellis, Bertrand Russell, Joseph McCabe, Wm. J. Fielding, Sigmund Freud, and others, aren't looked on as immoral literature by people who have freed themselves of the shackles of supernaturalsm and obscurantism, and all the pious groans of the fathers (of what?) can't bring them to accept the viewpoint which Catholic eroticism-in-reverse would like to impose. The editor of America continues with this delicious morsel:

We do not like poison, even in blue covers, and we think a warning signal should be raised. Mr. Haldeman-Julius does not like our regard for the Pure-food Act, as applied to reading, and thinks we hate freedom of speech. But as a matter of practical expediency, would it not be a great move for national morale if all the Little Blue Book paper could be put to decent use? Blueprints for many a battleship could be drawn on the paper that is now being used for blueprints for bawdiness.

All this appears in the Sunday Visitor under the headline, “Why Not Priorities Here?” Since we recognize priorities in the building of battleships, why not apply them in the world of ideas? That's putting an old idea in new dress. Change the word “priorities” to “inquisition” in that quoted headline and you'd have the official position of the Black International with regard to free inquiry and free press. I accept the necessity of priorities in production and business, as a policy of national protection, but I don’t accept the policy in matters of the intellect, and here I include the writers of the Black International, for they too have the right to express their goofy, mystical verbiage. The Black International would suppress me by applying priorities to my paper supply, while I would urge the authorities to grant the Black International all the paper it can use, knowing that under the Constitution I have the right to express myself on their stupid, idiotic notions. They, as always, yell for the police; Freethinkers urge the rule of reason and free inquiry. They would gag their cultural enemies; Freethinkers would protect even their intellectual enemies in their right to express themselves. They would cast me into the nearest hoosegow; Freethinkers would open their columns and grant time on their platforms to even the cunningest spokesmen of the Black International in an attempt to discuss openly and candidly the problems of the political aspects of the world's greatest clerical force for Fascism and intellectual slavery. They would deny Freethought editor the right to a supply of paper; Freethinkers would even share with them their paper supply if the Black International would accept their standing challenge to debate the great pressing issues of a political-minded church that poses as the world’s “shepherd of souls.” All this they would do in the name of priorities. It used to be called the Inquisition.

What did Father Coughlin say for publication when war was declared on the U. S. by Japan, Germany and Italy?

Father (of what?) Coughlin shut himself away from reporters and refused to open his mouth. He found it necessary to go in for a long session of fasting and prayer. He knew there was plenty of anti-American material in the files of his pro-Fascist Social Justice which would have to be glossed over in some way now that Uncle Sam was at war with his friends. Father Coughlin, as the most outspoken supporter of Fascism the Black International has in America, had carried this head over one of his Social Justice articles: “Mussolini, Wisest of Statesmen.” Mussolini, the sage of Fascist Rome, declared war on the U. S. In many other issues Father Coughlin praised Hitler and Nazism. Hitler declared war on the U. S. Father Coughlin thundered at Washington liberals for favoring China against Japan. Japan made war on the U. S. Father Coughlin openly threatened mutiny and rebellion should Soviet Russia and the U. S. become allies. Both countries are now allies, fighting in the same cause. No wonder Coughlin preferred
to withdraw into the silences while he worked out a new approach to the problem of supporting Fascism in a democratic country that’s struggling for the right to exist. The Black International is shrewd, cunning, adroit and treacherous. It will find numerous ways to sabotage America’s defense. It has to, for it stands as the world’s oldest citadel of reaction, superstition, Fascism, unprogressiveness, illiberalism, intolerance and anti-democracy. The American people, more united than at any time in their history, know their enemies. They know that the people who praised Mussolini, Hitler, Nazism and Fascism can’t be trusted. Eternal vigilance is in order. The enemies of the American way of life can’t be trusted—and they must always be watched. The same treachery that Japan used to creep up on our fleet in Pearl Harbor is the old weapon of the Black International. Coughlin, as one of the more prominent mouthpieces of this reactionary organization, should be recognized everywhere for what he is—a brazen, obvious friend of Fascism.

Well, I see that dull, tedious Charles A. (Nazi) Lindbergh is all het up about the 1942 elections. Out of thin air he has conjured a bogey of “no elections.” Evidence? Not an iota. It would be interesting and valuable to know how many times this “defender” of the blood-bought ballot actually voted during the past eight years. Have you the facts?

Lindbergh didn’t think much of his duties as a citizen of the Republic, for the record shows that during the past eight years he voted only twice—in 1933 and in 1940. During those years he had 16 elections to vote in.

As a careful student of your advertising methods, I am interested in knowing what you think of “the dangling comparative”?

The dangling comparative is a popular device with copy writers in advertising offices. For the benefit of laymen, let me explain that when an advertisement says the article it’s expounding is “better” than others and then fails to identify the others, it’s indulging in the dangling comparative, an unfair and childish trick that should fool no one, but usually does. The Federal Trade Commission banned the dangling comparative in

the case of a small company that caters to farmers, which may mean that the Government is getting ready to make its crackdown general. That would be a healthy thing for honest advertising.

How have you been meeting the problem of paper shortage in these days of a highly accelerated defense program?

I’ve been handling the situation extremely well thus far. Prices have gone up staggeringly, of course, but until now I’ve been able to meet all the demands of the paper houses. Paper for my job printing department is my greatest immediate problem because such work calls for better grades of stock, but here I do what the situation demands, giving notice to my customers, as follows:

All orders accepted are subject to Government regulations that may be issued from time to time affecting quality, shades and cleanliness of all papers used, and also our equipment, production and ability to obtain materials. It is to be expected that the quality, shade and cleanliness of all papers will vary.

A commentator says the Nazis now punish soldiers’ families if they (the soldiers) commit suicide. Is this true?

Yes. A dispatch from Stockholm, Sweden, in The New York Post, says an announcement was published by the Nazi military command in Norway “that suicide by German soldiers will be regarded as an attempt to escape, making relatives punishable under a new death decree.”

What musical instruments come under the classification of wood winds?

Piccolo, flute, oboe, English horn, clarinet, bass clarinet, bassoon and contra-bassoon.

Was Vermont one of the original 13 States?

No. It was the 14th, being admitted in 1791.

What is the scientific name for a nail biter?

“Onychophagist.” Persons suffering from this habit should take a grave view of their condition and consult a competent specialist in emotional and mental problems. Authorities in this field now say nail biters suffer from mental conflicts and feeling of inferiority. Children are
the most common onychophagists. Grown people, of course, also have the affliction. Any person who is a nail biter is always seriously nervous.

How many one-pound loaves of bread, on the average, can one make from a barrel of flour?

270.

What is the technical name for the attitude of prospective customers who refuse to fall for the talk of super-salesmen?

Such a triumph of mind over matter is known as sales-resistance.

Are you annoyed by the way people in private and business life misuse the word "beg"?

It used to bother me, but now I'm so coordinated I don't even wince any more. However, that doesn't stop me from reaching into my collection of literary oddities and bringing out Carolyn Wells' amusing poem spoofing the "beggars":

They beg to inquire and they beg to state;
They beg to advise and they beg to relate;
They beg to observe and they beg to mention,
They beg to call your kind attention; They beg to remark and they beg to remind.
They beg to inform you will herewith find;
They beg to renounce and they beg to intrude,
They beg to explain and they beg to include;
They beg to acknowledge and they beg to reply,
They beg to apologize, they beg to deny;
Till I wish I could put that annoying array
Of beggars on horseback and send them away.

Recently I heard, in a broadcast from London, the reading of an amusingly quaint essay on the cow by a 10-year-old London East End boy. Can you give it to us in full?

The boy's interesting and puzzling essay, written after he had been evacuated to the country:

"The cow is a mammal. It has six sides, right and left and upper and below. At the back it has a tail on which hangs a brush. With this he sends flies away so they don't fall into the milk. The head is for the purpose of growing horns and so his mouth can be somewhere. The horns are to butt with and the mouth to moo with.

"Under the cow hangs milk. It is arranged for milking. When people milk milk comes and there never is an end to the supply. How the cow does it I have not yet realized, but it makes more and more. The cow has a fine sense of smell and one can smell it far away. This is the reason for fresh air in the country.

"A man cow is called an ox. The cow does not eat much but what it eats it eats twice so that it gets enough. When it is hungry it moos and when it says nothing at all it is because its insides are full up with grass."

We poker players often say "according to Hoyle" when in a dispute about the rules of the game. Who was Hoyle? Did he invent the game?

Edmond Hoyle died in 1769, which was almost a century before poker was invented. In 1742 Hoyle issued the first book of rules for card games, entitled "Short Treatise on Whist." Later authorities added poker to Hoyle's book. Straight poker was first played about 1860, while full deck poker was played about 30 years before.

With what do grasshoppers hear?
With the abdomen, just beneath the wings.

How do you de-skunk a car?

If you hit one of the little fellows you'll usually find that the handsome rascal's oil sticks to the wheels and under the fenders. If that's happened to you, head for a gravel or dirt road and drive for 15 or 30 minutes, after which you'll find that the dirt and dust have covered the oil, killing the smell.

Catholic propagandists, by means of the radio, pulpit, platform and their press, make much of the claim that Catholics "constitute 31 percent of the church membership in the U. S. armed forces." The point then driven home that this proves Catholics are more loyal than Protestants and Jews. Please comment.

This statistical "fact!" is just another sly trick of the apologists of the Black International. One must learn to analyze their figures, for their tricks are endless. How do they "prove" that 31 percent? They do
it by a juggling of the Catholic Church's 16 percent of the total population, when the figures of the U.S. Census show that the total church membership of all denominations is only about 55,000,000, or less than half of the population. Based on these actual data, the Catholics should have 37 percent of the armed forces instead of 31 percent. Such tactics are contemptible.

Can you give me Abraham Lincoln's letter to a couple of newlyweds?
Lincoln's note to a friend who had just been married:
"My old father used to have a saying that 'if you make a bad bargain, hug it all the tighter'; and it occurs to me that if the bargain you have just closed can possibly be called a bad one, it is certainly the most pleasant one for applying that maxim to which my fancy can by any effort picture."

Have you any data on the question of whether interest in religion has been increasing in this country?
Dr. George Gallup, director of the American Institute of Public Opinion, announced in November, 1941, the results of a survey conducted by his organization among church members and non-members, the question asked being:

"Have you noticed an increase in religion in your community since the war began?"

The results:
- Farmers, yes, 22%; no, 66%; don't know, 12%.
- Towns under 10,000 population, yes, 27%; no, 60%; don't know, 13%.
- Towns and cities over 10,000 population, yes, 37%; no, 52%; don't know, 11%.
- National, yes, 31%; no, 57%; don't know, 12%.

This shows that a heavy majority of our people hold the opinion that religious interest has declined.

Another question asked in the same Gallup poll read:
"Do you think young people in this community are more interested in religion now than young people were 10 years ago?"

Here the survey could find no important differences in the results by size of community. The national results:
- More interested, 18%; less interested, 49%; about the same, 24%; don't know, 9%.

Here again we have evidence that interest in religion among the young people is withering. The masses are learning that religion holds nothing for them that can be considered socially useful. Rationalism is growing. Freethought is becoming respectable. Orthodoxy is on the way out. Barring cultural reaction, the future is bright for realistic thinking. The people are coming around to the view that their salvation rests with themselves and not with the Ethereal Esquire.

What have you been reading?
M. Lincoln Schuster, of Simon and Schuster, sent me a copy of "A Second Treasury of the World's Great Letters," which is as good as the first collection reviewed here not long ago. The editing was done by Wallace Brockway and Bart Keith Winer, who have drawn on fascinating letters written back in ancient days and hundreds done since then and down to the second World War. I've always enjoyed letters, as I've shown by the way I slipped in volumes of letters into my library of Little Blue Books. My collections aren't as fat as the two mentioned above, but they're as good. With George Jean Nathan, I say: "A single paragraph in an impulsive letter will often tell more about a man than a whole work calculated by him to the same ostensible end . . ." Most of us enjoy letters because we have the feeling we're looking into forbidden places. It's the Peeping Tom in us. Collections of printed letters make me feel as though I'm snooping around in some attic and suddenly bump into a dusty, forgotten chest crammed with revealing, intimate letters. The Simon and Schuster volume, containing more than 600 pages, makes the reading easier, what with the dust blown off, the letters spread open in an orderly pile, and notes identified so you don't have any work to do, but just settle back to pleasant, enthralling reading.

What'll happen to Europe's Quislings should Hitler be defeated?
They'll be killed to the last man, and they know it. The thousands of Quislings in Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, and other occupied countries, accepted political powers
from their own conquerors. They betrayed everything—including their lives—on a Nazi victory. And if they bet on the loser they’ll pay quickly, for millions of oppressed and enslaved people will send them to their just doom once they free themselves of the invader. The Quislings won’t be able to escape to neutral lands, for there won’t be any to run to. They’ll have to face their angry, merciless people, who’ll strike them down without a moment’s delay. Many will commit suicide. In Hitler’s own famous phrase, “heads will roll in the sand.” The defeated are waiting patiently for the day of reckoning. I believe it’ll come. The Russians have shown the world that the Nazis aren’t invincible. The fear of the Blitzkrieg has been cast off. The defeated peoples are beginning to see bright signs on the horizon. It’ll take time—perhaps a few years—but in the end Hitler and his murderers will be destroyed, and so will his Quislings. No one will feel sorry for the rotten creatures. The rats have earned the punishment that’s awaiting them.

How do you feel about the earthy, off-color story as a work of art?

Many coarse stories are masterpieces of art. As a student of this art-form—having looked into thousands of them and filed away many hundreds of excellent specimens—I feel it’s a pity that all these triumphs of literature must circulate sneakily. I’ve said this before several times, but here let me bring in that lively, energetic and tireless reviewer, Clifton Fadiman, who, in a note to Alexander Woollcott’s delightful “Entrance Fee,” in “Reading I’ve Liked,” pitches for off-color stories. Fadiman reflects sadly “on the taboos which make impossible in our as-yet-primitive moral era the publication in artistic form of a thousand other contes drolatiques.” Most of them must be circulated orally, which isn’t fair to “some of the wisest, some of the funniest, some of the most searching tales the fancy of man (and woman, if the truth were known) has devised.” Only a minority, he adds, would find such tales offensive, “but so far this minority has established a successful censorship.” He grows melancholy when he reflects “on the curious herd morality that prevents the artistic development of one of the forms of narration most natural to the human mind: the gallant tale revolving around the incredible grotesqueness and high splendor of the fact that the world is permanently divided into two main sexes.” It’s a pity that life, which is normally so dreary, cannot be permitted to enjoy a happy form of escapism that’s always at hand. If only the masters of printer’s ink were permitted to hurry forward these messengers of bellylaughs.

What do you think of Alexander Woollcott as a story-teller?

Woollcott has a fine talent for taking an Oscar Wilde epigram and stringing it out to a charming 1,000-word narrative, with a talent that’s at its best if the tale carries the off-color overtones of the sophisticated who love the meaty, sweaty worldliness of a Boccaccio, a Rabelais, or some other story-teller who can get a laugh out of the eternal pantomime that’s played by men and women. He’s at his best when he takes an anecdote that’s been going the rounds for years and dresses it up in his tender, windy verbiage. He gets away with it because he does it so well. His “Entrance Fee” is an artistic triumph, a fine elaboration of a popular tale that amused me when I was a lad of wicked ways and evil thoughts. Take the story as I heard it. The heroine is Cosette, the most desirable woman in Paris, whose fee is never less than 5,000 francs. (This was at a time when 5,000 francs meant real dough.) The cadets of France’s most famous military academy all dreamed of her beauty, her charms, her artistry as a capable, esthetic mistress of passion, but the boys didn’t have the dough, so one young fellow hit on the brilliant idea of organizing a 5-franc lottery, the winner to have 5,000 francs in order to make the usual deal with what Woollcott calls “a distributed du Barry.” Jean, 20 years old, wins, but before he can leave he’s called before the commanding officer, an old man, but not too old to appreciate such a magnificent gesture. He figures that the lad should have some extras, so he throws in enough money to pay for the cadet’s carriage, flowers, dinner,
wine, and knick-knacks for Cosette. That night the young man paid Cosette her fee and settled down to enjoying her company. The next morning, when he was about to leave, the cadet told Cosette what had happened. "Dear me," said Cosette, "this is the greatest compliment I've ever been paid. I'm overwhelmed. To think that a thousand young men would each sacrifice five francs in order to supply one lucky youngster with 5,000 francs. And to think that I inspired such a magnificent gesture. I'm overcome. But I, too, can make a gesture as grand. I, too, have my moments for selfless generosity. I therefore insist, my boy, that this flattered woman shall, even if it's for only this one time, be enjoyed without you sacrificing a sou. Not a sou, I insist." Cosette reached into her bag and drew forth the 5,000 francs. Counting out franc after franc from the wad, she handed the money to the cadet and murmured, "I give you back your money. Here are your five francs."

Can you give me the derivation of the word "editor"?

"Editor" is a neat amalgamation of two Latin words. "Edi" means to "give" or "pass out." "Taurus"—"toro" in Spanish—means "the bull."

** Must the army protect the men's morals if there's to be high morale?

There's no connection between the two, except in reverse. Morale is important in any man's outfit, but morals are matters of personal taste and inclination. The good people are shocked by such an idea, but that doesn't make it false. Brig. Gen. Henry J. Reilly, retired, expressed the thought briefly and brilliantly, this way:

"The army is supposed to fight.
Leave the morale to the army and to hell with morals. Some people want to keep the young soldier from women and liquor. That's what he needs."

If you want to kill an army's morale go on a blue-nosed purity spasm. But this doesn't mean the command should be indifferent to the health of the young soldier. He should be instructed in how to keep away venereal infections, and when he exposes himself the army doctors should take him in hand to prevent disease. As I've shown before (see my volumes of "Questions and Answers") the records in Washington show that the venereal rate is the lowest in army history, and that doesn't mean the men are staying away from women.

I find it hard to understand the difficult terms used in describing different kinds of union shops, such as "preferential shop," "closed shop," "union shop," and the like. I suggest you explain these fine distinctions.

The different classifications, rang-
ing from a closed shop to an exclusive bargaining shop, are confusing to the average reader of the press. Experts writing for the Twentieth Century Fund have drawn up a list of the half dozen forms, with explanations of their meaning, as follows:

Closed Shop: Only union members can be hired and workers must remain union members to retain employment.

Union Shop: Non-members may be hired, but to retain employment must become union members after a certain period.

Preferential Shop: Union members are given preference in hiring or layoff, or both.

Maintenance of Membership Shop: No one is forced to join union, but all present or future members must remain in good standing as a condition of employment.

Exclusive Bargaining Shop: The union is recognized as the exclusive bargaining agent for all employees, whether union members or not.

Bargaining for Members Only: The union is recognized as the bargaining agent only for its own members.

How much money must Henry Ford put into machinery to keep just one man working?

$9,000.

* * * WRITES ABOUT VISIT TO GIRARD

[Dick Jones, of the St. Joseph (Mo.) News-Press, brought his camera with him when he came to interview E. Haldeman-Julius, in his farm home at Girard, Kansas, and the result was a picture of the editor and publisher seated before his typewriter and a story that appeared in the November 16, 1941, issue. Part of Mr. Jones’ report follows:]

He has edited and published enough books to supply each resident of St. Joseph with 4,200 copies. He perhaps knows more about what the average person wants to read than the average person himself knows. He is a former $18-a-week newspaper reporter. Today he conducts one of the largest publishing businesses in the United States.

He is E. Haldeman-Julius of Girard, Kansas, who has published more than 200,000,000 books—more than anyone else in the world. And he has sold most of them, the Little Blue Books, at 5 cents each. Today you can buy them at that rate or some of them by the pound.

Not only has he edited—and supervised the actual printing and selling of the books, but he also has found time to write more than 100 books, publish a monthly paper of 70,000 circulation and supervise the 160-acre farm on which he lives at the Girard city limits.

He is more enthusiastic about the operation of that farm, with its beautiful and comfortable home, than he is about the publishing business. Perhaps that is because that after twenty years of writing and selling books, the business has settled into a routine.

Born fifty-two years ago in Philadelphia, the son of an expert bookbinder, E. Haldeman-Julius is today one of Kansas’ most interesting citizens. Both the man and his home hold a fascination. He was a reporter with Carl Sandburg on a Milwaukee, Wis., daily. He published the first works of Will Durant, the philosopher. He has known and admired such men as Frank Harris and Clarence Darrow and Ed Howe. In his home he has original letters of Oscar Wilde. And he has known dozens of authors and writers of lesser prominence.

Perhaps no better insight into the man’s character could be found than in his way of living. He spurns bakery bread and eats only that made in his home. The eggs, meats, vegetables and dairy products which he consumes at his own table come from his farm.

His plant and his home are filled with the most modern labor saving devices and he has even carried the theory into the preparation of highballs. Liquor in Kansas is for medicinal purposes only. It is a tonic. Mr. Haldeman-Julius uses nothing but a 14-ounce glass for highballs. He uses a wine glass that will hold the equivalent of three jiggers to measure the tonic. Where the average host would have to mix and serve three highballs, the publisher achieves the same result with one.

“It is,” he explains, with a twinkle in his eyes, “one of the greatest labor saving devices I have discovered.”

Much of his writing is done in his
room at home. There he has a desk with a typewriter, paper and dozens of pencils. On one side of the bed is a powerful radio. He reads and listens to the radio before going to sleep.

Any time he finds something worthy of comment in what he is reading, he rises and types it out in readiness to take to his office in the large printing plant the next morning.

He employs from 40 to 125 persons, depending on the seasons. The plant, a two-story, rectangular building, is filled with presses, paper cutters, mailing equipment and various weights and surfaces of paper stock. It contains thousands of the Little Blue Books, numbered and placed in compartments according to numbers, ready to be mailed as ordered.

Some idea of the size of the mail business he transacts may be gained by the fact that annually he sends out enough printed matter in the town of 2,500 population to make the post office first class, the same rating as that of the St. Joseph post office.

Since 1921 Mr. Haldeman-Julius has experimented with readers' tastes until he knows just about what the average will buy; how to present it to him by newspaper and magazine advertising so he will buy, and what to expect from advertising according to the media used. He thinks nothing of paying $1,800 for a full page ad in a daily paper, because he knows it pays. He has spent $4,000,000 for advertising.

And he has found out some rather amazing things. For instance, more people are interested in learning how to break bad habits than in acquiring good habits. More people are interested in their appearance than in their health. And about 10,000 people each year admit to this publisher that they realize they are stupid and pay him for a book titled, "How to Conquer Stupidity." Men buy more books than women, and both are primarily interested in books on sex. "What Every Married Woman Should Know" is his best seller.

Despite the number of agricultural colleges and farm journals, books on farming are not popular, Mr. Haldeman-Julius has discovered.

Books on poetry are also hard to sell. In fact, a volume of verse is the only one he has ever printed for which he has not received a single order, he said. "The Rubaiyat," by Omar Khayyam, tops the list.

Mr. Haldeman-Julius makes no secret of his atheism. Naturally he has been criticized for it. It doesn't bother him. In the long list of titles of books he publishes are many devoted to rationalism, atheism, agnosticism.

The fact that he sells thousands of such books every year has convinced him that people want to read them. In fact, Luther Burbank's "Why I am an Infidel!" is one of his best sellers. He also offers copies of the Bible at the same price and finds few customers for it.

What have you been reading?

John Kenneth Turner's "Challenge to Karl Marx" (Reynal and Hitchcock), has been eating up a lot of my reading time, and every word of it has been good for my doomed soul. As some of my readers may know, I've never pretended to understand all that Karl Marx taught, especially in "Das Kapital," one of the heaviest and most unreadable tomes ever issued. Well, it happens that most of the time I don't even understand when writers tell me what's wrong with Karl Marx. I figure there's just too much to learn in order to become a Marxist, or an anti-Marxist. If I'm ever looking for something to convert me I'll settle on Buchanism, Jehovah's Witnesses, or Christian Science. It doesn't make much difference what you say when you go over to such a screwy izzum, but Marxism is different, because it pretends to science, logic and strict factual accuracy. When John Kenneth Turner gets through with Marx's discoveries—especially in economics and political economy—there isn't much left. Dogmatic Marxists won't ever speak we'll of this book, because it doesn't leave much of Marxism unchallenged or at least questioned. At that, I don't believe there are more than 10 real, all-out Marxists in all the U. S. A. There are thousands who call themselves Marxists, but if you get down to strict standards not a dozen of them will qualify. In my time I've met at
least five genuine Marxists, of whom three were lawyers, and all were undersized, stoop-shouldered, sprinkled with dandruff, and specialized in corporation law. The fourth was a writing man, who, like the lawyers, wore extra heavy glasses through which he had to strain to see whether it was night or day. The fifth was a workingman who toiled for nine hours each day, in a Kensington, Philadelphia, textile mill. He was well-built, healthy-looking, keen-eyed, intelligent, informed—but I was too young then to know whether he knew what he was talking about or even to know what he was saying. I doubt I could do much better today. The first four Marxists all wore dark suits and spoke with foreign accents, though they’d all lived in this country most of their lives. I learned early that it never paid to get into an argument with a Marxist. That’s a wonderful way to waste time. No matter what point you make, the true Marxist backs up about 175 years, grabs a fistful of history and talks for 20 solid minutes before coming down to the year 1900, by which time you don’t even remember what your point was about. Mr. Turner has done mayhem on their idol. He has left the system and philosophy in tatters, but what good it’ll do to lay the myth I don’t know. There never was a case of a single Marxist being convinced that anything Marx ever wrote could even be questioned. Marxists are the Jesuits of Economics. Mr. Turner’s book will be read only by fellows like myself—readers who’ve been staring at Marxism for two or more decades and wondering what it’s all about. And I write this as a Socialist, for I believe in the collective ownership of the large-scale means of production, distribution and exchange. My Socialism could be written on a postal card. I don’t need “Das Kapital” to know that Socialism (in its democratic form) is desirable and potentially useful for the bulk of the community. I’m afraid Mr. Turner has done a thankless job. The Marxists can talk and write him under the table, while the non-Marxists won’t read a fat book that refutes ideas that they don’t understand anyway. But that doesn’t mean

Mr. Turner’s book isn’t important. It’s a valuable, educational, informative contribution to sound thinking.

What did you think of “Swamp Water”? When I went into the theater to see it I was alert, wide-awake, and even moderately intelligent. Ten minutes of this high-toned bore sent me into the soft arms of Morpheus. Leave it to Hollywood to have an excellent bunch of actors—Walter Huston, Walter Brennan, John Carradine, Eugene Pallette—and still turn out awful garbage. The explanation is a poor writer (Dudley Nichols) and a stupid director (Jean Renoir).

How does the production of the average working of 1942 compare with 1900? The average worker in 1942 produces 100 percent more than the average in 1900. This doesn’t mean the workers are that much more efficient, or that they work harder. In fact, today’s workers work less. In 1900 the average work week was 59 hours; in 1942, it’s 41. The explanation is simple, however. Industry, since 1900, has made tremendous improvements in machinery. As a general thing, in 1942 it takes almost four times as much capital investment per worker as it did in 1900. And who can say we have even begun to exhaust the possibilities of mechanized production?

How much of a wall would our annual output of bricks make? About 600 U. S. brick manufacturers, according to the U. S. Census Bureau, turn out enough bricks annually to make a double wall 2,000 miles long and 10 feet high.

Is it true that the U. S. Army is the only one in the world that refuses to recognize and control prostitution? Yes.

Is “Sweet Adeline” the first favorite of barber shop singers? Maurice E. Reagan, one of the leaders in the Pittsburgh, Pa., chapter of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America, says the classic tune “Sweet Adeline” is no longer the favorite of harmonizers. A survey conducted by Mr. Reagan showed that off-key harmonizers give first place to “I Had a
Dream, Dear." "Mandy Lee" gets second spot. Third place goes to "Honey." And that deathless favorite, "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," gets fourth place.

What is a Matchonian?

A Matchonian is a collector of match covers. There are so many persons following the hobby of collecting match folders that an organization has been formed, called the United Matchionists, of which R. A. Lockhard, of Ardmore, Pa., is president. Mr. Lockhard says covers range in value from 5c to $15, depending on age and scarcity. Matchionists have worked out their own jargon, which includes such pet phrases and descriptions as "twelve strikes," "royal flash" and "billboards," all of which refer to the size of the matches. "Girlies" and "navies" refer to the covers' subject-matter. The Chinese ambassador to the U. S. is an ardent Matchonian.

The newspaper "Paris Soir," which is under the thumb of Hitler, recently printed a poem which gave satisfaction to many people in occupied France. By the simple process of splitting each line in two the piece could be changed from pro-Nazi to anti-Nazi propaganda. I am enclosing a rough translation which may amuse your readers.

The poem that embarrassed the Paris Soir's editor:

Let us love and admire
/Chancellor Hitler

Eternal England
/is not worthy to live...

Let us curse and crush
/the people across the sea

The Nazi throughout the world
/will be the sole survivor...

Let us then support
/the German Fuehrer

The British sailor boys
/will not last forever...

To them alone belongs
/a fitting punishment

The palm of victory
/awaits the swastika...

Is "Fuehrer" a new word coined especially for Hitler?

No. "Fuehrer" is an old German word. Before Hitler took it over for his own purposes, it meant tutor, guide, leader, director, conductor, engineer, pilot, and the like. One Nazi editor got slapped into a concentration camp for using the word in its old sense. Reporting a railroad accident, he wrote this headline: "Drunk-en Fuehrer Causes Death of Child." When Dr. Goebbels saw it he hit the rafters. That editor will never make the same mistake again. As for the world, the old meaning is out. We all know the exact sense in which "Fuehrer" is to be used.

What are the people in occupied and enslaved Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Belgium, Holland, France and other countries going to do to the Nazis when they break their chains and emerge again as free people? Think of the horrors they are living through today! Think of the thousands of patriots murdered in cold blood by Hitler's bandits! Will they forget all these awful deeds and forgive their enemies when decency regains power?

One reason why so many non-Nazi Germans are supporting Hitler is because they know the terrible revenge the subject peoples are going to take when Hitlerism is crushed, as it will be crushed. As for the Nazis, whenever they think of the just punishment awaiting them they grow hysterical and proceed to murder new hundreds of victims. My guess is that when the day of emancipation comes the enslaved masses will hunt down the tormentors and bloody tyrants and deliver them to a just doom. All these terrible years mustn't go unpunished. Every Nazi, high and low, should be made to pay for the suffering and misery he has caused. This brings to mind a characteristic story that comes from Czecho-Slovakia, one of the countries where Hitler's hooligans are shooting and hanging patriots every day. Even in translation the story carries something of the saitiness of the Czech's speech. A Czech farmer, spending the night with a city cousin, says: "We have a German family staying at our farm. They're specially privileged Germans who applied to the Nazis for permission to escape the British bombings, so they were allowed to settle down on our farm. He is a judge, and let me tell you, my dear cousin, he's a nice man. He doesn't have to work, but he gets up with me each morning and helps with the chores. Yes, the fellow's a nice man. And his wife's a nice woman, too. She's almost friendly with my dear wife, helping
Questions and Answers

How did sailors come to be called "tars"?
Back in the days of wooden ships, sailors used to soak their pants in tar in order to waterproof them, from which practice the nickname got its start.

I want to know how many tractors were on our farms in 1910 and in 1940. Also, how many horses and mules did the farmers have in those two years?
In 1910, there were 1,000 tractors on farms in the U. S.; in 1940, there were 1,610,000. In 1910, there were 19,429,000 horses and mules on our farms; in 1940, there were 13,368,000.

How do you get dental cream from your cows?
By brushing their teeth.

Can a spider get caught in its own web?
No. The web's spoke-like threads being glueless, the spider can use them as a footpath. The "runy" threads aren't used this way by the spider.

What does the word "Venezuela" mean?
Little Venice.

Which country contains the largest unexplored area in the world?
Brazil.

In your "Questions and Answers" you mention in passing that Japan has made no contributions to industry, business, finance, engineering, etc. Do you mean this literally?
I have looked into the record with some care and can't find a single creative and original addition to man's store of useful knowledge. Its art came from China, and so did its charming ways of living. Western civilization began to reorganize itself about 200 years ago, building an immense string of new industries on the steam engine. It was only in 1860 that the Japanese decided to shake off their provincialism and quit their petrified system. Until then, while the Western world was in the throes of an industrial revolution, Japan had gone on placidly making things by hand in small shops, rarely using more than 20 workers in an establishment. During the next 10 years the Japanese government financed a movement in which thousands of young Japanese were sent to the industrial and scientific centers of the world. As a result, Japan, in less than 70 years, became industrialized on a mass production basis, accepting everything that could be put to use, including the blessings of scientific medicine. The idea was a simple one. Import samples of the best products, take them apart, and then make machines, devices and gadgets exactly like them. The only exception is a slight contribution to medicine, but hardly worth considering when compared to the immense science the Western peoples developed in the last century.

A pious follower of the Black International says you shut your eyes to Catholic scholarship. Please comment.

My writings (see almost any volume of "Questions and Answers") are crowded with comments on the myth of Catholic scholarship. This is a subject that has been covered thoroughly by Freethinkers, for they have always taken an unholy and ungodly delight in exposing the intellectual garbage of the hierarchists' press. Let me, just for the sake of giving my readers a smile, dip into any copy of The Tablet, organ of the Brooklyn diocese and one of the important U. S. organs of the Black International. In it we find a questions and answers department (you see, the idea wasn't original with the editor of The Freeman) and in that department we come or the most appalling cultural slop ever dished up by a crew of obscurantists. Here are a couple of samples:

Q. If a mother dies giving birth to a baby and the baby dies too, do they go straight to Heaven?
A. We have no revelation on this matter, especially on the first part of the question. If the mother was in a state of grace and has no temporal punishment to satisfy for and the baby was baptized, both will go to Heaven immediately. Without baptism, no child will
enter the kingdom of heaven, be
that child born of Catholic or of
Protestant parents. Sanctifying
grace to heaven, is only
received in baptism. Unbaptized
children have no title to Heaven or
the sight of God. They will enjoy a
natural happiness that will satisfy
them perfectly. What God will do
with them after the final judgment,
we do not know.

Q. I am very anxious to be en-
lightened on the following ques-
tion: “After having a tooth extract-
ed would the fast required for
Holy Communion be broken if a
person swallows some of the blood
after midnight?”

A. Three conditions are required
for the fast to be broken: first,
the substance taken must be a
food or drink in the broad sense of
the words, hence, if a boy swallow-
ed a marble before going to Com-
munion, he would not be breaking
his fast because a marble is neither
food nor drink in any sense of the
words. Second, the food or drink
must be taken as food or drink is
ordinarily taken. If a fly accident-
ally flew down one’s throat when
the mouth was open, the fast would
not be broken. Third, the food or
drink must also be taken from
without into the mouth and then
swallowed. Therefore, if one swal-
lows blood or particles of food
lodged between the teeth, the fast
is not broken.

Imagine—in these days of Catholic-
Fascist reaction, darkness and chaos
—people actually worrying them-
selves into a lather over crap like
the above! I usually like to treat an
intellectual opponent with courtesy,
but when he dishes up dope like the
samples just quoted I put aside po-
liteness and brand the mess for what
it is—cultural tripe.

Give an easy way to identify construc-
tive and destructive criticism.

When I tell you what’s wrong with
you, that’s constructive criticism;
when you tell me what’s wrong
with me, that’s the destructive kind.

Is Helen Keller still a pacifist?

No. She has become an ardent in-
terventionist, her explanation being
that, “Hitler has changed my mind.”

Do you happen to have available Robert G.
Ingersoll’s story about the missionary
who had a stone from Mount Ararat?

This excellent piece appeared origi-
nally in the Cincinnati Gazette, in

1878, in an interview with the great
Freethinker. As Ingersoll told it, a
missionary, talking to a Sunday
School about his visit to Mount Ar-
arat, brought out a stone from the
mountain. “Take a good look at it,
dear children,” he said. “You will
meet people who will deny that there
ever was a flood, or that God saved
Noah and the animals in the ark, and
then you can tell them that you know
better, because you saw a stone from
the very mountain where the ark
rested.”

My grandpa, who is 90, says his wife,
who is 85, is stepping out with a young
sheik of 83. He wants to know what
he should do about it. Can you help
me out?

Tell him to grab himself a sweet
young thing of 80 and go to town.

Eight hundred years ago, Moses Maim-
onides, the great Jewish philosopher,
wrote an essay on “The Degrees of
Charity,” from which I copied a pas-
sage which strikes me as being as up-
to-date as tomorrow’s newspaper. Please
let your readers see this sensible, pro-
found, true comment.

Every American, in these days
when we are trying sincerely to es-
ablish social security for the com-
mon people, will appreciate the truth
of Maimonides’ observation:

“The most meritorious of all, is
to anticipate charity by preventing
poverty; namely to assist the re-
duced fellow man either by a con-
siderate gift or a sum of money or
by teaching him a trade, or by put-
ting him in the way of business
so that he may earn an honest
livelihood and not be forced to the
dreadful alternative of holding out
his hand for charity.”

Notice, however, that our philoso-
pher approached the problem of soci-
al security as an individual act of
brotherhood. That, it seems to me,
was the flaw in his position. The
approach to the problem of eliminat-
ning poverty will tax all our social
machinery and engineering. Appeals
to individual philanthropy, however
well meant, will never go to the roots
of the system that produces the ex-
trems of poverty and riches.

What do you think about Infant Dam-
nation?

I don’t fancy the idea of busting
loose with a dissertation on some fine
points in theology, except to say In-
Questions and Answers

fant Damnation is idiotic, unless the infant goes in for plain and fancy damning. I'm thinking about the five-year-old daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Morris Fishbein, who listened in on a lively critical discussion between her parents. Her eyes were as big as saucers as she listened to the flying critical epithets, exclamations, objurgations. Suddenly, after observing her parents’ hot debate with growing excitement, she let off the most profane epithet in her small but carefully chosen vocabulary. "O Haldeman-Julius!" exclaimed the high-spirited infant.

Please comment on the published statement of a business executive to the effect that what this country needs is men with the courage to spend money.

There's a lot to what he says. I'm willing to offer myself as a human guinea pig, putting up the courage if anyone puts up the money.

How old is Bertrand Russell?

65.

Do you know what one jackass said to the other?

Yes. "Stop making a Lindbergh of yourself."

What is a eunuch?

It's a man cut out to be a bachelor.

Thanks for the numerous Mark Twain quotations. Can you give me his tribute to the courage and character of the flea?

In "Pudd'n Head Wilson," Mark Twain got off some of his best humor and philosophy, not the least being his beautiful salute to the splendid, heroic, fearless flea:

Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear—not absence of fear. Except a creature be part coward it is not a compliment to say it is brave; it is merely a loose misapplication of the word. Consider the flea!—incomparably the bravest of all creatures of God, if ignorance of fear were courage. Whether you are asleep or awake, he will attack you, caring nothing for the fact that in bulk and strength you are to him as are the massed armies of the earth to a suckling child; he lives both day and night in the very lap of peril and the immediate presence of death, and yet is no more afraid than is the man who walks the streets of a city that was threatened by an earthquake ten centuries before. When we speak of Clive, Nelson and Putnam as men who "didn't know what fear was," we ought always to add the flea—and put him at the head of the procession.

Here are a few more quotations from the same book:

"Man is the only animal that blushes. Or needs to."

"It is by the goodness of God that in our country we have those three unspeakably precious things: Freedom of speech, freedom of conscience, and the prudence never to practice either of them."

"There are no people quite so vulgar as the over-refined ones."

"The holy passion of Friendship is of so sweet and steady and loyal and enduring nature that it will last thru a whole lifetime, if not asked to lend money."

"Yes, I've printed the above four sentences before. I never tire of reading and rereading Mark Twain, so what's the harm in repeating his bars once in a while?"

"Can you tell me who wrote "The Critique of Pure Reason"?"

"I Kant."

"What's your notion about Hitler's mustache?"

"It reminds me of a used toothbrush that's ready to be traded in on a new one."

"Why is Simon Bolivar known as the father of six countries?"

"Because he liberated Panama, Peru, Columbia, Venezuela, Ecuador and Bolivia."

"Which terrestrial animal is the most numerous?"

"Ants, by such a vast margin that they defy even an estimate of their number."

"What is phobophobia?"

"This scientific term was coined by psychiatrists to describe some people's fear of being afraid."

"Did the Indians, in Colonial times, eat oysters?"

"Yes. They not only ate them raw but dried and smoked them."

"When the Japanese bombed our air
bases what did it cost to make a hole in one of them? How much did it cost us to repair the holes?

It costs the Japanese $1,200 to make a hole; it costs us about $1.80 to fill one up.

* * *

What is Al Capone's religion?

The country's foremost gangster and murderer is a devout pious member of the Catholic Church. When his son, Albert Capone Jr., was married early in January, 1942, the ceremony took place in St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Miami Beach, Fla. Papa Capone, escorted by husky guards, was there to see that the priest did a good job. Capone has always shown the utmost readiness for acts of crime, but he has never, by so much as a hint, shown tolerance for disbelief in the dogmas of the Black International. Throughout his career of violence he has set an example of generosity in giving financial support to the sacred work of the agents of the Lord. Once, outraged by a demonstration of religious skepticism, he lectured one of his collaborators on the powers of prayer and faith, insisting that the moral life would soon decay if materialistic ideas were to dominate the masses. Agnosticism, he urged, is reprehensible. Atheism, he shouted, is an entrance ticket to Hell. Never, he insisted, would he have any kind of intimate business dealings with a man who didn't believe in the immortality of the soul. Once, after attending the funeral of a competing gangster, he caught one of his bodyguards reading a blue-covered booklet issued by that instrument of Satan, E. Haldeman-Julius. Tearing the pamphlet into a hundred pieces he warned his employee against permitting himself to become influenced by that utensil of evil and sin. That mug (meaning me) prints books that take up subjects like sex, love, marriage, and even birth control. Birth control, explained Capone, is objectionable to the guy with the big beard. Furthermore, this Haldeman-Julius (he pronounced the name "Hell-Demon") goes in for the outrageous writings of corruptors like Joseph McCabe, Clarence Darrow, Bertrand Russell, Ingersoll, Voltaire, and other tools of immorality and blasphemy. "Hell-Demon," he urged, ought to be given a stretch in Alcatraz. He early taught his son, Albert, now 22, the spiritual values of the confessional. As for himself, all his numerous sins have been forgiven by several extra powerful priests and two bishops, which means that when he is rubbed out or kicks off he can be sure of a one-way journey to the realm of the Heavenly Esquire. He has made his peace with God, but he's having trouble with Uncle Sam, who, moved by materialistic impulses, is demanding additional payments on his overdue income tax.

* * *

JOSEPH McCabe TELLS OF WAR-TIME ENGLAND

Editor: Things are quiet here just now (September 17, 1941), all eyes being on Russia, about which you will know as much as I do. Though there is still a poor showing of photographs and movies from Russia, the press generally is loud in praise. Even The Times of London is full of praise and clamoring for more support. I can't help feeling there is in some high quarters a sneaking wish to see Russia greatly reduced, though certainly not beaten (which would finish us). Of course, the mischief at first was that our brass hats, like the German, thought Russia would be finished in six weeks, and that if we sent a large force to help or relieve them, it would be a case of Norway, Dunkirk, and Greece over again. Now they say we could not invade Europe with less than 500,000, mechanized, we have not got the shipping. As that has appeared in the press, I suppose I may repeat it. Many of us don't like it. This morning the result of a Gallup inquiry as to what people regard as most important just now is published. The largest percentage say, "Invasion of the Continent." Naturally these people have dim ideas of the difficulties—it is fairly clear that the nearer coast of France and Belgium is terrifically fortified and probably has the big guns from the Maginot Line—but all the same one wonders if there is initiative enough in high places. The smear of Toryism is everywhere.

Here there seems to be a fair agreement that even the munition pro-
duction is not up to full strength, though whether the fault is with the
men or the enterprises—or in what proportion—is not clear. A great
deal of harm has been done by all the talk, British and American, about the
splendid position we shall be in in 1942 or 1943. I know little about the
essential work, but the little is not pleasant. In the few cases that come
under my notice rewards are too high and drinking too heavy. Next door
to me lives an ex-soldier, sort of mechanic but not much more than a
laborer, still of military age and shirking the job. He is in one way or
other making $50 a week—in peacetime he would be lucky to get $15—and
spending $15 to $20 in the pub every week. He and three mates on fire-
watching duty got drunk and fighting a week or two ago and were sacked.
One must, of course, be on guard against generalizing from one case, but
it is curious that he is the only worker who comes under my personal
observation. My son (engineer boss) tells me it is not at all true of
workers in his part of England. Outside of the essential industries the
slacking is shocking, men and women alike. I am shut out of everything
as being in senile decay—I hope you won't find indications of it in the manuscrip
ts of the 10 issues of "The Black International"—and have to
look on at people "working" in such a way that in some cases I could do
the work of three. Churchill has revealed really great ability, but it is
unfortunate that he is so able a speaker. There is too much political talk-
ing, too little close supervision, too much have-a-good-time in the world
of upper officials. I should say that at least a fourth of the nation are
making no real sacrifice. Of course, we'll win, for Russia cannot for its
own sake give in, but it would be a splendid tonic to see the whole nation
stripped to the waist.

It is part of the slackness that is far too widely permitted that the
food question is the main issue in people's minds in London just now. I
have a good idea that the stocks are large. There is some idea of having
to feed Europe at once when peace comes. The other day, with Timoshenko's
victories, they were betting 40 to 1 on the Exchange it would be over this
year. Now with fresh German advances there is a slump. Meat is short.
About a pound a week each (while suspected refugees in our concentra-
cations camps get a pound a day). A two-pound (weight) joint on Sunday
has to be spread over three days, then you fill up with sausage-meat
(60 percent bread), meat pies (offal), etc. Eggs are worse—two a week,
if you are lucky, while in the country and those with the proper con-
nections get a dozen or more. These things—and cheese—don't worry me.
Bread is unrationed (though apt to run out), butter and margarine (you
must have half of each) fairly liberal, milk supply good, vegetables plenty
but dear, fruit restricted and dear. The diet lacks a steady if small daily
supply of good meat and bacon, the right fruit—in short, vitamins and
salts rather than nourishment. I am much thinner but as healthy as ever,
and the general health is good. The unequal distribution of purchasing
power—boys often getting $25 a week and straining the cigarette supply—
leads to irregular distribution. Tobacco is rather short and precarious. My
own experience: breakfast was always light and is the same, midday din-
nner good enough as I have a good housekeeper, tea a bit short on jam,
supper the worst (a bit of cheese, a few sardines, sausages, rarely fish,
etc.) My stomach rumbles as it has not done for 50 years. I rumble but
never grumble and rap the knuckles of everybody who does. Having work
to fill up my time, thanks to the literary commissions you are giving me,
I live a nice quiet life, but still no alcohol. I shall get drunk the day the
war's over.

Golders Green, London, England

JOSEPH McCABE

JOSEPH McCABE WRITES INFORMALLY FROM LONDON

Editor: The Labor Party could draw up a tremendous indictment of
the laissez-faire system (and compare it with the Russian) at the end of
this war, but I do not gather that they are doing anything. The leaders
are fools. They allowed themselves to be duped by the flattery of being
taken into office ($5,000 to $20,000 a year) in a “National” Government. I expect Toryism, which is transparently responsible, will sweep the board again at the next election. It is put off for a year. The official date for the end of the war is still, I believe, next Fall. All our “strategy” is based on that. Halifax even gives the show away in public, and Churchill defends his Right Hon. and Noble friend from attack. The basis of it all seems to be a sum in simple arithmetic—Germany will produce so much war material by Spring, America and Britain so much more. British commanders wade in with superior weight of metal and clean up, and a grateful nation gives them $100,000 to $500,000 cash. Perhaps. Every country in Europe is now making tanks, guns and planes for Germany. Do it or starve, is the order. This of course, is not defeatism. The worst can’t happen. Half this nation, to say nothing of what America would do, would die rather than become a German Protectorate. A more real danger is a bad peace with the German military leaders, who might either really or nominally put Nazism out of the saddle and dangle the usual Bolshevik bogey, and the Black International furiously backing them up in every country.

However, just now [November 1, 1941] is not a good time for predictions. It is the critical time in Russia. I am hoping the Russian reserves are heavy enough to smash up the Germans and reap the advantage of the length and overstrain of German communications. But I hope with a flutter of apprehension. The brain behind the German drive is colossal. I fear it beats the Russian, and as to ours . . . If they cripple the big Russian industrial areas, which seems to be the aim now that they see they can’t destroy the armies by encirclement, settle down, and can figure on six months for reconstruction and rearmament it will be grave. Japan, Turkey, and Spain would fall in. Sweden is already in, and Switzerland could not hold out. Russia, in spite of having to keep a huge army in the East facing the threatening Japanese, will disappoint me if reserves enough to turn the trick are not poured in soon. For five years Russia has spent as much as Germany on arms. It seems to be a matter of tanks and guns. We are certainly making the Germans keep a very high proportion—officials boast 50 percent—of their fighter planes on the West coast of Europe and the figures of losses given out by the Russians, whom I believe, seem to show that Germany is not superior in the air. If Germany further gets the Leningrad, Moscow and Donetz industrial areas with the usual “Work or Starve” slogan, it is not nice to contemplate the course of events. The Russians have certainly transferred a lot of plant equipment to safer places, but there must be a limit to that.

A week from now all this may seem remote, but the truth is that, having followed Russia sympathetically for 10 years, I did not expect anything like the success Germany has had, with its forces stretched from Norway to Greece. Italy collapsed like the windbag Mussolini is. One thing to realize is that Britain is capable of a bigger effort. Having a big army here doing nothing for a year or more has been demoralizing. On a round estimate I should say a quarter of our people are more comfortable and easy-going than ever and want a whip laid on their buttocks. The point of all this is that in case of things going much worse than they are you may realize that there is a very big reserve of effort here and I doubt if bad news would inspire any defeatism.

By the way, I said last time I was not aware that the war had led to any particular sexual freedom, though I had not inquired. I have made a few inquiries and find that the mixture of sexes in jobs where only men were before (railway goods department, works, etc.) is going to do a lot for the birth rate. “Four out of five expecting,” said one girl to me.

Golders Green, London, England

JOSEPH McCABE

THE BLACKINTERN SLAPS BACK THE EARS OF “THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER”

The Blackintern (short for Black International) continues booting the rear of E. Haldeman-Julius and jumping on his sensitive tail. His
posterior is covered with bruises, which, the pious naturally hold, should be the normal condition of that portion of the Devil’s anatomy. The hierarchy’s new chapter in sin-swatting began when I ran three full pages of advertising—the first time such a wide use of advertising space has ever been used in the book publishing business. Modesty aside, I have broken many precedents and started many innovations since I began publishing the Little Blue Books by the millions 22 years ago, but never before had I equalled this present advertising effort in volume and effectiveness. It wasn’t “scientific” advertising. It was just a hunch. I got out a large circular (four newspaper-sized pages) offering for a limited time my 1758 little volumes at the astonishingly low price of 25c per copy, plus 1c per book for packing, handling and carriage. I’m sure my readers know what I’m referring to, for copies were sent to my entire mailing list. I liked the piece of publicity, so I decided to test the copy in a standard newspaper. The manager of the advertising agency said I’m a crap-shooter, but instead of using dice I use newspapers. But he arranged for three pages in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, where the advertisement ran in the first news section on January 4, 1942. In a few days the space (which cost $2500) showed a profit, so I decided to play my streak. Soon the advertisement appeared in The Wichita (Kans.) Beacon, The Oklahoma City (Okla.) Oklahoman, The Ft. Worth (Tex.) Star-Telegram, The Memphis (Tenn.) Commercial Appeal — and The Philadelphia Inquirer. The Philadelphia paper ran my copy on Monday, January 12. By that time the pious and saintly hooligans of the Blackintern were in full cry again. Two days later the Inquirer ran a two-column three-inch apology on its front page, which I quote in full: 

In our issue of Monday, January 12, there appeared a three-page advertisement of certain books for sale. The Inquirer hastens to express its deep regret that this advertisement was given space in its columns. 

The copy for the advertisement came to hand at a time when it did not receive the usual careful examination and scrutiny to which all advertising copy is customarily subject before publication. Such examination assuredly would have caused the elimination of titles which might give offense to any of our readers and in particular to those with firm religious convictions. 

The Inquirer has received a number of protests and criticisms. These we believe to be well founded. The advertisement should not have been printed. Its publication was entirely inconsistent with our policy of refusing advertising containing any element of impropriety. 

In making this frank apology to its readers The Inquirer wishes to assure them that adequate steps have been taken to guard against any possible repetition of such a deeply deplorable incident. 

It doesn’t take much imagination to figure out what had happened. But that crack about letting slip by unseen the biggest book advertisement ever printed is just a little too bulky for my gullet. You may believe it. I don’t. The gauleiters of the Blackintern put the screws to Mr. Annenberg’s newspaper. From the representative of one of his competitors came an amusing sidelight. As is generally known, the publisher of the Inquirer—the Hon. Moses L. Annenberg—is in a Federal prison for failing to report all his gains from the horse-racing racket. He made something like $5,000,000 a year from his business of reporting the results of horse races throughout the U. S. and Mexico, and had merely overlooked the item when filling out his income tax blank, much in the way that his managers failed to notice my three-page advertisement. For months he’d been trying to get a parole. For months his representatives had worked on the big-shots of the Philadelphia branch of the Black International—and things began to look rosy. Mr. Annenberg and the Blackintern had always gotten along famously. His immense newspaper—for which he paid $13,000,000 out of profits from the racing racket—had always played the Blackintern’s game. Having been a reactionary, unprogressive, labor-hating, anti-New Deal tool of the Blackintern he felt he had a right to some help from his masters in the important matter of getting a parole. Imagine having his paper
run my three-page advertisement at the moment he was to get moral favors from the leaders of the Blackintern. So Annenberg ordered the front-page apology from his prison cell. I understand he is back in the good graces of the Black International and that a parole may be expected in due time, if the gauleiters can make the proper officials in Washington dance to their tune. Needless to say, Annenberg hadn't the slightest idea what my books contained. I have it on good authority that he's never read a book in his life. Thus do we see how the Blackintern again used the rotten commercial press to strike a blow at one of the few free publishers left—a book publisher. It is only in books (barring a few small weeklies and monthlies) that Bertrand Russell, Joseph McCabe, H. G. Wells, and hundreds of other Freethinkers, Atheists, Agnostics, Skeptics and Rationalists in free countries can say their full say. The book publishers are still free—the last line of trenches in the defensive war for free controversy and inquiry. The movies have gone over to the Church, terrorized and panting for breath. The radio never found its voice, surrendering before it even began to lisp. The standard, commercial newspapers have been bulldozed into silence or support, and that's an achievement considering that at least 90 percent of the editors and other executives of commercial newspapers are in private life churchless, religiously-indifferent men. The chief weapon is an organized campaign of terror. The Blackintern can pour hundreds and even thousands of letters into the office of a publisher who is yet to see the light. Whole classes in parochial schools are given the assignment to write postal cards and letters to offending newspapers. One school made the mistake of sending all its postcards to my office instead of the newspaper. One card, from a 7-year-old girl, read: "Please stop being a bad man and try to be good like us." Not one in 10,000 of these pupils has ever seen one of my little volumes. They, like their elders, do as their priests command. That being so, it wouldn't be difficult to inspire a million letters of protest. The campaign is organized, while those who believe in a free, liberal, independent, progressive press aren't organized. Where the dupes of the Blackintern send a thousand letters, supporters of free discussion send one. That's why they don't count, while the robots of the Black International count for a lot. After the Inquirer's repudiation of my advertisement the rejections came hot and fast—from The Philadelphia Record, The Chicago Tribune, The Kansas City Star, The New York Post, and a dozen other newspapers. All want and need the business, but they're afraid. They don't ask about the contents of my books. The protests are all that count. They don't ask if my books are good or bad. If my books were bad books I'd thank the hierarchy or anyone else for helping me get them withdrawn. But when I know my books are good books I refuse to surrender to the howling, bigoted book-burners. What about the immense public that wants to buy my books? Have they no rights? I grant the Blackintern has the right to tell its own people to reject my literature, but what right has it to deny others—including Protestants, Freethinkers, Rationalists, non-church people, and the like—the right to read literature of their own choice, especially when such booklets are from the pens of the greatest literary artists, scientists, historians, philosophers, poets, critics, and the like, of all time? At first the complaint was about books on sexology—scientific, educational, informative books on an important branch of science. When I offered to withdraw such titles from the advertisement submitted to The New York Times, I was told this wouldn't be enough. Religion had to be kicked out also. I agreed. And still this wasn't enough. They objected to my follow-up—that is to say, the fact that I send such customers copies of my free catalogue. I agreed to refrain from sending such customers copies of my catalogue. Then I was told the truth—I wasn't wanted at all. My compromises served to bring out what was really in their minds—the decision to carry out the bigoted orders of the reactionary Black International. The aim is to drive me out of publishing. They will fail in this, of course. I'm too stubborn to be bulldozed by such tactics. I will, in time, gather together the forces in this country that believe in free discussion, and they will give my pro-
ject the support it deserves. Free press didn't come down to us on a silver platter. It had to be fought for. A hundred years ago men went to prison for printing books like Thomas Paine's *Age of Reason*. Editors and publishers fought back. And they won the right to print the truth. That's why book publishing is the freest thing in the world of intellect. The blood of numerous martyrs has won the precious right to free speech. My books aren't obscene. They circulate freely in the U. S. mails—having done so for more than 20 years—200,000,000 already have been distributed by Uncle Sam. Since the Blackintern can't strike me down it strikes at publishers who accept my advertisements, thereby keeping down the "poison," controlling the "disease." In short, the aim is to limit me to the smallest possible audience, which is almost as desirable as having me gagged and thrown into the hoosegow. In Detroit, as I explained before, the Black International helped me get a $1300 page of space in the *Free Press*, for which I refused to pay because in a January, 1941, issue the publisher apologized for printing my advertisement. I plan the same treatment for the publisher of *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. When I read the apology I immediately informed my advertising agency that I wouldn't pay the bill when it falls due on the 10th of the following month. In this I intend to stand firm. When the *Inquirer* repudiated my advertisement I take the stand that it also repudiated its invoice. I intend to fight this out. The *Inquirer*'s bill for $4400 won't be paid. That's final. If the Blackintern forces other publishers to go in for the same routine I want to let it be known in advance that such obligations will be rejected in toto. You can't take my money for space and then apologize for my presence. The *Inquirer* had a legal right to refuse my advertisement. But once it accepted the copy and printed it, it couldn't expect to bawl me out as an immoral spawn of Satan and get paid for its services. The *Inquirer* could have written private letters to persons who complained, telling them it was sorry it had printed my advertisement. That would have been understandable. But it had no right to go to its entire reader-audience, depict me as a corruptor of our pious citizenry and then expect me to shell out for the space they'd given to my announcement. The picture of Moses Annenberg rushing to the defense of the Black International is something that deserves treatment at the hands of a writer of high comedy. Imagine the delicious irony of it all—Annenberg, from his prison cell, ordering his editorial stooges to smite the wicked Haldeman-Julius—all in the hope of getting the Black International to put his *Inquirer* back in its good graces and at the same time say a good word to the right people so he can get a parole. How Voltaire would have relished such an incident. What's to be done? I have a simple program for believers in a free press. I tell them to fight the Black International by supporting my free press. If I can't attract new readers through announcements in the *Inquirer* then Freethinkers and supporters of democracy everywhere must take it on themselves to bring my activities to their friends' attention. Ten thousand friends cooperating in such a campaign of enlightenment could do much to overcome the conspiracy of the Black International. Why does the Blackintern go to such extremes to suppress my advertisements? There are several answers. First, of course, is the determination to eliminate my objectionable booklets. Joseph McCabe, Bertrand Russell, Robert G. Ingersoll, Thomas Paine, Voltaire, Anatole France, Sigmund Freud, Havelock Ellis, and scores of others, are hated for their liberalism, unorthodox ideas, democracy, truth-seeking, and the like. Next, the Blackintern spends immense funds to suppress my advertisements because the campaign gives its membership something to do. Thousands of men, women and children are kept busy defending the Lord's work by kicking Haldeman-Julius' advertisements out the window. Such a small-scale war keeps its dupes in line for future efforts. Third, the organized campaign has a tremendous effect on the press, convincing its owners again—as though they needed to be convinced—that it's unwise to take a stand that runs against the wishes of the Black International. The hierarchy is always looking for targets to shoot at. If I'm not on the proving ground then it's Hollywood that's getting the hot-foot. Only the
other day the heads of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer were taught what it means to invite the opposition of the hierarchy. Their stupid, dull Garbo picture, "The Two-Faced Woman," was given a roasting, with the result that the movie industry withdrew the film for re-editing along lines satisfactory to the Catholic Legion of Decency. The Garbo picture wasn't important, but it served as a vehicle to impress the industry with the Blackintern's tremendous power, its readiness to punish, its ability to terrorize. The Hollywood executives ran to the hierarchy begging for instructions, and when told what to do they obeyed like whipped curs. To show how the Black International works let's take a look at what happened in Pittsburgh two days after my advertisement appeared in *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. In order to make sure that I would be stopped in Western Pennsylvania before I could get started, 10,000 Catholic high school students in Western Pennsylvania were lined up for pledges against "indecent literature". Then the campaign was started with a breakfast meeting of 600 leaders, following mass at St. Mary's Church, in Pittsburgh, at which it was decided to ban certain kinds of books and magazines, threaten newsdealers who offer them for sale, and boycott publishers of newspapers who carry "improper advertising." That's where I came in—"improper advertising," I'm "improper." The Pittsburgh newspapers were warned that anything bearing my name would be considered "improper." In Chicago, Father John S. Collins, writing in *Our Parish Voice*, the organ of St. Sylvester Church and the Holy Name Society, slashed away at my advertising and ended one appeal with the cry, "Look at France!" The idea is that literature like mine could cause the same debacle in the U.S. I deny that I caused the fall of France. It was two other guys. Now let's switch to Wichita, Kansas, a boom town that's getting a big splash from the airplane industry. The *Wichita Beacon*’s advertising manager, Mr. Louis Levand, telephoned me after seeing my three-page advertisement in the January 4th *St. Louis Post Dispatch*. Wailing over the loss of national advertising—especially motor cars and tires—he said he was starving and that my advertisement would help bring him back to life. I gave it to him for the following Sunday, January 11, and in order to show his gratitude and willingness to cooperate he scattered six teasers (short pieces calling attention to the ad) and a long feature story, in which he used a picture of me taken when I was young and handsome. On Tuesday (before he'd had time to hear from the Black International) he called me up again and offered to run the same advertisement in his paper's weekday edition at a remarkably low rate. However, I wasn't sold, telling him frankly I didn't think it good business to press a small paper too hard, but it would be all right for him to call me up again on Friday, by which time I'd have an excellent line on what his paper was doing as a book-seller. The pay-off is that the Hon. Levand didn't call me Friday. I give you a single guess. Between Tuesday and Friday the Wichita branch of the Blackintern had got in its licks. I don't know exactly what happened, for my spy system doesn't function efficiently in the Wichita sector, but it doesn't take much imagination to figure out what happened to the energetic fellows who got out the alert, lively, bumptious *Beacon*. The Black International is much on the job. So am I. They're delivering powerful blows, and at times I'm sent reeling, but I always get up for another spell, during which I manage to distribute more good books. By this tactic they hope to keep me from getting big. In this they may be successful, but here I can throw in the remark that the idea of mere bigness never appealed to me. It isn't size that interests me; it's what I do with my facilities. I'd rather employ 40 people at the interesting and useful work of turning out hundreds of thousands of good little books than employ 400 people at the dull task of turning out Montgomery Ward catalogues, let's say. It doesn't hurt me to be told I'll always be a little printer. In fact, I've told my readers several times (see my volumes of "Questions and Answers," that I'm just a small-town printer who happens to think that ideas are important. The Blackintern will never be able to root out that notion, no matter what it does. While I'll get blackened eyes regularly from the bruisers of the Blackintern, I'll still be out
in front smearing printer's ink on sheets of paper in order to send forth mind-liberating messages of the world's greatest figures in every field of science and learning.

* * *

Do you believe this will be a short war?

What I believe is supremely unimportant. It's what we know that counts, and frankly I don't know, but I have an unsupported feeling that this war isn't going to be as long as Roosevelt and Churchill would have us believe. It seems they are indulging in superb propaganda when they keep harping on a three-or-four-year-war. That sort of talk, once it reaches the people in the Axis countries, can do much to undermine morale. On the other hand, the facts seem to point to a short war. The economic side, which I have discussed thoroughly in my volumes of "Questions and Answers," is all to the good, from the viewpoint of the United Nations. The industrial machine is almost ready to function full tilt. It appears as though the democracies are already out-producing the Fascists. Russia is putting on a magnificent demonstration and the signs point to immense deterioration of morale among Axis soldiers and civilians. I may be yelling up a rainspot, but it seems to me this war is going to end in a victory for our side in less than a year. But that doesn't mean we should plan on a short war. Build for a long war and maybe the dividend will be a short one.

* * *

I want the war budgets of the U. S., beginning with the War of 1812. I don't mean the entire cost of each war but the war budget for the most costly of single war years.

Assuming that the 1943 budget of the Second World War will be the most costly, and assuming further that the estimates of January 7, 1942, will stand for the fiscal year of 1943, the following table answers my reader's request:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fiscal Year</th>
<th>War</th>
<th>Total U. S. Expenditures</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1814</td>
<td>War of 1812</td>
<td>$34,720,926</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1847</td>
<td>Mexican War</td>
<td>572,581,412</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1865</td>
<td>Civil War</td>
<td>1,297,555,224</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1899</td>
<td>Spanish-Am.</td>
<td>605,072,172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1919</td>
<td>World War I</td>
<td>18,322,894,705</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1943</td>
<td>World War II</td>
<td>$39,027,992,300</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Since Charles A. Lindbergh has volunteered for service in the U. S. Army, wouldn't it be in order to find out if he is still in possession of the decorations pinned on him by his old pals, the Nazis?

Not only has Lindbergh up to this date failed to return Hitler's decorations but he's also retaining the Mikado's medal from the Order of Merit of the Rising Sun. If he's going to fight Uncle Sam's enemies he first ought to repudiate the "honors" they've heaped on him. But I doubt he'll do anything of the kind. He is as Nazi-minded as ever, but since we're at war he feels it's good strategy to join up "for the duration." Later, should there be a dangerous reaction to the war, es-
Especially if we were to have to suffer several more Pearl Harbors and pay a terrific price for survival as a free nation, he could emerge in his true self—America's Fascist dictator. The record, as outlined in my volumes of "Questions and Answers," is too voluminous for review here, but its warning is obvious. Lindbergh, for the present, finds it expedient to play the part of the patriot. Later, when the national situation is such as to permit open propaganda for Nazism, Lindbergh can be depended on to return to the public and resume his work of undermining democracy and making the U. S. a replica of Hitlerland. He's still the copperhead that President Roosevelt said he was. He's still the most powerful menace against free American institutions. Donning a uniform doesn't mean he'll abandon his conspiracy to turn the U. S. into a slave state along Nazi lines.

* * *

When the world gets boresome and you need something to perk you up, what do you do?

Barring young blondes, old whisky, and the succulent bivalve, I can always get a pick-up from buying a new pipe. Some men, when full of crotch-crawlers and conscience, turn to holywater-squirters and water-squeezers, but this son of Satan likes to pick up a pipe with its promise of sweet solace. Depression drifts away when I walk out of a shop with a new pipe in my pants. I've known the delicious experience of having 20 years cut from my age by the simple routine of breaking in a pipe. It's all of the imagination, naturally, but that doesn't cut the pleasure. I know a fellow who gets his lift from a dish of mountain oysters.

* * *

Why is it that you must keep right on advertising without ever stopping?

It's because I'm talking to a parade.

* * *

Being engaged in a non-essential occupation, I'm stuck for a new set of tires. Can you, who are always full of beans and benevolence, tell me how to get new ones and still be on the legitimate side?

The only solution is to marry a visiting nurse. If you're married, try to adopt one. As I write this I'm full of uction and onions. Yesterday it was piety and pickled pig's feet. Tomorrow it may be saintliness and salami.

* * *

In his radio broadcast (January 4, 1942) Anthony Eden, reporting on his meetings with Stalin, Molotov, and members of the Russian high command, told much of the cold weather in Russia, where, he said, he found "58 degrees of frost." What did he mean by 58 degrees of frost?

That's an English expression few Americans understand. It means 26 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. Mr. Eden, following English custom, figures temperatures from the freezing point, which he calls the "frost" line, and that puzzles us because we figure from zero. Figuring from 32 degrees above zero, which is freezing, Eden meant 58 degrees below freezing, and that's 26 degrees below zero. This doesn't mean that English thermometers don't have the zero mark, they do.

* * *

How many means of transport do we have in the U. S.?

Five—railroads, highways, waterways, airways, and pipe line.

* * *

When Winston Churchill, in his great speech to our Congress, called Mussolini "the merest utensil of his master's will," did he mean to call Il Duce a vessel of the kind that's used in the kitchen?

Churchill went back to Shakespeare for the phrase "merest utensil." In Elizabethan times "utensil" referred to the pot under the bed.

1. How many pounds of wool does the average American use in a year?
2. How many pounds does a soldier use?

1. The average civilian uses about nine pounds of wool annually.
2. A soldier in training requires about 160 pounds and the soldier in action uses about 279 pounds per year.

* * *

What is the population of the U. S.? What has been the rate of increase in the last 30 years? How many persons does the average family contain?

The 1940 population was 131,669,-275. From 1910 to 1920 the rate of growth was 14.9 percent; from 1920 to 1930, 16.1 percent; from 1930 to 1940, 7.2 percent, the smallest in our history. In 1940, according to Bureau of the Census estimates, the
average family contained 3.3 percent, as against 4.1 persons in 1930.

How much money have we invested in the country's transportation facilities?

In 1940, an estimated $53,000,000,-
00. About half of this money is in
our railroads. About $22,000,000,000
is in highways; $4,000,000,000 in
waterways; $200,000,000 in airways;
a
almost $1,000,000,000 in pipe lines.

How much food does the average person consume in a lifetime?

About 150 tons, or about 1,400
times his own weight in food and
drink.

In your volumes of "Questions and Answers" you pay tribute to the
French people for their keen powers of reasoning and for their way of
being logical. I always thought the
French, being Latins, are emotional
and highstrung.

The excitable, screwy, wacky, confused, emotional Frenchman is a
product of vaudeville, movies and cheap fiction, much like the stingi-
ness of the Scots, the red whiskers of the Irish, the humorlessness of the
English, the conspiratorialness of the Jews, and the laziness of the
Negroes. Even a superficial study of French literature, poetry, plays,
music, art, scholarship, science and research will demonstrate a keen
talent for orderliness, hard sense, realism and rationalism. Priest-domi-
nated Vichy isn't the real France, and never will be. When Hitler is
destroyed, the Vichy regime will fold
up in a few hours. It's being sup-
ported only by Nazi bayonets. The
Frenchman's respect for logical pro-
cesses was brought home to me re-
cently when I saw the report of Free
French broadcast, which told of a
notice posted on the walls of a
town in occupied France, "under the
very noses of the Boches." Here's
the way some daring Frenchmen dis-
cussed the issue of collaboration with
the Germans:

"First, we can be intelligent. Second, we can support collabora-
tion. Third we can be honorable. But if we are intelligent and sup-
port collaboration, we cannot be
honorable. If we are honorable and support collaboration, we cannot be
intelligent, we cannot support col-
aboration."

To say that such people can be won over to sincere acceptance of

Catholic-Fascist tyranny is to utter
nonsense. Reaction is in the saddle,
but that doesn't mean it's accepted
as a sound public policy.

If I do say so myself, I'm a talented
whistler. My lightly pursed lips can
produce music as sweet and ethereal
as the finest songbird. But what can
a virtuoso like myself do in the mat-
ter of music? Must I always adapt
music written for other media?

So far as I know, there's no mu-
ic written especially for whistlers,
at least music written by a first-
rate composer. The human whistle
can do wonderful things, second only
to that perfect instrument, the hu-
man voice. Beethoven, Bach, Brahms
and Duke Ellington have neglected
an important, human, popular art
form. I hope this piece will move
some new Chopin to a creative mas-
terpiece that will tickle the pursed
lips of a million whistlers, but here
I insist that whistlers should retire
to do their stuff, unless requested
for an exhibition of their talents. I
like good whistling, but not while
I'm trying to work or read. Here
I classify the whistler with the sax-
aphonist, expecting both to blow
their stuff only for ears that are set
to listen. Whistling is the most dem-
cratic art medium. Everybody can
whistle. And bad whistlers can be
turned into better ones with dili-
gent, sometimes prodigious, prac-
tice. Whistling is a sign of a happy
heart. No man wholes when he
feels like a sourpuss. A whistler is
telling the world all's well. No whis-
tling is ever done adagio. It always
carries overtones of happiness, live-
liness, romance, achievement, con-
quest. Largo is out. Gloom is scorn-
ed. The heart rises to the throat
and calls for quick, bird-like seren-
adues. Such singers are artistic bro-
thers to the meadow lark, the hap-
piest of all songsters in Kansas. Oh,
those summer days, when, walking
down a road, I've come on meadow
larks telling the sun and the earth
what a thing it is to be alive and
to feel one's pulse beating with the
rhythms of life, love and laughter.
But the meadow lark has only one
tune, while the human whistler can
count his pieces up in the millions.
And yet, that immense orchestra is
without scores. It improvises. Come
out, you fledgling Beethovens, and
jot down the notes that will bring
color and ecstasy into the mouths of countless millions of whistlers. But remember, Beethoven, Jr., that we whistlers insist on simple things. We can handle only two octaves, but you should watch us when we set our lungs for loud or soft, for crescendo or diminuendo. And don't forget to write in plenty of trills. Whistlers always love to trill. And forget about formal scores for whistler and symphony orchestra. If you must do something for indoors, keep in mind chamber music. Let the standby be music for outdoors, for its out there that whistlers are at their best, at their freest, and inoffensive even to those crusty Scrooges who don't care for music, whether it comes from a whistler or a Kreisler.

* * *

When and by whom was toilet paper invented? How big is the industry?

I can't find the earliest date toilet paper was made, but the U. S. patent office shows the record of a patent issued in 1871 to Seth Wheeler, who turned toilet paper into rolls. Toilet paper was slow in taking on, beginning with modest acceptance in the large cities. Later, with the rapid increase in the number of bathrooms, toilet paper became a symbol of social importance. Toilet paper began going places after 1900, and by 1919 the production rose to 79,000 tons. In 1940, it went to 300,000 tons, which is enough toilet paper to cover a lot of surface. It's accepted as a commonplace, but that doesn't challenge the opinion that it's one of the supreme creative inventions of superb genius. The woman's sanitary napkin is closely related to the commodity just discussed. It appeared (under the name of Kotex) shortly after the first World War. An Austrian chemist, working for a Wisconsin paper company, had invented surgical dressings out of wood pulp to take the place of cotton waddings. The nurses, having trouble getting rags, turned to these wads, and when the paper company's great chemist learned about this new use for the child of his research he sold his company (the great Kimberley Clark Corporation) on the idea of putting up waddings in the form of napkins for the female trade, and the rest is history. That means the sanitary napkin is hardly more than 20 years old. And it, like cellophone and television, is here to stay. I haven't any figures on the number of sanitary napkins distributed. It's a nice statistical question which I'll look into when I have the time. When we come to paper napkins we head into big business, for the U. S. used almost 40,000,000,000 of the handy, economical things during 1940. They, like sanitary napkins, didn't appear until shortly after the World War. Paper napkins really showed up earlier, but faced reluctant consumer-acceptance. In fact, the record shows that they were first brought into this country from Japan around 1895. Paper towels are beginning to take hold after a slow start, the reason being they used to dissolve and form wads immediately after being touched by wet hands, but paper chemists have done much to remedy this fault, and the result is readier mass acceptance. Paper sheets and pillow-covers are already here, but cost too much, compared to the articles that launders. But my one great love remains toilet paper—the best friend in paper form man ever had. At that, as I've shown before, even the best toilet paper isn't the last word in sanitary aristocracy. The prize goes to Queen Elizabeth and other members of royalty, who, hundreds of years ago, used squares of the finest and softest linen. But that, for the masses, is economically unsound, and I belong to the commonest layers of the masses. Old linen for such a purpose is something to talk about, but I wouldn't suggest that we common people go in for such fancy shindigs. Rolls that come six for 24¢ are good enough for me. They're heaven, Eden and utopia rolled into one compared to what we common people put up with prior to several decades ago. But only the rolls are worthy of human acceptance. Those squares which are served by devices in public pay-toilets are contraptions of anti-social misfits. They have no place in a civilized community. Think of paying 5¢ to rent such a place and then having to tolerate such disgracefully inadequate article. The thought throws me into a donalduck-tantrum. Curse the fiend who first made them and bless the hero who finally banishes them. It's the combination of square sheets and 5¢ rental that riles me. Back in the
days when pay-toilets first appeared there was an 18-inch open space at the bottom of each door, and this lad used to beat the racket by crawling under, but Capitalism caught up with him and compelled him to pay, and pay, and pay. From a report issued by the U. S. Bureau of Standards I learn that the average occupant remains only five minutes in such a cubicle of elimination. That figures at the rate of 1c per minute, $14.40 per day, $432 per month, $5,184 per year—for a space that averages, according to the Bureau of Standards, only 3½ by 5½ feet. Those at the big railroad depots are fair, for they not only supply the seat but a wash-basin, hot water, soap and towel. No squatting there. But the hotel gents rooms are unqualified rackets—dark, tiny and supplied with square sheets, instead of long strips from a roll.

In one of your volumes of "Questions and Answers" you mention how priest-ridden Eire (Ireland) has become, especially in the matter of suppressing good books. Can you list a few of the titles that the Catholic-Fascist government of Ireland cracked down on?

The volumes mentioned also contain several lists of banned books, all of them important works of literature, science or philosophy. A new list has been given out by the obscurationists in Dublin, including: Somerset Maugham's "Up at the Villa," Jack Lindsay's "Light in Italy," and Dr. Hertzler's "The Doctor and His Patients." The last, which was written by an able Kansas physician, was banned by the Catholic-Fascists because "it advocates the unnatural prevention of conception."

What, in plain words, do psychologists mean when they say a person is full of diffused hostility?

A sorehead.

What is "cultural amnesia"?

Philip Rahv coined this phrase a few years ago in an attempt to describe a mental condition in which the individual—a member of the intelligentsia—reacting from some great shock, "simply cannot recall the most elementary truths from his past experience."

Maybe you can tell me what a radio voice means when he closes his broad-

casts with: "And so, until next week at this same time, this is John So-and-So."

The way he strings the words together he gives the impression he isn't sure who he'll be after this time next week.

Is it a fact that an eagle can fly off with an object its own weight?

Yes.

Can a gull fly backwards as well as forwards?

Yes.

What is the most number of times a bird has been known to feed its young?

The only record I have on this is a report which says a house wren fed her young 1,217 times in a day.

Would you say that these new electric blankets can have an adverse effect on the birth rate?

Only in the sense that they may lead many to believe it isn't too cold to get up.

What is the technical name for fear of crossing a bridge?

Gephyrophobia.

How many Americans wear wigs or toupees?

About 1,600,000 men and about 1,300,000 women wear wigs or toupees.

Will the drinking of mixed drinks cause drunkenness more quickly than sticking to one kind of liquor?

No. Drunkenness is caused by the quantity of alcohol in one's drinks. The alcohol in any number of mixed drinks is the same, being a common ingredient. Another question frequently asked is whether one gets a worse hangover from taking too many mixed drinks. The alcohol in beer, wine, whisky and gin is the same. However, it's possible that the different spices in numerous mixed drinks may cause an extra bad hangover, depending on the individual drinker's reactions to such ingredients. Dr. Theodore Koppanyi, Professor of Pharmacology at Georgetown University, says that spices used in one drink might not sit well with spices used in another. "More probably," he adds, "the after effects are psychological. People have heard warnings about mixed drinks all their lives. They expect to get sick when they mix Manhattans
with Martinis. They would also expect to get sick if they mixed ice cream with onion soup.”

After Pearl Harbor I hunted through some back issues of The Chicago Tribune for some of its assertions on the Japanese situation. As you know, the Trib was mighty friendly to Tokio’s propaganda. I enclose the clippings for use in The Freeman.

The October 7, 1941 issue of The Chicago Tribune (“The World’s Greatest Newspaper”) contained this:

“What vital interests of the United States can Japan threaten? She cannot attack us. That is a military impossibility. Even our base at Hawaii is beyond effective striking power of her fleet.”

The above pearl of wisdom appeared just two months before Pearl Harbor. Here’s another piece from the Tribune’s editorial page of March 16, 1941:

“We have no reason to fear any nation or combination of nations that can be brought against us. Japan already has her hands full against China and the end of that war is not in sight. Germany is still trying to overcome Britain. Italy is punch drunk. Even if all their plans of conquest should succeed within the next few months it would still be long after January, 1943, before they would turn their attention to us!... There has been no menace in word or act by any of the enemies or alarmists we see on the horizon.... Japan avows it has no ambitions in any sphere in which our national interests lie and its statesmen speak only of preserving peace.”

That’s the trouble with the habit of putting one’s notions into print. It’s safer and less embarrassing to be a radio commentator.

Is the famous book, “Fifteen Decisive Battles,” included in your list of Little Blue Books?

No, but I offer in its place Wm. J. Fielding’s “What Every Married Man Should Know.”

What does a bride think as she enters the church?

Aisle, altar, hymn!

Why is marriage like a cafeteria?

Because he grabs what looks nice to him, and pays for it later.

I find numerous comments on the activities, articles and speeches of Boake Carter in your volumes of “Questions and Answers.” It doesn’t take any effort to see that you make your case air-tight. Carter is a Fascist, pro-Nazi, anti-democrat and enemy of true Americanism, as you show from the record, but the sad fact remains that this man is continuing his syndicated column for newspapers. What is his line now that we’re at war with the people he has defended so long?

“Yes, BUT”—that expresses Boake Carter’s attitude towards the United Nations since Japan, Germany and Italy declared war on us. It isn’t hard to catch on to Boake Carter’s position. He doesn’t come right out against our side of the war—that would be unwise and dangerous—so he goes in for subtle propaganda that sounds like carbon copies of the releases of Dr. Goebbels. For example, Boake Carter keeps pounding away at the suggestion that Russia will surely switch over to Hitler’s side before long. This is meant to create confusion in our ranks and breed distrust. If enough people accepted such an opinion it would be difficult for the U. S. to give Russia much lend-lease help in its magnificent fight against the Nazi invaders. By creating doubt, fear and discouragement in American ranks Boake Carter is doing Hitler’s dirty work. Carter also uses subtle propaganda against President Roosevelt’s tremendous program for our war industries, Boake Carter merely takes the position that the program can’t be carried out, that Roosevelt is misleading the country by proposing such a schedule of tanks, airplanes, and other fighting tools. This is right down Hitler’s alley, for Berlin’s immediate reaction to Roosevelt’s building program was expressions of skepticism about our country’s ability to translate the plan into reality. Thus do we see Boake Carter helping Hitler spread doubt, fear and discouragement among the people who want to see Hitlerism destroyed and democracy preserved. Our appeasers of pre-Pearl Harbor days—men like Father (of what?) Coughlin, Boake Carter, Lindbergh, and their like—haven’t been won over to our crusade against the Axis powers. They are merely biding their time. The knife is at hand, but this isn’t the time to strike down democracy. Let us lose a few big battles and you’ll see these vicious enemies come out of their storm cellars and
begin their open espousals of Fascism for the U. S. Meanwhile, they mutter “Yes, BUT—”

I am sending you a clipping from page 1 of The Philadelphia Inquirer, in which the publisher, while kicking you in the pants, bows ceremoniously to the top-racketeers of the Black International. How does it seem to be a perpetual football?

My posterior is bloody but unbowed.

What’s the scientific name for fear of dogs?

Cynophobia.

How the devil is it pronounced—Joseph McKayb, McCab, or McCabbe?

McKayb.

How did a breed of dogs come to be named “terriers”?

The French word for earth, “terre,” was given the dogs because of the way they went into holes after small animals.

HENRY FORD “RECANTS” AGAIN

[On January 7, 1942, Henry Ford again repudiated his anti-Semitism. In a letter to the Jewish Anti-Defamation League, Ford said he was opposed to anti-Semitic propaganda. The letter sounded plausible and even somewhat convincing, but when one considers the man’s record it seems reasonable to suggest that he is merely trying to dupe the public. Dr. L. M. Birkhead, national director of the Friends of Democracy, and well known to readers of The American Freeman and the Little Blue Books, sent Mr. Ford a telegram on February 14, as follows:]

“Your letter of Jan. 7. repudiating your former support of anti-Semitism, is a great service to the forces fighting for democracy, for, as you pointed out in your letter, anti-Semitism has been used to divide our American community and to weaken our national unity. But you can now do a still greater service to America and to the other countries fighting fascism.

“You can not only repudiate the anti-Semitic articles which bear your name, but you can take legal steps to stop their publication and distribution. For those articles which are still being published here and in many other lands under the title of ‘The International Jew,’ constitute one of the most powerful pieces of all anti-Semitic propaganda. In fact, this book is currently being issued by the Ku Klux Klan in the form of a series of pamphlets with your name on the cover. It is within your power to stop them now.

“Although your statement is a great step in the direction of branding the anti-Semites for what they are—the advance army of Hitler—that is not enough. For there will be millions of people all over the world who will never see or hear the statement, which you have just made, but who will continue to read the anti-Semitic propaganda bearing your name. Many who are fighting Hitler’s battle will continue to use the name of Henry Ford as the most powerful confirmation of their anti-Semitic views.

“You can prove your determination to stop anti-Semitism and all such forms of racial intolerance by your words far better than by your deeds. You can give real meaning to your statement by taking legal steps to prevent the further use of your name on anti-Semitic literature. Where this is not possible, you can attack the publication of these articles and brand them false, through your thousands of representatives all over the world.”

R. L. Freeman, Roslyn, L. I., N. Y., discusses this Ford incident in a letter to The American Freeman, as follows:

“Isn’t the wily Flivver King doing exactly the same trick he did in 1927? If he really has a change of heart, why doesn’t he fire W. J. Cameron and Lubold and stop subsidizing Father Coughlin?”

“Once bitten, twice shy. Only last November he repented the old stuff about Jews being in a conspiracy to foment war for profit and that ‘Hitler and Mussolini were only the pawns of International Jewry.’ How can a man like that be expected to see any light?”

“The ink was hardly dry on his original letter of recantation (June 30, 1927) when his spokesman Cameron organized the Anglo-Saxon Federation to carry on where the Dearborn Independent had left off. So much for Ford’s duplicity. The letter had the desired effect, stopping the tacit Jewish boycott of Ford products, but through the Rev. Cameron and Father Coughlin the pro-Nazi anti-Semitic campaign continued. Is the same game being repeated now?”

HENRY FORD AND FASCISM

Early in 1940 the public began to suspect Henry Ford of pro-Nazi
sympathies when he refused to manufacture airplane engines for the British. First, in May and again in June, he had boasted that he could turn out a thousand military planes daily. On June 17 the Ford Motor Company received an order for 6,000 engines from Great Britain and one for 3,000 from the United States, the agreements being negotiated through Edsel Ford. On June 26, however, Henry Ford cancelled the British order, announcing that he was "not doing business with the British Government or any other foreign government."

Although this came as a surprise to many, it appeared to others as climactic proof that Henry Ford is no friend of democracy at home or abroad. It neatly punctuated the long history of his Fascist affiliation.

The close parallel between Ford's activities and those of the Nazis should already be clear from previous articles in The American Freeman, all of them reprinted in the 25 volumes of "Questions and Answers." This parallelism extends even into matters that may seem accidental. Not only does Ford resemble the Nazis in his hatred of labor unions, his contempt for democracy, his use of violence, and his employment of criminals and spies; he also shares their anti-Semitism and their peculiar combination of fanaticism and rationality. We can best understand these seemingly accidental similarities after some discussion of the nature of Fascism.

The European Fascist movements have had their roots in a deeply disordered society. The prevalence of personal insecurity, economic and emotional, has given rise to widespread rivalry and suspicion. The exploitation and intensification of these cleavages by demagogues as a means of gaining power has been one dominant strand in the Fascist pattern. But the characteristic that distinguishes modern Fascism from other forms of dictatorship is its particular appeal for the support of industrialists as a means of financing its propaganda. This appeal has taken the form of a program of union-breaking.

Ford's career illustrates both of these aspects of Fascism. He has been ambitious as a demagogue in his own right, while as an industrialist he has engaged in union-breaking himself and has also financed other demagogues to assist in the work. Only the Federal law that compels employers to deal with free unions forced Ford's company to recognize his employees' organization.

It is important for the understanding of Ford, however, to point out that he is an uneducated and deeply prejudiced man. Thus, we have not a cold dispassionate intellect playing upon the emotions of other people for its own ends, but rather a confused and distorted mind entrusted, because of the power of wealth, with influence over the lives and thoughts of many people.

Some of Ford's proto-Fascist activity can be rather simply explained in terms of his search for profits. He is by no means simply a homespun American manufacturer with exclusively domestic interests, but is the ruler of a world-wide industrial empire. He produces cars, trucks, airplanes, tractors, coke, steel, glass, artificial leather, copper wire, Fordite, textiles, batteries, generators, paper, cement, flour, steam turbines, electric locomotives; he mines coal and lead, operates foundries, forges, power plants, lumber mills, grocery stores, butcher shops, railroads and shipping lines. He owns, operates or controls manufacturing plants in Argentina, the Canal Zone, Cuba, Mexico, Uruguay, Brazil, Chile, China, Japan, Egypt, Belgium, France, Spain, Italy, Romania, Denmark, Ireland, Finland, Turkey, Portugal, Holland, Sweden, Greece and Germany. He owns several banks. His son, Edsel, is a director of American I. G. Chemical Corporation, an affiliate of the Nazi trust, I. G. Farbenindustrie.

It is not surprising, in view of his international holdings, that Ford's anti-labor activities should also be international. That this has been the case is illustrated by the following random instances, all reported in The New York Times.

October 6, 1920: Ford locks out his Cork plant (Ireland) employees following their absence from the funeral of the Lord Mayor of Cork.

August 22, 1926: Wage cut threatened in Berlin Ford plant if workers continue to insist on union shop council.

November 25, 1927: Ford defends
his 36c-a-day wage for Brazilian natives in his rubber plantation. Natives organize protest.

June 9-12, 1927: Protests in Sao Paulo (Brazil), demonstrations in Boa Vista against Ford's importation of American and Barbadian Negroes to work on his rubber plantation.

May 19, 1929: 150 workers in Belgian plant fired for joining May Day celebration. (This while Ford was negotiating a contract to build a tractor factory in Russia.)

August 12, 1929: Ford orders delay in proposed extension of assembling plant, pending government decision on new labor laws. His Mexican City manager insists on revisions in dwelling, discharge and unionization provisions of proposed laws.

December 26, 1930: Riots in Para, caused by Ford's order of eviction against plantation dwellers.

August 2, 1930: Ford closes Barcelona plant in order to force Spanish government to revise tariff in his favor. Succeeds.

May 27, 1935: Mexico City plant workers charge Ford with trying to impose a company union on them.

March 18, 1932: Havana workers attack plant in protest against labor policy.

May 10, 1938: Ford, by threatening to close his Mexico City plant, forces Mexican government to repudiate position on legality of a collective bargaining strike and declare the strike illegal.

These instances do not, however, distinguish Ford from any number of other business men with worldwide interests. Taken alone they demonstrate nothing more than that labor, and particularly organized labor, has consistently met with abuse and exploitation at his hands.

His anti-Semitic activity brings Ford into closer connection with the Nazis. It is far more complex in its motivation than straightforward union-busting. Without attempting to explore the psychological roots of anti-Semitism in Ford's personality, however, we wish to stress the fact that the opening of his organized attacks on the Jews was synchronized with four other developments: his 1920 campaign for the Presidency, an intensified drive on the part of White Russians and their backers in all countries for a Czarian restoration, the almost simultaneous emergence in Bavaria, Austria, and Hungary of embryonic Fascist movements, and a determined effort on Ford's part to invade the European car and tractor markets.

In 1916 there came to this country a Czarian representative named Boris Brasol. Brasol had been prominent in the Czarist secret service, as organizer of the Black Hundreds and chief engineer of the famous Beliss ritual murder trial. Eventually he made contact with a Ford employee, Colonel Spiridovitch, also a White Russian, later a contributor to The Dearborn Independent, in an effort to sell certain anti-Semitic documents. Brasol boasted at the time that he had written three books "which have done more harm to the Jews than ten pogroms." It was not long before Gustav Ernest Liebold, Ford's mysterious general secretary, was sold on the idea of an anti-Semitic campaign sponsored by Ford.

Ford, who was undoubtedly predisposed to this belief, allowed himself to be persuaded that his presidential campaign would be furthered by such tactics. Edwin G. Pipp, former editor of the Detroit News and editor of Ford's Dearborn Independent until Ford's insistence on opening the anti-Semitic campaign forced him to resign in disgust, testifies that Ford was convinced that he would gain three or four Gentile votes for every Jewish vote lost.

Pipp's interpretation is important for its suggestion of the way in which Ford has used anti-Semitism in an attempt to gain power for himself. The more familiar episode of Rosika Schwimmer and the Peace Ship gives us a hint of the scapegoat role of the Jews in Ford's thinking. The project of ending the war single-handed is in itself a clue to Ford's love of power. The fact that he was willing, towards this end, to work with a Jew, Rosika Schwimmer, indicates that his anti-Semitic feelings yield to this love of power. But when the project collapsed, as it was certain to do, he found in anti-Semitism a means of avoiding the recognition of his own gullibility.

Bernard Baruch had an experience with Ford during the World War that displays a somewhat similar pattern. Negotiations between Ford and the Government had been spun out endlessly due to his insistence upon exorbitant terms. Baruch fin-
ally obtained from President Wilson an order for the commandeering of the Ford plant. When the order was produced, Ford—who had previously been negotiating with Baruch on a seemingly friendly basis—suddenly launched into a violent anti-Semitic tirade, shouting that no dirty Jewish banker was going to tell him how to run his business. Here again we see the emergence of anti-Semitism in response to frustration, as well as the fact that he was apparently able to restrain these sentiments when it seemed profitable or otherwise expedient to do so.

Further evidence of Ford's willingness to subordinate his anti-Semitic principles to profit is given by Pipp's testimony that Ford's sudden decision in January, 1922, to stop publishing his anti-Semitic articles in The Dearborn Independent was taken because he had been convinced by his New York representative, Gaston Plantiff, that an unorganized boycott by Jews was hurting his sales there. It is clear that no real change of heart had occurred, for the articles already published were at this time collected in book form and widely circulated in this country, as well as throughout Europe and Latin America, under the title, The International Jew, by Henry Ford.

The famous recantation of 1927 was apparently a further result of his year of boycott. In this public letter of apology Ford pleaded ignorance of the true nature of The Dearborn Independent's slanderous attacks and confessed that the Protocols of Zion were "gross forgeries." "Had I appreciated even the general nature, to say nothing of the details, of these utterances," he wrote, "I would have forbidden their circulation without a moment's hesitation."

Yet The Dearborn Independent had repeatedly carried signed statements from both Ford and Liebold to the effect that the views expressed in the papers were Ford's views and that the printing of each article was especially authorized by him. Of the Protocols, the true nature of which he professed only to have discovered in 1927, he said in a N. Y. World interview in 1921:

"The only statement I care to make is that they fit in with what is going on. They are 16 years old and they have fitted the world situation up to this time. They fit it now."

This is precisely the position taken by Goebbels when the "Protocols" were judicially declared to be forgeries.

The recantation closed with these words:

"It is needless to add that the pamphlets which have been distributed throughout the country and in foreign lands will be withdrawn from circulation, that in every way possible I will make it known that they have my unqualified disapproval and that henceforth The Dearborn Independent will be conducted under such auspices that articles reflecting upon the Jews will never again appear in its columns."

A few months after this clear-cut profession, the Rev. William J. Cameron organized the Anglo-Saxon Federation. Under its auspices the Protocols and other anti-Semitic matter have been distributed and continue to be distributed. Far from being discharged, the Rev. Cameron has risen to be "The Voice of Ford."

Ford's current anti-Semitism is accompanied by painstaking efforts to prevent Jews, and particularly Jewish organizations, from attacking him. One form that this takes is heavy advertising expenditure in the Jewish press.

A dramatic example of Ford's willingness to deal with Jews—Jewish bankers at that—when it serves his interest, is given by his relations with the Commercial Investment Trust Corporation.

In May, 1933, this installment finance institution which has in some years had a volume of business in excess of a billion dollars, acquired control of the Universal Credit Corporation from Ford for an estimated $30,000,000. The Universal Credit Corporation, according to Moody's of 1940, "specializes in the financing of Ford dealers." The Commercial Investment Trust Corporation, still according to Moody's, has as its Chairman, Henry Ittleson; as a Vice President and General Counsel, Philip W. Haberman. Henry Ittleson is also a director of the Executive Committee of the American-Jewish Committee. Philip Haberman is Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Anti-Defamation Lea-
gue. Thus, Ford has been willing to deal not only with Jews, but with Jews prominent in organizations whose function it is to combat exactly the sort of propaganda that he himself sponsors.

Ford's anti-Semitism is parallel to Hitler's. More than that, however; it led him into direct contact with Hitler and the Nazis. Whether Ford became interested in the early Hitler through his European representative, W. C. Anderson, who was in contact with Dietrich Eckart, a Hitler Lieutenant and one of the founders of the Nazi party, or through his White Russian agents in America who were in constant connection with pro-Hitler White Russians in Germany is unimportant. The important fact is that Ford money apparently began to flow from the United States to Hitler or the Nazi party.

The New York Times as early as December 20, 1922, reported from Berlin that: "A rumor is current here that Henry Ford, the American automobile manufacturer, is financing Adolf Hitler's nationalistic and anti-Semitic movement in Munich. Indeed, The Berlin Tageblatt has made an appeal to the American ambassador to investigate and interfere. The wall beside his desk in Hitler's private office is decorated with a large picture of Henry Ford. In the ante-chamber is a large table covered with books nearly all of which are a translation of a book written and published by Henry Ford. If you ask one of Hitler's underlings for the reason of Ford's popularity in these circles, he will smile knowingly, but say nothing."

The Bavarian Diet was decidedly apprehensive. In February, 1923, Vice President Auer went directly to Berlin to report his concern to President Ebert. There Auer told a Chicago Tribune reporter that: "The Bavarian Diet has long had information that the Hitler movement was partly financed by an American anti-Semitic chief, who is Henry Ford. Mr. Ford's interest in the Bavarian anti-Jewish movement began a year ago when one of Mr. Ford's agents came in contact with Dietrich Eckart, the notorious Pan-German, shortly after Herr Eckart asked Mr. Ford's agent for financial aid. The agent returned to America and immedi-

ately Mr. Ford's money began coming to Munich. "Herr Hitler openly boasts of Mr. Ford's support and praises Mr. Ford not as a great individualist, but as a great anti-Semite."

Earlier, in a libel suit brought by Hitler against the Berlin weekly, Das Tagebuch, Auer had testified that "Henry Ford was to have been received like a king if he ever came to Munich."

There is no lack of confirmation from other sources. Konrad Heiden, in his biography of Hitler, writes: "That Henry Ford, the famous automobile manufacturer, gave money to the National Socialists, directly or indirectly, has never been disputed." Kurt Luedecke, in his "I Knew Hitler," states that he was sent on a special mission to America by Hitler for the purpose of getting money from Ford. Luedecke confesses his own mission to have been a failure, but asserts that subsequent Nazi agents on similar errands were successful.

In February, 1924, Ford's book "My Life and Work," was reported a best seller in Germany. It was soon, however, to be passed in sales by "The International Jew," with the names of Ford and Hitler jointly featuring the advertising. In 1926 a new auto plant was opened in Germany, Fordwerke A. G., operating under contract with Ford and holding manufacturing and selling rights for Germany and Hungary. Early in 1927 L. Vannay, a prominent Hungarian anti-Semite, confirmed a report of a loan from Ford in a Budapest interview reported in The New York Times.

Ford's support of Fascist movements has not been restricted to Germany. Throughout the world his plants have been centers of reactionary activity. That his managers and other officials in Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria and Hungary are Nazis may be taken as self-evident. If they were not, they would not be holding their jobs. It may be said that his selection of personnel in these countries is perhaps out of his control. What of England? Lord Perry, head of Ford Motor Company, Ltd., which until 1934 controlled Fordwerke, A. G. in Germany, was closely associated with members of the notoriously pro-Nazi Linke and until the outbreak of
war a prominent component of the Conservative appeasement bloc supporting Chamberlain. What of Mexico? Julio Brunet, General Manager of the Ford Motor Company in Mexico City, cooperated with the efforts of Nazi-backed General Nicholas Rodriguez, organizer of the Fascist ‘Gold Shirts, in Rodriguez’ effort to overthrow the democratic Cardenas government in 1936. Brunet, on Rodriguez’ request, offered jobs to Gold Shirts in their abortive coup. What of France? For years Gaston Bergery has been Ford’s personal and business representative in Paris. He has, in addition, been an intimate of Nazi Otto Abetz and a close friend of banker Paul Baudoin, the real power behind Pierre Laval. The American press has given prominent mention to Bergery as “the coming man” in Nazified France. What of Chile? On February 12, 1941, Chilean naval authorities seized a 15-ton power yacht, the San Toy, arrested and placed on secret trial the entire crew. The yacht, according to the authorities, had been regularly refueling a Nazi raider off the south Chile coast. The yacht was found to carry a powerful radio transmitter and signaling lights. It was the property of Carlos Orrego Renard, the Ford Motor Company’s agent in Santiago. What of Japan? B. Kopf, Ford’s Tokyo representative, in December, 1937, purchased several hundred thousand dollars worth of Japanese war bonds, in what he described as a gesture of gratitude to Japan for having permitted the company to make so much money in the past and as a contribution towards bolstering Japan in her “present difficulties.” A further heavy investment in Japanese securities was made by the Company in February, 1939.

Ford’s Detroit organization has been a haven for German agents working directly under orders from Berlin. An early arrival was Heinz Spanknoebel, who came from Berlin to Dearborn and a niche on Ford’s payroll. Spanknoebel’s orders were to form a Nazi party in the United States. To this end he worked with Dr. T. Griebl, Fritz Giassibl, and other proven Nazi agents, who fled to Germany as fugitives from the Department of Justice.

Fritz Kuhn, participant in the Munich “putsch” in 1923 with Hitler, readily found employment with Ford as a “chemist” and throughout his employment from 1930 to 1936 took frequent “vacations,” during which he organized new cells of his German-American Bund and established connections with the scores of other Fascist and anti-Semitic organizations which flowered throughout the country in that period. Kuhn had attained national notoriety long before 1936 as leader of the Bund movement, yet he remained snugly entrenched in Ford’s payroll until his broadened activities brought him to New York.

Thus, the pieces fall together to reveal the Ford empire as a vast adjunct to international Fascism. From the few scattered samples of his foreign maneuvers it is impossible quantitatively to estimate the debt which Hitler and reaction owe to Henry Ford, but it is clearly enormous. Hitler’s presentation of a decoration, representing the highest honor the Reich could bestow on a foreigner, was both an expression of his gratitude to Ford for services rendered and encouragement to a continuation of these services. Speakers at the ceremony were the indefatigable anti-Semite Rev. William J. Cameron and William S. Knudsen.

Although Ford protested, when attacked by Secretary Ickes and others for having received the medal, that acceptance did not imply sympathy on his part with Nazi ideology, he has not subsequently returned the medal. Indeed, exactly a month later, on September 30, John Koos, Ford executive and right-hand man to Harry Bennett, sent a telegram congratulating Hitler on his “successful solution of the minority problem” at Munich. Shortly thereafter he, himself, received the coveted Nazi honor. Koos was at that time prominent in the activities of the Hetman, Ukrainian Fascist movement in the United States. The Hetman and its twin, the O. D. W. U., have since been thoroughly exposed in The Nation, The Hour, and elsewhere, as working directly under Alfred Rosenberg’s Ausenpolitisches Amt in Berlin as an arm of Nazism’s hidden empire. Nominal leader of the Ukrainian Fascists in Germany is a General Skoronadsky, whose son, Danylo, Ford cordially
received as a guest in his home before the outbreak of war.

Ford's close connection with what may be called the "right wing" of American pacifism has recently been given a thorough airing by the newspaper P.M. Ford, it was revealed, gave all aid possible, including secretarial help, office space, drivers and equipment, to the effort of G. T. Eggleston and D. M. Stewart of Scribner's Commentator to build up a tremendous mailing list for their appeasement propaganda, using the mailing files of Representative Fish and others for this purpose.

In a recent article in the Commentator, printed under Ford's name, appears a curious paragraph which, to judge from its pseudo-Marxist analysis, swollen to gigantic absurdity, might well be a direct extract from a speech by Joseph Goebbels. The paragraph says (of the peoples of Europe):

"They were duped by the greedy financial groups, seeking to extend their domination over people and lustful for power in every branch of human endeavor. These groups are the real 'dictators'. They are the creators of all labor organizations and the instigators of strikes that paralyze productive processes. They seek to dominate not only all business, but every individual engaged in it, at the bench or at the desk. Through this domination they would increase prices and lower wages."

A writer quotes Bernard Shaw as having said: "I am, like Shelley, a vegetarian, an atheist, and a revolutionary." Can you tell me when and where he made that remark?

It's new to me. Maybe some reader can supply the answer.

How do you react to people's stories about incidents that defy natural law or in other ways are impossible? My skepticism holds up well until I meet a first-hand witness who insists, with a straight face, that a certain thing approaching the miraculous really happened.

The wilder the story the easier it is to remain a hard-boiled realist and skeptic. I've found that a smile is just as effective as a long and loud argument over someone's fanciful tale. Sir Walter Scott used to tell groups of friends a weird and fanciful story which his grandmother had told him. The yarn, fantastic and imaginative, puzzled Scott's listeners. One astonished friend asked: "How do you account for it?" Scott replied: "Oh, that's easy. My grandmother was a terrible liar!"

Your frequent use of anecdotes moves me to ask what reliance you place in them.

Anecdotes are often amusing, sometimes instructive, and always false, but that doesn't keep them from serving as handy literary tools.

Many Americans believe it would be a simple, easy job to switch our motor car industry over to tank production. What are the facts? Is it a pushover?

The industry can be put to work on tank production, but let's not get the idea that such a change can be made quickly—overnight, as some innocents believe. While it takes only 191 man-hours to make a motor car, it takes about 25,000 man-hours to turn out a small-sized tank.

Lewis Browne, author of several popular books, says Artemus Ward and James Whitcomb Riley toured the country together delivering lectures. Is that true?

Browne's wrong. Artemus Ward was dead long before Bill Nye toured with James Whitcomb Riley.

By what standards do so-called experts select the country's 10 best-dressed men and women?

I don't know, and I wouldn't take the trouble to find out.

I don't like the way Russia stands aside and refuses to declare war on Japan.

At the moment, the Soviet Union's big job is to defeat Hitler, and that's a full-time job. We should be the last to criticize, considering we haven't, up to this writing, declared war on Finland. Besides, we haven't all the facts to form an opinion. Maybe the Russians are pulling a brilliant propaganda stunt against the Japanese. If they intend to let us use their air bases in the Far East, wouldn't it be excellent psychology to keep quiet and give the impression that the Japanese Fascists have nothing to fear from that quarter? Surprise is an invaluable asset in war. In addition, keeping the threat dangling in mid-air
constitutes an excellent war of nerves, with the Japanese doing the sweating for a change. I have no doubt the Russians will do the right thing at the right time, and that's something to be decided by experts, not armchair strategists.

A Congressman is calling the Japanese "yellow-bellyed Aryans." Please comment.

The Aryan business is intended humorously, and should be taken with a smile. But calling the Japanese "yellow" is unwise, because this will offend our allies, the Chinese. It's unethical and inexpedient to resort to racism when fighting for democracy. We can fight—and whip—the dirty Japanese militarists without resorting to Hitler's tactics. We aren't fighting the Japanese because of their color but because of their senseless, frenzied, destructive, inhuman aggression.

Can you tell me how Uncle Sam's ships are named?

Battleships are named after States; cruisers—cities; aircraft carriers—historic naval vessels or battles; destroyers—officers and enlisted men of the navy, or marine corps, former secretaries of the Navy, members of congress or inventors; submarines—fish; minesweepers—birds; gunboats—smaller cities; seaplane tenders—sounds or bays; submarine tenders—pioneers in submarine development; oilers—rivers; ocean-going tugs—Indian tribes; cargo ships—stars.

I don't drink, smoke, swear, gamble or chase after women, and yet I suffer constantly from headaches. What is the matter with me?

Your halo is on too tight.

When I read your comments on H. L. Mencken's Freethought and Rationalism in one of your volumes of "Questions and Answers" I turned to his new book, "Happy Days," which is the Baltimorean's autobiography. Here he also shows his Rationalism and adds that his father and grandfather both were Freethinkers. His father, however, sent him to Sunday school when he was a young fellow, an inconsistency which Mencken lays to the fact that his old man liked to catch a nap on Sunday mornings and the surest way to get it was to bundle the boy off to Sunday school. Mencken's sentences about his experiences with the Methodists make amusing reading. I enclose them for the uplift, salvation and purification of your pious readers.

The passage describing young Mencken's hours with the Methodists follows:

The one thing I really remember about Sunday school is the agreeable heartiness of the singing. It is, of course, the thing that all children enjoy most in Sunday schools, for there they are urged to whoop their loudest in praise of God, and that license is an immense relief from the shushing they are always hearing at home.

... My favorite then, as now, was "Are You Ready for the Judgment Day?"—a gay and even rollicking tune with a saving hint of brimstone in the words. ... The runner-up for "Are You Ready?" was "I Went Down the Rock to Hide My Face," another hymn with a very lively swing to it, and after "the Rock" came "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus," "Throw Out the Lifeline," "At the Cross ..." It was not until I transferred to another Sunday school that I came to know such lugubrious horrors as "There is a Fountain Filled With Blood." The Methodists avoided everything of that kind. They surely did not neglect Hell in their preaching, but when they lifted up their voices in song they liked to pretend that they were booked to escape it.

Are the Germans in Russia suffering from typhus?

Typhus, caused mainly by body lice, is beginning to take its toll of cold, run-down, exhausted, under-nourished Nazis in Russia. It threatens to kill many Germans. Realizing the danger, the German brutes are taking typical measures to meet the situation. From the Free Polish Government comes the report that Polish prisoners are being used by Nazi doctors as human guinea pigs. First they infect the Poles with typhus and then try out their remedies and preventives on them. The lessons will be applied in Russia.

Can you give me a jingle which names the 48 States? Such a piece could be used to help the memory.

The only one I know goes this way:

3 A's, 3 C's, then D. F. G.
4 I's, 2 K's, one L you see,
8 M's, 2 N's, 4 'News' are next,
2 North, 3 O's, one P—perplexed?
R. I., 2 Souths, 2 T's one U,
2 V's 3 W's, one West—You're through!
The above isn't an easy help, but it serves. One still has the hefty job of fitting the States to the various letters, but that's easier than trying to call off the 48 names from memory.

To which publication does Westbrook Pegler refer when he speaks of the "butcher paper" weeklies?
The Nation and The New Republic.

Has your one-man crusade against eating and drinking in movie theaters brought any results?
None. Candy wrappers continue to crack. Pop-corn continues to annoy. And the walk-away sodas (in paper cups) are getting a greater play than ever. The straws gurgle. The ice is shaken against the paper. And when the drink's down, the cup hits the floor with a bang, after which it's kicked around until closing time. Women add to the horrors by snapping the devices that keep their handbags closed. And let's not forget the gum-poppers and crunchers. I'm whipped.

As you are an expert at teaching readers how to improve themselves and get the most out of their thinking apparatus, let me request a simple test to discover one's range of interest.
Many who think they're alive are just walking corpses, intellectually. Are you such a one? Let me suggest a simple test. Get a catalogue of my Little Blue Books and check through the 1763 titles, the largest low-priced library in the world. Study the titles carefully and then see how many booklets you want under history, biography, philosophy, Freethought, fiction, poetry, plays, music, art, travel, psychology, sexology, psycho-analysis, Rationalism, Skepticism, science, self-help, languages, better English, and dozens of other subjects. If you can settle on just a few titles, you're dead in the upper story, but if you mark off far more titles than you can afford to pay for and then go out to make the money in order to get the books—you're alive, my man, much alive. This isn't being whimsical. I mean it literally. An enlarging curiosity is the best test of intelligence. If you have a rich and abundant interest in life you'll find ways to express your curiosity, for it happens that read-

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What's the technical name of the instrument that records the approach and position of an oncoming airplane? A telsimeter.

Can you give me an instance from real life to prove the truth of Oscar Wilde's observation about life always trying to imitate art?
Ring Lardner's fabulous, incredible screwballish baseball pitcher, Elmer the Great, was unlike anything that ever walked and breathed—until Dizzy Dean came along. Heywood Broun, who first noticed this, said that Lardner's literature showed the need, and life obliged.

What do you think of the Mt. Rushmore memorial (begun by Gutzon Borglum) over the Black Hills of South Dakota, which shows the gigantic mountain-carved heads of Washington, Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt and Lincoln?
It's an impressive engineering project.

Doesn't dry rot in wood prove that at best such building material can last comparatively only a short time?
Government scientists have shown that wood kept dry is a permanent building material. They deny there is such a thing as a true dry rot. Fungi, they claim, can't grow in wood containing less than 20 percent moisture.

I make $15 per week, so my wife and I decided to budget our income, a chore to which we have been given much thought and care. Naturally, we want our $15 to go as far as possible, covering all necessities and at the same time keeping us out of debt. After fasting and prayer, we worked out this schedule, which we wish you would study, analyze and synthesize. Your numerous "How-To" books prove you
are an authority on better living and sane habits. Here's the budget:

Whisky and beer .................. $ 8.80
Wife's beer ........................ 1.65
Meat, fish and groceries ....... On credit
Rent ................................ Pay next week
Mid-week whisky ..................... 1.50
Coal ................................. Borrow neighbor's
Life insurance (wife's) .......... 50
Dog food, movies, pinochle club .. 1.50
Hot tip on nurses ................. 1.00
Poker games ......................... 1.40

Total ................................ $16.65

I've made a thorough and scientific study of my reader's budget and find a serious flaw. With a weekly income of $15, he has outlined a budget that costs $16.65, in which is included $1.65 for his wife's beer. The only solution I can see is for him to cut out the wife's beer.

* * *

Is Lindbergh balding rapidly?
Yes.

* * *

How many turkeys do we raise?
About 40,000,000, in 1941.

* * *

What is a "high-school pint"?
A half-pint.

* * *

A thousand shouts of approval for your article on the Rationalism of our great naturalist and essayist, John Burroughs. It's good to know that your piece has been given a more enduring future in one of your recent volumes of "Questions and Answers." After finishing your little essay on Burroughs' Freethought and Rationalism, I turned to his book, published in 1923, entitled "Accepting the Universe," where I found this forthright and engaging paragraph, which I suggest that you pass on to your subscribers.

The extract, which gives added proof of John Burroughs' support of Freethought (as though such a thing were necessary), follows:

"Things and movements come about through natural processes, not through supernatural ones; but when we state these processes in the only terms in which they can be stated the religious person feels hurt and orphaned. All our religious or theological explanations of things discredit matter and the material world—discredit Nature and all natural processes. Evolution is anti-religious; that man is of animal origin is still a hard doctrine to an old-fashioned theologian. Why is it not equally a hard doctrine to him that we were ever babies—embryos—carried about and associated with the viscera of our mothers' bodies? We have got to exalt the natural, the material, and free our minds from the illusions of the old theologies before we can see the truth and beauty of naturalism. The sacred, the celestial, the divine, the holy—all are terms that date from a pre-scientific age, before man's relation to the universe was understood."

Yes, John Burroughs was a loyal fighter in the best of causes, Freethought. I'm grateful to my subscriber for calling my attention to the above. My readers will appreciate its logic, pointedness and forthrightness. And while I have the chance, let me add that I appreciate the way so many readers cooperate in the writing of my monthly pieces. They keep sending me valuable quotations and comments that help make my columns more readable and constructive. Their only reward is the satisfaction of doing a service in the cause of truth and free inquiry.

* * *

Was the author of "The Golden Bough" an Agnostic?
Yes, Sir James G. Frazer, in his "Belief in Immortality," wrote:

"To speak plainly, the question of the existence of God is too deep for me... I can only confess my ignorance."

In the same book, the great anthropologist discussed modern science and polytheism, as follows:

"From one department of nature after another the gods are reluctantly or contemptuously deserted and their provinces committed to the care of certain abstract ideas of others, atoms, molecules, and so forth, which, though just as imperceptible to human senses as their divine predecessors, are judged by prevailing opinion to discharge their duties with regularity and dispatch, and are accordingly firmly installed on the vacant thrones amid the general applause of the more enlightened portion of mankind. Thus, instead of being peopled with a noisy, bustling crowd of full-blooded and picturesque deities, clothed in the graceful form and animated with the warm passions of humanity, the universe outside the narrow circle of our consciousness is now conceived as absolutely silent, colourless, and deserted. The cheerful sounds which we hear, the bright hues which we see, have no existence, we are told, in the external world; the voices of friends, the harmonies of music,
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the chime of falling waters, the solemn roll of ocean, the silver splendour of the moon, the golden glory of the sunset, the verdure of summer woods, and the hectic tints of autumn—all these subsist only in our minds; and if we imagine them to have any reality elsewhere we deceive ourselves.... Outside of ourselves there stretched away on every side an infinitude of space without sound, without light, without colour—a solitude traversed only in every direction by an inconceivably complex web of silent and impersonal forces. That, if I understood it, is the general conception of the world which modern science has substituted for polytheism."

Frazer's monumental work, "The Golden Bough," one of the greatest works of scholarship ever written, is discussed several times in my volumes of "Questions and Answers." I've long been an admirer of Frazer's erudition, research, sincerity, and ability as a literary artist.

Does Moses list a number of exemptions for military service? I've been told he drew up a set of "deferments," but I can't find them.

The four army service exemptions are in Chapter 20 of Deuteronomy:

What man is there that hath built a new house and hath not dedicated it? Let him go and return to his house, lest he die in the battle and another man dedicate it.

And what man is he that hath planted a vineyard and hath not yet eaten it? Let him go and return unto his house, lest he die in the battle, and another man eat of it.

And what man is there that hath betrothed a wife, and hath not taken her? Let him go and return unto his house, lest he die in the battle, and another man take her.... what man is there that is fearful and faint-hearted? Let him go and return unto his house, lest his brethren's heart faint as well as his heart.

Take strip-teasers like Gypsy Rose Lee. What social value is there in their performances?

They serve, for one thing, to dispel a lot of mystery.

Where do you stand on "you all"?

I'm for "you all" when speaking of more than one. The lone "you" isn't enough when used as an all-inclusive plural. Incidentally, Shakespeare makes Mark Antony, when delivering his oration on Caesar, say "you all." I've noticed that lots of Newtheners accept the South's "you all," though too many go in for "you pipple," "you guys," "you goil," "you boids."

Can one buy a watch that will keep perfect time?

No. Even if you paid $5,000 for your watch, the thing would still be fast or slow, though perhaps only a fraction of a second. No watch ever made kept perfect time.

How long should a good watch last?

The average well-made 21-jewel watch, if taken care of, should last at least 200 years.

How often should a watch be cleaned and oiled?

Every two years.

Does it hurt a watch to turn the hands backward?

No.

Does a bird, when it rises from the ground, go with the wind?

No. Like an airplane, it flies against the wind, rising into it.

What is the U. S. rate of yeast production?

460 pounds per minute.

Should one be careful not to wind a watch too tight?

No. Watches nowadays are made to take it. Wind it until you can't make it turn farther.

What is the situation in this war with regard to poison gases?

There are several reasons why Hitler, thus far, hasn't used poison vapors, but none is ethical. The considerations are technical and economic. In swift attacks gas has no place because of the danger of fast-moving offense troops running into their own poison. Bombs are cheaper and more effective than gas, as was shown in the First World War, when, according to estimates, it took 150 tons of mustard gas, the most powerful then in use, to kill one soldier and injure many others. It takes about 50 tons of gas spread per mile in a 10-mile wind to get enough concentration to kill and maim. That's why
Hitler, who knows how to count dollars, prefers bombs. This doesn't mean the chemical industry is asleep on both sides. Only the other day President Roosevelt got more than $300,000,000 for the chemical division of the army. England is all set to use poison gas should the Nazis try to land on the beaches of the island fortress. In such a concentrated area poison gas could be used with deadly effect. Several readers who live near the Atlantic want to know if gas masks are in order. I think not. Any planes that came from Nazi or Japanese bases would have to travel thousands of miles, and that would mean such a small load of gas that the result could hardly be more than a mild scare. As gas is heavier than air it tends to settle fast. The thing to do is to stay out of the cellar and the first floor. Get up stairs and stay there until you know all's well.

How did the Jews come to be called "The People of the Book"?

It was Mohammed who first called the Jews "The People of the Book," his reason being that the Jews of his day were already highly literate when most of the people around them were illiterate.

Is it true that a fourth generation eunuch will transmit that quality to his offspring?

If he does, he's a better man than he was cut out to be.

Why is it that when I dig a hole and then fill it again I always have a mound left over?

That's because you didn't dig it deep enough.

Is it true that there are many more species of insects than there are species of all other animals combined?

Yes.

Which university did Thomas Jefferson found?

The University of Virginia.

Did Stephen Foster compose "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny"?

No. It was done by James Bland.

What's the right name for a malignant satire?

A lampoon.

What word do psychologists use to describe a form of behavior in which a person, under severe emotional strain, turns back to childish methods of response?

Regression.

Is the width of four feet eight and one-half inches standard gauge for railway rails?

Yes.

Of course, Shakespeare never witnessed a game of ball, yet I'm told his works are replete with phrases often used by ball fans. Can you give me a few?

The following list was compiled by an anonymous sports writer years ago:

Hit it, hit it, hit it—Love's Labor Lost, Act IV.
Not one hit—Merchant of Venice, Act III.
Base second mean—Henry IV, Act I.
Our valor is to chase flies—Cymbeline, Act III.
On the bat's back I do fly—Titus Andronicus, Act III.
We can kill a fly—Titus Andronicus, Act III.
Where go you with bats?—Coriolanus, Act I.
Then thou wast not out—Tempest, Act I.
Play out the game—Henry IV, Act II.
Who's out?—King Lear, Act V.
To field with him—Coriolanus, Act II.
With two pitch balls—Love's Labor Lost, Act III.
They pitched in the ground—Henry VI, Act I.
I'll bring him home—Pericles, Act IV.
I'm right glad to catch—Henry VIII, Act V.
If you should even double—All's Well, Act II.
I will run no base—Merry Wives, Act I.
I'll run for thee—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II.
Thou mayest slide—Taming of the Shrew, Act IV.

Are animals generally immune to poison ivy?

Yes. Some species even eat it.

How many signal alphabets does the Navy use?

The flag, semaphore and International Morse.
Thomas Jefferson, who owned the country’s finest private library in his time, was as well-read as any man then living in the U.S. Here’s what Jefferson, the Materialist, said about Voltaire: “We owe half of our liberty to that leering old mocker.” Here’s another rarely-quoted sentence from Thomas Jefferson: “History, I believe, furnishes no example of a priest-riden people, maintaining a free civil government.” No wonder the Black International never has a good word for Jefferson, the great Liberator from the tyranny of priests and kings. Referring to the Latin-American countries which had just thrown off Spanish rule, Jefferson said: “I fear the degrading ignorance into which their priests and kings have sunk them has disqualified them from the maintenance or even the knowledge of their rights.” Those words are as true today as they were when first uttered more than a century ago. Most Central and South American countries are still yoked to the parasitism and obscurantism of the Black International, which accounts for the only slightly-hidden resistance to the Rooseveltian policy of the Good Neighbor. Democratic elements are making headway, to be sure, but every inch that’s won must be torn from the clutches of the priests, who, as always, side with Totalitarianism. In short, the reactionaries who are in control down there are more sympathetic to the Fascist ideologies of a Franco, a Salazar, and a Mussolini than to the liberalism and libertarianism of a Thomas Jefferson.

I can’t stand people who sulk.

At the moment he feels envy, even the most intelligent man shows his capacity for stupidity.

Chamfort tells of “a charming woman who lives as virtuously as possible outside marriage and celibacy.”

Popular wisecrack in Germany during air raids: “The government uses these blackouts to audit its books.”

Radio dialer to friends during a halt in Walter Winchell’s verbiage: “I’ll be back in a flash with more trash.”

Elissa Landi, the English actress, considers herself a complete American now, and in writing about Americanism and what the glorious country means to her, she says that what delighted her most, when she first visited N.Y.C., were the “dearie” shops. This refers to stores where a salesgirl, meeting a customer for the first time, falls naturally into “dearie” or “honey.”

Emil Ludwig, the historian and biographer, self-exiled from Nazi Germany, is enthusiastic about his adopted country. He writes that he soon caught on to a phrase that’s unique to Uncle Sam’s domain. Whenever he stopped at a filling station in Italy, France or Germany, the attendant would open with “What do you want?” but in the U.S., he always comes up with, “Can I help you?”

Some of my readers may remember the fearful and amusing time I had trying to get composers and proofreaders to accept “The Compleat Angler,” all agreeing it should be “Complete.” I fought it through and won, but I know if ever I decide to put through another edition of Izaak Walton’s classic I’ll have to fight the war all over again. Here are a few other words that provoke treason to the language in editorial, typesetting and proofreading circles: “redaction” is changed to “reaction”; “bear garden” becomes “beer garden”; “paterfamilias” is twisted into “pater families”; “amoral” has to surrender to “immoral” or “a moral.” Once I wrote “élite” and it came up deliberately as “sight,” but I have to confess this was the result of an unusual and irregular accord between a couple of eccentric composigroom tollers.

Squire Perkins: “Many a man makes the mistake of developin’ his opinions in the darkroom o’ prejudice.”

Heard in passing: “He’s drinking to keep him from drivin’ a woman is drivin’ him to drink.”

Sign near a small town: “Every Motor Car Going Through This Town at 60 Miles an Hour on Saturday Night Must Have a Driver.”

It’s Dr. Goebbels’s theory that anything goes in propaganda so long as one can put it over.

A holy fool, like ordinary fools, ever remains a fool.

Waiter, to patron complaining about a cockroach in his ice cream: “Can I help it if it likes Winter sports!”

Let me repeat one of my sentences: Only a fool tries to impress fools. If you can believe a corpse isn’t a
stiff, but an error, you’re ready-made for Christian Science.

Rationalists accept the simple maxim that “true liberty is the freedom of each, conditioned by the equal freedom of his fellows.”

I try to keep a sharp eye on that damned word “only,” which many writers persist in misplacing. Even The London Times, in an editorial, came through with “satisfaction can only be complete when.” “Only” should have been moved to the other side of “complete.”

According to The Los Angeles Times, the Rev. Frank A. Cummings “showed that people can be interested in religion.” He proved his assertion by inviting reporters and photographers to one of his meetings, where he and his followers talked in tongues and fell on their backs. Pictures of the scene appeared in the newspapers. Crowds came later “to see what next.”

The idealistic, high-minded Nazis knew that the money-grubbing Americans would sell for profit anything England needed. Then the Yankees showed their filthiness by forgetting their vulgar materialism and actually giving England everything needed to fight Hitler without tossing a penny into their greed-haunted till.

H. G. Wells says this is to go on his tombstone: “I TOLD YOU SO, DAMMIT!”

If you have the love of one good woman, the confidence of children and dogs, and the respect of your competitors, you may fairly claim to be all set to pass some Confederate money.

A Hollywood theater’s ad packed the house: “SPECIAL—no bingo, casho, screeno, free dishes, or free anything else—Just Movies!—FOR TONIGHT ONLY!”

A drunk who was slightly more lit up than John Barrymore approached the actor’s table in a Hollywood night club and asked if it was true that he’d four wives. Barrymore answered: “Yes; monotonous, isn’t it?”

I went through some old papers today and came on a sheet covered with scribbling that looked like something from my hand. After tussling with it I decided it was something I’d penned 30 years ago. Then it came back to me. I’d been to a vaudeville show and had jotted down the gags that had wowed me. I wrote them down after I got home, little thinking I’d be copying them for my own paper 30 years later. The first piece which sent me into stitches went like this: “A guy called on his best girl and when he entered she called him her ‘parlor lamp.’ First she ‘turned him down;’ her brother ‘trimmed his wick;’ her father ‘put him out;’ but he was game and ‘went out smoking.’” (Let me say, before giving more samples, that this work is being done for the historical record and not for a good time.) A comedian’s song was entitled, “No Matter How Tired an Elephant is He Has to Carry His Trunk.” Then came a comedian who announced he’d just quit his job. “Why?” “Too cold work,” he answered. “What were you doing?” “I was a barber at a soda fountain.” “And what did you do?” “I shaved ice.” At that, these gags aren’t worse than the ones now being batted out by radio comedians.

Challenge by I. Roth, Broadway barber: “You can duplicate a Rembrandt painting, but you cannot duplicate my physiognomical haircut.”

Six-year-old, betraying radio’s influence: “I go to school Monday through Friday.”

Once, after eating a lobster, I horrified a Kansas City waiter by asking for ice cream. He refused to accept the order, insisting he was saving me from a reckless attempt to destroy myself. I capitulated, but now, 15 years later, I continue to nurse the ambition to down a lobster and then sit pat until I get the coveted dish of ice cream.

The “hush-hush” of standard editors: “Think all you please, but don’t think out loud.”

Dr. Marrett, in “Anthropology”: “Modern man thinks out his difficulties; primitive man dances out his difficulties.”

Radio pronunciation: SunDAY, MonDAY, ToosDAY. Modern for modern. ArtTStrY. ProJECK for project.

Hints to newspapermen: When writing about a dying man be sure to say he’s “lying at death’s door.” A groom is a “rising young businessman.” The bride must be “the beautiful and accomplished daughter.” No story about a funeral is complete without “the last sad rites” attended by “a large concourse of friends come to pay their last tokens of respect.” Society editors should be instructed to write of an “elaborate luncheon, served in courses.”

Almost a century ago an able editorialist wrote: “Half the strength of an editorial lies in its being off-hand and extempore in its style, even though it embodies the result of considerable reflection.”

More than 10,000 motor cars are abandoned each year in N.Y.C.

When the Italian officer announced that the British were on the way and
that each man could have a stiff drink so he could better meet the enemy, all accepted except one, who when asked what the hitch was replied: “Not-a-me! It giffa me too much courage. I might-a-wait behind when the rest of you are running.”

Dorothy Lamour: “In my new picture there aren’t any chimpanzees. Jon Hall and I just have each other.”

I suppose Mickey Rooney has a suppressed desire to play Hamlet.

Henry Morgan’s advertising slogan: “Guaranteed to be Guaranteed.”

Vice President Wallace: “The Hitler house is built on the sands and the winds are blowing.”

Moralist: “Are you troubled with improper thoughts?” Sinner: “No, I rather enjoy them.”

Prominent citizen to his secretary, during a rehearsal of his speech: “Where did I leave that brown envelope, the one with the ad libs in it?”

An employer, who is a careful spend er, explaining the job to an applicant: “You get here at 5 a.m., open up the fire, tend it every two hours all day and at 10 in the evening you bank it for the night. For that I’ll pay you $2 a week and furnish the coal, too.”

Detroit reader: “When a girl marries for cash in this town she is given a lot of credit.”

Casanova thought “it was ridiculous to be oppressed,” which is one way of putting it.

When the time came to put in a new addressing outfit for my mailing list, I decided on the Pollard-Alling system (free adv.), and a right smart choice it was. After the crates loaded with machines and equipment arrived, there appeared an expert, whose job it was to put the puzzle together and make it work—which he did, to perfection. He was a man in his middle forties, rather portly, obviously a workman who had risen to jobs of responsibility, so competent that his firm could send him out on his own, sure that he would do the firm’s prestige no damage. He was competent, of course. What impressed me about the man was that he spent about five days in my shop, and never once did he remove his starched linen collar and tie. Never once did he roll up the stiff cuffs of his expensive shirt. Never once did he take off his coat and vest. Never once did he put on a pair of overalls. And yet, the man was hardly more than a superior mechanic. When he was ready to leave I asked him why he did this, and his reply was unevasive. “It’d cost me as least $15 a week if I took off my dignified, but uncomfortable, clothes and got into cheap, but comfortable, overalls. When I work in my expensive clothes I keep advertising the fact that I’m not just a mechanic—I’m a brain worker to boot. I can’t prove my brain power by merely working. I have to put up some kind of a sign to the world, and my bosses. Clothes do the trick, especially the linen collar and the coat and vest. Damned nuisances, those things, while I’m working, but if I tried to pass them up I’d soon find myself classified as an ordinary journeyman and I’d have to take a pay-cut of $15 a week, maybe more.” This man had never read Thomas Carlyle’s “Sartor Resartus,” and Thorsten Veblen wasn’t even a name.

Inscription on an old tomb-stone in a New England cemetery:

Pants are made for man and not for woman.

But when a man pants for a woman and a woman pants for a man, they become a pair of pants.

Oscar Wilde: “There may come a time in married life when husband and wife find that three is company and two is none.”

W. C. Fields: “I am in ignorance of what young women wear under their evening frocks, but I have a feeling it isn’t much.”

Dolores del Rio: “I enjoy my own good looks. It would be ungrateful to God to pretend otherwise.”

Chinese laundryman (at Missionary meeting) said in surprise and exasperation when asked for still another contribution to the Church collection: “Wassa maller with this feller Jesus he alla time bloke?”

It’s bad taste to bring up the subject, but I’ll do it anyway. The Poles are mostly Catholics, and whenever anything goes wrong they rush to the priest, who’s supposed to put in a long-distance call to Gawd and get the mess straightened out. When the Nazis went blitzkrieging through Poland, the devout believers filled the cathedrals to beg for rain in order to get Hitler’s panzer divisions bogged down. But Gawd seemed to be on the side of the Nazi “pagans,” for not a drizzle dampened Poland’s parched plains. As I write this melancholy story word comes from Godless Russia that Hitler’s motorized divisions in a long sector have been bogged for several weeks. The Soviet Union’s Marxian Atheists hadn’t prayed for rain. Gawd doesn’t seem willing to play fair with the faithful. But the theologians have a plausible answer for all this.

Reader: “What you say about oil to Japan should stand too on the metals they’ve been getting from us, steel
especially; no more scrap of any sort is what I say. That pill, however, is as bitter for our junk profiteers as for the ravishers of China and that's where the real rub has been all along: profits, always profits.

During his campaign for the U. S. Senate, Governor O'Daniel promised Texas voters that if elected he would "propose an anti-sabotage bill with a penalty more severe than the death sentence."

Mother of little Nazi: "And what did you learn at school today?"
Little Nazi: "Spontaneous, enthusiastic applause."

An Italian scout approached his commanding officer and reported: "The bridge ahead is passable for tanks, artillery and cavalry, but not for infantry." The officer: "Why isn't the bridge passable for infantry when it is all right for tanks, artillery and cavalry?" The scout: "Because there's a vicious dog in front of it."

Douglas Jerrold: "Dogmatism is puppyism come to its fullest growth."

John Barrymore: "America is the country where you buy a lifetime supply of aspirin for $1, and use it up in two weeks."

The Saturday Evening Post speaks of "Japan's heroic four-year struggle for peace in China."

After 100 Nazi professors met and decided Dr. Albert Einstein's theory of relativity should be condemned, the great scientist replied quietly: "Were I wrong, one professor would have been enough."

High-toned writing in the London Daily Telegraph: "What is clear beyond question is that the immediate foreground is obscure."

Latin American diplomats in Vichy refer to Pétain's government as "a banana republic with no bananas."

Here's a You-Explain-It-Item: The New York Times, July 22, 1941, contained a UP dispatch from Boston, from which this is quoted: "Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, of Catholic University, Washington, was in New England BAPTIST Hospital today for what attaches described as a 'check-up and rest.'"

Heard in passing: "Hitler grabs off countries peace by peace."

Popular wisecrack: "It's better to pay taxes than live under the Axis."

Heard in passing: "Eleanor is the real cause of the gas shortage."

Conversation between two natives on a Berlin street: "How are things going?" asked the first. "Wonderful. "How's your wife?" "She's happy because life for us is perfect." "And your children?" "Having a grand time, as usual." "Donnerwetter!" cried the questioner, "are you talking to me, or do you think this is a telephone conversation?"

If the Duke of Windsor had kept his Baltimore gal on ice a couple of years without parading her before the shocked conservatives, he could have put her over, kept his throne, and made her queen—all as part of the lend-lease act.

From the September, 1941, issue of The Kapustkan, a magazine published at 5013 S. Throop street, Chicago, Ill.: "If you want to know what FEARLESS FREEDOM really is, read E. Haldeman-Julius's monthly, The American Freeman, Girard, Kansas." The same article mentions that the editor of The Freeman was one of the first and foremost supporters of Carl Sandburg (since 1912) and quotes his comment: "Sandburg is the Walt Whitman of our day and these are times when voices for democracy are needed. I don't want to pass on to other subjects without stopping a moment to recommend The Kapustkan, an attractively mimeographed periodical that pulsates with life's enthusiasms and struggles. Living personalities punch their fists through its pages. There are no duds here. The fireworks keep on popping."

The first time I saw a picture of Marshal Budenny and his mustache I thought he was airing a black kitten.

The indecency of the democracies in the face of Nazi aggression reminds me of the gag about the groggy boxer who gazed dizzily across to the opposite corner and muttered: "I see my mistake. I shoulda got that guy in the first round, when he was alone."

Hollywood Communists are quiet now, but a few years ago they were always ready to knock off putting together mosaics of the prosacite (at $2,500 per week) to attend revolutionary dinners, where they'd raise champagne glasses before singing, "Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!"

My Chevrolet has those puny, stingy running boards that come out only a few inches. For 25 years I've had them plenty wide so I'm still stepping on a running board that isn't there, which makes me feel foolish and makes me wonder how long it's going to take me to get out of my groove and react properly to these new ones. I have the same foolish feeling when a door knob comes off in my hand. Life's made up of such damned little nuisances.

W. C. Fields, in his latest picture, "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break," drops a bottle of likker from a plane.
jumps after it, and says, on landing, "a nasty bump." In another scene he drops thousands of feet from a cliff and tells the audience, "it's the last foot that's dangerous." Two flunkies carry the tails of his tail coat when he goes forth to romance. Then he says this about the one great love that came into his life: "She drove me to drink, the one thing I'm indebted to her for."

Ring Lardner: "He give her a look that you could pour on a waffle." "French trains run like they was on pogo sticks."

Senator Champ Clark, of Missouri: "Human nature is best defined as the excuse that a man offers for acting like a hog."

Reader: "We clerks in the War Department are having a good laugh at the expense of the guards. In order to keep out spies, we have to wear an identification badge with our picture on it. One of our gang decided to test the alertness of the guards by removing his own picture and putting in someone else's. For a month he got by the guards by displaying a picture of Adolph Hitler."

Lindbergh has Axis to Grind.

When I hear bigoted Protestant Fundamentalists bawl out the Vatican I'm reminded of the pot calling the kettle Black International.

John Di Gregorio, N. Y. C.: "Being an old hand myself at anti-clerical propaganda, I feel it is about time someone came out openly with the truth about the Catholic Church, in English, in America. There used to be a good deal of blind abuse from Protestants, but that was worse than useless because it did not go to fundamentals and showed only vicious partisanship. I feel that your exposition will be rational and of the kind that has only been seen in foreign languages in the United States. I am somewhat disheartened by your doubts about the success of the enterprise. There is no reason why such a publication should not go big in this vast country. Please take the attitude that you will invade all schools and colleges, flood the nation."

Henry L. Mencken: "Christian Science is the theory that since the sky-rockets seen following a walloo on the eye are illusions, the walloo itself is an illusion and the eye another."

Heard in passing: "She just grewed like Topsy-Turvey."

Said by a $25,000-per-script scenarist: "Hollywood is the writers' Ethiopia."

Maurice Hughes tells of a Christian Science testimonial meeting, at which a man said that from childhood until he was a grown man, dogs were always biting him. After joining the Christian Science church he found that dogs no longer had the urge to bite him:

Heard in passing: "She's as pure as the driven slush."

Optician's advertising slogan: "If I can't fit you, you're ready to buy a dog."

His lordship's butler instructing a new colored servant, said: "When His Lordship rings for you you must answer by saying: "My Lawd, what will you have?" A while later, seeing the servant summoned, the butler listened in and heard: "My Gawd, what does yo' all want now?"

Harry Hopkins's Mississippi Valley face makes me think of the face of Clarence Darrow displayed back around 1910. The uncanny resemblance not only includes the eyes, mouth, nose, jaw and ears, but the forehead and the thinning hair. When Hopkins gets around to a Darrow picture the 1941 Hopkins face should guide the actor who has to do Darrow when he was in his prime. Walter Huston could play the part flawlessly."

Six-year-old girl to monkey: "Don't keep this penny. Give it to your daddy, who is playing the organ."

Lillian Symes tells of a classic incident which is said to have happened during the Cannon-Shachtman split in the Trotskyist-Marxian movement. Thundered Cannon to Shachtman: "You may have the intellectuals of the Party with you, Max, but I have the workers who think DIALECTICALLY."

Those who like screwballish stories will go for the one about the old Jew who attempted a riddle for a young fellow. "What is it that is green and hangs on a wall and whistles?" The young man gave up. Answer: "A red herring." Young man: "But it isn't green." Old riddler: "So you paint it green." "But it doesn't hang on a wall!" Old man: "There is some law you shouldn't hang it on the wall!" "But it doesn't whistle." "Nu," said the old man sadly, "it doesn't whistle."

An exiled Italian sent this birthday cable to Mussolini: "Many happy returns of the old days."

Fibber McGee's partner, Mollie, says: "When a man brings his wife flowers for no reason there is a reason."

Hitler to Mussolini: "Why can't you take Malta?" Mussolini: "Malta is an island, too."

Quotation from the works of the great, distinguished Mr. Anon: "Think-
Two frogs started squawking about their headaches. At last they decided to do something about it, so they sent a turtle for aspirin. After waiting six weeks one got discouraged enough to say: "We never should have sent that slow-poke turtle on such a hurry-up errand. He'll never get back." The turtle poked his head out of a bush and in a hurt voice said: "I heard that dirty crack, and just for that I won't go."

I'm not writing a Freethought magazine, or a Rationalist one, or an anti-clerical one. Now and then I'm in the mood to do a piece on Freethought, religion or the Black International, but I'm just as likely to go into a spasm of enthusiasm over a super market, some aspect of my farm, the nature and character of hogs, and the peculiar pronunciation indulged in by Father (of what?) Coughlin, who taught me to spell God Gawd. In short, this is a one-man show.

Two kinds who can't repeat the same mistake—virgins and parachutists.

A reader, just discharged from jury duty, tells me he and his 11 co-jurymen had found a man guilty of sodomy. The offender is in the penitentiary. The purpose of his letter was to find out what sodomy means. The jury had heard some $4 words from the bench, but they gave no understandable hint of what had happened. In the juryroom, not a member knew what the man had done, but found him guilty anyway.

Once, when Thomas Bailey Aldrich was editor of the Atlantic Monthly, his dog chewed up the manuscript of a poem. "How," Aldrich asked, "did he know it was doggerel?"

"Your Lincoln biography is so very American," someone once said to Carl Sandburg," to which the poet answered: "Yes, it's a book about a man whose mother could not sign her name, written by a man whose father could not sign his. Perhaps that could happen only in America."

People who show by their actions that they consider thinking unnecessary really mean thinking to them is impossible.

The greatest of all brain-softeners-smugness.

I like one of Carl Sandburg's early poems, a quiet and shadowed thing about the fog that "comes on little cat feet."

The reason I've long refused to take out a prophet's license is because I learned early that too many of us are given to the sloppy habit of prophesy-

Deacon Snodgrass to his grocery assistant: "Bring the scale." Clerk: "Which one? The scale for buying or the one for selling?"

The owner of a hash-house in a Kansas village types his own menus. Recently he advertised, "Stakes," "Beef," "Sawage," and "Sandwiches."

Voice in the art department of an advertising agency: "We are allergic to the word 'dummy.' We will make you a 'comprehensive' or a 'visual,' but not a dummy."

Some readers tell me I should try to be more dignified, but I don't know how to put on such a front. Maybe they can help me by pointing out my vulgarities and crudities. I'll try to polish them off and be like my friendly advisors. But then I'd be somebody else, and maybe that won't work. Perhaps I'd better go along being just myself, with a friendly farewell to those who don't like my brand of hash.

A night club entertainer once saw a bald-headed man walk into his place and yelled at him: "Didn't I put you into a side-pocket last night?"

Whistler had just got off a good gag, which moved Oscar Wilde to say: "I wish I had said that." Whistler: "Don't worry, Oscar, you will!"

A kosher restaurateur is handing out advertising buttons reading: "V-ate at Greenberg's."

Heard in passing: "He's the type of heel that can wear a high hat and still walk under a worm."

Rupert Hughes: "People will wear the strangest things or go nearly naked, if everybody else does."

Within a hour, I heard two radio voices pronounce it "ex-pee-ment."

A wife was caught kissing her husband in a public place. When chided, she replied: "If I don't give a kiss— he don't give a wrap."

"Valuable" and "invaluable" mean the same thing; so do "ravel" and "unravel."

W. C. Fields, beginning his second quart, was at a table in a Hollywood night spot when an unpopular actor walked over to his table. Fields groaned: "Gangrene has just set in!"

Wilson Mizner to a movie producer: "I've seen your pictures, and the heroes aren't on the screen. They're in the audience."

Noel Coward's description of a certain writer: "He's every other inch a gentleman."

Dorothy Parker, bored to death at
Questions and Answers

a week-end party on a country place, wired to a friend: "Rush loaf of bread — and enclose a saw and file."

Tallulah Bankhead, on a bad play: "There's less to this play than meets the eye."

Alexander Woollcott, on Oscar Levant: "There's nothing wrong with him that a miracle couldn't cure."

When Fritz Kreisler was hired at a steep price to fiddle at a party, he was told to remember he was just an entertainer and shouldn't mingle with the guests. Kreisler: "In that case the fee will be less."

Heywood Broun once wrote that a certain actor's performance was lousy, for which the ham sued him. Later, Broun reviewed the same actor's work again and wrote: "Mr. M.'s performance was not up to his usual standard."

Walter Winchell, asked if he had seen a certain big shot at a night club, answered: "No, but you'll recognize him immediately. He always sits with his back to the check."

Diapers are practical, but they never give dignity to the wearer.

Mark Twain: "Our Heavenly Father invented man because he was disappointed in monkeys."

When someone asked the late Lord Balfour why he didn't keep a horse and join hunts, he replied: "I do not see why I should break my neck because a dog chooses to run after a nasty smell."

"Heard in passing: "She and her husband read the pulps because they're studying to be morons."

A Frenchman (name unknown to me) described metaphysics as "the art of bewildering one's self methodically."

A filling-station attendant insists a woman asked to have fresh air put in all her tires. And fresh water for her batteries—that is, they were to be drained and new water turned in. Someone had been kidding her and she took the hint seriously. So the man deflated her tires and blew in new air, which, she insisted, would preserve the rubber. He talked her out of the battery deal.

Once, in conversation, I was asked if I think in words. I replied with an emphatic Yes, but soon had to add that this can't always be true, that we seem, at times, to think without words. I leave this subject with psychologists.

Robert Frost, poet: "I would just as soon write free verse as play tennis with the net down."

I still insist blueberry pie tops every kind of pie, including apple.

Havelock Ellis said that sex is "a trick of nature to perpetuate the race."

Proud father, passing out the cigars: "It's a boy. I want him to be a lawyer — not immediately, of course."

Eddie Cantor tells this one: A lunatic approached another who was scrawling on a sheet of paper. "Whatcha doin'?" "Writing a letter to myself." "What does it say?" "You must be crazy. I won't receive it until tomorrow."

A Cleveland girl broke off her engagement because her feller asked her to donate all her blood to Britain.

A Puritan conscience doesn't prevent a man from doing "sinful" things, but it leaves him with no pleasure in the experience.

A six-year-old unmarried lady got into a huff when her mother compared her school report to that of Johnny, a neighbor who made perfect marks. Miffed, the little girl exclaimed: "But you must remember, mother, Johnny comes from a family that's far above the average in brightness and intelligence."

Joseph McCabe, Golders Green, London, England: "I send herewith via air mail the Ms. for the second issue of 'The Black International.' The case is even stronger than I realized when I first began to plan the work and I am making the most of it. There ought to be a good circulation for the first 10 issues of this new publication. They will be crammed with strong, vital, germane, important material on questions of immediate significance."

Sign in a delicatessen: "Our Tongues Speak for Themselves."

Dr. Goebbels died and went to Heaven, where he found himself in third place in line at St. Peter's checking department. He heard the first soul tell St. Peter he had lied while living on the earth. "You'll have to run to Purgatory and back again as punishment," said St. Peter, as the soul dashed away. To the second soul, a more consistent liar, St. Peter said: "You'll have to run to Purgatory and back again three times as punishment."

When Dr. Goebbels came up for final inspection, the Nazi begged: "St. Peter, I wish you would let me go back to my world for a short visit. "Why?" asked St. Peter. "Because," said Goebbels, "I want to get my motorcycle and plenty of gasoline."

Ersatz food is accepted as a luxury item in Naziland these days. So is ersatz clothes. What causes Germans to gripe is when they have to put up with ersatz ersatz."

She was warned about her date—a notorious wolf. She was advised to be
especially wary when he invited her up to see his etchings. The next day she told her friends how mistaken they were. "He didn't say a word about etchings. I don't think he has any."

Sign in a ladies dress shoppe: "Women's styles change often—but their designs remain the same forever."

Furry-tongued and jaundiced Westbrook Pegler—the Donald Duck of American journalism.

A cartoon in Motor Age shows a conservative driver getting a taste of 'ricksha speed in the Orient. He yells to a cooie: "Stop going around these corners on one foot!"

Little anti-Semite to six-year-old Louis Plotkin: "You Jews killed our Lord." Louis: "That may be so, but I want you to know the Plotkin family had nothing to do with it."

George Jean Nathan says an optimist is a fellow who believes a house fly is looking for a way to get out.

Gregory Grant, Trenton, N. J.: "John Barrymore refused to memorize 'etymological ordeals' and not 'contemporary literary rubbish.' Are you pulling your punches or did the story reach you in the sissified version?"

Reader: "You put the thing neatly when you said the quickest way to become unpopular is to hold outrageously 'wrong' opinions and have the proof needed for their support."

Reader: "Why shouldn't sock sizes be the same as shoe sizes?"

Reader: "Why don't the British, while they're bombing Germany, seek out and pulverize that buzzard-roost, Berchtesgaden? Wouldn't that have a terrific psychological effect?"

Reader: "As to another of your miracles—that the evolutionary process quite unnecessarily and purposelessly spawned individuals with a nose that likes the scent of truth—you'll admit, will you not, that the breed is rare?"

Sign: "Protect the birds. The dove brings peace and the stork brings draft exemptions."

Bunk is big business.

Another I saw it with my own eyes item: words on the rear end of a transportation truck: "Pass quietly, driver asleep."

Heard in passing: "Virtue is its own reward—its only reward."

Bishop Beherbelch: "Free speech is a wonderful thing, and we are ready to die for it, but we must always see that it is used only by good and right-minded people."

The outraged and irate husband, gun in hand, rushed into the apartment, shot the inmates dead, looked around, and said: "So sorry—wrong floor."

There's a private in Fort Slocum named Solomon Solomon Solomon.

Scene: Department store, in which the First Lady is shopping. Salesgirl: "Name and address, please?" The First Lady: "Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, White House, Washington, D. C." Salesgirl: "What room, please?"

I am indebted to a reader for his thoughtfulness in sending me an amusing clipping from The Los Angeles (Calif.) Examiner, which tells of a telephone call received by Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz, in which he was told that a barbecue was being held at Lancaster, at which gambling equipment was being used flagrantly and profitably. Deputies, under the leadership of Biscailuz, raided the gathering, and a truckload of gambling devices was brought to headquarters. Later it was learned that the event had been sponsored by the Sacred Heart Community Barbecue, the aim being to make the gambling mechanism produce revenue for the sacred establishment operated by a Father (of what?) Somebody. Then came groveling apologies, with Sheriff Biscailuz saying (for publication): "It is an exceedingly regrettable affair. I have ordered a full and complete investigation to ascertain if there was a plot afoot to discredit the Catholic Church or the Sheriff's office."

To this was added a comment by Lieutenant Pete Sutton, of the Sheriff's vice squad, in which he insisted that "he saw no evidence at the time of the raid that the carnival was sponsored by the Sacred Heart Church." If he'd been told, he said, there would have been no raid. To this experienced and cynical observer it's plain that the Sheriff and the Sacred Heart Church have been taken for a ride by none other than cunning and devious Comrade Stalin. He may be busy in Moscow resisting Hitler, but he always has time to reach out to put the One and Only Church, and honest sheriffs, on the spot.

I'm not up on all the kinks of the strip-tease profession, so I was all ears when a leader in the art, Anne Corio, announced she was through and would return to the legitimate stage, where she'll have to get along with $600 per week instead of the $1,000 she was supposed to get as a strip-teaser. She explained, "Stripping's been prostituted. They even have strippers in restaurants now."

Abe Lincoln once got miffed over the tone of a business letter which asked about the worth of a man he knew, so he shot back with this witty
piece: "Yours of the 10th received. First of all, he has a wife and baby; together they ought to be worth $500-000 to any man. Secondly, he has an office in which there is a table worth $1.50 and three chairs worth, say $1. Last of all, there is in one corner a large rat-hole, which will bear looking into."

Edouard Heimann, in his "Communism, Fascism or Democracy": "Democratic liberty can never include the liberty to destroy democracy by organized slander or armed force."

When Abe Lincoln was a young lawyer he once closed an appeal that seemed too short to others, which moved him to make this remark: "I shall never be old enough to speak without embarrassment when I have nothing to say."

Buffalo Bill was egotistical about his modesty, of all things. He was heard to boast: "By Gawd, I'm a modest man, and I can PROVE it!"

When it comes to reading, I'm an eclectic.

Rossini, who knew his powers, liked to brag about the ease with which he wrote music. The man who could compose an opera in a couple of months, crowed: "Give me a laundry list and I'll set the thing to music."

Oscar Wilde landed in New York for a lecture tour and was met by customs officials, who asked him what he had to declare. "I have only one thing to declare," said Oscar, "my genius."

Philadelphia judge: "In this court the 'unwritten law' isn't worth the paper it isn't written on."

Arthur Garfield Hays, attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union: "The best way to do away with a bad idea is to let everybody discuss it in complete freedom."

A. Gluck, Detroit, Mich., sends in this tongue twister: "Whisky, when you are sick, makes you well; and whisky makes you sick when you are well."

Sign in a clothing store: "Our Tweeds Will make You a Tweedheart."

Good name for Isolationists: LIND-BUGS!

Popular slogan: "A tax now will save us from attacks later."

Percy Bysshe Shelley's voice, according to Thomas Love Peacock, who knew the poet well, "was not only dissonant, like a jarring string, but he spoke in sharp forths, the most unpleasant sequence of sounds that can fall on the human ear."

Fred Allen: "Last night I dreamed I drove downtown in my car, and all night long I kept moving around to different parts of the bed, so I wouldn't get a ticket for parking... "I like long walks, especially when taken by people who annoy me."

Neutral diplomat, after leaving Berlin: "Food shortages are terrible, except for one thing that grows more abundant by day and night. Thanks to the R. A. F. raids, Berliners are getting plenty of goose-flesh free, gratis and for nothing."

My 24 volumes of "Questions and Answers" are an omnium gatherum of anecdotes, epigrams, witticisms, humor, facts, opinions, discussions, reviews, comments, and articles on hundreds of subjects, if I do say so myself.

A Nazi called on his neighbor, and after numerous salutes and cries of "Heil, Hitler," asked, "Tell me frankly, neighbor, what you think of Hitler?"

The fellow turned pale, trembled and stammered. Nervously he led the Nazi down to the cellar where he rattled the furnace to keep his words from being overheard. After making the Nazi take an oath of secrecy, he whispered, "I like him!"

A Brooklyn, N. Y., judge owns a race horse named "Motion Denied."

Upton Sinclair is one of the politest and sweetest of men. Even when attacked unfairly he responds with love, humbleness and forgiveness. Always does he turn the other cheek. Once, while in New York, he found himself on a jammed street car, where he was forced to stand. At his side was a fat woman who weighed slightly more than an eighth of a ton. She was trying desperately to get her nickel out of a tightly-buttoned pocket that had been sealed against attacks by pickpockets. After the woman had pulled, jerked and tugged for some minutes, Upton Sinclair, smiling and helpful, begged her to let him pay her fare, but the woman rejected his proposal with asperity, after which she made a new attack on the pocket. After a few more minutes of this, Upton Sinclair said again: "Please, lady, let me pay your fare. You have already unbuttoned my fly three times."

Heard in passing: "A Scotchman spent his honeymoon at Niagara Falls alone because his bride had seen the falls."

Woman, explaining why she didn't like the new minister: "For three reasons: First, he read his sermon. Second, he didn't read it well. Third, it wasn't worth reading in the first place."

Bedroom engineering hits a new high in the movie capital, according
to this ad in The Hollywood Reporter: "For Rent—Uniquely furnished house in Wilshire district... Two bedrooms—accessible all studios."

Reader: "Rotary is a place where men meet, eat, burp and go back to the office."

Hitler may be killing off millions of Europeans, but he cheers Governor Heil of Wisconsin, who said, in a Milwaukee Junior Chamber of Commerce speech: "I'm glad there is a little scrap over there. They can't send over their cheeses any more, and now we're making it and selling it."

Oscar Wilde: "The only man to whom all schools of art are equally valuable is the auctioneer."

I want to quote a sentence from Kin Hubbard, whom Clifton Fadiman calls "a Hoosier Rochefoucauld" and ranks above Mr. Dooley: "Lafe Bud's Rolls Royce was stolen from in front of the County Poor Farm yesterday afternoon. He was visiting his mother."

Joseph Wood Krutch, professor of drama at Columbia University, calls attention to Dr. Samuel Johnson's notion that it's unwise to worry over the possibility that what a child has picked out to read might be above his head. Johnson concluded: "Babies don't want to hear about babies."

20 volumes of 'Questions and Answers.' I also enclose $1 for 10 trial subscriptions.

Reader: "A Chiropractor gets paid for what other men get slapped for."

Translating Joseph McCabe's dignified outline into Americanese: "The Black International" will give the record of the super-Coughlinites from soup to aw-nuts." But let me add that McCabe, despite his dignity, hits hard, for this is one subject that always energizes his reflexes.

A student of Chinese psychology tells about a coolie who was asked why he didn't oil a squeak in his wheelbarrow, to which he replied: "The squeak is cheaper than the oil."

According to Louis Fischer, writer on European affairs, the English censor doesn't pass all outgoing requests for food. The movie actress, Vivien Leigh, doing war work in London, received a letter from an American friend who asked if she needed any food. She answered: "No, but send us a bad actor."

Reader: "You may wax poetical over your esoteric Canadian Club, but for me the Scotch highball with its wee smoky flavor is a bonnie smooth nip for the thirsty."

Rupert Hughes: "The oaf who writes for posterity is mailing an anonymous letter in an envelope with no address on it."

Hope Hope: "The racing tip sheet I use unfolds into a pair of pants to be worn home from the track."

The late O. O. McIntyre: "Fred Allen sounds like a man with false teeth chewing on slate pencils."

W. C. Fields: "It's funny when something bends, but not when it breaks."

Fred Allen: "A silk hat is an undertaker's beret."

Emile Gauvreau, for years a Macfadden and Hearst tabloid editor, tells in his book, "My Last Million Readers," about Walter Winchell's illiteracy. One time Winchell referred to Zola as a "famed woman writer," and in another of his columns described Paris as "a seaport city." Readers of my 24 volumes of "Questions and Answers" will find scores of Winchell's amusing howlers. Editor Ganvreau, who discovered Winchell, says that when the Broadway hoofer first appeared in his office he impressed the editor as "a prodigy who, by some form of self-hypnosis, came to feel himself the center of his time."

Once, several years ago, I was served an old-fashioned sandwich made of slices of bread that hadn't had their crust cut away—and I liked it. The woman who served this old-fashioned bite was courting social disaster, but she seemed indifferent to her impending doom.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, when asked what she thinks of the increasing tendency of today's novelists to use so many 4-letter words not spoken in polite society, replied: "I did not know there were any words left that were not spoken in polite society."

Abraham Lincoln was seen one day walking by with his two small sons crying as though life had become unbearable for them. A neighbor asked what was the matter with the boys, to which Lincoln replied: "Just what's the matter with the whole world." "And what may that be?" the neighbor insisted. Lincoln: "I've got three walnuts and each wants two."

Hearts everywhere in Northern Illinois are bleeding for Farmer W. H. Sarver, who bares stark tragedy in his advertisement in The Rockford Register-Republic: "$25 Reward for Identity and Conviction of the person who turned a scrub Jersey bull in with my herd of 25 open heifers." Having tremendous respect and admiration for alley cats, common dogs, razorback hogs and other unsung and unhonored ordinary beasts, I want to add that stray scrub bull to my list of heroes. Would one of Farmer Sarver's registered bulls have
shown equal energy, resourcefulness, character, initiative, ambition, sticktoitiveness, devotion to duty, and physical prowess? That scrub may not look like an aristocrat but he acts like a conquering Caesar.

A. T. Alison, Paola, Kans., passes on these limericks:
I went with the duchess to tea,
It was just as I thought it would be.
Her rumblings abdominal
Were simply phenomenal
And everybody thought it was me.

A famous Congregational preacher
Said to the hen "you are a glorious creature,"
And the hen just for that
Laid two eggs in his hat
And the HEN REWARDED

BEECHER.

A lady who dwelt on the Niger
Went for a ride on a tiger.
They returned from the ride
With the lady inside
And a smile on the face of the tiger.

Col. Stoopnagle: "Itches is something
that when a recruit is standing
at attention his nose always."

The walls of a Berlin factory were covered nightly with anti-Hitler slogans. Tired of removing the inscriptions, angry Nazis wrote one day on the same walls: "You dirty cowards, why don't you do it in broad daylight?"
The next night the answer came: "Sorry, but during the day we're too busy marching and yelling with you fellows."

A recent cartoon shows two Economic Royalists with obviously high blood pressure engaged in fiery conversation. The aged wife of one of the animated conversationalists appears and warns: "Remember, Archibald, the doctor said you mustn't talk about Mr. Roosevelt."

Dr. Logan Clendening things it was the late Prof. George Lyman Kittredge who suggested that a few prejudices and a tendency to indignation stiffens a man's moral fiber. It proves he is a man of culture. Clendening ought to know. He's the splendid citizen who, after enduring too much of a riveting machine banging away for day's on end near his home in Kansas City, grabbed and ax and went after that WPA nuisance, doing $2 worth of damage to Uncle Sam's property, for which he spent several hours in the hoosegow. Now he insists that losing his temper was good for him and sets about to prove it in an article. Instead of always trying to control one's temper, one should let it loose now and then.

Dr. Clendening quotes Dr. J. Shelton Horsley's pamphlet, "In Defense of a Bad Temper," to show that losing one's temper doesn't cause apoplexy; it prevents apoplexy. Dr. Clendening adds: "You're mad anyhow, and your adrenal glands are pouring out secretion into your blood stream that raises your blood pressure. And if you keep quiet and coop it all up, something may bust. But if you explode, and let off steam, you use up the adrenalin, and your arteries are saved." Now, when you lose your temper because people warn you against losing your temper, you'll know you're on the right road.

Sinclair Lewis, receiving a dozen reporters, yelled to them, before they could ask him a question: "No, I don't know what t'hell this country needs.

While his marriage with Dorothy Thompson was still in working order, before the last election, he told the press: "I hope Dorothy is elected president. Then I can syndicate a column called "My Day.""

An old-timer came up to Abraham Lincoln after one of his campaign speeches and said: "Abe, that was a right smart speech, but there were some things you said in it that were outside my reach." Lincoln replied: "I'm sorry to hear that. I once had a dog that had the same trouble with fleas."

Joseph McCabe, lecturing in a museum a few years ago, turned to a mummy, which he described in order to bring out some point he had in mind about life in ancient Egypt. One of his listeners evinced keen interest in McCabe's discussion. "What's the name of that fellow?" he asked McCabe. "I prefer to name him an Egyptian mummy." "No, no, what's his real name? His everyday name, the name he was called by?" "Butch," McCabe replied, with mock gravity.

In a Peter Arno cartoon a referee is shown giving final instructions to two little fighters: "You boys know the rules. No low blows, no hitting in the clinches, break clean, and at all times keep your pants up."

George Bernard Shaw: "Youth is a wonderful thing. What a crime to waste it on children."

In his book, "Reason and Nature," M. C. Cohen uses a parable to illustrate a familiar problem in ethics: "Suppose that some magician came to town and offered us a magpie carriage having great conveniences, but demanded of us in return the sacrifice of 30,000 lives every year. Most of us would be morally horrified by such an offer. Yet when the automobile is actually with us, we can invent many ingenious arguments against the proposal to abolish it."

Weber, the gag man of the famous
team of Weber and Fields, opened their famous poolroom scene with this line: "Remember, now! Der one dot gets der money vins." In another scene Weber murmurs to the lady of his heart: "If you luf you like I luf me, no knife can cut us toggeder." ... Here are the opening lines Weber and Fields used for decades: Weber: "I am delightfulness to meet you!" Fields: "Der disgust is all mine!"

Emerson: "A hero is no braver than an ordinary man, but he is brave five minutes longer."


Slogan of a Michigan hotel: "REST ASSURED."

Heard in passing: "He's paying alimony, which, as you know, represents the high cost of leaving."

Hitler's New Order in Europe is intended to make the Continent a wonderful place—for Nazis.

Abe Martin: "Bein' optimistic after you've got everything you want don't count."

Shakespeare: "A few words aptly spelt together may foul or brighten any weather."

Edgar Wallace, the popular and prolific mystery-story writer who died in Hollywood a few years ago, once said this of his fellow writers: "There's so much nastiness in modern literature that I like to write stories which contain nothing worse than a little innocent murdering."

Edgar Lee Masters, Kansas-born Illinois poet who wrote "Spoon River Anthology" 26 years ago: "Beware of the man who rises to power from one suspender."

Donald Culross Peattie, Naturalist: "There's no certainty vouchsafed us in the vast testimony of Nature that the universe was designed for man."

Stefan Zweig, refugee author: "Wonderful things happen in history when the genius of an individual coincides with the genius of the times."

George Washington: "A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man that actions, not words, are the true criterions of the attachment of friends."

Fritz Kreisler: "In respect to violins I am polygamous."

Don Marquis: "So far as I can see, most of the people living in New York have come here from the farm to try to make enough money to go back to the farm."

A Kansas woman, visiting in the Arkansas Ozarks, encountered a group of children playing near a log-house. As she drew near, to her horror, she saw a razor-back boar grab a screaming child in its jaws and drag it behind the barn. Seeking help, she saw a small log cabin and dashing towards it found a huge woman pulling on a corn-cob pipe and surrounded by another equally numerous flock of children. Breathlessly she told of the tragedy she had just witnessed, asking if the victim might possibly belong to the family. The woman sprang to her feet, exclaiming: "Gawd's takes alive, I jest buzz to Pa only the other day somepin's bin a-ketchin' of our chilluns."

The smart places in New York are charging 85c and 90c for their drinks. What makes them smart? Here in dry Kansas the joints charge 15c for a highball. Yes, the whiskey in it is bad. For 25c you get better stuff. For 25c you command the best in sight, which, for all I know, may be the same stuff the smart N. Y. dunks use. In wet Missouri (at least in Joplin) an ordinary highball is 25c, but if you call for Canadian Club, the price is jacked up to eyebrow-lifting, comment-provoking 35c.

Before Hitler began his unprovoked war on the Soviet Union, The Daily Worker printed many cartoons showing "British Imperialism" (backed by Uncle Sam's Wall Street) punch-drunk for profits. At that time conservative papers like The New York Herald Tribune ran cartoons showing Russia as a big fellow with an immense beard, and labeled "Bolsheviki!" Now all that's changed. The Daily Worker labels John Bull and Uncle Sam as the "democracies," while papers like the Herald Tribune portray Russia as a huge bear. Cartoonists must always keep a sharp eye on their symbols.

Bishop Beerhelm: "I preferred Russia in the old days, when Moscow was called St. Petersburg, and you knew where you were."

Reader: "I'm proud and happy to hear that the Freeman's circulation is nearly 66,000. May the trend continue."

Hitler has established beyond debate that it's possible, at last, to exterminate the entire human race.

Sign over a bar: "Count yourself again, Big Boy, you ain't so many."

Mrs. Murphy's Irish priest had been transferred to another parish, and when she met one of his new flock she asked: "And how do yez like Father Dennis, Mrs. Flanagan?" "Ah, to be sure,"
answered Mrs. Flanagan, "he's a foine man; a foine man, but too bellicose." "Bellicose is it? Well, if that ain't queer. When we had 'im, he was as thin as a rail."

Dean Mumy, my farmer friend who cuts a straight furrow along Route 4, Girard, Kansas, sends for The Black International, and adds: "Good old Joseph McCabe! Reading him, after listening to the obscurantists, is like stepping from an outhouse into the fresh air. Religious superstition is by no means confined to Catholics and Fundamentalists. Some of our most liberal leaders are still living in the religious atmosphere of Moloch. For instance, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, writing in the October, 1941 Ladies Home Journal, defends the right of faith-healers to kill their children by denying them medical care."

Persian proverb: "At the foot of the candle it is dark."

W. C. Fields, one of my pet comedians, as quoted in Reader's Digest: "After two days in the hospital I took a turn for the worse."

Bishop Beberlich: "I have an open mind on authors and books." Voice: It's not only open, but vacant."

Reader: "Too many of us are a part of that strange race of people, aptly described as spending their lives doing things they detest to make money they don't want to buy things they don't need to impress people they dislike."

Mrs. Priscilla Prissy-Pratt: "Now it can be said. All this to-do about Padre Eskewski made me ill. After all, he was a foreigner who took special delight in playing for American audiences because they had the most money."

Bernarr Macfadden, when publishing the tabloid New York Graphic, once decided it was a nice idea to put this headline on a story about a Sing Sing execution: "Roasted Alive!"

Somerset Maugham, in his book, "Strictly Personal (page 216): "If a nation values anything more than freedom, it will lose its freedom; and the irony of it is that if it is comfort or money that it values more, it will lose that too."

Mr. Anon: The optimist sees the doughnut, the pessimist the hole."

Heard in passing: "He's on the Ways-to-be-Mean Committee."

Representatives of the Black International read every word of The Freeman, as I've learned from experience, so I'm sure they'll see this report and that it'll strike them as a new victory for Satan. At the time when the Black International is working full blast try-

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ing to suppress my publications and gag me, at the time when the obscurantists are winning several rounds in their fight against me, an order (accompanied by a fat check, mark you) comes from the American National Red Cross. Three thousand Little Blue Books and anew on their way to the British Red Cross, in Cairo, Egypt—a gift of the American office. Lest the Black International think that the Red Cross is distributing anti-God books let me add that the titles are all along the lines of entertaining jokes, stories, fiction, games, and the like. But all this won't set the Black International at ease. I'm looking for an editorial in the magazine of the Jesuits, America, or Father (of what?) Coughlin's Social Justice, in which the charge is made that the American Red Cross is now a front for Bolshevism.

A prospective Little Blue Book reader, who used a hard pencil on lined paper, asked for a "cattle log."

Salesman (beefing about taxes): "They tax everything, even the bare necessities of life, and after you get them they're not fit to drink."

A Chinaman moved into a wide-awake, busy neighborhood, where he opened a laundry. On one side of his establishment was a drugstore, which carried this sign: "We Never Close." On the other side was a restaurant with this sign: "Open at All Hours." Across the street, facing the Chinaman's laundry, was a filling-station, which advertised: "24-Hour Service." Next to that place was an undertaker, whose sign read, "Ambulance Always Ready." And right next to that was a garage, which had this sign: "Our Wrecker Goes Anywhere Anytime." So the Chinaman exhibited this sign: "Me No Sleepy Too."

A Montenegrin soldier was captured in 1914 by an Austrian officer. "Why do you poor Montenegrins fight us, anyway?" the officer asked. The soldier answered, "For bread. And why do you rich Austrians fight us?" "For honor," the Austrian replied proudly. "Well," commented the mountain philosopher dryly, "everybody fights for what he hasn't got."

Walter Winchell, some years ago, admitted he had read only two of Shakespeare's plays—"Romeo AND Juliet."

Albert Mordell, Philadelphia, Pa.: "I endorse fully your foreign policy attitude."

A Brooklyn Jew, in a hot argument with a Nazi: "When your German ancestors were still tearing their prey limb from limb, our ancestors already had diabetes."

David Reid, Medicine Hat, Alta, Cana-
da: "I am watching your magnificent fight against the powers of superstition and injustice and shall be pleased to cooperate with you in every way so far as I am able, for I am convinced that 'Christianism' is the barrier to all human progress."

Back in the days when robbery was a capital offence in England, Sir Nicholas Bacon had before him a culprit who pleaded for mercy on the ground that he and the judge were related. When he was asked to explain himself, the prisoner at the bar said that since the judge's name is Bacon and his is Hogg, and hog and bacon have always been considered akin, the court shouldn't send him to his death. "That is true," said Sir Nicholas Bacon, "but as hog is not bacon until it has hung, until you are hanged you are no relation of mine."

Bertrand Russell: "The defeat of Hitler is essential if civilization is to be preserved."

Story broadcast by BBC: Two Berliners met an attractively dressed woman while walking, and one of them called attention to the fact. The other: "Why shouldn't she be well dressed? Gown from Paris, hose from Belgium, shoes from Denmark, furs from Norway." The first: "What, nothing from Russia?" Grimly the other answered: "Yes, Mourning veil from Russia."

Bob Hope, writing about his schooldays: "I was a brilliant student; after four years in kindergarten my forehead was voted most likely to recede."

Popular wisecrack: "Alimony is taxation without representation."

Definitions of humor: Anne Evans: "Thinking in fun what we feel in earnest." Thackeray: "Humor is a combination of wit and love." Mark Twain: "The humorous story depends for its effect upon the manner of telling; it may be spun out to great length, and may wander around as much as it pleases and arrive nowhere in particular . . . bubbles gently along . . ."

Joseph Commins, N. Y. C.: "Humor is the great leveler; it is democratic; in its humility it rouses sympathy as well as laughter. There's liberty in a laugh. Voltaire saw about him his fettered fellow men; Voltaire's laughter helped to break the chains."

Waitress: "I recommend our boiled tongue and spinach." Patron: "No. My doctor told me never to eat anything that came out of an animal's mouth." Waitress: "In that case, we can substitute a hardboiled egg for the tongue."

Shooting right and left, a dope-crazed gangster rushed into a saloon, shouting: "All you dirty bastards get outa here." The customers all beat it except an Englishman, who stood calmly drinking. "Well?" yelled the gangster, waving his gun. "Well," remarked the Englishman, "there certainly were a lot of them, weren't there?"

W. C. Fields: "To hold a woman's love a man must be all things to her—father, mother, husband, Casanova, counselor, jackanapes, and bartender."

That old-timer in the Freethought movement, Rupert Hughes, says his whole attitude toward life was influenced by a professor of philosophy who kept telling his class that nothing was more important to a person's intellectual life and character than to learn the value of these two words: "Question everything."

Harry Thaw, on first seeing Rockefeller Center: "My God, I shot the wrong architect!"

Jim Tully says that once, while interviewing a famous movie director, he dropped the remark that no man should be ashamed of his background. "That's right," said the director, "I myself started out as a truck driver." Tully used this remark in his article. The director never spoke to him again.

That zany pair, Olsen and Johnson, in their show, "Hellzapoppin," add a line to Fred Allen's popular question, "What would you charge to haunt a house?" Johnson studies the question, then asks, dead-pan, "How many rooms?"

Dorothy Parker, writer: "A Bolshevnik killing a Nazi is worth more than an isolationist killing time."

Popular saying in China: "The sign of a good meal is a good burp."

In a taxi, the boy friend let his arm rest cozily on her shoulder while he gave her the famous build-up, "You have wonderful potentialities," he murmured. "I'm glad you think so," she replied, "but don't touch them: they're sore."

Kin Hubbard: "No one can feel as helpless as the owner of a sick goldfish."

Dr. Samuel Johnson: "Every man has a right to utter what he thinks truth, and every other man has a right to knock him down for it."

Elbert Hubbard: "If you lose in an argument you can still call your opponent names."

Popular wisecrack: "Italy is shaped like a boot and run by a heel."

Edmund K. Goldsborough, Washington, D. C.: "It is related that Edward Everett Hale was once asked by his son: 'Father, how can you pray for these politicians?' Dr. Hale, who at
that time was chaplain of the Senate, replied: "My son, I look at them and then pray for the country."

Notice posted on the wall of a Santa Maria, Calif., bar: "Give us your car keys and we'll give you the fourth drink."

Oscar Wilde: "One should always play fairly when one has the winning cards."

Robert Moses, New York's creative, intelligent and brilliant park commissioner, had this to say recently about Mayor LaGuardia: "I can't understand such antics as rushing to fires, where the mayor takes up space that might otherwise be occupied by a hook and ladder."

Popular wisecrack in British political circles: "The Duke of Devonshire dreamt he was speaking in the House of Lords—and woke up to find he was."

Father (of what?) Murphy, hearing confession, stops in the middle and shouts: "Young man, you aren't confessing—you're bragging."

Congressman, to witness: "Are you a $1-a-year man?" Witness: "No, I never receive the dollar." Congressman startled: "No? Then what do you live on?"

Virginia Woolf defined the daily press as history in the raw.

Henry L. Mencken: "Opera in English is, in the main, just about as sensible as baseball in Italian."

Never argue with a fool. Just say "Good morning," and pass on—but be polite about it.

Dr. Franz Boas anthropologist: "Nationality is irrelevant. All nations are mongrel."

Samuel Butler: "... a hen is only an egg's way of making another egg."

History's most melancholy lesson is that cannon and tanks are tremendous weapons against ideas and principles.

Heard in an advertising office: "If I were the advertising manager of the Bulova Watch Company I'd ask Congress for permission to put a wristwatch on the Statue of Liberty."

A poor man who's a bore is no problem.

They used to say of Calvin Coolidge: "He opens his mouth—and out flies a moth."

Despite his 87 years, a famous New York banker was still at his desk every day, and doing a profitable job. One day his lawyer brought him a list of the faults and vices of his 55-year-old bachelor son. "In addition to all this horsing around," cried the angry lawyer, "here's a half-million-dollar breach of promise suit just filed against him by a gold-digging blonde." The old father sat back in his chair, and laughed tolerantly: "Well, boys will be boys."

President Roosevelt is right when he builds his defense policy on the idea that this war will be decided by smokestacks.

If President Roosevelt's foreign policies win out there'll be freedom for all. If he fails, there'll be freedom for none.

Charles Lamb, on how he wrote one of his most charming essays: "I milked 20 cows to get the milk; but the butter I churned is all my own."

Nazi officer to his troops: "It just came over the Berlin radio that you have captured Siberia. Those are your orders."

An Irish Catholic in Boston was taken down with smallpox and demanded that his wife call for a Jewish rabbi at once as his illness was so grave that he felt he must have absolution. "Of course, Pat," said his wife, "if you want absolution you'll have it, but you want your own dear priest, not a Jewish rabbi?" "No, Bridget, not the priest. I want a Jewish rabbi. Do you think I want our priest to get the smallpox?"

Squire Perkins: "The older a feller gits the better his judgment gits, an' the more he enjoys his own company."

An R. A. F. flyer over Ulster one Sunday was compelled to bail out while within sight of Belfast. Landing with a sprained ankle, he groaned because his parachute had failed to open soon enough. His pious rescuer said, seriously: "You may thank God it opened at all, seeing that it is Belfast and on a Sunday."

Popular wisecrack: "Hitler, like Napoleon, will be lucky if he ends up with Elba room as his Lebensraum."

Adolf loves Charles Unter den Lindenbergh.

Percy Marks, in his novel, "Between Two Autumns," puts out a household hint that I pass on without comment: "The longer you cook cabbage the longer you'll burp."

Hitler's Minister of Propaganda, about to drown in a river, was saved by a boy. "How can I repay you?" Goebbels asked. "I'd like to have a State funeral," the boy answered. Goebbels, surprised, asked, "At your age? Why, you're not going to die that soon." "Sez you," said the boy; "Just wait till I get home and tell my father who I saved from drowning."

When the food shortage in Berlin
went from bad to rotten, this story went the rounds: "What's the difference between Gandhi's India and Hitler's Germany?" The answer: "Well, in India, one man starves for everybody; in Germany, everybody starves for one man."

When the Nazis plastered Austria with the slogan: "One Country, One Folk, One Fuehrer," ruined Vienna merchants changed it to: "One Country, One Folk, One Customer."

Before Hitler invaded Holland, a German and a Dutchman were standing on the border talking over the bad food situation in the Reich. "I hear it's so bad in Germany," the Dutchman said, "that you're even eating rats." "Ach, and were those rats good!" the German exclaimed reminiscently, "they're all gone, and Hitler is feeding us ERSATZ rats."

A panhandler walked up to Eddie Cantor and said, "Pardon me, but could I have 60 cents for a cup of coffee?" "But coffee costs only a nickel." "I know," answered the moocher, "but can I help it if I'm a heavy tipper!" . . . Cantor tells of a Hollywood producer who bought a scenario called "The Optimist." Calling his staff together, he said the title must be changed to something simpler. "We are intelligent," he said, "but how many of those morons in the audience are gonna know that an optimist is an eye doctor?" . . . And finally, Cantor's drunk who staggered into a swell night club one night and yelled, "When I drink, everybody drinks!" All were invited to the bars—musicians, waiters, and guests. All drank with him. When he finished his whisky sour, he yelled again, "When I take another drink, everybody takes another drink!" Once more all gathered around. They even brought in the taxi drivers, doormen, and several cops. When he finished that one, the drunk slapped a dollar on the bar and yelled, "When I pay, everybody pays!"

While fussing around in her old papers Priscilla came on some letters and a diary in which she found her grandmother invented "light meat" and "dark meat" in order to get around mentioning the breast of a chicken. She also taught her generation to ask for first and second joints in order to avoid chicken legs, the word legs being bannistered in polite society. And yet, by a strange coincidence, that was about when "Popeye's nose" was put into use by those who wanted a light, humorous name for the part of the chicken that goes over the fence last.

A young Kansas woman toured Eur...
across the barnyard and knocked hell
out of the peacock?" ... Mr. Robert-
son also passes on this venerable
toast: "To our wives and our sweet-
hearts, may they never meet."

Calvin Coolidge couldn't understand
why his wife took in practically every
recital in Washington. Once he said
to her, curtly: "I don't see why you
keep going to all those concerts when
we have five pianos right here in the
White House."

Irritated Hollywood director to his
cast: "This is the last time we do
this—if it takes all night."

After chewing tobacco for 65 years,
an 80-year-old man suddenly quit. As-
ed why, he replied: "I decided it was
a filthy habit."

Ernest Murray, Brooklyn, N. Y.: "On
learning of the refusal of the publish-
ers of The Pathfinder to carry your
advertisements, I promptly wrote
them a letter of protest."

Kin Hubbard: "We're all purty much
alike when we git out o' town."

"Uncle Ike Weeks, our popul'ar an' ac-
 commodatin' saddler, took his first
holiday in 40 years yesterday an' pick-
ed out a cemetery lot."

"The hardest thing is writin' a recommen-
dation fer some one we know."

"Ike Lark stopped in th' Strictly Cash Gro-
cery this morning; t' light his pipe an'
found th' proprietor leanin' o'er th' counter
dead. Th' coroner says he's
probably been dead a week or ten
days," ...

"Miss Fawn Lippincott took
th' train at Morgantown fer Bloomin-
ton t'day. She's gittin' t' be quite a
traveler an' kin now ride without buy-
in' a orange." ...

[Kin Hubbard, in
Clifton Fadiman's book, Reading I've Liked,]
Hubbard (1868-1930) worked for 29 years on The Indianapolis
News, part of which was spent on "The Say-
ings of Abe Martin." He was a skilled
paraphrager, but I'm not sure he was
better than E. W. Howe. Kin Hubbard
was strictly a cracker-barrel philoso-
pher, a class of writing that Howe
mastered early in his long career and
to which he added comments, opinions,
adorations, damnations and indigna-
tions in the fields of philosophy, poli-
tics, economics, history, morals, re-
ligion, and anything else that could
be squeezed through a typewriter rib-
bon.]

As my readers know, plenty of posers
pass over my desk. Here's the latest
one, from a Texas school teacher who
isn't bad looking and has intelligence
and personality far beyond the aver-
age. She's the kind who could get
married easily, if she weren't particu-
lar, but she fell in love with the wrong
person, and can't seem to forget him.
She isn't interested in men as men, or
rather, as husbands. She's interested in
them as means to an end—to put it
badly, she wants a baby, and she
wants her own. It's impossible to adopt
one if one's unmarried, unless one's a
movie star. Her idea is this: to be
strictly commercial about it, and for
an agreed sum, she would have some
healthy, intelligent fellow give her that
baby, no questions asked, and neither
to know the other's name. She lives
near an army camp, so it could be
done easily. If it occurred about the
time she wrote her letter to me the
baby would be born in August, 1942,
so that she would be ready to teach
in September. Then she asks me how
she could legally adopt her own child.
No one who knew her would be the
wiser and her yearning for mother-
hood would be satisfied. Where, she
asks, is the flaw in her plan? By this
device she would escape being an em-
bittered, frustrated old maid. This
double standard, she realizes, is unfair
to normal, vitally alive women, and
society forgets that such women have
emotional impulses. Or, goodness me,
is she being a brazen hussy? And I'm
to take over from there with a candid
opinion, with the admonition not, for
Pete's sake, to give her that cliche
about finding a good man and marry-
ing him. If she wanted that slush she'd
have written to Dorothy Dix or Kath-
leen Norris. Now, what does that Texas
woman think I am—a Spinoza, a Des-
cartes and a Spencer rolled into one?
I'm not a genius—just a hard-working
penman. At that, her plan looks all
right to me, except for the chance she
might get kicked out of her job. How
to get such a baby "adopted" by its
own mother is too much for my one
candlepower brain. She'll need a sym-
pathetic lawyer there, and that's a
big problem, too. Well, all I can say
is I wish her luck. She sounds like a
page out of Bernard Shaw.

A broad-beamed lady named Mrs.
Priscilla Priasy-Pratt, in a cartoon by
Helen E. Hokinson, asks the conductor
anxiously: "Does this ticket entitle me
to a hangover in Philadelphia?"

William G. Morse, in his autobiog-
aphy, "Pardon My Harvard Accent":
"Often you can hardly tell a professor
from a human being."

Note chalked on the wall of a Brit-
ish railroad station:
Gather ye rosebuds while ye may
For time brings only sorrow.
Girls you might have kissed today
May wear gas masks tomorrow.

Jean Meslier: "The less enlighten-
ment and reason men possess, the
more zeal they exhibit for their religion."

Two huge guards, armed to the teeth, brought a beautiful young white prisoner to the king of the cannibals.

"I think," said the potentate, "that I'll have my breakfast in bed this morning."

One businessman about another businessman: "All I know about that fellow is that he brags he landed in this country without a dime in his pocket—and now he owes more than $50,000—so I guess he's doing well!"

A football player arrived at the pearly gates, where St. Peter began giving him the check-up. Everything went along well until, near the end of the quiz, St. Peter finally asked: "Have you ever taken the Lord's name in vain?" The athlete thought a moment, then stammered: "Yes, I'm sorry to say I have." "When was it?" sternly asked the guardian of the gate.

"Well," the lad began, "it was this way. We were playing Notre Dame and it was late in the fourth quarter and they were ahead of us 6 to 0. I was in the backfield. The ball was on our own 5-yard line. Suddenly my signal was called. I cleared the secondary defense. An open field lay ahead of me. One chalk line after another slipped under my feet. I eluded the safety man and there was nothing between me and the goal line except five easy yards. Then I looked down and I said to myself: 'Well, for Christ's sake, where's the ball?' St. Peter, stared at him speechlessly. Finally he found his voice and in loud tones cried: 'Well, for Christ's sake, where WAS the ball?'

Alphonso, King of Naples, had a court fool who entered all the stupidities committed by his superiors in a large notebook. One day the king entrusted a large sum of money to a Moor in his employ with which to travel to Arabia and buy horses. The fool jotted this incident down in his books. Idly thumbing its pages shortly after, the king saw the entry and asked the jester to explain. "Well, Sire," began the fool, "it was monstrously stupid to give a man so much credit—""And if he does come back?" asked the monarch. "Then I'll cross out your name and put his there instead!" was the fool's reply.

Josef Terboven, the Nazi commissioner in Norway, clarifies Hitler's policy of terror with the following pronouncement: "It is a matter of indifference to Germans if some thousands or perhaps tens of thousands of Norwegian men, women and children starve and freeze to death during this war." We knew it all along, but one can't suppress surprise each time it's repeated in words or deeds.

Mr. Ginsberg overheard two men talking about Hitler. Said one: "After all, Hitler's own worst enemy." Mr. Ginsberg bounced up and yelled: "Not while I'm alive!"

A cynical reader submits this:

Love is like an onion, you taste it with delight—
But afterwards you wonder whatever made you bite.

Wm. E. LeLong, Marcellus, Mich.: "I have been reading Joseph McCabe's writings for the last four years and he is still instructive and interesting. Someone once said, 'McCabe always fights back.' That is what I like about him."

Dr. Sigmund Freud neatly punctures aristocracy with this story: The Roman Emperor Augustus, touring his realm, saw a man in the cheering crowds who bore a marked resemblance to himself. He stopped the royal chariot and had the man summoned. "My man," he said, "did your mother ever work as a servant in the Royal Palace?" "No, sire," said the man, "but my father did."

Ray Robertson, Oshkosh, Wis.: "Your comments on Robert Collier were a masterful understatement."

Katherine Brush: "Charles Dickens missed a bet when he didn't use 'scrimmage' as a surname for a character."

I prefer this spelling: maneuver.

I never use the word "restaurateur" without wondering what became of the "n."

Give President Roosevelt's foreign policy the whole-hearted support it deserves.

He: "Do you dance?" She: "Oh, certainly, I love to." He: "That's better than dancing."

Heard in passing: "He has that certain nothing."

Whenever I see Harry Hopkins' picture I think of Clarence Darrow when I first met him in Los Angeles shortly after the McNamara incident. Then I think of Walter Huston and say to myself that I'd have him play the part of Darrow in one of these biographical movies. Then my mind switches to Bertrand Russell, who (the suggestion comes from Clifton Fadiman) looks like Voltaire, which is accurate, and then Fadiman spoils it by saying this doesn't mean a lot because Henry Ford also looks like Voltaire. Now let me tell you something about myself. I've been taken for Edward G. Robinson several times, once at a bar, where a stranger
bought me a drink and then went into raptures over the way I played the part of Little Caesar, an Al Capone character. I glanced at myself in the mirror behind the bar and thought there was some resemblance, but insisted to myself that my mouth is much more beautiful. Robinson's lips look like a couple of generous slices of liver. Once I went out with a blonde who looked like Greta Garbo. Ten years later I went out with her again and someone thought she looked like Greer Garson, which means we all look like somebody else. There's truth in that observation, even if it's pointless.

Reader: "Washington's most popular wisecrack goes like this: 'Willkie is the only man in America who lets failure go to his head.'"

Wife (who's working out a budget): "From now on I want you to cut out only one half lumps of sugar in your coffee." Husband: "What's wrong with putting in just one whole lump?" "It sounds more economical my way."

Squire Perkins: "My, my, what a world!—here today an' here tomorrow."

Josh Billings: "The trouble with most folks isn't so much their ignorance as knowin' so many things that ain't so."

John Locke: "It is one thing to show a man that he is in error, and another to put him in possession of the truth."

Thomas C. Haliburton: "Some people have a perfect genius for doing nothing, and doing it assiduously."

Slogan for Father (of what?) Coughlin: "Make hate while the sun shines."

Agaton Edmiao, Cagayan, Misamis Oriental, Philippine Islands: "I have read your 20 volumes of Questions and Answers. They are helpful, informative and instructive, I like The American Freeman."

Joseph McCabe has been telling Freeman readers about the abysmal rumblings in his inards. In one of his short notes (this one came pinned to a Ms. for an issue of "The Black International," he tells about the craving for an onion. Why? Just to make dishes palatable, in short "to give an air of versimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative." Maybe we'll all get around to the Chinese idea that the real purpose of meats should be to flavor vegetables.

W. C. Fields, who lives next door to Cecil De Mille's Hollywood home, was asked once if he saw De Mille often, and answered: "No, Mr. De Mille is a highbrow and I'm a bum—they don't mix."

Complaint by a girl student at the University of Kansas: "I come here to be went with and I ain't yet."

Several vacationing schoolteachers put out this sign: "Bored of Education."

Squire Perkins: "Hope makes you bite off more'n you kin chew, an' then fear sets in an' makes you choke tryin' to swallow it."

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, in the Ladies Home Journal, answers a reader's question on the reason her husband is always so friendly to Jews, as follows: "He looks upon people as people, regardless of their race, religion or color. The First Lady's answer couldn't be improved on.

Lord John Russell: "A proverb is one man's wit and all men's wisdom."

Mark Twain's Pudd'nhead Wilson observed: "It's difference of opinion that makes horse races."

But Bernard Shaw, invited to a track, refused to go, asserting he'd long known that one warty-legged oatburner was capable of outrunning another mash-muncher and that he intended to waste no time seeing it demonstrated again by a lot of cowhocked splayfeet, bran-bottlers, oat-bruisers and tail-wavers.

Heard in passing: "He's so self-important he gets a thrill whenever he sees his name in the phone book."

Jesse M. Lillenthal, in his book, "Horse Crazy," tells of characters who have gone in for "systems" to win on the galloping and charging pegasus. Some risk their shirts on dreams, some pretend they depend only on logical, scientific analyses. Some turn to astrology and others prefer numerology. Then there are visions, hunches, tips. One character who had 'im a system was reminded his theories had never paid out after years of costly experiments, but instead of being discouraged the goof blandly insisted that even Galileo had to work a long time before he won success.

Dr. Sandor Ferenczi, the psycho-analyst, tells a story about a European aristocrat who, while eating in a restaurant, was approached by an acquaintance who asked about his health. "Umph," growled the Count. "And is the Countess in her usual good health?" "Dead."

"That's sad. It was a blow to your daughter?" "She's dead."
"But your son?" "Dead! Everybody's dead when I'm eating!"

Fascist: "Why do you keep on looking at me as if you wanted to eat me?"

Jew: "Don't worry. My religion forbids me to eat swine."

A studio gagster: "The typical Hollywood triangle consists of an actor, his wife and himself."
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor: I'm glad to hear you're still young enough to renounce a stolid habit occasionally. To be able to come to so nearly final and definite a decision about the unluscnousness of pickled pigs knuckles and the futile inanity of straw hats is evidence of more than a blind man's perspicacity and a milk-sop's power of will. First thing we know, you'll be telling us that you've decided to keep away from the insidious solace-weed. Or that your radio has taken on a new resonance since you've fired out of the window that evil-demon bottle that used to stand in its innards. But I hope things won't go so far that I can no longer concur with considerable assurance in H. L. Mencken's trust that you're still full of good health and sin.

I read with interest your dissertation on the finer esthetics of cigar smoking. The advice seems like it ought to be mighty good—for cigar smokers. To me it sounds suspiciously like it might be put in the same class as cold pigs knuckles and straw hats.

Incidentally though, I long ago came to the same conclusion as you about pigs feet boiled well done, and served with plenty of salt; that's a dish fit to pad the ribs of any king. And before I get too far away from the two trivalities that set off this train of talk, I might remark that Pana Robin might have done much worse than merely make a deposit on a new car: in ripe mulberry season he might have made it on a new straw hat.

Apropos what you call a modern miracle (that so many have learned to read) it might be added that if in the process of working that miracle we had found a way of increasing proportionately the number of those who can write—instead of merely committing verbal hanky-panky—we might have a larger proportion of those who can think. But, in order to learn to write, obviously the writers would have had to learn to think first.

Then there's that other miracle about every generation taking over everything the previous generation knew, and then building on it. To me it's a still greater miracle—of fatuousness now—the way every generation takes over, and builds on too, a lot of things the previous generation only thought it knew.

As to railway artillery, it's about 20 years now since those guns seemed to me the invention of a dim-witted mechanic who could never hope to grasp even the rudiments of what was needed—one of those crack-pois, for instance, who'll fritter away a fortune and a lifetime without even faintly perceiving the inherent impossibility of a perpetual motion. Besides lack of stability and all the difficulties that that entails there's the virtual certainty that there wouldn't be rails where such a gun might be needed. And in present-day warfare one doesn't have time to build railroads; indeed one doesn't have time to turn around smaller field pieces that have to be towed to the scene of action hind end first—not to speak of several additional unlimbering movements after you've got them pointing at the enemy. That's another weapon that I'll doubtless be clung to until its retention leads to no one knows how many ignominious defeats. We should have started long ago to melt them down and convert them into guns that go forward, pointing forward, on their own power. And as you point out, certainly the airplane should be exploited for all that it's worth. It seems pitiful that civilians should have to talk up matters as elementary as this after a crisis develops. If our military leaders had been on the job they'd have had the plans and specifications for all these new arms ready for immediate execution the moment an expansion was authorized; they wouldn't have to be driven by an aroused citizenry to their belated and reluctant acceptance. All of which suggests that maybe it would be a good idea if all of us took a bit more interest in such matters and that we insist that steps be taken at once to insure that the armed forces be kept more alive in the future through a fairer system of training and promotion of officer personnel.

Maplewood, Mo.                     C. A. LANG

Editor: In the August, 1941, issue, you answer satisfactorily Mr. Phillips's question about the silence of the Jewish press on Ford's anti-Semitic activites since 1927, but you do not account, except in vauge and general terms, for the attitude of the three national Jewish organizations, namely, the American Jewish Congress, the Anti-Defamation League, and the American-Jewish
Committee. The last is by far the most important in the field, with an executive committee of over 50 of the most prominent Jews in the country. It was to the Chairman of this committee, the late Louis Marshall, the famous constitutional lawyer, that Ford addressed his letter of retraction and apology of June 20, 1927, which is a landmark in the history of anti-Semitic agitation in this country.

Perhaps a clue to the strange conspiracy of silence may be found in the following. (In matters of this kind the method to be followed when you want to get at the truth, seems not “Cherchez la femme” but “Cherchez le contribuant!”) He who pays the piper calls the tune. In recent years the largest contributor to the Committee has been Mr. Henry Ittelson, Chairman of the Board of the giant Commercial Investment Trust, which does a business of considerably over a billion dollars a year. Now, what are Mr. Ittelson’s business interests? Have they any bearing on the question to which we are seeking a satisfactory answer?

The most profitable unit of the C. I. T. (as it is generally known in Wall St.) is the Universal Credit Corp., the business of which is the financing of Ford cars and trucks. The fewer Ford cars are sold, the smaller the business of the Universal Credit Corp. According to Moody’s Manual of Banks, Insurance Companies, etc. 1930 edition, pages 994 “In May 1933, Company (i.e. C.I.T.) acquired from the Ford Motor Co., control of its financing company, Universal Credit Corp. This company specializes in financing of Ford dealers. Com. Inv. Trust now owns the entire and preferred stock of Universal Credit Corp.” A boycott of Jews of Ford cars would hit the C. I. T. very hard. It was the fear of just such a boycott that led to the abrupt discontinuance of the “Dearborn Independent” articles in 1921, according to E. G. Pipp, the first editor of the Ford weekly. You can see now why it is all-important for Ford and the C. I. T. to keep from the Jewish public any knowledge of Ford’s continuance of his anti-Semitic activities, especially of his circulation of the “Protocols of the Elders of Zion,” and to give the impression that he had dropped the campaign when he gave his famous letter to Marshall in 1927. This suppression has given the general public and the Jewish public in particular, the impression that Ford’s ignorance had led him into a grievous mistake, but that his error having been pointed out to him, he had made handsome amends and had washed his hands of the dirty business of spreading forgery and

venom. This impression is deeply implanted in the minds of nearly all Jews, at least in the large centers of population. You and others have shown that this impression is totally false. Here is eminently a case of “Supressio veri suggestio falsi.”

This may not be conclusive evidence that check-book reasons are at the bottom of the A. J. C. silence, but it is, I submit, a lead worth following.

Note that Mr. Philip Haberman, the Vice-President and General Counsel of the C. I. T., is the most active figure in the affairs of the Anti-Defamation League, Chairman of its Executive Committee and a large contributor.

As to the American Jewish Congress, I cannot even hazard a guess at the reason for its silence.

Jersey City, N. J.

R. L. NEWMAN

Editor: Recently there has been a crusade against the selling and publishing of books which certain people don’t like. The following is an imaginary scene in a courtroom, expressing the opinion of the writer if he were faced with such a situation.

Scene: Courtroom.

Judge: (to prisoner before the bar): What have you to say before sentence is passed on you?

Prisoner: Your Honor, I have just been convicted of selling a book and I stand before you facing a possible sentence of $5,000 fine and five years in prison. Anyone looking at my situation objectively would not believe that we were living in the 20th Century. There is the crime in the selling of any book, regardless of what that book contains. It may deal with the most nauseating details of sexual conduct and describe things that might even be revolting, and though I myself would not approve of such a book, I cannot for the life of me see how selling it can be construed as a criminal offence. Every day, throughout the length and breadth of this land and in all countries on the face of the earth, all forms of revolting sexual conduct and sexual perversions take place.

The book for whose sale I was convicted, and for which a sentence of $5,000 fine and five years in prison hangs over my head, is a literary work requiring a great deal of intelligence to read and understand. That intelligence alone fortifies the person from being corrupted by its reading. This book apparently is being condemned because it contains words and expressions often used by street urchins. If here and there throughout the volume there are passages that deal with the intimacies of sex on the darker side, as some might say, I do not believe...
that a single person could be corrupt-
ed (in the legal sense of this word) by reading it. If you think that there are some things in this book which are not in good taste, there are many avenues of expression which one can condemn as being in bad taste, such as bathing suits, decollete gowns and an injudicious use of cosmetics. But these are not crimes! I cannot help but recall at this moment that when plate glass windows were first intro-
duced by department stores, a bill was introduced into the State Legislature—
and came very near passing—to pre-
vent the display of women's underwear on the grounds that such a display would produce libidinous thoughts.

Then again, I believe that the pub-
lisher of a book has the same right to be protected by the law governing the freedom of the press as newspapers and periodicals. And I say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that many of our newspapers and many of our magazines publish articles, cartoons and pictures, equally or perhaps more reprehensible (from the legal point of view) than anything which this book contains.

You ask what I wish to say before final judgment is passed upon me. It is this: the time has come when this medieval form of brutality based upon antiquated laws promulgated by bigo-
try, hate and ignorance, should be re-
pudiated.

F. A. REMINGTON

Editor: As a circulation booster, sug-
gest to subscribers that they enter the names of boys they know in camps; it makes an interesting and inexpensive gift and will give them some "meaty" reading matter rather than the pulpy stuff usually consumed.

Newark, N. J.

S. S. NEISS

Editor: You will know that we have had a rest from bombing. In fact, London has nearly forgotten the sound of the siren and anti-aircraft guns and looks as bright and cheerful as any Summer. Here in Golders Green, London, we have got off comparatively lightly—about one house in 500 down, though it was creepy to have the Ger-
mans passing over us every night for hours—but in town it is like butter-
flies fluttering around an old ruin to see all the Summer frocks passing in the empty spaces. I believe the brutes had a plan to annihilate central London (East, roughly corresponding to Man-
hattan from the Battery to Times Square). Near the cathedral an area about a quarter of a mile each way is all down. I had to smile as this in-
cluded the richest collection of religi-
ous publishers and religious book-
stores in the world (Paternoster Row,

However, you have probably seen pictures of all that. People here greatly appreciate the way America is de-
manding pictures and admiring our pluck. It really has been great, but unless you see it if you can hardly realize how quickly human behavior gets adjusted to these things. I have

stood in the street of a working class district during a day raid with crowds of women and children watching and laughing at five squadrons of raiders coming on. The other day I noticed two little girls of about 10 or 11 saying goodbye after school. "See you to-
morrow," one says gaily, "if we're still alive."

Fortunately the general health is excellent. Restriction of meat and a few other things has done them good. Food is really plentiful, but its distribution is full of small and large corruption. Every shopkeeper has his favorites (possibly bribes), and the middle-men are sharks. There is a whole new brood of them.

It is funny to hear the politicians (even Labor—a very poor lot) always when they mention—Russia, beginning with, "Of course, there is a great deal we detest, etc." The fools, the Russian system makes impossible the petty corruption, graft, old-school-tie busi-
ness, etc., which clog our national ef-

Fortuna the coming in not only saves us but it is a world-event. Every lie about it is being torn up. People are beginning to realize that if the People would make a bold move this Summer, Germany would probably col-
lapse before the Winter. Just this morning my daily (News-Chronicle) in a strong article by its leading editorial writer warns the government that "citizens of every class, condition, and party" are "growing exasperated at what they regard as the supine pas-

sivity of our General Staff." I have a faint hope they may move but fear there is too much of "let Germany and the Bolsheviks wear each other out." Some may be in for another Winter's savagery—it is terrible for the poor and workers. They have suf-

ered horribly, and magnificently. I'd like to see a fat civil and military folk in their places.

Marcel's death was announced in my papers. I am very sorry. I had a high regard for her. I hope your daughter, and my friend, Alice, is doing well. Personally I am in better condition than ever—perhaps because I can no longer afford beer (wine disappeared 18 months ago)—and have never seen the inside of an air-raid shelter. A
few weeks ago we had a shower of incendiaries. One bumped off my roof into the street and I went out in my slippers to put my sand-bags (two to each house) on it and returned to my Western novel.  
JOSEPH McCABE  
Golder's Green, London, England  
Editor: I usually take your statements at face value, but I must discount some of them in your October, 1941, Freeman.  

Doubtless automobile drivers could save gas by slowing down a little, but 20 percent is entirely too high an estimate. And the statement that one loses 6.2 miles per gallon when he increases his speed from 40 to 60 miles per hour is a gross exaggeration.  

A few years ago I made a 5,400-mile drive. Much of the time I drove at 50 miles. In fact I tried to make that the minimum speed on good roads. When conditions warranted I drove at 60. My average mileage for the entire trip was 19 per gallon of gasoline. The car I drove would not have given more than 21 miles under the most favorable condition. Of course, I will admit my test was not truly scientific. I did not measure the gasoline myself. It is possible that some of those service stations down in Arkansas slipped me an extra gallon now and then without charging for it. I say it is possible, but you will agree that it is not probable.  

Brentwood, Md.  
ELMER C. HELM  
Editor: You might tell the inquirer that I have not been just sitting twiddling my thumbs all these years, or giving all my time to the Federated Press. Last year I had a reference book published, "Who Was When? A Dictionary of Contemporaries," which is now in its second edition; and in November a book of biographical studies, "They Were San Franciscans," will appear. I also had a book of poems published in 1939, "Children of Sun." I have not in recent years done so much magazine work as formerly, but I was the chief contributor to three massive literary-biographical dictionaries—"British Authors of the 19th Century," "American Authors 1600-1900," and "Twentieth Century Authors," which is not out yet.  

I may add that I am not a numeromaniac, and don't want to claim any knowledge I don't possess. I did have a good deal of material collected on the subject, all of which I put into the little book for you, but I am anything but an authority, and hope nobody will consider me as such.  
Thank you for publishing my letter about Maynard Shipley, and the list of his works. It means a great deal to me whenever I have evidence that he is not yet forgotten.  
MIRIAM ALLEN deFORD  
San Francisco, Calif.  
[Editor's Note: In addition to the Ms. "How to Value Old Coins," which I wrote about last month, Miss deFord delivered another booklet, for early publication, entitled "How to Write for the Labor Press." The able, informative, gifted M. A. deF (the adjectives aren't merely polite chatter) has, for two decades, been among my best authors. One thing I like about her copy is its meticulousness. An overworked editor hates to settle down to a sloppy, jumbled, careless Ms. Miss deFord's copy is so clean I don't have much to do except mark it up for style of type, etc. Beginning authors would be lucky if they could get a look at one of her workmanlike manuscripts.]  

Editor: Did you ever stop to think of the impossibility of finding the Nazi version of Hitler's origin and ancestry? In all the publications available in this country that treat of his birth and the environment into which he came, it is said that his father was the bastard son of a peasant woman named Schickgruber and an itinerant miller or farm worker whose name is never given. Hitler's father did not change his name from Schickgruber to Hitler until he was over 40 years old. Being illegitimate, he took his mother's name. The Nazi party and the government have destroyed every bit of evidence deserving on this point that conflicts with their mythical version, but there are enough reliable witnesses and enough testimony has been saved to prove to any impartial judge that the paternal grandfather of the Fuhrer was a Jew, whose mistress for several years had been the Schickgruber woman, known to have been notorious ly promiscuous in her favors after she ceased being the man's mistress.  

This is the explanation of the enigmatic sentence in Rauschning's "Voice of Destruction," that "if the Nuremberg Laws were strictly enforced, Hitler himself could not claim to be an 'Aryan.'" Our licksplittle foreign correspondents who have written about the German deity have carefully avoided mentioning the above, known to nearly every well-informed person in Germany and especially in Austria. A Dr. Bloch, of Linz, Austria, who treated Hitler's mother for years free of charge (and incidentally esteemed her highly) could indicate ample sources for evidence that Hitler's paternal grandfather was Jewish. This explains...
why, in his youth, Hitler was twitted by his playmates as "a Jew boy" (see article by George Adams in the N. Y. Mirror, April 18, 1939), Adams says it was probably because his mother was befriended by Jews, but this is erroneous.

N.Y.C.  

OTTO SCHOEING

Editor: Agnosticism is a lazy or a man's way of facing an intellectual issue. The God idea has been discussed for thousands of years, and if the Agnostic cannot reach a decision after all this time as to whether there is or isn't a god, he is more sluggish in making up his mind than the dull-est Theist. The Agnostic thinks he is acting the part of a conservative or careful thinker by reserving judgment. "You know," he cautions, "we haven't been on any planet but the earth, and we don't know everything." On this principle alone, he should never deny or disbelieve anything, since anything may be true, from talking snakes to cows that jump over the moon.

Clearly, if one must be an Agnostic on the question of God because he doesn't know everything, then he should also be agnostic on whether or not angels dance on the point of a pin, since he hasn't examined every pin.

The Agnostic position is absurd. Imagine an Agnostic, on being asked if he believes in the existence of witches, replying, "I neither affirm nor deny. I wait for evidence." Imagine him again, on being asked, "Do you believe in Jack Frost?" giving the reply, "I suspend judgment. I want to be on the safe side." Or yet again, on being asked, "Is there a Santa Claus?" making the reply, "I don't know; I neither affirm nor deny; I still hang up my stockings."

The Agnostic who denounces the Atheist for being dogmatic is dogmatic himself. He never hesitates to deny the existence of a personal devil, of a Heaven and a Hell, of satyrs, demons, and imp's. He will tell you dogmatically that purgatory is a fraud, that mermaids do not exist, that Jesus never rose from the grave, that the sun never stood still at the command of Joshua. He is never at all hesitant on these questions, but still likes to keep an "open mind" on the existence of a Ghost.

N.Y.C.  

WOLSEY TELLER

Editor: I have been a long and ardent reader of The American Freeman and appreciate the great effort you have been doing in the cause of Rationalism and freedom of thought. People of your sort are rare to find and the task they undertake is extremely difficult. They do not belong to the crowd and though their work ultimately helps to make this world a little bit better, these people have to carry on a struggle during their whole life time. They get little sympathy from the world and their circle of friends is not large.

Kirloskarvadi, India S. V. KIRLOSKAR

Editor: You considerably mar your great work by your ill-conceived antagonism towards what I believe to be the last word in democracy as promulgated under the Constitution of U.S.S.R.

It so happens that I have been working with you, without your knowledge, for the same cause since the days of The New York Call and the Appeal To Reason, and it grieves me to see that you slipped deplorably. Make amends, like a Bigamist, courageously and dialectically before you are engulfed in pseudo-radicalism in respect to advanced economics and political science.

Hammond, Ind.  

D. L. ORLOW

"Walter Winchell, broadcasting Aug. 31, 1941, spoke of rumors that Hitler was 'fighting for Catholicism.' Absurd, said Winchell; hadn't Hitler crushed several Catholic countries—Poland, Belgium, France, etc.? To be sure. And although Walter knows it, of course he couldn't mention that Hitler did so with the hearty cooperation of leading Catholic statesmen in most of those countries, particularly in France."—W. Matthews, Wilmington, Del.

Editor: As a Socialist since 1904, I want to congratulate you on your attitude towards Uncle Joe Stalin. I agree with you when you say, "As long as Stalin continues to fight the Nazis I'm for him." We can't always be right, and I think you are beginning to see why Joe had to use the tactics he did. I have always been an admirer of Joe's leadership, considering the material he had to work with and the conditions he had to face. Remember, Joe had the English upper-crust to deal with. With Roosevelt's help the two could clout that lousy Nazi bunch down and really bring this old world out of the kinks.

Naples, Ida.  

J. W. WILSON

Editor: I always liked what Brander Matthews wrote about our beloved Mark Twain: "... a liberal humorist, handling life seriously and making his readers think as he makes them laugh." I think this is also true of the editor of The Freeman.

Detroit, Mich.  

A. GLUCK
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25th Series

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

E. Haldeman-Julius