First Series

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

E. Haldeman-Julius
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Questions and Answers

So, Mr. Editor, the Blackintern press would have it that you are a "divider of unity" because you are printing unpalatable facts and opinions about the evils of Catholic-Fascism. Let me suggest that you give your readers the three quotations I am enclosing, all of them valuable in this hour of attack. I don't remember having seen them in your volumes of "Questions and Answers," but even if you've used them before, it won't do any harm to print them again. Congratulations on your good-humored attitude throughout this trying period of abuse and misrepresentation by a group of the cleverest smears in all history, the gauletiers of the Black International.

The first quotation is from Thomas Jefferson's first inaugural address:

"Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."

The second is taken from John Milton's "Areopagitica":

"There be who perpetually complain of schisms and sects, and make it such a calamity that any man dissents from their maxims. ... They are the trouble-makers; they are the dividers of unity, who neglect and permit not others to unite those disinterested pieces, which are yet wanting to the body of truth. To be still searching what we know not by what we know, still closing up truth as we find it (for all her body is homogeneal and proportional), this is the golden rule in theology as well as in arithmetic, and makes up the best harmony in a church; not the forced and outward union of cold and neutral and inwardly divided minds."

The third is from Rosa Luxemburg's "The Russian Revolution":

"Freedom only for the supporters of the government, only for the members of one party—however numerous they be—is no freedom at all. Freedom is always and exclusively freedom for the one who thinks differently. ... Only unobstructed, effervescent life falls into a thousand new forms and improper, brings to light creative force, itself corrects all mistaken attempts. ... Without general elections, without unrestricted freedom of the press and assembly, without a free struggle of opinion, life dies out in every public institution, becomes a mere semblance of life, in which only the bureaucracy remains as the active element."

The Blackintern, as I've said, hates controversy. Dissenters should be gagged or otherwise disposed of. In their view, truth is a settled thing, handed down from above. Authority decides what is true or false. Such an attitude, as shown in the above quotations, can mean only the end of real culture, education, research, and truth-seeking. The Blackintern has never come to terms with the American ideal of freedom as expressed in our Constitution. It demands the rights and privileges of the Constitution but says, with brutal frankness, that it will destroy those rights once it obtains sufficient power to translate its dogmas into reality. The American people aren't going to stand for such a medieval program. The Coughlins, the Currans, and the Jesuits aren't going to strike at our precious liberties of free speech and press without being challenged. The hierarchy is playing with fire in these dangerous times when, forgetting that it controls only a minority, it reaches out to dictate to the American people what they shall think, say, read and discuss. As for myself, I am just a lone individual who happens to think that ideas are important and that free controversy is the life's blood of civilization. The Blackintern's unfair and malicious attacks will be met in time. I'm convinced that thousands of free-loving Americans will show ways to support me in my death-struggle for the right to express honest opinions. They will do this in a sane, civilized way. They will
see to it that the elements that would gag me are defeated through the simple device of taking over the greater part of the task of letting the thinking portion of the American community know what I am doing. In short, an informed, enlightened public opinion will give the hierarchetees a lesson they'll never forget. Their bulldozing tactics have won them many victories, but they can be defeated if even one editor shows the courage of his convictions and decides to stand up to them. But such courage can get him nowhere if he is without the moral and material support of those Americans who still believe that the Bill of Rights means something.

With the government's functions expanding every hour because of the pressure of war conditions, doesn't it follow that steps are being taken in the direction of Socialism?

Socialism means the collective ownership of the large-scale means of production, distribution and exchange, their operation for social use instead of private profit, and with control vested in the people. In short, Socialism means economic security and industrial as well as political democracy. We have a growing measure of political democracy in our country, but the main industries are still owned by the capitalists. Industrial democracy is still much of a dream. Because of the war, the government is going into hundreds of businesses, but the aim is to win the war, not to eliminate capitalist control. Such a development can be described as State Socialism, but not as democratic Socialism. After all, Fascism is a form of bastard Socialism, and who would think of describing this as something in the interest of the people? We know from the record that Brown Socialism can be the worst enemy of the people, because Nazi ideology strives for a war economy, totalitarianism, suppression of freedom, merciless exploitation, loot, chattel slavery and world domination. The people have nothing to gain from a Fascism that's constructed along the lines of State Socialism—or, as it's called in Germany, National Socialism. On the other hand, it's possible that the present expansion of governmental activity in production and distribution can be used as a device to bring about real Socialism that's based on democratic principles. If the American and British States, let's say, should take over the large-scale industries and operate them for the good of the people instead of their exploitation, we should say that the present emergency will land us closer to Socialism. Especially is this true if democratic impulses are given greater opportunities to function. Will the workers in the industries be able to say, when the war ends, that they have as much to say there as they have in political matters? If the answer is in the affirmative then democratic Socialism will be on its way into our lives, and a great forward step will have been taken. This doesn't mean that every commercial and industrial activity must be socialized. Nothing will be gained by putting smaller businesses into the hands of the government. The American State should center its attention only on large-scale business that has reached or is about to achieve monopoly proportions. The workers are gladly making great sacrifices in order to win the war. They are working as hard as our soldiers are fighting. Every day we hear of new victories in the production field. Ships are coming down the ways faster than at any time in history—and we've only begun. Tanks are being turned out by the trainload every day—and we've only begun. Bombers are now in mass production—and we've only begun. And so on down the line. But to hear our radio commentators of the Kaltenborn type and editors of tory newspapers one could get the impression that our working class is opposed to the war effort and is seeking only to share in unearned wealth. This is cruelly libelous. Strikes don't touch one-thousandth of our war effort. The workers are getting their jobs done, and before long they'll make their present volume of production so much peanuts. The working people are standing by Uncle Sam. President Roosevelt, who has shown in a thousand ways that he's a friend of the common man, knows that the nation's toilers aren't sabotaging the war.
effort. But what's to be the outcome? Are we to go back to competitive capitalism once the war is won? Are we to accept political democracy but reject industrial democracy? Are we fighting to bring about higher forms of democracy—the kind that will work every day in the year instead of on election day alone? Are we fighting for imperialistic ends? I don't think so. First of all, we're fighting to save our hides, for the aggressors aim to enslave us if they can exercise enough power to assert their will. We are giving President Roosevelt our fullest support. We know he is leading us in a just cause. And he'll lead us to victory. On this point I haven't the slightest doubt. But what then? That's the great question that must yet be fought out. I don't know the answer, but I do know that if our sacrifices are to mean anything for civilization it'll be necessary to begin a new crusade immediately after the close of the war—a crusade to put democracy into our economic lives.

Please give me figures on book production in the Soviet Union as compared with Czarist Russia.

The following table on book production in the Soviet Union was prepared by the National Book Council:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>No. of Titles</th>
<th>No. of Copies</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1913</td>
<td>26,200</td>
<td>86,700,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1938</td>
<td>40,000</td>
<td>692,700,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1939</td>
<td>43,800</td>
<td>701,000,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Did Thomas Jefferson complain that priests are always parties to reaction and tyranny?

In a letter to Horatio Gates Spafford (1814), Thomas Jefferson wrote:

"In every country and in every age the priest has been hostile to liberty. He is always in alliance with the despot, abetting his abuses in return for protection to his own."

In another letter to Spafford (1816), Jefferson said:

"You judge truly that I am not afraid of the priests. They have tried upon me all their various batteries, of pious whining, hypocritical canting, lying and slandering, without being able to give me one moment of pain."

Quotations like the above never appear in the Blackintern press, nor even in the standard press, the fashion being to always paint the Founding Fathers as pious platter saints. Listen to Thomas Jefferson again, this time in a letter to John Adams (1813):

"It is too late in the day for men of sincerity to pretend they believe in the Platonic mysticisms that three are one, and one is three; and yet that the one is not three, and that the three are not one; to divide mankind by a single letter into Homolousians and Homousians. But this constitutes craft, the power and the profit of priests. Sweep away their gossamer fabrics and factitious religion, and they would catch no more flies."

It pains the dupes of religion to be told truths like the above. Percy B. Shelley, another great Freethinker, wrote powerful and fiery lines against the priestcraft that still carry a terrific wallop. In fact, the following, taken from Shelley's "Queen Mab," VII, (1813) sounds like a protest against the blood-stained obscenities of the Blackintern in centers of Catholic-Fascism like Italy, Spain, and Portugal:

Priests dare babble of a God of peace,
Even whilst their hands are red with guiltless blood,
Murdering the while, uprooting every germ
Of truth, exterminating, spoiling all,
Making the earth a slaughter-house.

I've heard the statement made that gonorrhea may now be cured in five days. Do you believe this?

Large-scale tests, according to Surgeon General Thomas Parran of the U.S. Public Health Service, have proven that gonorrhea can be cured in five days, which, in Dr. Parran's words, is "a giant step forward in the total eradication of venereal diseases in this country." According to Dr. Parran, sulfathiazole is capable of curing at least 80 percent of all gonorrheal infections. The remaining 20 percent, he reports, may be cured by another course of treatment with the same drug, or by other special methods. The surgeon general warns the public against self-diagnosis and self-treatment. Sulfathiazole isn't safe when taken without a doctor's orders and without close medical observation. Infected patients should be careful in their choice of doctors. Be sure he's
a good medical man, and be sure he knows the latest treatments. I know of several doctors who persist in handing out the old treatments because they’re too lazy to study the latest developments in this field. Make careful inquiries and don’t hire a doctor until you have clear evidence that he is able to administer the 5-day cure. Avoid advertising quacks. Stick to the ethical medical doctors, but be selective even among such practitioners. If in doubt, consult the secretary of your local medical association or call up your city or county health officers. If they can’t direct you to the proper specialists take a trip to some nearby large city where it’s easy to find the doctors who know the latest discoveries in the war on venereal diseases.

John Adams warned Thomas Jefferson against the Jesuits coming to the U.S. Can you give me the text?

In 1816, John Adams wrote a letter to Thomas Jefferson, which included the following:

“I do not like the reappearance of the Jesuits. If ever there was a body of men who merited damnation on earth and in Hell it is this society of Loyala’s. Nevertheless, we are compelled by our system of religious toleration to offer them an asylum.”

I’m trying to learn the name of the author who fathered this: “I expect to pass through this world but once; any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to my fellow-creatures, let me do it now; let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.”

I’ve seen it credited wrongly to a dozen authors. Old man Anonymous is the guy that did it.

A defender of the Blackintern tells me you can’t produce a single quotation from a recognized Catholic source in which death is demanded for heretics.

I could produce a thousand, but since my reader asks for only one, here’s a sentence from Thomas Aquinas' “Summa theologicae,” 11, written about 1265:

“If forgers and other malefactors are put to death by the secular power, there is much more reason for excommunicating and even put-

ting to death one convicted of heresy.”

In answer to this vicious doctrine, here’s the American attitude as expressed in a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in Watson vs. Jones, December, 1871:

“The law knows no heresy.”

If you and Joseph McCabe are telling nothing but lies against the Blackintern, why doesn’t that militant, touchy wing of Fascism bring libel suits against you?

I’m not afraid of any libel suits that might be brought against me by the Blackintern because I know that Joseph McCabe and I are saying only truthful things about Catholic-Fascism. If we were lying (as the Blackintern press alleges) we’d have been sued long ago. The hierarcheteers know that we’ve been saying only truthful things about this dangerous arm of Fascism. The truth is still a magnificent defense in the U.S.

Eddie Cantor says: “The church must be a very strong and righteous thing, for it has survived every enemy it ever had!” Please comment.

Eddie Cantor, when he isn’t putting on new shows and giving more girls his name and substance, likes to turn pious, at which time his intellectual contortions show a hoof er who has succeeded in taking almost a full step away from illiteracy. The Cantor sentence quoted above shows what the human mind is capable of when it doesn’t know a thing about logic. Here I don’t care to go into a discussion of the strength or weakness of the church or its righteousness, but rather to comment on Cantor’s amusing triumph. According to the Eddie Cantor School of Logic, the church must be strong and good or it couldn’t have survived its enemies. If that’s sound reasoning then Astrology must be strong and righteous because it also has survived its enemies. So has murder survived its enemies. Therefore, murder must be a good thing. The same goes for disease, for crystal gazing, for palmistry, for Seventh Day Adventism, and the Blackintern.

Anatole France always stood with the Freethinkers throughout his long life.
His skeptical pen always at the service of Rationalism. I am enclosing a paragraph from France, written in 1908, in which he praises the skeptics and skepticism. Please reprint it.

Jacques Anatole Thibault, better known as Anatole France, was born on April 16, 1844, and became one of France’s greatest men of letters. He is represented in my series of Little Blue Books with such titles as:


It’s for printing such masterpieces of literature that the Blackintern brands me as an agent of Satan, one whose heart is set on undermining piety and sanctimoniousness. My intelligent readers know how to laugh at such idiotic behavior. But enough of this. Here’s the passage on the skeptic, sent in by one of my readers:

Skeptic! Yes, they still call me a skeptic—and what they intend as an insult I consider a compliment. All the masters of French thought—Rabelais, Montaigne, Molière, Voltaire, Renan—have been skeptics... and I am their humble pupil. They were often the most constructive and courageous of men. They denied only negative values. They attacked whatever hinders intelligence and free-will. And after much meditation concerning human misery... they were possessed by pity and fraternal love. He who thought of himself for ever detached from the combat leaps in to succor the unfortunate... Truly, the poor skeptics have been much abused. Disappointed idealists, they remain idealists incorruptible. And their frequent irony is only the expression of their discouragement.

It happens that every great name listed in the above paragraph is represented in my “immoral” and “soul-poisoning” little volumes. The minions of the Dark Ages know an enemy when they see one, and their abuse gives me nothing but satisfaction, their bowls are music to these old ears. I know that the great creations of the world’s greatest thinkers and literary artists will never draw praise from the obscurantists, but that doesn’t make them bad. Their books remain good, despite the snarls of the Black International. They have but one aim—to help man, to help liberate the mind, to knock off the shackles of supernaturalism. Here I’m reminded of another great Freethinker (who’s also represented in my wicked library), Herbert Spencer, a great thinker who used his powerful pen to enlighten instead of to befuddle mankind. In a passage, written in 1879, Spencer expresses the “theme song” of Humanity, as follows:

Hereafter, the highest ambition of the benevolent will be to have a share—even though an utterly inapriciable and unknown share—in the “making of man.” Experience occasionally shows that there may arise extreme interest in pursuing entirely unselfish ends; and as time goes on, there will be more and more of those whose unselfish end will be the further evolution of Humanity. While contemplating from the heights of thought that far-off life of the race never to be enjoyed by them, but only by a remote posterity, they will feel a calm pleasure in the consciousness of having aided the advance towards it.

Freethinkers try to live up to Spencer’s concept, and such a man, I insist, is worth 10,000,000 priests. Yes, Spencer has been one of my Little Blue Book sinners, and if he were living today he’d be proud to be represented in my culturally broad list. Here are his contributions to what a Blackintern organ describes as “The Little Blue Pills of Poison”:

Questions and Answers

In short, we Freethinkers wouldn't move a finger to prevent Catholics from practicing their religion. All we ask is that they let the rest of the community alone. That's been the main point of my complaint against the Blackintern's campaign to have publishers ban my paid advertisements. The Church could tell its followers to reject my publications. That would be all right. But they have no right to use their immense influence to keep non-Catholics from reading the literature of their choice.

What were the average ages of U.S. Cabinet members during national crises?

George Washington's war Cabinet, 39; Woodrow Wilson's war Cabinet, 54; Theodore Roosevelt's Cabinet, 54; F. D. Roosevelt's Supreme Court, 57; F. D. Roosevelt's war Cabinet, 62; average of F. D. R.'s four important men in key war jobs, 70.

Let me make a constructive, useful suggestion. Whenever you mention the fact that certain articles may be found in your 25 volumes of "Questions and Answers," follow this with the parenthetical statement that the set may be obtained by sending $1 for a four-year subscription to The American Freeman. I was delighted when I got my free set in this way, carriage charges prepaid. It's wonderful to have all your volumes at hand, especially when I'm in the mood to read in bed, which is often. The books are mines of information, wit, wisdom, humor, discussion, controversy, truthful propaganda against Axis ideology, exposures of the lies of anti-Semites and other racemongers, really funny jokes, brilliant epigrams, anecdotes, and so on. What an intellectual feast! And what entertainment!

I'm afraid it would look a little commercial if I followed my reader's suggestion whenever I mention my 25 volumes of "Questions and Answers." I advertise the terms (as stated above) in formal ads. Readers who want to put a set of these volumes in their homes ought to know by now what the proposition is.

By what twists of reasoning do writers, actors, artists, intellectuals, etc., in
enslaved, occupied Europe, consent to cooperate with their Nazi overlords?

There are artistic as well as political Quislings. Such people betray their own countrymen and at the same time make themselves contemptible even to their new masters. Hans Habe, who has studied such characters in Poland and other countries, says one example is that of the beautiful Polish singer who, when asked how could she, a Pole, sing for the Nazis, replied “Why not? I am not concerned with political matters.” Her answer, Habe writes, makes as much sense as if she had exclaimed, “I am an artist. I am not concerned with typhus epidemics.” The artist continued the conversation, “I do really believe the Germans are our friends. At least my friends.” Habe noted “she might as well say, ‘I received a delegation of disease-bearing microbes. They assured me they had nothing against me.’” The Polish artist later endured great suffering from the Nazis.

Is it not a fact that the Blackintern’s hatred of democracy results, in some degree, from recognition of the fact that democracy has a tremendous psychological effect on the people lucky enough to be in a position to enjoy it? Democracy serves to make people self-reliant. It shows them the virtue of depending on their own intelligence and character when social, political, and other problems are to be solved. Democracy says people can do things for themselves, instead of falling to their knees and looking to the clouds for relief. Raoul de Roussay de Salos, in his book, “The Making of Tomorrow,” discusses this point in a provocative way, showing that to Americans the meanings of the terms “happiness” and “democracy” are interchangeable. We get much from his profound observation that it is...

“...only in the 18th Century that the concept of progress, such as we understand it today, became sufficiently clear to influence the course of history. The most important single fact in both the American and French Revolutions is probably the conscious will to create something NEW. For the first time in the history of the West, men deliberately turned toward the future and expressed the faith that the condition of mankind could be improved by human means. . . . The religion of progress was universal, but nowhere did it find a more complete and harmonious expression than in the United States. . . . The whole history of America, in fact, appeared as a practical demonstration that those philosophical manifestations of the new faith of mankind in its own ability to reach happiness—OR RATHER TO CREATE IT BY ITS OWN EFFORTS.”

 Aren’t you afraid to live in the Cyclone State?

It isn’t fair to this Commonwealth to call it the “Cyclone State.” I’ve been living here for 26 years and am yet to see my first cyclone. Several years ago I saw, for the first time, the after-effects of a cyclone in the town of Columbus, about 24 miles South of Girard. I drove down after hearing about the vagaries of a twister that had done its dirty work in that Christian, God-fearing place. I saw about six blocks shaken up and pushed around. The twister was erratic, hopping all over the Northwest section of the town, knocking down a house here, pulling off a porch three doors down, skipping across the street to lift up a house and deposit it in the middle of the next block, but leaving six out-houses absolutely untouched. Two beer-joints were spared but a church was shaken to rubble, and the whole front of a brick high-school building was sucked out. And that’s my one and only experience with a cyclone, but I convince few outsiders when I tell them there are other States that qualify more than does Kansas for the dubious honor of being called the “Cyclone State.” Not only does Kansas have fewer tornadoes than another State but its death toll isn’t at the top. The U.S. Weather Bureau has compiled the official reports for an 8-year period and says:

Number of tornadoes: Arkansas, 76; Kansas, 69; Texas, 68; Iowa, 66; Missouri, 57; Oklahoma, 50; Mississippi, 52.

Deaths from tornadoes: Mississippi, 257; Arkansas, 231; Texas, 152; Missouri, 123; Kansas, 61. Other states had fewer deaths in this period.

Most tornadoes do little damage. Prof. Mark W. Harrington, former chief of the U.S. Weather Bureau, reported that “the chances are 625-
000 to 1 against a tornado's crossing any particular locality, and much
greater than that against its injuring any given person." He adds
that "of 600 tornadoes listed recently, covering a period of several years,
only 40 resulted in human fatalities;"
I'm just as much afraid of a twist
as the next fellow, but I don't like
to be warned against them all the
time. The things are bad enough
without having to listen to exaggera-
tions about their violence.

I find the name of Lawrence Dennis
in several of your volumes of "Questions
and Answers," whom you describe as a
Fascist, along with such anti-demo-
crats and anti-Semites as Father (of
what?), Coughlin, Father Edward
Lodge Curran, of Brooklyn, Mrs. Eliza-
beth Dilling of the "Red Network,"
William Dudley Pelley, of the Silver
Shirts, George E. Deatherage, of the
Knights of the White Camellia, and
Robert Edward Edmondson, and while
you give considerable space to these
latter worthies I find little about
Dennis in your writings. Would you
mind telling us something about this
leading Fascist?

Lawrence Dennis is called "the in-
tellectual of American Fascism." Roughly,
Dennis serves American Fascism much in the way that Dr.
Rosenberg serves Nazism, some-
thing of a "prophet of Fascism," an
ideological tactician, or perhaps
the better word is theoretician of
American totalitarianism. Dennis is
to American Fascism what Karl
Marx was to international Commu-
nism—its formal philosopher, econ-
omic, platform-writer, slogan-coiner,
and creator of the "party line."
Dennis has held this position ever
since his book, "The Coming Ameri-
can Fascism," was published in
1935. An earlier book, published in
1933 under the title, "Is Capitalism
Doomed?" was praised by the gabby,
windy, publicity-hungry, third-rate,
politely pious, muddle-headed leader
of American Socialism, Norman
Thomas. Later, Thomas collaborated
with our most glamorous Fascist
and anti-Semite, Charles A. Lind-
bergh, and his Wave-of-the-Future
wife, both of whom, I shall soon
show, get their political line from
Dennis, even using some of Dennis's
sentences almost word for word.
Gaulite Dennis, after upholding
Hitlerism for years in this country
and doing everything in his power
to injure the United Nations, now
has the impudence to apply for a
captaincy in the U.S. armed forces.
At this point it would be wise to
remind my readers that the Fascists
everywhere in this country are try-
ing to connect themselves with stra-
tegic jobs that might make possible
quick upsets in the government.
Recently I showed how Father Cough-
lin sent instructions to his follow-
ers to join up as air-raid wardens,
a position that can give Coughlin
Fascists plenty of opportunities for
sabotage of the war effort and the
creation of a state of violence, there-
by bringing closer the menace of an
anti-democratic, anti-Semitic, pro-
Fascist coup. Coughlin, by the way,
is one of the spokesmen of the
Blackintern who joins Father Clare-
ence McAuliffe in charging that I
am a source of national disunity.
But to return to Dennis, if he be-
comes a captain in the U.S. army
it'll mean that our native Fascists
have connections in the War Depart-
ment that can be used for totalitar-
ian end in case our war effort
should go bad and our morale sink.
These Fascists mean business. Don't
get the idea that men like Dennis,
Father Coughlin, and the rest of
the subversive crew, take only a the-
oretical interest in the world situa-
tion. They have practical plans for
the establishment of a machine that
will change America from a land of
freedom and democracy to one of
totalitarianism, Fascism and slavery.
They're ready to use violence. They
are our Fifth Column. All are
Roosevelt-haters. All consider de-
mocracy decadent. All want to see
England destroyed. All want to see
Hitler win. It's plain that Hitler
must have designated them as the
Quislings who are to take charge in
this country when (and if) we turn
Fascist, with Lindbergh as the chief
Quisling. No wonder Roosevelt
called him a copperhead. Lindbergh
and his wife, as I've just said, are
indebted to Prophet Dennis for
many of their ideas. Dennis is the
brain; Lindbergh is the voice. Here
are a few deadly parallels:

Dennis: "Wars are fought be-
tween right and right, not between
right and wrong."

Lindbergh: "The war in Europe
is not so much a conflict between
right and wrong as it is a conflict
between differing concepts of right.

Dennis: "If Washington had lost he would have been hanged as a traitor. As he won his treason became Anglo-Saxon tradition."

Lindbergh: "Washington led a successful revolution and changed his status from that of an English traitor to that of an American hero."

Limitations of space keep me from giving other parallels. Anne Lindbergh is also indebted to Dennis for much of her verbal fifth-columnizing. Writing on this point, Dorothy Thompson once said:

"It is fascinating to observe how Mrs. Lindbergh's 'the wave of the future' and the whole arguments which she marshalled to support her faith that Communism, Fascism and Nazism are riding this wave were first advanced by Dennis in almost identical words."

Below are quotations from Mrs. Lindbergh's "The Wave of the Future," and from Dennis's "The Dynamics of War and Revolution," published in September, 1940. In his book, Dennis said he addressed "the elite or ruling groups, actual and potential," and ridiculed and struck at democracy and the intelligence of the masses. Here are the parallels:

Mrs. Lindbergh: "The evils we deplore in these systems (fascism, etc.) are not in themselves the future; they are the scum of the wave of the future."

Dennis: "The fact is, the violent incidents of a great social revolution are to it about what the foam on the crest of the wave is to the rising tide."

Mrs. Lindbergh: "The Nazis have sensed the changes and they have exploited them. They have felt the wave of the future and they have leapt upon it."

Dennis: "The realist of today seeks to ride, not to stop, the mounting wave of revolutionary change and power politics."

Dennis, who has been described by Dorothy Thompson, as "brain truster extraordinary for the forces of democratic defeat," left Harvard before graduation to serve as a lieutenant in the First World War, after which he returned to Harvard for his degree and entered our State Department as charge d'affaires in Rumania, Honduras and Nicaragua.

Later he joined a firm of bankers and helped sell the American people worthless Peruvian bonds. In his book on Fascism, Dennis explains by what methods totalitarianism would be translated into reality and concludes that in his opinion Fascism is inevitable. In all his writings he attacks President Roosevelt, seeming to recognize him as the country's greatest defender of democracy, though he argues frequently that Fascism has its American beginnings in the policies of Roosevelt and the New Deal. In April, 1935, Dennis said that "if Huey Long could get up before 500 of our big industrialists in a secret meeting the Kingfish would give them a proposition to their liking." Fascism, of course.

As writer and editor you surely reflect the ideas that are considered important by informed, intelligent people, and this is a useful, constructive work, but I suggest that you pay scant heed to man's imbecilities, even though they cause readers to chuckle, for that's destructive.

Like Shirley Temple, Jack Benny, Bertrand Russell, Charlie McCarthy, Joe Louis and Joseph McCabe, I'm only a child of my generation—naive, simple, shy and demure. My job is to "promote" ideas, which means the best thinking of our generation must be presented, but if one's to understand our melancholy decades it's equally necessary to know what foolish things are being written. A knowledge of our stupidities along with our wisdom helps round out the picture.

I can't tolerate your blasted cynicism.

In the words of Somerset Maugham: "If you look truth in the face and take human nature as it comes, laughing when it's absurd and grieving beyond words when it's pitiful, well, if that's cynicism then I guess I'm a cynic."

What do you think about Henry Ford's warning that sugar on grapefruit causes arthritis?

Bunk.

Do anti-aircraft guns have any real value? I doubt the wisdom of building thousands of them, at great expense, since they bring down mighty few enemy planes.

Anti-aircraft guns have their
Questions and Answers

value, even though they don't destroy numerous enemy bombers. They serve to keep them high, thereby making it much more difficult to aim.

Please tell me who authored this: “A radical is a man with both feet planted firmly in the air.”

Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Who was it said, “Criticism is to the body politic what pain is to the human body—hard to bear, but necessary”?

Winston Churchill.

Do you know the shortest bed-time story?

No.

How long is a piece of string?

As long again as half.

A study of your voluminous writings (I've read every damned word of your volumes of “Questions and Answers,”) convinces me that you qualify as an expert ecologist, if you know what I mean.

An ecologist is one who makes his specialty the interrelation of living things and their environments. I'm willing to admit I'm just a layman in this rich, productive, amusing, disheartening, uplifting and depressing field.

Is it possible for a man to run away from the fastest snake known?

One of the fastest snakes, the blue racer, can't travel more than 2 ½ miles an hour, while the average person can hit it along at 20 miles an hour.

I want the literal translation of “tutti-frutti.”

All fruits.

Do you agree a man should be sure he's right before he goes ahead?

It wouldn't do any harm to make sure he's wrong before he quits.

Would you classify a man who says he thinks all women are immoral as a pessimist?

I've heard optimists say the same thing.

I am looking for almost unbelievable juxtapositions of U.S. place names, such as Ash, Kan. Can you give me a few?


Howdy, Miss. Fiver, Tenn. Kay, O.

Here's an eloquent tribute to the power of words, which I suggest you pass on to your readers.

The piece, credited to the Hon. Anon, follows:

Soft words sung in a lullaby will put a babe to sleep. Excited words will stir a mob to violence. Eloquent words will send armies marching into the field of death. Encouraging words will fan to flame the genius of a Rembrandt or a Lincoln. Powerful words will mold the public mind as the sculptor molds clay. Words, spoken or written, are a dynamic force.

Words are the swords we use in our battle for success and happiness. How others react to us depends, in a large measure, upon the words we speak to them. Life is a great whispering gallery that sends back echoes of the words we send out. Our words are immortal. They go marching through the years in the lives of those with whom we come in contact.

Did draft dodging begin in this country during the first World War?

Draft-dodging, in Civil War days, moved Petroleum V. Nasby (David Ross Locke) to write a piece entitled “The Draft Dodger,” which appeared in many newspapers during the war period. Locke (1833-18888) went in for outlandish spelling, a comic form popular with the humorists of his day, including Josiah Billings and Artemus Ward. Our own Will Rogers practiced tortured grammar and orthography, but with him this came natural. His humor had much of the Nasby touch. The piece on the draft dodger:

I see in the papers last nite that the Government hez instituted a draft, and that in a few weeks sum hundreds uv thousands uv peaceable citizens will be dragged to the tented field. I know not what others may do, but ez for me, I can't go. Upon rigid eggsaminashen uv my fizzlekle man, I find it wood be wus nor madness for me to undertake a campane, to wit:

1. I'm bald-headed and hev bin obliged to wear a wig these 22 years.

2. I hev dandruff in wat scany hair still hangs around my venerable temples.

3. I hev kronic katarr.

4. I hev lost, sence Stanton's order to draft, the use uv wun
eye entirely, and hev kronic inflammashen in the other.

5. My teeth is all unsound, my palt ain't eggsactly rite, and I hev had bronkeetis 31 yer's last Joon. At present I hev a koff, the paroxisms uv wich is friteful to behold.

6. I am holler-chested, am short-winded, and hev allus hed pains in my back and side.

7. I'm afflicted with kronic diarrear and kostivness. The money I hev paid (or promist to pay) for Jaynees karmynnytv balsam and pills wood astonnish almost enny body.

8. I am rupherched in nine places.

9. I have verycose vanes, hev a white-swelling on wun leg and a fever sore on the uther; also wun leg is shorter than tother though I handle it so expert nobody never noticed it.

10. I don't suppose that my politivs opinions, wich are against the prossekooshn uv this unconsti-tooshnel war, wood hev any wate with a draftin orfiser; but the reeons why I cant go, will I make no douht be suffisent.

Did Mother Shipton, 300 years ago, foretell the motor car?

"The Prophecies of Mother Shipton," published in 1862, contained the following lines, which were supposed to have been written by a Mother Shipton, in 1641, or, as some claim, in 1448:

Carriage without horses shall go, And accidens fill the world with woe.

The real author was a London bookseller, Charles Hindley, who wrote the pome in 1862.

How many tons of stone are in one of the pyramids?

The pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt, contains 4,000,000 tons of stone.

I have lots of trouble with the relative order of "e" and "i" when they come together in a word like "niece." How do you keep straight on this?

I remember the jogger I was taught in my Philadelphia school-days:

"I" comes before "e" except after "e" and when sounded as "a" as in "neighbor" and "weigh."

I see from your volumes of "Questions and Answers" that you are an admirer of the late William Osler, of Johns Hopkins Medical Department,

Where in the Bible is vomiting recommended as a health measure? And where is embalming ordered?

Ecclesiasticus XXXI, 25 (written about 180 B.C.): "If thou hast been forced to eat much, arise, go out, and vomit; and it shall refresh thee, and thou shalt not bring sickness upon the body."

Genesis L, 2 (written about 700 B.C.):

"Joseph commanded his servants the physicians to embalm his father."

an admiration in which I join you. He was not only a great doctor but a wit as well. Your readers may like Osler's dissertation on the embryo, a little masterpiece of burlesque, in which the $4 words of medical science are razzed.

SIR William Osler's piece on the embryo is part of the great doctor's address before the Classical Association, at Oxford, May 16, 1919:

The karygranulomes, not the idiogranaulomes or micromosentrum in the protoplasm of the spermatogonia, unite into the idiophacrosome, acrosoma of Lenhossek, a protean phase, as the idiophacrosome differentiates into an idiodytosome and an idioalytosome, both surrounded by the idiophacothea, the archoplasmic vesicle; but the idiectoosome disappears in the metamorphosis of the spermatid into a sphere, the idiophtharosome.

How do you pronounce "tomato"? To-may-to.

Which dictionary do you prefer?

Webster's, always. But this doesn't mean I consider it perfect. There'll never be a perfect dictionary, because our language is a living thing, changing by the hour. Dr. Samuel Johnson once made this comment:

"Dictionaries are like watches. The worst is better than none, and the best cannot be expected to go quite true."

Reports say that our soldiers in the hinterlands of Australia are picking up a peculiar lingo. Can you give me some of the words?

our boys are being exposed to in certain parts down there:

"Upcountry you do hard yakka for your tucker, and the swagman on the Wallaby may steal a jumbuck by the billabong unless the jack or dog gets after him. You learn to count your change in thurms and treys, zacks, deeners, notes, and fiddles. If the beer is good, that's a bonzer. If the barman is sick he's a dab. If the barmaid is pretty, she's a purler. If she is honest she's dinkum, dink, or dinkle-di. On the other hand, if she is the unpleasantly gossiping sort, she pokes mullock, and you'll probably go crook and lob somewhere else even if only as a lurk. In the backblocks bar you meet your cobbyards or the push, squatters, roustabouts, jackaroos, in from the never-never, and cooking for a change of diet from damper and billy tea before they go bush again."

While reading Samuel Johnson's classic, "Rasselas," written nearly 200 years ago, I came on a startling prediction that I think ought to be reprinted for the benefit of Freemenites. Dr. Johnson actually envisaged raids by aircraft in the Near East. Dr. Johnson had Abyssinia in mind when he wrote of "this valley."

Samuel Johnson's prophetic passage has meaning today, especially his comments on dangers to civilized communities in the event aircraft were to fall into the hands of ruthless, destructive forces. With bombers operated by the hoodlums of Hitler, Mussolini and Japan we have actually been forced into the situation predicted by Dr. Johnson. The prophetic paragraphs from "Rasselas":

"I have been long of the opinion, that instead of the tardy conveyance of ships and chariots, man might use the swifter migration of wings," a skilled workman informed Rasselas. "If you will favor my project, I will try the first flight at my own hazard. But I will work only on this condition, that the art shall not be divulged, and that you shall not require me to make wings for any but ourselves."

"Why," said Rasselas, "should you envy others so great an advantage?"

"If the men were all virtuous," returned the artist, "I should with great alacrity teach them all to fly. But what would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds, neither walls, nor mountains, nor seas could afford any security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind, and light at once with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region that was rolling under them. Even this valley, the retreat of princes, the abode of happiness, might be violated by the sudden descent of some of the naked nations that swarm on the coast of the southern sea."

How long would it take sound to travel the distance light travels in one second?

Eleven days.

What's the plural of Lord Justice?

Lords Justices.

A man paid $110 for a horse, and later sold it at a loss. He received $10 more than he lost, and the question is: For how much did he sell the horse?

The man lost $50—selling it for $60, which is $10 more than he lost.

Some years ago H. L. Mencken rewrote the Declaration of Independence in the language of the man in the street. Can you give it to us?

H. L. Mencken, who has written a good book on the American language, says average Americans would word the mighty document this way:

When things get so balled up that the people of a country have got to cut loose from some other country, and go it on their own hook, without askin' no permission from nobody... exceptin' maybe God Almighty... then they oughta let everybody know why they done it... so everybody can see they're on the level and not tryin' to put nothin' over on nobody.

All we gotta say on this proposition is this: First, me and you is as good as anybody else and maybe a damn sight better! Second, nobody ain't got no right to take away none of our rights. Third, every man's got a right to live, to come and go as he pleases, and to have a good time whichever way he likes so long as he don't interfere with nobody else. Fourth, any government that
don't give a man them rights ain't worth a damn. What's more, people oughta choose the kind of government they want themselves ... and nobody else oughta have no say in the matter.

When a government don't do this, the people have a right to can it and put in one that will take care of their interests. Of course that don't mean havin' a revolution every day. It's better to stand a little graft than to have revolutions all the time. But when things get so bad that a man ain't hardly got no rights at all no more ... but you might almost call him a slave ... then everybody oughta get together and throw the grafters out ... and put in new ones who won't carry on so high and steal so much and then watch 'em!

What do grammarians mean by the "pejorative change"?

Dr. Margaret Schlauch, in her book, "The Gift of Tongues," a study of technical problems in grammar, resemblances between languages, types of word formations, and the like, says a pejorative change refers to the degeneration of some words, one of the mysteries of all languages. For example, for a while "breeches" were respectable, but when they turned "vulgar," the hoity-toity in sassietty took up "pantaloons." Then along came vulgarities like the editor of this pious journal who insisted on shortening it to "pants," which shocked high society into substituting "trousers." All that process adds up to pejorative changes.

What's the English name for molasses?

Treacle.

Speaking of superstitions, after reading your comments on the odd beliefs of figures great and tiny, it came to me that Abraham Lincoln wasn't above carrying a potato to ward off rheumatism.

My reader has been taken in. The story has it that Lincoln met a friend who was congratulating himself on his good fortune. "See this, Mr. Lincoln?" he said, holding up a rabbit's foot. "Ever since I've owned this rabbit's foot my luck has been good." "Shucks, that's nothing," said the President, "I have a potato and since getting it I haven't been bothered with rheumatism. Of course, that's nothing when you consider that I never did have rheumatism!"

I find in your volumes of "Questions and Answers" (which I read studiously) that Christopher Marlowe, the great Elizabethan dramatist, is listed among the Freethinkers. Can you produce documentary evidence in support of this assertion?

There isn't the slightest doubt that Marlowe was "guilty" of the "crime of Atheism," as charged with the Privy Council in 1593, as follows:

"These things shall be good and honest witness be approved to be his opinions and common speeches and that this Marlowe doth not only hold them himself but almost into every company he cometh he persuades men to atheism, willing them not to be afraid of bug-bearers and hobgoblins ... I think all men in Christianity ought to endeavor that the mouth of so dangerous a member may be stopped."

If that should be dismissed because it happened so long ago, let's not forget that G. J. Holyoake, in the London of 1868, went to jail for six months for having said in a lecture:

"I do not believe there is such a thing as a God."

Since we're on this subject of Freethought (my pet cause) let me quote what J. O. La Mettrie said in "L'Homme machine," in 1748:

"Belief in the existence of God is as groundless as it is useless. The world will never be happy until atheism is universal."

And here's what Charles Lamb wrote to S. T. Coleridge, on May 27, 1796:

"There is a need of multiplying books a hundredfold in this philosophical age to prevent converts to atheism, for they seem too tough disputants to meddle with afterward."

And listen to C. C. Colton, in "Lacon," in 1820:

"The three great apostles of practical atheism, that make converts without persecuting, and retain them without preaching, are wealth, health, and power."

P. H. D. D'Holbach, one of my favorite Freethinkers, wrote in 1770 a great, unanswerable book, "Le
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systeme de la nature,” which I hope to be rich enough to reprint before I go to my eternal reward, and from which I want to quote this sentence:

“An atheist is a man who destroys the chimeras which afflict the human race, and so leads men back to nature, to experience and to reason.”

Charles Bradlaugh, in “A Plea for Atheism,” published in 1864, makes a point which I like to repeat several times each year, as follows:

“The atheist does not say, “There is no God,” but he says, ‘I know not what you mean by God; the word God is to me a sound conveying no clear or distinct affirmation.’”

Clarence Darrow, in a speech delivered in Toronto, in 1930, expressed himself this way:

“I don’t believe in God because I don’t believe in Mother Goose.”

And let’s not forget that ancient gag by some unidentified wit:

“Thank God I’m an Atheist!”

Somewhere I remember seeing a piece in which man’s body is valued in terms of chemicals, nitrogen, carbon, iron, and the like. Perhaps you can produce it.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his famous “The Professor at the Breakfast-Table,” (1859) took a stab at the idea, as follows:

Nothing but a cloud of elements, organic,
Alumin, Cuprum,
Such as man is made of.

The notion doesn’t come off with the same success as in the case of Mr. Anonymous’ job, which goes this way:

“A man weighing 150 pounds approximately contains 3,500 cubic feet of gas, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen in his constitution, which at 70° per 1,000 cubic feet would be worth $2.45 for illuminating purposes. He also contains the necessary fats to make a 15-pound candle, and thus, with his 3,500 cubic feet of gases, he possesses great illuminating possibilities. His system contains 22 pounds and 10 ounces of carbon, or enough to make 780 dozen, or 9,360 lead pencils. There are about 50 grains of iron in his blood and the rest of the body would supply enough to make one spike large enough to hold his weight. A healthy man contains 54 ounces of phosphorus. This deadly poison would make 800,000 matches or enough poison to kill 500 people.”

The above is better than a popular piece that’s been going the rounds for years, in which it’s asserted that a man’s body, if properly prepared for the drugstore trade, could bring $1.87 in cash money. All this didn’t prevent Mark Twain from charging off the human animal as a total loss, holding that “there are times when one would like to hang the whole human race, and finish the farce.” Hitler’s making a good stab at that task. Given enough time he’ll leave the ghost of Mark Twain the kind of planet he pined for. Robert G. Ingersoll, in his Pittsburgh, Pa., speech (October 14, 1879) gave his friend, Mark Twain, this better thought:

“The history of the world shows that when a mean thing was done, man did it; when a good thing was done, man did it.”

True, but even man’s conquests haven’t added up to much. During at least 50,000 years man’s had things pretty much his own way. It didn’t take much of a fight to whip his enemies in the animal world, the reason being his superior brain. Despite the fact that he’s always had things pretty much his own way, his progress has been amazingly slow, even in the matter of getting a living out of a world that’s friendly in the sense that it’s a rich storehouse of numerous goodies. Man has always had a hard time going forward because of obstacles placed in his way by unfriendly or ignorant men. The record shows a bloodthirsty impulse to kill and destroy. Despite his destructiveness, man has succeeded in doing some building, but when one considers the length of time allowed to get the job done, the amount of material available, the number of workers, and the urgent need for the results of such labor, the credit side adds up to a meager total. Take our own grand country, for example. During almost five centuries we’ve managed to amass property worth about $350,000,006,-000, which isn’t much when one considers that we’ve just voted almost
$190,000,000,000 to spend on Hitler’s war during the next year or two, and for all we know the bill may go to double that before we knock out the Nazis and pin back the ears of the Sons of Heaven. In short, in less than five years we may spend for war almost as much as we created in almost five centuries for the ends of peace. And wealth, let me add, normally is easy to produce because of a friendly environment. We build a big city in a couple of months in order to do a better job of fighting. After 10,000 years of at least the rudiments of civilization, we managed to reach the point of inventing the fountain pen a century ago. It’s no exaggeration to say that during the past 100 years we’ve done more to improve our capacity to produce wealth than in all previous years of recorded history. But the wastes of war have kept pace, and now are out in front. In the artistic and intellectual fields man hasn’t been totally asleep, but here again the storage-house isn’t any too rich. True, we have some vast libraries, each containing more than 6,000,000 books, but let’s not kid ourselves about these books. Most of them aren’t worth reading. Most of them are there for the same reason that graveyards are filled with neat rows of stiffs. They have to be put somewhere. Also, most of the books are wrong, and therefore are bad books. For each book that’s written to tell readers something that’s true, 10,000 befuddle. In most cases man can’t even get his facts straight, let alone interpret facts logically and usefully. It’s my serious opinion that there aren’t more than 500 books in the whole world that can guide a person to wisdom and appreciation of truth. If a young man were to be directed to the 500 books that are truly great weapons in the war on ignorance he could in a few years become possessed of man’s accumulated wisdom. Here I’m not speaking of technical, informative books or compilations of historical or personal data. I have in mind books that pierce the fog of supernaturalism and dogma in order to strike out in the direction of sound, realistic, honest, candid thinking. When this war’s over there’s no telling what’ll happen to those 500 books, and as for the world’s wealth, little of it will remain undamaged. Then man will have to make a new start. But if he could be made to start along the right road, if he could be won over to the fullest uses of constructive science, if he could make education mean a passion for social usefulness, if he could be . . . well, you blue-print the utopia yourself. It won’t cost us anything to hope that he won’t continue the seemingly endless chase pictured by that excellent and refreshing wit, Benjamin DeCasseres, in his “Fantasia Impomptu (1933):

“My studies in speculative philosophy, metaphysics and science are all summed up in the image of a mouse called man running in and out of every hole in the cosmos hunting for the Absolute Cheese.”

But there’s nothing to be gained in getting mad about all this. It’s wiser to smile politely and go on about one’s business. Men aren’t angels or devils. Men aren’t noble or ignoble. Men aren’t heroes or villains. Their main fault is that they’re mostly fools. And that puts the case in a discouraging light.

I am looking for a Freethought poem in which each stanza closes with the words “the Devil is dead.” Can you supply it?

“The Devil Is Dead,” by W. Denton:

Sigh, priests, cry aloud, hang your pulpits with black; Let Sorrow bow down every head, The good friend who bore all yours on his back— Your best friend, the Devil, is dead! Your Church is a corpse, you are guarding its tomb, The soul of your system has fled, The death-knell is tolling your terrible doom; It tells us the Devil is dead.

'Twas knowledge gave Satan a terrible blow; Poor fellow! He took to his bed. Alas! Idle priests, that such things should be so— Your master, the Devil, is dead.

You're bid to the funeral, ministers all; We've dug the old gentleman's bed: Your black coats will make a most excellent pall,
To cover your friend who is dead.

Aye! Lower him mournfully into the grave.
Let showers of teardrops be shed;
Your business is gone; there are no souls to save—
Their tempter, the Devil, is dead.

Woe comes upon woe; you can ne'er get your dues—
Hell's open—the damned souls have fled;
They took to their heels when they heard the good news;
Their jailer, the Devil, is dead.

Your preachings henceforth will be needed no more;
Revivals are knocked on the head;
The orthodox vessel lies stranded on shore;
Her captain, the Devil, is dead.

I want a list of States that forbid voting unless a citizen pays a poll tax.
There are eight States which forbid voting unless a poll tax has been paid, as follows:

**ALABAMA:** $1.50, cumulative from age 21, ending at age 45. Is in State Constitution.
**ARKANSAS:** $1.00, whole life. If you haven't paid you can't get any license or receive any money from the State.
**GEORGIA:** $1.00, cumulative ending at age 60. Due Jan. 1. Abuse of tax by politicians is limited only by general rules against vote buying.
**MISSISSIPPI:** $2.00, ending at age 60. Voter must show receipts for 2 years. Due Feb. 1. Counties may levy $1.00 additional. Is in State Constitution.
**SOUTH CAROLINA:** $1.00, ending at age 60. Does not apply to women. No penalty on politician paying for voter. Is in State Constitution.
**TENNESSEE:** $1.00, ending at age 50. Counties may levy $1.00 additional; many have repealed it, recently.
**TEXAS:** $1.75 in cities, $1.50 elsewhere, ending at age 60. Due Feb. 1. Politicians' purchase of blank receipts forbidden in 1939.
**VIRGINIA:** $1.50, whole life. Voter must have paid for three years. Due six months before election. Is in State Constitution.

The above data, compiled by the Workers Defense League, show that the poll tax States are all in the South. Where the word "cumulative" is used it means that the State compels citizens to pay all back poll taxes back to age 21 before one can enjoy the "right" to vote. In most cases, the amount demanded under this cumulative condition is so heavy as to make it impossible for a voter to qualify. In some States the poll tax must be paid many months before election, which means that many voters who can afford to pay the poll tax forget to do so in time. The above States can't describe themselves as democratic so long as they impose poll taxes on their people.

Charlie Chaplin, in a speech for Russian war relief, here on the Pacific Coast, said, "The Russians cannot be called 'Godless,' because if they die by thousands, as they have, for an ideal, they are not Godless." Please comment.

Chaplin's heart is in the right place, but his head's a little soft, a common failing with artists. Chaplin, like so many other artists, doesn't get in a lather about such unimportant things as logic, clear thinking and realism. The Russian army, like the Soviet Union itself, is atheistic. Atheism is a policy of the government. Its educational and cultural systems are based partly on the idea that the Theists can't present a convincing, logical argument in support of the God-idea. This doesn't make the Atheists "Godless"—stupid word—but merely persons who reject the assumptions of the Theists. The fact that a great cause helps make Atheists fight better doesn't turn them into Theists, for they still refuse to accept the notions about the Ethereal Esquire. The atheistic Russian army doesn't carry excess baggage like chaplains. Men of Gawd don't waste the time of Russian soldiers, who are kept free of such idiotic nonsense. By refusing to carry the physical and intellectual burdens of superstition and supernaturalism, the Russian soldiers have more time, energy and material with which to fight. I don't know just how much, but it's there. In our own Pearl Harbor tragedy, according to the record, thousands of our soldiers and sailors were in Honolulu attending mass and other religious services at the time the Japs made their sneak attack, and when the Jap gunners saw hundreds
of them hurrying back to their ships they swooped down and machine-gunned many of them. There's a case where the religious racket did direct and measurable damage to our cause. Thousands of chaplains are drawing good pay and rendering the dubious service of putting soldiers in the good graces of the Boss Man of the Clouds. The materialistic Russians have nothing but contempt for such foolishness. They are realists. But muddleheaded people like Chaplin, when they see the magnificent results of Russian morale, upset all reason and logic by chirping anyway that Atheists must be devout worshipers of God because they fight so well without giving thought to the Ethereal Esquire.

What have you got to say about John Barrymore returning to The Church on his deathbed?

For a week before he died Barrymore was in a state of coma. After six days of unconsciousness the great actor was exposed to some priestly passes and given an X-card to the realm of the Ethereal Esquire. Who it was that brought in the priest the news reports never said, but it's fairly clear that Barrymore had nothing to do with the matter. Never in his entire career did John Barrymore show by word or gesture that there was a gram of piety in him. During the last 15 years his spiritual life came in bottles. Some relative or friend took the near-corpses in charge and put him in the hands of one of Gaud's masseurs. A dead man with a crucifix in his hands doesn't mean he was worried about the fires of Hell when he was alive. Many of us recall the famous picture of the great French scientist, Dr. Louis Pasteur, who, on his bier, was photographed holding a crucifix. The Blackinfern has been making the fullest propaganda use of that picture, but it took Joseph McCabe to look into the matter and discover that Pasteur was a Freethinker all his mature life and that one of his pious in-laws hired a couple of priests to do their holy stuff. Even dead Freethinkers have no answer to such cavortings. One of the hardest things for a Freethinker to get is a funeral without theology. I know what a struggle it is, for I had to go through the ordeal in February, 1941, when my wife died—a sincere and informed Freethinker who had given instructions that her funeral was to be devoid of theological hocus-pocus. It took a lot of determined planning to arrange a dignified funeral that wouldn't have insulted the deceased during her fruitful and useful lifetime. It's easier to turn the job over to professional men of Gaud—unless one happens to have conscientious scruples. Sacred bunk is always available. It's even harder to conduct a funeral without the conspicuous waste demanded by our commercial civilization. I saw that happen right in front of me and I couldn't move a finger to stop it. In short, commercialism demands that a cremation shall be just as expensive as a conventional burial. I didn't arrange any of the details myself, but I did nothing to hinder others from spending about $500 or such things as new silk clothes, etc., a solid mahogany casket that was soon to be burned to ashes, and so on. Such things are taken for granted because commercialism knows how to influence people to spend senselessly. The old orthodox Jews had the right idea. They conducted funerals in Philadelphia that I saw as a boy and I can testify that they usually cost less than $10, not counting the grave. The relatives usually made up a simple, undecorated pine box that couldn't have cost more than $3, including material and labor. The body was wrapped in a simple sheet of cloth. But such a funeral can't do our commercial interests any good. I'm leaving instructions that my own funeral is to be along those lines, except that some establishment will have to paid $50 to do the cremation. I don't know how to escape that nice hold-up, but I want the world to know that when I'm shipped to the crematorium it's to be in a plain pine box, the same kind that's usually used to ship other kinds of merchandise. As for my outfit, it's to be limited to five yards of cheese-cloth, at not more than 12c per yard. So help me, that's what I want, but what assurance have I I'll get it? It's possible that I'll kick off from an overdose
of Coca-Cola in a whisky highball and while suffering excruciatingly some lunkhead may phone for a sky-pilot to rub my epidermis with bacon grease and shoo me into purgatory and then pray me into heaven, when all along I've been cooking up a grand deal with old man Satan himself.

In your set of "Questions and Answers," I find Frederick the Great listed as a Freethinker. Can you give a quotation in support of this?

There's a wealth of material to prove Frederick the Great's Skepticism and Freethought. As good as any is this sentence from his letter to Voltaire (November 4, 1736):

"Theologians are all alike, of whatever religion or country they may be; their aim is always to wield despotic authority over men's consciences; they therefore persecute all of us who have the temerity to unveil the truth."

On the same subject, Benito Mussolini, in a speech given in Lausanne, July, 1904, thundered:

"The God of the theologians is the creation of their empty heads."

Mussolini, the renegade Freethinker, came to terms with the Vatican not because he accepted their ideology but because he saw practical advantages in binding the support of the priests to his Fascist movement. The Church, as always, showed its readiness to line up with an avowed enemy because it saw opportunities for power, prestige and wealth. Our own statesman, Thomas Jefferson, was a consistent Freethinker to the end, as my volumes of "Questions and Answers" prove. Throughout his life he was proud of the fact that he had founded the University of Virginia. In 1814, in a letter to Thomas Cooper, Jefferson wrote:

"A professorship of theology should have no place in our institution."

Jefferson always scorned "the rancor of theology" (Odium theologicum.)

How long has man been eating frogs?

I don't know, but it's been a long time, for back in 1620 Tobias Venner, in "Via recta," shuddered at the practice in this passage:

"I marvel why frogs and snails are with some people, and in some countries, in great account, and judged wholesome food, whereas indeed they have in them nothing else but a cold, gross, slimy and excremental juice."

I don't agree with Venner about frogs. Out here they're a popular delicacy. Boys around Girard catch and sell them at bargain prices. You can get a good-sized frog in many restaurants for 50c; 75c is considered outrageously high. Instead of supporting Venner's unfair slur, I say Amen to Charles Lamb:

"I have been in France, and have eaten frogs—the nicest little rabbit things you ever tasted."

Did Henry Clay say that Church and State should never be united?

Yes, in a speech in Congress, March 24, 1818, as follows:

"All religions united with government are more or less inimical to liberty. All, separated from government, are compatible with liberty."

Like you, I sleep raw, even in the kind of weather that puts icicles on a private part of my anatomy. How many American men sleep that way? What about pajamas, nightshirts, etc.?

A poll shows that American men sleep this way:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sleeping Style</th>
<th>percent of Males</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Complete pajamas</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pajama pants, no tops</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raw</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Underwear</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knee-length pajamas</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pajama tops, no pants</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old-fashioned nightshirts</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

During the day my undies consist of only a pair of socks (no garters) and a pair of cotton or rayon shorts (held up by an elastic instead of buttons)—and no undershirt at all. It's swell.

How long would it take the average family car to consume the gas that's needed to fly for an hour at top speed a fully loaded four-engined bomber?

Six months.

In your volumes of "Questions and Answers," each volume of which I am reading from cover to cover, I find the statement that the Freethinker and Mason, Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States, was the author of Virginia's statute guaranteeing freedom of religion. You also say that Jefferson was so proud of
this achievement that he requested that it be made a part of his epitaph. Will you give me the text of the statute?

The Virginia General Assembly, on January 19, 1786, passed the following resolution, written by Thomas Jefferson:

“We, the General Assembly of Virginia, do enact that no man shall be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship, place or ministry whatsoever, nor be enforced, restrained, molested or burdened in his body or goods, nor shall otherwise suffer on account of his religious opinions or beliefs; but that all men shall be free to profess, and by argument to maintain their opinions in matters of religion, and that the same shall in no wise diminish, enlarge or affect their civil capacities.”

Later the above declaration, in effect, was made a part of the U.S. Constitution, in order to make separation of Church and State a part of our fundamental law. History has shown the correctness of Jefferson’s ideas.

How does an elephant sleep?

According to the late Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of reptiles and mammals at the N. Y. Zoological park, the big African elephant Khartum, almost 11 feet high and weighing about 8,000 pounds, “sleeps mostly standing up. In the 20 years we have had him here neither I nor our night watchman has ever seen him lie down.” Dr. Ditmars answers another question that I’ve been asked several times, “Can monkeys reason?” Dr. Ditmars, in his book, “Strange Animals I have known,” answers with this story:

A small ringtailed monkey from South America shared a cage with a young Brazilian wild dog and a coati, which is a cousin of the raccoon. An old lady visitor to the zoo used to feed the trio lumps of sugar daily. [This was before rationing.] The wild dog and coati with their strong teeth could eat a lump three times as fast as the monkey. In this way they got by far the largest share of the sugar.

The monkey got mad. But before long and by his own quick wits, he solved the problem. He dipped the sugar lump in the water trough, then swallowed it with a few smacks of his tongue, and was back at the wire asking for more long before his two rivals had been able to down their morsels!

Can you give me the satirical remark President Eliot of Harvard once made about the professors in his department of religion?

He said that professors in the divinity school “operated with great intellectual frugality.”

Was Benjamin Harrison the last President to wear a beard?

Yes.

I’m looking for a poem in which beautiful words are put together just for their own sake. Can you help me?

Frederick Lawrence Knowles, who was only 36 years old when he died in 1905, did such a piece, though the poem itself is pretty thin. With me, most poetry is terra incognita, so I won’t essay an evaluation, letting the reader take the thing on his own, but he’ll be sure to admit that the poet managed to string together a garland of beautiful words. The poem, entitled “Love Triumphant”:

Helen’s lips are drifting dust;
Ilion is consumed with rust;
All the galleons of Greece
Drink the ocean’s dreamless peace.
Lost was Solomon’s purple show
Restless centuries ago;
Stately empires wax and wane—
Babylon, Barbary and Spain—
Only one thing undefaced,
Lasts, though all the world lies waste
And the heavens are overturned.
—Dear, how long ago we learned!

There’s a sight that blinds the sun,
Sounds that live when sounds are done,
Music that rebukes the birds,
Language lovelier than words,
Hue and scent that shame the rose,
Wine no earthly vineyard knows,
Silence stiller than the shore
Swept by Charon’s stealthy oar,
Oceans more divinely free
Than Pacific’s boundless sea—
Ye who love have learned it true—
—Dear, how long ago we knew!

How many flying hours does it take to train an air corps pilot, and how many gallons of gasoline will he burn up while getting that training?

An air corps pilot is trained about 260 flying hours, requiring 13,000 gallons of gasoline.

What’s the origin of the phrase, “busman’s holiday”?

It comes from the well-known
story of the London busman who, when he got a holiday, climbed aboard his own bus and spent the day seeing the sights he sees every working day.

Please give me the wisest sayings of wise King Solomon?

Such a list was compiled by a group of ministers some years ago, which follows in the order chosen:

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.—Proverbs, VI, 32.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.—Proverbs, VI, 6.

Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Proverbs, XX, 1.

A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger.—Proverbs, XV, 1.

There are three things which are too wonderful for me, yea four; which I know not; the way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid.—Proverbs, XXX, 18, 19.

Train up your child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it.—Proverbs, I, 7.

Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.—Proverbs, XIV, 34.

For years you've been putting down Mark Twain anecdotes, but you're still to tell the one about the way he solved the problem of punishment for having mutilated his desk in grammar school. In case you haven't the piece handy I'm enclosing a copy.

In this story Mark Twain tells of how he earned his first money the hard way while he was a boy in school. A strictly enforced school rule held that any boy caught mutilating his desk with a knife or pencil would be punished by either being compelled to submit to a severe whacking across the hand with a ruler or else pay a $5 fine. When Mark Twain was caught cutting his initials into a desk he was given the usual choice. That evening Twain's father listened to the boy's report of the incident and said it wouldn't do for a member of his family to be publicly disgraced, so he decided to give him the $5 and administer the whacking in the privacy of their home. Dad gave the boy a thorough treatment with the ruler, but Twain emerged with a $5 bill in his hand. The next morning, on his way to school, Twain studied the problem and decided that since he'd already taken a beating and had survived he could surely stand another, so he reported at school that he would prefer to take his licking and keep the $5. That, said Twain, was the first money he ever earned.

How can one tell if an army's morale is high?

If you never hear the word "morale," you know that morale is high. Experienced army officers say that when you hear the word again and again it's a sign morale is lousy.

Who invented medicine capsules?

An almost forgotten French pharmacist named Mothes invented the gelatin capsule in 1833 and turned them out by hand. Now tens of millions are made by special machinery in the plant of R. P. Scherer, in Detroit. The world is indebted to M. Mothes for taking the nasty taste out of medicines. He stands with Dr. Condom, the inventor of the rubber sheath, as a benefactor of the race. Incidentally, what is the position of the condom industry in these days of total defense? Are the rubber companies getting priorities? Or does the Administration insist that rubber shall be shunted from such uses? My guess is that nothing is being put in the way of providing raw material for the health-saving devices. Uncle Sam himself is the largest purchaser of these rubbers, for use by the men in the army and navy. They have saved from infection hundereds of thousands of soldiers and sailors. They deserve most of the credit for the excellent showing made by the Government in fighting venereal diseases in the armed forces. In all, the country buys 1,000,000 rubbers per day, which gives a hint of the scope of the muscular aspects of love. In previous articles (see my volumes of "Questions and Answers") I showed how the good, pious people—especially the Catholic hierarchy—thunder against the use of these health-savers. Their attitude is that Uncle Sam should do nothing to save his fighters from
sexual ailments. Men who go in for such nasty experiences should be infected, they say in effect. But the world moves, however slowly.

Is Jupiter, with its 11 moons, the planet that has the most moons?

Yes.

Was President Van Buren nicknamed the “Little Magician”?

Yes.

Is it necessary to stand when The Star-Spangled Banner is played over the radio?

No.

I often hear that coal and diamonds are both carbon. That being so, what’s the difference?

Diamonds are pure carbon, crystallized; coal, impure carbon.

I recall a bit of verse in which we’re told how parasites prey on parasites, right down the line, time without end. Do you have it?

The piece of doggerel, which has been quoted millions of times, follows:

The little fleas which we do tease
Have other fleas to bite ’em,
And these in turn have other fleas,
And so on ad infinitum.

David Harum got off a thought somewhat related to the above in his famous remark that “a reasonable amount of fleas is good for a dog; they keep him from broodin’ on being a dog.” Whenever I catch a flea and try to dispose of the pest I’m reminded of the London cockneys under Hitler’s blitzkreig. Hundreds of bombers dropped thousands of explosives, and still the little fellows took all the enemy could pour on them. A tiny flea can take a lot of punishment. Their flat little bodies resist as much squeezing as I can deliver. You can’t help admiring the damned things. The only sure way of disposing of them is to put them on an anvil and belabor them with a sledgehammer, and then you have to be careful to pick an anvil that has a smooth surface. All this leads me to wonder if any dog, in the last million years, ever really caught and disposed of a flea. It’s my theory that the worst a canine can do to a flea is to make him mad enough to jump away a few inches. Another thing I admire about the flea is its athletic prowess. A piddling flea can outjump the greatest trackman, measuring them by weight. Surgeon Rear-Admiral C. M. Beadnell, in his scholarly essay on the flea, shows that the flea’s long muscular legs enable the creature to “take jumps that, on the human scale, would be equivalent to a leap of 160 horizontal and 100 vertical yards; and their mouthparts are exquisitely adapted for boring, cutting, and sucking.” This authority says man, squirrel, and rat “each has its own appointed flea, and each forms a perfect host for accommodating the organisms of plague and conveying them from one human being to another.” Another scientist who has made fleas his specialty tells us that in the U.S. the dog-flea is common to man and dog; in the West States the human flea is found on both these hosts, while in the Central States each type of flea confines itself strictly to its proper host.

Literature is crammed with poems and other forms of expression in which the tortures of frustrated love are described, but I am yet to find a piece in which the writer tells how it feels to love one of the other sex and then learn that the party of the second part is in no mood for more of the same thing. Can you put me on the track of anything along that line? The only poem I have within reach is Anaëfeon’s four lines:

Yes, loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still,
But, oh, it is the worst of pain,
To love and not be loved again.

Please explain how true the statement is that a corn yield of 50 bushels per acre is twice as profitable as a yield of 40 bushels. How can one take that literally?

Figuring 30 bushels as representing the approximate cost of production, the statement is true.

What’s the technical name for fear of snakes?

Ophidiophobia.

How many electrical storms does the earth have each year? How many lightning strokes? What good do they do?

The earth has 16,000,000 electrical storms each year, in which there are 2,000,000,000 lightning strokes, which is about seven for each square mile of earth. Thunderbolts are use-
ful, releasing nitrogen from the air in the form of about 100,000,000 tons of nitric acid. In short, nature gives us more than all the world’s fertilizer plants turn out.

F. P. A. likes to quote a limerick by Brian Hooker, and I’ve made a copy of it for the spiritual uplift of your pious customers.

The limerick:
There was an old fellow named Sidney
Who drank till he ruined a kidney.
It shivered and shrank
As he sat there and drank
But he had a good time of it, didn’t he?

What’s the meaning of “seam pheasant”?
It’s army lingo for cootie.

Where did Karl Marx describe religion as the opium of the people?

Which musical instrument is the oldest?
The drum.

Did any man ever get rich writing poetry?
I know of a poet who wrote many passionate sonnets to a rich, old widow. The dividends figured out at the rate of $1,000 per line, which stands right up with General Motors and du Pont.

Is murder more frequent than suicide?
No. A psychiatrist reports that suicide is more frequent than murder in all parts of the world.

By what standard do you decide what should be turned into copy?
I go on the simple notion that if a thing interests me it’ll interest my readers.

Do you use the term Black International because the Black Intern’s favorite color is black?
No, I coined the name to describe an international organization that’s dedicated to establishing and keeping the world in mental darkness.

I sell brassieres. Can you suggest an advertising slogan?
“We Fix Flats.”

President Roosevelt did our language a service when he ribbed Dean Landis for using big words in his statement urging civilians to put out the lights during an air-raid. As you will recall, the Harvard pundit struck out with “obfuscation” and “termination of the illumination,” and other enormities. This reminds me of a paragraph which amused me several years ago and which your readers may enjoy.

My reader’s verbal contortions and acrobatics, which I recall having run in these columns six or eight years ago:

“In promulgating esoteric cogitations or articulating superficial sentimentalities on amicable, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of a platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a coalescent consistency and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity and avoid a polysyllabic profundity. In other words, say what you mean and mean what you say, but don’t use large words.”

I don’t need none of your books.
You might look into the section devoted to grammars.

As a writer who has used up more than his legal and just share of pencils, paper, ink, typewriter ribbons, and all the other tools of scribes, you surely know Oliver Wendell Holmes’ poem, “Cacoethes Scribendi,” but on the chance you can turn to it easily I’m enclosing a copy, which you may pass up to your readers, most of whom, if our poet is right, are scribbling, scratching writing and rewriting. Incidentally, it’s an excellent example of humorous verse.

The poem’s a new one with me. It gave me a smile and a chuckle, which is more than I can say for the mine-run of humorous poetry. Here’s the piece:

If all the trees in all the woods were men,
And each and every blade of grass a pen;
If every leaf on every shrub and tree
Turned to a sheet of foolscap; every sea
Were changed to ink, and all earth’s living tribes
Had nothing else to do but act as scribes,
And for ten thousand ages, day and night,
The human race should write, and write, and write,
Till, all the pens and paper were used up,
And the huge inkstand was an empty cup,
Still would the scribblers clustered round its brink
Call for more pens, more paper, and more ink.

Not once does our poet use words like love, passion, romance. Professor Harry Thurston Peck, who combined scribbling with love, wrote:

But bending low, I whisper only this:
"Love, it is night."

This moved the late Bert Leston Taylor, who scribbled thousands of columns in his long writing career, to brush off his dandruff and dive off at the deep end with:

Love, it is night. The orb of day
Has gone to hit the cosmic hay.
Nocturnal voices now we hear.
Come, heart's delight, the hour is near
When Passion's mandate we obey.

I would not, sweet, the fact convey
In any crude and obvious way:
I merely whisper in your ear—
"Love, it is night!"

Candor compels me, pet, to say
That years my fading charms betray.
Thou' Love be blind, I grant it's clear
I'm no Apollo Belvedere.
But after dark all cats are gray.

Love, it is night!

How did the England of about 400 years ago take to vegetables?

Vegetables were unpopular during the reign of Henry VIII. Some suspicious, probably subversive, characters, back in 1650, started gardening around London, raising "cabbage, coleflowers, turnips, carrots, parsnips and pease," but most of the crop was used as feed for cattle. Later, some of the vegetables went to the inmates of the workhouse, probably as a form of punishment. High-toned, prosperous people and aristocrats went in for meat, usually tackling six or seven different kinds at a meal. In the Summer, melancholy peasants were known to actually eat vegetables.

What parts of the U. S. were originally instituted as palatinate?

Maryland and South Carolina. Palatinate were granted royal privileges.

Since you're a farmer maybe you can tell me what to call the last three feathers North of a chicken's vent.

Chicken feathers.

Is there a grammatical error in the marriage ceremony?

Ripley, in his "Believe It or Not," recently called attention to the words "until death do us part," and showed that the word "death" is used with a plural verb despite the fact that it's a singular subject. The correct reading: "until death does part us."

Was reading the whole source of Abraham Lincoln's education?

Yes. As a boy, he said: "My best friend is the man who'll give me a book I ain't read." That line, when I first read it more than 20 years ago, helped move me to organize the project that aimed to bring good literature to those who can't avail themselves of the benefits of a formal education. Snobs have a disgusting way at sneering at the self-educated, but here we can point to Lincoln, who, beginning as an ignorant boy, developed himself through self-education so that later, when his country was in the clutches of a crisis, he could utter inspiring words like: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." That journey from illiteracy to amazing clarity of thought and expression was done by means of good reading. He never had more than a year of schooling.

Can you give me some pairs of proverbs that contradict each other?

A number of contradictory proverbs are listed in a recent book by Wendell White, as follows:

Two heads are better than one—Too many cooks spoil the broth; Hitch your wagon to a star—Do not attempt the impossible; A bird in hand is worth two in the bush—Nothing ventured, nothing gained; Out of sight, out of mind—Absence makes the heart grow fonder; You can't teach old dogs new tricks—You're never too old to learn; Opposites attract—Birds of a feather flock together, etc.

Did the Medieval monks solve the problem of how many angels can sit on the point of a pin?

No. The debate went on for centuries without anyone suggesting that measuring devices be put to
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you have tremendous admiration for American humorists, judging by the prodigious chunks quoted from them, especially Mark Twain. But not a piece about British humor. Why?

You’re not quite all there, for you undoubtedly noticed many pieces on Bernard Shaw, Oscar Wilde, Sidney Smith, Jonathan Swift, Laurence Sterne, and many others, but it’s technically true that none of these writers was a professional humorist in the sense of an Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Eugene Field, and related gagsters. *Punch* has been one of my favorite publications for decades, and I’ve quoted it several times, as the same volumes will prove, but it’s true that several dozen pat quotes from *Punch* are still in my files waiting for the occasion to remove them from their literary tombs and inter them in one of my verbal tomes. First, always, is the *Punch* of 1845, in which appeared the million-quoted line: “Advice to persons about to marry—‘Don’t!’” Another famous line from *Punch* (1846), though few know its source, goes this way: “You pays your money and you takes your choice.” And let’s not overlook that good joke which *Punch* printed in 1880, in which a Bishop asks a servant: “Who is it that sees and hears all I do, and before whom even I am but as a crushed worm?”

The servant answers: “The Missus, my Lord!” Then there’s the issue in 1889 in which it’s asked: “What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident? Absence of body.”

In the same year *Punch* said: “Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow.” And three years later, *Punch* printed a joke in which a waitress says that since the cafe is out of bread the customer will have to take toast. Joseph McCabe, in his books on philosophy, religion, the spiritual “realities,” etc., likes to quote *Punch’s*, “What is Matter?—Never mind. What is Mind?—No matter.” (That came to life in 1855, and is still good for a smile.) When I was a boy my brother (my senior by about nine years) used to enjoy the quaint habit of imitating the speech of the cockney, and here was his favorite: “It ain’t the ‘un ting as ‘urts ‘un, it’s the ‘ammer, ‘ammer, ‘ammer along the ‘ard ‘igh road.” Years later I learned it came from

use. After all, these recipients of God’s revelations surely ought to know the dimensions of the private part of an angel’s anatomy, and knowing that, even a schoolboy could bring out a yardstick and find out how many could dance on the point of a pin.

Is North America larger than South America?

Yes. South America has an area of 7,700,000 square miles against North America’s 8,300,000.

Do Astrologers believe in their own power to tell what’s going to happen?

I never heard of one who was ready to bet any money on his forecasts.

Is brain cutting painful?

Dr. James W. Watts and Dr. Walter Freeman, both specialists in brain surgery, say that having one’s brain cut hurts less than having a corn removed, that “even while cutting deep into the brain they can carry on a conversation with the patient.” Even though the brain receives pain sensations from all other parts of the body, this most complicated organ in nature is itself insensitive to pain. These facts are taken from their book, “Psychosurgery,” published by Charles C. Thomas, Springfield, Ill.

Are a deer’s antlers a true age gauge?

The U.S. Fish and Wild Life Service says the number of points on the antlers of a deer is not a reliable indication of the animal’s age.

Do you believe the story that Queen Elizabeth of England, daughter of King Henry VIII, was really a man?

Queen Elizabeth could be as arrogant as any man, but she was, nevertheless, a woman.

How far can a cricket be heard?

Tests show that at times a cricket can be heard a mile.

Who coined the expression about George Washington, “First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen”?

It was originated by Gen. Henry Lee, governor of Virginia (1791-1794), in the memorial eulogy to Washington.

I find, after going through 26 volumes of your “Questions and Answers,” that
an 1856 issue of *Punch*. My file contains more things from *Punch*, which I'll run into a string of type:

A cartoon of a Scotchman just home from London: "Mun, a had na' been the 'erre abune two hours when — BANG! — went saxpence!!" (1868).

"I see it's written by a lady, and I want a book that my daughters may read. Give me something else." (1867).

"Sure, the next train has gone 10 minutes ago." (1869).

"Go directly—see what she's doing, and tell her she mustn't." "I am not hungry; but thank goodness, I am greedy." (1878).

"I used your soap two years ago; since then I have used no other." (1884).

"Nearly all our best men are dead! Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, George Elliot!—I'm not feeling very well myself." (1893).

"Look here, Steward, if this is coffee, I want tea; but if this is tea, then I wish for coffee." (1902).

A magazine that prints stuff like the above samples doesn't have to feel apologetic about its humor. Now that I'm wound up, let me return to my old American favorites and fish out some pieces never before quoted in any opus of mine. First, as always, Mark Twain:

"They spell it Vinci and pronounce it Vinchty; foreigners always spell better than they pronounce."

"There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of four-and-twenty hours."

"An experienced, industrious, ambitious, and often quite picturesque liar."

"There ain't no way to find out why a snorer can't hear himself snore."

"Soap and education are not as sudden as a massacre, but they are more deadly in the long run."

Then let's take another look at Artemus Ward (1834-1867), digging up specimens never before quoted in any work of mine:

"I wish there was winders to my Sole," sez I, "so that you could see some of my feelins."

"The female woman is one of the greatest institooshuns of which this land can boste."

"By a sudden and adroit movement I placed my left eye agin the Secesh's fist."

"It is a pity that Chapcer, who had geneys, was so unedicated. He's the wuss speller I know of."

"Why care for grammar as long as we are good?"

"I am happiest when I am idle. I could live for months without performing any kind of labour, and at the expiration of that time I should feel fresh and vigorous enough to go right on in the same way for numerous more months."

So much for Americans. Having opened with *Punch*, the humorous magazine of Englishmen, let me close with an infernally clever Englishman, Sydney Smith (1771-1845), from whom I've lifted sentences no end of times, but never until now any of the ones that follow:

"I heard him speak disrespectfully of the Equator!"

"Looked as if she had walked straight out of the ark."

"Madame, I have been looking for a person who disliked gravy all my life; let us swear eternal friendship."

"As the French say, there are three sexes—men, women, and clergymen."

"Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers."

"He [Macaulay] has occasional flashes of silence, that make his conversation perfectly delightful."

"Deserves to be preached to death by wild curates."

"What a pity it is that we have no amusements in England but vice and religion!"

"Death must be distinguished from dying, with which it is often confused."

"Poverty is no disgrace to a man, but it is confoundedly inconvenient."

"I never could find any man who could think for two minutes together."

"The motto I proposed for the [Edinburgh] Review was: Tenuimusam meditamur avena—We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal."

I could go on like this without end,
which wouldn't do at all, so here I draw the curtain and set the stage for something else, perhaps a piece with a whole column of statistics and two dozen footnotes. Now that you're a farmer, can you tell me how long cows should be milked? Just like short cows.

In one of your volumes of "Questions and Answers" you say that newspapermen, including their editors, have small use for religion. Have you any facts to support this assertion?

L. C. Rosten, who in 1937 wrote a book about Washington correspondents, the cream of the crop of American journalists, paid special attention to their religious opinions or convictions. Here's what he found:

Newspaper men are not churchgoers by reputation.... The antiseptic view of the universe which characterizes reporters is reflected in their indifference to formal religion. Out of 122 Washington correspondents, 116 received religious training—designated by thirty-six as "strict," and by seventy-eight as "mild." This training was experienced in the Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, Congregationalist, and Baptist churches by 74.1 percent of the group. (The churches are listed in order of frequency.) Four correspondents (3.1 percent) are Jewish.

How many of these men and women attend religious services of any kind today? "Never," sixty-five (51.1 percent). "Occasionally," thirty (23.6 percent). "Rarely," seventeen (13.3 percent). "Regularly," twelve (9.4 percent): nine Roman Catholics, two Christian Scientists, and one Episcopalian. 64.0 percent, almost two-thirds, either never or "rarely" within a sacerdotal institution. These figures are markedly below the best estimates for the religious membership of the country as a whole.

Knowing these facts to be true, I can't help smiling when I read editorials warning us that failure to keep the priests, preachers and rabbis supplied with plenty of chicken giblets will mean the end of our civilization.

Were Mazzini and Garibaldi Freethinkers?

Mazzini, Italy's great humanitarian and lover of freedom, was a mystic all his life, which accounted for his quiet respect for the Black International. He approached problems of independence and democracy from the position of the Theist, as do some of our religious leaders today. Guiseppe Garibaldi, a greater leader by far and a more powerful figure in the war for humanity's rights, was a Freethinker.

Georg Brandes, the distinguished Danish writer who is represented by several titles in my list of Little Blue Books, wrote in 1923 that:

"Garibaldi [born July 4, 1807] was a priest-hater and monk-hater, as everywhere revealed in his writings. Frequently he designates himself as an atheist and writes at the front of his books, 'Dio e Popolo.'

"Italy has in Garibaldi the modern folk-hero, a real knight, not only without fear or reproach, but without self-seeking, unselfish, inspired like Joan of Arc and visionary as she, but differently equipped—having all his means and agencies in hand—lacking but a capacity for administration—and striving toward higher ideals than hers. Her ideals were faith, the church, papal aggrandizement, royal authority, and the glory of France; his were freedom of peoples, freedom of thought, civilization, the brotherhood of nations. He was as free from superstition as he was from selfishness and cowardice."

What a tragic thing it is to see the melancholy picture of Garibaldi's son serving Catholic-Fascism as a general, a leader in the reactionary movement to destroy the things the great libertarian stood for all his long life. Where the father fought to free Italy and strike shackles from the hands of the masses, the son is serving the vile ends of Mussolini and his master, Hitler. He seeks to forge new chains and place them again on the hands of the people. The son's subservience to despotism is an insult to the memory of the father's battles for democracy and freedom.

Please comment on the slogan: "There are no Atheists in foxholes!" The religious are making heavy use of it.

The simple, obvious answer to this piece of super-bunk is that there are millions of Atheists in foxholes—in the Soviet Union. And elsewhere, too. The churchmen know that the Russians have been fighting magnificently, and even they wouldn't claim that the grand fighters of the U.S.S.R. turn to piety before fighting Hitler's wild
beasts. Atheism, Agnosticism, Skepticism, Rationalism, and the like, are no grounds for army exemption in the U.S.A. Many U.S. Freethinkers have landed in foxholes. What scrap of evidence is there that they turned religious when under fire? But, churchmen aren’t interested in seeking the truth when there’s a chance to boost their holy racket.

Can you give me James J. Corbett’s “Fight One More Round!” which he got off numerous times about 40 years ago?

Corbett’s frequently requested piece goes like this:

Fight one more round. When your feet are so tired that you have to shuffle back to the center of the ring, fight one more round. When your arms are so tired that you can hardly lift your hands to come on guard, fight one more round. When your nose is bleeding, and your eyes are black, and you are so tired that you wish your opponent would crack you one on the jaw and put you to sleep, fight one more round—remembering that the man who fights one more round is never whipped.

After reading your piece on the stupidity of the Philadelphia Park Commissioners who refused permission for a statue of Thomas Paine to be erected in Fairmount Park on the ground that “his writings indicated that he was an Atheist,” I happened on a poem in The New Yorker, for June 27, 1942, in which the dopes get the castigation they deserve. Pass it on to your pious readers.

The poem, entitled “The Town that Tries Men’s Souls,” by Phyllis McGinley:

I give you the City of Brotherly Love,
The home of the Blue Law, the haunt of the Dove,
Where the Liberty Bell in a showcase resides,
With dents in the clapper and cracks in the sides,
There Sunday’s reserved for the spirit that droops,
There all of the houses have similar stoops,
And there on the greensward no hero may perch
Who didn’t belong to an orthodox church.

For Philadelphia
Philadelphia
Has Standards to maintain,
And they wouldn’t care
To pollute the Square
With a statue of Th-m-s Pa-ne.
Ah, think of the gossip and think of the scandal
To bell and to book and municipal candle!

Consider the shock to a village so cloistered,
Whose train is the Penns, whose taverns are oystered.
The cricket clubs shiver, the Main Line is trembly
While debutantes pale at the gilded Assembly
Lest Thomas the Doubter and Thomas the Dark
Should dare to invade a respectable park.

0 Philadelphia
Philadelphia
Her virtue is pearled and rubious,
And she swerves no jot
For a patriot
With background a trifle dubious.
For Tom might star on historical lists
But he didn’t confide in the Calvinists;
He wasn’t a Baptist, he wasn’t a Shaker,
He certainly wasn’t an affluent Quaker.
Doubtless his sentiments pleased the Lord,
But he never sat on a vestry board;
He seldom quoted from Chapter and Verse,
He didn’t sprinkle, he didn’t immerse.
His words were food for a hungering nation,
But where’s the letter from his congregation?
So they mustn’t encourage his like again
In the city founded by William Penn.

Herman Eugene Kittredge wrote a poem in memory of Robert G. Ingersoll which I am certain Freethinkers will appreciate. Please reprint it.

The poem, entitled “These Must, These Can Not, Fade”:
The lily, reigning queen within her glade,
The loveliness awakening love’s desire,
The melancholy music of the lyre—
All these must fade.

Most precious things whereof our lives are made,
The mother’s doting memory of her child,
The father’s pride and hope still unbeguiled—
All, all must fade.

The sound of falling clod below the spade
Upon the silent clay of one we love,
The inky blackness lowering above—
These, haply, fade.

But laurel on the brow of genius laid,
Great deeds, great phrases of poetic fire,
Majestic thought in purple of attire—
These can not fade!

The other Sunday I happened in on a sermon entitled “Salvation Is Free,” which was followed by a collection. The preacher had argued that salvation is
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as free as the water we drink. Then why the collection plate?

The parson was right. The water you drink is free, but when it's piped to your kitchen you have to pay. The Man o' Gawd pipes salvation to you direct from the throne of the Ethereal Esquire, so you have to pay. There are such items as overhead, depreciation, and the like. And while all that piping's being done the parson must have his usual supply of fried chicken and gravy.

Can you tell me whether Mr. Dionne has become the father of any more quintuplets?

No, just as I thought, he was only a flash in the pan.

What is the scientific name for fear of darkness?

Nycotophobia.

Are all dwarfs intellectually below normal?

No.

How much did a press and its equipment cost 400 years ago?

About $200 in our money, on the average.

How fast does a queen bee lay eggs?

About 2,000 a day.

I'm glad to see that you take aim occasionally at pompous words. Your volumes of "Questions and Answers" deride scores of fancy $4 words, including "dehydrated." Keep it up.

A. P. Herbert, M.P., has joined the crusade against waffle-bottomed words, among which he puts "dehydrate," which is having a whirl here and in London. Here's his hay-maker:

"Sir, it has been aquating assiduously, and I am now going to dehydrate my socks."

In one of your volumes of "Questions and Answers" you tell about Voltaire's "amusing definition of a clergyman," but you don't give us his exact words. Please supply them.

In his "Philosophical Dictionary," Voltaire (in 1764) wrote as follows under the heading of "Clergyman":

"A generic title under which is designated any Christian who consecrates himself to the service of God, and feels himself called upon to live without working at the expense of the rascals who work to live."

I also like Ambrose Bierce's description of a clergyman in his famous "The Devil's Dictionary":

"A man who undertakes the management of our spiritual affairs as a method of bettering his temporal ones."

William Wycherley, in his play, "The Country Wife" (1673) got a lot of blister into a single line:

"He has the canonical smirk and the filthy clammy palm of a chaplain."

Another celebrated writer, Mary Wollstonecraft, is equally vigorous in this sentence from her "A Vindication of the Rights of Woman" (1792):

"Idle vermin who two or three times a day perform in the most slovenly manner a service which they think useless, but call their duty."

After long meditation, fasting and prayer I'd say their job is to make the stupid more stupid, the ignorant more ignorant, the nutty nuttier, and the fanatics more fanatical.

When a Negro gets scared and turns pale what color does he take on?

The best way to answer this is to tell about what happened to Mose, a colored Casanova who was caught while calling on a girl who was married. He knew he got the worst scare of his life because the husband asked the wife: "What's dis white man doin' here?"

How many honey bees are there in the U.S. and how much honey do they produce?

Dr. M. C. Tanquary, University of Minnesota bee expert, says there are about 600,000,000,000 honey bees in this country. In 1941 they produced 206,561,000 pounds of honey. For each 100 pounds of honey there is produced about 20 ounces of beeswax, worth about five times as much per pound. Beeswax is in great demand now, its main uses being polishes and greases, gun lubricants, cartridge wax and grease, leather dressing and polish, snowshoe wax, waterproofing textiles and in certain adhesives. Dr. Tanquary says it would be easy to increase the yield of honey by an-
other 100,000,000 pounds merely by keeping down waste. As bees are important war workers, the government, in order to increase the production of honey, has granted apiarists a rating on certain materials, including tin for packaging honey, sugar for feeding some of the bees, and truck tires.

Do you ever have any use for Roget's Thesaurus?

I used to look into a copy some 30 years ago and found it useful, but it's been years since I've opened a Thesaurus. When I write, I don't need a book to supply me with words. The words are all in my head, and bump into one another tumbling out. I'm always long on words but short on ideas.

Please tell me who the advertising man was who boasted: "Give me a million dollars and I'll make tuberculosis popular in this country."

I don't know, but there's no real difference between this idea and Hitler's contempt for the masses shown in 'Mein Kampf'.

"Eggs," said the Commandant one morning, "we must have at once. Fortunately there are several good-sized poultry farms round here, and I want you, Forrageur, to go round in my car and collect an equal number from each farm." He wrote for three minutes or so on a sheet of notepaper, and handed it over. "Here," he continued, "are the names of the farms and their owners, and I have also put down the number of eggs required from each. It is now a quarter past nine, and I shall expect you back by lunch-time." Captain Forrageur carried out his instructions to the letter, returning at 12.45 with one thousand and seventy-nine eggs. What was the number on the paper?

"The numbers on the paper were 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, and the number of eggs was 13; and the number of 

Ị ọ fụnụs ịghị ọzọ aghị onọsọ, na ọzọ rụmụ, so ọzọ n'aka, na ọzọ na ọzọ n'aka.

I notice that yours of "Questions and Answers" contain several articles praising Edward Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." I can't wade through those 10 enormous volumes of Gibbon's. Why not boil them down for us?

Gibbon himself did a good job of boiling down his opus when a baffled woman asked: "Can't you tell me in a few words what caused the decline and fall of the Roman Em-
pire?" Gibbon replied: "The bottom dropped out of it."

Why do people become quieter as they get older?

It's because we have more to keep quiet about.

I'm curious to know how Sinclair Lewis plays his "cliche game."

The cliche game is Sinclair Lewis's own invention and stands as a mighty contribution to culture and thought. This game, which Red plays by the hour, is, like many great things, simple. A player is said to be "it," which means he must give a bromidic, obvious, stereotyped answer to any question asked of him. Red enjoys the game best when he's "it." Here's how it goes:

"Mr. Lewis, how do you introduce your wife?"

"Meet the ball and chain."

"How do you greet a person when you meet him in the rain?"

"It's a great day—for ducks."

"What is it that you're behind?"

"The 8-ball."

"Can you direct me to the Empire State Building?"

"I'm a stranger here myself."

"Do you go to church?"

"No, but I'd hate to live in a town that didn't have any churches."

"Do you like peanuts?"

"Yes, but they don't like me."

"Why did you buy a farm?"

"Because no matter what happens it'll always be there."

"Does this hot weather bother you?"

"No, it's the humidity that throws me."

"Can we expect you at 4 o'clock?"

"I can't be in two places at one time."

"What did you say when he overcharged you 5¢?"

"It isn't the money; it's the principle of the thing."

"What do you think about children?"

"The children of today are the parents of tomorrow."

"How do you like New York?"

"I like to visit New York, but I wouldn't care to live there."

"What do you say to a taxi-driver?"

"Don't spare the horses."

"How do you feel about Hitler's racial theories?"

"I'm against them, but I believe a Negro should always know his place."

"Did you vote against letting Isadore Cohen join your club?"

"Yes, but some of my best friends are Jews."

"Did you enjoy the meal?"

"Yes, but I always say we should eat to live, not live to eat."

That's all there is to it, but the
game offers opportunities for entertainment. Readers who line up rows of bromides are asked to send them to the writer, who always likes good, clean fun.

A farmer fenced in a circular plot of gress, 20 yards in diameter, and tethered a goat to the fence. The goat was able to graze over all the plot except an area of 100 square yards. How long was the tether?

"Perhaps you can tell me why, when an Indian dies, his body is laid on a huge funeral pyre and the widow throws herself living into the flames.

Once I met Dr. Patsy O'Bang, the great Anthropologist and Geographer, at the Explorer's Club, N.Y.C., and asked him to explain the above practice. He replied: "The reason is it's the first time in years she's seen the old man real hot."

Of the thousands of anecdotes and gags printed in your volumes of "Questions and Answers," which would say is your favorite?

My pet is the one about John Barrymore, then a young moocher who got by without working because he knew how to put the touch on his famous relatives, among them his well-known uncle, the actor John Drew. It was at the time of the San Francisco earthquake of 1906. Barrymore was facing the melancholy prospect of being forced to respond to the call for enforced labor that had been issued by the army. Anxious to get out of such a place, John wired his uncle in N.Y., asking for more money. The imperturbable Drew glanced at John's frantic appeal and remarked: "It took an earthquake to get him out of bed and the U.S. Army to put him to work."

I have been following Joseph McCabe's writing career ever since he began turning out books for your presses in 1925. I have everything he has written for you, and it fills a long shelf in my library. His capacity for literary work is prodigious. Please tell us something about McCabe's career before he became one of your contributors almost 20 years ago.

Back in 1920, Joseph Martin McCabe (that's his full name) wrote a huge 934-page book for a London publisher, entitled "A Biographical Dictionary of Modern Rationalists," in which he included some notes about himself, from which I quote below. He was born on November 11, 1867, which makes him 75 years old. He was educated in a Catholic school in Manchester, England; Forest Gate Seminary, London; and Louvain University, in Belgium. He entered the Franciscan Order in 1883, was ordained priest with the name "Father Anthony," and appointed professor of philosophy in 1890. McCabe adds that "the rules of his order forbade him to take a University degree." In 1895, McCabe was appointed head of a College at Buckingham. Six months later, in February, 1896, he left the Church. After two years as private secretary and literary struggler, McCabe spent a year as secretary of the Leicester Secular Society (1898-99). Then began his immense literary endeavors and lecturing that took him to almost every country in the world, largely for the Ethical and Rationalist movement. By 1920, McCabe had written 60 books, besides a score of translations. Now, in 1942, his list numbers far more than 200 books. He is probably one of the most prolific authors since the invention of printing. At first, McCabe called himself an Agnostic, but since becoming a regular writer for the Haldeman-Julius press he has gone the whole way, referring to himself as an Atheist and a Materialist.

What was the weight of the world's fattest person?

Miles Darden, a North Carolina giant, who died in 1857, weighed 1,000 pounds, but this doesn't make him the champ. The real champ was Mrs. Ruth G. Pontico, who died recently. She weighed 800 pounds. The reason she leads Darden is because she was only five feet five and a half inches tall. Heredity has a lot to do with overweight. In the Pontico case, her mother weighed 720 pounds; her six-foot father, 250. Dr. David P. Willoughby, writing about Mrs. Pontico in Human Biology, says that despite her enormous weight, she consumed "only about 50 percent more food than a normal person of her height."

I have nothing but pity for you poor, lost souls who go around reading books that question the fundamental truth of..."
the Bible. All confusion and doubts melted away when I got salvation and sanctification. I know the full and final truth now, so don't have to waste my mind and endanger my soul with Free-thought frills, frippery and nonsense. Take my advice and join up with us saved ones. We got the answer direct from our Maker and don't have to worry ourselves skinny about questions that get you all hot and bothered. Get in tune with the heavenly choir and life will become sane, beautiful, serene and pure.

Whenever I meet with smugness like the above, I'm reminded of the fellow who had a violin with only one string over which he drew the bow for hours at a time, holding his fingers at one place. His wife, a patient soul, after seven months of this sort of thing, asked, quietly: "Sam, I see that when others play that beautiful instrument, there are four strings, over which they draw the bow, and the players move their fingers about continuously." The man replied, "Yes, the others have four strings on their violin and move their fingers about continuously. That's because they are looking for the place. I've found it."

Did Abraham Lincoln speak favorably of the Chinese and critically of the Japanese?

Yes. In a Message to Congress (1864), President Lincoln used language that sounds appropriate even today. Lincoln's words:

"China seems to be accepting with hearty good-will the conventional laws which regulate commercial and social intercourse among the Western nations. Owing to the peculiar situation of Japan and the anomalous form of its government, the action of that empire in performing treaty stipulations is inconsistent and capricious."

Since seeing the autographed picture of the "Old Guide," his friendly, sociable face beaming with mischievous rays, The American Freeman will look lost and naked without that pic heading your Q & A column. That is what it has needed all the time to complete it. With that to refer to, while reading the hypnotic contents that won't let you lose till finished, it would be like sitting, talking and consulting with the old master.

The above comes from Howard Potts, Byesville, O., who himself writes a column for a newspaper and has his picture as part of the headline. That's all right for him and other writers, but it happens that this is my own paper and I can't feel right about ordering my own mug into my own medium. It'd be different if I were working for some other guy and he wanted my picture to go with my stuff. So, I'll continue sending a free, autographed photograph of myself to any reader who asks for it and sends a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

The enclosed clipping says a psychologist claims he can judge a man's character from his clothes. "Socks," he asserts, "show a man's temperament clearly. They tell whether he is generous or avaricious, nervous or phlegmatic." Please comment on the uses of socks.

Socks keep the feet warm.

How much more food does the average soldier eat than the average civilian?
The average soldier eats 1,600 pounds of food per year, while the average civilian eats 1,400.

Is it true that the goat sustains a greater number of people than the cow?
Yes. And, while I think of it, let me quote Carl Sandburg's neat description of the goat as "the poor man's cow."

I often wonder what the tootin's about when I hear engine whistles. Can you give me the code?
A bulletin issued by the Santa Fe says the standard code of operating rules, in force throughout the U. S., prescribes numerous engine whistle signals, of which these are widely used:

Approaching public grade crossing—two long, one short, one long.
Approaching station, junction or railroad crossing—One long.
Alarm for persons or animals on tracks—Succession of short toots.
Apply brakes, stop—One short whistle.
Release brakes, proceed—Two long whistles.
Engine protect rear of train—One long, three short.
Flagman return from west or south—Four long.
Flagman return from east or north—Five long.
Call for signals—Four short.
Back up (when standing)—Three short.
Stop at next station (when running)—Three short.

I notice you're always ready to quote anything with Mark Twain's name
hooked on it, but nary a piece by Josh Billings. Why? Give us at least part of his essay on the mule.

My reader is careless with his fax. I've quoted Josh Billings at least a dozen times in the last 10 years, as may be seen by looking into my volumes of "Questions and Answers," where I have always shown a friendly interest in American humor. Below is part of his nonsense on the nature and character of the mule:

The mule is haf hoss and haf Jackass, and then kums tu a full stop, natur discovering her mistake.

Tha weigh more, akordin tu their heft, than enny other kreetur, except a crow-bar.

Tha kaint hear enny quicker, nor further than the hoss, yet their ears are big enuff for snow shoes.

Tha are a modern inveshun, i dont think the Bible deludes to them at tall.

Tha sel for more money than enny other domestik animale. You kant tell their age by looking into their mouth, enny more than you could a Mexican cannons. Tha never have no disease that a good club wont heal.

Tha are like sum men, very korrupt at heart; i've known than tu be good mules for 6 months, just tu git a good chance to kick sumbody.

Tha are the strongest creatur on earth, and heaviest acording tu their sise; i herd tell ov one who fell oph from the tow path, on the Eri kanawl, and sunk as soon as he touched bottom, but he kept rite on towing the boat tu the nex stashun, breathing thru his ears, which stuck out ov the water about 2 feet. 6 inches. I didn't see this did, but an auctioneer told me ov it, and i never knew an auctioneer tu lie unless it was absolutely convenient.

I am 20 years of age and am contemplating marrying a man of 40. Please comment.

There's nothing out of line in such a marriage, except for the fact that when he's 60 you'll be only 28.

What's the meaning of "noblesse oblige"?

Nobility obliges.

Your prose poem on the delicious soft shell crab you ate as a boy in Philadelphia (also the city of my birth) moves me to ask if they're of the same species as hard shell crabs.

Yes, they're the same species. A soft shell crab, as it grows larger, sheds its soft shell in the Summer and grows a hard shell.

Can you give me the limerick about the tutors who tooted the flute?

The poem (author unknown) follows:

A tutor who tooted a flute
Tried to teach two young tutors to toot;
Said the two to the tutor:
Is it harder to toot, or
To tutor two tutors to toot?

I remember, back in 1919, when Prohibition came in. I also remember a statement made by Billy Sunday, in which he painted a perfect picture of utopian happiness for the U.S. As I am writing about this period, I would like to include this statement. Can you supply it?

Billy Sunday, who helped put over the "Noble Experiment," greeted the inauguration of Prohibition with this grand whizbang:

"The reign of tears is over. The slums will soon be only a memory. We will turn our prisons into factories and our jails into storehouses and corn cribs. Hell will be to rent forever."

What's meant by a blind man's holiday?

This English expression, which is centuries old, refers to long evening twilight periods "when it is too dark to work and too soon to light candles." I find that a good time to dispose of a highball.

What are "ricochet words"?

The expression means words that are reduplicated in order to make them more forceful, such as: riffraff, ding-dong, hotsy-totsy, hokus-pokus. Rhyming synonyms are also included in this category, as: rosers, musky-fusty. I like them exceptionally well after I've breakfasted on biscuits and brandy.

I was entertained by the enclosed piece, which I found in a house-organ issued by a commercial concern. Do you know who wrote it? Do you think your readers would like to see it?

I don't know who wrote the thing, but here it is:

Some fellows can get away with anything. There's one in our neighborhood that does.

Morals don't mean a thing to him. He's unmarried, and lives
openly with a woman he's crazy about; and doesn't care what the neighbors say or think.

He has no regard for truth or law.

The duties of the so-called good citizens are just so much bunk as far as he's concerned. He doesn't vote at either the primaries or the general election. He never thinks of paying a bill.

We have seen him take a $2 taxi ride without giving the driver so much as a pleasant look. The driver only stared at him and muttered something silly.

He won't work a lick; he can't play cards, or dance, or fool around with musical instruments or the radio. So far as known, he has no intellectual or cultural interests at all.

He neglects his appearance terribly. He's so indolent he'd let the house burn down before he'd turn in an alarm. The telephone can ring itself to pieces, and he wouldn't bother to answer it. Even on such a controversial subject as the liquor question, nobody knows exactly where he stands, because one minute he's dry, and the next minute he's wet. But we'll say this for him, in spite of all of his faults he comes of a darn good family. He's our new baby. 

Which pronunciation of "ration" is right—ra-shun, with a long a, or rash-un, with a short a?

Both are right.

* * *

When does a calf-eyed, willowy blonde cease being a chicken?

When she has crow's feet.

* * *

Do fingerprints reveal character?

No.

* * *

More than 25 years ago I heard a story about a young man in Paris who came on a woman's mysterious letter which he couldn't read and which no one would read to him. It was a short tale, and it still haunts me. I wonder if I've told you enough to enable you to identify it and print it again? I know you specialize in the odd remnants of literature, judging by the scores of such pieces I've read in your many volumes of "Questions and Answers." I'm sure many of your readers will enjoy the strange story I'm asking you to tell again.

The tale mentioned by my reader is about 40 years old. It has been going the rounds all these years in at least a half dozen versions, all of them about equal excellence. It's been recited orally no end of times and usually has an unusual effect on those who hear it for the first time. As for who wrote it, I don't know. It's a folk-yarn that was kept alive orally for years before it was imprisoned in print. The story:

John Thane, a successful young American, is sent by his firm to France on a business trip. He has never before been abroad and has no knowledge of French.

Arriving in Paris late in the afternoon, he takes a room at a hotel, then goes out to a sidewalk cafe. At a nearby table he sees a beautiful young Frenchwoman who smiles repeatedly at him. He makes no move to respond, and in a few moments she takes a piece of blue stationery from her handbag, writes something on it, and drops it at her feet. Then, with a meaningful glance at him, she rises and quickly disappears in the boulevard throng.

Curious, and now sorry he has failed to make the acquaintance of so charming a creature, Thane retrieves the paper. On it are a few words in French. Expecting that the young woman has written something for him, he asks the headwaiter to translate the message. After taking one horrified look at the words, the man orders Thane to leave the cafe.

Back at his hotel, Thane tells the manager of his stranger experience and shows him the paper. The manager eyes him in abhorrence and orders him to clear out of the hotel at once, refusing any explanation.

Dazed and miserable, Thane puts the blue paper in his pocket, determining not to show it to anyone else in that strange city.

Upon his return to America, he tells his story to the president of his firm, a native Frenchman, who has been his father's friend and his friend for years. The president readily agrees that it must be some cruel jest and offers to solve the mystery. But when Thane shows him the blue paper he stares at it with lips contorted, throws it in Thane's face and orders him out of the office and out of the firm's employ. Jobless, crushed, Thane stumbles into the street. Not only his peace of mind but now his career is lost—all because of a few words on a little piece of paper!

At last he has an idea. His old childhood nurse, who is devoted to him, is French. Going to her home,
he pours out the tale of his hideous predicament. She swears solemnly that she will translate the mysterious words for him. As he sits down he draws out a pistol and lays it on the table between them. "A simple, correct translation," he reminds her, "or I will never leave this room alive." She nods and holds out her hand for the paper.

Thane digs into the pocket where he has always kept it. Then he fumbles hysterically from pocket to pocket. The paper is gone. Thane never saw it again.

I was glad to see you print that old American classic, Senator George Graham Vest’s immortal tribute to a dog. About the same time there was in circulation a tribute to a mortgage. Can you put your finger on it? If so, let’s have it. These literary odds and ends seem up your alley.

This famous tribute to a mortgage is supposed to have been composed by some unnamed Kentuckian. My copy comes from the Frankfort, Ky., State Library, and reads:

In the whole range of sacred and profane literature perhaps there is nothing recorded which has such staying properties as a good healthy mortgage.

A mortgage can be depended on to stick closer than a brother. It has a mission to perform which never lets up. Day after day it is right there, nor does the slightest tendency to slumber impair its vigor in the least. Night and day, and at holiday times, without a moment’s rest for sickness or recreation, the biting offspring of its existence goes on.

The season may change, the days run into weeks, weeks into months, and months be swallowed up into the gray man of advancing years, but the mortgage stands up in sleepless vigilance, with the interest of a perennial stream ceaselessly running on.

Like a huge nightmare eating out the sleep of some restless slumberer, the unpaid mortgage rears up its gaunt front in perpetual torment to the miserable wight who is held within its clutch. It holds the poor victim with the relentless grasp of a giant; not one hour of recreation; not a moment’s evasion of its hideous presence. A genial savage of mollifying aspect while the interest is paid; a very devil of hopeless destruction when the payments fail.

Or liabilities may be evaded or smoothed aside, but a mortgage hangs on with the pertinacity of a bulldog or the grip of a blacksmith’s vise. If the interest is not paid, it is added to swell its grim parent, the principal.

It will have the pound of flesh which is nominated in the bond and, more terrible than the fearful witches of Macheth, the fiend, foreclosure, rears up its dreaded menace with the crushing weight of hopeless despair.

Pity for the poor man who has the grim fiend in his household. Every hour of his life is fraught with one intact endurance of misery and dread, embittered with a grievous load he is powerless to shake away.

A reader who signs himself “The Tenth Muse” sent a self-addressed stamped envelope for one of my autographed photographs. After it came, he studied it critically and let this bit of poetry ooze from his typewriter:

**LINES WRITTEN UPON SEEING A PHOTOGRAPH OF E. H.-J.**

“When is that man?”
And then I said:
I like the contour
Of his head—
And hasn’t he
A lot of chin?
A man like that
Is sure to win!
His look is keen
And kind and wise.
He would not tell
You many lies.

“When is that man?”
I found the name
Of one who daily
Climbs to fame:
Red-blooded man
To do and dare—
Two-fisted man
And on the square;
Good-humored, witty—
Very brave
And well equipped
To fell the knave!

“When is that man?”
Tell one and all
That seas shall dry
And mountains fall
Ere from his purpose
He shall sway
To bring about
A better day.
He’s an Apollo
B. V. D.
But he looks good
To you and me!

Recently I took my domestic problem to Dorothy Dix, but as her answer wasn’t what I wanted to hear, I am turning to
you. Here is my situation: My husband is fanatically fond of home cooking. What shall I do?
You can dine every evening at a restaurant that makes a specialty of home cooking.

You’re just the man to start a liberal, progressive, mind-liberating daily newspaper to be distributed by mail instead of through newsstand sales. You know all the angles.

It’s a great idea, but first I’ll have to work out a substitute for money. If I’m to finance such a project it’ll mean I’ll be busted higher than a kite in no time. I recall the despondent old gent who, emerging from his club, climbed stiffly into his luxurious limousine, and called to the chauffeur: “Drive off the cliff, Patrick. I’m committing suicide.”

During Victorian days there appeared in “Punch” a fable by Douglas Jerrold, which should amuse and instruct your readers. It shows the tremendous power of propaganda. I suggest you reprint it.

The Douglas Jerrold piece is called “The Legend of the Leg,” and is of interest in these days of Hitlerian lies. The point of Jerrold’s fable can be applied to the outpourings of Goebbels’ lie-factory. As William Rose Benet says, in The Saturday Review of Literature, “Today you can make people believe even in a mental cripple.” The fable:

Serene and balmy was the 9th of June morning, 1549, when three men, dressed as heralds, and superbly mounted on piebald horses, appeared in the streets of Utrecht. Immediate-ly behind them, mounted on a mule richly caparisoned, rode a man, or rather a human bundle—a hunch-back, with his naked right leg less than a goose’s over-roasted drumstick.

The procession halted before the burgomaster’s door. The heralds blew so loud a blast that every man’s money danced in his pocket. One herald then unburdened himself:

“Let it be known that our most noble master, now present, the worthy Vandenhopenlimpen, has the most perfect right leg of all the sons of earth. In token whereof he now exhibiteth the limb; whereat all men shout and admire!”

On the instant the dwarf cocked up his withered stump, self-complacent-ly laying his hand upon his heart; and amidst a crowd screamed and roared, and abused and reviled the dwarf, whilst market-

women discharged ancient eggs at him.
The next morning, and every day for six months the unwearyed heralds proclaimed the surpassing beauty of Vandenhopenlimpen’s right leg, and every day the leg was exhibited. Af-ter a time, the leg was considered with new and growing deference.

“After all, we must have been mis-taken—there surely is something in the leg,” said one burgher.

“I have some time thought so,” answered another.

“It is my faith,” said the Burgomaster’s grandmother “that Vandenhopenlimpen’s leg is the only leg on earth made as a leg should be.”

In a short season, this faith be-came the creed of the mob.

A woman here insists that her watch has gained several minutes a day since she began taking vitamin E tablets. Please comment.

She’s full of prunes.

While reading Tennyson’s “Locksley Hall,” written more than a century ago, I came on an amazing forecast which I am copying for your readers. Tennyson wrote these lines about 75 years before the Wright brothers flew for the first time.

Tennyson not only forecast almost incredible uses for airplanes but said this tremendous air power would, in time, cause us to reor-ganize socially in order to establish peace and security. The forecast:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be,
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping costly breaths as they flew;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations’ airy navies, grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro’ the thunderstorm;
Till the war-drums throb’d no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World.

Please tell me how many insects are in the air above each square mile of the earth’s surface.

Estimates give 25,000,000.

A man left $500 to be devided between his two sons—Alfred and John. If one-third of Alfred’s legacy be taken from one-fourth of John’s the remainder would
be $55. What was the amount of each legacy?

John 38:12, 13
Are Lucky Strikes toasted?

No. The cigarette advertising of the American Tobacco company, owner of Luckies, is notoriously dishonest. In fact, most cigarette publicity is as crooked as a barrel of snakes.

To your numerous readers you're an author, but to me you stand out as a writer of advertising copy. I've been following your ads, circulars, catalogues, broadsides, etc., for more than 20 years and it was you who came to mind when I happened on a sentence in the Bible. Look it up for your own amusement in the 11th verse, 55th chapter of Isaiah.

Here is Isaiah's prayer for copywriters:

"So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

What happens when whisky ages?

Whisky, when it comes from the still, is colorless—and useless to civilized gullets. It begins its cultural parade only when it's run into the barrel, where it's to get the qualities that count—color, aroma, and the other assets we elbow-benders look for. The wood, therefore, is the important medium in the making of whisky. Two chemists connected with the Schenley Distillers Corporation, Dr. A. J. Liebmann and M. Rosenblatt, who have conducted long researches into the chemistry of aging whisky, say that three things happen when whisky is run into the barrel:
1. Extraction of substances from the wood;
2. Oxidation of some of the original substances in the liquor and also the material extracted from the wood;
3. Reaction between the original substances and those from the wood.

I am puzzled by the statement that Hindu logicians differ from Western logicians on the use of the syllogism. Please comment.

The subject of logic shouldn't be discussed in these columns at this time because it happens that Bertrand Russell is at work on a booklet for my presses, to be called "How to Become a Logician," but as it happens that Mr. Russell doesn't intend to touch on Hindu logic I feel free to comment briefly on the point that puzzles my reader. It's true that Hindu logicians make their syllogisms consist of four statements, against the three used by professors of logic in our universities. For example, take the simple assertion that where there's smoke there's fire. Here's how a Hindu logician puts it in syllogistic form:

1. There is smoke on the mountain;
2. There is no smoke without fire (it is a matter of experience that wherever there is smoke, there is fire);
3. Smoke which is connected with fire by this relation is on the mountain;
4. Hence there is fire on the mountain.

Western logicians insist that the third premiss could be eliminated without doing damage to clarity, for it's hardly more than an echo of what's said in the first. This brings up the subject of syllogisms, one that Bertrand Russell covers in his forthcoming booklet for my new publication, The "How-To" Magazine. It's Dr. Russell's claim that logic, as it's taught in our universities, is of dubious worth. Lest I cause unnecessary confusion let me help make clear Bertrand Russell's theory of logic as touched on briefly in the outline he submitted to me before writing the 7,500-word essay just mentioned. It should make intelligent readers ache for a chance to read the booklet itself. Here is what Bertrand Russell is covering in "How to Become a Logician," sub-titled, "The Art of Inference":

The first thing is: Do not learn traditional formal logic, which is still taught in almost all universities. It was a creditable effort in the time of Aristotle, but is now as completely superseded as Ptolemaic astronomy. Theological teachers are not allowed to think it imperfect.

Logic is deductive or inductive. Deductive logic is useful when the premises are given, as in law; also when they are hypothetically assumed to see if their consequences agree with observed facts. It is indistinguishable from mathematics. Its utility is great, but strictly limited. It will not tell you what to believe, but only that if you believe A,
you must believe B. e.g., if you think that all human beings are equal, you ought to oppose slavery and favor votes for women. It took people about a century to make this deduction.

Inductive logic is more useful but less precise. It is an attempt to give an intellectual formulation to an animal habit, with the limitations that will usually suffice to avoid error. There are different kinds of induction. (1) Simple enumeration: I am sure the sun will rise tomorrow, because it always has risen. This is sometimes misleading; a chicken which has always been fed by a certain man will expect food from him, but one day he wrings its neck. (2) Concomitant variations: Does the moon affect the weather? No. Does the moon affect the tides? Yes. (3) Analogy: What is the atmosphere present during thunderstorms and absent at other times? (4) Prediction of something very improbable except on a certain hypothesis: discovery of Neptune.

The purpose of inductive logic is to show how to infer general laws from particular occurrences. Inductive never gives certainty, but only a greater or less degree of probability. For practical purposes, however, the probability may often be taken as equivalent to certainty.

As announced elsewhere, Bertrand Russell has already turned in another important manuscript that’s intended for early publication in The “How-To” Magazine, entitled “How to Become a Philosopher,” and sub-titled, “The Art of Impartiality.” Philosophy, along with logic and mathematics, has been one of Bertrand Russell’s special subjects for decades. Before writing this valuable booklet Bertrand Russell submitted the following outline, which I accepted promptly:

A true philosopher differs from a dogmatist in two ways: by a certain human universality of outlook, as opposed to the outlook of one creed, one class, or one nation; and by the attempt to base his opinions on rational grounds, rather than on tradition or emotionalism.

To become a philosopher, it is necessary to train both the intellect and the emotions. The intellect must be trained positively by science and modern logic (not by syllogism); negatively by examining the grounds of your opinions, and asking yourself which of these you would have had if you had grown up in a different environment. In this way you should learn to hold opinions more or less tentatively, as men of science do. In history, many creeds have seemed worth fighting, killing, and dying for; ask yourself whether there is any creed for which you would persecute.

The necessary training of the emotions is closely connected with the intellectual training. Learn not to be angry with opinions unlike your own, but to understand how they come about. If, after you have understood them, they still seem false, you can combat them rationally. You will have to learn to think and feel as just a human being, not a member of this or that group; and, moreover, to see man, not through the eyes of human conceit, but in his true place in the universe.

As I write this, a letter comes from Bertrand Russell, in which he tells me a third Ms., to be called “How to Become a Mathematician,” will be done for The “How-To” Magazine. He encloses his outline, which I’m passing on to my readers, for I know they like these peeks behind the editorial scene. All this goes to show how much advance work is done by both editor and author before titles are slated for publication in this office. My standards are always the highest, the idea being to provide the public with the finest expressions of scholarship at prices that are almost nominal. Here is his outline of “How to Become a Mathematician,” or “The Art of Reckoning”:

Some people, even if well taught, dislike mathematics; they ought not to try to become mathematicians. But good teaching can make it interesting to many more people than find it interesting at present.

Teaching of mathematics, in the early stages, should start from practical problems; at first, the solution should be easy. This is how mathematics in fact began.

Thales discovered how to calculate the height of a pyramid by measuring its shadow. He is said to have found out how to calculate the distance of a ship at sea by observing it from two different places on land. The following are historically important problems:

Mathematics is important in altering the concepts we bring to the understanding of the world, particularly continuous change.

In the present case 20 numbers of The "How-To" Magazine will cost only a dollar, which is absurdly low when one considers that men like Bertrand Russell, H. G. Wells, Professor John H. Burma, and others, will be regular contributors. In the case of Bertrand Russell, let's take a look at his career:


Now let's take a look at his books, other than the familiar titles listed in my catalogue of Little Blue Books:


I've already edited the first Russell manuscript, "How to Become a Philosopher," which is being set in type at this writing, and I am overcome with pride and enthusiasm because of my good fortune in having such a great scholar write fresh, new, significant material exclusively for my new publication. I haven't the slightest doubt that many of my readers will endorse my editorial judgment, which they'll prove by placing their names on the subscription list. Such literary projects put new life into my aging bones.

Which entertainment, in your opinion, is the least expensive and gives the most lasting pleasure?

Reading.

What's your opinion of General Douglas MacArthur?

He's a dashing figure, who looks and acts like a soldier, but I'm far from joining the ranks of the frenzied hero-worshipers. MacArthur hasn't been burning up the scenery in the S.W. Pacific, but here we must be fair and admit his numerous difficulties, especially of supply and distances. What galls me is the way he acted after Pearl Harbor, where our leadership was asleep. MacArthur had plenty of warning and yet he permitted his substantial air fleet in the Philippines to stand bunched together on the air ports, where they became easy targets for the Japanese, who destroyed most of them with astonishing ease. The blame rests with MacArthur. He knew what was coming, so the least he could have done was to conserve what he had. We don't know how many planes MacArthur lost through his faulty leadership, but there can be little doubt that the quick blows of the Japanese caused losses that made our defeat in the Islands almost inevitable. MacArthur will have to explain away that negligence before he can be admitted to my gallery of heroes.

What, in your opinion, is the best mechanical improvement in our day-by-day living?

I put modern plumbing at the top of the list, because it has helped make man less offensive to himself. The thing is perfect, when properly installed and adjusted. There are no drawbacks. There is no balancing of good against bad. That's why I put it above the telephone, radio, motor car, and the like. The electric light I put next to plumbing, for it has taken the night gloom out of cities and towns. Glitter banishes melancholy.

What one thing, more than anything else, enabled Abraham Lincoln to overcome obstacles of environment and economic circumstances? What enabled him to smash the shackles and go forward to achievement and glory?

It was reading. Abraham Lincoln was completely self-educated. He taught himself by reading good
If chickens aren’t fed American mash they lay eggs that are low in vitamins. Americans in the tropics need doses of Vitamin B1 (thiamin). Overdoses are as bad as no doses at all. Swine, beef cattle and poultry often die of heat in the enervating tropical heat. They usually are stunted creatures that never grow as fast as their kind in Northern sections. When a steer in the tropics is big enough to be butchered it’s old and tough. The grass and feed in places subject to tropical heat isn’t nearly as good as our feeds and grass. That explains why meat produced in tropical sections is lacking in B vitamins. Now I want to take up the common notion that races in the tropics mature early and are extremely fertile. Dr. Clarence A. Mills, in his book, “Climate Makes the Man,” shows that “puberty comes several years earlier in temperate climates and the fertility rate is higher too.” He shows that “undernourishment and small stature make many tropical mothers seem younger than they actually are and lose sexual customs and absence of birth control give a false impression of a fertility that is not true fertility at all.”

Dr. Mills shows that people die early in the tropics from infectious diseases, “yet those who do survive live longer and more tranquil than northerners and largely escape many of the northerners’ most common ills—hardening of the arteries, high-blood pressure, sinusitis, cancer.” According to Dr. Mills, the slow pace of life, the lack of ambition and the lethargy commonly found in tropic dwellers have two chief causes—“one is the difficulty of losing body heat, and the other is nutritional deficiencies.”

Here’s a puzzle which may interest your readers: A prominent personage in Bolivia thought he would bring great honor to himself by presenting shoes to all those in his native city who would, or could, wear them. Now, in that city 5 percent of the inhabitants are one-legged, and half of the others prefer to go barefoot. How many shoes did he need to buy?

The same answer must always be remembered populationwise one-legged milions or one-legged millions of the same proportion.
Questions and Answers

How much of the land area of the U.S. is desert? 22 percent.

What’s the meaning of G.R. in connection with the King of England? G.R. stands for Georgius Rex, which is Latin for George, King.

I am puzzled by the verb in this sentence: “The wear and tear of modern life PLAYS hob with a sensitive soul.” Should it be pluralized?

The singular is right, because wear and tear, being in apposition, mean the same thing—depreciation.

What is your preference regarding the words following geographic names, such as Pacific Ocean, Delaware River, Philippine Islands, Crawford County? Should they be capitalized?

I prefer to capitalize them, but the tendency among many editors is to lower-case them. Both styles are correct.

How do you Rationalists explain the phenomenon of genius? What is there about nature that will produce a billion clods and then pop off with a Shakespeare, a Shostakovich, a Bertrand Russell, or a Mark Twain?

Prof Haldane, our best authority in this field, shows in his book, “New Paths in Genetics,” that “in the present state of knowledge no full explanation is possible of such a genius as Beethoven—or, for that matter, as Shakespeare, Newton, or Michelangelo.” Haldane holds that “any explanation would have to be in terms of heredity and environment; and each is very complex.”

A mother sent her boy to the river and told him to bring back exactly 7 pints of water. She gave him a 3-pint vessel and a 5-pint vessel. How can he measure out and bring back exactly 7 pints of water, using nothing but the two vessels, and not guessing at the amount.

Now, when the whole democratic world is fighting for the right to live, is it a good time to reprint Edgar Lee Masters’ poem on Robert G. Ingersoll, Agnostic, prophet of Humanism, fighter for truth and freedom. I enclose a copy. Your readers will thank you for the opportunity to read this beautiful tribute.

Masters’ poem on Ingersoll, written in 1916, follows:

To the lovers of Liberty everywhere, But chiefly to the youth of America Who did not know Robert G. Ingersoll, Remember that he helped to make you free!

He was a leader in a war of guns for freedom, But a general in the war of ideas for freedom!

He braved the misunderstanding of friends, He faced the enmity of the powerful small of soul,

And the insidious power of the churches; He put aside worldly honors, And the sovereignty of place,

He stripped off the armor of institutional friendships To dedicate his soul To the terrible deities of Truth and Beauty!

And he went down into age and into the shadow With little men for a staff, And the light of his soul for a light— And with these alone!

O you martyrs trading martyrdom for heaven, And self-denial for eternal riches, How does your work and your death compare

With a man’s for whom the weal of the race, And the cause of humanity here and now were enough To give life meaning and death as well—

I have not seen such faith in Israel!

My daughter and I wonder what your friends call you, because we speak so often of you or your articles. And we often smile at each other’s nicknames of you. Some of them are not dignified enough for a man of your literary stature, so we resorted to “His Highness.”

When my friends want to be
cozily intimate they just call me: EMANUEL HALDEMAN-JULIUS.

"Democracy at its worst is better than dictatorship at its best." Who said that? I did.

Is it a fact that Iceland has no army or navy?

Yes.

Knowing that you like puzzles, I submit a few for your amusement. Here is No. 1.: Make an English sentence out of this collection of letters merely by inserting the same letter wherever, and as often as, you like:

LEEPLNEIAAMOTDITRREINGDIEAE

Here is No. 2: Insert the letter G 13 times in order to make the following string of letters into a reasonable sentence:

ARIMACINAROYLEISLESSARAVATINTHANA

ILINIOLO

No. 3: Put sense into the following by inserting the same vowel 12 times:

MBBNGGNLLNOSSSLCT

No. 4: Complete this incomplete limerick:

There was a young man at—

Who evinced the most pognant—

When asked, "Why d'you—?"

He replied, "This—!

I'm so braced I can't start to—."

What is the weight of a human skeleton?

A male, adult skeleton weighs from nine to 13 pounds.

Are totem poles religious symbols?

No. They're expressions of secular life, such as family history, legends, clan happenings, etc.

Did Lazarus die twice?

Certainly, for Holy Scripture says so.

What are crocodile tears?

Insincere grief.

During a certain week in Autumn, the average daily rainfall from Sunday to Friday exceeded the average from Monday to Saturday by 16.2-3 percent. The week was on the average just as wet as Sunday. What was the fall on Saturday?

NO RAIN FALL ON SUNDAY.

What word or phrase describes the exaggerated courage that comes to people when they're in their cups?

"Pot-valiant. It often works when one is out to get someone "told."

Is an inhibition the same as a repression?

No. Inhibited people get themselves all in a knot because of their unconscious refusal to admit ideas from their consciousness. Repressed people seek to escape unpleasant thoughts by excluding anything that's painful in their mental behavior.

What does the human brain weigh?

On the average, for an adult, about three pounds.

Is a psychosis the same as a neurosis?

No. Psychiatrists say a psychosis is a grave derangement of the brain; a neurosis is less serious,
usually, being a condition in which the nervous system functions fault- 
ily.

Has the scientific world admitted there's anything to mental telepathy?
No. It's never been demonstrated under test conditions.

I have some merchandise in my store that carries the label "Made in Japan." Should such goods be boycotted?
The patriotism that moves consumers to boycott such goods will please the Japanese, because they know the goods were bought before the war, paid for with U.S. dollars. Under such circumstances, a boy- 
cott can't do Japan any harm. Only American businessmen will suffer.

What do you mean when you call someone a "die-hard"?
Usually it refers to a conservative who refuses to surrender to prog- 
ress.

Was Thomas Jefferson the first President to propose the abolition of chattel slavery?
Yes.

Is it correct to use colored stationery?
I suppose so, but I'm prejudiced. I prefer white. And I like it to be simple. Swank stationery makes me frown.

Is dunking O.K.?
As F.P.A. puts it, dunking is bad taste but tastes good. I may be egotistical, but it's my notion that I dunk with such charm, finesse and adroitness that even the most finicky (including Mrs. Priscilla Prissy-Pratt) sit back in awesome admiration. Such mastery of a low art came after decades of practice.

True to my passion for useless knowledge, I've kept a record of the number of women I've seen get their dresses messed up by having highballs spilled on them. There were 20 instances in all, and each and every femme got mad, turned purple and swore. That's enough evidence to draw a generalization, it seems.

Radio and pulpit preachers are saying that the war is bringing our students back to religion. A good way to test this assertion is to take our greatest educational institution—Harvard—and count the number of students who attend religious services. Harvard has a chapel, of course. Is it crowded? What are the facts? The figures will talk for them- selves.

According to the 1941 Educational Directory of the U.S. Office of Edu- 
cation, Harvard University, in the year 1941, had 8,151 students and 2,069 teachers taking courses lead- ing to degrees, or a total of 10,220. During the past five years the aver- 
age attendance at chapel has been 60 students.

How tall is the President? Also Eleanor and the boys? How rich is F. D. R.? When was he stricken? How fast does he talk over the radio?
F. D. R. is 6 feet 2 inches tall; Mrs. Roosevelt is 5 feet 11 inches; all four of their sons, now in the armed forces, are over 6 feet tall. The President has about a million dollars. He talks over the radio at the rate of about 160 words a min- ute. He was stricken with infantile paralysis in 1921 while vacationing near Campobello, New Brunswick, Canada. He was 39 years old at the time. By 1924, he was well enough to resume his political activities, appearing at the Democratic na- 
tional convention in N.Y.C. to place Al Smith in nomination for the presidency.

What does a parachute cost?
For a 24-foot parachute, about $250.

What does bear meat cost?
The only information I have on this is a report from Helena, Mont., where bear meat was sold for an average of 3.7 cents per pound.

Have you any official figures on suicides in the U.S.? Which racial group has the highest rate? Which has the lowest?
Does the rate vary among the States?
According to the Bureau of the Census, in 1940 there were 18,907 suicides in this country, which is at a rate of 14.4 for each 100,000 of population. In 1900, the rate was 10.2; the high record was 17.4, in 1932. More than 75 percent of su- 
cides are males, the greatest num- 
ber occurring in the 45 to 54 year bracket. Nevada tops all States, with 40.8 suicides for each 100,000 of population, and South Carolina and Arkansas are at the bottom, the rate being 6.3. April is the great suicide month; January has the least number of suicides. White
people kill themselves at a rate that's four times greater than among the Negroes, but the Chinese ration is highest of all, the rate being 45.2 per 100,000. Indians are least prone to suicide, their rate being 8.4 per 100,000.

Knowing you to be familiar with world literature, I come to you for help. Recently I came on this opening line: "Some come here to sit and think." It moved me deeply. Maybe you can give me the rest of the poem.

I've been asked this question before. Sorry, I never heard of the poem. Maybe some erudite reader can give me the literary score.

You say, in a thousand places, that your job is to bring culture to the masses. What do you mean by culture?

I accept Matthew Arnold's definition, in his "Literature and Dogmas." Culture is "to know the best that has been said and thought in the world."

Can you do something about the popular lie that Negroes are more afflicted with syphilis than any other section of the population of the U.S.? As an old, tried and true friend of the Negroes we can rely on you to use your pen in our defense.

I wish I could reject this "popular lie," but the painful truth is that 17 Southern States show, according to a survey conducted by the Rosenwald Foundation, that of 12,000,000 Negroes almost 2,500,000 have syphilis. These, and numerous discouraging facts, appear in a pamphlet issued by the U.S. Printing Office (20c), entitled "Syphilis in the Negro," by H. H. Hazen, M.D. The reason for this bad condition isn't hard to find. Our Negroes aren't given opportunities to enjoy the services of the best scientific and medical practitioners. Negro sections are woefully lacking in up-to-date hospitals and clinics. As for Negro doctors to take care of their own people, our unfairness doesn't permit enough Negro medical students to receive proper training in our medical colleges. Progress is being made, of course, but the situation is too serious for slow advances; there is need for speed. A great deal of the blame for syphilis among the Negroes must be borne by the white people. We fail to give the Negroes ready access to scientific facilities and then scorn them for their melancholy situation. As I've already said, things aren't as bad as they've been, but we're too slow in rising to the full demands of the problem.

What instruments in an orchestra produce the highest and the lowest tones?

The piccolo is the highest; the contra-bassoon, the lowest.

What's your toughest job?

Turning mental jelly-fish into thinking men and women.

From your articles on life on your farm I take it you are something of an expert on animals. I want a pet in my apartment, but can't make up my mind which to choose. Would you suggest a canary, a dog, a parrot, or a cute pussy?

Personally I prefer blondes. If properly trained, they make excellent pets. All I've seen came already house broke. The element of upkeep must be considered. Most keepers admit they come rather high. Experts insist that if one is bent on having more than one of these pets he must be careful to keep them far apart. Frequently, after the second highball, they become amusing. If healthy, the smallest blonde will eat more than the hugest St. Bernard. Blondes respond to affection and simply love mazuma.

I am looking for a quotation from the great German poet, Goethe, in which mention is made of the Church's love for "tainted money." Can you help me?

Goethe turned his bit of satire this way:

Capacious is the Church's belly;
Whole nations it has swallowed down,
Yet no dyspepsia 'neath its gown;
The Church alone, in jewels drest,
Your "tained wealth" can quite digest.

How does the murder rate among whites compare with Negroes, Indians, etc.? Are we committing more or fewer homicides compared to previous years?

According to the Bureau of the Census, we had the lowest number of homicides in 1940 in 25 years. Florida had the most murders; Vermont, the least. The homicide rate for the country rose from 1.2 per 100,000 persons in 1900 to a peak of 9.7 in 1933, during the depth of the depression. In 1940, the rate dropped to 6.2. There were 8,208 homicides in 1940, compared with 12,124 in 1933. During 1933, men
were murdered at the rate of 9.9; females, 2.6. Whites were murdered at the rate of 3.1; Negroses, 34.3; American Indians, 14.1; Chinese, 12.9, and Japanese, 3.2. The 25-34 year group had the highest homicide death rate.

* * *

I've seen butterflies fight like blazes among themselves and against other insects, and yet they have no weapons. What do they fight with?

Butterflies, which can be extremely belligerent, use their wings as weapons.

* * *

In your article on powdered eggs (in one of your volumes of "Questions and Answers") you tell us much about the drying of eggs, but one point you failed to cover. Here it is: How many eggs does it take to produce a pound of powdered eggs?

Three dozen.

* * *

Which sense is better among insects—sight or smell?

An insect's eyesight is unusually bad, while its sense of smell is amazingly good.

* * *

How many different species of insects can a tree be host to?


Gasoline rationing has hit me along with other motorists. Would it help any if one were to use a spark plug gadget which is now being offered by salesmen who insist that it will save fuel?

There's no substitute for gasoline. Spark plug gadgets that are supposed to increase mileage per gallon of gasoline are frauds. Tests show that these devices increase rather than decrease gas consumption. Hawkers usually put over an impressive demonstration by attaching a condenser to the ignition, thereby bringing about some change, if the motor is operated at a chosen speed. George M. Husser, Manager of the Kansas City, Mo., Better Business Bureau, warns that "ignition systems can best contribute to motor efficiency by being left to the periodic care of trained service men."

* * *

Is limburger cheese as bad as it smells?

I've heard it's odiferous because of the filthy conditions under which it's made.

Limburger is the victim of a combination of bad press, bad radio and bad vaudeville. It's the old story of giving a dog a bad name. Limburger not only is an excellent food but it's a delicacy, bad jokes to the contrary notwithstanding. Of course, extolling any kind of cheese comes easy with me because I'm the friend of all dairy products—from plain milk, cottage cheese, butter, Philadelphia smear, cream cheese and swiss to the esoteric kinds that carry overtones of estheticism, including limburger. It's plain slander to say limburger smells because it's made under dirty conditions. Being a surface-ripened cheese, the bacteria giving the cheese its characteristic flavor, color and texture grow on the surface and ripen the cheese by means of chemicals produced by the bacteria. Limburger is healthful, because, in the words of Dr. M. W. Yale, bacteriologist at the State Experiment Station, Geneva, N. Y., "it is a milk product and high in food value and also it is made from sweet whole milk, none of the butter fat being removed." As for dirty conditions, any expert on cheese will tell you that limburger, more than any other cheese, requires constant care and great cleanliness of manufacture. The limburger business, which produces about 3,000,000 pounds annually in New York State alone, is generally a family enterprise, usually in the hands of descendants of Swiss and German cheese makers who came to the U. S. in the 1850's. Prejudice against their product shows ignorance. A glass of beer, a hunk of rye bread, and about four ounces of limburger would go well as I close this piece. That's the power of suggestion. Any other kind of cheese could be disposed of, now that I'm completely in the mood, but it mustn't be toasted. I can't understand how Robert Louis Stevenson, in one of his stories, could permit himself to write: "Many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese— tosted, mostly." That's a crime against any honorable cheese. Cheese should never be toasted. In this country it's mostly the country club type of matron who goes in for that offense against good taste—toasted cheese. One could as well mix two ounces of good whisky with a banana split, or let pulpy marsh-
marshmallows float around in a glass of venerable wine.

Please comment on the flood of publicity that presents Gypsy Rose Lee as an intellectual.

We're told she has Proust in her library, which must make her an intellectual. Whole shelves are given to astrology, numerology, fortune-telling, crystal gazing, phrenology, spiritualism, psychical "research," faith cures, the works of Mrs. Eddy, and related bunk. What does that make her?

Some months ago you asked your readers to complete the poem which starts off with the line, "Some come here to sit and think." Did you get the desired help? If so, please report back to your readers, who are aching for the information.

One reader said she saw this obscure poem on the wall of a ladies' powder room, but judging by the second line quoted by her I suspect the wag is trying to spoof me. This means that I'm still waiting for the rest of this peculiar piece of Americana. I wonder if it's possible that the line is from some little-used church hymn.

Do you think the Nazis are going to remain in Russia?

Yes, from now on. At the right time Stalin will prove this to be true by offering to dig 'em up.

In one of your learned dissertations, in which you show your talent for profound philosophy and sound logic, you turn to those great artists of the common people—strip-teasers—and mention their "bumps and grinds." I don't know what you mean by bumps and grinds. Please tell me what happens when these artists in the nude go in for bumps and grinds.

When a state of nudity has been reached, the performer's pubic area is drawn back slowly and deliberately, after which there is a quick jerk forward, as though some invisible demon had stuck a pin in the artist's posterior. This is known as "bumps." The second theme in the symphony of strip-teasing is to manipulate the same area in such a way as to suggest a revolving mechanism, clockwise and counter-clockwise. These exotic motions are described by the word "grinds." The conservative school prefers the conventional routine of beginning with a grind and ending with a bump, but there's a radical wing that insists on beginning with a bump and then going into a grind. Then there are the liberals or moderates—the middle-of-the-roaders—who prefer both techniques. Our Puritans, who are sworn enemies of all this lively artistry, fight the movement with the charge that the whole pantomime is immoral in that it arouses erotic impulses, to which the friends of the art reply scornfully that the opposition is ridiculous despite the fact that it's argument is true. It seems there will always be a large audience for anything that arouses erotic impulses. As for myself, I have always accepted, without reservations, anything that aroused erotic impulses, knowing from long observation that the juices of life flow more easily and warmth gladdens the heart when one is exposed to artistic manifestations that impinge on erotic impulses. Eros will not be mocked. In the sublime words of Christopher Morley:

I bid you, mock not Eros;
He knows not doubt or shame,
And, unaware of proverbs,
The burnt child craves the flame.

But the Puritans aren't discouraged by our natural cravings for the things that give pleasure. Lord Macaulay got to the truth of the issue with this observation:

"The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators."

If that's the reason there's nothing to do but to continue a feud that'll never end.

I am puzzled by the remark that Albert Einstein has worked out a mathematical formula for success in life. Will you explain how such a thing is possible.

To tell the full truth, Prof. Einstein had to call in a collaborator to achieve this triumph. It was none other than Dr. Patsy O'Bang, the greatest mathematician the world has ever known and the man who showed Einstein how to pro-mulgate the Theory of Relativity. The Einstein formula was given in the following form:

"If a is success in life, the formula is, a equals x plus y plus z, x being work and y being play."

"You will see from this," said Einstein to Dr. O'Bang, "that every-
thing is accounted for except z. Can you give me the meaning of the z?" "That's easy," chirped the great Dr. Patsy O'Bang, "z is keeping your damned mouth shut."

Are you keeping a file of jazz slang - uage?

My Newsclip Filing System has a folder devoted to this interesting and lively subject, from which I select a few samples:

- All in—Ensemble playing, no solos.
- Boogie-woogie—Rapid percussive, piano style.
- Chirpy, Canary—Lady who sings with the band.
- Clinker—Sour note.
- Doghouse—Base fiddle.
- Eighty-eight—Piano.
- Front—Band leader.
- Long underwear—Carnegie Hall crowd.
- Mickey Mouse—Sweet band, distinguished from hot band.
- Platter, On the wax—Phonograph record.
- Skins—The drums.
- Stick—Clarinet.

I'm thankful for this excuse to give my modest invention a clean and humble plug. It may be that some great literary historian, in the 21st Century will dispose of me in a tiny footnote in which I'll be mentioned as the inventor of the Newsclip Filing System, the simplest and cheapest method of keeping newspaper and magazine clippings ever devised. Or perhaps there'll be a brief controversy between two pundits on the question of whether the 200,000,000 books sold by E. Haleman-Julius were as consequential as his Newsclip Filing System. Kidding aside, I want to see more readers learn how to clip valuable pieces from newspapers and periodicals, and file them away quickly and easily. My system enables one to get to some particular clipping in a matter of seconds. And to think that a mere $1.25 will deliver a complete set that's big enough to hold about 5,000 clippings! It's no wonder I've received letters of praise and thanks from writers, teachers, students, businessmen, lawyers, doctors, and readers in almost every other walk of life.

Did you see the November, 1942, issue of The Reader's Digest? It featured an article by a doctor, who uses the pen-name of Orrin Keating, in which he explains why he kicked out Atheism and returned to the God-Idea. He quotes—approvingly, of course—these sentences by an anatmist, David Grant: "No one can deny that every creature must have a creator. There must be some Power, First Cause, or whatever you wish to call God, because the mere mechanics of human procreation do not and cannot explain how a man's body comes into existence." With its 7,000,000 circulation, The Reader's Digest is a tremendous medium for the creation of public opinion. It's possible that one article, like the one just quoted from, can undo years of propaganda effort by our Free-thinkers. Please comment on the first Cause argument so loudly proclaimed in this Digest article.

The First Cause argument has been torn to shreds by many philosophers, and even by some theologians. It's a piece of shoddy reasoning. Our antagonist, David Grant, dives off at the deep end when he assures us that "no one can deny" the validity of the First Cause argument. One's first reaction is to show that many sound, informed thinkers do reject the First Cause argument. Readers of my Little Blue Books have access to numerous volumes in which first-rate thinkers reject the First Cause argument. Joseph McCabe and Bertrand Russell aren't popular with the orthodox brethren who still believe that Eve came from Adam's rib, but that doesn't alter the fact that they are important figures in the world of thought—and both reject the First Cause argument. Joseph McCabe does it this way:

"He sets out to prove that there is a First Cause. There must, he says, be at least one 'self-existing' or 'necessarily existing' being. We can conceive the material world and its living population as non-existent, therefore they do not exist by some intrinsic necessity of their own nature and must depend for it on a cause... It is doubtful if this kind of logic-chopping impresses many today, except those who are compelled to take their cue from the early medieval philosophers... It is the same confusion of the order of ideas and the order of things as in the famous and beautifully simple argument of St. Anselm, that our idea of the Infinite would be short of perfection if it did not include existence, therefore the Infinite exists."

Next comes Bertrand Russell, also well known to my readers, with this comment:

"... the argument that there must be a First Cause is one that cannot have any validity... when I was a
people today who will tell you that the conflict between science and religion is over. It is not so. What has been rather loosely called the conflict between science and religion is just reaching its acute phase. Up to the present the fighting has been an affair of outposts; the incidents of Galileo and Darwin were but skirmishes. The real conflict is to come; it concerns the very conception of Deity."

We Freethinkers don't command the press facilities that are available to the obscurantists, but we're effective even though our penmen are only in a minority. What makes them so strong, despite the meager media for expression, is the fact that they have truth on their side. The intellectual stinkers can write their fatuous pieces for magazines with 7,000,000 circulation, but that doesn't make their childish utterances and manifestations of wishful thinking sound and logical. The questionings of abused Freethinkers may be pooh-poohed, but their arguments make the orthodox uncomfortable and drive them to defensive exhibitions that continue to be ridiculous even though their intellectual garbage is dished up on 7,000,000 fancy plates in a single month. So long as we Freethinkers have the right to issue a thin pamphlet exposing the obscurantists, their mass circulation publications carry overtones of intellectual discomfort. I have far more respect for a Joseph McCabe or a Bertrand Russell pamphlet that has a circulation of only 10,000 than I have for the mountains of printed rubbish issued by those prosperous but dishonest elements who feel it's their duty to defend the nonsense of their fathers.

What is meant by an "impulse purchase"?

Chewing gum, for example, is displayed, the consumer sees it; presses, he buys it. If he hadn't seen it he mightn't have bought it.

A writer in The Boston Globe remarks: "The trend of the war plainly emphasizes that Britain cannot much longer permit 'George Apley, Ltd.,' to blockade decisions, hold up production, and hobble military commanders in the field." Please explain how the Apley people can do all these things.

"George Apley, Ltd." is a literary expression coined by John P. Mar-
quand and used in his novel, "The Late George Apley." It refers to
the Boston practice of leaving many large-scale estates in trust, thereby
gradually destroying business and financial initiative.

Can you give me the poem in which the
drinking habits of various nationalities
are described?

There's one (author unknown)
that's been popular for decades:
A Frenchman drinks his native wine,
A German drinks his beer;
An Englishman his 'al'f and 'al',
Because it brings good cheer.
The Scotchman drinks his whiskey
straight
Because it brings on dizziness;
An American has no choice at all —
He drinks the whole damn business.

Here's one of a half dozen ver-
sions of a comment that also has
been popular for a long time:
"Let a fly fall into a glass of beer,
and the American will throw away
fly and beer, the German will take
out the fly and drink the beer, the
Scotchman will take out the fly
and wring the beer back into his
glass, and the Italian will throw
away the beer and eat the fly."

I've been looking for a quotation which
leads off with the words, "In the de-
mocracy of the dead." Can you give it to
me? Who wrote it?

Mr. Anon wrote it and it goes like
this:
"In the democracy of the dead, all
men are equal. The poor man is as
rich as the richest, and the rich man
as prosperous. The creditor
loses his usury, and the debtor
is acquitted of his obligation. There
the proud man surrenders his digni-
ty; the politician his honors; the
worldling his pleasures; the invalid
needs no physician; the laborer rests
from toil. The wrongs of time are
redressed; injustice is exalted, and
the irony of fate is refuted."

I invite you to comment on General
Hooker's "Headquarters in the Saddle."

First I must tell you that Abra-
ham Lincoln was pretty well fed
up with the "waiting campaign" of
slow-pokey McClellan, so he put the
Army under Hooker's command.
General Hooker wanted to impress
his Commander-in-Chief, so he re-
ported his movements in a dispatch
headed "Headquarters in the Sad-
dle." This didn't bowl over the
President. He remarked, "The
trouble with Hooker is that he's got
his headquarters where his hind-
quarters ought to be!" This is the
first time I've used this story, for
my Newsclip Filing System shows
it never left its folder until I turn-
ed to it for the answer to my read-
er's question. Ah, there's a good
helper—my Newsclip Filing System,
invented by a busy writer who has
a passion for clipping pieces out of
the newspapers, magazines and
books he peruses. While fishing
around in my Lincoln folder I came
on another clipping I know I've
never used, and it certainly deserves
to be brought into print again. It's
a piece in which Abraham Lincoln
speaks, as follows:

"They say I tell a great many
stories. I reckon I do, but I've found
in the course of a long experience
that the common people, taking them
as they run, are more easily in-
formed through the medium of a
broad illustration than in any other
way, and as to what the hypercritical
few may think, I don't care."

These fugitive pieces abound by
the tens of thousands, all waiting
for their turn to get reborn in
printer's ink. I put them into my
Newsclip Filing System and in time
something's sure to turn up to give
me the best of excuses to pull them
from their dark grave and bring
them into the warm sunshine of
fresh publicity. I'd like to see about
10,000 more people get the clipping
habit. Such a practice helps make
available pleasant, amusing and in-
formative pieces that otherwise
might be lost for decades. It may
happen that when I come to kick
off it'll be written in my obituary
that my greatest contribution was
the creative impulse that led me to
invent my now-famous Newsclip
Filing System, the handiest simplest
and least expensive system ever de-
vised.

At times when I am just going to sleep
I start to snore, which wakes me up be-
cause I think it is the door-buzzer. I
could put a clothes peg on my nose but
I would forget to remove it later. So I
am in a quandary as to just what to do.

Don't lose any sleep over it.

What's your personal reaction to the
great Patsy O'Bang?

I like the old rogue because he al-
ways puts on a good show, but I
must confess he's a low, untrust-
worthy character. Here's how one
of his milder critics once described
him, to his face: "You're a mullet-headed, mule-eared, wall-eyed, hog-nosed, gater-faced, shad-mouthed, screw-necked, goat-bellied, puzzle-gutted, camel-backed, butt-sprung, battle-hammed, knock-kneed, ra- zor-ankled, shovel-footed, unmaned so-and-so." In every other way he's O.K.

In one of your volumes of "Questions and Answers" you quote a few charming phrases from "The Impossible Irish," by Tom Penhaligon. I'd be glad to see the whole passage.

The comments, written in 1935, touch on the Irish, as follows:

"A fighting race who never won a battle, a race of politicians who cannot govern themselves, a race of writers without a great one of native strain, an island race who have yet to man a fleet for war, for commerce or for the fishing banks and to learn how to build ships, a pious race excelling in blasphemy, who feel most enraged by those they have first injured, who sing of love and practice fratricide, preach freedom and enact suppression, a race of democrats who sweat the poor, have a harp for an emblem and no musicians, rebelled on foreign gold and cringed when it, whose earlier history is myth and murder, whose later, murder, whose tongue is silver and whose heart is black, a race skilled in idleness, talented in hate, inventive only in slander, whose land is a breeding-ground of modern reaction and the cradle of Western crime."

Another critical passage will be found in one of the letters written (1856) by the great Socialist, Friedrich Engels, to his intellectual leader and friend, Karl Marx, as follows:

"How often have the Irish started to try to achieve something, but every time they have been crushed, politically and industrially. By consistent oppression they have been artificially chiselled into an utterly demoralized nation, and now fulfill the notorious function of supplying England, America, Australia, etc., with prostitutes, casual laborers, pimps, thieves, swindlers, beggars and other rabble."

It was written by Robert R. Updegraff. How do I know? Because I use my Newsclip Filing System, which, like straight whisky and cal- ome, never fails one. (This comes under the heading of Pure Plug.)

But to return to The Sixth Prune, the point of which is to show how "seemingly small plus factors can make the difference between suc- cess and failure," if I may quote my ancient friend and brilliant copy-writer, Victor O. Schwab. By the way, Schwab has just sent me a copy of his book, "How to Write a Good Advertisement," which he in- scribes: "To E. Haldeman-Julius—

who knows more than anyone else about how to write a good title." Coming from such an expert, I'm all puffed up. He must be sincere, because the H-J touch is in the title of his own book, which I've just quoted. He's the guy who thought up the title of Dale Carnegie's recent best-seller, "How to Win Friends and Influence People," which is Pure Haldeman-Julius, ex- cept that I don't go in so heavily for the baldly inspiration. I've dabbled with the notion in my day, but genuine satisfaction comes from other projects, along the lines of my "How-To" Magazine and Joseph McCabe's newly announced "The Self Educator." But enough of this meandering. Now let's get to that long-due tale (which, let me add, is loaded with inspirationism):

A woman who ran a boarding house always, when she served prunes for dessert, gave her "mealers" exactly five of them. She couldn't very well have given less than five, even though she would have liked to. But she never gave more. The five prunes became a rite with her ... and a source of irritation to her boarders. The boarding house never went very well, and the tables were never filled.

Finally the management was taken over by another woman. Her first move was to serve six prunes instead of five. The difference was only one more prune per "mealer," but it served as a dramatic symbol of the new spirit that pervaded the man- agement of the boarding house. The one additional prune was appreciated, talked about, applauded. People who hadn't eaten there for years came back. Their renewed patronage permitted welcome innovations and additions to the menu, and these held the newly regained trade. The boarding house began to make
money, and finally became highly successful. All started by the Sixth Prune!

Cute, ain’t it? Except that I don’t believe an extra prune could make such a difference. An author of a more critical and cynical turn of mind could get to work on that story and twist it into something to prove the danger of the Sixth Prune. He might show that the boarding house was nearly on the rocks because of those five prunes. Then came the Sixth Prune, which was accepted as the last prune that broke the boarder’s back—and the business went broke. The moral being that if five prunes are bad, the Sixth Prune may be worse.

How many times should a shirt of average quality go through the laundry?
300.

What, in your opinion, is the worst form of radio advertising?
The singing commercial.

While reading about a meeting between King George I of England and the great architect who planned St. Paul’s Cathedral, Sir Christopher Wren, I was puzzled by a remark made by the king, who had just inspected Wren’s masterpiece. The king told Wren that his work was “amusing, awful and artificial,” and yet the architect took the words as delightful royal compliments. How come?

The words were real compliments in those days, which shows how meanings change. Three centuries ago “amusing” meant “amazing,” “awful” meant “awe-inspiring,” and “artificial” meant “artistic.”

I’ve read somewhere that after the death of Lord Nelson, English ladies were fond of wearing what was known as the Trafalgar garter. What sort of garter was it?

It had inscribed on it the memorable signal:
“England expects every man to do his duty.”

Your article on Robert G. Ingersoll gives me the impression that you don’t care whether creeds are true or false. Is this a sound position for a Freethinker to take?

You didn’t catch the entire idea, which shows how unfair it is to quote only part of one’s argument. My point is that far more important than the truth or error of religious ideas is the freedom to discuss such ideology, for only through freedom of speech can we reach the truth.

Comment on surrealism.
Nuts.

Do you believe in clubs for women?
Only after kindness fails.

How do you define chivalry?
It’s the attitude of a man toward a strange woman.

Since you have devoted many years of your fruitful life to the socially important work of mass education, I’m sure you (and your readers) will be fascinated by an ancient thinker’s description of an educated man. I happened on this passage recently and found it so interesting that I decided to copy it for the benefit of your readers. The hundreds of millions of good books issued from your presses were obviously aimed at this ideal educated man of Isocrates (436-338 B.C.) described in his “Panathenaicus.” Your notion of an educated man has never been one who merely succeeds in accumulating a store of facts, though you are the last man to dismiss facts. Facts are important, at all times, but they are only the tools with which thinkers work. The educated man seeks to find the meaning of his facts. So, please pass on to your readers the enclosed paragraph.

The sentences submitted by my reader, quoted from Isocrates:

Whom then do I call educated? First, those who manage well the circumstances which they encounter day by day and who possess a judgment which is accurate in meeting occasions as they arise and rarely misses the expedient course of action . . . Next, those who are decent and honorable in their intercourse with all men, bearing easily and good-naturedly what is unpleasant or offensive in others, and being themselves as agreeable and reasonable to their associates as it is humanly possible to be; furthermore, those who hold their pleasures always under control and are not unduly overcome by their misfortunes, bearing up under them bravely and in a manner worthy of common nature . . . Finally, and most important of all, those who are not spoiled by their successes and who do not desert their true selves, but hold their ground steadfastly as wise and sober-minded men, rejoicing no more in the good things which have come to them through chance than in those which through their own nature and intelligence are theirs since birth. Those who have a character which is in accord, not with one of these things, but with all of them—these I maintain are educated and
whole men, possessed of all virtues of a man.

Abraham Lincoln, on January 26, 1863, wrote a letter to General Joseph Hooker which I first saw in print more than 40 years ago, and I've read it many times since then. As you know, the great President was still in immense difficulties at the time he wrote this letter. Things looked bad, from a military point of view. The future was dark. His letter shows the workings of a great democrat's mind. The mood of this letter, the circumstances that provoked it, the doubts that marked it, the hopes that it expressed—all have deep meaning today. Please let your readers have another look at it. I'm sure most of them have already read this tremendous document, but that doesn't mean they shouldn't read it again. Print it in your columns, for it has a message for the Americans of today.

Lincoln's letter to General Hooker:

General: I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appears to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skilled soldier, which of course I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does no harm rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government need a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticizing their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it; and now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories. Yours very truly, A. Lincoln.

While reading Mark Twain's "A Tramp Abroad," (published in 1879) I came on an amusing piece of debunking that I'm sure your readers will smile over, so I enclose it. I'm sure you will say this little essay on the low character of the ant is a delightful bit of spoofing. I see that it was written in Mark Twain's 44th year.

Mark Twain's comments on the ant:

During many summers, now, I have watched the ant when I ought to have been in better business, and I have not yet come across a living ant that seemed to have any more sense than a dead one.

I refer to the ordinary ant, of course, I have had no experience with those wonderful Swiss and African ones which vote, keep drilled armies, hold slaves, and dispute about religion....

Science has recently discovered that the ant does not lay up anything for winter use. This will knock him out of literature, to some extent. He does not work, except when people are looking, and only then when the observer has a green, naturalistic look, and seems to be taking notes. This amounts to deception, and will injure him for the Sunday-schools. He has not judgment enough to know what is good to eat from what isn't. This amounts to ignorance and will impair the world's respect for him. He cannot stroll around a stump and find his way home again. This amounts to idiocy, and once the damaging fact is established, thoughtful people will cease to look up to him, the sentimental will cease to fondle him. His vaunted industry is but a vanity and of no effect, since he never gets home with anything he starts with. This disposes of the last remnant of his reputation and wholly destroys his main usefulness as a moral agent, since it will make the sluggard hesitate to go to him any more. It is strange, beyond comprehension, that so manifest a humbug as the ant has been able to fool so many nations and keep it up so many ages without being found out.

Is there such a thing as a doodle-bug? Yes, and it always walks backward.

In one of your volumes of "Questions and Answers" you say that Damon Runyon writes stories in which things are said that no one has ever said, things
are done which no one has ever done, in a world that never existed. Am I to assume that you look on Runyon as a phony?

No. I don’t always admire Damon Runyon’s art, but that doesn’t make him a phony. The fact is, Runyon, when he’s at his best, is something of a genius. Take, for example, his latest movie, “The Big Street,” in which Her Highness, a night club character, pushes away love with the remark, “it gives you one room, two chins and three kids.” That’s writing. Or take Little Pinks, who “makes with the butter and water for a living,” meaning he’s a waiter. Sam Levene, one of my favorite comedians, plays Horsethief, who asks for a “sarsaparilla, fortified with bourbon.” Runyonese runs wild when some screwballs from the night clubs, racing tracks and dice games meet to consider the problem of getting Her Highness shipped to Florida because she needs a rest down there in order to get her health back. One Runyon character, Little Pinks (played by Henry Fonda) offers fatuously to wheel her down in a wheelchair, but the others wisely decide a ticket on a pullman would be in order. Then comes the problem of raising the dough, which brings us to this scene:

PROFESSOR B.—Let’s face it, gentlemen, Pinks cannot wheel Her Highness down the Dixie highway.

PHILLY.—Mr. Chairman.

PROFESSOR B.—Harry the Horse has the floor.

PHILLY.—I make a motion it is ridiculous.

HORSETHIEF.—I am ready to contribute $30 toward two parlor car seats.

PROFESSOR B.—This has been a hard winter—but I, too, will give out thirty paper dollars.

SPANISH JOE.—They took me to the cleaners—but I can afford fourteen bucks.

PHILLY.—I have here a solid gold watch. Switzerland movement, which I will put in the general fund.


PROFESSOR B.—The total now runs ninety-three dollars and seventy-five cents and one gold watch.

PHILLY.—Solid—with a Switzerland movement.

HORSETHIEF.—The sum is very paltry.

PROFESSOR B.—Still, it’s better than cutting yourself with a knife.

PHILLY—Perhaps we could increase it—in the following manner: (takes out a racing form.) I am reliably informed that Hosannah in the fifth at Tropical Park is a sure thing.

(The others, as one man, also take out racing forms. Standard equipment. Now the boys are on solid ground.)

HORSETHIEF.—Hosannah is strictly a haybag. My recommendation is Gallant Lady in the third at Santa Anita.

PROFESSOR B.—Gallant Lady is practically mucilage. I would wager the wad on Shining Star in the third race, same track.

BOYS (ad lib.):

Lengold! Saturn! Whisk Broom!

PROFESSOR B.—Order! Order! I shall appoint a subcommittee of two, consisting of myself and Horsethief, to retire and return with the proper recommendations. All those in favor say Aye.

(Utter silence.) All those opposed—No.

ALL THE BOYS—NO!

HORSETHIEF (suddenly)—A hunch! A hunch!

PROFESSOR B.—Proceed with the hunch.

HORSETHIEF. (pointing to his form)—In the third at Tropical there is a 2-year-old, entitled The Dancer. Since that was Her Highness’s former profession . . .

PROFESSOR B.—All those in favor, say Aye.

EVERYBODY BUT HORSETHIEF—Aye.

PROFESSOR B.—Opposed?

HORSETHIEF—No! . . . Listen, it’s silly to risk our dough on my hunch.

PROFESSOR B.—Anybody knows a hunch can make a dollar faster than an expert. Meeting adjourned.

Do female mantises immediately devour the male after mating?

Yes.

One thing I like about your work as an editor is your willingness to have your readers help you with suggestions and even giving you the benefit of their wide reading, which you always seem ready to pass on, if in your opinion the material is of current interest and has pointed meaning. I’ve come across scores of selections in your volumes of “Questions and Answers,” which were copied for you by your readers. I consider this a valuable service. I looked through your Cumulative Index and discovered that you are still to print Thomas Paine’s sound words on the real meaning of the “Liberty of the press.” I’ve typed off his sentences and suggest that
you let your readers share in the great patriot’s wisdom and knowledge.

Thomas Paine (1737-1809) discussed the Liberty of the Press in the following, which he wrote on October 19, 1806:

The writer of this remembers a remark made to him by Mr. Jefferson concerning the English newspapers, which at that time, 1787, while Mr. Jefferson was minister at Paris, were most vulgarly abusive. The remark applies with equal force to the Federal papers of America. The remark was, that “the licentiousness of the press produces the same effect as the restraint of the press was intended to do. If the restraint,” said he, “was to prevent things being told, the licentiousness of the papers in the city of New York, are more than five to one to the number of Republican papers, yet the majority of the elections go always against the Federal papers, which is demonstrative evidence that the licentiousness of those papers are destitute of credit.

Whoever has made observations on the characters of nations will find it generally true, that the manners of a nation, or of a party, can be better ascertained from the character of its press than from any other public circumstance. If its press is licentious, its manners are not good. Nobody believes a common liar, or a common defamer.

Nothing is more common with printers, especially of newspapers, than the continual cry of the this remark. The number of Federal press prevents things being believed when they are told.” We have in this state an evidence of the truth of Liberty of the Press, as if because they are printers, they are to have more privileges than other people. As the term “Liberty of the Press” is adopted in this country without being understood, I will state the origin of it, and show what it means. The term comes from England, and the case was as follows:

Prior to what is in England called the revolution, which was in 1688, no work could be published in that country, without first obtaining the permission of an officer appointed by the Government for inspecting works intended for publication. The same was the case in France, except that in France there were forty who were called censors, and in England there was but one, called Imprimitur.

At the revolution, the office of Imprimitur was abolished and as works could then be published without first obtaining the permission of the government officer, the press was, in consequence of that aboli-

tion, said to be free, and it was from this circumstance that the term Liberty of the Press arose. The press, which is a tongue to the eye, was then put exactly in the case of the tongue. A man does not ask liberty before hand to say something he has a mind to say, but he becomes answerable afterwards for the atrocities he may utter. In like manner, if a man makes the press utter atrocious things, he becomes as answerable for them as if he had uttered them by word of mouth. Mr. Jefferson has said in his inaugural speech, that “error of opinion might be tolerated, when reason was left free to combat it.” This is sound philosophy in cases of error. But there is a difference between error and licentiousness.

Some lawyers in defending their clients, for the generality of lawyers, like Swiss soldiers, will fight on either side, have often given their opinion of what they defined the liberty of the press to be. One said it was this, another said it was that, and so on, according to the case they were pleading. Now these men ought to have known that the term, liberty of the press, arose from a fact, the abolition of the office of Imprimitur, and that opinion has nothing to do in the case. The term refers to the fact of printing free from prior restraint, and not at all to the matter printed, whether good or bad. The public at large, or in case of prosecution, a jury of the country, will be judges of the matter.

I wonder how many of your readers know that the great Freethinker and historian, Edward Gibbon, more than a century ago warned against the “impregnable military line. After reading your booklet entitled “The Decline and Fall of Christianity,” I became interested in his “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,” where, in Chapter 12, I came on a paragraph that should have been studied by the French leaders who built the Maginot Line. I am copying it for you.

Edward Gibbon’s comments follow:

“The experience of the world, from China to Britain, has exposed the vain attempt of fortifying any extensive tract of country. An active enemy, who can select and vary his points of attack, must in the end discover some feeble spot, or some unguarded moment. The strength, as well as the attention, of the defender is divided; the blind effects of terror on the firmest troops that a line broken in a single place is almost instantly deserted. The fate of the wall which Probus erected may confirm the
general observation. Within a few years after his death it was overthrown by the Alemanni. Its scattered ruins, universally ascribed to the power of the Daemon, now serve only to excite the wonder of the Swabian peasant.”

What proportion of the world’s water is underground?

It has been estimated that the volume of underground water in the earth is about a third of the amount of water in the sea.

When a she-ass gives birth to a foal sired by a stallion, is the offspring a mule?

No, it’s a “hinny,” which resembles a horse more than a mule does.

I have trouble identifying women when they’re in slacks, especially at a distance. Have you any system for differentiating between men and slacked women when you see them at a distance?

I can always tell it’s a woman by her sex appeal.

What was there about Mark Twain’s soup that was different from anybody else’s soup?

It was made from the shadow of a starved chicken.

I understand that our heroes are being submitted to a new kind of punishment when they break army regulations. Can you enlighten me?

They’re given a WAAC and sent to bed.

We dirt farmers look on you as one of us now that you run a 160-acre farm and slop 47 hogs. From now on try to slip in a little propaganda boosting our vocation. To start things off I’m sending you a copy of Jake Falstaff’s little essay on how easy it is to be a farmer. Try to find space for it.

Jake Falstaff’s sentences:

“The farmer does not have to know much. Aside from learning how to milk, shock wheat, play obstetrician to a Jersey cow, train a dog, put together a binder, fan grain, build a load of hay or a wheatstack, judge weather, start a balky horse, operate a gasoline engine, repair general machinery, string fences, fiddle clover-seed, trap rats, splice rope, build sheds, butcher hogs, prepare applebutter, prune trees, vines and bushes, keep fruit, plant corn, potatoes, cabbage and garden truck, sow wheat, oats, barley, millet, buckwheat and timothy, pick seed corn, pull hens, treat a heifer for a rotten hoof with butter antimonium, or a horse for the colic, harness a horse, fertilize a field, pull stumps, shingle a roof, watch the markets, breed livestock, weld a broken shaft, whistle out a new wagon spoke or a whiffletree, operate some twenty different kinds of machines, run a radio, and stand off the lightningrod salesman—he doesn’t have to know more than the average young man could learn in twenty years of intensive training.

I don’t see why we were so slow in lowering the draft age to 18. Where would we have been in the Civil War if we had kept the age high? By the way, have you the figures?

The Union army had 2,278,000 men in it, with only 118,000 more than 21 years old. Here are the official figures:

18 to 21 years old.................. 1,099,000
18 years old........................ 307,000
17 years old........................ 613,000
16 years old........................ 126,000
14 and 15 years old................. 105,000
13 years old........................ 300
12 years old........................ 225
11 years old........................ 38
10 years old........................ 26

Do you look on the first four notes of Beethoven’s great Fifth symphony as the theme of Victory?

By dragging in the Morse code it was possible for well-meaning people to claim Beethoven’s opening notes as a part of the V-for-Victory campaign. The composer himself said of these four notes: “Thus knocks fate at the portal.” Notice, please, that the notes are first used in a minor key, which Beethoven wouldn’t have resorted to had he wanted to evoke a cry of victory. True, later in the symphony there is a grand victory theme, but the opening four notes have nothing to do with this later development.

How many times in a single night will a snowy tree cricket scrape his wings together in order to produce his pleasant chirp?

About 10,000 times.

How cool is a cucumber?

The old saying, “as cool as a cucumber,” is accepted by many people, but only the other day was the coolness of the cucumber measured against the outside temperature. Now we know that the inside of a cucumber is about 20 degrees cooler. Genevieve Albers, a surgical nurse, made the test by driving a hole into a cucumber with an icepick and inserting a thermometer. The outdoor temperature hovered at 98 degrees
Fahrenheit; inside the cucumber, 78 degrees. The experiments, repeated many times, "showed that inside a cucumber it may be fully 20 degrees cooler than the outside air."

Now that we are having our gas rationed, drivers of motor cars want to go as much mileage as possible out of what goes into their tanks. I enclose a circular which advertises "gasoline pills," said to increase mileage by 50 percent. Can they deliver?

Gasoline pills are worthless, despite claims that certain "gasoline vitamin pills" will increase mileage by 50 percent. The Oklahoma City Better Business Bureau blasted these claims by an actual road test which showed that the pills actually reduced the mileage per gallon from 23.80 miles to 22.35 miles, over constant speed trips in the same motor car. This is a 6 percent decrease, instead of a 50 percent increase. What's the matter with the Federal Trade Commission?

Your style and viewpoint, as presented in your 26 volumes of "Questions and Answers," are giving me untold pleasure. I admire your willingness to publish the fellow's viewpoint. Once in a long while the other fellow's viewpoint seems to be more reasonable than yours. Though these instances are few and not important. I do not recall a single case where you have openly admitted your error. Is this a failing of yours? When your disputant's logic or facts stump you, your usual reply is in the nature of a witticism.

I've printed scores of corrections from readers who were sharp enough to catch me napping. Go through my 26 volumes of "Questions and Answers" and you'll find no end of replies from keen-eyed, informed subscribers. In many instances I printed the communications without comment, letting the corrections stand on their own. I've never been afflicted with the disease of imagined infallibility. I've always looked on these columns as a forum, not a pulpit. I'm an humble voice of the common people (from whom I came and with whom I belong), not a revealer of Ultimate Truth. The skeptic in me wouldn't permit such vain pretensions. Readers who have been with me many years know that I've never taken the stand that here is the altar from which Final and Complete Truth is to be dispensed. I've been writing for more than 35 years and have always been sincere in my search for the eagle of truth, but I'm still to get one of its tail-feathers. It isn't important for me to achieve Truth; just striving after it is enough. I always try to be open-minded—except to bunk. I always try to be unprejudiced—except against obscurantists. I always try to be intellectually hospitable—except to dishonest purveyors of supernaturalism. I always try to be tolerant—except with the forces of organized intolerance. Above all, I have always tried to tell the truth as I saw it. That's all any writer can do. There's a big difference between a truth-seeker and one who claims to be a truth-revealer.

Enclosed is a mean example of anti-Semitism which the mails are propagating. If true, it is an example where a studious selection of fragments of fact can tell a great lie. Incidentally, a Catholic friend of mine received it by mail without any indication of its source. Your guess is as good as mine as to the type who indulges in this insidious practice and why a Catholic should be selected as receptive to this type of poison.

I have received dozens of copies of this alleged "joke" that is being distributed by anti-Semites, and as most of them came from Brooklyn and Boston, I believe the followers of Father Coughlin are the originators and disseminators of this vicious and cruel "jest." Here it is:

The first American to kill a Jap was Mike Murphy.
The first American bomber to sink a Jap battleship was Colin Kelly.
The first American flyer to bag a Jap plane was Edward O'Hara.
The first American to get four new tires from the ration board was Nathan Goldstein.

Of course, there's no truth in the "joke" so far as the Jew is concerned, because, as is generally known, there are no facilities for learning which person was literally the first one to get four new tires from the country's thousands of ration boards. The purpose is to cause more pain for that most persecuted of minorities—the Jews. At a time when hundreds of thousands of Jews are being slaughtered by the Nazis in Poland and other parts of Hitler-controlled Europe, the anti-Semites of the Father Coughlin
stripe would make it appear that Jews were special beneficiaries of this ghastly war. It's the old propaganda trick of blackening the person one intends to harm. I've shown from the records (see my volumes of "Questions and Answers") that American Jews did more than their share of fighting in our previous wars. The same will be shown for World War No. 2 when the final records are compiled. Meanwhile, Jewish lads are dying in the islands of the Pacific and in North Africa, in order to help preserve American ideals of democracy and freedom, while at home the contemptible Coughlinites go ahead with their campaign to malign a helpless, defenseless minority. Father Coughlin himself is silent, but his poison continues to sear the flesh of loyal Americans.

I notice lately that The Freeman has gone in for lengthy articles. Interesting and thoroughly worthwhile though they be, it is a departure from the question and answer form which not only distinguishes yours from other publications but has the advantage of presenting your valued observations concisely upon a great variety of subjects. Have interesting questions run out?

There's no shortage of interesting questions. I'm just a little short of breath, after 10 solid years of answering thousands of questions. During the past four months I've been "off my feed," which I'm sure will be corrected before long. I think I've earned the right to slow down a little after turning out enough material to fill 25 large volumes, each containing 80,000 words, or a total of 2,080,000 words. That's about a tenth of the verbiage in the Encyclopedia Britannica. I feel I had the right to back up for a new start. When I get my wind back I'll splash in for another 2,000,000 words. I've enjoyed doing every sentence of the first 26 volumes of "Questions and Answers." Figured at the usual space rates, I should have received at least $20,000 for the job of doing that much writing, but, as my old-time readers know, I've never taken a penny for writing this seemingly endless flood of copy. If I'd insisted on charging The Freeman for my editorial services the paper would have folded up long ago, for, as I've explained many times, it has been running at deficit for more than 10 years. Freeman readers have been generous enough to assume a part of this deficit, for which I want to express my warmest appreciation. That's the combination that keeps this organ of piety running—first, my willingness to write and manage The Freeman without salary; second, the willingness of the subscribers to send large and small donations to the Deficit Fund. Neither the editor nor the subscribers will let the paper down now, after all these years of happy, useful, constructive service.

How strong was the air force in the first World War?

At the close of the first World War the various armies were beginning to have numerous battle planes, as follows:

- France, 3,321;
- Germany, 2,730;
- Great Britain, 1,758;
- Italy, 812;
- U.S.A., 740;
- Austria, 622;
- Belgium, 153.

However, battle planes in those days were chicken-coops compared with those used today. In the month before the armistice, the U.S. completed 7,000 airplanes, but not many got to France. Mass production of planes was just getting into its stride when the war ended.

In his proclamation of November 12, 1942, President Roosevelt quoted what he described as "the reverent words of George Washington: 'Almighty God, we make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy holy protection.'" Can you tell me when and where Washington wrote those pious words?

President Roosevelt has permitted himself to be gulled by a saintly lie. The words never were written or said by Washington. In 1783, Washington sent a letter to the Governors of the 13 States, and when the officials of St. Paul's Chapel, in New York City, got their pious hands on it they deliberately added the words that Roosevelt quoted in his proclamation. The church officials admitted that they added the words because they wanted to make the quotation "appropriate for display and distribution in a place of religious worship." One might think that F. D. R. would take time out to verify his quotations. He went to great pains to withdraw a letter to Generalissimo
Chiang Kai-shek because he had used two ll’s in Generalissimo, but nothing has been done thus far to let the public know that the prayer credited to George Washington was the invention of a group of church officials.

Can you give me the origin of the expression, “kicked up stairs”?

It’s likely that the expression was coined by Lord Halifax in the 17th Century. An important official under Charles II, Lord Rochester, had been removed by “promotion,” with meager authority but an important-sounding title. Lord Macaulay, in “The History of England,” vol. 1, chapter 2, quotes Halifax as follows:

“I have seen people kicked down stairs before, but my Lord Rochester is the first person that I ever saw kicked up stairs.”

Later, after the death of Charles, Rochester turned the tables and had Halifax kicked up stairs.

I believe you and Joseph McCabe are on the right track when you warn Freethinkers and progressives about the dangers of cultural and intellectual reaction. The religious leaders certainly are using every possible medium in order to strengthen their position. Part of the appeal of American supernaturals is based on the alleged religious revival in England. This is offered as a sound argument for new conversions in the U.S. Please comment.

There’s no doubt about the truth of the charge that obscurantism is reaching for power. Never in American history has our government placed so many facilities within the reach of the sky-pilots as is now being done among our armed forces. Chapels have sprouted like weeds. Chaplains have been taken on by the thousands. The lay press is beating the drums for salvation as never before, led by The Reader’s Digest, with its stupendous 7,000,000 circulation. The Reader’s Digest, the greatest money-maker in the history of magazines, is giving its fullest support to every form of supernaturalism, including mysticism, spiritualism, and orthodox religion. To read a file of this influential publication one would be forced to admit that there’s no such thing as Freethought in the U.S. or England. The vast literature of Rationalism is ignored. Heterodox writers like Bertrand Russell, Joseph McCabe, and scores of others, are never given a hearing. Only the side of the angels is permitted to speak. The devil’s advocates are relegated to oblivion.

The Church is looking ahead. It hopes to regain lost ground after the war. And the first thing it did was to gag its opponents. There was a time when Freethinkers like Mark Twain, Ingersoll and others were given a fair and full hearing in the American press, but those days are gone. Newspaper and magazine projects have become Big Business, and that pile of dollars doesn’t like to experiment with intellectual ideas that hint satanically of unconventional modes of thought. The radio is shut tight to all except the bigoted and pious. The movies are just as bad. And whenever a small publication appears that dares to suggest that there may be some cultural values in Freethought every effort is made to destroy it, and failing in that it’s condemned to the melancholy fate of voicing its unwelcome truths from the darkest corners of the most remote intellectual dungeon. England, which for generations has been the world’s leader in the spheres of Freethought, Rationalism, Skepticism, Agnosticism, and the like, is now pointed to as a bulwark of Faith, but the argument never rings true. One doesn’t have to turn to British Freethinkers for arguments. Church leaders themselves frequently give away the game. On this point consider a recent address delivered by the Very Rev. Alan C. Don, Canon of Westminster, at Edinburgh’s St. Mary’s Cathedral. After lamenting the decay of religious ideology among the British masses, Canon Don pointed to a well-known university lecturer in London who had examined the opinions of 20 students in order to learn how many of them believed in Christianity or would call themselves Christians. Canon Don added:

“Three of them said they were Christians, eight had never thought about the matter one way or the other, and nine were belligerently anti-Christian. Only two attended a place of worship regularly, four very occasionally, and the remainder not at all.”

Canon Don added that he “doubt-
ed if that experience was really very exceptional." The point is ob-
vious. There is no tremendous up-
surge of religious experience. What
we hear is only the thunder of the
pulpiteers and their lay stooges.
They seem dominant because they
appear to be unopposed, but that is
another myth. The opposition is
there, albeit ignored through a
class conspiracy of silence by holy-
men and laymen. The situation
presents a tremendous argument
for the establishment of a thriving
press devoted to Freethought and
other forms of liberal thought. The
beginnings are already here, but
neglected. For years I've cried—a
voice in the wilderness—for en-
litened and informed Freethink-
ers to give material as well as moral
support to editors who aren't
afraid to present unorthodox forms
of thought. The results thus far
have been meager, but my optimism
suggests that the notion will take
root in time and that this country
will eventually know the cultural
satisfaction that comes from a
strong periodical press that isn't
under the thumbs of the intellec-
tual bigots. The myth-makers and
obscurantists can be whipped, be-
cause they are standing against the
light of truth and honesty. But
wishful thinking can't do the job.
It'll take organized action—mass
teamwork—with the end in view
of erecting a mighty press that
won't beckon for the smiling ap-
proval of the theocrats.

Why do imperialists always use Bible-
preaching missionaries in their aggress-
sions?

From Africa comes a Bantu say-
ing that throws light on this sub-
ject:

"At first we had the land and the
white man had the Bible. Now we
have the Bible and the white man
has the land."

Is it safe to mix milk or ice cream with
lobster or fish?

Once in Kansas City, Mo., I near-
ly drove a Hotel Muehlebach waiter
to a nervous breakdown by asking
for fish and then closing the meal
with ice cream. The U.S. Depart-
ment of Agriculture was asked to
pass on this popular notion about
the dire consequences that'll follow
the consumption of fish and ice
cream (or lobster and milk, etc.)

and reported back that there's
nothing to fear if the items are
fresh and in good condition.

I am looking for a number of death-
bed utterances, especially last words.
Can your famous newsclip filing system
produce some?

If there's truth in the French
proverb that "wisdom is on the lips
of those about to die" then maybe
we can pick up a few crumbs from
the ones I'm about to quote. On
the other hand, Nietzsche, in his
"Human All-too-Human," (1878)
denied that "the dying man is
generally more honest than the living."
Alexander Smith, in "Dreamthorp,"
(1863) held that "the dying are
nearly as reticent as the dead." A
few years ago (see my volumes of
"Questions and Answers") I quoted
from William Osler's "Science and
Immortality," (1904) in which the
great doctor told of how he had
kept records of about 500 deathbeds,
his aim being to study particularly
"the modes of death and the sensa-
tions of the dying." His notes show-
ed that "50 suffered bodily pain or
distress of one sort or another, 11
showed mental apprehension, two
positive terror, one bitter remorse.
The great majority gave a sign
one way or the other; like birth,
their death was a sleep and a for-
getting." Cecil Rhodes, on his
dearthbed in 1902, regretted there
was so much to do; so little done.
Henry Ward Beecher, the famous
preacher, when he died in 1887,
wasn't so positive about what was
ahead, for he muttered: "Now
comes the mystery." President Gar-
field's assassin, Charles J. Guiteau,
on the scaffold on June 30, 1882,
was positive he was to be jerked to
Jesus, that glory was awaiting him,
for he cried: "Glory hallelujah! I
am going to the Lord! I come!
Ready! Go!" John Brown's last
words, on the scaffold, in 1859,
were: "I am ready at any time. Do
not keep me waiting." John Quincy
Adams, on February 23, 1848, utter-
ed these last words: "This is the
last of earth! I am content." An-
other founding father, George
Washington, on December 14, 1799,
said these last words: "Doctor, I die
hard, but I am not afraid to go." And
Benjamin Franklin, on April
17, 1790, closed his life with this
sentence: "A dying man can do
nothing easy." This is contradicted by William Hunter, whose last words, in 1783, were: "If I had the strength to hold a pen I would write down how easy and pleasant it is to die." But Dr. Samuel Johnson, always loud in his praise for Christianity, wrote to James Boswell, on February 11, 1784: "I am extremely afraid of dying." Rousseau, just before he died, on July 21, 1776, said: "I go to see the sun for the last time." On the scaffold, in 1790, John Andre muttered: "It will be but a momentary pang." The poet, Alexander Pope, on his deathbed, in 1744, said: "I am dying, sir, of a hundred good symptoms." Charles II of England, on his deathbed in 1685, was worried about his mistress, Nell Gwynn, and shoved off with this: "Don’t let poor Nelly starve." Thomas Hobbes, on December 4, 1679, said on his deathbed: "Now I am about to take my last voyage, a great leap in the dark." Oliver Cromwell’s last words, in 1658: "My desire is to make what haste I may to be gone." The great Rabelais, in 1553 (the date isn’t known for sure) is supposed to have cried: "I am going to seek a great perhaps. Draw the curtain; the farce is played out." By and large, deathbed utterances don’t represent the human brain at its best, by any means. Dying words haven’t done much to enrich literature, for what little there is doesn’t sound so grand. Most of us live our lives without thinking much about death, which is sensible. Michel de Montaigne, one of my favorite essayists, suggested in 1588 that we should make no effort to know how to die. Take it when it comes—with a smile, if possible. "Nature," said Montaigne, "herself will fully and sufficiently teach you how to die in the proper time, she will exactly discharge that work for you; trouble not yourself with it." Again Montaigne: "The deader deaths are the best." Death is so final. Besides, it’s the great fixer. And it’s always the leveler.

Did Joseph Stalin ever express himself on the attitude of his party and himself with regard to religion?

Stalin must have spoken and written frequently on religion and anti-religious propaganda, but I can find only one comment in my newscip filing system. On September 9, 1927, during an interview with an American labor delegation to the U.S.S.R., Stalin said:

"We guarantee the right of every citizen to combat by argument, propaganda, and agitation any and all religion. The Communist party cannot be neutral toward religion. It stands for science, and all religion is opposed to science."

Without putting the issue in so many words, the godless Russians agree with Ambrose Bierce, who, in "The Devil’s Dictionary," wrote that religion is "a daughter of Hope and Fear, explaining to Ignorance the nature of the Unknowable." Their rationalistic, realistic approaches to intellectual questions would have pleased Voltaire, who, in his "Philosophical Dictionary," in 1764, said:

"The truths of religion are never so well understood as by those who have lost the power of reasoning."

Here are several other quotations, which I’ve found under Religion, in my ever-useful and handy newscip filing system (plug):

Frederick the Great, in a letter to Voltaire (July 6, 1737): "Religion is the idol of the mob; it adores everything it does not understand."

Ben Jonson (1609): "What excellent fools religion makes of men."

Edward Gibbon, in "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" (1781): "The various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world were all considered by the people as equally true; by the philosopher as equally false; and by the magistrate as equally useful."

Oscar Wilde, in "The Critic as Artist" (1891): "Truth, in matters of religion, is simply the opinion that has survived."

William James, in "The Varieties of Religious Experience" (1902): "Religion is a monumental chapter in the history of human egotism."

Lucretius, in "De rerum natura" (50 B.C.): "How many evils have flowed from religion!"

Petronius Arbiter, in "Satyricon" (50): "It was fear that first brought gods into the world."

Sentiments like the above used to appear in our standard newspapers, but all that’s been changed since organized religion perfected the machinery for keeping editors from expressing heterodox opinions. A half century ago, when Robert G. Ingersoll was lecturing in this country, daily newspapers frequently reported his lectures in full.
I've seen copies of newspapers published 50 or 60 years ago in cities like Chicago, New York City, Philadelphia, Cleveland, etc., that gave as many as 10 columns to an Ingersoll lecture. Today it's something of a miracle when a standard newspaper gives a Freethought lecturer a half column of space. Mark Twain's blasts against Christianity and other forms of supernaturalism were welcomed by editors during his lifetime, but today a writer like Mark Twain would have to find less controversial subjects or see his writings rejected. This reaction has taken many years to become almost complete, but it's here, at last. Not only that, but the press now lends itself to the most ridiculous and exploited religious notions, printing their disgusting, shabby outpourings with the suggestion that they're worthy of serious consideration by even the educated portion of the population. As I've said before, even organs that wield tremendous influence—such as The Reader's Digest—serve up orthodox notions with all the zeal of a convert. I harp on this theme because I consider it important. A part of my job as writer, editor and publisher is to show the reading public what has happened to the great organs that mould public opinion and at the same time guide it so that it'll see the virtue of the suggestion that unorthodox thinkers should exert themselves to the end that a virile and lively Freethought press is established. There's no real reason why piety should hog the whole show. One explanation for this melancholy situation is the inertia of Freethinkers, who do nothing even when they see an opportunity to build up a press that isn't afraid to tell the truths that supernaturalists think shouldn't be expressed. As a constructive measure I suggest that Rationalists, Agnostics, and other unorthodox men and women, should get out of their shells and exert themselves in a campaign to line up their friends and acquaintances, who should be given opportunities to subscribe to Freethought publications. After all, such work helps spread enlightenment—and that's all to the good. Such propaganda work is a genuine social service. None of us is too good for work in such a field. That's the only answer I know that can have a real and lasting effect on the reactionary trends that are alarming so many of us. What good does it do to have a free press when editors surrender without a struggle to bigots and theocrats? A free press is a farce if it isn't used to smash false propositions. Yes, you are right. I actually have The Freeman in mind when I ask friends of Freethought to join in an effort to increase the circulation and influence of truth-seeking publications.

Mrs. Roosevelt, who writes simple, effective English, has the habit of saying regularly, "A friend of mine." Do you think she should stop?

"A friend of mine" is bad writing because the words "of mine" are unnecessary, but habits die hard.

Did President Harding coin the word "normalcy"?

I don't know who coined "normalcy," but Senator Warren G. Harding of Ohio, in May, 1920, got it off to a flying start. I still remember the shock it gave me. I, along with other purists, laughed, but before long it seemed to be a good word. Now I use it without gagging. Here's the Harding sentence—notice the alliterations—that included the startling word:

"America's present need is not heroics but healing; not nostrums but normalcy; not revolution but restoration... not surgery but serenity."

People who go in for such excessive alliteration deserve obliteration. I know the nature of this evil because I'm addicted to it when the mood comes over me. I can alliterate with the best—and the worst.

Name the strongest living thing in proportion to its weight.

It's the beetle, which can carry 380 times its own weight.

When will the war end?

Patsy O'Bang, bowing to Louis Fischer, answers: "The war will end on October 17, 1943, at 4:30 p.m., just in time for cocktails."

Can you tell me what effect blackouts have on reading habits?

My own experience as a bookseller via mail order convinces me
that the public in blackout States read more books than they do in normal circumstances. In order to learn what blackouts do to magazine sales I wrote to Paul R. Fish, of Liberty, for information on this interesting subject and was told:

"The Pacific Coast blackouts and dim-outs have had a very stimulating effect on all magazine sales."

What is "paronomasia"?

It's an expensive word meaning "a play on words." Radio comedians would go out of business immediately if they couldn't use this form of levity. Paronomasia can best be illustrated by an ancient story about an incurable paronomasiac who kept annoying his neighbors by his plays on words. Desperate, they took him in charge one day and dragged him to the town square, where a mob looped a rope about his neck and prepared to hang the wretch. The punster wept and pleaded, and was given a last-minute reprieve. As they took the rope from his neck, he beamed and said: "Well, this is a case of no nose is good noose." The mob, aroused again, reconsidered the verdict and hanged him.

Six months ago we were married, and yesterday my wife gave birth to a baby. This embarrasses me. What do you advise me to do?

Don't let it worry you, for while this often happens in the case of the first child, it never happens afterward.

How far back can genealogists trace one's family?

That all depends on how much money you have. If you could produce enough there's no doubt some genealogists could trace you back to your original germ plasm, which is, after all, the ultimate aim of genealogy, after collecting the inevitable fees.

I've heard it said that Henry Morgenthau has told all banks to prepare to stop paying interest on any of their deposits after March 1, 1943. Is that true?

That's another "Front" rumor that's been cooked up by our native Fascists. Our banks, thanks to the policies of the New Deal, are stronger than at any time in their history. No such order has been issued by the Government. When you hear that lie going the rounds put down the rumor-mongers as conscious or unconscious tools of Hitler.

While in a tavern recently I heard several men discuss how Australian soldiers are getting $60 a month—more than we're paying our privates—and that the money is coming from Uncle Sam's Lease-Lend money. Is this true?

That's bunk. The rumor is Fascist propaganda, its aim being to divide our people. Here's how the rumor was answered by David Bailey, director of the Australian Information Bureau, N.Y.C.:

"Australia gets the money to pay her soldiers the same hard way America does—by taxes which in Australia rise to 95 percent in higher income brackets and of which 80 percent goes to pay for war."

Be on guard against rumor-mongers. They're doing Hitler's dirty work.

Your coverage of the Chinese language isn't at all adequate, judging by a somewhat hasty examination of your numerous volumes of "Questions and Answers." You do better by Chinese history, philosophy and culture, but the Chinese lingo itself is neglected. The Chinese for "constipation" is much needed by this writer. Can you give me the answer?

Hung chow.

I keep reading about a shortage of hog bristles because our Asiatic supply has been cut off. What's the matter with good, old American hogs?

Painters look for "liveliness" in bristles, which is found in those that come from Asia, where the hogs make good because of the hard lives they live. Grubbing for roots gives their bristles plenty of liveliness. Our own hogs don't deliver because they lead too soft a life.

A young fellow consulted his pastor about officiating at his wedding. The ceremony was to take place as soon as possible. "Well," said the man of the cloth, "the bands will have to be published for three successive Sundays, but we can make it immediately after that—an on the 28th. "That would be very convenient. How early in the day?" The minister looked up his program. "I have a funeral at ten o'clock in a nearby city for that day. I'll have to have time to get back. How about 2 p.m. on the 28th?" "That would be splendid," agreed the young man. What's wrong with these arrangements?

That's a neat, little brain-teaser. Usually I print answers to puzzles
in the same issue, but this time I prefer to let one go unanswered. Readers are asked to send in the solution.

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Have you any notions on how many motor cars we'll buy and new houses we'll build after the war?

According to economists working for Uncle Sam, during the first three years after the war there'll be a ready market for about 12,500,-000 motor cars, and, during the first 10 years after the war, about 8,500,000 housing units.

I enclose a clipping in which Carmello Capillo, retired seaman, of Gloucester, Mass., says, “The soil right here in Gloucester is perfect for coffee-raising. If you want coffee, plant it yourself.” Please comment.

The old salt ought to change his brand of rum, for the stuff he's taking is getting him as loused up as Count Screwloose of Toulouse. Coffee can't be raised anywhere in the U.S. for these reasons: first, you need volcanic soil; second, you need mile-high altitude; third, you need a location near the Equator; fourth, it takes five years from the planting of the seed.

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Emil Ludwig, in his new biography of Stalin, says (page 141) that in the immediate years before the Bolshevik revolution (1917) peasants were forbidden to leave or marry without first getting the consent of the landowners. Is this true?

Emil Ludwig got his dates mixed. That condition prevailed under Russia's system of feudalism, but when serfdom was abolished in 1861 the peasants were given freedom of choice about remaining on the land or marrying.

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I enclose a clipping which shows that we now have only one doctor for every 1,500 of population. How does this compare with the medical situation in Germany?

Official sources in Germany admit that there's now only one doctor for every 12,000 Germans. Since 1933, Germany has cut down its number of medical students by 50 percent. The army has taken more than 1,000 doctors out of Berlin alone. Medical courses have been shortened drastically. Medical freaks and faddists are welcomed. All this means that Europe is getting ready to suffer a serious epidemic, perhaps of typhus. After the first World War about 25,000,000 Europeans died of influenza and typhus. Medical authorities say conditions in Europe today are worse than 25 years ago, which convinces them that epidemics are on the way. If conditions are grave in Germany, try to imagine what they are in occupied countries.

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With the Solomon Islands in the news, the comments made on those islands by Jack London ought to interest your readers. I'm enclosing a copy.

Jack London, while cruising in The Shark, in 1910, wrote:

“If I were a king the worst punishment I could inflict on my enemies would be to banish them to the Solomons. On second thought, king or no king, I don't believe I'd have the heart to do it.”

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Are our soldiers heavy drinkers?

A survey shows that the men in our armed forces show a 4-to-1 preference for non-alcoholic drinks. Mr. Average Soldier buys 9.66 drinks per month; of these 8.3 are soft drinks, and 1.38 beer.

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Is it bad luck to be followed by a black cat?

I put this one up to Dr. Patsy O'Bang, the great authority on superstitions, and he said it most certainly is bad luck—if you're a mouse.

As I write this, Admiral Darlan, important figure in the Vichy Government, is a “guest” in Algiers. Darlan may join the democracies and throw his influence against Hitler. I don't know for sure, because the situation is clouded today, November 11, 1942, only five days after we tore into North Africa. However, as a matter of general principle, do you think it wise and ethical for a democratic coalition to accept help from a man who played ball with the Fascists?

I believe it's good sense to accept help from any source when you're fighting for your life. If a man's house is on fire he doesn't stop to investigate the character of the man who show up to put out the blaze. A good instance of sound, common sense was the attitude of the Founding Fathers, who, during the Revolutionary War, didn't hesitate to accept valuable help from the tyrannical, rotten, corrupt Bourbon monarch, Louis XVI. When the war was won they set about the job of building the foundations of our democracy. To bring the argument down to date, consider our al-
liance with Communist Russia. We’re glad to help the Russian people. We want them to save their country. We’ll do anything in our powers to keep them from being defeated, but at the same time we almost unanimously reject Communism.

Can you give me some facts about Alaska Highway which the enclosed clipping says we’ve finished ahead of schedule?

In March, 1942, the U.S. and Canada agreed about the construction of a highway from Dawson Creek, Alberta, Canada to Fairbanks, Alaska, extending 1,671 miles. At the time, our engineers said the road should be finished on March 1, 1943, which seemed on the optimistic side, but American skill and determination got the job finished ahead of schedule—in fact, October, 1942, saw it completed, and November 15 set for the formal opening. This 24-foot road was built at the rate of eight miles a day. Ten thousand soldiers and 2,000 civilians did the job. This road will make it easier for us to send supplies to our Alaskan airports. Most of the highway was cut through difficult terrain, but the numerous obstacles weren’t allowed to stop our engineers. Not bad for a decadent democracy.

I have found, scattered through your numerous volumes of “Questions and Answers,” articles dealing with the religious affiliations of the various Fascist and Nazi dictators. Let me suggest that all these data be consolidated in a single paragraph.

My data, gathered from official sources, cover not only the Nazi and Fascist dictators but their Quislings and stooges as well. The following are Protestants: Vidkun Quisling, Norway; Anton A. Mussert, Hitler’s Quisling in Holland. The following are Roman Catholics: Adolf Hitler; Benito Mussolini; Henri P. Petain, Vichy Chief of State; Pierre Laval, Vichy Chief of Government; Francisco Franco, Spain; Antonio Salazar, Portugal; Joseph Tiso, Slovakian Chief of State; Emil Hacha, Nazi President of Bohemia-Moravia; Konrad Henlein, Hitler’s Quisling in Sudetenland; Leon M. Debregele, Fascist leader in Belgium; Ante Pavelich, Fascist leader in Croatia; Darquier de Pellepoix, Vichy’s special commissioner in charge of all anti-Jewish activities. There are no Freethinkers among the Fascist and Nazi leadership. Mussolini was born into the Church, left it while a young man, and returned to it when he became entrenched as Italy’s dictator.

I’ve heard some women bewail the fact that the food we’re surrendering never gets to our soldiers and sailors. What are the facts?

The rumor-mongers must be organized in some way, judging by the way their lies keep popping up in every section of the country. The thing smacks of a central lie-factory. Hitler-inspired gossip is telling many American mothers and fathers that their boys aren’t getting decent food. Here’s what the Navy Public Relations Office says about this hard-to-kill rumor:

“This story is definitely false as men in the service are fed well. There may be isolated instances where stormy weather, unexpected absence from base, or similar occurrences prevent ordinary service of meals. But such occurrences are rare.”

Don’t be a sucker and believe every big-mouth who comes along. The next time some dispenser of blah-blah tells you a wild tale ask him where he heard it and what evidence he has to support his assertions. Usually such questions make them move on. Other forms of harmful propaganda are going the rounds. Only the other evening I heard a prominent businessman say that it was a fine idea to let Nazi and Russians fight it out until both are killed off. I butted in with the remark that Russia is our ally, that Russia is fighting our battles while we’re getting ready, and that we should talk about our allies in a friendly, cooperative, constructive way and not in ways to gladden the hearts of native Fascists. No wonder the Russians are suspicious of us. They have good reason for their attitude, when one considers the varieties of dirty propaganda some of our people are indulging in.

Is it a fact that Benjamin Franklin hated poets?

At any rate he didn’t have much use for them, for he called poets “the mere waste paper of man kind.”
STAND BY OUR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

Our President is giving us great leadership in the war to save and improve our American pattern of life. He has met the issues forced on him by the Axis aggressors, and in return he is striking out for complete victory. President Roosevelt will lead us to a glorious victory if only the masses stand by him, and give him every possible moral, physical and material support. Fifth Columnists like Father Coughlin, the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, the Rev. Gerald B. Winrod, Silver Shirt Pelley, Colonel McCormick, and others of their rotten breed are slicing the President’s program with Hitleristic propaganda, anti-Semitism, defeatism, false patriotism, dissension, distortions, lies and sly obstructionism, but their dirty Fascism will collapse if only the average citizen keeps his head and lets it be known that he has the fullest confidence in the President’s intelligent and forthright leadership. This war will be won—and not in the distant future—if only we stand united for victory against the Nazis, the Italian jackal, and the Japanese sneak-assassins. The hordes of Hitler can be defeated. They have seen their propaganda of “invincibility” fold up. Hitler’s gangsters can be crushed to earth if the supporters of democracy will produce enough airplanes, tanks, and the other implements of war, plus a spirit of No Compromise with Fascism. The President’s tasks are immense. Let’s not make his job harder than necessary by making him waste precious energy and time in order to sweep aside the obstructionists. An enlightened public opinion can do that job for him, leaving his hands free to slug it out with the Fascists—and in a slugging match between Roosevelt and Hitler my bet’s on our President. Roosevelt knows what must be done to win this terrible war. Let’s tell him, in one voice, to go ahead, regardless of cost. Let’s not be always on the watch for things to complain about. Let’s be careful to give no aid to the rumor-mongers who want to confuse us and thereby make it easier for us to be licked. Have complete confidence in the President’s leadership. He, better than any man in the country, knows what has to be done to crush the enemies of civilization. Help make his way easier. Our Commander-in-Chief is O.K. Now let’s see to it that the people who are to win this war are also O.K.—in mind, body and will. Roosevelt has only one thing on his mind—to win the war. True Americans want him to have the fullest success. They have absolute trust in his ability and leadership.

* * *

OUR DUTY TO THE SOVIET UNION

Since it appears that Hitler dug his own grave when he took on Russia more than a year ago, it is proper to ask what we and the British are willing to do for the Russians when peace comes. The United States and Great Britain will give Hitler some powerful blows before peace comes—the most important being daily visits of huge fleets of fighting ships over Germany and occupied Europe—but to the Russians must go the credit for standing up to the Nazi beast, stopping him, bleeding his men white, and preparing the stage for the knock-out. Without fighting Russia doing most of the dirty work we would be in a terrible fix today. If the Russians hadn’t fought so gloriously we would be facing another 10 years of war, with better than a 50-50 chance of getting whipped. As it is, I doubt that this war is going to last more than another 10 months. In short, the Russians have saved the Americans and the British about 10 years of prodigious fighting, perhaps at a cost of more than $500,000,000,000. Such a situation entitles the Russians to a candid and practical outline of what they’re to get when Hitlerism is crushed.

Three ideas suggest themselves at once:
1. Russia should be permitted to take those Baltic States and portions of Poland, Rumania, etc., that are needed to make her borders secure.
2. Russia should, immediately after the Germans are defeated, be
permitted to go into Germany and take possession of machines, tools, and other industrial facilities, and then be allowed to move them into Russia in order to put the Soviet Union's industrial set-up on even a better basis than it was before the country was invaded. Russia isn't looking for money in Germany, for no real money is to be had. It wants things far more important and readily realizable—machinery, supplies, utilities, and the like. Russia should be encouraged to take what she's entitled to from Germany.

3. The United States and Britain should take upon themselves the obligation to restore Russia's economic life. This will be Russia's reward for what she did to save our pattern of life. How many billions of dollars we should turn over to the Russians is for expert economists to decide, but the gesture should be a generous one. With German machinery and Western gold, Russia could regain her former economic strength in a short time and later emerge with an economy that will be sounder than before.

We should let the Russians know that we favor in advance the translation into reality of the above simple program. The time to promulgate it is now.

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**TURN ON THE GAS!**

In the first piece I wrote after Pearl Harbor I mentioned that this wasn't going to be a gentlemen's war. Gentlemen can't fight a gentlemen's war when they are at grips with gangsters and mass murderers. I said this would be a dirty war—and that it most certainly will be, for our job is a dirty one. We must destroy a horde of unspeakable enemies of mankind, and that, at best, is a dirty job. I said there's no room for sportsmanship in this war, because we're dealing with brutes who have contempt for the impulse to fight in a sporting way. I said that no holds would be barred and that blows below the belt would be aimed at us, which would compel us to give back the same kind of punishment. Nothing has happened since December 7 to move me to change my mind. In truth, I feel stronger than ever that we must get ourselves in the frame of mind that no weapon must be neglected, no matter how terrible. This brings us to poison gas. The U.S. government has never signed any kind of a treaty to abstain from the use of poison gas. Our chemical industry is probably the best, and certainly the biggest, in the world. The chemical warfare division of our armed forces has never stopped preparing for gas fighting. It's no exaggeration to say that we're ready now, as are Great Britain and Russia—three countries that long have given sharp attention to the problems of poison warfare. The three of us have a force that can knock Germany out. The only thing that should hold us back is reprisals. That fear will soon be downed, for with complete control of the air over Europe the United Nations will be able to strike with gas and have little or no fear about retaliatory attacks. It's for the military experts in Washington, London and Moscow to decide when the hour is ripe. But when they so decide, we should be prepared to push aside all scruples and use the weapon to the limit. A thousand bombers blasting at German cities every night—and a thousand additional airplanes carrying thousands of tons of poison gas—will destroy Hitlerism. That's what the civilized world is looking for. If we have such a weapon, and if the time is ripe, let's urge our government to use it at the earliest possible date. Too much has happened in Europe to permit ourselves the luxury of talking about civilized warfare. This isn't a civilized war. It's a war
to save civilization. And if gas will hurry the hour of victory, let's not waste a second using it. President Roosevelt, our great leader, is a realist. It's his job to lead us to victory. We American citizens should let our leader know that we want victory at the earliest possible day. And if he must use gas in order to crush the Nazi hoodlums, then by all means let him issue the proper orders at once. The only question that should hold us back is the one asked above—how soon can we say in all truth and sincerity that we have command of the air over Europe? If such command can't be seen until another 60 or 90 days pass, then we must wait, but if the answer is that the United Nations today dominate the air then we must bring out the weapon that will give our ruthless enemies the knock-out blow. Hitler would have used gas long ago if he had seen no danger of reprisals. He would use poison gas today if he thought he could get away with such an act. Then why must we weigh fine questions of ethics? The only thing that counts is total victory against the Axis. If gas will bring us to the goal, then let's turn on the gas.

**LINDBERGH’S “EXPERT” APPRAISAL**

Ex-Colonel (that little "ex" is fortunate for the country) Charles A. Lindbergh has been quiet of late, but only because his message of defeatism and pro-Naziism needs an atmosphere of disunity and setbacks. That explains why, of late, he hasn't been making “expert” comments on the world situation, but once let the ground be prepared for Fascism in America and the Lindberghs, the Coughlins and other enemies of our pattern of life will emerge from their rat-holes. A silent Fascist isn't necessarily an ex-Fascist. Since we don't hear new Lindberghisms, some useful end may be served by looking back into our "hero's" authoritative and wisdom-crammed observations. In June, 1941, Lindbergh, speaking in Hollywood Bowl for the America First isolationists, pooh-poohed the notion that the British could ever do anything big in the air. It would be better for Americans to recognize the fact that Great Britain was through. If one had told this darling of Henry Ford and Father (of what?) Coughlin that a year after his speech the British would be so strong that they'd be able to send a thousand bombers into the air for a single raid, he'd have dismissed the verbiage as the outpourings of one ignorant of the higher strategy of flying. Here's what Lindbergh told the American people in June, 1941:

"The area, the terrains and the climatic conditions of Great Britain are not advantageous for flying. No matter how many fighting planes we build in America and send to England, it is not possible to base enough squadrons in the British Isles to equal in striking power the squadrons that Germany can base on the continent of Europe.

"Suppose we had an air force that we could send to Europe. Where could it operate? Some of our squadrons might be based in the British Isles; but it is physically impossible to base enough aircraft in the British Isles alone to equal in strength the aircraft that can be based on the continent of Europe."

Up to the time Lindbergh said the above the Nazi "superman" had succeeded in sending as many as 500 fighting ships over England in single raids. According to Lindbergh, Britain could never answer even such an attack, but here we are, within a year, learning about 1,000-plane attacks on Cologne, Essen and other Nazi cities, with prospects of 2,000, 5,000 and even 10,000 plane attacks on Hitler-held Europe, for the United States is still to assert itself. We alone are now building 5,000 fighting ships monthly, with Britain turning out 2,500 and the Russians 3,000. It won't be long before the U. S. will be making more planes than the
combined production of the rest of the United Nations and the Axis Powers. According to Lindbergh, such a program must be screwballish because of Great Britain's poor facilities for flying. Reading Lindbergh today, we can say that the "Lone Eagle" was paying Hitler back for the Nazi decoration bestowed on him by the greatest mass-murderer in history.

LAVAL, THE CONTEMPTIBLE

Laval, whose dirty job it is to deliver to Hitler what's left of poor, bleeding France, was poor when he first went to Paris, but the mercenary swine soon became rich. How? By graft, by shyster tactics as a lawyer, and by running swell, expensive houses of prostitution. For years it's been known in France that Laval was not only interested financially in houses of commercialized vice but that he actually went on trips to line up swell, glamorous women for his establishments. Once, in the Chamber of Deputies, Poincare demanded that Laval explain the sources of his income, the point of his inquiry being that the swarthy little politician was active in the business side of the world's oldest profession. Laval replied that most of his money had come from farming, which provoked ribald journalists to wink and say, "Laval has taken to milking cows." The way they said it gave the public the intended impression that Laval was milking things besides cows. A part of the American press is now letting its readers know this revealing fact about France's most ignoble traitor. But these same publications are careful to refrain from saying that Laval is not only a devout lay member of the Blackintern but that he has been decorated by the Vatican and has been "honored" with the title of "Papal Count." This makes Laval a member of the Pope's court. Laval continues as a Papal Count and the financial backer of numerous swanky houses of prostitution. Laval's establishments never cater to ordinary men. Only the rich and powerful are solicited. And the One and Only Church shuts its eyes to Laval's activities in the brighter and livelier side of the underworld. But let an opponent of clericalism dare to issue educational books on Sexology and the cry goes up about immoral, filthy literature. What swinish hypocrisy! A magnificent pimp and Papal Count who betrays his country to reaction and slavery is honored by Rome, while those who would enlighten mankind are branded as criminals. How long is it going to take the people to know the full truth about this international cancer?

HITLER—THE WORLD'S GREATEST "QUEER"

Vincent Ronald, N.Y.C., sends me a clipping of an article in the June 9, 1942, issue of P.M., written by Frederick C. Oechsner, for 12 years head of the Berlin bureau of the United Press, in which he says that "a competent medical authority in Germany told me categorically that Hitler had homosexual traits and there seemed to be no doubt that he was completely cold to women..." In the June 10, 1942, N. Y. Herald Tribune, the same writer says that "according to sound medical evidence, he (Hitler) was physically a marked homosexual type." "This," comments Mr. Ronald, "confirms what you have always said about Hitler's sexual life. Where does this leave the foreign correspondent sycophants or dupes like John Gunther who continually repeat the Nazi propaganda hokum that to call Hitler a homosexual is a base lie?" Early volumes of "Questions and Answers" contain numerous articles on Hitler's "queerness." Remember, I said these things about Hitler six and eight years ago. Now the big-name journal-
ists are beginning to catch up. I can always spot a fairy a mile off, even before he opens his mouth. I can’t quote all my evidence but interested readers are asked to refer to the index in each volume where they’ll find a heap of material on the great pansy.

**HOW THE BLACKINTERN TERRORIZES DOCTORS**

I have written numerous articles on the position of the Black International on the question of birth control. In not so much as a single sentence was it suggested that Catholics should be compelled to practice planned parenthood, the attitude being that those who wanted to reject birth control were within their rights, but it was denied that they had the right to impose their dogmas on people outside their organization. Now that birth control is legal in many States, the Blackintern is resorting to new tactics in order to force non-Catholics to accept their reactionary ideas. In New Jersey, for example, the Church is trying to terrorize medical doctors into carrying out its peculiar ideology. To be specific, there is what is known as the Passaic County Planned Parenthood Center—(A Birth Control Clinic)—formerly called the Passaic County Maternal Health Center. One of the clinic’s physicians, Dr. Armand DeRosa, also takes care of some of his patients at a Catholic institution, St. Joseph Hospital, 703 Main Street, Paterson, N. J. The following letter was received by Dr. DeRosa from Sister Anna Rita, R.N., superintendent of the hospital:

According to the by-laws of St. Joseph Hospital, doctors connected with any birth control group or organization shall not be privileged to attend patients in this hospital.

It has been brought to my attention that you were a member of the Birth Control Clinic and since you are attending patients in this hospital, I wish to know your position at the present time.

Will you kindly let me know whether or not you have severed your connection with the Birth Control Clinic or organization?

The above letter followed action previously taken by officials in charge of St. Joseph Hospital, some of the physicians then on the Advisory Board of the above-named birth control clinic being verbally informed that they could do no work at the hospital if they were connected in any way with the Birth Control Movement. The warning went so far as to insist that such physicians could not even visit their own private patients there. The doctors were then informed that the ruling would be made to apply to not only to St. Joseph’s but to all Catholic hospitals throughout New Jersey. Such rulings, let me emphasize, are directed against reputable, established, ethical and charitable physicians in a country where it’s not yet the custom for public or semi-public institutions to penalize a citizen for the legal prosecution of his medical practice. It’s important to bear in mind that the New Jersey Law specifically permits contraceptive (birth control) advice to be given by physicians lawfully practicing their profession. In 1936 the same practice was accepted as legal by the Federal Courts, for it was in that year that a Federal Court ruled that the section of the Federal Law on which its decision concerning contraceptives was based, did not prevent physicians from prescribing contraceptives “for the purpose of saving life and promoting the well-being of their patients.” Therefore, what Dr. DeRosa did in Paterson, N. J., was legal not only in his State but anywhere in the U.S., according to the Federal Courts. The clinic mentioned above gives contraceptive advice for health reasons only, which indicates a devotion to a cause which is a fundamental social need. Dr. DeRosa and his associates have as their objective that there shall be no interference with the advised, healthful planning of families. That right, formerly the sole possession of the privileged and the informed should be shared by the poor, the defective, the ill and the underprivileged. The birth control movement, which is being fought tirelessly by the Blackintern, has been endorsed by thousands of members and hundreds of leaders of the Protestant churches, the Central Conference.
of America Rabbis, the 15th National Convention of the Y.W.C.A., the National Council of Jewish Women, the Sections on Gynecology and Nervous and Mental Diseases of the American Medical Society, and thousands of others. And yet reputable doctors like Dr. DeRosa are to be denied the right to take care of their patients in Catholic hospitals. The hospital mentioned above, St. Joseph's, receives $30,000 annually from the City of Paterson, and last year received $12,458.17 from the County of Passaic. Besides, St. Joseph's is a member of the Community Chest. Dr. DeRosa has no wish to impose his beliefs and standards on others, but not to defend his civil rights would be to not to deserve them. This case in New Jersey is especially important because it comes after the Blackintern was able to compel the authorities to close all birth control clinics in Massachusetts and Connecticut. The Blackintern is using every possible weapon in order to compel non-Catholics to accept Catholic dogmas. The American people won't tolerate such interference with their constitutional freedom. The open conspiracies and attacks of the Black International will be fought without thought of compromise by all lovers of liberty and enlightenment.

* * *

GOBS O' BUNK

Patsy O'Bang, my favorite philosopher and commentator on the human comedy, once wrote in The Lesbians' Quarterly Digest that bunk in bulk is always more interesting than bunk in driblets. "If you're going in for bunk, always do it in a big way," he advised. "Reincarnation, for example, is splendid, high-toned bunk, but if I went in for it I'd try to get it on a mass-production basis, delivering a cemetary at a time to the goofy notion." Truth has a way of trying to catch up with even fourth-rate humor, which brings to mind Oscar Wilde's famous line about life always trying to imitate art. Dr. O'Bang's remarks came back after reading a report about 54 Chinese sailors, who, finding themselves in a peck of trouble, resorted to reincarnation in order to straighten out the kinks in their melancholy lives. Here's the story:

Fifty-four Chinese seamen, who were rescued from a torpedoed ship two months ago and refused to go to sea again, attempted to escape deportation by claiming that they had died when they were thrown into the Atlantic from their torpedoed vessel, and were reincarnated when picked up by a Canadian vessel. They claim that their re-birth in the Canadian ship makes them Canadians, and that they cannot therefore be deported. The Canadian immigration officials, however, decline to agree with this doctrine, and the Chinese must go to sea again or be deported.

If life really behaved along the lines mentioned by Oscar Wilde, that last sentence would have been rewritten. People who swing their bunk onto the endless belt of big-scale production ought to have something to show for their work. The Black International learned that lesson centuries ago. It moves its bunk to the consumers in carload lots, which means, among other things, that the consumers are given numerous advantages in the form of economies. It's common knowledge throughout the world that on the basis of per dumb-head it costs less to belong to the Blackintern than any other church because of the establishment's mass production methods. It's slogan could easily be: "Join the Blackintern and Get Your Bunk in Bulk at Bargain Rates.

* * *

BLACKINTERN GETS FAVORED TREATMENT IN JAPAN

Readers of my recent volumes of "Questions and Answers" don't need to be told that I have shown that the Catholic Church has worked out a profitable accord with the Japanese Fascists. For services rendered to the Tokio mass-murderers, of course. T. T. Brumbaugh, a missionary
who has spent many years in Japan, tells readers of *The Christian Century* that Protestant missionaries can’t work in Japan, with the result that most of them have returned to the U.S. But not a single priest of the Blackintern has left Japan. In fact, many more entered the country since Pearl Harbor. The Blackintern is especially strong in the Philippines, where the Japanese have given the Church a monopoly on religious and propaganda activities. As the Catholic Church has been powerful in the Philippines for centuries, its position is stronger today than ever before, with the added advantage of the suppression of propaganda from competing church organizations. The Blackintern is helping the Japanese Fascists enslave the Philippine masses, millions of whom are illiterate Catholics. In return it gets a monopoly in its chosen field. Wherever the Blackintern’s activities are studied we see proofs of its reactionary and bigoted policies, its hatred of freedom and democracy, and its support for the dark forces of obscurantism, imperialistic exploitation, and mass terror.

**PERFECTION—AN UNATTAINABLE GOAL**

Albert J. Franck, Far Rockaway, N. Y., comes in with a second donation to this paper’s Deficit Fund and comments: “I support you in my small way because I endorse in full your anti-religionist stand.” He finds himself in agreement with me on many subjects, but thinks I’m all wet when it comes to praising Russia, organized labor, or the New Deal. He doesn’t deny that Russia “is momentarily useful, but that happens to be the way the cards came out and isn’t indicative of any virtue immanent in the Soviet set-up.” I say that if the Soviet Union were a thousand times worse than its most uncompromising enemies claim, it’d still be a thousand times more acceptable than Hitlerism.

As to organized labor,” continues Mr. Franck, “while it has gotten momentary benefits for labor, it’s fundamentally unsound, and we shall never cease to have labor troubles and economic unbalance until organized labor is replaced by a nation-wide union of consumers.” Here I disagree *in toto*. I know from long experience that labor unions are of inestimable value to the workers. If there weren’t any labor unions the employers would, in a few years, reduce the status of the toilers to what it was several generations ago, when the 60-hour week was common and wages were close to the starvation level. Labor leaders have their faults, but it’s my guess that not more than 1 percent are racketeers. It isn’t right to punish 99 percent for the crimes of a tiny minority. Most labor leaders get their jobs done—and that’s to keep wages at a decent level and hold down the hours to a humanly-bearable number. I’ve had dealings with unions for 25 years and am still to be shown that they’re fundamentally unreasonable. Treat the union committees like real men and women and you can count on the most generous cooperation. I wouldn’t dream of running an open shop. I prefer to have all my employees organized. It’s really better from the enlightened employer’s viewpoint.

Mr. Franck then sails into the New Deal, which he detests. He insists “its generalities are glitteringly beautiful. Its practices touch an all-time low in political morality.” I don’t look for perfection when I’m dealing with great movements. Instead, I search for the basic trends, and if they’re in the right direction I’m for them. The New Deal has plenty of faults, but it’s obvious that much good has resulted for the unorganized, unskilled, unprotected groups of submerged and voiceless workers. The social reforms have been humanitarian and splendid. I refer, of course, to social security, old age pensions, unemployment insurance. and the like. I predict that health insurance will
come in good time. None of these reforms work perfectly, but that doesn't change my opinion that they are really progressive from the viewpoint of the little fellows who have long needed this protection. Unemployment insurance and social security cost me many hundreds of dollars each year, but I've never felt the slightest resentment when going through the painful scramble of raising the money. It's never easy to pay the bill, but I always feel better when it's done. These reforms came because of the New Deal. And they're the things that count—from the viewpoint of the masses. Here Mr. Franck and I are planets apart. It's only fair that I should give space to his complaint.

Says Mr. Franck:

"We've got to win this war," says Mr. Franck, "but we'll never win it while the New Deal plays politics, labor feathers its nest, or the Reds among us use the war as a means of extending communistic practices in this country. No doubt, here and there, there are corporations that are doing indecently well but the great bulk of American business, upon which most people depend for wages or a small income, is behind the 8-ball. Might I observe that, in my opinion, they 'planned it that way'? F. D. R., himself a conspicuous flop in competitive business, is compensating his ego by destroying what he can't himself achieve. The war serves his ends admirably. This is my country, and the only country for which I give a damn, but I feel sick at heart when I contemplate the infamies that mark its leadership, whether in politics, statesmanship, labor, finance, or in common, elementary intellectual honesty. What a motley crew of malcontents, failures, fools and crooks man our ship of state in these times! You should be among the leaders in castigating them. Let's get the dopes and the rotters out so that competent, forceful people can take hold and save us before it is too late. And it is late!"

I think Mr. Franck's main fault is his insistence on absolute perfection. If a thing doesn't work with 100 percent efficiency he gets discouraged. If a person sets perfection as his standard in public affairs he'll never be satisfied even if he lives a million years. Progress consists in inching our way toward better things. But because we don't happen to be able to go right to the goal it doesn't follow we're wasting time and energy. I go on the theory that if ever the world becomes just about half as efficient as its critics demand, we'll be doing fairly well. A democracy will never be a perfect mechanism. But if it grows more humane with the years, if it shows deeper love for the victims of social evils, if it strives to defend liberty of speech, press and assembly, if it demands that the mind shall be unshackled—that's going a long distance in the direction of utopia, though utopia itself will never be reached. The thing that I like about democracy is that it improves with age. A progressive democracy gets better with time because it has the opportunity to educate its people to better things. Mass education never comes with a rush. It's a slow evolution. But it works. The record of American democracy shows impressive progress along social and intellectual lines during a mere 150 years. The facts speak for themselves.

**OFFICE OF FACTS AND FIGURES APPROVES H-J PUBLICATION**

The patriotism of the Haldeman-Julius Publications was extolled in a special letter from the Office of Facts and Figures, this action being the result of our edition of that office's fine war pamphlet "DIVIDE AND CONQUER," an exposure of Adolf Hitler's propaganda set-up for the U.S.A. When the first edition of "Divide and Conquer" rolled off our presses 50 copies were sent to the Washington office. Then came the letter that not only expressed gratitude for what the H-J establishment had done but promised to supply us with additional material. This publishing house is ready at all times to cooperate with the government in its splendid drive to keep the American people informed on the ideological aspects of this terrible war the Fascists
have forced on us. "Divide and Conquer" is a good beginning, but only a beginning. My presses are eager to serve the cause of democracy and freedom. The same mail that brought me the stimulating letter from the Office of Facts and Figures also brought another proof of the despicable behavior of the henchmen of Father (of what?) Coughlin, the most vicious gauleiter of the Blackintern in our country. The pro-Nazi, anti-Semitic Father Edward Lodge Curran, of Brooklyn, eastern mouthpiece of Gauleiter Coughlin, printed on the front page of the Brooklyn Eagle a telegram Father Curran had sent to Coughlin:

"As a fellow priest and fellow American, I assure you of a constant remembrance in my masses and prayers during these trying days. May God bless you."

Thus does Father Curran give aid and comfort to a leader of the American branch of the Black International whose paper was banned because of its priestly editor's sedition. Yes, Father Coughlin has been having "trying days," but only because of his dastardly attempts to hinder our great cause and bring down the glorious Stars and Stripes in ignoble defeat. Traitors stick together when they're attacked. Father Curran, who is knifeing Uncle Sam's war effort, is following the Coughlin line by speaking against our ally, Russia, at numerous meetings in Greater New York. Instead of helping the United Nations win the war, Father Curran is trying to create disunity (and thereby make defeat possible) by creating hatred for our splendid, brave, fighting-ally, the Soviet Union. When he's helping that mass-murderer he's stabbing Uncle Sam in the back. Father Curran, the uncrowned King of Brooklyn, knows that America's greatest enemy is Nazi Germany. He knows that Germany must be crushed if we are to save our country from enslavement. And yet, at such a time, Father Curran actually gets away with speeches that are intended to make it more difficult to defeat Hitler. The Russians, at this writing, are the only people who are killing Nazis on a huge scale. In doing that they are serving humanity. But Father Curran wants to cripple the Russians by creating hatred for the Soviet Union in the U.S. and thereby making it impossible for this country to keep up our planned volume of Lease-Lend aid to the fighting Russians. That line is Hitler's, which makes Father Curran a traitor to the Stars and Stripes. And yet, he gets away with such propaganda and the government doesn't move a finger to stop his dangerous propaganda. Is Washington afraid of the Blackintern? Dr. L. M. Birkhead, director of the Friends of Democracy and known to numerous Little Blue Book readers as the author of 13 valuable booklets in that popular series of mind-liberating books, protested in a telegram to Mayor La Guardia against having permitted Father Curran to make seditious remarks (like the ones quoted above) at a meeting of New York City's Finance Department employees. "Rev. Mr. Curran," wired Dr. Birkhead, "is known as a leader of the Christian Front forces, a speaker for Father Coughlin, and a writer for Coughlin's Social Justice recently banned from the mail as seditious." Father Curran, smarting under Dr. Birkhead's attack, wired him as follows:

"Your attempts to stop a group of Catholic employees of New York City from having a Catholic priest deliver a Catholic talk at their Catholic communion breakfast is an example of undemocratic bigotry."

To which Birkhead replied:

"Since when did it become un-American to protest any kind of speech before any gathering, and particularly that of a person who spends his time attacking one of our allies, instead of the enemy?"

Thus does my friend Birkhead go to the heart of the issue. He brands Father Curran as an echo of the Blackintern's forces that would DIVIDE AND CONQUER the American people, delivering them to total-
itarian slavery. The pamphlet mentioned in the first sentence above was printed because it shows beyond debate that methods like Father Curran's are in complete harmony with the propaganda line of the rotten Nazi butchers. It's our duty as American patriots to expose such un-American traitors as Father Curran. My presses will always be at the service of the great cause of keeping our people informed about the maneuvers of the Fifth Columnists who are boring from within in the hope of causing the downfall of the democratic Republic.

But the vicious and anti-progressive Black International knows how to fight back. For many months, as my readers know, I have been the target of an organized campaign that's intended to keep me from reaching the masses with my mind-liberating messages. The Black-intern wouldn't mind much if I were just a crackpot talking to a small group of eccentrics, but it knows I'm not given to hiding my light under a bushel. That's why it squawks, threatens, blackmails, terrorizes and boycotts. Readers who have followed the malicious campaign know how I've been compelled to accept numerous blows below the belt. Now and then the Blackintern even had me reeling. Remember, please, that I am only a lone individual, without mass following, without subsidies. Against me is lined up the most powerful religious organization in America, and, as I've explained in another piece, this war on my presses has done real damage to the financial position of The American Freeman. The deficit which was carried willingly by the Little Blue Books can no longer be met. The situation demands that I turn to the friends of this paper and request them to contribute financial support in order to save it from suspension. It would be a real tragedy if The Freeman were compelled to go under. That mustn't happen. It won't—if friends of the precious principle of a free press send donations at once to The American Freeman's Deficit Fund. This is my only way out of a terrible dilemma—to place the issue right up to the paper's subscribers, and ask them to send whatever sums they can spare in order to save their paper from suspension. I'm working without salary as editor of this paper. Not a penny of your donations will go to me personally. Your money will be used for paper, ink, etc., and after those matters are disposed of your money will go to meet the expense of sending circulars to prospective subscribers in order to increase the paper's circulation. As I've explained before, if The Freeman's circulation could be doubled, the deficit would melt away. The Deficit Fund is therefore the most vital project now being promoted in this office—money for the immediate needs of your paper and additional money to expand the paper's circulation so that the periodical may eventually go on a self-supporting basis. I hope this appeal will be given serious consideration by all readers who support this paper's brilliant, truth-seeking, progressive policies. The situation demands immediate action. Please let me hear from you by the earliest possible mail. The cause of a free press mustn't be ignored in these grave days.

MORE POWER TO THE TERMITES!

David Baxter, who edits a mimeographed paper named Comment— for American Nationalism, in California, doesn't like me but has words of comfort for men found guilty of or charged with sedition. After breaking the melancholy news about Fascists like E. J. Garner, George Christians, Robert Noble, Ellis O. Jones, William Dudley Pelley, and Anastase Vonsiatisky, and after using material from Propaganda Minister Goebbels and Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen, he turns to a Grab-Bag advertisement that appeared in The American Freeman. Referring to me as
the “Kansas Atheist and member of World Fellowship, Inc.,” he quotes my ad as follows:

“A complete section of the Haldeman-Julius warehouse collapsed the other day because of the ravages of termites. More than a million Little Blue Books and other Haldeman-Julius publications were scattered all over the place—a disheartening spectacle. . . .”

David Baxter then adds this unfriendly comment:

“What’s disheartening about it? More power to the termites.”

Mr. Baxter ought to know that if the termites cause another million booklets to be scattered around and damaged they’ll be read, because I have too much love and respect for good literature to see them baled up. As my advertisement said, “My bad luck is good news for book-lovers.” The termites, when they caused a section of my warehouse to go under, were really doing their bit for good reading. They made it possible for me to pack up hundreds of thousands of slightly damaged books into 10-pound packages, which I’m offering (thanks to the termites) at only $1 per package, plus 50c for carriage. Lovers of good reading everywhere may join Mr. Baxter in wishing more power to the termites. All this is hard on my treasury, but I’m a good sport and when I see I’m licked I smile and return to work with new vim, vigor and vitality. At the rate these grab-bags are going out, the first million books sent crashing to the ground by termites won’t last very long, so if the termites are true friends of good literature they’ll eat a little faster and thereby make possible another million going out to the literature-hungry masses. It took only a bushel of termites to get a million booklets headed for bargain-seekers—books by writers like Mark Twain, Shakespeare, Socrates, Plato, Thomas Paine, Moliere, John Stuart Mill, Victor Hugo, Lord Bacon, Havelock Ellis, Guy de Maupassant, Edgar Allan Poe, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Thomas Carlyle, Dumas, Will Durant, Thomas Huxley, Henrick Ibsen, Charles Lamb, Bertrand Russell, Leo Tolstoy, Robert Browning, Oliver Wendell Holmes, H. G. Wells, Robert Louis Stevenson, and scores of others. Termites can be useful in the work of spreading culture. And when culture goes out in Grab-Bags weighing 10 pounds each and selling for a mere dollar per grab-bag, plus 50c for carriage, all because of the gentle ministrations of a couple of million termites, lovers of good reading should consider erecting a monument to the termites. As for Mr. Baxter, let me thank him for this opening to pen a plug for one of my best offers.

WHY FRANCO DISLIKES SERRANO SUNER

Spain’s Catholic-Fascist Foreign Minister, Serrano Suner, is heartily disliked by his chief, General Franco. The real cause of the break between Franco and his brother-in-law hasn’t anything to do with matters of Catholic-Fascist policy but goes deep into family affairs. Suner, if his pictures don’t flatter him, is a handsome little fellow—in a superficial way; of course—for his person reveals no beauties of character or intelligence. The little tragedy of the Franco-Suner menage began in Seville, where Suner made up with a brunette who’s considered one of the reigning beauties of Spain. Alas, her glamour didn’t keep her from harboring a smear of unsocial, unpopular germs; and as Suner exposed himself, he came home with what is coarsely called a dose, which he passed on to his wife, and who, in turn, squawked to her sister, who carried the desolate news to her brother, Franco. Then Hell broke loose, but the Cardinal at Madrid stepped into the picture, for it wouldn’t do to have Franco kick out a loyal, devout, pious Catholic-Fascist. So Suner was bundled off to Rome, where he took heroic medical treatments and arranged new methods of collaborating with Musso-
limi and Hitler. If Suner had read one of my 5c Little Blue Books (No. 1523, entitled "How to Avoid Catching Venereal Diseases," he at least would have been fortified with the scientific knowledge that could have kept him from getting caught so ignominiously. But that wouldn't do, for the hierarchettes don't believe in sexual hygiene. They think it's immoral for devils like Haldeman-Julius to actually hold that it's a public service to teach people how to keep clean. Books like the one just mentioned are pointed to in pious horror to prove what an immoral wretch the Girard, Kansas, editor is. Publishers of newspapers and magazines are bulldozed into throwing out advertisements that list such titles, as I've shown dozens of times during the past year or two. The Black-intern holds that it's better for men like Suner to get peppered, and pass on the disease to their wives and others, rather than to learn simple measures of disease-prevention. The U.S. Government doesn't agree, for it issues numerous pamphlets on the venereal disease problem, all of them intended to educate the Man-in-the-Street so that he won't fall into the gutter. The hierarchettes believe it's sinful to know how to avoid catching venereal diseases, for such knowledge might be used to commit immoral acts. Better a blasted body than a seared soul. But the world smiles at such idiotic notions. It would be better if it stopped smiling long enough to bawl out the One and Only Church for its unscientific and anti-social behavior.

* * *

WHAT IT WILL COST TO CORRECT NATURE'S GREATEST ERROR

In your article on the amount of money we've already decided to spend on this war ($190,000,000,000) you failed to break down the figure. How much of this money will go into the army, the navy, etc.? In which years did we appropriate or spend this vast sum?

Since writing that piece the money picture has changed. I write this on the day Congress voted unanimously to spend more than $42,-000,000,000 during the 1943 fiscal year. The total now is $205,311,233,542, not for all defense and war expenses but only the money for the fiscal years 1941-42-43, as follows:

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<td>$13,138,205,165</td>
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<td>$8,442,031,908</td>
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<td>1941</td>
<td>71,335,461,573</td>
<td>19,929,051,531</td>
<td>20,209,866,106</td>
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<td>1942</td>
<td>42,089,637,372</td>
<td>13,931,756,653</td>
<td>2,476,315,259</td>
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<td>Plus new Navy</td>
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<td>program</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total approved</td>
<td>$ 25,995,243,580</td>
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<td>by years:</td>
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<tr>
<td>1941</td>
<td>110,474,379,210</td>
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| 1942           | 68,841,610,752  | (including new Navy program.)

It's possible that we'll spend something like $500,000,000,000 before we crush mankind's greatest enemies, the Axis dictators. It'll be a bargain even at that cost, for defeat will mean for the U.S., the British, the Russians and the Chinese the slave-status of Poland, Greece, France, and the other countries cursed by that fiendish beast, Adolf Hitler—nature's greatest error. All true Americans must refrain from criticizing the government for its vast expenditures. President Roosevelt doesn't want to waste so much precious wealth on war, but what can he do about the situation other than to build up a fighting force big and strong enough to crush the Nazi and Japanese maniacs? Our Commander-in-Chief knows his job—it's to see this war through to vic-
tory. Even if we have to go broke doing it (and I don't see how we can), bankruptcy is preferable to defeat. Dollars can be replaced by our sweat and toil, so that in a few years or decades we can be as sound economically as ever before, but once we lose our country we're through as free Americans. Any citizen who criticizes the President because of the war's costs is doing Hitler's dirty work. Our President has the biggest job any American ever had, and he means to get it done, but it's going to be harder pulling if he has to overcome a lot of dissension and carping criticism on the home front. Let's all take time out to let him know the American people have unbreakable confidence in his great leadership. No matter how many new disappointments we have to endure, no matter how many additional sacrifices we have to make, let's make our slogan read: Ax the Axis Regardless of Taxes.

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BLACKINTERN TURNS HEAT ON MAGAZINES

My readers don't have to be told again that the Black International is using its tremendous powers for blackmail and persecution in order to keep my book announcements from reaching the general public. The record, as presented during many months, speaks for itself. In most cases, the editors or publishers surrender to the Blackintern without even a word of protest against this mean and undemocratic attempt to gag a free press. Now and then we meet one who resists. Others give in reluctantly. Such a one is John F. Schniller, General Manager, Macfadden Detective Group, 205 E. 42nd st., New York City. Here are his words of sorrowful surrender, taken from his June 24, 1942, letter to Milton Rippey, of Harrison-Rippey Advertising Company, Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo., the emphasis, of course, being mine:

When the Haldeman-Julius copy appeared in the April issue of the Detective Group and the June issue of Master Detective and, more particularly, when it ran in one of the May issues of Liberty, we found ourselves snowed under with complaints both from readers and FROM POWERFUL ORGANIZED RELIGIOUS GROUPS. WHILE THIS CAMPAIGN OF LETTERS WAS UNDOUBTEDLY ORGANIZED AND NOT SPONTANEOUS, it reached such serious proportions that Macfadden Publications cannot afford to ignore it. Something had to be done. This whole matter has been under discussion for the past two months. It was obvious from some of the letters received that the object in mind was to force us to ban the further appearance of Haldeman-Julius copy in any Macfadden magazines. This, of course, would be most unfair to your client, and we have been busy fighting his battle for him at this end. In order, however, to remove any possibility of a justifiable complaint being made, it will be necessary for us in the future to lay down some cast iron rules as to what titles may and may not be included in your listing. This decision has just been reached, so unfortunately we have had no opportunity to warn you before you submitted the page which you want run in the September issue of the Macfadden Detective Group. I have explained the matter in detail to both Mr. Elder and Mr. Durand and they have agreed with some misgivings to pass this copy as submitted for this issue only because of the difficulty at this late date in explaining the reason for what might be considered an arbitrary stand on our part to you and your client. I sincerely hope that you will understand the difficult position we are in, and believe me when I assure you that we want to do everything possible to work with you in solving this problem. Naturally we will not permit any group or organization to dictate to us on how we shall run our business but, on the other hand, BECAUSE OF THE POWER OF SOME OF THESE ORGANIZATIONS, we must be very careful to give them no justifiable cause for complaint.

In this case, it's obvious, the publisher wants to continue doing business with me, as he's been doing for 20 years during which he ran hundreds of pages of Haldeman-Julius advertising. But he must bow to superior force. And that's what's happening in free America where a free press is guaranteed by our Constitution. What can't be done by legal means is done through threats of boycott, ostracism, subscription
cancellations, withdrawal of controlled advertising, and so on down the sickening list. The Blackintern hates free voices. Unshackled writers cause controversy—and that's bad for the business side of the priestcraft. In benighted countries that are in the clutches of Catholic-Fascism the remedy is simple—honest, candid voices are strangled. In democratic America, indirect tactics must be used—but they're effective, nevertheless, as the above letter by an unwilling agent clearly shows. The Blackintern prefers to see its enemies killed. Death is so permanent. A dead editor in a Catholic-Fascist country is dead from now on. A candid, critical Freethought writer in a free, democratic country may be suppressed today but may find his voice tomorrow. Thrown out the front door, he may creep through the cellar door. You never know what to expect. But since it's the best that can be done in a free country the Blackintern makes the most of the situation and uses its bludgeons accordingly. The Black International has a talent for adjusting itself to local conditions. But what do free Americans say about this open and organized campaign to suppress a list of publications because they insist on telling the truth about the world's worst reactionaries, obscurantists, dogmatists and bigots?

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HOW JOSEPH McCABE HELPED POPULARIZE EVOLUTION

The Literary Guide, for August, 1942, tells how the British Ration-alist Press Association, 50 years ago, decided to launch an educational crusade in order to enable the common people in England to understand Evolution. The campaign revolutionized the popular ideas about the origin of the human race. A half century ago, 95 percent of the ordinary people believed in the Creationist Theory, which included the Garden of Eden myth and other peculiar Bible notions. The campaign got under way soon after Joseph McCabe, at the behest of the R.P.A., prepared a series of lantern lectures "descriptive of the latest scientific knowledge concerning human origins." The same source tells us that alarm and dismay were aroused in religious circles. His arguments supported by many beautiful slides, Joseph McCabe gave four weekly addresses at the Polytechnic in the North of London. Admission was free. Nearly every seat was occupied by avid listeners including numerous teachers. "The consternation and surprise expressed by many were amusing," says The Literary Guide; "but, in accordance with a pledge given, no discussion at the close of the lectures as to the implied conflict between religion and science was permitted." The idea was to let Joseph McCabe's "poison" work in without extra manipulation. It did. The results were so constructive that the series was repeated in South London, after which other parts of London were invaded by the wicked idol-smasher. Then followed McCabe's invasion of the provinces, where numerous towns were visited, always with excellent results. "A year later," says the article, "Mr. McCabe visited Australia and New Zealand, where immense audiences listened eagerly to his inspiring revelations. Thus a marvelous crusade was brought to a successful conclusion, the benefits of which are today only a beginning. Joseph McCabe never ceased being the popular educator. His life's work has been to bring knowledge and wisdom to the masses.

* * *

A VISIT FROM KONRAD BERCOVICI

Konrad Bercovici, the famous author of gypsy stories and books on world affairs and celebrities, spent a pleasant week-end at my farm early in August, after he'd made a speech to about 16,000 soldiers at Camp Crowder, in nearby Missouri. Bercovici has been touring our
camps for six months and the War Department has him scheduled to appear at more camps until October. His job is to tell our boys why we are at war—and from comments made by some of his hearers he's doing a fine job. Visiting five camps each week is no mean chore, but he's holding up in good shape, despite his 60 years. Konrad and I became friends 30 years ago, in N. Y. C., several years before he'd written his first book, "Crime of Charities," a work that I praised in a review for the old Appeal to Reason. Later, I introduced him to Charlie Chaplin, with whom he hit up a friendship that lasted about 20 years, but which seems on the rocks now because of a controversy over royalties Bercovici claims on the great movie, "The Dictator," the scenario of which Konrad says he wrote. He's suing for $5,000,000. It's hard for me to take sides, for Chaplin's counted among my friends, but from the facts I got direct from Bercovici it seems he has a powerful case. Whether it will stand up in a court of law is for experts to say. It's a shame their friendship had to go to smash. When we got down to a seemingly endless stream of verbiage in my living room I broke the news to Konrad that our mutual friend, Bob Wagner, editor of that excellent magazine, Script, published at Beverly Hills, Calif., had died only a week before. Bercovici took the news hard. He also heard from me, for the first time, that another friend of ours Charles J. Finger, had died at Fayetteville, Ark., about a year ago. Bercovici had intended to look him up when he got to a camp near the late author's farm. The old-timers are all drifting away. It's getting so that I dread looking at the obituary page of the N. Y. Times. The first thing Konrad insisted on, when he got to my home, was that we tour the farm, for he's a farmer in his own right, owning a magnificent 168-acre farm near Redding, Conn., on which he has a gorgeous 22-room colonial-style house that was planned by the great architect, Cass Gilbert, who did the splendid and beautiful N. Y. Public Library. Bercovici's land is worth $1,000 an acre, which brought a gasp from this modest landowner who goes in for land that couldn't bring more than $40 an acre at public sale. He has 42 milk cows—Holsteins and Guernseys—and 1,200 laying Rhode Island Reds. I could point to only four cows and 600 white Plymouth Rocks that ranged from chicks to pullets and hens, with a decent scattering of roosters. I'd just threshed the oats and pointed to three bins piled high with a total of 694 bushels of the grain—all from 30 acres, but Konrad said that I should double the yield after I've had a little more experience. When we came to the pigs I paraded 47 Duroc Jerseys and Chester Whites, and he admitted sadly that he had none. I poured out four buckets of slop just to show Konrad that I can be a practical hog-man when conditions demanded. It isn't good to spend one's whole life writing and writing. One must get down to life's realities, and nothing gets one down better than the chore of dumping out oats and slops to one's honorable pigs. Konrad then boasted that when he's home he does the work of two men night and morning, when he helps milk his large herd, for which he has three Laval milkling machines. He had me there, for I don't know how to milk and I have no need for a machine, though I may get one several years hence when my herd grows to 10 or 15 milk cows. My white Pekin ducks and mallards (of which I have about a hundred) drew expressions of admiration from this hard-bitten man of the soil. Well, we sat up until 2 in the morning. After only four hours' sleep I drove him down to Joplin where he caught a bus for Enid, Okla., where he was scheduled to make a couple of speeches. While waiting for bus-time, Konrad told me about Prof. I. Q., who also had spoken at Camp Crowder. The famous radio quiz man told about asking a soldier to tell the difference between a
woman and a submarine, to which the fellow replied: "I've never been on a submarine." As we shook hands, Konrad said he'd be back for another visit. I hope he keeps his promise. Oh, yes, while I think of it let me add Konrad's latest Sam Goldwyn story, of which there are thousands. The movie executive was trying to hire a certain writer who was a genius and whose price was $3,000 per week. Goldwyn wanted to pay only $1,500, and was told he couldn't get this particular genius for less than $3,000. "Then," asked Goldwyn, "Can't you get me a mediocre genius?"

**ZIP YOUR LIP**

Army officers and workers in war industries are the worst offenders in the grave matter of too much tongue-wagging about military matters. I've met scores of privates and non-commissioned officers and am still to hear a word on a forbidden subject, but stand at certain bars these days and listen to officers and war workers and you'll hear the wildest kind of chin-music. At least that's been my experience. Only recently, while sitting at a bar for about 20 minutes, I heard a group of officers (who ranged from lieutenants to majors) gab about how many men had been coming in of late, how many were leaving, what material was available, what was seriously lacking, and so on. A Fifth Columnist would have garnered enough data to earn a substantial hike in salary if he'd been in my place during those appalling minutes. Every effort should be made to educate our people to keep their traps shut. If we're to win this war we'll have to learn to keep the enemy ignorant about the situation at home. Zip Your Lip.

**THE SEATS OF CULTURE**

An advertisement in *The Architectural Record* goes to the seat of a social and cultural phenomenon, as follows:

"While the problem of employees loitering in washrooms has always been important to businessmen and industrialists, in the present emergency it is of even greater concern. Although the Sperzel Sanitary Seat is quite comfortable, it does not encourage unnecessary lingering and the attendant loss of man-hours."

They may not know it, but the Sperzel people are striking at the heart of culture when they seek to discourage what they crassly call "loitering" on the well-known shrine. After more than two decades as publisher of the Little Blue Books (during which I distributed 200,000, 000 booklets) I've learned where they go. Millions go to bed with their owners. Other millions go on rides in trains, buses, street cars, and the like. Additional millions are stood against the sugar-bowl at meal-time. But all go to the washroom, and this parade won't stop even if the Sperzel Sanitary Seats were to dominate the nation's washrooms. Little Blue Books in the toilet have become a national institution. Employees everywhere—in large or small establishments—know what to do when they receive the 8:20 call. Five minutes spent there can mean only the vulgar satisfaction of one's physical needs. Twenty-five congenial minutes can mean the improvement of one's character, personality, culture, and wisdom. What a whale of a difference 20 minutes can make. My files bulge with letters from employers who used that occasion to improve their minds. They returned to their tasks in better shape to carry their employers' burdens, with the result that thousands received substantial hikes in pay. All because of the sensible use of my booklets in the boss's washrooms. The intelligent employer shouldn't try to change this national habit, even though it means the loss of 15 or 20
minutes whenever an employe visits the Place. He should realize that the worker isn’t going there to sleep but to improve himself, to make himself a better citizen, and a better producer. When the Sperzel outfit seeks to eradicate that popular practice it strikes at our national spirit. The priests can have their altars so long as they leave me the smooth, cool seat in the well-known Place. True, the altars are supposed to be places of beauty (they make me sick just to look at them), but the day of dark, unventilated, smelly, ugly toilets is out. Art has struck the big toilets with a bang, going in for tiled floors, shiny marble walls, indirect lighting, smooth-running fans, water, and a bowl that’s cleaner than the average shaving mug. Altars are for dopes; handsome toilets for intelligent, alert, informed members of the movement for self-improvement. The movement must go on. Nothing must hinder it. I don’t have to tell my brighter readers that proper, thorough, substantial use of the Place can make for quicker mental development. In my own work as a writer I find that the Place always has a marked effect on the quality of my literary output. Good luck there is always translated into better articles on the typewriter. And the advertisement writer for Sperzel actually thinks his Sanitary Seat can put a halt to the H-J movement. It’s to laugh. Take the clean, inviting toilets out of our lives and culture will be given a blow equal to the damage done by the book-burning fanatics of Naziland. The readers who follow their pleasant avocation (on the boss’s time) should stand ready to protect their civilizing privilege. Their main argument should be that time spent in reading booklets in the Place can’t do the boss anything but good. To accumulate wisdom while one is eliminating waste is to follow in the steps of history’s wisest fellows. To be an authentic, genuine, Class A Devotee of the Sanitary Seat one must pursue his literary endeavors on the boss’s time. One is disqualified if one goes to the Place on one’s own time. Here delicate problems arise. What assurance have we that a certain reader in the toilet is pursuing genuine literature? Maybe he’s poring over humorless comics. Maybe he’s thrilling to the moronic adventures of Superman. Such things are likely. Just because John Doehead is carrying reading matter to the Place it doesn’t follow he’ll improve himself. But if we can make him an H-J fan, that problem will be solved. How to separate the dimwits from the wise-guys? Censorship at the entrance to the Place? That’s dangerous in a democracy. Perhaps a partial solution would be for H-J readers to leave their booklets near the seats after they’re through with them. Maybe my friends can suggest other remedies. But let’s eschew censorship.

So much for the general discussion of the problem of Seats of Culture. What remains is for some organizing genius to pick up from where I let off. His pleasant (and perhaps remunerative) job will be to launch a nation-wide organization of Cultural Sitters, along Rotary and Kiwanis lines. Qualifications and rules should be strict, such as: 1. All sitting for reading purposes must be done on the boss’s time. 2. An expert Sanitary Seat Reader should strive to read a minimum of a chapter per sitting. 3. The boss should be recompensed by being given at least part of the benefits of the sitter’s increased efficiency and knowledge. 4. Sitters should establish a booklet exchange. 5. Sitters must read only paperbound booklets. 6. Sitters must never read aloud, lest other sitters be disturbed. 7. Sitters must never congregate in the washroom for discussions on what they’ve been reading, the idea being to reserve such confabs for their own time. The boss’s time shall be used only for absorbing knowledge, not disseminating it. 8. Sitters must refrain from taking writing material with them. No fair to take notes, write comments, or do original literary work on the boss’s time. All
such activities must be reserved for lunchtime or after hours. 9. Sitters must control the situation so that no reading is done during those periods when there’s excessive demand for washroom facilities. Expert sitter-readers insist on an atmosphere of conservative dignity. 10. One sitter-reader must never shout to another sitter-reader, the idea being that each member shall be on his own. 11. Constant efforts should be made, in a discreet, informal way, to convert the boss, important executives and department heads into sitter-readers, thereby at least partially eliminating the danger of stool-pigeons gathering material for a grand snatch. 12. Sitter-readers must never expose their reading matter while going to or from the Place. 13. No memorizing to be attempted, except when studying short poems. 14. Sitter-readers must protect one another in office or shop by doing the absent member’s unforeseen chores, answering phone calls, brow-beating stool-pigeons, stalling visitors, and pacifying suspicious, unfriendly superiors. The society’s motto: All for One and One for All. 15. Quiet attempts should be made to convert potential stool-pigeons to the practices and ideals of the organization. 16. Sitter-readers should limit themselves to one session per shift. 17. When a member is away from office or shop and is compelled to patronize a pay-toilet, restrictions on time and amount to be read shall be considered suspended, annulled and revoked, and at the same time propaganda is to be conducted against these evil, anti-social, profiteering institutions. 18. The management of pay or free facilities must be impressed with the need for the strictest sanitary conditions, while members pledge themselves never to litter up the floor with cigarette butts, burned matches, or paper.

Being a Freethinker, I was delighted with Julian Huxley’s article, “The Biologist Looks at Man,” in the December, 1942, issue of Fortune magazine. I have copied some of Huxley’s paragraphs because they impress me as being useful to Agnostics and Rationalists. Please reprint them.

Julian Huxley, an important authority in the field of biology, is a grandson of Prof. Thomas H. Huxley, the Agnostic who helped popularize Darwinism and who fought for the facts of Evolution when the obscurantists of the middle of the last century ganged up on Darwin’s epoch-making discoveries. Julian Huxley’s passages:

“To assert that man is the highest product of evolution to date is a statement of simple biological fact. There are, however, some other points concerning man’s position relative to evolutionary progress that are less obvious. First is the curious fact that the human species is now the sole repository of any possible future progress for life. When multicellular animals first appeared, they had all reached a new level of progress: later, some cut themselves off from further advance by entering on blind alleys, such as the fixed, vegetative existence of the polyps and corals or the headlessness and radial symmetry of the starfish and other echinoderms. The process of restriction has now gone so far that all future progress hangs on human germ plasm. It is a biological impossibility for any other line of life to progress into a new dominant type—not the ant, the rat, nor the ape.

“Second, with the evolution of man, the character of progress becomes altered. With human consciousness, values and ideals appeared on earth for the first time. The criteria of further progress must include the degree to which those ideal values are satisfied. The quest for truth and knowledge, virtue, beauty and aesthetic expression, and its satisfaction through the channels of science and philosophy, mysticism and mortality, literature and the arts, becomes one of the modes or avenues of evolutionary progress. A tendency in this direction had been manifested earlier in evolution. On the whole, biological progress in its later stages had been more concerned with independence of the environment than with control over it. The introduction of ideal values makes it possible for this tendency to go further. We may anticipate that in the remote future human control over the environment will become increasingly devoted to securing greater independence, greater freedom from material exigencies, and both of them together to securing a greater degree of self-realization and of the satisfaction of human values.

“It is also important to note that biological progress demands no special
agency. In other words, it does not require the intervention of a conscious Divine purpose, nor the operation of some mysterious life force or elan vital: like most other facts of evolution, it is the automatic result of the blind forces of reproduction, variation, and differential survival. Newton's great generalization of gravitational attraction made it possible and indeed necessary to dispense with the idea of God guiding the stars in their courses; Darwin's equally great generalization of natural selection made it possible and necessary to dispense with the idea of God guiding the evolutionary courses of life. Finally, the generalizations of modern psychology and comparative religion make it possible, and necessary, to dispense with the idea of God guiding the evolutionary courses of the human species, through inspiration or other form of supernatural direction.

"A corollary of the facts of evolutionary progress is that man must not attempt to put off any of his burden of responsibility onto the shoulders of outside powers, whether these be conceived as magic or necessity, as life force or as God. Man stands alone as the agent of his fate and the trustee of progress for life. To accept his responsibility consciously is itself an important step toward more rapid progress. Here is a field where a philosophy based on the scientific outlook is of the utmost practical importance . . . 

"A scientifically based philosophy enables us in the first place to cease tormenting ourselves with questions that ought not to be asked because they cannot be answered—such as questions about a First Cause, or Creation, or Ultimate Reality. Secondly, it encourages us to think in terms of right direction and optimum speed in place of complete but static solutions. At the present moment, for instance, it is much more essential to know that we are moving with reasonable speed toward certain general types of supernatural cooperation than to nail some elaborate blue-print of international organization to our masthead. Thirdly, it is capable of giving man a much truer picture of his nature and his place in the universe than any other philosophic approach. Man is now the dominant biological type, and the developed human individual the highest product of the cosmic process that we know. That is evolutionary knowledge. It is tempered by the reflection that very few human individuals realize a fraction of their possibilities, and that in a large proportion, passive or active evil predominates. But the knowledge has important practical bearings. Once we realize that the development of individuals is the ultimate yardstick by which to measure human progress, we can see more clearly how to formulate our war aims.

"The fact that we, all the human beings now in existence, are the exclusive trustees for carrying any further the progress already achieved by life is a responsibility which if sobering, is also inspiring; as is the fact that we have no longer either the intellectual or the moral right to shift any of this responsibility from our shoulders to those of God or any other outside power. Indeed, the problem that appears to be the most perplexing and distressing turns out, in the light of a thoroughly scientific approach, to be full of encouragement. I mean the problem of ethical and other values. We have been accustomed to think of these as a scaffolding for our morals, conveniently run up for us by some outside agency. Now that this is no longer possible, we feel bewildered, unable to conceive of any firm moral construction in which we can abide. The truth, however, as shown by the extension of scientific method into individual and social psychology, is that we create our own values. Some we generate consciously; some subconsciously; and some only indirectly, through the structure of the societies in which we live. Through a fuller comprehension of these mechanisms we shall be able to guide and accelerate this process of value creation, which is not only essential for our individual lives but basic to the achieving of true evolutionary progress in the future."
ANSWERS TO UNASKED QUESTIONS


“Variety,” the theatrical weekly that always has its own slant on our language, ran a story once which told of how farmers were staying away from movies of life in small towns, and pinned on this head: “Stix Nix Hi Pix.” An actress was described as “strictly an N. T. kid,” meaning she had no talent. “Variety,” which has been watching television, under this head: “Tele’s Punctured Romance.” Jazz musicians also have their own lingo, most of which I don’t understand. Louis Armstrong’s Hot Five Group of jazz records moved an informed hecatat to this description of the recordings: “Got Bucket orients the Hot Five collection, as with appropriate jive talk, Louis introduces each player in turn as he takes his solo, the performance concluding in a typical New Orleans jam ensemble. Muskat, aside from the tremendous swing of its closing chorusees, exhibits Ory’s hard-hitting vamp or tailgate style at its best. Skid-dat, an unusually beautiful and rhapsodic improvisation, contains one of the earliest of Armstrong’s scat vocals. He drives the ensemble with flaming intensity, sings a rich, throaty vocal, then knocks off several screwy breaks.”

John R. Fleming, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y., adds this comment to a press report saying that a U.S. grand jury is to act on Father Coughlin and his Fascist-anti-Semitic magazine, “Social Justice”: “I’m ready to bet 100 to 1 that they won’t dare show that Henry Ford financed Father Coughlin, even though there are stacks of affidavits on file with the N.L.R.B. proving this.”

Anon: “A grapefruit is a lemon that had a chance and took advantage of it.”

Reader: “I appreciated your expose, quite a number of years ago, of the mendacities of The National Geographic Society. During the years I was a subscriber to the Geographic Magazine I looked in vain for one reference to an important one-sixth of the habitable globe, the U.S.S.R. Do you know whether this magazine has ever gotten around to recognizing Russia, or is it still sulking?”

A piece of sound and brilliant criticism from a child: “This book told me more about penguins than I wanted to know.” . . . A little boy, who is a de-bunker at nine, inspected a new housing development erected by Uncle Sam, and commented: “Everything in these projects is fine except for one thing—the people who really need better housing can’t afford to live in them.”

George Jean Nathan says he’s found a sweet line in an otherwise boresome melodrama. The fat lady in charge of a fancy house in Brooklyn, Lena Rose, sees her gangster husband murdered. At the close of the play she sentimentally bemoans the loss of her man and the tragedies that have befallen them. Through widow’s tears she ends with this: “We’ll go to California, you and me, and take a little house together—a little one at first—with a pretty garden in the back and flowers at the windows and we’ll try to get along. We’ll start with just one or two girls . . .”

Edward Stanek, Chicago, Ill.: “I’m a little disappointed in your derogation of a pun, and your apologies when you sneak in a passable one. After all, we pun whenever we use a word that has two meanings one of which is unexpected or incongruous.”

A cafe owner, hiring a green waiter, said: “Never serve anything you wouldn’t eat yourself.” A customer soon stormed out, which upset the owner. “What did you tell that old customer of mine?” he demanded. “I told him I didn’t like ‘em, so I couldn’t serve him a 1-minute egg.”

Southern evangelist: “I make ’em FEEL the flames; I make ’em HEAR the harps.”

Robert Louis Stevenson, while visiting in England, once invited a friend to come to his South Sea paradise, Samoa, for a vacation. The friend accepted, but wanted to know how he’d get to Samoa. “You just go to America,” said Stevenson, “cross the continent to San Francisco, and from there it’s the second turn to the left.”

Show me a guy who makes pets of his opinions and hates more knowledge
for fear of crowding what he has and I'll show you living, breathing ignorance.

Ring Lardner, invited to speak at a banquet, sent this reply: "Regret my inability to attend. It is the baby's night out, and I must stay home with the nurse."

Farmer (who must make up his mind what to do about a sick cow): "If I kill it and it gets over the sickness, I'll be the fool, and if I let it live and it dies, I'll still be in the soup."

Veteran speaker to an aspiring young orator: "If you don't strike oil in two minutes, stop boring."

Letter in The Tampa (Fla.) Morning Tribune: "God is against any nation that starts a war on Sunday, as Japan is guilty of doing."

H. W. Nevinson: "The battle for freedom is never done, and the field is never quiet."

Germans—when the gestapo isn't listening—are whispering about a new method Himmler has adopted to carry out the death sentence. The condemned man is blindfolded, made to stretch out his arms, and in one hand the Nazis put a pound of butter, and in the other a pound of bacon. They remove the bandage from his eyes—and he falls dead from shock.

Goofy story from Ilford, England: "A cigar butt Churchill tossed aside was raffled here for $2,000."

Frederic W. Goudy, the great typographer who designed the famous and excellent Goudy type, is often invited to attend meetings of printers, where he's sometimes asked to make an impromptu talk. When called on in this way he finds that when his legs stand up his brains sit down, so he begs off with this story: A little girl was asked to bring to school something on the life of Good Queen Bess. She astonished her teacher by her brevity and directness when she read her little essay: "Elizabeth was a queen and a virgin. As a queen she was a great success."

B. L. Taylor, Pearl Harbor, T. H.: "I see that 'Ethereal Esquire' is used by one of your readers and yourself. Several years ago I conceived the phrase on my own while reading 'The Reliquary.' The author spoke of Real Estate in the Clouds, and I instantly said to myself, 'Therefore, God is the Ethereal Esquire.'"

Linton Wells, just back from a long lecture tour: "I have been covering the Commode Circuit: it began in Chambersburg and ended in Pottstown."

It's too bad that Elliot Paul's proposed bill couldn't get by the Massa-achusetts Legislature, for it's a honey. Paul, who writes a book in each dark of the moon, wanted a law to make censors of books and shows "to pass an intelligence test and to prove that their sex lives were normal." The proposal was clearly subversive, for even a third-rate psychiatrist knows that a normal, intelligent person couldn't and wouldn't be a censor of literature, plays and pictures.

Professor Max Muller: "Extraordinary features of nature or art, such as towers, bridges, etc., have always been ascribed to the devil. Hence Devil's Tower, Devil's Gulch, Devil's Backbone, etc."

I've often wondered about the curious association between the nose and the letters "sn." Many words beginning with these consonants ("sn") have something to do with the nose. Here are some examples: Snout, snar, sneeze, sniff, snore, snub, sniffle (blow the nose), snarl, snubby, snort, sneeze (originally to turn up the nose), sniff, snigger, snuff, sniff, snub, snuffle, snooze, snaffle, snivel, etc.

Franklin P. Collier, Jr., Melrose Mass.: "The Rev. Walter McGuina, S. J., dean of the Boston College School of Social Work, knows the problems of the working man. He used to be one himself." (Boston Herald, April 19). Used to be one is a frank way of putting it, but, after all, he hasn't had as arduous a life since he discovered the ease and comforts of Mother Church."

I've had numerous occasions to watch nurses at work and admit they're efficient, intelligent and resourceful—but I've found damned little kindliness.

C. A. Lang, Maplewood, Mo.: "In Will Durant's book, 'The Mansions of Philosophy,' page 64, I find this observation, 'At the very moment when psychology is attempting by every prestidigitation to get rid of consciousness in order to reduce mind to matter, physics regrets to report that matter does not exist. "O physics!" Newton exclaimed, "preserve me from metaphysics"

Alas, it cannot any more.' Sometime, when the hypocrites of the Blackintern pall momentarily, you might let off a little steam over Durant's latterday vaporings. To me it seems he hasn't even yet quite gotten over his youthful affliction with Catholicism."

..Mark Twain: "When he discharged a debt you could hear it for miles around."

Will Durant (author of numerous Little Blue Books): "Fib-leaf phrases used to cover naked ignorance."

Bertrand Russell, whose writings are
known to Little Blue Book readers, has given the world of philosophical scholarship a new book, "An Inquiry into Meaning and Truth," which adds fresh honors to a great thinker who has always made war on ignorance. I was amused by the paragraph on the title page of this valuable book, in which Professor Russell's literary and academic qualifications are listed. The mere listing of Russell's achievements in the world of letters and thought makes a hefty piece of type. The paragraph closes with these words: "Judicially pronounced unworthy to be Professor of Philosophy at the College of the City of New York, 1940." The rejection of Professor Russell was a victory for the New York Section of the Blackintern.

When cabarets first came in, gangsters dubbed them "din with dinner."

Patsy O'Bang, outstanding cosmopolite: "I'll try anything—six or eight times."

George Connelly Frend, N.Y.C.: "I have read the first series of Joseph McCabe's 'The Black International,' and it is a wonderful work of inspiration as well as exposition. Say what one will, it is all the truth, and nothing but the truth. I am ordering the second series. No small credit belongs to you for your courage and wisdom in publishing this fine work for the enlightenment of our countrymen. Three cheers for McCabe and three cheers and a tiger for you."

Elmer Johnson, Milwaukee, Wis.: "McCabe's second series on the Black International is even more interesting than the first series."

A top military man in Alaska, on getting the report that two high officers had been dismissed for what had happened in Pearl Harbor, said: "There but for the grace of fog, go I."

Dr. Karl With, art professor at Hamilton College (Clinton, N.Y.) and exiled director of an art school and museum at Cologne, Germany, sums up Nazi art: "In a German art gallery the paintings are 30 percent Hitler, 30 percent war, 30 percent insidious scenes of family life—if there are less than four children it isn't art—and 10 percent gilt frames."

Bertrand Russell: "I repeat unremittingly that the unyielding Rationalist has a better faith and a more anhending optimism than any of the timid seekers after the childish comfort of a less adult age."

Bernard Shaw: "Beware of the man whose god is in the heaven."

Popular saying in Florida: "In summer the crackers live off yams; in winter they live off Yanks."

Mark Twain, in "Huckleberry Finn": "Hain't we got all the fools in town on our side? And ain't that a big enough majority in any town?"

Patsy O'Bang, distinguished expert on weather: "Detroit has two seasons—July and Winter."

Martin Christiansen, Brooklyn, N.Y.: "I am greatly impressed with Joseph McCabe's 'The Black International.' It has clarified many things that formerly puzzled me, particularly during the war. Certainly the newspapers and magazines have failed to do so."

African proverb: "Work only tires a woman, but it ruins a man."

Today I heard a man say: "That suit isn't only a fit—it's a convulsion." It came back to me that I'd heard Weber and Fields get off that line some 40 years ago, and then, for no reason at all, I recalled their definition of a magnate as something that eats holes in cheeses. And then came that classic line of Fields to Weber: "You've never taught me how to teach you," and Weber's reply: "Dot seems fair."

Caroline G. Nations, University City, Mo.: "I was delighted to get your dandy photograph. By the way, your mug radiates more good humor and geniality than militarism. Perhaps those traits have a lot to do with your super sense of balance. Most fighters are afflicted with a donkeyish solemnity which crops out in a Mussolini slidehammer chin, or in beesting brows and glowering mean a la C.I.O. Lewis. They lack, among other things, a good, rousing sense of humor. It was quite likely Ingersoll's eye for the humorously absurd that put him next to the mistakes of Moses."

From a cemetery ad in a Hollywood paper: "Bury your loved ones in Well Drained Ground."

Toscha Seidel, violinist, while enlisting in the U.S. Navy recently, said: "I want to fiddle while Rome burns."

Maurice Plotkin decided he'd proposition Emilie Slodobin when he saw that she was bestowing her favors far and wide in his own and other social circles, but the young woman had ideas of her own and gave him a curt No, which cut Maurice to the quick. "Miss Emilie Slodobin," he protested in perfect Brooklynese, "if you will pardon my plain talk, I can say for a fact that you have gone with Herman Rabinowitz for a week-end in Atlantic City, and with Louis Silverstein for half a vacation in the Beach Belt, and the other half with Norman Finklestein in a cabin up in Connecticut, and a long trip in an auto trailer with Joe.
Leon Meyerson, and in the best Philadelphia hotels with Harry Horowitz, and so I could go on and tell about your doings and carryings on with all my gent friends and acquaintances, but when I ask you to include me in you give me the brush-off. You will pardon my blunt speech, but it seems that your treatment of me shows there must be something personal."

Lenin: "Whenever the cause of the people is entrusted to a professor, all is lost."

Eugene Field: "What smells so? Has somebody been burning a rag, or is there a dead mule in the back yard? No, the man is smoking a five-cent cigar."

La Roche Roucouda, in his Maxims (Little Blue Book No. 35): "There are people whose merits disgust us."

A theologian's intellectual habitat is always the periphery of the dubious.

A man of 80's love affairs look like the flirtatious winks of a glass eye.

I can forget my prejudice and down anyone's potato salad if there's a little onion in it.

Maurice Plotkin, who once worked in a delicatessen store, soon picked up the language of herrings, which enabled him to watch the careers of two pet herrings in the front window. When Plotkin saw that one herring had disappeared, he asked the other: "Where's your brother?" The herring, indignation in his voice, replied angrily: "How should I know! Am I my brother's kipper?"

When Brigham Young met P. T. Barnum's Tom Thumb, the tiny fellow told the famous Mormon that he didn't understand polygamy. "Don't let that worry you," replied Brigham, "when I was your size I didn't understand it either."

A Massachusetts man, brought into court for lighting a match during an air-raid drill, explained: "I did it so I could see the blackout."

Patsy O'Bang, distinguished literary critic: "Judged from his articles, E. Haldeman-Julius always seems afflicted with delirium tremens and hemorrhoids."

Byron Thornton, Grantville, Ga.: "The expression, 'Thank God I'm an Atheist!' reminds me of the sentence: 'Harvard has the country's finest collection of ferns, including many now extinct.'"

"I hadn't been talking to the guy for more than five minutes when he asked me if I'm practicing the world's oldest profession."..."What caused the delay?"

A lawyer for the other side was cross-examining a woman witness: "Mrs. Jones," he began, "are you given to extreme promiscuity?" "That's my own business," she snapped, glaring at him. The lawyer paused a moment and then asked: "Madam, do you have any other business?"

They were off on their honeymoon. The bride realized that the greatest change in her life was before her. Would he be kind and gentle? Would he take her in the spirit of romantic love—tenderly, patiently? The night passed, as is its habit, and morning came, as it usually does. The husband got up early, went down to the kitchen and brought his wife her breakfast in bed. She was delighted. Her wildest hopes had become realities. Then her husband asked: "Have you noticed just what I have done?" "Of course, dear; every single detail." "Good. That's how I want my breakfast served every morning after this."

A reader who's with the army at Fort Greely, Naval Air Station, Kodiak, Alaska, sends me a copy of the camp weekly, "Kodiak Bear," which I found full of lively reading. In it Sgt. Claude Peters describes Kodiak as the place "where men are men, and women just aren't."

I see that Hollywood is finally tackling the life of Edgar Allen Poe, who's supposed to have been such a terrible drinker. I've seen some of Poe's manuscripts and can say they couldn't have been written by a man under the influence of Demon Rum, for they're neat and precise, each word being legible, and each letter traced meticulously. He may have hit the bottle—that I don't argue—but not when he was in the mood to pursue his literary endeavors. Hollywood, no doubt, will make him a terrific drunkard and a Casanova. But the film may do some good by bringing new readers to Poe's great writings, and if that happens I stand to get some orders, which'll gladden my heart, for nothing pleases me more than to see the public ask for good books. Here are Poe's Little Blue Books: No. 12, "Tales of Mystery"; No. 32, "The Raven, The Bells, etc."; No. 108, "Fall of the House of Usher"; No. 162, "Murrers in the Rue Morgue"; No. 186, "How I Wrote The Raven"; No. 290, "The Gold Bag"; No. 393, "Tales of Imaginative Science"; No. 940, "Tales Grotesque and Weird"; No. 941, "Tales Psychological and Gruesome"; No. 1154, "Tales of Hypnotism and Revenge." In addition, there's his sweetheart's book, No. 144, "Was Poe Immoral, Mad and Piggish?" The answer, of course, is, No.

Court Asher, editor of "X-Ray," the rotten Nazi, anti-Semitic, Ku Klux,
Roosevelt-hating sheet, is mad because Washington officials called him a petty bootlegger." Denying the charge, Ashby cried: "I never sold less than a case at a time."

"The Catholic Mind"—the stereotyped phrase that's long been the favorite of Catholic "scholarship"—always betrays itself when examined on particular subjects, which is another reason why H. G. Wells was accurate when he described the Catholic Church as the most evil thing in the world today. For example, let's take the problem of sexual hygiene. Who, in this civilized country and age, would dream that there are spokesmen for powerful organizations right in our midst who don't believe our people should be taught how to avoid catching venereal diseases? The gauleiters of the Black International always fight scientific education in the field of Sexology. Here's a piece of evidence lifted from The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, in which the Very Rev. Martin J. O'Malley is quoted as saying: "Social hygiene courses have been taught wherever nations will not admit the existence of a Supreme Being. I am opposed to the introducing of any such animalistic course into the public schools of St. Louis." The Very Rev. O'Malley is right when he says countries more or less like the Soviet Union (where the government is run by Freethinkers who make Rationalism a formal part of education) don't permit a cancerous prudery to keep them from teaching the young that venereal infections can be avoided if sexual diseases cured if properly treated. Such a program is proof of a civilized attitude. The Catholic obscurantists, on the other hand, are willing to accept the horrors of widespread infections on the theory that it's better for our people to rot with venereal diseases than to risk their immortal souls by indulging in the well-known biological pantomime. Catholicism is a mental cancer, as I've said many times in the past.

H. G. Wells, the famous author, writes from his Regent's Park address in London, England, for a set of Joseph McCabe's "The Black International." This factual story of the record of the Blackintern, as a collaborator with the Fascists, is attracting attention in every part of the world that still can be reached by a free press. Wells, next to McCabe, is the most outspoken critic of the Catholic Church in England. Recently I've been making use of a sentence in Wells's latest book, "You Can't be too Careful," as follows: "The most evil thing in the world today is the Roman Catholic Church." There are few writers today with courage enough to express publicly a sentiment like the one just quoted, which shows how the Black International has succeeded in bulldozing editors and publishers into suppressing all criticisms of the Blackintern.

Here are four comments on religion by unidentified authors: "No man has ever sat down calmly unbiased to reason out his religion, and not ended by rejecting it." . . . "Religion is a man using a divining rod. Philosophy is a man using a pick and shovel." . . . "Religion is an infectious disease, the rapid spread of which is due to the social instincts of mankind" . . . "Religion takes refuge in the unknowable from the terrors of the unknown."

Max Planck, in "Where is Science Going" (1932): "Religion belongs to that realm that is inviolable before the law of causation and therefore closed to science."

I'm proud of the fact that last year I finally got around to reprinting Robert Blatchford's masterpiece of Freethought, "God and My Neighbor," first published in 1903. Back around 1910 it brought new rationalistic influences into my mind, where they've been ever since. In 1921, when visiting my old friend, Upton Sinclair, in Pasadena, Calif., he asked me why I didn't make this fine thrilling study of supernaturalism available to American readers, and I remember telling him that I considered the title was on my permanent "must" list. His wife immediately dug around and brought up a worn and faded copy of the volume, which she autographed and presented to me. I kept this copy on my shelves for 20 years before finally making the big splash. I'm sorry I didn't get around to the job years sooner. For the sake of readers who know nothing about this excellent expression of heterodox ideas, let me quote a short passage: "Religious are not revealed: they are evolved. If a religion were revealed by God, that religion would be perfect in whole and in part, and would be as perfect as the first moment of its revelation as after 10,000 years of practice. There has never been a religion which fulfills those conditions." Think of reading a book that's crammed with some 80,000 words of material like the lines just quoted! If you'll pardon the commercial note (I'm not the least bit ashamed of it) let me add that my office can supply a copy of "God and My Neighbor" for only 50c, plus 5c for carriage, etc. And I envy you the fun and excitement you'll get while reading this important book for the first time. This is the kind of literature that smashes the shackles of the supernatural.

Max Nordau, in "Conventional Lies"
of Our Civilization," first published in 1884 and now included in the list of Little Blue Books (No. 840): "Religion is a functional weakness."

H. L. Mencken, whose good dictionary of quotations has been giving me much pleasure and enlightenment, quotes a valuable lie from John Stuart Mill's "The Subjection of Women" (Little Blue Book No. 177), but calls him Miller. I hope he'll catch that in the next edition. But my real reason for correcting Mencken is to find an excuse (as though I needed one!) for passing on the Mill sentence to Freemen readers: "Every established fact which is too bad to admit of any other defense is always presented to us as an injunction of religion."

Dema Harshbarger, Hedda Hopper's assistant gossip-reporter: "Nobody's a has-been who ever was."

Bob Burns: "There'll never be any real progress in prison reform until we start sending a better class of people to jail."

Mrs. Ida B. Wise Smith, President of the W.C.T.U.: "A soldier plus alcohol plus sex equals trouble and always will. From what I've seen, soldiers minus alcohol minus sex equals trouble and always will.

Please, no more pictures of Gandhi. I've seen three football games—three too many.

I invite every Freethinker who knows the awful record of the Black International to give the widest possible publicity to this sentence from H. G. Wells's latest book, "You Can't be too Careful": "The most evil thing in the world today is the Roman Catholic Church." I've quoted this comment before and intend to repeat it from time to time, if I can think of it. Readers are invited to jog my memory if I should happen to go three months without printing it again.

Papa to 13-year-old daughter: "How'd you like the picture?" Her reply: "It was awful. I could hardly sit through it the second time."

Lupe Velez, just before going on the air: "I doan theenk I weel be so hot on thees program. Hones', I'm drag down so low that when I jus' walk, the ants bite me where I sit down."

Oliver Wendell Holmes (author of the following Little Blue Books, No. 849, "One Horse Shay," etc.; Essay in No. 1093, "Interesting and Amusing Puns," and No. 1562, "How to Live Long") was a medical man as well as a humorist. Over his shingle he posted this line: "Small fevers gratefully received." As one good plug in a good cause deserves another, let's turn to Alexander Dumas, author of these Little Blue Books: No. 66, "Crimes of the Borgias"; No. 69, "The Life of Mary, Queen of Scots"; No. 300, "Terrorism in France"; No. 319, "A story of Infamous Intrigue." Once he was asked how he managed to grow old so gracefully, to which he replied: "Very simple, I give all my time to it." ... And now another piece about Voltaire, with the usual plug. Voltaire, one of my greatest admirations, has long been in my list of Little Blue Books, where he's represented as follows: No. 3, "Skeptical Views of Life"; No. 28, "Toleration of Others"; No. 103, "Pocket Theology of a Skeptic"; No. 160, "Wit and Wisdom of Voltaire"; No. 174, "Dialogues on Religion and Philosophy"; No. 209, "The Ignorant Philosopher"; No. 52, Victor Hugo's "Oration on Voltaire"; No. 448, "Estimates of Great, Original Geniuses"; No. 506, Georg Brandes's "Life of Voltaire"; No. 512, "Voltaire and the French Enlightenment," by Dr. Will Durant; No. 829, Clarence Darrow's "Lecture on Voltaire"; No. 1406, "Voltaire's Weapon—the Smile." And now to the little anecdote. A friend once said to Voltaire that it was good of him to say such pleasant things about an enemy when he was always saying nasty things about Voltaire, to which the great wit and thinker replied: "We may both be mistaken."

Aldous Huxley: "The tyrannical Jack-in-office is to a great extent the product of tyranny in higher places. Big dictators breed little dictators, just as small scorpions breed little scorpions, as big dung-beetles breed little dung-beetles."

Robert G. Ingersoll: "Miracles are the children of mendacity."

Edward Westermarck: "The highest regard for the truth is not to profess it, but to seek for it. In this respect, the Christian Churches have been most lamentably deficient."

George Jean Nathan, whose job it is to spot for such nonsense, reports that comedian Willie Howard's funniest gag is to take out his handkerchief elaborately and then wipe off his nose with his finger.

Dr. Jay William Hudson, professor of philosophy, University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo., got one of the autographed photographs I'm sending free to readers who ask for it and enclose a stamped-addressed envelope. The picture, taken on my 52nd birthday, drew these comments from Prof. Hudson: "I like the twinkle in your eye (in fact, in both eyes); the smile, not sardonic, nor gleeful, but the expression of a happy poise; the abundant hair makes me quite envious, although
I am by no means bald; and the wellfed look makes me absolutely frantile for food such as that which you must partake frequently and regularly. And—can it be possible—a gleam of intelligence, or what I take for intelligence, such as I see only once in a long while, and then only when I leave the Groves of Academe. I admire your typewriter, too. I can't help wondering what raucous things you are cooking up. There's a sheet of paper there: but for all I know, it is as blank as some of our minds.... I'll be coming out to that farm of yours someday, and bring a few pails. And again, by the way, the last time I was in your glorious state, all they offered me to drink was canned heat, strained through a towel.

M. Jacker, Oakland, Calif.: "Oh boy! Did you know that we have only to push the right button in this world to get exactly what we want? Such a button was pushed when I contacted the Haldeman-Julius Publications.

Popular gag in the cow country: "Talkin' about music. I used to own a saxophone, but traded it off for a cow. Made about the same noise, and gave milk besides."

Havelock Ellis: "The place where optimism most flourishes is the lunatic asylum."

Robert G. Ingersoll: "Most people are better than their religion."

Prof. Carl Murchison, in "Criminal Intelligence": "The criminal is religious; most criminals belong to some church."... Dr. William Healy, in "The Individual Delinquent": "Of 1,636 delinquents studied in Chicago, 90 per cent were of religious background. Participation in religious education has been quite general among our offenders."

Dr. Samuel Johnson: "I never desire to converse with a man who has written more than he has read."

Professor Einstein: "Science is inevitably atheistic."

Herbert Spencer: "I find no place for the hypothesis of God in my philosophy."

Bennett Cerf, in The Saturday Review of Literature, tells of a private who recently begged his lieutenant for three days' leave, giving as his reason the fact that his wife had just been made a sergeant in the newly organized WAACS. "Why," asked the lieutenant, "should that get a leave for you?" "Lieutenant," if the doughboy pleaded earnestly, "I want to do something that every Army private has dreamed of doing for the past hundred years!"

From the book, "He who Laughs—"

Lasts": One evening when moving pictures were shown in a Norwegian theater of a German ship unloading food at an Oslo pier, one man could not restrain himself. "Stop the machine!" he shouted. "You're running the film backwards!"

A pompous small-city banker, seeing Dr. Will Mayo cross the lobby of the Mayo Clinic, bustled up to ask importantly, "Are you the head doctor here?" "No," replied Dr. Will soberly, "my brother is the head doctor. I'm the clap and belly doctor."

The late Mrs. Pat Campbell was sitting next to a celebrated politician who went into a long, unbroken discourse. Occasionally Mrs. Campbell made a slight, unidentified, ominously suspicious sound. After the third time she had made that peculiar sound, he asked, "What is that sound you are making?" Explained Mrs. Campbell, "It's a frustrated, inhibited word trying to get in edgewise."

Senator Patsy O'Bang, distinguished economist and political scientist: "There are too few speakers who get up because they have something to say, and too many who think they have to say something."

Sign in a CBS news room from which short wave broadcasts are sent to Germany and occupied countries: "Is what you are writing worth a man's risking his life to listen to?"

Heywood Broun: "Of all the easy jobs in the world, column conducting is the second softest. It lags behind nothing but the ministry."

James J. Walker: "No woman was ever ruined by a book."

Here's a chance to keep my promise to reprint this sentence from H. G. Wells's latest book, "You Can't be too Careful": "The most evil thing in the world today is the Roman Catholic Church."

Caroline Genevieve Nations, University City, Mo.: "Your 26 volumes of Questions and Answers' are about the most readable stuff I've come across. They are priceless for sheer entertainment alone. And as for information, it would take me a century to dig up for myself. ... Your Introduction to Joseph McCabe's 'The Story of Religious Controversy' is stately; in fact, a masterpiece."

A N. Y. attorney journeyed to California to try an important case, promising to wire his partner the moment a decision was announced. At last this wire came, "Justice has triumphed!" The partner wired back, "Appeal at once!"

Dr. Patsy O'Bang the world's greatest authority on mass psychology: "Americans are so touchy about their pet
beliefs that they refuse to read anything that conflicts in any way with those beliefs.”

Marshall Field seems to have taken to his bosom Emerson’s dictum about a foolish consistency being the hobgoblin of small minds. He has his N. Y. paper, PM, lambasting papers like the N. Y. Times for running advertisements in which hotels say they don’t want Jews or Negroes to come to their establishments. They show this attitude by using words like “restricted” or “Christian clientele.” PM says such “hate ads” are a disgrace to this democracy. At the same time Marshall Field’s Chicago Sun runs all of that kind of advertising that it can land.

C. A. Lang, Maplewood, Mo.: “You speak of Laval’s hypocrisy and pandering for the blue-bloods as swinish. But why asperse a noble beast? No swine has ever stooped to pimp.”

Ed Wynn, “The Perfect Fool”: “This is no time to ration laughter.”

Patsy O’Bang, the brilliant raconteur and after-dinner speaker, likes to tell of the Scotsman who came to America to make his fortune. After 20 years he returned to Glasgow, where he could find no trace of his three brothers who were supposed to meet him at the station. However, he noticed something familiar in three heavily whiskered gents. “It’s mhu br-r-rothers!” he cried, “but what is it you’re doing with those heavy beards?” “Ah, dinna ye ken,” intoned the oldest, “th’ a’ whin ye went to America, ye tuk the razor wi’ ye!”

A Wichita, Kans., Eagle reporter did a grave injustice to a famous author long represented in my list of Little Blue Books. Here are the melancholy facts: A judge, while sentencing four draft evaders one day, suggested that they read Edward Everett Hale’s “The Man Without a Country” (No. 277). When the Eagle reporter got through with the piece he had the judge advising the reading of the story, but credited it to Edward Everett Horton, the jittery movie comedian. That leaves Hale’s “hero” without a country and Hale himself an author without a story.

Ben Jonson, in “Sejanus,” Act v: “What excellent fools religion makes of men!”

Sinclair Lewis, in Will Durant’s “On the Meaning of Life,” p. 37: “It is, I think, an error to believe that there is any need of religion to make life seem worth living.”

Lucretius, in “De Rerum Natura,” Bk. i, l. 102: “How many evils has religion caused!”

Carl Van Doren, in “Why I Am an Unbeliever”: “The race of men, while sheep in credulity, are wolves in conformity.”

Robert G. Ingersoll, in “The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child”: “I have noticed all my life that many people think they have religion when they are troubled with dyspepsia.”

Robert G. Ingersoll, in “The Great Infidels”: “The infidels of one age have been the aureoled saints of the next. The destroyers of the old are the creators of the new.”

William Blake, in “Proverbs of Hell”: “As the caterpillar chooses the fairest leaves to lay her eggs on, so the priest lays his curse on the fairest joys.”

Lieut.-Col. Patsy O’Bang, the great military expert: “Do not hesitate to ask me questions about the military situation. I’ll give you all the answers—if I know them. If I don’t know an answer, I’ll tell you it’s a military secret.”

Prof. G. A. Borgese, Italian novelist and anti-Fascist, writing from the University of Chicago, where he is teaching: “We have no friend in the Western world who so fervently want the dope to cast his lot with liberal democracy. We have forgotten the words of Metternich, a wise man who said that he could imagine everything except a liberal Pope.”

Thomas Jefferson: “If the present Congress [1782] errs in too much talking, how can it be otherwise in a body to which the people send 150 lawyers, whose trade it is to question everything, yield nothing, and to talk by the hour.”

A young bride approached a drug store clerk and asked, “Does the baby tonic you advise really make babies bigger and stronger?” “We’ve never had a complaint, and we sell lots of it,” the clerk replied. “I’ll take a bottle,” she decided, and then whispered, “Who takes this baby tonic—me or my husband?”

A Texas preacher has compiled a book which catalogues 800 sins. Such a piece of literature is sure to spread discontent. Here I’ve been getting along swell with four or five popular vices and now I have to be told there are about 795 that I’ve been missing.

Sentences from the works of Thomas Paine, the pamphleteer of the American Revolution, whose statue was rejected by Philadelphia recently: “When opinions are free, either in matters of government or religion, truth will finally prevail.”—“My own mind is my own church.”—“Oh! ye that love mankind! Ye that dare oppose not only the tyrannic but the tyrant, stand forth!”—and finally, “Infidelity does not consist in believing, or in disbelieving; it consists in professing to believe what he does not believe.”

Harold Denny, foreign correspondent just back from Nazified Europe: “One characteristic of dictatorships is the superiority of the people in prison to the people who put them there.”

Francine Shields, Mescalero, New Mexico: “I am only 16 years old, but
through the guidance of my mother and my own thinking, reading and studying, have become a full-fledged Freethinker. I have read your volumes of "Questions and Answers" and found them wonderful. The reason I like your paper is because you don't twist and yell and denounce for group of persons. You don't beat around the bush, and I love your fiery, passionate way of trying to get truth to the front."

Frank Benesh, Estherville, Iowa: was a pious Catholic until his 27th year, but since then (he's 42 now) he's been wandering from one set of beliefs to another, one as bad as the other. Then he fell for my publications and found the philosophy he's been searching for—Freethought. He caught the H-J fever from a friend who gave him a copy of this wicked paper, which he insists is "beautifully edited and chockfull of interesting data." Since then something has seeped into his literature, including 26 volumes of "Questions and Answers," four years of The American Freeman, dozens of Little Blue Books, and both series of "The Black International." He insists he got more than his money's worth and can't see how I do it. To show his thanks he sends in a list of 13 names for Freeman trial subscriptions, for which he remitted at the rate of 10c per name. "You and your publications," he writes, "have turned out much material for me to use my head on. Judging by the many letters you print, others appreciate the service, too. I must admit that some of the stuff you print was hard to take for a religiousman, but it's the truth and that's what I and anyone honest with himself wants." Stick along with us, Subscriber Benesh. You are the kind of target I'm shooting at.

Pvt. Morris H. Kammann, Jr., Co. H, 500th Signal Service Reg't, Camp Crowder, Mo., is a young, ardent, intelligent Freethinker. Other Rationalists among Camp Crowder soldiers should look him up, if they see this. He came up to my farm several Sundays ago, took pot luck (and hit the jack pot), and spent the afternoon and evening gabbing with me. What helped make the visit pleasant for him was the fact that a lovely blonde sat opposite him much of the time. He seemed to enjoy lolling in a deep leather chair, with a series of Haldeman-Julius Specials in his hand. He writes that the Sunday he spent at my place was one of the pleasantest episodes on record, as far as he's concerned, especially the experience of "chatting freely with a mind I could well seek as my tutor." Thanks, young man, but I noticed that all the time I was talking his eyes weren't on me but on the blonde. Kammann has subscribed for the second series of The Black International, "20 volumes," he says, "that comprise the perfect answer to any and all Church apologists. It might be noted that a good outfit doesn't need apologists." Come again, Kammann.

Arthur Kadletz, Chicago, Ill.: "I know a woman who belongs to the People's Community Church, of which the Rev. Preston Bradley is in charge. Once someone in her class asked Dr. Bradley what he thought of E. Haldeman-Julius, and he said his work is constructive and educational. Remember, that came from a minister."

John Loeb, Chairman, American Youth Committee, Los Angeles, Calif.: "You might be interested to know that your phrase, 'The Black International,' is now used extensively out here when the Roman Church is mentioned."

Prof. Patsy O'Bang, dean of the Department of Economics, to those who complain about the war's cost: "There's a fate worse than debt."

Denis Diderot, French Encyclopedist and Freethinker: "It would be far better to work at the prevention of misery, than to multiply places of refuge for the miserable."

Oscar Wilde (asked to change a line in one of his comedies): "Who am I to meddle with a masterpiece?"

C. A. L. Legg, Maplewood, Mo.: "I'm with the smallest minority again: one percent. I sleep in a night shirt. Except when I throw it off and go naked, which is about half the time. 'Raw' as used in this connection has always seemed to me a peculiarly inept euphemism for candid, forthright 'naked.'"

RKO executive (throwing Orson Welles and his company out of their offices): "All's well that ends Welles."

Jay Em See, Pewaukee, Wisc.: "I judge you to be one who is really trying to do something for the human race."

Patsy O'Bang, who writes most of Ed Wynn's jokes: "A bachelor is a man who never makes the same mistake once."

A frog, pulling himself out of a spell of coughing and choking, said: "Pardon me, I have a man in my throat."

Wm. Mollenhauer, Jr., Upper Darby, Pa.: "Here's another version of: 'It ain't the 'eavy, 'auling what 'urts the 'orses 'ovves, it's the 'ammer, 'ammer' ammer on the 'ard 'ighway.'"

Prof. Patsy O'Bang, the distinguished authority on Eugenics and birth control, was lecturing on "Hereditry vs. Environment" at a famous girl's college. Later, a sweet thing cornered the lecturer and asked, "After all, breeding isn't everything, is it?" "Maybe not," replied Dr. O'Bang, "but it's lots of fun."

Patsy O'Bang, world-famous Berlin correspondent of The New York Times and The Daily Worker, cables he witnessed a touching meeting, at which Laval kissed Hitler on all four cheeks. That demoniac fellow, John Barry-
more, whose wit I've quoted in many volumes of "Questions and Answers," once held it was a libel to say that his troubles came through chasing women. "They begin," he said, "when I catch up with them."

Max Eastman, in his book, "Heroes I Have Known," says that when John Dewey, the great philosopher and psychologist, moved out to Long Island, he preserved his contact with reality by raising poultry and vegetables. One day a hurry call came from a wealthy neighbor for a dozen eggs. The children being in school, Dewey himself took the eggs over in a basket. Going by force of habit to the front door, he was told bruusquely that delivery were made at the rear. He trotted obediently around to the back door, feeling both amused and happy. Some time later, he was giving a talk to the women's club of the neighborhood, and his wealthy customer, when he got up to speak, exclaimed in a loud whisper: "Why, that looks exactly like our egg man!"

C. A. Lang, Maplewood, Mo.: "I'm glad to see you're one other person besides myself who can't abide football. And to think McCabe eats it up!"

Arnold Bennett: "The best limericks are unprintable."

Sir Patsy O'Bang, the distinguished explorer, traveler and adventurer, once came back from one of his journeys with the news that part of his time had been spent as chief spitter in a Sultan's harem. When asked to explain the nature of his duties as chief spitter, Sir Patsy O'Bang replied: "Sure, it was my job to go into the harem-room and spit on each one of the women. When I came on one that sizzled I brought her right to the Sultan."

Paul R. Stout, of Evanston, Ill., who, with his wife, compiled the Cumulative Index covering the first 25 volumes of my "Questions and Answers," is an ardent and informed Freethinker. Recently he had the H-J Job Printing Department print the following on 1,000 small gummed stickers:

**REligion**
**Is THE OpIATE**
**oF THE PEOPLE**

Subscriber Stout affixes a label to each outgoing envelope, which is his way of advancing the best of all causes—Freethought. I became interested in Mr. Stout when he offered to compile the immense Index mentioned above, a project that required almost 500 typed pages. I'd been wanting to do such a prodigious job for years, but couldn't find the time or energy, so when Mr. Stout and his wife came along and offered to do the task for me (and did it to perfection) I accepted and immediately set about learning what kind of birds the Stouts are. Assuming that my readers also are interested, Mr. Stout is doing graduate work at Northwestern University toward a Ph.D. degree in organic chemistry, which he hopes to have by about June, 1943, unless the Draft Board decides differently. His wife used to be a school teacher, but had to quit when she married Stout a year ago, customs being what they are in Ohio. After extensive reading in Stout's Freethought library, she was convinced that she should throw overboard a rather half-hearted Methodism and accept the logic of a wholesome Atheism. Mr. Stout had traveled the same path a couple of years previously, except that he was nudged over the boundary line of belief by Joseph McCabe's translation of selected works of Voltaire, published by Watts, in London. That was before Mr. Stout became acquainted with the Haldeman-Julius publications. "The first Freeman I saw was like a flash of light, or a cool drink to a parched tongue," writes Stout. "You were right so damned often I couldn't help believing you." Joseph McCabe still amazes Mr. Stout. He and his wife marvel at the extent of McCabe's knowledge. Mr. Stout adds: "We almost take for granted that he is an expert on religion, and forget that he's an expert on practically everything. Some day we hope to have all his books, and everything you publish, for that matter." Mr. Stout closes his charming letter with a news note that touches on the doings in the Evanston Unitarian Church (Humanist) district, he says, has just collapsed around their ears figuratively. The reactionaries have "kicked out the preacher and hired a spell-binding not-a-thought-in-a-carload Theist."

Ruth Benedict: "Liberty is the one thing no man can have unless he grants it to others."

John Morley: "All religions die of one disease, that of being found out."

G. Stanley Hall, in "Senescence," p. 483: "No priestcraft can longer make man content with misery here in the hope of compensation hereafter."

Robert G. Ingersoll: "Religion has reduced Spain to a guitar, Italy to a hand-organ, and Ireland to exile."

Here it is again, that smacking line from H. G. Wells' latest novel. "You Can't be too Careful": "The most evil thing in the world today is the Roman Catholic Church."

Robert G. Ingersoll, in "Reply to Archbishop Farrar": "It is an old habit with theologians to beat the living with the bones of the dead."

Patsy O'Bang claims that Father (of what?) Coughlin has been worrying his heart over the evils E. Haldeman-Julius is heaping on a doomed world. Once, Father Coughlin, toasting on his bed hours after midnight, heard the Lord
say, "Go to sleep, Father Coughlin, I'll sit up the rest of the night."

John McDermott: "When one of his beliefs has been demolished, a religionist feels sad, whereas when a reasoning person sees one of his beliefs discredited he feels glad because of the truth he has discovered."

Louis Agassiz: "Every great scientific truth goes through three stages. First people say it conflicts with the Bible. Next, they say it has been discovered before. Lastly, they say they have always believed it."

Thackeray, who once received a bad writer's book, wrote: "I shall lose no time reading your book."

Harold Olmstead, Glendale, Calif.: "You refer to Lindbergh as 'The Lone Eagle.' May I suggest that hereafter you refer to him as 'The Lone Kleeagle?'"

Ribbentrop, Nazi foreign minister, got miffed when someone told him the Nazis are humorless, and protested gravely: "That's not true of me. You should see me rolling over and over every time Hitler tells a joke."

Reader: "Please tell me how to break my wife of her evil habit of insisting on opening the pay envelope, but bear in mind I don't want her to quit her job."

Patsy O'Bang, of Mutual Gigantic Hollywood Productions, after viewing one of his super-colossals, turned to his chief press agent and cried: "My God, this picture is almost as good as we're saying it is!"

Immanuel Kant: "Freedom is that faculty which enlarges the usefulness of all other faculties."

Montesquieu: "Countries are well cultivated, not as they are fertile but as they are free."

Louis K. Anspacher, dramatist and lecturer, Purchase, N. Y.: "Frank Bohn has been up to visit me for a few days and we talked long and admiringly of you."

Gandhi, a gigantic fraud whose record is exposed in early volumes of my "Questions and Answers," closes an article with this piece of super-bunk: "Only he who loses his life shall save it."

James Madison: "I believe there are more instances of the abridgment of the freedom of the people by gradual and silent encroachments of those in power than by violent and sudden usurpations."

H. L. Mencken, Baltimore, Md.: "Thanks very much for what you say about my quotation book."

John Stuart Mill: "The only freedom which deserves the name is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of their or impede their efforts to obtain it."

Bakunin: "I am free only in so far as I recognize the humanity and respect the liberty of all the men surrounding me."

Von Humboldt: "Freedom may lead to many transgressions, but it lends even to vices a less ignoble form."

Woodrow Wilson: "Only free people can hold their purpose and their honor steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own."

Milton Berle: "A stuffed pepper is just a hamburger with a girdle."

Heywood Broun: "There are no caves in which men can hide when their fellows cry out in agony."

A driver of a coal wagon turned in this itemized bill: "Three comes and three goes at four bits a went —$3."

A traveling salesman, after several weeks' absence, arrived home late one evening and went to bed with his wife. At about 3 A.M. there was a loud knock on the door. "My Gawd," exclaimed the wife, "my husband's back!" The husband, hearing this, jumped up and hid under the bed.

Clarence Darrow: "I have suffered from being misunderstood, but I would have suffered a hell of a lot more if I had been understood."

A Frenchman, speaking at a banquet, aroused laughter when he closed with these words: "I will not cocc-c-croach any longer on your time." An English friend reproved him. "That was an awful error you made. You shouldn't say cock-
roach, but 'I shall not h'encroach longer on your time.'" The Frenchman was puzzled. "Cockroach-encroach," he repeated. Then his face lit up. "Ah, I see. Merely ze difference in ze good old sex."

Dr. Patsy O'Bang, the eminent professor of political science at the University of Midway Island: "The Church of England is the Tory Party at prayers."

Mark Twain: "Truth is stranger than fiction. Fiction is obliged to stick to possibilities; truth isn't."

The goofiest news report of the month comes from Nashville, Tenn., where a prohibitionist called on drays to boycott tires made of alcoholic rubber. "Fellow prohibitionists," he wrote, "let us refuse to use this product of an evil industry in any way, shape, form or fashion, as we have in the past. We had rather walk than ride on tires made of alcohol."

Brian Easdale, a gunner and spotter for an anti-aircraft battery in Southampton, England, spent 5c for Thomas De Quincey's "Confessions of An Opium Eater" (Little Blue Book No. 95), and was so impressed by it that he put his musical talent to work and turned it into an opera. And that's all I know.

Edna Shields, Mescalero, N. Mex.: "I was discussing religion with a couple of women. When I had them where they couldn't say any more, one said: 'Well, I don't believe anyone who hasn't a degree in philosophy has any authority to discuss the subject.' And they preened themselves like a couple of hens who have done something quite clever. Of course, I could have informed them that the town preacher has no degree in philosophy, but I didn't care to bother with them further."

Reason, the magazine of the Rationalist Association of India, reports that recently a cunning and miserly old Christian fell ill. On hearing this, two priests hastened to his bedside and told him that as his end was approaching he must make some provision for the good of his soul before he died. They told him that he could do this by leaving half of his money to mother Church, and that the priests would take care of his soul. The old man, however, did not fall in with their scheme and told them that he was not willing to do so. On hearing this the priests told him that Jesus would be very angry with him for not doing as he was requested. "What will you answer Jesus?" they asked. "Well," replied the old man, "I'll say, 'like you, O Christ, I died between two thieves.'"

John Barrymore's third wife, Dolores Costello, moved suddenly one day to get a divorce, which inspired this remark: "Dolores was too beautiful for words, but not for arguments." After the divorce John seemed off women for good, until he met Elaine Barrie, his fourth, who caused Barrymore to say: "That little filly made a race horse out of me again." After his fourth divorce, John remarked: "Paper napkins never return from a laundry, nor love from a trip to the law courts." "In Genesis it says that it is not good for a man to be alone, but sometimes it is a great relief." "When people ask me why I always marry women younger than myself, I tell them I am not concerned with the age a woman puts on the marriage license. What interests me is how she graces the bedroom." ... "I am thinking about taking a fifth wife. Why not? Solomon had a thousand wives and he is a synonym for wisdom—quaintly enough."

Caroline Genevieve Nations, University City, Mo.: "Unless a fellow is familiar with your publications he is apt to get you wrong. I have read that scurrilous article by Louis Adamic in the Outlook. And some time ago Time bracketed you with the capitalists, if I am not mistaken. For my part, Darrow's and McCabe's endorsement means more than Time's, and if you aren't shooting square I give up. From the way you go after the Coughlins, Winrods, Fords and the whole Blackintern, it's surprising that you don't get worse treatment than you do. 'Clowns of Criticism,' by William Saroyan, in the Overland, was the most assinine thing I've seen.
He holds it against you because you write 'editorials' on the covers of your publications 'where the Listerine ads should be.' He asks, 'What does an intelligent person care how dishonest American businessmen earn, or more correctly, acquire their vast fortunes?' He thinks it should be presumed that the purpose of an intelligent publication is 'to entertain people.' I hope the damned fool is being entertained by the war news, and is well stocked with Listerine ads. You could say of that fellow what Ingersoll said of a certain priest, 'I could not afford to be praised by such a man. I thank him for his abuse.' I don't think you give a hoot who thinks what.

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A woman who was caught abroad when the war started was glad to get on an American ship, but once on board she began to squawk about the poor service and inconveniences. Besides, there were too many passengers, and the Navy wasn't convoying the ship. When her complaints reached the captain, he told the disgruntled lady: "My advice is to paint Old Glory on that part of your anatomy which is most prominent—and swim home."

* * *

The Hon. Patsy O'Bang, the great statesman who has never lost an election in 35 years of public life, gives the secret of his success: "I find out which way the wind is blowing and then blow that way too."

* * *

I'm getting to be quite a butter, egg and pork man, which means I'm helping turn out the stuff that's needed to keep the fighters and workers in shape to win this war. This country produces 108,000 quarts of milk every minute, 87,000 eggs every minute, and 54,000,000 pounds of pork every day. It takes a lot of farm workers to pile up stuff at that rate.

* * *

C. A. Lang, Maplewood, Mo.: "I got a big laugh out of Upton Sinclair's reaction to that black tie, in relation to Russian War Relief. Here's something similar: recently a score or so of fellows were brought before the Federal Court of St. Louis for not having their $5 use-stickers on their cars. The day was blistering but the Court was adamant as to the dignity to which it was entitled and accustomed. So the prisoners, who were all on hand, coatless, had to be shoved before the august tribunal in groups of three, garbed in the ill-fitting coats of three deputy marshals who, in their own wanton state of undress, had to remain in the corridor. I wonder if such stodgy formality would have melted had a dog wandered in about that time and, with doggish equanimity, desecrated a corner of the bench."

* * *

Patsy O'Bang, Ph.D., world-famous philosopher whose writings have influenced Bertrand Russell, Joseph McCabe and Professor Einstein: "I always have a fit of mental jitters whenever I'm compelled to keep an opinion to myself."

* * *

Pvt. Morris H. Kammann, Jr., Camp Crowder, Mo.: "A word I think I coined and which you're welcome to . . . purityannical . . . for those blue-law religious anachronisms which attempt to make life thoroughly unlivable."

* * *

Patsy O'Bang was shy, and when waffle-bottomed Mr. Big steered him to his first dinner party, he was desperate. He found a lady at his elbow and let loose with frantic efforts to begin a conversation. "Does your brother like wild, wicked and wanton women?" asked Patsy O'Bang. She turned with a coldly polite glare and replied: "I haven't a brother." There was dead silence for another spell. Then Patsy O'Bang said: "If you had a brother, do you think he'd—he'd like wild, wicked and wanton women?"

* * *

Adolf Hitler: "The greatest of spirits can be liquidated if its bearer is beaten with a rubber truncheon."

* * *

George Orwell: "In this age we can at best be only the manure of the future."

* * *

Konrad Bercovici, while visiting me recently, had a lot to say about Charlie Chaplin. It's clear now that I was wrong about the great artist's racial background, for Bercovici told me categorically: "Charlie
Chaplin is not a Jew. His half-brother was part Jew, but Charlie himself is absolutely a non-Jew.”

When Dr. Patsy O’Bang became a naval surgeon, he said, “We doctors certainly do specialize.” Several years ago, when Prof. O’Bang was head of the Department of Soils and Fertilizer at the Kansas Agricultural College, he opened his lecture on “Manure, Nature’s Best Fertilizer” with the remark, “I’m just full of this subject.”

It’s part of my job to take out the stiffness of mental joints.

Several readers didn’t like my suggestion about letting the Soviet Union take over several chunks of territory that once belonged to small nations—assuming, of course, that Nazism is destroyed, something I believe will happen in time, despite our bungling and tough luck. A sentence from Robert Strausz-Hupe expresses the idea better: “It is doubtful that the small nations of Europe will rise from their servitude of Nazi tyranny as small nations.”

Marx Brothers’ gag: “You say the Dean is waxing wroth? Very well, now let Roth wax the Dean for a while.”

Robert G. Ingersoll: “The civilization of this country is not the child of faith but of unbelief—the result of Freethought.”

Maud: “Is your boy friend a free thinker?” Fanny: “Bless me! He hardly ever thinks of anything else!”

Laura Packard Daniels, Pasadena, Calif.: “As a past librarian (first-assistant in our Pasadena public library) I appreciate what you are doing in bringing general culture into the homes of book-lovers.”

Patsy O’Bang, America’s great humorist: “I don’t care what unkind things people may say about me behind my back—if only they don’t say them to my face.”

“Why do we have so much quickness of movement unless it’s to avoid responsibility?” “I like to look at women and elephants—but I never want an elephant.”

Professor Patsy O’Bang, for 40 years professor of education, writes: “What’s wrong with the thinking of most of us is that too many people have Aladdin, or magic carpet, mentalities. They pop off like jack-rabbits, getting nowhere in particular but burning lots of fuel getting there. Too few of us suspend judgment until all the facts have been looked into.”

Margaret June Campbell, Tampa, Fla., warns Freeman readers that the end of the world will come when the sun goes out. The black spots on the sun mean it’s almost out now, so Freeman readers had better prepare. Miss Campbell insists her warnings have been suppressed in Washington, and then asks: “Is President Roosevelt trying to sabotage the world?” She insists it doesn’t make any difference who wins the war, because we’re all going to starve or freeze shortly after. I hope readers will understand the situation before it’s too late.

The Reverend Rastus Loquacious Jones, of the African Baptist Church, was preaching a sermon on tithing. He said: “My beloved Brethren, cisterns, sisterines and sisterettes, we ought to be willing to give more than one-tenth of our income to the church. We ought to be willing to give even one-twentieth! But my frens, if you can’t afford to give one-tenth, it’s all right if you only give one-fifth.”

Sign in Minneapolis Art Store: “Johnson’s Art Shop—Let us frame you.”

The Turkish government had an Order known as the “Order of Purity,” which it bestowed upon distinguished personages. When aristocratic European ladies visited the Turkish Court, the Sultan would confer upon them the “Order of Purity—Second Class.”

A rich banker of Chicago once said to a friend, “Everybody thinks that I am a tight-fisted old fellow, and that I never have a generous thought in my mind. But that isn’t true! Why, when Christmas comes, I always read Charles Dickens’
Christmas Carol, and that beautiful story always mellows my heart, and I say to myself, 'Now, why don't you buy a lot of nice Christmas presents for all your nephews and nieces?' Then I answer myself, 'Aw, to hell with them.' ★★★

An Irish priest met Pat Murphy, one of his parishioners. Pat was working in the street, under an Italian boss. The priest said, "Well, Pat, how do you like working under an Italian boss?" Pat said, "Fine. How do you like it, Father?"

Oliver Wendall Holmes, who was a physician as well as a writer, said that as men become older they become shorter, and that in the course of 30 years it is easy to lose as much as a half inch in height. Of course, in an ordinary lifetime that is nothing to worry about, but Dr. Holmes pointed out that in the days of Methuselah, when men lived to be nearly a thousand years old, this must have been an embarrassing problem, because no man likes to go out of this life shorter than he came into it. Dr. Holmes said, "Imagine Methuselah walking down the street on his 900th birthday, and he meets a friend who says to him: 'Well Methuselah old boy, how are you?' Methuselah answers, 'Oh I'm not so bad considering my 900 years, but the only thing that bothers me is that my shoe-strings get into my eyes.'" ★★★

Alexander Woollcott, in a tribute to Irving Berlin: "He can neither read music nor transcribe it—he can only give birth to it." ★★★

Our job printing department filled recently an order for stationery for a subscriber who lives in a bungalow, as follows:

A. O. Longmuir
THE DUBUNKALOW
CHATEAU, MONTANA
★★★

Man is a greater destroyer than creator. If this weren't so, the world, after 50,000 years of civilization, would be better supplied with man-made wealth. ★★★

It'll probably take another 50,000 years before we can eliminate the jungle from our hearts. ★★★

The only thing I can see about Hitler that's worthy of praise is that he hasn't reproduced himself. ★★★

History proves that things often are much worse than we feared. ★★★

When a patient gets tired of paying and paying, the quack marks him down as cured. ★★★

Ignorance and malice are man's twin scourges. When they're combined in one person—as with Hitler—the world shudders. ★★★

A clever and pretty woman can teach most of us more in 10 hours than a university can pour into us in four years. ★★★

It always bores me to hear people tell about their dreams. As for my own, I don't even remember parts of them. ★★★

Prof. Patsy O'Bang, the brilliant anthropologist, disapproves of Scotch jokes because they tend to discredit a splendid people. He tells of numerous acts of generosity by big-hearted Scots, and tells of one he met in Glasgow who exclaimed: "Hang the expense. Give the canary another seed." ★★★

Mickey Rooney's remark when he began a series of physical exercises: "Since I'm going to be a runt I may as well be a healthy one." ★★★

Patsy O'Bang, the iconoclastic author, says he gets bales of letters from outraged readers who write letters that go this way: "Dear Sir, You cur." ★★★

Young Patsy O'Bang, Jr., a Western Union messenger boy in Washington, got lost in the mammoth new War Dept. building in Arlington, Va., and came out three days later a lieutenant colonel.

Washington drug store clerk: "We are out of everything for headaches, sir." ★★★

Men are always loyal to their business, trade or profession. You can kid them about anything but the way they make their living. Take, for example, the unkempt Arab who was carrying several carpets on his shoulder and offering them to passing Parisians. "But a carpet, monsieur?" "No, No! barked
a passerby. "They stink!" The Arab became indignant and drew himself up proudly. "How dare you say that! I'll have you know, monsieur, that my carpets don't stink it's me!"

* * *

Patsy O'Bang, the great songwriter who taught Irving Berlin everything he knows, is working on a ballad entitled: "Run into the Roundhouse, Mary, the Brakeman can't Corner You There."

* * *

Overheard at Goering's place at a banquet: "Burp."

* * *

Patsy O'Bang, the greatest of all radio commentators: "What this melancholy world needs is a new set of brains."

* * *

A movie I saw the other night showed an air raid warden yelling down to a woman in charge of a shelter during a London blitz: "Are there any expectant mothers down there?" A voice out of the darkness: "None yet. We just got down here."

* * *

Sign in a lingerie shop: "Brevity is the Soul of It."

* * *

Sign on a display of tomatoes: "Don't Squeeze Me Till I'm Yours."

* * *

Patsy O'Bang, the great authority on advertising: "Standard advertising is the knack of making people say 'I want that,' before stopping to ask 'Why?'"

* * *

Radio announcer, plugging for enlistments in Army Ordnance Maintenance Corps: "The slogan of this organization is 'a gun in one hand and a wrench in the other.'"

* * *

Bob Hope, who owns a pint-sized manufacturing plant called Hope Metal Products Co., recently gave himself this plug: "You know those giant bombers that are being built out on the West Coast? Well, we make some of the paper clips they use to hold the blueprints together!"

* * *

Patsy O'Bang, the high-toned literary critic: "I don't know how many Van Doren writers there are, but this I do know—All are impressive; none are first rate."

* * *

Patsy O'Bang, the distinguished lawyer who taught Clarence Darrow everything he knew, was asked once what is necessary to win a court case, and he answered: "Your first need is a good case, then you need good evidence, good witnesses, a good judge, a good jury—and good luck."

* * *

Alstone Publications, Lunenburg, Mass., "Our classified ad pulled so many orders that we find The Freeman is our most profitable medium."

* * *

A scissors-grinder, when asked how business was, answered: "Great, I never saw things so dull."

* * *

Stages in the career of a self-made man: 1. He quits shining his own shoes; 2. He quits writing his own letters; 3. He quits writing his own speeches; 4. He quits making love to his own wife.

* * *

Patsy O'Bang, the world-famous student of human behavior: "There are three sides to every question—your side, the other fellow's side, and the truth."

* * *

Arthur Garfield Hayes: "Desertion—the poor man's method of divorce."

* * *

Berliners are passing this around: "Don't think—Hitler will think for you; Goebbels will speak for you, and Goering will eat for you!"

* * *

Hugh E. Keough: "The race isn't always to the swift, but that's where to look."

* * *

Prof. Patsy O'Bang, the world's most profound authority on Epicureanism: "My philosophy is to eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we—eat, drink and be merry."

* * *

Patsy O'Bang, who always takes his whisky straight, respects water chasers with the remark: "What's the use of starting a fire if you're going to put it right out?"

* * *

Lloyd Emerson Siberell, in *Imprimatur*, a folio of personalities, impressions and observations; an adventure in expression, published in Cincinnati, O.: "Haldeman-Julius has twice mentioned Imprimatur in his American Freeman, and as a result we received messages of inquiry from various points through-
out the United States and Canada, and even one from Alaska. This sorta gives one some idea of the vast circulation of this deserving freethought monthly newspaper which crusading fanatics have endeavored so diligently to suppress. Haldeman-Julius is certainly worthy of more of a plug than we in our small way are able to give."

Dr. Patsy O'Bang, the greatest of all lexicographers, describes a bustling de deceitful seafowl."

Groucho Marx, discussing his brother's estranged wife: "Chico tells me that in all his life he's really loved only one woman, and that's his wife. He says he'd go back to her—if he didn't have to live with her."

Ferenc Molnar was seated in a hotel lobby when an untalented but glamorous actress rushed up to the playwright and patted his head, hoping thereby to impress onlookers. "You mustn't pat my head," Molnar said. "It's the part of my body with which I make my living. How'd you like it if I patted your fanny?"

Mark Twain: "The Christian's Bible is a drug store. Its contents remain the same, but the medical practice changes."

The late Isaac Goldberg, in one of his Harvard lectures, touched on the type of non-Jew who patronizes Jews with the cliche, "Some of my best friends are Jews," and added: "Some of my best friends are anti-Semites."

Prof. Patsy O'Bang closed his lectures on Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," with this unorthodox observation: "The greatest achievement of the Romans was their ability to speak Latin." The great O'Bang then confessed that he could recall only three phrases from his study of Latin: _E pluribus unum_, _Ad astra per aspera_ and _In hoc signo_, and if his neck depended on it he couldn't tell which meant that Julius Caesar answered to the slogan, "He saw, he conquered, he came." Then, for no reason at all, he turned to our current troubles and remarked: "My son, Patsy O'Bang, Jr., isn't so sure about the vast changes that are supposed to be entering our day-by-day lives, for only yesterday afternoon he rejected my melancholy forecasts with the bland remark: "Things can't be as bad as you say so long as we can buy double-dip ice cream cones.""

Prof. O'Bang, then turned to the news report of Joe Stalin's banquet in honor of Winston Churchill, during which the host and guests drank to 26 toasts. "How in hell," asked O'Bang, ever the skeptic, "can even the most competent tosspot keep count of 26 glasses of hooch? Even E. Haldeman-Julius couldn't do that."

Carl Sandburg recalls the vaudeville hoodlum who used to roar: "I live in Tough Alley—see? De fadder up de alley you goes de tougher dey gets and I lives in de last house."

We need more tough guys in Washington and all over the map if we're to win this war. The idea was illustrated when Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant was interviewed by a N. Y. correspondent in 1864, during which he asked if her husband would take Richmond, to which she replied, quietly: "I have no doubt Mr. Grant will succeed, for he is a very obstinate man."

That tireless and loyal worker for Freethought, Barney L. Taylor, U.S. Navy, is stationed at Samoa, after surviving Japan's sneak attack on Pearl Harbor. He writes: "The natives of Samoa are fascinating. I am interested in people. When I first came here I was amused at their fashion of dress, but now I am growing used to it. A majority of the men and boys wear nothing but a lavalava. It is nothing but a square piece of cloth, usually of some gay color, wrapped around their lower extremities. Yesterday, I saw a well-dressed gentleman wearing an American hat, linen coat, shirt and attractive tie. But he insisted on wearing his lavalava and was barefooted! In a letter written at Tutula, Samoa, August 16, 1942, Barney says: "A few days ago I asked a Mr. Reid (has lived here and in Western Samoa all his life) why there are so many liars here. He said, 'You mean to ask me
why liars are 98 percent of the natives.'” Mr. Reid knew Robert Louis Stevenson very well, was with him when he died here, and is an honest person. My experience has taught me that Mr. Reid is right—that at least 98 percent of them are pepelo tele (big liars), tele meaning big. And neither he nor I know why. I believe it is because they are at the mental level of an American boy or girl of 4 or 5 who usually tells tall stories. Object lessons are not effective. Two thoughts dominate their actions—fear and food.”

Prof. Patsy O'Bang, whose scholarship is immense and whose touch with the man in the street is firm and friendly, attended a meeting of a hundred scholars at Columbia University recently, where he heard Prof. Harry A. Overstreet, much-liked professor of philosophy, say: “As the ordinary man might say it, a pluralistic civilization might not be a civilization of one kind, but a civilization of many kinds cooperating among themselves.” After the meeting Prof. O'Bang congratulated Prof. Overstreet on his appreciation of the vocabulary of the ordinary man.

Sign in a munitions factory: “Let’s All Keep Our Shirts on—but Let’s Roll Up Our Sleeves!”

Chapman Cohen: “To act in obedience to one’s convictions demands a rarer form of courage than that shown in obedience to orders.”

A Chinese, asked what impressed him most about Americans, answered: “The odd slant of their eyes.”

The Journal of the American Medical Association, which is edited by Dr. Morris Fishbein, tells about a motorist who got caught in a Los Angeles filling station during an ack-ack. He stood there with the attendant watching the thousands of shells explode, and wondering at the apparent calmness of the attendant. When it was over he said: “My, you certainly didn’t seem upset by the outbreak; I don’t think you made a movement!” To this, the Angeleno replied, “The hell I didn’t!”

An insurance company examiner rejected an applicant’s policy because the man answered that his mother had died of tuberculosis at 43 and his father of cancer at 50. After explaining that his family history was bad and that insurance companies based everything on heredity, he showed the man out. That afternoon, however, when returning from lunch, he happened to see the same man leaving the offices of another insurance company. Curious, he went in and looked up a doctor friend of his who was also an insurance examiner. “Did a Mr. Spencer try to get a policy?” he asked. His friend nodded. “Yes, he just left.” “What did he say his father’s age was at death, and what did he die of?” “He said he was 96 and his death was caused by a jealous husband who broke into his hotel room.” “And how about his mother?” “She was 94 and died in childbirth.”

Maurice Plotkin went to the Sugar-rationing Board and attested: “My wife has no sugar at all in our house. Not an ounce.” “Remember, now, you’re swearing to this,” the chairman of the board warned him. “You’ve got to tell the truth.” Maurice Plotkin hesitated, and repeated: “Gotta tell the truth?” “Either the truth—or jail.” “In that case, I’ll tell the truth. We ain’t married.”

A seven-year-old Quiz Kid was asked by his teacher to tell what the Indians did when they captured a white man. The Quiz Kid, bright as usual, replied, “The Indians would scalp him.” “And what else did they do?” The seven-year-old Quiz Kid added, “They would also tie the white man to a stake, place kindling all around him, and then set fire to the wood.” “That’s right,” said the teacher, “and what else did they do to the white man?” The little Quiz Kid blinked and gasped, “Are you a Sadist or a Masochist?”

A reader who is serving with the Yanks in Australia writes that the women down there have beautiful, velvety skins, but poor teeth. They eat no vegetables. Food, he says, is unbelievably cheap and rich. Salads are never served. Australians are crazy about whipped
cream, serving it on everything. Once he was served a steak smothered in scrambled eggs. Australians put everything on toast, even pork and beans. * * *

I have three precious things which I cherish and prize. The first is gentleness, the second is humility, and the third is an unalterable determination never to see another game of football, the most bore-some and stupid game ever invent- ed. * * *

A young man with the U.S. Coast Guard at Juneau, Alaska, writes that the red light girls up there have little shops that line the street, and they're called "Cigar Store," "Fairbanks Bath House," and the like, while the native women call their places by Indian names. He reports that the native women are so syphilitic that the soldiers are fined $100 for even talking to them, so you can be sure they don't go near them. "The cover charge in the houses is $3 up here," he writes. "Most things have come up during the war." Of course, he must tell about his own lady friend whom he describes as "the most notorious woman in Alaska." She is a "character of the type Kay Francis used to play occasionally. Once a beautiful woman, and good, too, she was deserted by her husband here in Alaska—Skagway, I think it was. Anyway, she came down to Juneau and started drinking. For four years she had stayed drunk. No one now remembers when she was sober last. Her love life is most democratic, and some years ago a Japanese fishing prince was among her lovers. Tragic, beautiful, passionate in that hopeless abandonment of people who do things because they want to, she is a character of immortal qualities. Her days are drawing to a close, I fear. She has taken a bad fall and fractured both ankles, but tapes them up and continues to dance. In a very clipped tone she will say, 'Goddamit, they give me a bad time.'" * * *

I predict we'll live to see a movie in which Walter Pidgeon doesn't smoke a pipe. * * *

A U.S. general has this motto un-der the glass top of his desk: "The difficult we do immediately. The impossible takes a little longer." * * *

CONCERNING E. H-J.

He is candid. He is valiant.
And he dares to be himself.
He would not change his principles
For glory, fame or pelf.
He does not want to own the earth.
He wants only his share.
He wants citizenship's full rights.
He wants the playing fair.

He does not like to hold a grudge.
He gets things off his chest.
Perhaps he makes mistakes sometimes
Like you and all the rest.
He likes a good, straight shooter
And he never says him nay.
He would not dodge an issue.
He is not built that way.

His nose is very sensitive,
He can't endure the funk.
You always get from him "straight goods,"
He never shoots the bunk.
He likes to go along with you,
He never falls in ruts.
He's got the stuff big leaders have:
He's got both brains and guts.

—THE TENTH MUSE

[Editor's note: The charming thing about the above is that not in so much as a single word does the writer exaggerate.]

* * *

Zero Mostel, the 27-year-old Brooklyn-born comedian, does a burlesque of Charles Boyer, in which he leers at "some ordinary girl" like Hedy Lamarr: "Hedee... let me run zooro your hair... barefoot." * * *

A radio announcer's 7-year-old daughter, asked what had happened that morning in Sunday School, answered: "Plenty of plugs for heaven." * * *

Gag going the rounds of the Office of War Information: "Never has so much been kept from so many by so few!"

* * *

Note attached to a used girdle collected in the rubber salvage drive: "I hope this makes Hitler as uncomfortable as it made me."

Prof. Patsy O'Bang, Ph.D., professor of Economics: "Paraphrasing George Bernard Shaw, the trouble with our economic system is that the rich get credit when they don't need it, while the poor, who need
信用，搞不到。它不会使那些没有钱的人去借钱。我的解决办法是通过立法，强迫富人借钱给穷人，这样所有人都能借钱。储户会比以前更好，因为当他们用完钱时，他们就能拿到所有的钱。

Zero Mostel, the mad wag, to Patsy O'Bang: "You said yes, you said no, you said yes—a flexible mind!"

Isolationist Senator Phineas T. Pellagra's address (written for him by Zero [ne Sam] Mostel): "Mah fellow Amurricans: When it comes to Amurricanism, Ah take my hat off to no one, BUT—in this great land of Dee-mocracry, where we have a past, present and the sacred principles of jawnisawandfranisong (double talk) in midst of plenty, our forefathers showed us the way, and we must look into the future. And what do we see? Ah may be vague, but when a man of my character impugs the character of another man, he must prove it in cold, hard facts, and Ah have the information right there in mah pocket. This information was given to me by a malingerer whose name Ah'm not at liberty to divulge at this time because he happens to be strarvinadapl and may be killed! He, however, sent this information through another man, an intermediarah, whose name Ah cannot divulge because he too is fortisawan-settiwan and may be alive! But, Ah, can tell you the name of the carrier pigeon who brought the message to me. Her name is Eunice! That is why we believe in all these principles on the one hand and on the other, Ah come from a State where there are NO conditions. As to the most grievous problem facing America today—the so-called Japenese attack on Hawaii—Ah'd like to ask: WHAT THE HELL WAS HAWAII DOING IN THE PACIFIC?"

Muddle-headedness—that's our common fault. Logic hasn't even begun to touch the man-in-the-street, who goes on using only 5 percent of his brain capacity and getting most of that wrong. The disease is Mental Rickets, the cure for which is logic. We'll learn some day that logic is a practical science that can be used to improve our lives. Being an incurable romantic, when I'm hit by something absurd in our living I try to offer something constructive, which explains why I asked the world's greatest and most creative logician, Bertrand Russell, to write a booklet for me to be called "How to Become a Logician." It won't clear up the thinking of the high-school student who, when told by the school doctor that his vision was impaired by astigmatism and when advised to have glasses, replied that he had a pair at home but didn't wear them because his mother was afraid he'd break them. Besides, she wore them all the time herself. And, finally, the glasses hadn't been prescribed for mama at all. They were Dad's.

Patsy O'Bang, who is a top gardener, quotes this from Charles Dudley Warner: "What a man needs in gardening is a cast-iron back, with a hinge on it."

D. H. Lawrence, the novelist (several of his excellent works are in my list of publications), was good at almost anything, according to Aldous Huxley's introduction to "The Letters of D. H. Lawrence." Huxley says Lawrence regarded "no task too humble for him to undertake, nor so trivial that it was not worth his while to do it well. He could cook, he could sew, he could darn a stocking and milk a cow, he was an efficient wood-cutter and a good hand at embroidery, fires always burned when he laid them and a floor, after Lawrence had scrubbed it, was thoroughly clean."

H. G. Wells, distinguished British writer, social philosopher and Freethinker, writes from London: "The American Freeman is the most refreshing thing I have seen for a long time. I welcome the prospect of an association with you very warmly. I must confess that The Freeman with you behind it stirs my imagination. There is now no organ of modern thought and independent criticism in America that I know of except this hardy perennial that you are editing. America's
highest level of literary criticism seems to be Alexander Woollcott! Why should not The Freeman launch into literary criticism on modern highbrow lines and lead in the American renascence? My friendliest greetings.”

Havelock Ellis: “A man must not swallow more beliefs than he can digest.”

Patsy O’Bang, military expert: “The use of cavalry is to give tone to what otherwise might be a vulgar brawl.”

J. D. Singer, M.D., Brighton, Mich.: “The Cumulative Index arrived. It makes readily available the vast fund of information contained in the 25 volumes of ‘Questions and Answers.’”

Laurens V. Schon, Chicago, Ill.: “The new typographical arrangement of The Freeman is pleasing and readable.”

In “Strip for Action,” a Broadway show, some experts in the technique of stripping to music in public try to convince Army conservatives that they should permit them to put on a strip tease in a camp. One artist says: “These boys are fighting for American womanhood, aren’t they? Well, let’s show them what they’re fighting for!”

Emil Ludwig: “The visitor in 1918 took the provinces and left the Germans their arms. This time he should leave the provinces but take the arms.”

Professor Patsy O’Bang, the world’s greatest economist: “I’ve spent 40 years on my branch of science and have finally succeeded in boiling it down to this brief slogan: ‘There are no such things as Popular Prices, Easy Payments, Free Love, or Free Lunch.’”

Dr. Patsy O’Bang, in one of his lectures on physiology: “A skeleton is a pile of bones with the people scraped off.”

When grandpa Patsy O’Bang reached his 95th birthday, he was asked by a reporter how he managed to satisfy the need for sex training, considering that the subject was taboo among respectable and good people. Pointing to his 32 grandchildren and 14 great grandchildren, he smirked: “Nobody taught me, but the information gets around.”

J. S. Haldane, distinguished British physiologist, says that when he was a medical student he came to realize, after attending several post-mortems, that “even the ugliest human exteriors may contain the most beautiful viscera.” When riding the busses he used to console himself for the facial homeliness of people by dissecting them in his imagination.

Hans Shultz seated himself in a Berlin restaurant and proceeded to order a dozen oysters, thick, juicy, 18-ounce sirloin steak, mushrooms, salad, coffee, ice cream and apple cake, a bottle of beer, a quart of champagne, three mild Havana cigars and a package of cigarettes. The waiter looked around carefully to make sure no Gestapo agents had heard the customer, then whispered, “We’re not permitted to discuss politics here.”

Dr. Patsy O’Bang, Professor of Logic, to class: “If the U.S. is bounded by Canada, the Atlantic Ocean, Mexico and the Gulf, and the Pacific Ocean, how old am I?” Answered the class dope, “You’re 44.” “Marvelous.” from Patsy O’Bang. “But how did you arrive at the correct answer?” Dope: “That was easy. I’ve got a brother who is 22 and he’s only half nuts.”

In Seattle, recently, a young lady posted bail for traffic violation, and was told to fill out a card giving her name and make and model of her automobile. After she left, an officer picked up the card and read:

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In Russia, the Nazis are conquering themselves to death.

A young man who has gone into the army observes that he sleeps in a room that generates fifty different kinds of snores; shares toilet facilities with at least as many comrades; sits down to eat with a battalion; drills with a thousand or more, and is paraded in public.
"Why" he asks "do they call me private?"

W. C. Randolph, Redwater, Tex.: "Do you think it according to Hoyle and in the interest of America for us to maintain friendly relations with the puppet government of the Hitler stooge, Pierre Laval? And what about the continued toleration of the nest of Nazi spies in Washington—Procope and other representatives of 'democratic' little Finland? My opinion is that our State department would be immeasurably improved by the speedy and complete removal of James C. Dunn, Breckenridge Long, A. A. Berle, Jr., and others... How do you react to Russia's suggestion that the trial of Rudolph Hess need not wait till after the war? Most of us believe that many interesting things would be revealed by a fair and impartial trial of this bushy-browsed No. 3 Nazi. England has objected already to trying Hess—and I must admit her reason sounds valid—because Germany would retaliate on English prisoners. But I'd like to see Hess punished and the Tory clique he went to in order to make an anti-Soviet deal smoked out into the open."

When asked if he intended to become a Roman Catholic, George Bernard Shaw replied: "There is no room for two popes."

Patsy O'Bang, the world's greatest authority on advertising, once told a pupil to tear up a prospectus he had written for a real estate firm that was promoting a land opening. "The trouble with your copy," said O'Bang, "is that it doesn't make the place look more inviting than heaven." O'Bang then turned to an ad that had been prepared by one of his advanced students. The headline read: "Owners Agree You Must Keep Him on Puccini's Dog Food." O'Bang then went on to explain that writing effective copy for a dog food was almost impossible because there's no way of getting the dog to read the advertising. "You can show that the Vets approve, that the biggest kennels approve, and that owners approve," said O'Bang, "but no testimonial from the dog, except hearsay. Advertising dog food is difficult because the dogs have to do the eating, and it's my experience that dogs don't like commercial dog food. They'll eat it the first time with the greatest gusto. The second time they munch. The third time they sniff and walk away. After that the dog has to be an inch from starvation before he tackles the stuff. All that would change if dogs could be taught to read advertising. Look at the things humans do just because they can read!"

Axis propaganda mills are grinding. Otto Dietrich, German press chief, says this about us: "America never contributed anything to world civilization but chewing gum and coca cola, which menace European civilization." Dietrich adds that the U.S. hasn't a single philosopher who has international recognition. What about John Dewey? The Italian radio carried this: "There is a limit to everything. No one can build a 10,000-ton ship in 10 days. Kaiser's ships are phantom vessels born of an imagination excited by whiskey."

Abraham Lincoln: "Without public opinion, nothing can succeed; with it, nothing can fail."

* * *

Classified ad: "Wanted A Good Used Girl's Bicycle."

* * *

From a police reporter's story in The N. Y. Post" "After he had grabbed an axe and killed his father, his mother cried: 'Now look what you've done!'"

* * *

Charlie Chaplin: "I belong to an honored profession, that of a clown."

* * *

Patsy O'Bang, on his 99th birthday: "I fear nothing, only the truth."

* * *

The human mind is a wonderful mechanism, especially when it gets into a jam and has to fumble for some quick arguments. To the eternal credit of the thinking machine, it never fails to bring up something, and the harder the job the funnier the result. Take, for instance, the refusal of the National and Columbia broadcasting systems to sell time to the Cooperative League of the U.S.A., an organization that represents a consumers movement that
includes some 8,000,000 members. The leaders wanted to discuss their philosophy of the consumers' movement. They were turned down. Why? The truth isn't hard to get at. The big buyers of time follow the rules of old-time capitalism, which operates on the theory that consumers were put on this earth so that Big Boys could exploit them. The co-op leaders let out a squawk and carried their case to Senator Norris, who introduced a resolution in the Senate asking for an investigation. And here's what Neville Miller, head of the National Association of Broadcasters, said: "It [the Norris request for an investigation] constitutes one of the gravest threats to freedom of speech in recent years."

A young lawyer, who had accepted $3.75 for preparing a brief, was razzed for his unprofessional conduct by other members of the bar, but he refused the charge of unprofessional conduct by proving that he had taken all that his client had.

W. Van Clute, in The American Journal of Orthopsychiatry: "Fascism thwarts the life instinct.... Fascism stands for the repression of life impulses. Fascism stands for destruction: the burning of books, ravaging of property, the wiping out of trade unions and other progressive organizations of the people, the slaughter of body and soul. Fascism is the enemy of free speech, that precious heritage that made Whitman say: '.... discuss all and expose all—I am for every topic openly; I say there can be no salvation for these States without innovators—without free tongues, and ears willing to hear the tongues. ....'

Ernest Hemingway: "Fascism means death."

Patsy O'Bang, who specializes in Americana, likes to quote this Yankee proverb: "It's the empty wagon that rattles most."

Perfume ad: "Passion—a Bargain at $3."

A soldier boy who had just finished one of those Dale Carnegie books wrote to Bennett Cerf, the publish-

er: "Your book has helped me a great deal to win friends in the U.S. army. Send me anything you have on the Sex Technique."

Dr. Patsy O'Bang's definition of a kiss: "The anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction."

Haddock, a character in a novel by Donald Ogden Stewart, awakened in mid-ocean one morning on his first trip to Europe. "Are we on time?" asked Mr. Haddock anxiously. The steward peered intently through the portholes at the billowing waves for several moments, and then replied gravely, "No, sir, we're 20 minutes late!"

Like so many others, Patsy O'Bang signs his name illegibly. I wish you guys would write so someone besides you can read it.

A hen, hit by an army jeep, got up, straightened her feathers, and said: "Lively little cuss, but he didn't get anywhere."

Dog soap: "Shampooch."

Patsy O'Bang on Joseph McCabe: "He's hornet-minded."

A. Cohen: "A prayer is an expression of a wish. Wishes never disturb the order of the universe."

Henry Ward Beecher: "Free speech is to a great people what winds are to oceans and malarial regions, which waft away the elements of disease, and bring new elements of health; and where free speech is stopped, miasma is bred, and death comes fast."

James Patterson: "Dissent, after having long been an unquestionable crime, has ended by becoming almost a cornerstone of the glory of our civilization."

Conrad Henry Moehlman, in the Bulletin of the Freethinkers of America: "Why, in the land of separation of Church and State should not theological and certainly pre-theological students have been included in the Selective Service Act?"

Sinclair Lewis, in his novel, "It Can't Happen Here": "Cure the evils
of Democracy by the evils of Fascism! Funny therapeutics! I've heard of their curing syphilis by giving the patient malaria, but I've never heard of their curing malaria by giving the patient syphilis."

In Texas, a cattle millionaire looks down on an oil millionaire.

Wendell Phillips, anti-slavery agitator: "If there is anything in the universe that can't stand discussion, let it crack."

Charles Bradlaugh, English Freethinker: "Without free speech no search for truth is possible; without free speech no discovery of truth is useful; without free speech progress is checked and the nations no longer march forward toward a nobler life which the future holds for man. Better a thousand-fold abuse of free speech than denial of free speech. The abuse dies in a day, but the denial slays the life of the people and entombs the hope of the race."

Percy Bysshe Shelley, poet, libertarian and Freethinker: "Surely the individual who devotes his time to fearless and unrestricted inquiry into the grand questions arising out of our moral nature, ought to receive the patronage rather than the vengeance of an enlightened legislation."

William Lloyd Garrison, Abolitionist, on Free Inquiry: "He who is for forcibly stopping the mouth of his opponent, or for burning any man at the stake, or thrusting him into prison, or exacting a pecuniary fine from him, or impairing his means of procuring an honest livelihood, or treating him scornfully, on account of his peculiar view on any subject, whether relating to God, man (or sex), to time or eternity, is under the domination of a spirit of ruffianism or cowardice, or animated by that fierce intolerance which characterized Paul of Tarsus in his zeal to exterminate the heresy of Christianity. On the other hand, he who forms his opinions from the dictates of enlightened reason, and sincerely desires to be led into all truth, dreads nothing so much as the suppression of free inquiry—is at all times ready to give a reason for the hope that is in him—calmly listens to the objection of others—feels nothing of anger or alarm lest his foundation be swept away by the waves of opposition. It is impossible, therefore, for him to be a persecutor, or to call upon the strong arm of violence to put a gag into the mouth of any one, however heretical in his sentiments. In proportion as we perceive and embrace the truth, do we become meek, heroic, magnanimous, divine."

From the wife of a U.S. Army officer: "Most of the daytime hours of important men in the office are taken up by congressmen who want their friends—who are about to be drafted—made officers right away before the draft catches them. Washington is really hell. We have been here nearly two months, during which we moved five times before finding this little house. It is 10 miles from my husband's office, and a typical Gluyas Williams suburban villa. Fred Perly rushes by every morning, his paper clutched under his arm, trying to make the bus—and a seat. He cuts the grass on Sundays and putters in the victory garden. At 4 every afternoon the babies in a dozen houses wake up, the children emerge, so the neighborhood roars. Some of them have learned to be very convincing air-raid sirens. You can hardly tell them from the real thing. A patriotic Washingtonian is grudgingly allowing us to use this charming domicile for $175 per month. We had been paying nearly $300 for a one-room kitchenette hotel apartment, so we are duly grateful."

Mark Twain: "Adam and Eve had many advantages, but the principal one was, that they escaped teething." . . . "Why is it that we rejoice at a birth and grieve at a funeral? Is it because we are not the person concerned?" . . . "If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous he will not bite you. That is the principal difference between a dog and a man." . . . "Familiarity breeds contempt—and children." . . . "There are two times in a man's life when he should not speculate: when he can't afford it, and when he can." . . . "Be good and you will be lonesome." . . . "One of the strik-
ing differences between a cat and a lie is that a cat has only nine lives.”... “In statesmanship get the formalities right, never mind about the moralties.”... “Truth is the most valuable thing we have. Let us economize it.”... “Wrinkles should merely indicate where smiles have been.”

Robert G. Ingersoll’s motto: “My creed is this: Happiness is the only good. The place to be happy is here. The time to be happy is now. The way to be happy is to make others so.”

Prof. Patsy O’Bang’s favorite motto: “Two in the bush is the root of all evil!”


A woman once wrote to Dean Inge: “I am praying for your death. I have been very successful in two other instances.”

George Sessions Perry: “In the Texas desert country everything either stings, sticks or stinks.”

Patsy O’Bang has plenty of relatives in Texas and whenever he meets them he has fun listening to their boasts about their State having everything and more of it than any other State. Once he met one of his uncles while prospecting in the Klondike and the old fellow stepped outside the cabin to look at the thermometer. Shivering, he said to Patsy O’Bang, “Pat, it’s 40 below, an’ if it’s that cold here, there just ain’t no tellin’ how cold it is in Amarillo.”

Robert G. Ingersoll: “Religion has reduced Spain to a guitar, Italy to a handorgan and Ireland to exile.”

Voltaire (in conversation): “When it is a question of money, everybody is of the same religion.”

Bill Nye: “Winter lingered so long in the lap of Spring, that it occasioned a great deal of talk.”

Patsy O’Bang, the great expert on advertising, once lectured on the meaning of atmosphere, which he said is that strange, mysterious something that takes a slice of steer that cost 7c when the farmer sold it and turns it into a $2.75 dish in a swell cafe.”

Headline in The New Yorker: “Successeroo Story.”

A London manufacturer has drummed up consumer-interest in panties with American flags embroidered on them.

Josh Billings: “The wheel that squeeks the loudest is the one that gets the grease.”... “I honestly believe it iz better tew know nothin’ than tew know what aint so.”

Artemus Ward, in a Fourth of July oration: “I’m not a politician and my other habits air good.”

Fred Allen: “The penguin flies backwards because he doesn’t care to see where he’s going, but wants to see where he’s been.”

Heywood Broun: “The Irish are the cry-babies of the Western world. Even the mildest quip will set them off into resolutions and protests.”

Erasmus (Colloques): “Luther was guilty of two great crimes—he struck the Pope in his crown, and the monks in their belly.”

Elbert Hubbard: “A conservative is a man who is too cowardly to fight and too fat to run.”... “Theology is an attempt to explain a subject by men who do not understand it. The intent is not to tell the truth but to satisfy the questioner.”

Oscar Wilde: “I can resist everything except temptation.”

A church sale was once opened with a cozy prayer, the first sentence of which went like this: “O Lord, Thou knowest we are about to have a little bazaar.”

Patsy O’Bang, early in his political life, heard a parson-politician petition God fervently for “a Governor who will rule in the fear of God, who will defeat the ringleaders of corruption, enhance the prosperity of the State, promote the happiness of the people....” At this point Patsy O’Bang broke in
abruptly with: "O Lord, what's the use of beating about the bush? Give us George W. Pellagra for Governor. Amen."

Robert G. Ingersoll, in his tribute to Eben Ingersoll: "Happiness is the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest."

Frank Lach, Chicago, Ill., writes from Camp McCoy, Wisconsin: "Here at Camp McCoy, which is still in the process of building, you will find more chapels than you would theaters, service halls and libraries. I'm certain this is true of all the camps in the U.S. It's nothing but a waste of time, labor and money which could be directed into more useful channels."

H. G. Wells and I are having a jolly time swishing letters across the Atlantic. In one of my epistles I mentioned "our wonderful air mail service," which drew a hoot from the world's greatest utopian. "After censorship and so forth," he wrote, "your letter gets here today, 22 days after your date." Well, his letter was sent on September 24 and got here on October 5, which is a little better. I think it's wonderful that any kind of letter gets across any kind of way. Of Joseph McCabe's last 20 manuscripts, one was lost—5 percent. That's a lot, but at that, 95 percent arrived. In one of my letters to Mr. Wells I invited him and his family to visit me at my farm, suggesting that he remain long enough to reconstruct the literary habits of this melancholy world. Frankly, I invite anyone to my farm if he strikes me as half-civilized; and if he's a celebrity that I admire I pour it on. Mr. Wells picked up the suggestion with this charming reply: "I can't come to Girard for a long time because London is still the center of interest for world affairs and particularly for my affairs and objectives. As for bringing my family, it includes roughly about 20-odd essential people, including 7½ grandchildren (which will be eight next March), an indispensable biologist, an indispensable housing expert, a woman official in Delhi, and the breeder of a herd of perfect cattle."

You would have been surprised if we had all packed up and converged on Girard. (Two of the grandchildren are in Australia.)"

Robert G. Ingersoll: "What light is to the eyes—what air is to the lungs—what love is to the heart, liberty is to the soul of man."

Ad in The N. Y. Post: "Send for your copy of 'Diet Suggestions in Lover and Gall Bladder Disturbance.'"

I remember a story Bishop Hughes used to tell about suffragette days. A group of ardent ladies invited him to a luncheon one day to try to line him up for the suffragette cause. The bishop was not too eager. Finally one strong-minded woman leaned across the table shaking her finger and said, "Dr. Hughes, we want you to understand that we will not be bullied!" Dr. Hughes said, "Ladies, that's quite obvious, but I want you to understand one thing too: I refuse to be cowed!"

Thomas Carlyle: "Quackery gives birth to nothing; gives death to all things. We shall not see into the true heart of anything, if we look merely at the quackeries of it; if we do not reject the quackeries altogether; as mere diseases, corruptions, with which our and all men's sole duty is to have done with them, to sweep them out of our thoughts as out of our practice."

The much-married Patsy O'Bang's third wife—his favorite—won him with this stirring sentence: "I can cook, stew, bake, fry and sizzle."

Before we can enjoy the luxury of realistic thinking, it is essential that we go through a process of self-debunkation. This is the greatest job facing us, and we must go through with it. We must debunk ourselves of our shams, of our orthodox and freak religions, of our belief in spooks and hokum, of our acceptance of charlatans, of our confused, childish reasoning. Millions of people believe in bunk, endless streams of bunk. Yes, we must fearlessly and ruthlessly welcome self-debunkation. There is nothing that is more important; nothing that
will pay greater dividends in clear thought and real understanding of life. Welcome, self-debunkation! We need you badly.

Before long, the T in a T-bone steak is going to be called a typographical error.

Some 30 years ago, when vaudeville was strong, Patsy O'Bang decided to become a monologist. After his first wisecrack, he stopped for applause, but the audience didn’t make a sound. “That’s all right, customers,” said O'Bang, “you don’t have to applaud. I know my value.”

“What is God?” was asked of the poet Simonides, who requested a day to study the question. Next day he said he needed another two days. Later he by-passed the question.

It would take a Bertrand Russell to dig into the “logic” of Il Duce’s Fascists. Being unable to probe it, all I can do is to report the facts. First we hear of two Italian generals falling into the hands of the British during the fighting in Egypt. They became indignant over the insult. Why? Because they hadn’t come from Italy to fight but merely to watch the British in action. Next we hear an Italian commentator on the situation that developed after our forces left Algiers and started eastward towards Tunis, from which point Italy becomes an easy target for our bombers. Patriotic Italians, said the radio speaker, should bear in mind that it’s treason for anyone to tremble in public. Millions of Italians are afflicted with acute jitters—and for good reasons. But they mustn’t do their trembling in public places lest morale be further deflated. They’re told to retire to some private place—a handy toilet or a back alley—where they can tremble without spreading panic. Il Duce, who made some trains run on time and who posed in other ways as an efficiency expert, should have foreseen this and provided Trembling Dugouts, with Trembling Wardens to take Tremblers in charge and help them get over their spasms. This would require street signs reading: “Tremblers, Follow This Arrow,” “This Way to the Nearest Trembling Cellar,” “Report to Trembling Warden if You Feel You Are About to Have the Trembles.” Report all Public Tremblers to the Police,” “Glorious Tremblers—Serve the New Order by Trembling in Private.”

My desk is cluttered with sample “letters” from business and political dopests who charge anywhere from $10 to $25 a year for their “forecasts.” They all land in the baling machine, where they belong. I don’t expect anyone to tell me what’s going to happen next week or next month. It’s plenty good enough to get an accurate report of what happened yesterday.

W. C. Randolph, Redwater, Tex.: “Thanks for publishing my opinions on Laval, Procope, Dunn, Berle, Long and Hess. One of the many virtues of a Democracy (a large D, please) is the right of even the humblest citizen to the expression of his opinion on any subject. When this right is abridged in any country the difference between that country and Nazi Germany becomes microscopic.”

G. W. Bertram, Denver, Colo., spat on his hands and tore loose with this masterpiece of understatement: Em. H.-Julius is an intellectual colossus, who removes the poisonous bacillus that creates mental marasmus—who is a vigilant Cerberus chasing away churchy ignis-fatuus—the prolific genius crushing religious jugglers’ tricks and hocus-pocus. . . . The writings of this inspiring pedagog jog us and keep us agog, even making us snug and snug; with his help, we plug all ecclesiastical humbug. . . . Therefore I ask for a picture of JULIUS’ MUG.

Val Frey, Corona, Queens, N. Y.: “I have long admired the publishing activities of E. Haldeman-Julius. I appreciate the fact that the price has been low enough to put knowledge within reach of many of us who otherwise would never see half the words issued and the rest would be in a big, stuffy library where one would probably have to wait and wait until able to secure the work desired. I cannot help but feel admiration when I think that some of
the 'best sellers' of all times may be purchased at a nominal price while so many other useless books are put on the market for many times the price they are actually worth. While I do not call myself a well educated man, I must state that I have learned quite a bit of worth-while information from the Haldeman-Julius books. I feel indebted for many pleasant hours spent in reading and learning from the various books I have purchased from you. I would greatly appreciate an autographed picture of Mr. Haldeman-Julius, for which I enclose a stamped, addressed envelope."

Earle Cornwall, Los Angeles, Calif.: "Can some old-timer spare a few moments from prayer long enough to write E. H-J. the one about 'Saying the Blessings?' in which the various foods on the table are named and ending, 'The beans, dear Lord, will speak for themselves'?... "Self-delusion is easier than pounding it into the old bone."

Earle Cornwall, Los Angeles, Calif.: "The orchestra had repeated for the sixth time the new symphony, 'Whispering Crabapples.' Maestro Isadore Hogan (who was also the composer) ejaculated, 'Thanks, men... thanks so much! At last you have given me a correct interpretation of my masterpiece.' At which Patsy O'Bang, the great trombonist, muttered, 'an' I still have two pages left to play!'"

Dr. W. F. Stinespring, Prof. of Old Testament, Divinity School, Duke University, Durham, N. Car.: "Since I am a minister and a teacher of religion, naturally we would not agree on all subjects. Nevertheless, since I belong to the liberal wing of Protestant Christianity, we have many things in common. I have even used your Little Blue Books from time to time in my teaching work. And I admire you very much for your splendid fight against the political depredations of the reactionary church in this and other countries."

A. H. Morgan, minister, The Humanist Society of Friends (Liberal Quakers), Long Beach, Calif.: "A million congratulations on your superb work, and now on getting H. G. Wells' monumental new book in the 'How-To' series. I have read your Little Blue Books with avidity when a missionary in the forests of the African hinterlands and in the jungles of the Himalayas in India. In every place and under every circumstance I have vastly enjoyed the reading of your many publications."

Earle Cornwall, Los Angeles, Calif.: "Ridicule is a weapon of power."

Patsy O'Bang, after his third highball: "Likker isn't a cure-all, but it helps."

Francois Thane: "A big prize fight was to take place on the Curragh of Kildare between the English champion and the best fighter in Ireland. Naturally there was great interest displayed by the fighting race, and the parish priest devoted most of his sermon to it on the Sunday preceding the affair. He warned the congregation to have nothing to do with the sinful exhibition, and assured them that the promoters were a lot of gamblers and that the principals were a couple of blackguards. 'But,' he added, 'I hope that our blackguard wins.'"

W. C. Randolph, Redwater, Tex.: "Here's to victory over Fascism here and everywhere. And the hope that in the enthusiasm of praising the Lawd they don't succeed in passing us the Prohibition."

Ten years ago, when in the advertising business, Patsy O'Bang, the world's greatest touts, dashed this off for the gentlemen who call themselves morticians: 'Die Now and Pay for it Later.'

My old contributor, William J. Fielding, has just sent me a copy of his new book, "Strange Customs of Courtship and Marriage," which I'm going to read, and while I'm reading it I'll put my mind on a new series of booklets by this popular, charming and informative author. By the way, Fielding inscribed the book this way: "To E. Haldeman-Julius, who belongs to that woefully small minority that is the only justification for any
faith or hope in genus homo, with very best wishes from William J. Fielding.” Just like Fielding—always candid, accurate, meticulous, just and honest.

George Macy, boss of the Readers Club: “There is a great deal to be said for sex.” (Tanks, pal, tanks.)

Long-popular American wisecrack: “The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong—but that’s the way to bet.”

Prof. Patsy O’Bang, the great historian, doesn’t like the way his colleagues are behaving. “Too many of them,” he said in a recent lecture at the Salvation Army University in Cambridge, Mass., “are now writing books on the world that’s coming with peace times. When the war ends they’ll all take to writing books on what happened during the World War.”

“Research is formalized curiosity,” says Zora Neale Hurston, in her book, “Dust Tracks on a Road.”

Sign in Patsy O’Bang’s cafeteria: “Courteous and Efficient Self-Service.”

A preacher on a sinking ship was told his only hope was to trust in Providence. “My Gawd! Has it come to that?” he asked.

A beautiful young woman, sleeping one night after a strenuous day working in a war factory, dreamed that a sinister but handsome dark-haired man appeared at her bedside. Before she could protest, he yanked her from the covers and carried her in his arms to a luxurious limousine waiting at the door. Hurling her in the back seat, he drove swiftly into the country, drawing up at last in a secluded moon-flooded lane. The man turned and started menacingly at the beautiful girl.

“What are you going to do now?” she asked quivering.

“How should I know?” he retorted. “It’s your dream.”

Patsy O’Bang, the distinguished genealogist, said recently at a meeting of the California Navel Pickers’ Society, “My interest in genealogy got its start when, as a young man, I learned that it was my grandfather in Ireland who behaved so as to suggest the sentence: ‘He dashed out of the house, jumped on his horse, and galloped off in all directions.’”

Victor O. Schwab, in his good book, “How to Write a Good Advertisement,” tells about Will Mahoney, the vaudeville hooper who was a comic dancer of prodigious vitality. He hopped around, jumped, twisted, whirled, jitted, jigged, sweat, groaned, gasped, battered his pratt, tumbled, did splits, somersaulted, did cart-wheels, wrestled with himself, shadow-boxed, and climbed the scenery. Exhausted after all this, he fell on his stomach, leaned on one elbow, faced the audience, and said in a pathetic voice: “There must be easier ways than this to make a living.”

Thomas Jefferson liked to tell about a fellow who was afflicted with an irresistible impulse to contradict whatever he heard. Once he heard a man say, “It’s a very cloudy day,” and quickly replied, “Cloudy, but not very.”

Dr. Patsy O’Bang, the most vocal of pre-scientific physicians, liked to wisecrack: “All these allopaths, homeopaths, osteopaths and psychopaths—all these ‘paths,’ like the path of glory, lead but to the grave.”

Bennett Cerf, one of the brighter publishers, was at a Hollywood glamor girl’s party, where only the creme de la creme were admitted. All the $50,000 sables were there, and two quarts of emeralds. When all the important white ties and strapless gowns were reported present, in walked the biggest agent in the movie industry, dressed in crummy slacks, and stinking drunk. The hostess face turned to dry ice, and her voice gargled acid as she remarked that she didn’t recall inviting him. “Not only did you not invite me, but I declined,” he replied, and fell on his face.

Back in 1713, Anthony Collins, in his “A Discourse of Freethinking,” defined Freethinking in a way that still holds, as follows: “By free-thinking I mean the use of the understanding in endeavoring to find
out the meaning of any proposition whatsoever, in considering the nature of the evidence for or against, and in judging of it according to the seeming force or weakness of the evidence." Professor Thomas H. Huxley, who coined the word "Agnosticism," came along in 1889 (I was just getting born then in sleepy, sprawling Philadelphia) with a brief exposition of the intellectual attitude, in "Agnosticism and Christianity," thus "It is wrong for a man to say that he is certain of the objective truth of any proposition unless he can produce evidence which logically justifies that certainty. This is what agnosticism asserts." This attitude is a blow at bibliomaniacs who hold that truth can be reached by the mere authority of a book or some man's say-so. It doesn't follow that a thing is really so just because the Bible says it's so. That's a bit of Agnosticism and brings to mind Robert G. Ingersoll's assertion, in a speech in N.Y.C., April 25, 1881, that "the inspiration of the Bible depends upon the ignorance of the gentleman who reads it." Huxley, along this same line, insisted, in "Controverted Questions," in 1892, that "the dogma of the infallibility of the Bible is no more self-evident than is that of the infallibility of the popes." Against all this stands the Bryan type of faith-monger with the dogmatic assertion, "I believe the Bible as it is," a thing the "great Commoner" actually got off during the Scopes anti-Evolution trial, in Dayton, Tenn., almost 20 years ago. C. M. Talleyrand, more than a century before, expressed the same piece of dogmatism, but added a pinch of whimsy-whimsy, this way: "I believe in it first, because I am Bishop of Auton; and, secondly, because I know nothing about it at all."

City Editor: "If this university president you've just interviewed hasn't anything to say, hold your story down to a column.

Dr. Patsy O'Bang, who loves to mingle with common folks and sound out their opinions, dropped in on his favorite bartender, Mike Murphy, in the popular Dirty Rag Beer Tavern. "Mr. O'Bang," said Murphy cautiously, after Dr. O'Bang had asked his opinion on a Second Front in Europe, "I'll be glad to present my views if it'll be understood in advance that they don't necessarily represent the opinions of the Dirty Rag Beer Tavern."

Patsy O'Bang, the greatest pre-scientific farmer of all time, lost his mare one morning, went out to find her and got the mare in 10 minutes. When asked how he found her so quickly, O'Bang answered: "Elementary, sir, elementary. I applied practical, workable psychology to my problem. I just said to myself, 'Where would I go if I were a horse?' I went there and there she was."

Thomas Mann: "Never can humanit decay permit tolerance to extend to inhumanity. Our love of freedom must not include the freedom to destroy freedom itself."

An Oscar Levant—George Gershwin story has to do with a composer of no talent who, touched by Gershwin's untimely death, wrote an elegy in his honor and brought it to that co-star of Information, Please — Oscar Levant. Levant heard the piece and said: "It'd have been better if you had died and Gershwin had written the elegy."

It's a good story, but no better than when it was tied to Liszt, who's supposed to have written an elegy on the death of Meyerbeer and played it for Rossini. Josef Hofmann is said to have made the same wise-crack when a poor composer did an elegy on the death of MacDowell. Mark you, I'm not gloating over this. Even my stories often are aged, more or less. I never ask the age of one of my anecdotes. My one and only test is, does it give me a smile, a chuckle, or a belly-laff? If it does, into print it goes. Take, for example, the piece that was last told about Eddie Guest but which, in other forms, has been told about a half hundred writers and practitioners in other mediums of expression. A poorly paid and neglected poet snapped sarcastically about Guest's rhymed hog-wash. In reply, Eddie Guest asked, "What kind of car do you drive?" "A 1933 Ford," replied the unknown. "I," said Guest, cuttingly, "drive a Lincoln sedan." And to show how it works, let me take a 75-year-old gag
and tack it onto the great wit, raconteur and literary artist, Patsy O’Bang. Once he let loose on Shakespeare, belittling him. When one of his hearers protested, O’Bang said, "O.K. Consider this passage, for example:

'I would as lief be thrust through a quickset hedge,
As cry, 'Plosh,' to a callow throstle.'"

"Why," insisted the fellow who had defended the Bard, "that's simple and clear. It means that this bird-lover would rather get himself all scratched up in the thorny bush than disturb the bird's song. What play is the passage from?" Patsy O’Bang replied: "No play, I made it up—and damned good Shakespeare too."

Patsy O’Bang, the great patriot and authority on Government, is in Washington setting everything straight. After tackling the situation for about two hours, he announced at his first press conference that the motto in the nation's capital is: "Pass the buck, throw the bull—eight copies, please." But all that will change now that Patsy O’Bang is giving the problem his attention.

Sign in a public toilet: "Go Hard on the Japs and Easy on the Toilet Paper."

A Topeka, Kans., businessman was in to see me recently and mentioned he was looking for a modest Xmas present which would be sent to Topeka's most wonderful mind-your-own-businessman. He sends him something every year, and yet he's never met him socially, never been in his home or had him in his own home, has never even done business with him. So why the annual gift? There's a little story there. My friend, who is widely known, made a date with the wife of another prominent Topekan, met her in Kansas City, spent the night with her in the Muehlebach, and in the morning they stepped into the hallway to go their separate ways. The door to the next room opened and a Topekan popped out, looked them over quickly, said nothing, and hurried on. The two "sinners" stood there paralyzed. The fat was in the fire. It'd be all over Topeka within 24 hours. Topeka's juiciest scandal in months. And all that. But nothing happened. The fellow never said a word. That's why he's remembered each Christmas.

Forty years ago, when I was a boy in Philadelphia, Jacob Adler was the favorite Yiddish actor. In those days a Yiddish audience was even more exciting than the show. Jammed to the rafters, the theater reeked of hard-boiled eggs, salami, oranges, apples, bananas and lemonade. Hawking always continued right through the acts. To the great Adler, the audience responded like a delicate instrument, emitting groans, hisses, shouts of warning, advice, and demands for silence from neighbors in the audience. But all that's beside the point. What I wanted to write about was Jacob Adler's tremendous capacity for fertilizing willing females, with the result that his progeny were scattered all over New York City, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. These were all in addition to the numerous distinguished actors he helped produce. Now and then someone would approach Adler and introduce himself or herself as his son or daughter. Once, while the mighty actor was in his dressing room, a young fellow entered and said, quietly, "I am your son." Adler gave him a quick look, muttered "So you are—so you are," turned to his manager, and said, curtly, "Give the little bastard a pass."

Sign in an old London club: "Be brief, be bright, begone."

his sweetie, said, "This looks good to me," to which she replied, "You can go as far as you like." So he started the motor again and drove on some more.

An anti-Nazi gag tells of an anti-aircraft soldier who got a decoration with this citation: "During an RAF raid over Berlin, after having exhausted all his ammunition, he continued to shout 'Boom-Boom!' at the top of his lungs, obtaining the same result."

George M. Cohan's description of Hollywood: "Bridgeport with palms."

Thomas Jefferson, in the Virginia Statute of Religious Freedom
(1779): "To compel a man to furnish contributions of money for the propagation of opinions which he disbelieves and abhors is sinful and tyrannical."

Mark Twain, in "Life on the Mississippi": "Give an Irishman lager for a month, and he's a dead man. An Irishman is lined with copper, and the beer corrodes it. But whiskey polishes the copper and is the saving of him."

Patsy O'Bang, the great military expert, isn't carrying a rifle for Uncle Sam even though he's a native-born American. His absence from the armed force is no fault of his, for the patriotic O'Bang, soon after Pearl Harbor, went to the nearest recruiting office and offered himself on the altar of his country. Alas, the examining doctor ordered the usual blood test. Squinting at test slides, the doctor shook his head mournfully and muttered, "Hum—I don't know—there seems to be a trace of blood in this alcohol."

Patsy O'Bang, the brilliant writer of detective fiction, says he's taken a tip from James Thurber and is rewriting "Macbeth" without giving away the identity of the murderer.

Hitler, Hirohito and Mussolini are going too far. A N.Y.C. newspaper shows the effects of their aggression on our millionaires, whose lot is becoming melancholy. Taking Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Williams as examples, we learn that they have been driven to close four of their five homes and that their eight motor cars have been put in storage. Where they had 25 servants before Pearl Harbor, now they have only 10. Besides, two floors of their 30-room mansion on Fifth avenue have been closed. And all along we thought Lidice was Fascism at its worst.

Here's H. L. Mencken's cleverest and most quoted sentence: "Conscience: the inner voice which warns us that someone may be looking."

A. Lawrence Lowell, in conversation: "Universities are full of knowledge. The freshmen bring a little in and the seniors take none away, and knowledge accumulates."

Mendell: "A New England conscience doesn't keep you from doing anything; it just keeps you from enjoying it."

Drafted milkman: "I sure like this Army life. It's so nice to lay in bed every morning until 5:30."

Patsy O'Bang, the great Confucian philosopher, is writing a sermon on the beauties of contentment. He says he plans to be content with his lot immediately after he gets a lot more.

James Gould Z. Cozzens, in "The Just and the Unjust": "A cynic is just a man who found out when he was about 10 that there wasn't any Santa Claus, and he's still upset."

Patsy O'Bang's father was the original efficiency expert, spending most of his adult life teaching people how to save time and effort. When the old man died, he was carried down the aisle of the church, says his loving son. Suddenly the lid of the casket popped open. Old O'Bang sat upright, raised a warning finger to his son, and cried: "Patsy, if you'd put this coffin on wheels, you could lay off four men!"

Nazi Food Director (talking to Hitler): "I find, from a survey, that we have enough food to last 16 years." Hitler: "Wonderful! I must tell Goebbels to broadcast the good news." Director: "Ach, no. Leave Goebbels out of this. There's just enough food for you and me."

William J. Fielding, N.Y.C.: "Thanks for the reproduction of your smiling countenance. It must be nearly 20 years since we last saw each other here in New York, and you seem to have stood the wear and tear of life very well. I hope you continue to make life more interesting for a lot of us by weathering many more decades."

Negro: "I don't have to do but two things—die and stay black."

Prof. Patsy O'Bang, one hot summer afternoon, was lecturing on "The Social Significance and Evolution of Toilet Paper," before his anthropology class at Harvard. Sud-
E. Haldeman-Julius

denly, with a vicious look at his drowsy audience, he wiped himself (of sweat, of course) and groaned: "It isn't the heat; it's the stupidity."

Patsy O'Bang, the great philosopher of democracy, found himself one evening at a formal banquet table, next to the haughty hostess, a pompous dowager who had what O'Bang vulgarly calls a "sprung-butt." Impulsively, O'Bang put into his mouth a large forkful of steaming, hot baked potato. He instantly spat it out on his plate. Looking disdainfully at his disconcerted fellow guests and at his outraged hostess, O'Bang remarked, "Some damn fools would have swallowed that." He then told about his years as a preacher (later to become a Freethinker) and how, in one of his sermons, he had thundered: "I see in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of the sin of fornication, and in order to point her out to universal condemnation, I'll fling this Bible at her head."


The secret weapon of a good writer is his use of short words.

A panhandler stopped Patsy O'Bang the other day while the great mathematician was on his way to a clinic to have the lint removed from his navel, and said: "Buddy, if youse'll gimme a nickel I'll give you the low-down on where you can get a cup o' cawfee."

Hitler's six Astrologers haven't been in the news lately. Maybe they were liquidated by the world's greatest pansy for giving the wrong dope about Moscow, Leningrad, Stalingrad, and North Africa.

An eccentric restaurant keeper out West, posted these signs in his establishment: "Liberal credit allowed if you are over 80 and are accompanied by your parents."

"The world is coming to an end. Please pay now. We don't want to chase you all over hell." "Some pay when due, some when overdue, some never do. How do you do?"

"Even a fish wouldn't get hooked if he kept his mouth shut." "If you find this place closed, shove your money under the door," "Your face is good, but we can't put it in the cash register."

General Pershing once said to some young officers: "If the landscape does not agree with the map which you have drawn of it, it is possible that the landscape is correct."

Dr. Oswald Outhouse, president of Tunafish College, recently revised Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man," as follows:

First Age—Wants to be a street car conductor.
Second Age—Wants to be a G-Man.
Third Age—Wants to be like his Dad.
Fourth Age—Doesn't want to be like his Dad—wants to do something noble.
Fifth Age—Too much bother to be noble—wants to be rich.
Sixth Age—Tries to make both ends meet.
Seventh Age—Glad to get an old age pension. 

_Sic transit gloria virum_ (So passeth the glory of man)

The Reverend Lumbago Jones, of the Afro Methodist–Episcopal Church, recently remarked to his congregation: "Some angel food cake tastes like de debbil."

Dr. Patsy O'Bang, professor of moral philosophy at Oxford University, and former professor of dentistry and book-keeping at the Sorbonne, in a recent lecture at Harvard, on "The Influence of Spinoza on Double-entry Book-keeping," said: "Drink is the greatest curse of the country. It makes you fight with your neighbors; it makes you shoot at your landlord; and worst of all it makes you miss him."

Dr. Patsy O'Bang, who is a great kidder, went into the public library of Cambridge, Mass., and asked the sweet young librarian, "Have you got the book, 'The Intimate Confessions and Scandalous Revela-
tions of a Reformed Cream Puff Eater?” The librarian said, no. He then asked her, “Have you got 'The Secret Memoirs of a Hot Chocolate Drinker’?” She shook her head sadly. “Well, then,” said Professor Patsy, “have you got ‘The Unbelievable Adventures of a Bread and Butter Eater’?” “I’m afraid not,” she said. “Do you call this a library?” he asked. “Why don’t you throw out your junk and get some books?”

* * *

Artemus Ward once began a lecture by saying: “Homer is dead. Dante is dead. Milton is dead. Shakespeare is dead. And I’m not feeling so well myself.”

* * *

THE MODERN HIAWATHA
He killed the noble Mudjikivis,
Of the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with skin side outside.

He, to get the warm sides inside,
Put the inside skin side outside;

He, to get the cold side inside,
Put the warm side fur side inside.
Thus he put the fur side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside,
Turned the mittens inside outside.

* * *

Mrs. Newrich was giving a big party, and she instructed the butler to announce the guests as they arrived. The butler, however, took a few drinks and was a little tipsy when the party began. The first to arrive was a Mr. and Mrs. Nichols and their young son. When the three Nichols came in, the butler announced: “Here comes fifteen cents.” The next to arrive was Mrs. Vanderwater De Puyster Winterbottom. The butler announced her simply as “Mrs. Coldpratt.”

* * *

A customer came into a drug store and asked for some prepared minoacetacidester of salicylic-acid. The druggist said, “Do you mean asperin?” “Yes,” he said, “I never can think of that name.”

* * *

PASS THE LORD AND PRAISE THE AMMUNITION.

Charles T. Copeland: “To eat is human; to digest is divine.”

* * *

Dr. Patsy O’Bang, on being asked why Hitler and Mussolini always get along together so well, replied: “That’s simple—when two heels meet they always click.”

Oliver Wendell Holmes: “Every now and then a man’s mind is stretched by a new idea and never shrinks back to its former dimensions.”

Christopher Morley’s definition of a human being: “A creature alternating between 16 hours of mischief with eight hours of innocence; aware of death at every crossing, yet rarely scathed; a morning eddy of self-consciousness seizing desperately upon casual laughter... an ingenious assembly of portable plumbing; a folder of unfinished business; the chorus of a song whose verse everyone has forgotten.”

* * *

The Mussolinian Symphony (the famous Sour Opus No. 1) gets neat treatment in Ignazio Silone’s new satirical novel, “The Seed Beneath the Snow.” After exposing the rotten corruption of the Mussolini regime, Silone tells of how a group of peasants “with a sad and hangdog air” lined up in the marketplace. Soon they asked one of the Fascists whose funeral it was, and were told: “No one’s dead; this isn’t a funeral; it’s a government Spring festival.”

Unearthed from Spicy Western Stories: “She was silent a long time. He could smell the perfume wafted upward from between her proud breasts, placed so cleverly on the lobes of her ears.” The New Yorker’s pat comment: “Novel, but we wouldn’t like it as a steady thing.”

* * *

“Books are weapons in the war of ideas.” (This slogan was written by President Roosevelt.)

* * *

Joseph McCabe, Golders Green, London, England: “The news is more cheerful, but thoughtful people, and even a good many others, are much sobered by the Darlan development in Africa. You know what I am likely to think about it but, of course, I have extinction of the voice. Reaction is getting more and more vocal as the end looms in sight.”
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PASS THE LORD AND PRAISE THE AMMUNITION

Editor: This morning I opened my paper, to find therein, an ad for a New Testament, which has LIGHT ARMOR PLATE COVERS and fits into a soldier's breast pocket. Upon it is engraved, "May God Bless You." I laughed. The Ethereal Esquire with His almighty powers is supposed to (according to the Bible) pull you through any catastrophe, if only you believe and have faith in those so-called powers. Then why the material aid? It is all a bit contradictory but seems to run true to form. (Doesn't the Bible say one thing on one page and contradict it on the next?) Let just one soldier’s life be accidentally saved with this "biblical contraption" and we'll read it on every front page in America. The headlines will read, "The Hand Of God," "Faith In God Saves Soldier," "God Did Bless Him," etc. Yet who will ever hear of the thousands, carrying these "biblical protections," who were shot in the head, back, or abdomen and died! Personally I think a soldier would be better off if that pocket were filled with extra rations or ammunition. His chances for survival, if he should run out of either, in combat, would be 100 percent greater than if his pocket were filled with an armor plated book!

The parody, one of your readers wrote on "Praise The Lord And Pass The Ammunition," was right to the point I am driving towards. This war would be more quickly won and less lives would be lost if we would all PASS THE LORD AND PRAISE THE AMMUNITION. The time spent praying is merely "wishful thinking," but that wasted time could be put to better use in fighting and working? And those armor plate covers, used on those Bibles, would do a lot more good if they were made into tanks, ships and planes. Ask Russia! She will show you where Victory is born! Not in the LORD but in the AMMUNITION!

Long Beach, Calif.

READER

FEDERAL AGENCIES SAY AMERICAN JAPANESE ARE LOYAL

Editor: Despite efforts of federal agencies particularly the War Relocation Authority to dispel the sentiment that the Japanese in America are disloyal as a class, and to convince the American people that persecution of the Japanese here provides the Axis with propaganda ammunition, we still find disturbing evidence that the sentiment persists.

Only a short while ago, the Board of Regents of the University of Arizona, a state institution financed in part by federal funds, decided to deny the facilities of the University to Japanese from the War Relocation Centers despite objections from the federal government. When Bishop Walter Mitchell, Arizona representative of the American Civil Liberties Union protested, the president of the University, Alfred Atkinson, wrote him that, "I am sorry that we do not agree about this matter. It is my deliberate judgment that if our fundamental freedoms are to be preserved, we will have to occupy a dominant place among the nations. The whole philosophy of life and the sense of values of the Japs (sic) are so different from ours, that we must not permit them to gain
the ascendancy as a military nation. Freedom of religion, education, and the other freedoms that we prize would certainly be taken from us if the Japanese came into control.”

To state that President Atkinson lacks an understanding of the social philosophy motivating the American people in this war, is an understatement. His view is reminiscent of the Jingoism of the days when Japan was an imperial adventure for America, and certainly has no place in the setting of our nation’s struggle for democracy today.

We would refer President Atkinson to a recent letter from Dillon S. Meyer, director of the War Relocation Authority, in which he said, “I know that organizations such as the American Civil Liberties Union can and will be of great help in making clear to the American people that the overwhelming majority of the (Japanese) evacuees are loyal to this country and want only to be free to make their contribution to the winning of the war and to the life of the communities after the war.”

Further evidence that Atkinson’s views are at variance with the government’s policy is shown by the following excerpts from a document issued last month by the War Relocation Authority.

“Our government has declared itself for the Four Freedoms. Our government by formal statement and by implication stands by the principle of democracy which means that men and nations should be allowed equal opportunities to achieve material goods and human satisfactions.

“The evacuation of people from the Western Defense Command and the placing of these people in restricted centers on a racial basis has given a good deal of justification to Japan’s recent charges that we preach human democracy but practice racial discrimination.

“Many other minority groups, e.g., the Negroes, have become seriously concerned with what we are doing to the Japanese minority group. The degree to which various groups within the United States are anxious as to their future in the American Republic, determines the degree to which they will aggressively defend it. For a united home front, all groups within it, racial, religious and political must have a firm sense of security that in fighting for the United States they are also fighting for their own security.”

N. Y. C.

ROGER N. BALDWIN
Director, American Civil Liberties Union
LIFE IN A CPS CAMP FOR CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

[Editor's Note: The Freeman gets few letters from Civilian Public Service camps, as they are supposed to be for "religious" conscientious objectors, but it happens that the writer of the letter printed below is a Freethinker. I don't question Paul R. Stout's sincerity, but I do question his logic. It's obvious that if a sufficient number of men in the democracies were to become conscientious objectors, Hitler could win easy control of the world and we would be in for centuries of slavery. Hitler's violence must be met with greater violence, not pacifism. However, I know that Mr. Stout is no Nazi-lover. There's nothing that he detests more than Fascism. While admitting that Hitlerism is bad, Mr. Stout holds that this isn't the most important fact. He means here the danger of destroying Hitlerism and at the same time establishing Fascism in America. Yes, there's always that possibility, but we have come through every other war without losing our constitutional rights, so there's reason to believe that we can destroy Hitler's enemies of freedom and still remain freemen. A democracy that can whip Hitlerism abroad ought to be able to put its native Fascists in their proper place. Intelligent anti-Fascists know that it's fatuous to oppose Nazism merely along sentimental, pacifist lines. Such an attitude can do Hitler nothing but good. Only a greater force can save us from Fascism—the force of democratic violence. However, what makes Mr. Stout's letter valuable is his picture of life in his camp and the work being done by conscientious objectors. It's because of its news value that I give space to his letter.]

Editor: Civilian Public Service camps do "work of national importance" under the direction of the U.S. Forest Service, the Soil Conservation Service, the National Park Service, the Fish and Wildlife Service, and the Public Health Service. Units are being sent to hospitals, both general and mental. Some of the men have been sent to areas where there is a shortage of farm labor. A few are at Columbia and Princeton, studying reconstruction administration. Some are serving as guineapigs in medical experiments involving lice, extremes of temperature and humidity, and diet. Some of the southern camps are doing hookworm control work. They have cut the time for making a sanitary privy from 21 days to 7 days. That's a real contribution to civilization! (C.P.S. has its Henry Kaisers, too.) Ten men have gone to Puerto Rico to build privies and to do educational and reconstruction work. One group is missing in China (presumably all dead). Another is in Egypt.

This camp is 100 miles North of Grand Rapids, Michigan, in the northern part of the Manistee National Forest, a million acres of scrub oak and aspen where a century ago there stood a magnificent pine forest. The larger trees were ruthlessly cut down, and forest fires swept the land and destroyed its fertility. Today it is almost useless for farming, and the government is buying it up and planting it in pine once more.
For the past 10 years this work has been done by some 15 CCC camps, but after those were killed by Congress last Summer there remained only two CPS camps, totaling 300 men.

The work which is being done by the camps is mostly work of national importance, no doubt, but it does not utilize the special skills and talents which many of the men possess. Actually, a large proportion of the campers would be doing work of more importance in their civilian jobs than in these camps. However, draft boards seldom defer c.o.'s. Unfortunately, very little is being done toward providing a broader program which would make use of the skills of the men. Perhaps improvement would be impossible. At any rate, I am disappointed with the WPA-like caliber of the work provided.

Most of the camps are supported by the Friends, Mennonites, or Brethren. A few are supported cooperatively by all three. One camp is run by the Catholics, but they have a hard time getting money, and there is only about 14¢ per man per day for food. Apparently the Catholics prefer to contribute money to get relatives out of Purgatory rather than to provide merely material comforts like food for their c.o.'s.

The government contributes nothing toward operating costs, but does supply second-hand CCC camps, cots, and blankets. Campers who can afford it contribute $35 a month of their support. Other campers are supported by their church or by the church which runs the camp where they are. Each camper receives $2.50 spending money each month regardless of who is supporting him.

As I have no money and my wife is just able to support herself, I am in the anomalous position of being compelled to accept the support of the Brethren church! I don't care for the idea of having to live off an organization which I hope to see collapse eventually, and to whose downfall I'm pledged, but it's really their own fault, for the Brethren, Friends, and Mennonites offered to take from the government the responsibility of operating the CPS camps. So I accept their support, pending the establishment of government camps. The only alternative would be to go to jail, and I don't feel like doing that just because the churches saw fit to take over the CPS program.

As a matter of fact, "non-affiliated" ranks fifth in the number enrolled in CPS, so I'm not the only one in that financial situation.

There are some 4,500 men in CPS now, representing some 99 different religious denominations.

Three of the campers have been released recently because it finally became patent that they should have been classified as physically unfit in the first place. When a man is conscripted into CPS, he is given a perfunctory physical examination by any doctor who happens to be available, and the doctor has no power to reject a man as unfit for service. The doctor who used to examine all the men entering this camp was himself an inmate of Camp Walhalla, another CPS camp some 30 miles South of here. He was recently declared mentally unbalanced, and discharged. Some CPS men have decided to go into the army as non-combatants, only to be rejected by the army examining doctor. A number of others who are still in camp would be 4-F if examined by an army doctor.

The cultural level is not notably high. Naturally, not many of the campers have much education. Some of the religious objectors belonging to various evangelical sects, Jehovah's Witnesses, and undenominational churches never open a book except the Bible, never read a magazine except their denominational organ, never listen to any music except gospel songs. Some cling to the old superstition that aluminum cooking utensils are poisonous; some are vegetarians; to a good many, evolution is "just a theory." The camp has a pretty good library (with books on religion and pacifism predominating, of course) but most of the men who would have the most to gain never look at a book.

The social consciousness of the group is not what might be expected from a group supposedly interested in peace. There is a great deal of indifference on social questions. Some say that we must be "saved," and
then the world will be better. Some think that this world is run by the devil and there is therefore no use trying to improve it. Some are c.o.'s simply because they are Brethren, or Quakers, or what not, and never give another thought to social problems or even to pacifism. Most are as innocent as babes of any knowledge of history, economics, etc. There are only half a dozen Socialists among 150 campers. Most of the others never give politics a thought.

It would be fatuous to suppose that such a group could ever make any real contribution to the cause of peace. To be completely realistic, I must admit that these camps are merely internment centers for those who refuse to fight. The CPS system, and the men in it, will never have any appreciable effect on the future of the United States or of the world.

Camp Wellston, Wellston, Mich.

* * *

JOSEPH McCABE'S LONDON LETTER

Editor: There is nothing new on the horizon here. Jerry has got busier in the air, taking advantage of our cloudy season to swoop down from low clouds. I gave a lecture on Japan the other Sunday. At the close (questions and opposition) various youths got up and to my talk about Axis greed and atrocities replied boorishly that America and England are just as bad as Japan and Germany. Holy cats! When I asked who these fools were I was told "Communists." Why must they ruin a fine ideal by such stupidity? What was happening at that very time was that, while we had at great risk sent fleets to smash up the great military enterprises (Renault, Turin, Genoa, etc.) the Germans had sent a few planes every cloudy day to swoop on villages and small rural towns or cities like Canterbury (the main streets on our busy and peaceful Saturday evening). They have just one idea in these things—kill, especially women and children. They cannot possibly even imagine that they make our people more ready to compromise. We are all terribly disappointed at the lack of a Second Front, which I am confident Churchill and Roosevelt fixed at 1943 at their first meeting, but the nation is unanimous and emphatic to fight to the bitter end.

It is clear that our munition-makers are working to the limit now. If any doubt about that is partly responsible for the new twisting the lion's tail in America knock it on the head. I know young women, not too strong, who two years ago were London dressmakers and now work 10 hours a day (or day and night in alternate weeks) on machines making nuts and bolts, the dripping oil going to their skin and dotting their boots in three weeks. It is not the munition workers or the miners (or nine-tenths of these) who idle or are to blame. It is importers, middle-men, storekeepers, civil servants, etc., who are having a good time. I hear (on proper authority) today that thousands of Irishmen are demanding and getting $50 to $60 a week as agricultural laborers over here (while our lads get 30c a day in the army) and greasy middle-men get five times as much as they used to do. Equality of effort and sacrifice is the great need. But it is only the "detestable" Russian system that can get it. Of course, the India question gives your grumblers a chance. Personally, as you know, I have always said that we have no right to hold India, though I know from personal contacts, etc., that at the bottom of most of this Hindu agitation is the desire to get fat jobs from Englishmen. Naturally, of course, one would hardly expect them to say so! Americans in uniform seem to have almost disappeared from London—a mistake—and most folk think of you as absorbed, in a leisurely way, in preparing to meet Japan, but I have never yet heard a criticism of America as I go about. I fancy some correspondents have not been very scrupulous or careful in getting news.

I fear a wide reaction. The Churches here are moving heaven and earth to recover ground after the war, and scientists as well as statesmen are cooperating.

Today (November 11) is my 75th birthday. I am in much better con-
dition than in the early part of the year. In fact I do not remember ever being in better trim. I hope it is not one of the illusions of age! But what old age means I have no idea yet. The only difference is that my script is not up to its old mark. Partly due to the kind of bi-focal glasses last ordered (which leave the dim region at about 18 inches away and I slip back when writing) and partly, I suspect, to less suppleness of hand, though I have no rheumatism (for which I keep a good look-out). I am glad Bertrand Russell is writing. He has twice the ability of his brother, who was a great friend of mine, but has not his solidity (Bertrand might say stolidity). H. G. Wells has come to see that religion is invidious, including the Roman variety. Russell isn't as candid—and, to tell you the truth, I have a sneaking (and partly unreasonable) prejudice against Englishmen who are not here to face the music just now. Reaction is very powerful and we want fighters. Science and Labor—our old allies—have grown painfully respectable. London, England.

JOSEPH McCABE

GOD, THE GULL AND THE GULLIBLE

Editor: Some people actually believe the coming of the sea-gull to Captain Rickenbacker was a supernatural phenomenon. These same people believe that God has unlimited power, unlimited knowledge and wisdom, infinite love for all his creatures. They also believe he answers prayer.

If these beliefs are true, then it follows, that God could have done any one of the following things: (1) He could have prevented the war. (2) He could have prevented Rickenbacker's plane from falling into the sea. (3) He could have had the men rescued immediately. (4) He could have furnished them plenty of good, well-cooked food every day. (5) He could have given them all the energy they wasted without the use of food. But he did none of these things. Instead, he permitted these men to suffer for three long weeks. He permitted one to die. Then he gave them a live gull which he knew they would have to eat raw. During all this time, he permitted Hitler and his gang to enjoy the best food Europe could produce.

Now, if any one should feel that there is something inconsistent about all this, I refer him to any theologian. They can easily explain any impossibility which relates to the supernatural. In this case, a theologian would probably say that God's ways are not man's ways and God will see to it that Rickenbacker and his men will be richly rewarded and Hitler and his gang severely punished, either in this world or in the next. If one should refuse to accept this explanation he doubtless would be told that the devil was trying to drag him down to destruction.

Vernon, Ind.

L. A. JACKSON

SUGGESTS CHANGING NAME OF "THE AMERICAN FREEMAN"

Editor: Below are five good reasons why the name of your paper should be changed from The American Freeman to The Freethinker.

1. When I first saw a copy of The American Freeman I thought it was a labor-union magazine. I believe my erroneous interpretation was formed by the paper's title. And, as you know, first impressions are very important. I glanced hurriedly through it, found an article or two on labor, read them, and laid the paper down never to see another copy until seven years later. I was already sympathetic with the right of workers, but I was not sufficiently interested to subscribe to a "labor journal." Your present title, The American Freeman, is somewhat misleading. A title such as The Freethinker would leave no doubt in the readers mind about the scope and purpose of your excellent paper.

2. Do you think a woman would join "The Freeman Club"? No. But change the name to "The Freewoman's Society" and applicants would be plentiful. I do not suggest that your paper should be called The American Freewoman, but to include man and exclude woman is neither fair nor good business. A title like The Freethinker would
show less partiality and would gain popularity for your paper among the freemanettes.

3. The word “American” is all right, but since your paper is read all over the world why restrict its title to The American Freeman; that is, unless you wish to compete with The English Freeman, The Brazilian Freeman, or similar journals in other countries, if there are any. The free rights of men, women and children are universal. The American freemen and freewomen are no better than those of other countries. A title such as The Freethinker would be less clannish and would help to reveal the true spirit of your paper.

4. There is a tendency to use shorter titles. Many newspapers have done this already, so have magazines. Time, Life, Judge, Look, Click, are good examples. Recently The Saturday Evening Post has succumbed to the modern trend and is now simply The Post. The American Freeman is neither a long title nor a tongue-twister; yet, please notice how your readers repeatedly refer to it as The Freeman—wishing for a two-word title. Besides when an eight-letter word is deleted it saves time and ink. The Freethinker would be a splendid title.

5. During my life I have seen thousands of movies and quite a few plays. During all of these presentations I have heard the word “freethinker” used only three times—once in “Life With Father,” twice in “The Strawberry Blonde.” The word “freethinker” needs publicity and more publicity. Your paper is an excellent medium for popularizing the word; however, were it not for the fact that such a title fits the paper exactly I should not request that you take the responsibility of this useful crusade. Freethinker is less offensive to our devout brethren than Atheist or Infidel. Use your paper to publicize it and the word “freethinker” will popularize your paper and your Little Blue Books.

U. S. Naval Station, Samoa.

BARNEY L. TAYLOR

[Editor’s Note:...Readers are requested to comment on the above suggestion. It would be useful to know if a majority of Freeman readers agree with Mr. Taylor’s proposal. Do they want the name changed or do they prefer to let the present one remain untouched?]

* * *

COMMENTS ON PRAYER-FOR-VICTORY PLAN

Editor: According to the press, we’re about to launch a prayer-for-victory plan. It should work out wonderfully; the sponsors stand to gain publicity no matter how things go. If the war bogs down they can say some of us failed to get enough new “prayees”; or that we fell down in our ardor or repetitiousness, prayerfully speaking. But if everything goes along smoothly, then, “Lo and behold, the Power of Prayer!” It strikes me, however, we could be a bit more specific in our war aims, here as elsewhere. The proposed prayer, “Father, thy will be done through me,” is pretty good numerology, having words to the magic number of seven, especially when enhanced by being said another magic number of three times daily—not to mention the seven new devotees gained daily. But unless we furnish The All Father some additional information, and some arguments, how is He to decide what His will shall be? We all know the power of Axis propaganda, and that they can be relied on not to have overlooked this angle themselves. Also, that Mickey Mouse Goebbels and Schickelgruber are unexcommunicated Catholics, not to speak of their thousand of followers who have not yet renounced Jehovah in favor of Wotan and Thor, and who are therefore presumably not without some influence, too. On High. Thus in being so indefinite in our own petitions, we may be leaving things wide open for Our Father to do our enemies a handsome turn, and yet, quite literally, grant our wish as well. In our effort to frame a prayer acceptable to all our starkly divergent creeds we’ve become ambiguous to the point of recklessness. Pietistically we’re getting soft. Nothing less than the invocation of the lusty, blood-soaked exhortations of our fathers should sate us now. Also, we might begin to lug the Holy Relics out of the churches, and into battle, as the Czar’s troops did in the Russo-Japanese war in
1906. The results then were notoriously salutary. And not only salutary but cumulative in their benefits. Yea, even more: cumulative despite all the discouragements thrown in their way ever since by those wicked, atheistic Bolsheviks who now, oh irony, are belatedly cashing in on them. Maplewood, Mo.

C. A. LANG

THE ART OF LOGICAL THINKING

Editor: While persuing a collection of old books on Samoan life and customs I ran across the following incident which might serve as a useful lesson for my fellow Freethinkers who find it difficult to initiate their more sacred brethren into the art of logical thinking. Most of our arguments are too profound for the Ethereal Esquire's children. Knowing the mental level of the average Christian apologist and reaching that level with an argument that he or she can easily comprehend, such as the following, is often more convincing than a brilliant array of "shocking" facts and figures.

The lesson to which I refer is taken from "Samoa Uma," by Llewella Pierce Churchill, published in 1902.

Tonga, a very intelligent Samoan woman who had spent nearly two years in the United States, was regarded by her race as a phenomenal liar, yet she had done no more than tell the truth as to what she had been seeing. Among other novelties she described the cable car, and that account was believed because she argued it out and made it seem reasonable.

"In the towns of America," she said, "are chariots on which you may go from place to place faster than a horse can carry you. There is a double road of iron, such as the priests made when they were carrying the stone from Mount Vaea to build the big church of the 'Lotu Pope' in Mutilval. Between the iron there is a thin hole in the ground just wide enough to stick an iron pole into it. They are a very wise people in America, and they use iron in many ways, because their land is so cold that they have to save the wood to build fires to keep warm. Then their chariots are on these iron roads, and they stop when you hold up your hand and you have the American money, which is larger than a sixpence and is worth less. When you get on the chariot the man in front takes hold of his iron stick and pushes it down into the hole in the ground, the chariot starts so suddenly that you can hardly sit in your place, and then it goes over the iron road with great speed."

"That is a lie," commented the chief, for whose information the matter was being recounted. "If there are no horses the chariot does not move; for how could a man with a stick, even an iron stick, cause the chariot to move with speed?"

"Because you are a chief," the woman rejoined, "and because you have been at the great school at Malua, shame is in my face to hear you say a thing like that. The chariot moves because of the hole in the earth into which the man puts the stick."

"But woman," said another in the listening throng, "I am no more than a house-chief and I have not been to the great school at Malua, therefore think no shame to tell me why the chariot moves in America."

"You have been to school enough," replied the narrator, "to know that the earth goes round all the time. Well, there is the hole between the iron ways, the man has an iron stick, he pushes it down into the hole until it catches hold of the earth as it goes, therefore the chariot goes too, for it is made to go by the motion of the earth. They are very wise people in America, poto tele."

U. S. Naval Station, Tutulla, Samoa.

BENNY L. TAYLOR
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