

20th Series

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

E. Haldeman-Julius

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By E. Haldeman-Julius

HALDEMAN-JULIUS PUBLICATIONS
GIRARD -:- KANSAS

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Printed in the United States of America

Questions and Answers

U.S. PRESENTS ITS CASE AGAINST NORMAN BAKER

Before a jury of seven businessmen, four farmers and one school teacher, Norman Baker, 56, went to trial in Federal Court, Little Rock, Ark., on January 8, charged with using the mails to defraud in connection with his alleged cancer cure.

Laying the groundwork for the government's case, Sam Rorex, United States prosecutor, told the jury the government would attempt to show that Baker and his four co-defendants "devised a scheme to organize hospitals and falsely pretend to prospective patients that Baker had perfected a sure cure for cancer," available at the Baker hospital at Eureka Springs and the Baker Institute at Muscatine. Rorex charged that 300,000 pamphlets concerning the treatment had been mailed from Eureka Springs, and 400,000 from Chicago, that a Baker publication, "TNT" (the naked truth), had carried accounts in 1929-30 of alleged successful treatment of five "test" cancer cases although, the prosecutor said, the patients had died subsequently.

He further charged that Baker "has only one licensed physician at Eureka Springs and we will prove his license was sold to him by the head of a diploma mill in Kansas City."

The government established that photos and case histories of dead persons had been used in mailed literature advertising Baker's cancer cure.

The course of testimony was intended to show that Baker, described as a former showman, later a magazine publisher and radio station operator, became interested in a non-surgical cancer treatment offered at a Kansas City sanitarium operated by Dr. Charles O. Ozias; that he made radio appeals in 1929 for volunteer "test" cases to undergo treatments at the Ozias sanitarium, partly at his expense and publicized benefits of the treatments; subsequently founding the Baker hospitals in Iowa and Arkansas which advertised that they could cure cancer and other grave maladies "without operation, radium or X-ray."

Dr. Ozias, now of Nevada, Mo., called as a government witness, testified that five persons sent to his hospital by Baker in 1929 were treated there, but asserted that he "did not give the formula of treatment to Baker."

After reading into the record thousands of words of extracts from Baker literature relating to the 1929 test treatments and including the assertion that "cancer is conquered," the government put relatives of the test patients, and other witnesses, on the stand to testify that the test patients had died within a period of months after the treatments. Death certificates, bearing various dates from November, 1929, to May, 1930, were placed in evidence.

Oscar Jones of Fairview, Kans., testified that his father, Edwin F. Jones, was one of the test patients "in the winter of 1929-30" and that he died May 3, 1930.

Dr. W. W. Potter, retired physician of Mt. Pleasant, Ia., testified that he had operated the so-called Baker hospital at Muscatine, Ia., under lease from Baker, in parts of 1931, 1932 and 1933, and that certain notes had come to him from Baker. He said he had severed his connection with the Baker establishment because of interference in operations by Baker. One memorandum warned Potter not to "cross" Baker, adding, "I admit I am peculiar in some ways, but those some ways make money." Another note, entered in evidence, follows verbatim:

"Get a belly-full of courage and nerve and tell the first—to go to hell that tells you he will cancer your license. Never yet as any Dr. even been cancelled or evoked and what in hell do you care if they fail to issue you a card each year. They didn't do a dam thing to Stat did they and I bla-bla it over the radio and told them old Stat would go right along and practice in Iowa without your dam old card, didn't I tell them that—didn't he work all year—didn't he get his card. To hell with that dam bunch of rats, they don't bludd me one minute..."

Dr. Potter testified that the so-called Baker cancer treatment is based on hypodermic injections of a solution of alcohol, glycerine and carbolic acid coupled with injections of gland extracts.

M. N. Bunker, of Linn Creek, Mo., testified that Baker had told him he

expected to "make a million" in a year's time, and that he had employed the word "suckers" in this connection. The witness said he had conducted a handwriting analysis program for a short time in 1934 over XENT, the powerful Baker radio station at Nuevo Laredo, Mexico.

Miss Maude Randall of Sigourney, Ia., an attractive young woman testified she had worked in 1929-30 for the Baker hospital and radio station at Muscatine, and that one of her duties was to "brew" a tonic given to patients at the hospital. She said Baker gave her the formula and it consisted of boiled "black watermelon seed, corn silk, and clover leaf or clover seed," administered in combination with hypodermic injections.

Early in the trial the government moved the dismissal of mail fraud charges, for three of the eight defendants, announcing that evidence developed was insufficient to warrant their continued trial. Those freed were Miss Irma Baker of Muscatine, sister of Norman Baker; Dr. W. S. Hutto, formerly of the hospital staff, now of Clinton, Ark., and Dr. John N. Conway, former staff member, now of Des Moines. Remaining on trial were Norman Baker, R. A. Bellows, superintendent of the Baker hospital at Eureka Springs, Ark.; Dr. O. L. Beatty, chief of staff at Eureka Springs; Dr. J. L. Statler, of the hospital staff, and H. L. Fisher, an attorney for Baker.

Dr. Max Cutler, of Chicago, qualified as an expert witness pertaining to cancer and testified that the method of treating cancer "accepted by modern medical science" consisted of surgery, radium or X-ray, or a combination of these three. Dr. Cutler is a physician, surgeon and author, director of the Chicago Tumor Institute, and associate surgeon at Northwestern university. It is known that he has examined or treated approximately 100,000 cancer cases. He was handed an analysis of a Baker cancer treatment injection as submitted by a chemist for the United States food and drug administration and described as consisting of a mixture of carbolic acid, glycerine and alcohol, and was asked what would be its effect on the human system.

"The carbolic acid would destroy tissue, both normal and abnormal," said Dr. Cutler. "I have no reason to believe it would have any beneficial effect upon any distant form of cancer. The carbolic acid might in proper direct application destroy an early cancer of only slight malignancy such as a surface cancer on the hand."

"What would be the effect of repeated injections of carbolic acid?" Prosecutor Rorex asked.

"The only possible effect would be to destroy tissues with which it came in contact," Dr. Cutler said.

"Dr. Francis Carter Wood, 70, retired professor of cancer research at Columbia university and laboratory director at St. Luke's hospital, New York, referring to parts of the Baker hospital booklet as "rubbish," was asked whether the Baker treatment would cure a cancer. "No," he replied. "Would it help at all?" asked the district attorney. "Not the slightest," said the witness. "Would it be detrimental if long continued?" "It would produce scar lumps under the skin. It would be dangerous if enough carbolic acid were present."

Date Alexander, a white-haired convict who is serving a term in a United States penitentiary, testified he issued one of the defendants a medical diploma 12 years ago for \$800. Alexander said Dr. O. L. Beatty, chief of staff at the Baker hospital, paid him \$800, in 1928, for a diploma of graduation from the American Medical university in Kansas City, Mo., a notorious diploma mill that was forced to close some years ago. Alexander was assistant secretary at the time Baker's chief cancer "expert" got his bought-and-paid-for diploma.

* * *

LIARS AT WORK

Show me a hate-monger and I'll show you a liar and a forger. Show me a race-baiter and I'll show you a man without honor, without decency, without truth and without humane impulses. Father Coughlin is both a hate-monger and a race-baiter. He deserves many chapters in the book I suggested recently, one dealing with the falsehoods and forgeries of anti-Semitic Fascists, to be called "LIARS AT WORK." Of all the reactionary, savage liars, Father Coughlin is the most contemptible and energetic. There's no lie too black and leprous for his lips.

As I showed recently, Father Coughlin published in his magazine, *Social Justice* (what a name for a lying, loathsome, rotten sheet!) an article in which he tried to put over the enormous falsehood that the Rothschilds

(and through them the Jews) were the cause of the American Civil War, that they aimed to divide the country into two parts, one to go to Canada and the other to go to Napoleon III. I commented on his "facts" and "arguments," showing them to be without the slightest historical validity. As I said before (check this by referring to my volumes of questions and answers), our greatest authorities on Lincoln and the Civil War—including Carl Sandburg and Lloyd Lewis—couldn't find a scrap of evidence to support Father Coughlin's monstrous lie.

In the Coughlin article referred to above we are told that the highlights of the Rothschild plot are given in John Reeves's authorized biography, "The Rothschilds, the Financial Rulers of Nations." According to Coughlin's argument (which he bases in part on the Reeves volume) there was a gathering of the Rothschild family, in 1857, in London, at which meeting Disraeli is alleged to have said:

"Under this roof are the heads of the family of Rothschild—a name famous in every capital of Europe and every division of the globe. If you like, we shall divide the United States into two parts, one for you, James; and one for you, Lionel. Napoleon will do exactly and all that I shall advise him."

It happens that the Reeves book was published by A. C. McClurg and company, Chicago, Ill., in 1887. Howard Vincent O'Brien, of the *Chicago Daily News*, anxious to check the above quotation, went through the sweaty job of reading every word of a copy that he was able to obtain after much difficulty because the book has been out of print for many years. Mr. O'Brien says: "Going patiently through this moldering volume, I found, on page 228, the remarks that Father Coughlin's paper says Disraeli made at the London gathering of the Rothschild family. 'Compare, if you will, what Mr. Reeves said, with what *Social Justice* said he said:

"Under this roof are the heads of the name and family of Rothschild—a name famous in every capital in Europe and every division of the globe—a family not more regarded for its riches than esteemed for its honour, virtues, integrity, and public spirit."

After proving Father Coughlin to be a cold-blooded liar and forger, Mr. O'Brien took the two quotations (one from *Social Justice* and the other from the Reeves book which Coughlin deliberately misquoted) and placed them before Mr. J. J. O'Connell, publishing manager of A. C. McClurg and company," for comment, and received the following statement:

"The tone of this book is all of such a nature that it would be difficult to believe that in any subsequent edition or in any copies that we do not know about at the present time, an attack on the Rothschild family would be made. The whole attitude of the book seems to be a laudatory nature."

And thus—Father Coughlin is caught again, for the thousandth time. What a book could be written about these race-hating propagandists! And what a title—"LIARS AT WORK!" As my older readers know, my volumes of questions and answers are crammed with carefully checked data which absolutely prove Coughlin and his anti-Semitic cohorts (including the Rev. Winrod and Silver Shirt Pelley) go right ahead telling lie after lie, even after their forgeries and deceptions have been exposed. They are men who don't know the meaning of honor and truthfulness. They are blood brothers of the slimiest sewer-rat.

In my previous article on this Coughlin-Rothschild mess, in which I showed how ridiculous it is to believe the silly things Coughlin's paper said about the Rothschild "plot" to rule America by provoking the Civil War, I showed how Coughlin made a great deal of the fact that Jefferson Davis, Secretary of State, Judah P. Benjamin, was a Jew. As James Oneal shows in *The New Leader*, "There is absolutely nothing in this filthy bilge that is supported by competent American historians, while the Beards show in the second volume of their 'Rise of American Civilization,' that two Catholic priests were sent abroad by the Southern Confederacy, one to Paris and the other to Ireland, and both were under instructions of Benjamin, the Jewish

'conspirator' of Jefferson Davis!" Oneal refers to Professor Owsley's "King Cotton Diplomacy," published by the University of Chicago, which presents the most exhaustive research "ever made in this field and the author never came across this 'conspiracy,' but he does point out that Pope Pius IX addressed a letter to 'the Illustrious and Honorable Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America.'" This, as any student of diplomacy knows, "was practical recognition of the Confederate Government by the Pope so that if there was any 'plot' to 'divide and rule' the United States, the Vatican, two American priests, and the Rothschild family were accomplices of Judah P. Benjamin!"

As Oneal says, this is one of the dirtiest jobs Father Coughlin has yet perpetrated. There is no limit to the priest's rottenness.

According to Father Coughlin, the Civil War wasn't fought over slavery at all. In fact, the foundations of the Civil War were laid by the Rothschilds in 1857, only four years before the opening of the great struggle. What does this mean? As Oneal explains:

"To make room for the 'plot' the author, with a wave of the hand, disposes of the mountain of evidence that proves that the Civil War was the result of the development and expansion of the slave system. He wipes out hundreds of debates in Congress over a forty-year period, the Lincoln-Douglas debates in 1858, political platforms for thirty years, and thousands of pamphlets and books."

Keeping after these LIARS AT WORK is a man-sized job. During the past eight or nine years I've exposed no end of their deliberate interpolations, lies, forgeries and unfounded assertions, for the task of writing about our anti-Semitic Fascists settles down to the job of checking their quotations and documents with a view to looking into their accuracy—and in the end one invariably finds them to be the fabrications of shameless charlatans and intellectual prostitutes. These propagandists for an American brand of Nazism have taken to heart Hitler's advice (see his "Mein Kampf") never to hesitate over telling great, monumental lies in order to influence their hallucinated dupes. But, so long as we have a free press in this country we have it in our power to counter their vile propaganda with the truth. And so long as we have this right the organized liars are going to have a hard time putting over their forgeries and falsehoods. In Hitler's vast prison it's easy to make millions of gullible followers believe mountains of lies, because the truth is outlawed, but that situation doesn't prevail in this country—at least, not yet.

* * *

TEXAS COURT BRANDS "DOC" BRINKLEY A QUACK

J. R. Brinkley, the radio "doc" who broadcasts from Mexico in order to attract gullibles to his Arkansas hospital, is "a quack and a charlatan." So said Senior Judge Rufus E. Foster, of the fifth Federal circuit court of appeals, in an opinion handed down in New Orleans on March 1.

At the same time the court dismissed a \$250,000 libel suit filed against Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association, by "Doc" Brinkley. It was the opinion of the court that the A.M.A. was privileged under Texas libel laws when its editor referred to Brinkley as "a modern medical charlatan." The decision added that "the facts are sufficient to support a reasonable and honest opinion that plaintiff should be considered a charlatan and a quack in the ordinary, well-understood meaning of these words." Judge Foster called attention to the fact that Brinkley's hospital had been closed in Kansas and his license to practice medicine revoked. After being kicked out of Kansas, Brinkley set up his establishment in nearby Arkansas, a State which is notorious for the way it tolerates all forms of medical quackery. Norman Baker, the infamous cancer quack, after being jailed in Iowa and driven from the State, opened a cancer hospital in Eureka Springs, Ark., where he swindled hundreds, even thousands, of the afflicted, and caused hundreds of unnecessary deaths. As reported before, Norman Baker was found guilty of using the mails to defraud in promoting his fake cancer cure and was sentenced to four years in prison. At this writing he is in jail awaiting the outcome of his appeal for a new trial, the presiding judge having refused to release him on bail

for fear he might skip to Mexico. It was recalled that once before, while under a jail sentence in Iowa, this contemptible crook skipped to Mexico where he remained for almost two years in order to stay beyond the reach of the Iowa authorities. Later he returned to the State and served his term in jail, after which he moved his hospital down to Arkansas, where quacks always have an easy time robbing the sick and dying.

In the Brinkley libel case Judge Foster closed with these words: "We conclude that this was a matter of public concern and the articles were published for general information. Therefore the publication was privileged."

Freeman readers will recall that Norman Baker sued E. Haldeman-Julius for \$600,000 in two libel suits because the Freeman editor had written articles exposing Baker's cancer quackery. These cases are still pending in the local court. Baker, until he was indicted for using the mails to defraud, employed expensive attorneys in Girard (bringing one lawyer from another State) in an attempt to push his libel suits to success, but it now appears as though the job of harrassing The Freeman's editor will have to be postponed until the complainant disposes of his prison sentence, assuming the Federal court of appeals will sustain the district court's action. Editor Haldeman-Julius insists that full credit for the way his legal fight was fought should go to his readers, because of their willingness to bear the costs through voluntary contributions. It was the moral and financial support of these readers which made possible Haldeman-Julius' defense and counter-attack.



ANOTHER CANCER QUACK EXPOSED

Jessie F. Springer, trading under the name of Harmony Center, N.Y.C., was ordered, on March 15, 1940, by the Federal Trade Commission to discontinue misrepresentations in connection with the sale and distribution of Johanna Brandt's book, "The Grape Cure," formerly entitled, "The Grape Cure—How I Cured Myself of Cancer." During the past 10 years I have written several times about this dangerous quackery, my last piece appearing in the 19th volume of my questions and answers, in which I exposed the treatment's numerous faults. I'm the only editor in the country who paid any attention to this dangerous exploiter of unfortunate victims of cancer. As my readers know, I devoted more space than did any other editor in unmasking Norman Baker, another dangerous cancer quack, who, at this writing, is in jail after having been found guilty of using the mails to defraud in connection with his fake, crooked cancer quackery. My volumes of questions and answers contain dozens of pages devoted to the amazing record of this brazen, contemptible promoter of a "cure" that was operated for but one purpose—to rob and hurry to untimely graves thousands of miserable, desperate victims of cancer. I'm proud of my record as an exposé of quacks and their schemes to defraud. Persons who doubt the strict accuracy of the above statement can check it by referring to the volumes just mentioned.

The FTC's findings in the Springer case are that the book purportedly tells how Johanna Brandt cured herself of cancer through the use of the method of treatment which is based on the use of grapes as a foundation and which method of treatment, the respondent represents, will cure cancer and practically all other diseases, ailments and conditions which may afflict the human body. Among representations in the advertising disseminated by the respondent, the findings continue, are that most diseases originate in the intestines and are caused by poisons due to uneliminated waste; that grapes dissolve, or are a solvent of mucus; that those who develop malignant growths in most cases have been suffering from constipation; that salt, inorganic drugs, and patent medicines cause cancer, and that the system or method of treatment outlined in the book will restore one's health.

The commission finds that these representations are false and misleading; that grapes do not dissolve, and are not a solvent of mucus; that salts, inorganic drugs and patent medicines do not cause cancer, and that the system of treatment outlined in the book is not a competent treatment or an effective remedy for various ailments.

The respondent is ordered to cease and desist from representing, in connection with the sale and distribution of the book entitled "The Grape Cure," that the system constitutes a cure or remedy for or a competent and effective treatment for constipation, cancer, heart trouble, kidney trouble, bladder trouble, angina pectoris, sinus trouble, goiter, stomach ulcers, rheumatism, asthma, gall stones or tuberculosis, and from representing that grapes dissolve, or are a solvent of mucus.

NORMAN BAKER SENTENCED TO PRISON

Norman Baker, promoter of a fake cancer cure, was found guilty by a jury in Federal Court, Little Rock, Ark., January 23. He was sentenced two days later to four years in prison and fined \$4,000 for having used the mails to defraud in advertising his alleged treatment for cancer. R. A. Bellows, who managed Baker's hospital at Eureka Springs, Ark., was sentenced to two years on the same charge. J. L. Statler, who acted as a "doctor" at Baker's establishment, was given a year and a day. During the trial four other defendants were released because it was found they were merely employes of Baker. Judge Trimble refused to grant bail to Baker and his two associates when they filed notice of appeal to a higher court. He took this stand because, as he put it, of the fear that Baker might skip to Mexico, where he owns a large radio station. Once in Mexico, Baker could erect a cancer hospital in connection with his radio plant, put up a cry of "persecution" and thumb his nose at Uncle Sam. The judge also commented on the fact that Baker, when sentenced to jail by the Iowa Supreme Court for practicing medicine without a license, kept out of that State for more than a year, during which time his so-called hospital at Muscatine, Iowa, was operated by his associates. Finally, he returned on the agreement to serve one day in jail and pay a fine of \$2,000. Baker, as Freeman readers know, filed two libel suits against the editor of The American Freeman because of articles exposing his quackery and charlatanry. All charges printed in Haldeman-Julius' articles were substantiated in the Little Rock trial. Editor Haldeman-Julius is of the opinion that this is a great victory for a free press and gives full credit for this achievement to those Freeman readers who supported the editor with their financial and moral backing. It is safe to say that Baker's disgraceful activities have been ended for all time, so far as the U.S. is concerned. His cancer fraud will never be exploited again. There's little doubt that Baker was the country's most dangerous, cunning and resourceful quack. During his trial it was shown that all "patients" pictured in his catalogue as having been cured were actually dead, their certificates showing they had died of the disease Baker claimed he had cured. Some of his victims were dead almost 10 years and yet their pictures and "testimonials" were used by Baker in his printed matter. It takes plenty of cynicism to get away with methods like that. The air is cleaner now that Bakerism has been crushed. . . . This case, for no reason in the world, brings to mind a story that comes from the hill country in Northern Arkansas, near the town where Norman Baker had his hospital. A young gal had been pickin' berries all season, often lying down under the shady trees for a nap. Long come Fall, it was diskivered she wuz quite a bit pregnant, which created quite a stir 'mong the Ozark hill folks, and to try to figger out who its pappy wuz, and to see iffen it mout be some married man, the wimmin called a meetin' of all the married wimmin in the neighborhood. The girl was there too. The wimmin had questioned and cross-questioned each other, and got the gal's alibi which wuz, she hadden the least idee how she got that way 'cept it mout a been done when she was asleep, "but if 'twuz, she never knowed it." All the men had been 'counted fer 'cept one. So the chairwoman said: "Emmy, you been settin' thar knitten, an' grinnin', an' sayin' nuthin all this time. What about your Elmer?" "Shucks!" said Emmy. "Twaren't Elmer. Iffen 'twar Elmer it'd woke her."

I am a small businessman who is engaged in manufacturing a furniture novelty. In 1938, I cleared \$7,000. In 1939, \$11,000. But I keep wondering about the future. Can you tell me if we are headed for greater prosperity? Will it last?

Millions of people are asking the same question. They study the weekly index of business, and it looks rosy. Production in January, 1940, is actually higher than it was in the boom days of 1929. Automobile production, building contracts, electric power output, crude oil and bituminous coal production, carloadings, check payments, money in circulation, prices of wheat, sugar, cotton, scrap iron, rubber and wool are all heading upward. Surely we're going to town. Nothing can stop us. We're in for prosperity. But—don't be too hasty. There's a fly in the ointment—several flies. First, and most important, is the fact that while it's true we're breaking production records, the increased production isn't being absorbed by the workers and farmers. That spells disaster. The least dislocation in our economic and financial life could result in trouble, for production would be curtailed almost immediately, perhaps to new lows. Another fact to remember is that this war—the cause of our increased production—may stop any day. There's no real evidence to show that it'll last three years, as so many publicists and government officials say, particularly in England. Of course, if it lasts that long, or longer, we'll break our production and other records in 1940, and perhaps in 1941. But if it stops suddenly—and that is always an immediate possibility—our economic system would receive a blow that would react against production, because, as I've just said, the workers and farmers aren't consuming what our industries are producing in such abundance. That being so, the end of the war would paralyze production. In the face of these facts, what is a business to do? I have several suggestions, all of them sound, in my opinion. First, commit yourself to as few purchasing contracts as possible. Second, get your inventory down as low as conditions permit. Third, put aside some reserve capital, preferably in a postal savings bank or in the

small bonds now being sold at all postoffices. This will enable you to meet the economic and financial collapse that will follow the sudden ending of the war. Fourth, go easy on receivables. By this I mean that you should grant as little credit as you can get away with, because many to whom you extend credit may be unable to pay when the big bust comes. Insist as far as you can on cash terms. Fifth, don't speculate on the purchase of raw materials, and the like, because such purchases may ruin you if prices drop sharply after a sudden crisis. Follow these suggestions and it's possible you'll be able to weather the storm that's brewing.

* * *

I have read your reports covering vending machines in the larger cities, but what I want to know is how the Automatic Libraries perform in the smaller communities.

This question can best be answered by referring to a report received from two students at the University of Missouri, Anthony and Joseph Arico, who bought two of the Automatic Libraries for Columbia, Mo., a city of 14,967 population, according to the 1930 census. On January 9, these boys write:

"One machine which we have placed in a drug-store downtown has performed wonderfully. From Friday at 3.30 P.M. to Monday at about 9 A.M. it had vended exactly \$12—120 books in three and a half days—pretty good, no?"

Their second machine hadn't been placed yet. This report shows that the vending machine can be made to produce good sales in the smaller communities. This is an important point, for after all, we have plenty of small cities, but only a few dozen large ones. Another point to remember is that these two boys have never had any experience in the vending machine business. This may be in their favor, because many of the old-time coin machine operators hanker for the good old days when they could put gambling devices wherever they pleased. We know how hard it is for these one-arm bandits to be permitted to operate unmolested by the law. The vending of books through machines should attract an entirely new type of operator—men and women of the caliber of these two brothers in a lit-

the city in Missouri. They want to make money, of course, but, to quote Anthony, "we have that good feeling of doing our bit to spread useful information."

When the Arico brothers took in almost \$4 per day from one machine they were doing exceptionally well, in the view of coin machine operators, for these men who understand the industry say any machine that produces an average "take" of \$1 per day is a profitable enterprise. As I've stated several times before, these machines are made and distributed by the O. D. Jennings Company, 4309 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill., to whom all inquiries should be addressed.

* * *

Do you believe God looks on a bachelor as a sinner?

Holy Scripture plainly says His own son never married.

* * *

Editor: After reading your March issue I felt that perhaps for that type of paper, you were going in to heavily for "sophisticated stories." Don't get me wrong. I really enjoy those stories, and would prefer more of them. But your readers must be a varied group, male and female, young and old, with a variety of ideas as to what they like to read. Theoretically, any reader of your paper by now should be an intelligent reader and above any squeamishness on the subject matter they read. Yet there are exceptions. All readers are neither intelligent nor free from bunk and superstitions.

As to your reader who asks you to read his horoscope, the least said the better. Your "cockroach" dismissal of him is not enough. You should cancel his subscription, without returning the dollar, because a million Freemans may never alter his outlook. But to get back to those stories, I have already confessed that I like them.

A few weeks ago a patient around the age of 50, and obviously of foreign extraction (Italian) entered our medical clinic and complained anxiously that he was "losing his manhood." On inquiry the attending physician learned that this patient was a successful husband every single night for 20 years. Now that he was less proficient, and able only two or three times a week, he came to us for advice, help and urgent treatment.

The doctor who took the history on this case is also around 50, and had been complaining to us for several years of his own complete impotency. He ap-

proached the other doctors in the clinic and in hysterical laughter related the story of this complaining patient. All six physicians present got into a huddle and exchanged yarns for 10 minutes. When the hilarities died down, another physician returned to the "patient," and remarked, "the other doctor said he wants to come to your house and take lessons from you."

As men get older, nearing middle age, they like to recall the good old days and the marvelous virility they had in the past. It is also a clinical observation that as age progresses and the old prowess is perceptibly waning, men like to talk more on sex matters than they did at an earlier age. When men have the power, they act. When the power is absent or lost, men merely talk. This is true in more ways than the one under discussion. Whether it is just accidental or whether you are just following out this clinical pattern, it has been my own observation that more "sophisticated stories" have been creeping into your columns of late. Perhaps a psycho-analyst can give a plausible detailed explanation for this phenomenon. What applies to the narrator of these tall stories, is equally applicable to the listener who likes them.

New York City R. C. LIPTON, M.D.

* * *

Editor: In answer to a question concerning the national debt, you make a statement, entirely correct in itself, which is frequently misunderstood—to the effect that the total debt, public and private, amounts nearly to the national wealth. I am not concerned with the figures, which may be correct, but with the interpretation frequently put upon them, not by you—to wit: that we have very little left. The conclusion would be correct if this debt were all external debt, that is to say—debts due to the outside world. As a matter of fact, very little is external. For the internal debt, on the other hand, that is debts due to our own citizens and residents, each and every one appears on both sides of the ledger. For every thousand dollar indebtedness, there is a thousand dollar bond or note—and this is an asset, balancing the debt. For practical purposes—this debt situation is pretty closely analogous, not so much to an external debt, as to a division of ownership.

READER

* * *

"Congratulations on your automatic vending library idea. Have yet to see one, but it is sure to sell millions of Little Blue Books without end. Are you and yours lucky! No, it is not luck—it is sticking to one effort with all one's might and intelligence and by and by

the situation gives away before you. All of your loyal but unknown friends throughout the world will be happy for you. I'm sure when you die the light of hope and belief which you keep burning in many homes will be dimmed. The books you have given to humanity will continue to be printed, no doubt, but who will continue to write the charming and impudent little Freeman?"—Ernest Clive Brown, Miami, Fla.

Editor: I have read all your publications wherever and whenever I could get hold of them. Some years ago, when you published a periodical called "The American Parade," I contributed a few articles to it. The work you do is, in the main, constructive and generally useful and ought to be supported by every American liberal. But I think that your weakness is now and always has been your association with the stuff of this Joseph McCabe person. I see he has lately turned out something called "The History of Prostitution," and also "Vice in German Monasteries." The former may have a certain historical value, though even that is questionable. The latter can have no conceivable value of any kind and is clearly nothing more than thinly-disguised sensational pornography. So far as I can gather, this McCabe person has devoted most of his life to writing the latter kind of stuff under disguises varying only in character and texture, and I think your association with it weakens your whole position, otherwise so admirable. In fact, I know it does, for I have heard any number of persons refer to you as the publisher of "McCabe's pornographic stuff." I am not a Catholic, nor indeed affiliated with any religious sect. . . .
Papeete, Tahiti MARC T. GREENE

[Editor's Note: I'm sure Mr. Greene knows next to nothing about Joseph McCabe's work for my list of publications. If he did, he wouldn't talk such abysmal nonsense. It happens that McCabe, during the past 15 years, has written more than 150 books for me—and only three had anything to do with sex. The book on homosexual practices in German monasteries is crammed with facts. McCabe never said that all monks are homosexuals. After all, he was a monk himself for 12 years. What he did say was that many monks go in for that sort of thing—and the record proves McCabe's accuracy. The book on prostitution is based on only the most serious-minded authorities. I'm sure anyone who buys this book for its "pornographic thrill" is going to be disappointed. If there's one thing McCabe has never been interested in, it's pornography. I advise Mr. Greene to check

McCabe's works by their titles. Such an inquiry will show how shallow it is to dismiss a great world-scholar like McCabe with the stupid charge that he peddles pornography. His 75 Little Blue Books are all devoted to history, science and Freethought, mainly the last. His 40 volumes in "The Key to Culture" are as serious as a railroad timetable. His "100 Men Who Moved the World" doesn't contain a sexual spasm to a carload. And the same goes for his immense history of the Roman Catholic Church, his "A B C Library of Living Knowledge," and so on down the list of sound works on religion, science, biography, criticism, Rationalism, Theism, and the like. His set, entitled "The Key to Love and Sex," in eight volumes, is based on the masterpieces of Havelock Ellis and other experts in this field. Such a study is of no interest to persons who are looking for pornography. And, while I'm at it, let me confess, in all candor, that I haven't any prejudice against pornography—if it's well done. Rabelais, Boccaccio, Mark Twain, Jonathan Swift, Aristophanes, Benjamin Franklin, and dozens of other creators of artistic pornography are meat to my ribs, mainly because of their frankness and easy familiarity with "dirt." But if ever I decided to go in for pornographic literature I certainly wouldn't touch McCabe with a 10-foot pole, because he's too damned serious-minded to be interested in such devilish stuff. If you don't like McCabe's Rationalism (Mr. Greene writes regularly for The Christian Science Monitor) dig your nails into his books and tear them to pieces—if you know how, which I doubt. But don't ignore his great contribution to culture by dragging in the red her ring of pornography. This "McCabe person" can't be disposed of that way. As for myself, I'm proud of my long association with McCabe. I'm positive that if I'm ever known for anything after I've gone to join the angels for an eternity of harp thrumming, it'll be because I worked as McCabe's publisher for so many years, brought out so many of his creations, and gave them the wide circulation they deserved.]

"The trouble with you is (you asked for it) you are too cock-sure with your limited education; you seem to think you are authority on anything. It can readily be shown that no one can be an authority on everything."—Dr. Thomas Marshall, Syracuse, N.Y.

Editor: In the February issue of The Freeman, near the top of the last column on Page 4, you dealt with a question regarding the meaning of "Good

will" in the commercial sense. It appears to me, however, that you are under a misapprehension as to the kind of information your correspondent required, for while your definition, quoted from the U.S. Supreme Court opinion, is undoubtedly correct, it does not explain the meaning of "good will" in the commercial or accounting sense.

Good will, as a salable asset, means the chance of doing business, or the present value of the probability of a certain number of people continuing to buy a certain product or to avail themselves of a certain kind of service. For example, if you offered to sell me your publishing business for \$5,000,000 and I accepted the offer, I might acquire tangible assets (machinery, buildings, equipment, inventory of books in stock etc.) adding up to only \$2,000,000. The rest would consist of good will, or the chance of doing business, which asset value has been built up during past years by your energy, perseverance and expert knowledge of the printing and publishing trade.

Another way of expressing it is that you have imparted to the business a certain amount of momentum or impetus which, although an intangible asset, is a valuable one, because anyone contemplating carrying the concern on would of course benefit materially by all the spade work done by you and your staff in past years.

Hollywood, Calif. FRANK V. WADDY

* * *

I enclose an article by General Hugh Johnson, taken from the Chicago Daily Times. In it he defends Roosevelt's action in sending his personal ambassador to the Pope, commenting: "It is true that he appointed no personal representative to them [American Protestants and Jews], but to have done so would have been ridiculous. They are here and can be summoned at any time to the White House. . . ." Please discuss this point.

Johnson's words are so much drivel. True, when Roosevelt wants to talk to the head of the Federated Churches of Christ or to a leading rabbi, he can invite them to a conference. But how can one conclude from this fact that it's right and proper to send a "personal" ambassador (at Government expense) to the Vatican? If Roosevelt has something to say to the Catholic Church, can't he make known what's in his mind by talking with one of the cardinals in this country? The Archbishop of Canterbury, in London, is the spiritual head of a great church, and yet no one has ever

suggested that our Government should send an ambassador to him. In sending Myron C. Taylor to Rome, Roosevelt gives recognition to the Holy See a temporal power, which, needless to say, is offensive to true Americanism, a traditional principle of which has been the rejection of any form of union of church with State. If Roosevelt is going to lead this country into a situation where we'll have to send ambassadors to the Vatican as we do to foreign governments, the next logical step will be for the Pope to send an ambassador to our State Department, and this, I insist, will be repugnant to all Americans who want to keep religion out of our government. Roosevelt has committed a grave blunder. He should take measures to correct it before the mischief becomes an open scandal. One of the reasons why our form of democratic government represents the will of our entire citizenry—and therefore makes for national unity—is the fact that we have followed the practice of disallowing anything that suggests an established religion. As things are now, the Catholic Church is enjoying advantages over other churches. This is unfair to them, to say nothing of our millions of citizens who don't belong to any church at all. We have religion in this country, along with something like 600 different kinds of tens of millions of people who prefer to have no religious connections of any kind, and yet we have managed to keep this explosive element out of our Government because the Founding Fathers provided for a State that will remain above and beyond all manifestations of religious, or anti-religious, controversy. The American public, by and large, isn't ready to admit that it considers the Vatican's religious-state the same as any people's State. The Vatican State is an artificial, arbitrary fabrication brought into being by the maneuverings of the leaders of the Roman Catholic Church. Its followers are citizens of dozens of States throughout the world. Such followers, under our fundamental law, can't give allegiance to two States—Vatican State and the U.S.A. This conclusion is self-evident, and yet, as I've written before, not a single standard publica-

tion in the country has seen fit thus far to give expression to the viewpoint of those who want our Government to keep its hands out of the affairs of any church, no matter how large and powerful. This incident proves there is greater need than ever for an American press that is independent enough to discuss such topics without having to truckle before the prejudices and dogmas of the priesthood. A free press, with a large following of readers, could do much to teach President Roosevelt that he has no moral right to commit us to diplomatic recognition of the Papal State. Such a public service could be rendered without doing the slightest harm to our Catholic masses, against whom no true American bears the slightest opposition on religious grounds. They have a right, under our Constitution, to kiss the big toe of Bishop Beerbelch, if that gives them solace, but they shouldn't be permitted to expand their influence to the point where they get our State to give special recognition to their religious-political establishment.

* * *

Editor: The reader who requests that his subscription be cancelled because of your "low taste for broad humor" is to be pitied. Of course in this as in so many other things, opinions vary, but it's been my observation that when they're so outspokenly derogatory the cause is usually, more or less, a hang over of Puritanical squeamishness. Curiously enough, such an attitude toward levity of this sort in the public prints in sometimes associated in the same person with the loosest kind of habits in personal conversation. Having myself, shed such restricted outlooks rather completely, these fragments of sophisticated humor are to me the seasoning without which most of your "sincere and serious discussions of important problems" wouldn't be nearly as palatable as you usually manage to make them. As reader A. M. Paschall well says, it's the stuff that keeps us "from becoming entirely neurotic." I was going to add something to these remarks about the use of the word "vulgar" in popular discussions of this subject but I see you've done it admirably yourself in another place in the paper so I'll let that pass.

Maplewood, Mo. C. A. LANG

* * *

Why is it that when I eat pork I become restless at night and have bad dreams?

No other kind of meat does this to me. I would like to know if this meat is more unwholesome than other meats.

If thoroughly cooked, pork is as good as any other meat. Never eat any pork product that isn't well-cooked, because otherwise there's the danger of getting trichinosis. I don't think you can produce any real evidence that your bad dreams are caused by this particular kind of meat.

* * *

Editor: The New Deal has accomplished so much that we can overlook an occasional card from the bottom of the deck. Nevertheless, I should like to protest recognition of the Pope as anything but the most ruthless and vicious head-dress of all time. Religion and politics do not mix to the advantage of a humane government. Even were this not true, the Pope and the lesser sales-mongers of the gods should not need U.S. political influence in lobbying with their deities.

The blood of history flows at its deepest in humanity's attempts to escape the shackles of the Catholic Church. To turn back in this crisis and bow (or even nod) to the Pope, conceding that perhaps he has a rabbit's foot after all, is a disgrace to ourselves and to the name of ancestors who died fighting the Catholic Church to make freedom possible. The Catholic Church has never changed its piratical totalitarian policy or altered its criminal campaign of sabotage of human knowledge and progress.

As stated above, one bad card doesn't spoil the deck, but this constituent wishes Roosevelt would change his mind and not recognize the court of the Vatican for anything but its stench.

FRANKLIN P. COLLIER, JR
Melrose, Mass.

* * *

Are you still warm on the subject of a third term for F. D. R.?

Yes, hotter than a pistol, or a fire-cracker, depending on which is hotter.

* * *

"I look upon your 'sophisticated' stories as nothing more than fillers; and fillers longer remembered than those I read in the newspapers about the gold content in sea water, the average yearly temperature of Zamboanga, or what-ho."—A. M. Paschall, Azle, Tex.

* * *

Is there such a thing as a criminal type?

You can't detect a crook by studying his looks. Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, distinguished anthropologist, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.,

says, after searches for a so-called criminal type, "there are no physical criteria for distinguishing the potential criminal. There may be a 'criminal facies'—a combination of facial expressions, body build and motor behavior. That may be sensed, but not proved, and there will be a great percentage of exceptions."

* * *

"That was a swell piece you did on 'Pilgrim's Progress.' It so happens that years and years ago I tortured myself by reading it all the way through. At the present time, digressing like you from consideration of the book's literary to its sanitary uses, I'll admit that we've made considerable progress since using its pages for such purposes. But I must remind you that even if we, 'the vulgus,' come finally to adopt Queen Dess' expensive old linen wipers, for sheer luxury and wanton extravagance we've yet quite a way to go before catching up with one of old Rabelais' heroes who, after remarkable patience and diligence in experimentation, finally decided that the aptest tool of all is the neck of a live young goose."—C. A. Lang, Mo.

* * *

"Says Father James Gillis, December 24: 'Most of the sin and misery in the world is due to outbursts of Atheism.' Like Franco's outburst of Atheism against the democratic government of Spain. And we wonder to what the sin and misery of the Middle Ages was due. Certainly not to Atheism; so what could it have been?"—Reader.

* * *

What is the position of the Catholic Church in Germany with regard to Hitler's war?

This reader has brought up a delicate question that embarrasses apologists who point with pride to the Vatican's attacks on Hitler. In Germany itself, the Catholic Church endorsed Hitler's ruthless aggression. My authority for this statement is a Pastoral Letter from the bishops in Germany to all Catholics, from which I quote:

"In this decisive hour we admonish our Catholic soldiers to do their duty IN OBEDIENCE TO THE FUEHRER and be ready to sacrifice their whole individuality. We appeal to the Faithful to join in ardent prayers that Divine Providence may lead this war to blessed success."

Could anything be plainer? The record shows that the Catholic Church

asked its followers to help Hitler's reign of terror. The letter from which I have just quoted was issued on September 23, 1939, about a week after Hitler crushed and ravished Poland, a Catholic country which had support for the Catholic Church written into its Constitution. James J. Murphy, D.D., says:

"The Catholic periodicals of Germany exhort their readers, by a front-page illustration, that as Saint Michael slew the dragon, so, too, should they fight this holy war and slay the modern dragons of democracy.

"Once again, as throughout her history, the Church of the Vatican has thrown her weight on the side of authoritarianism. Little matter whether it is that of a monarchy or of a dictatorship. Nor does it matter that in so doing she tramples in mud and gore the very principles of her moral code. Political machine that she is (in her inner circle), she never takes promises or principles too seriously—at best, they are but means to an end, and, at times, they are even obstacles. It is the ends that count—the means are immaterial—and the ends are always fascist."

How easy it is to fool the Catholic masses. In the Vatican, the Pope complains against Hitler's treatment of his children in Poland; in Germany, the Catholic Church calls on its followers to support the *Fuehrer's* wars, which includes the destruction of Catholic Poland and the enslavement of its people.

* * *

Editor: Don't you dare listen to that guy who's got a fannyache about the "too sophisticated stories." My gawd, is that what you have been dishing out to us, sophistication? Then I shore do thrive on that stuff. I'd like to indulge my "low taste for broad humor" on him. I'd splat him in his vinegar phiz with a platter of rich, green, steaming bovinus turdus (terrible Latin), providing the cow were near and would oblige.

I shudder in my interior to think what that guy's life must be like and those around him—drear, desolate and forlorn. Never a grin, nor even the sunshine of a smile, or the gusty relief of a belly-laff. I pity anyone who doesn't possess a sense of humor. Hell's bells, if it weren't for the fun I get out of life I couldn't live.

Sure, I appreciate the "sincere and serious discussion of important problems" but with all due respect for your

interesting presentations on Free-thought, Hitlerism, Stalinism, etc., I fear I would get all bogged down without the spice of your parrot and dog stories. For hell's sakes, don't stop 'em. Make 'em bigger and funnier (if possible).

Don't worry a moment about the loss of that bird's subscription. You're better off without his kind. A sourpuss will never be an asset in the fight for intellectual freedom. Just as soon as I can wean my tummy from another dollar's worth of groceries I'll send you a subscription to make up for his loss.

I second Mr. Lang's suggestion that eventually you should compile your "Answers to Unasked Questions." I enjoyed "The Fun I Get Out of Life," but as yet haven't got around to "Confessions of a Debunker." At least you might compile your "too, too sophisticated dog and parrot stories" so that Mr. Paschall, the majority of your readers (I'll wager) and I can indulge our low taste for broad humor.

By my Aunt Deborah's celebrated pink satin bloomers, I'm glad I'm a vulgar person like yourself, A. M. Paschall, B. Franklin and Abe Lincoln. Our tastes may be low, but damned if we don't travel in great company. I'm really sorry to learn that you can't print your best stories. How about a "private edition" for "exclusive distribution"? "Reader" gives me a pain where I sit down. As we say around here, "— (a four letter word meaning to relieve your kidneys) on him," but don't listen to him. Having delivered myself of this tirade and feeling somewhat better, I will now close with a hymn: "Power, power everlasting power to the great pen hand of E. Haldeman-Julius."

RICHARD E. GREENE

Springfield, Colo.

* * *

I was deeply impressed by your articles protesting against President Roosevelt's appointment of a "personal" ambassador to the Vatican. You write that we broke off diplomatic relations with the Pope in 1867. Can you give me the historical background?

You will find the official documents and all relevant facts in the severance of diplomatic relations between the U.S. and the Vatican in *The Atlantic Monthly*, October, 1929, under the heading: "A Diplomatic Incident—When Washington Closed our Vatican Ministry." Space permits me to quote no more than the first paragraph:

"In 1867 Pope Plus IX, proscribing American Protestant worship on strictly Roman soil, ordered its

removal to a point outside the Roman walls. According to the pontifical conviction, Rome was the consecrated center of a single universal church, and an exclusively Catholic city. To the mind of the average non-Catholic American, this proscription and exile reflected ancient Rome's refusal to enfranchise the barbarians of Tivoli. The order fired the indignation of President Andrew Johnson, Secretary of State William H. Seward, and the Congress of the United States. Our ministry of the Holy See was closed summarily, and our representative practically withdrawn. Official Washington's independence was shown further by the rather unprecedented failure to proffer any explanation to the supreme pontiff."

The Converted Catholic, February, 1940, contains a valuable article on Roosevelt's appointment of an ambassador to Vatican City, in which the statement is made that "a definite agreement has been reached by President Roosevelt and the Vatican that diplomatic relations shall be established between the U.S. and the Holy See as soon as public opinion in America can be brought around to the idea." The flat statement is made that the plan was worked out by Postmaster Farley and Cardinal Pacelli (the present Pope), as follows:

"The present general plan of action was agreed upon by Postmaster-General James A. Farley and Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, [then] Papal Secretary of State [now Pope Pius XII], when Mr. Farley was here [in Rome] last December and conferred with both Pope Pius XI and Cardinal Pacelli . . ."

The statement adds:

"It was agreed at that time that a cautious campaign should be undertaken to win American public opinion to the idea. It is hoped by means of this strategy gradually to encourage the growth of the idea in America that the establishment of relations is both natural and desirable, so that President Roosevelt would be able to give the impression in acting that he was doing so in response to popular demand."

Then comes the amazing statement that, even at that time, Father Charles E. Coughlin, the Fascist-minded priest, was being used as a pawn in the game between Pope and President, as follows:

"In this connection the Vatican's tolerance of the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin of Royal Oak, Mich., 'radio priest' and defender of the New Deal may be significant . . . Nevertheless, if the Vatican found Father Coughlin's viewpoint repugnant there is no doubt that he would be silenced . . . For all of these and other reasons the new plan for exchanging diplomatic representatives has been and will be pursued with the greatest possible caution. The Vatican never makes haste, and may well decide that it is better to wait indefinitely than to risk failure."

This situation, which shows how close we are to abandoning our traditional policy of keeping Church and State apart, brings to mind a letter written by W. H. Bankhead, Speaker of the House of Representatives, in reply to a communication from the Rev. Thomas E. Broode, who asked why Congress adjourned in February, 1939, because of the death of Pope Pius XI. Bankhead wrote, in part:

"While it is true this recognition was based in part upon the fact that the late Pope was the head of the Catholic Church, its justification from the standpoint of precedent was upon the fact the Pope was the head of a Temporal State, as well as being the head of his church. There have been a number of occasions when Congress adjourned in respect to the heads of Foreign Nations."

This is an astonishing assertion, considering that the U.S. does not recognize the Vatican State. Readers will recall that the Vatican State was set up by the Lateran Pact signed between the Pope and Mussolini, a document which the U.S. Government has never accorded official recognition. But this doesn't hinder the Speaker of the House from asserting that the Pope's civil sovereignty (the Vatican State) is entitled to official recognition by Congress. The signs all show that powerful forces are moving in the direction of official contacts between Church and State, and that's a serious blow at traditional Americanism, which doesn't accept the idea of an established Church.

* * *
Editor: The Hays organization has been serving as a shock absorber between the movie producers and the "right thinking" sort of people for a

good many years. The "right thinking," of course, would object to a movie in which reference was made to Marlene Dietrich's "hills," just as they would object to (I quote from the Hays encyclical): "Profanity in even its mildest form, licentious or suggestive nudity, the drug traffic, sex perversion, white slavery, ridicule of the clergy, or wilful offense to any nation, race or creed."

Why it should be any more necessary for the movie industry to have to have a buffer than, for instance, the book publishing industry, I do not know. There is no good reason why the movie producers should keep on pooling their money to support the Hays organization, when each producer could put his own ear to the ground and do his own listening for the stampede of the "right thinking" in his direction. (A concise definition of the "right thinking": moral and religious fanatics, with a sprinkling of nuts, who probably take their baths in long underwear for fear God will see them naked and be knocked for a loop.)

Should the movie producers throw the padlock on the Hays Vatican, and keep it there, there would, I am sure, be no perceptible rise in crime, moral depravity, and the like. The Hays organization is nothing more than a figurative lifting of the hat to the spooks, if you know what I mean. I can think of no one more inutile in the national set-up than Pope Pius Hays.

Azle, Tex. A. M. PASCHALL

* * *

Kindly explain why the Catholic Church fights Freemasonry.

"Synagogues of Satan" is what Pius IX called Masonic lodges. In his encyclical, *Humanum Genus* (1884), Pope Leo XIII branded Freemasonry "an impure epidemic" and "a work of the devil." The encyclical says, in part:

"The most dangerous weapon of the Freemasons is their principle which leaves the people free to choose their own form of government. In order to establish this system of popular government, Masonic Lodges are allied with the Communists and the Socialists and completely share their principal ideas."

Leo XIII then calls on the Catholic clergy and laymen to show no mercy in exterminating the Freemasons. In 1814, after the defeat of Napoleon, Pope Pius VII signed a Bull against Freemasonry, calling it "a cancer and a deadly disease of society." His

reason is the fact that Freemasons give support to the principle of religious tolerance. He added:

"... they receive into their order all classes and all nationalities, and favor all kinds of moral codes and all forms of worship."

In short, Freemasons must be annihilated because they oppose racial persecution and discrimination, and insist on the right to worship as one's conscience dictates—principles that are the heat of true, traditional Americanism. Another Catholic objection to Freemasons is the fact that they not only advocate tolerance but uphold the ideal of freedom for all mankind.

* * *

Editor: I disagree with your critic. Instead of cutting out the "sophisticated" stories he complains of, I vote that they be retained. And not only that, but I request that you double the space given to these clever jokes. Far from being for people who "have a low taste," I believe many of these jokes would have delighted no less a person than the great Benjamin Franklin himself. Of course, I may disagree with the sentiment of some of these jokes once in a while, but in such instances it's easy to skip what I don't care for. I believe their omission would leave The Freeman just another ordinary, flat publication—like a dinner from which all salt, pepper and spice had been removed. Then, too, your own interest would decrease.

Houston, Tex.

C. A. LOEFFLER

* * *

Editor: Edwin C. Hill, broadcasting December 22, 1939: "The democracies are forced to defend themselves from the brute force of Paganism." How they are to defend themselves from the brute force of Catholic Christian Fascism, he didn't say—possibly because our columnists and commentators aren't supposed to remind the public that brutality, cruelty and treachery are the trademark of the "godly" as well as the pagan dictators. "It is," says Hill, "Christianity against Odin and Thor, and the even more vicious gods of the Orient." Whether or not he means Confucius, Buddha, and Loa-Tze, I couldn't say; but even they have not sanctioned more vicious brutality than has been committed in the name of "the gentle Christ." Of course our commentators aren't expected to be particularly truthful or consistent, so long as they throw a sop to the Church, but what of the oriental origin of the Christian religion? And what of the senseless

slaughter carried on during that most holy of periods—the era of the Crusades—when Christians then, even as today in Spain and Ethiopia, murdered wholesale under the sign of the Cross? ... Hill, on December 25: "The world is thrilled by his appearance (Pope Pius XII) as peace leader." (I should think "thrilled" was hardly the word; "amazed" might be more appropriate, considering that this peace leader sanctioned the rape of peaceable Ethiopians, and congratulated his dear son, Franco, on his brutal treatment of those who were loyal to the constitutional government of Spain. Oh, yes, did you notice in The Nation, December 23, that "the plight of the Spanish refugees in France has been rendered graver than ever by the French government's action in raiding the S.E.R.E., the official Spanish agency for aiding the refugees to emigrate to foreign countries. ... Meanwhile, across the border the terror continues. The press of the provincial towns regularly publishes lengthy lists of the executed. ... Thus is Franco preserving Christianity in Spain." The broadcasters might bring that up when they're ranting about the brute force of Paganism and Atheism. I also suggest they remind their hearers that all of our dictators are either devout sons of the Church, like Franco and Il Duce, or were steeped in Catholic tradition. So I can't imagine where they got their wicked notions of brutality and torture. Maybe from Little Red Riding Hood.)

"Together the Pope and the President may humanize European politics." (To paraphrase a remark of your own, that's what we're afraid of—if their intention is to humanize them as they were humanized in Spain and Ethiopia.)

Wilmington, Del. W. MATTHEWS

* * *

I enclose an editorial from our local paper, which claims that more than 50 percent of the hospitals in the U.S. are run by the Catholic Church. Please comment.

The statement is false, but not surprising to one who studies the myths circulated by the Roman Church. The accurate figure is 8.5 percent, which, when you consider that the Catholics claim 20 percent of the population, isn't much to boast about. Most hospitals in the U.S. are secular institutions, run modestly by the public for the service of humanity. Exposing the lies of Catholic apologists is a full-time job. And it's important. Don't have any doubts on that score. That the Church feels such publicity is shown by the alacrity with which the organization suppresses the free-

dom of the press when it has the power to assert its will, as in Italy, Spain and Portugal. I have, during the past three decades, made a special study of the Catholic Church, about which I have written a great deal, as may be seen by looking into my 19 volumes of questions and answers. These articles bring me more abusive and threatening letters than any other kind of writing I do, which shows how alert the obscurantists are in the work of protecting their interests. They strike hard, and use any weapons that come to hand, the favorite being the device of the lie. I give a great deal of space to the problems created by the Church, not because I enjoy writing on this topic (I really don't) but because I see the great need for such literature in this country, where the public has such a superficial, infantile understanding of clericalism. I'd gladly turn this subject over to other editors, if they were here to do the job, but since their appalling silence shrieks at one, I have to surrender to my messianic urge and keep pounding on this vast and difficult theme. The fact that so few editors are able or willing to comment on the problems of Catholic ecclesiasticism is in itself proof of the need for publications that refuse to join the conspiracy of silence or the orchestra of ballyhoo. I have made many enemies as a result of my forthright anti-clericalism, but that fails to hinder me, for I look on the task of educating the reading public on the religious question as a public service of the first order. I often mutter to myself how gratifying and encouraging it would be if the readers who approve of such outspokenness would give the periodical the moral and material support it deserves, especially the important matter of bringing a larger audience of readers into contact with Free-thought's mind-liberating literature. That isn't asking much, and yet it goes to the core of the situation. It's the key to future service for truth and freedom. I keep harping on this aspect of the situation because I know from personal experience how fundamental and pressing it is. I beg my readers to take this little sermon to heart. Frankly, I aim to turn all of

you into rationalistic missionaries—soldiers in the struggle for intellectual emancipation.

* * *

Editor: You have one reader's thanks for bearing down heavily on Freethought in the March, 1940, issue of *The Freeman*. I was especially glad you included the article on the great composers. Did you overlook Chopin—the greatest composer for the piano of all time—or have you found that he belongs on the side of the spooks? Personally, I think Chopin was a non-believer, although I haven't the proof before me. You know, though, he was a great friend—nay, more than a friend—of George Sand, and also a friend of Heine and Berlioz, Freethinkers all.

Azle, Tex.

A. M. PASCHALL

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Editor: Walter van Kirk, in his "Religion in the News," December 23, speaking of the cooperation between Vatican and the King of Italy, called attention to the fact that "Italy cannot tolerate a political or social organism that competes with Catholicism. In Italy . . . this means that neither the Vatican nor the government can or will yield to Moscow. (How about the rest of us yielding to them?) The State and Church have very much in common—the challenging of a political organism that denies the reality of God and the place and power of religion in the world." Referring to the coming visit of the Pope to the Italian King, he says, "It will certainly exercise a weighty influence on the side of peace." (I wonder what the Loyalists, Ethiopians and Jews, those victims of Italian "peace," will have to say to that?) Further, "The Pope lauded the Italian government for permitting Italy to remain outside the conflict. . . . The Church will never accept any solution of the crisis that would diminish the prestige and power of Italy."

That reminds me: a young relative of mine asked solemnly, "If God hates brute force and the slaughter of women and children, why did he make his own faithful sons, Mussolini and Franco, do those things? Does God fight himself? Or doesn't he mind brutality so long as his own crowd does it?" You tell him; I wouldn't know.

READER

* * *

In one of your volumes of questions and answers you make the statement that Roman Catholics may eat meat on Friday. Isn't this a typographical error?

No. I meant it literally. It's no sin for a Catholic to eat up to two ounces of meat on Fridays. But, I've met

only two Catholics during the past 35 years who ever heard of this law. Two ounces of meat isn't a lot, but, as Dr. L. H. Lehman, editor of *The Converted Catholic*, writes, it makes quite a sizable sandwich.

* * *

I have just read a book which claims a beautiful English girl was made Pope and her sex was not discovered until she was taken with the pains of childbirth while riding in a religious procession. Is this good history?

The whole story is nothing more than a myth, but it persists and is accepted by many people who ought to know better. According to a legend that got its start in the 15th Century, the Catholic Church is supposed to have had a Pope Joan, who became the Holy "Father" after Pope Leo died in 855. The story tells us she was a beautiful English girl who slipped into a monastery dressed in a man's clothes so she might be near her lover. Later she went to Rome (still in male dress), where she created quite a stir because of her immense learning. She then was made Pope, the College of Cardinals being unaware of the fact their choice was a woman. The fable even goes so far as to assert that the Cardinals since then have always examined every Pope before he was consecrated in order to make sure of his sex. For 200 years, an alleged portrait of Joan hung among a gallery of portraits of Popes in the cathedral of Siena. No sober student of the Roman Church accepts this myth.

* * *

Editor: Although widespread deprivation is extended or prolonged by the natural death-struggle of the capitalist system, it is necessary to realize that no drastic social and economic change should or can be had until the American public want it and demand it through vote. Our immediate problem is to work for the best possible means of lessening human suffering under present conditions.

Those who feel that another economic system is necessary or inevitable can best serve the cause by vigorous educational effort to inspire public understanding of the issue. Such individuals should support those publications which are making an honest effort to present social, economic, and political truths to the masses. They should work for the establishment of a national daily free press supported entirely by its readers.

The elimination of commercial advertising will remove the economic influence of the profit motive which now dictates the editorial policy of the capitalistic press.

Spokane, Wash.

ROBERT SLOCUM

[Editor's Note: Reader Slocum has caught the point of my numerous sermons. I hope others will do the same. Each reader of the progressive, liberal, independent press should take on himself the responsibility of serving its interests, especially with regard to attracting a larger body of readers. After we get a sufficient number of weeklies and monthlies on a sound, secure basis we can give thought to expansion into the field of daily publication. This doesn't mean I'm suggesting long delay. A progressive, truth-telling daily press could be developed rapidly once we're able to point to a large body of readers who stand ready to be organized and disciplined with a view to giving America publications that won't be slavish imitations of today's fat, prosperous, but intellectually fatuous, advertising sheets.]

* * *

Will the new Federal law that calls for better labeling of medicines apply to standard items along with patent medicines?

Yes. The new law has been in effect since January 1, 1940, but it's expected another six months will go by before the change is made reasonably complete. As I've explained before, the medicines you buy in your drugstore will have to give more than the names of the drugs. The label will also have to give useful warnings to prevent their being used harmfully. This new labeling law was passed by the Federal government and is being administered by the Food and Drug Administration. To show how this law will cover standard items, let me quote what will have to be said on bottles containing that old, familiar remedy, castor oil:

"(Not to be used when abdominal pain (stomachache, cramps, colic), nausea, vomiting (stomach sickness) or other symptoms of appendicitis are present. Frequent or continued use of this preparation may result in dependence on laxatives. Do not use during pregnancy except on competent advice."

The common sense of the law is obvious. It should have been passed decades ago.

* * *

The enclosed article from the February 12, 1940, issue of *Father Coughlin's*

magazine, "Social Justice," is entitled "Abraham Lincoln and Rothschilds," with the sub-heading, "Civil War Was Not Fought Over Slavery, but Financial Freedom." I ask your opinion of the validity of the statement.

"LIARS AT WORK" would be a good title for a book which is crying to be written. Never in the history of our country have we known more historical lies than are being disseminated today by propagandists who are seeking to serve the anti-Semitic movement and Fascism. We are being flooded with forged documents, interpolations, fakes and frauds—all of them intended to spread the hate-philosophy of the Fascists, of whom Father Coughlin is the most vocal leader. It has been my self-chosen task, during the past eight years, to track down the lies of these race-baiters and haters of freedom and democracy. I have already covered a great deal of ground, branding lie after lie, but no sooner is one forgery exposed than a new one is brought out by the Coughlins, the Winrods, the Pelleys and the Thorkelsons. My readers know how thoroughly I bared the forgeries in the Protocols of the Elders of Zion—a brazen fake which the Rev. Winrod and Father Coughlin have used, and, in Winrod's case, is still being used. I tore to pieces the fake printed by Winrod and others in the name of Benjamin Franklin, a speech which Franklin never delivered but which was cooked up by the race-mongers in order to spread the charge that Franklin had issued a "warning" against the Jews while attending the Constitutional Convention. Only the other day I exposed the Thorkelson-Winrod interpolation in the toast to "An Independent Press," by the journalist, John Swinton. These anti-Semites deliberately concocted a sentence which they inserted into Swinton's toast, a statement which alleged that the Jews controlled the American press and "conspired" to corrupt it. It happened that I had printed the complete and accurate text of Swinton's toast in the 19th volume of my "Questions and Answers," so it was an easy matter to expose this new fraud. My volumes of questions and answers are rapidly becoming the greatest

collection of books available in which the propaganda devices of the Fascists and anti-Semites are exposed for the frauds they are. The cumulative effect of all my writings in the volumes mentioned is to show that these American Fascists have taken to heart Hitler's dictum that a propagandist should have no scruples about lying, and the bigger the lie the easier it is to have it accepted by the less studious portion of the population. If that's true, at least we who believe in the truth and the merits of a free press are showing some energy in using our ability as writers to expose their lies. As I said in my first sentence, let's hope that some competent author will collect all the lies of the American Fascists and anti-Semites, telling the truth about them and their forged documents in a book that could properly be entitled, "Liars at Work." The article referred to by my subscriber contains a new lie—that the American Civil War wasn't fought over slavery but was the result of a conspiracy set afoot by the Rothschilds, European bankers, and implemented by a Confederate politician, the Jewish Judah F. Benjamin, Jefferson Davis' Secretary of State. It's always an easy matter to take an isolated Jew in position A and automatically connect him with the "international bankers" in position B by the simple trick of saying it must be so because the individual in position A happens to be a Jew. Logic isn't there, of course, but liars never worry about so delicate a luxury as logic. This Coughlin concoction has it that the House of Rothschild, Disraeli, Benjamin, and a few others, long before the Civil War, decided the North and South should go to war in order to "divide and conquer." The North was to become a British colony, says Coughlin's paper, annexed to Canada, "while the South would go to Napoleon III of France!" Not a scrap of direct evidence is offered. Nothing is quoted or reproduced to prove these broad assertions. Then what's it all based on? Believe it or not, on a conversation Prince Bismarck is supposed to have had with a German, Conrad Siem, in 1876, and WRITTEN DOWN 45 YEARS LATER. Bismarck is quoted,

paragraph after paragraph, to "prove" that the Rothschilds had it all worked out to split the U.S. into two nearly equal halves. In order to achieve this end, said Bismarck, "they [the Jewish financiers] started their emissaries in order to exploit the question of slavery and thus to dig an abyss between the two parts of the Republic." Lincoln's talk about slavery and sacrifices for emancipation were just so much eye-wash. He was the blind and unconscious victim of the super-conspirators. "Lincoln never suspected these underground machinations." Lincoln, we are told, finally "read their plots and soon understood, that the South was not the worst foe, but the Jew financiers. He did not confide his apprehensions, he watched the gestures of the Hidden Hand; he did not wish to expose publicly which would disconcert the ignorant masses." Lincoln then confounded the "international financiers" by farming out the loans to the States. "They [the Rothschilds] understood at once, that the United States would escape their grip. The death of Lincoln was resolved upon. Nothing is easier than to find a fanatic to strike." All this was put down 45 years after Bismarck is supposed to have said it. There isn't a scrap of a letter from the Bismarck files, or quotations from his speeches or documents. Nothing. Just the word of an anti-Semitic propagandist who was having something published in 1921. From such sources do the Coughlins and the Winrods get their material. How strange that Carl Sandburg, Lincoln's greatest and most comprehensive biographer, knows nothing about this conspiracy—in a Lincoln record that covers four large volumes. Lincoln, who knew about this Rothschild conspiracy to give the North to Canada and the South to Napoleon III, never said a word about it to anyone, never put it in a letter or memorandum, never brought it up at one of the meetings of his cabinet. Not a whisper. Not a word. But the writer who "quotes" Bismarck 45 years after he is supposed to have spilled the beans is sure all this happened. This whole yarn is ridiculous—a bald, impudent set of lies that only a Father Coughlin or a Rev. Winrod would dream of

publishing. With such garbage is race-baiting promoted.

* * *

I guess you know what you're talking about. When I saw in several volumes of your questions and answers that you charge Dr. John R. Brinkley with being a Fascist I did a little sniffing, but now I see you had the right dope.

My reader encloses a press clipping with the above, in which it's said that William Dudley Pelley, head of the Fascist Silver Shirt legion, admitted to the Congressional Committee on un-American Activities that Brinkley, the medical quack, contributed \$5,000 to his treasury. Brinkley took a note for the money, but a child ought to know that that was done merely to cover up. Pelley has never been known to pay back money advanced to him. In fact, as he stepped from the witness stand Pelley was placed under arrest because of some crooked work he had done in North Carolina. It's gratifying to have the Dies Committee come along two years later and verify statements made in my volumes of questions and answers. I said Brinkley was a Fascist—and the record proves I knew what I was talking about. And \$5,000 is a lot of money to put into a single Fascist organization, especially when you consider there are something like 800 Fascist societies or groups in this country. It would be interesting to know how much money Brinkley gave to other shirt outfits.

* * *

Which actor has the finest screen voice?

The American Institute of Voice Teachers makes an annual voice personality award, the honors, according to Irving Gielow, president of the Institute and formerly of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, being bestowed on these five qualities: enunciation, clarity, tonal quality, range and the well-advertised s.a. The latest awards went to Loretta Young and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

* * *

Gerald B. Winrod's paper, *The Defender*, for February, 1940, quotes a toast to an independent press that was used in a speech by Congressman Thorkelson. Please comment.

Congressman J. Thorkelson, like the Rev. Gerald B. Winrod, is a liar who never hesitates to disseminate

forged documents along the lines of the infamous "Protocols of the Elders of Zion," one of the biggest fakes in recent history and one that Winrod (the Jayhawk Nazi) prints and circulates in large quantities. On page 4 of the issue mentioned above, Winrod reprints a toast which Thorkelson said was "delivered by a former editor of a New York newspaper at an annual press dinner 20 years ago. The editor confessed that he was paid to keep his honest opinions out of his paper," and added:

"The work of the New York journalist is to destroy the truth, to lie outright, to pervert, to vilify, to fawn at the foot of Mammon, and to sell his race and his country for his daily bread. You know this, and I know it, and what folly is this to be toasting an independent press. **WE ARE THE TOOLS AND VASSALS OF THE RICH JEWS BEHIND THE SCENES.** We are the jumping jacks; they pull the strings and we dance. Our talents, our possibilities and our lives are all the properties of these men. We are intellectual prostitutes."

The sentence in caps above was printed that way in the Rev. Winrod's anti-Semitic and Fascist magazine. It is a fake. It was inserted by Congressman Thorkelson and Winrod, as I shall soon prove. The toast referred to above (and quoted in part) was actually delivered at a dinner of journalists. The man who spoke it was John Swinton, who was a New York editorial writer for many years. If my readers will refer to Vol. 19 of my volumes of Questions and Answers they will find the complete text of Swinton's toast. Here it is again, "An Independent Press":

"There is no such thing in America as an independent press. You know it as I know it. There is not one of you who would dare write his honest opinions.

"I am paid \$250 per week to keep my honest opinions out of the paper I am connected with.

"This business of the journalist is to destroy the truth, to lie outright, to pervert, to vilify, to fawn at the feet of Mammon, and sell himself, his country, and his race for his daily bread. What folly is this to be toasting an independent Press?

"We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We

are jumping-jacks—they pull the strings and we dance. We are intellectual prostitutes."

The Thorkelson-Winrod version contains many inaccuracies, but the words in caps are their invention. Swinton never spoke the sentence credited to him, as follows:

"WE ARE THE TOOLS AND VASSALS OF THE RICH JEWS BEHIND THE SCENES."

Thus are the liars caught again, after having been exposed in numerous other cases. Winrod's part in circulating the forged Protocols I've already discussed. In other volumes of my Questions and Answers I showed how Winrod circulated a speech claimed to have been delivered by Benjamin Franklin—a vicious attack on the Jews—and I proved to the hilt that Franklin never made such a speech. Winrod and his Fascist-minded associates cooked up the fake. We don't meet it often nowadays, but most likely it'll crop up again when the hate-mongers find themselves in need of race-baiting material. The Swinton interpolation will serve for a while, and exposures like the above will be ignored for months until further use becomes untenable. That's the way lying propagandists operate. They lie just as long as their fakes find acceptance, when they turn to new forgeries.

* * *

It's not mere mental masturbation that I (a lady reader) seeks this information—but why does a dog scratch the earth after urination?

I don't know. I searched through my folder tabbed "Urination" in my newspaper filing system and could bring nothing forth. Maybe some expert on the habits of dogs has the information.

* * *

Can one race claim superiority in creative work in science?

No. Scattered through my 19 volumes of questions and answers are scores of facts dealing with this subject, and all point to the conclusion that the racists don't know what they're talking about when they try to show that scientific progress came from one source. Facts are more important than opinions (or prejudices), so let me gather my scattered data

and present it in orderly form below:

Lorentz, Dutch Freethinker, discoverer of some of the particles composing the cosmic rays.

Thomson, Church of England, discoverer of the negative electron.

Rutherford, of New Zealand, was indifferent to all forms of religion; discoverer of the proton.

Anderson, American of Swedish descent, first described positive electrons.

Chadwick, England; Bothe, Germany; and Joliot, France, who did important work in the field of neutrons.

Millikin, Irish-American Protestant, and Rossi, Italian Jew, who discovered a great deal about shower-producing rays.

Yukawa, Japanese, physicist, who predicted the mesotron.

Galileo, Italian Catholic, who, despite the Catholic Church's persecution, founded modern science and discovered the laws of falling bodies.

Einstein, German Jew, world-famous scientist and discoverer of relativity.

Maxwell, English Protestant, who worked in the field of cosmic rays, as did de Broglie, the French Catholic.

Newton, British Protestant, discoverer of the laws of mechanics.

Laplace and Lagrange, French Freethinkers, who advanced Newton's work in the laws of mechanics.

Hertz, German Jew, discoverer of the radio waves that made possible Marconi's invention of wireless telegraphy and the modern radio.

Roentgen, German Protestant, discoverer of the X-rays.

Bertrand Russell, English Freethinker, who did important work in mathematics and philosophy.

Luther Burbank, American Freethinker, the great Naturalist who created new fruits and flowers.

Thomas A. Edison, American Freethinker, who was the world's greatest inventor.

Michaelson, American Jew, who made discoveries in the field of light.

Pavlov, Russian Mechanist, and physiologist, who did immensely valuable work in the field of conditioned and unconditioned reflexes.

Dr. Ehrlich, German Jew, discoverer of a compound (606) to kill the spirochetes of syphilis.

Dr. Koch, German skeptic, discoverer of the anthrax bacillus.

Haeckel, German Atheist, who advanced our knowledge of evolution.

Darwin and Huxley, English Agnostics, who together gave evolution an organized and orderly body of facts.

Freud, Austrian Jew, who made numerous contributions to psychology and psychiatry.

The above list (which could be extended considerably) gives the best answer to those supporters of racism who would jabber about Aryan vs. Jewish science. Science belongs to the entire civilized world. It isn't the monopoly of any race or nationality.

* * *

Does the world's gold supply bulk much?

No. If you live in an ordinary house of four or five average-sized rooms you could store in it all the gold that the world mined since Columbus came to America in 1492. The U.S. News says "this gold would make a block measuring not more 40 feet long, wide and high." The world mined only about 1,275,000,000 ounces since 1492. The U.S., early in February, 1940, owned 510,000,000 ounces, or 17,000 tons. In 1929, we owned only 6,000 tons. At that time the rest of the world owned 10,600 tons. The rest of the world, early in 1940, owned 11,200 tons. All the gold mined since 1492, if paid for at the rate of \$35 per ounce, would be worth \$44,625,000,000. It will cost us \$230,000 to transport gold in coin and bullion in 1940.

* * *

Can you give me a quotation from an official source showing the attitude of the Church of Rome to our public schools?

My writings contain much data on this subject, as may be seen by referring to my volumes of questions and answers. One quotation which I've never used before comes from the well-known Jesuit weekly, *America*, which delivered this blast at public education in its issue of October 31, 1931:

"This business of teaching every child indiscriminately how to read and write results in nothing more than mass illiteracy. The man who reads and writes badly, as the great majority do today, is more illiterate than the man who does not read or write at all. . . . One heresy breeds another. The indiscriminate 'education' applied to all alike under State systems is the result of the

heresy of the equality of man. The recent Papal Encyclical (on education) has amply defined the relative educational functions and duties of the present. I can only observe the effects of past neglect of the principles of this Encyclical. They are: The growth of a generation devoid of personal and moral responsibilities, as easily led as a donkey by a carrot . . ."

The above sounds like one of Hitler's official organs, but it was written before Hitler came to power and it appeared in a prominent Catholic periodical. As I've shown, the Catholic Church is the most illiberal, intolerant, dogmatic organization in all history. Let me give my readers a quotation on this point, this time from Archbishop Hughes, first Archbishop of New York, who wrote in his official magazine, *The N.Y. Freeman's Journal* (January 16, 1852) as follows:

"No man has the right to choose his own religion. Catholicism is the most intolerant of creeds. It is intolerance itself. We might as well rationally maintain that two and two do not make four, as the theory of Religious Liberty. Its impiety is only equalled by its absurdity."

Remember, the above lines are taken from a Catholic source. No Freethinker could express his opposition to clericalism in plainer words. The spokesmen for the hierarchy condemn themselves out of their own mouths. If an Archbishop isn't big enough for you, let me take a sentence from Pope Leo XIII's encyclical *Immortale Dei*, thus:

"The gravest obligation requires the acceptance and practice, NOT OF THE RELIGION ONE MAY CHOOSE, but of that religion which God prescribes and which is known by certain marks to be the only true one." [My emphasis.]

"The only true one"—the judge, of course, is to be the priest. And no one is to have the right to accept any religion he may choose, because the priests have decided "by certain marks" that they have the only one "which God prescribes."

The Catholic Church denies the right to freedom in education, as may be seen by the following excerpt from the late Pope Pius XI's encyclical

On the education of Youth, issued in 1931:

"The [Roman] Church's mission to educate embraces every nation without exception and all men whether within or outside her membership; AND THERE IS NO POWER ON EARTH THAT MAY LAWFULLY OPPOSE HER OR STAND IN HER WAY." [My emphasis.]

As some of my readers will recall, the Magna Carta (Great Charter) was brought over from England last year and exhibited at the N.Y. World's Fair. As is generally known, this Great Charter laid some of the foundations of modern political liberty. I recall, with a smile, how Catholic apologists claimed at the time the document was in N.Y. that it had received the support of the Catholic Church, a statement shot through with falsehood and deception. It goes to show how low a Catholic spokesman is ready to stoop when he sees an opportunity to advance the interests of his Church. Such a claim, which received wide publicity, would be laughed to scorn if only our people had an inkling of history, but unfortunately, it's possible for our obscurantists to give circulation to any lie and feel secure in the assumption that the hallucinated people, in their pathetic naivete, will swallow the bunk without gagging. It happens that in this situation we have a quotation from Pope Innocent III, who was the Holy See at the time the barons in England compelled King John to sign the Magna Carta. The Pope denounced the Great Charter, describing it as null and void, read the barons out of the Church for demanding it, and warned King John not to permit it to be put into effect. Here are a few sentences from Pope Innocent III's decree against the Magna Carta:

"Consequently, in the name of God Almighty, by authority of the Apostles Saints Peter and Paul, and by Our own, We reprove and condemn this charter; under pain of anathema We forbid the King to observe it or the barons to demand its execution. We declare the Charter null and of no effect, as well as all the obligations contracted to confirm it. It is Our wish that in no case should it have any force."

One wonders how Catholic propa-

gandists can shut their eyes to such plain words and tell the public the Roman Catholic Church supported the Magna Carta. As Dr. Leo H. Lehmann, for many years a priest, says:

"It is true that there were even priests and bishops in England who supported the Magna Carta, but to do so they had to defy the Pope's decree—and take the consequences. Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury (like Cranmer and other archbishops of England in the later days of the Reformation), bravely refused to obey the Pope and stood forth as the champion of the rights and liberties of the English people. In punishment the Pope removed Langton from the archbishopric and drove him into exile.

"This is one of many cases in history that clearly show that Catholics who supported freedom and liberty did so in direct opposition to the Vatican leaders. . . ."

The obscurantists squirm when they're faced with the cold facts of history, but they have an easy time when they tell their lies to audiences known in advance to be innocent of all knowledge of history. History exposes the Church's black record. It'll never be able to live down its awful history, and when the world learns the truths that history holds for us, the Church's power will wane rapidly. That's why we Freethinkers should do our utmost to use the powers of a free press to bring to the world the truth about the Catholic Church, the world's most intolerant and inhuman organization, the murderer of countless millions, and the enemy of everything precious and noble in civilization.

Let me return now to the Church's opposition to the American public school, again drawing on official sources. *The Converted Catholic*, for January, 1940, quotes from a pamphlet written by the Jesuit Father Paul L. Blakely, one of the editors of the Jesuit weekly magazine, *America*, published in N.Y.C. Father Blakely draws on "official teaching emanating from the Vatican itself," and "substantiates his statements as logical deductions from the pronouncements of the Holy Office of the Inquisition and other Vatican congregations, as well as of various popes." The pamphlet, we are told, "also bears the *imprimatur*" of the late

Cardinal Hayes and his board of censors." Father Blakely's pamphlet contains the following condemnatory statements:

"Our first duty to the Public School is not to pay taxes for its maintenance. Justice cannot oblige the support of a system which we are forbidden in conscience to use, or a system which we conscientiously hold to be bad principle and bad in its ultimate consequences." [p. 5.]

"The first duty of every Catholic father to the Public School is to keep his children out of it." [p. 5.]

"But for the Catholic father, who, without episcopal sanction, sends his child to the Public School, when he could enter him at a Catholic institution, there is no excuse in heaven or on earth. He has begun the career of Herod; it will be no fault of his if he is not guilty of soul-murder." [p. 8.]

The record doesn't whisper; it shouts.

* * *

Your remark that Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln were fond of broad stories moves me to ask about Franklin D. Roosevelt.

F. D. R. is fond of telling witty, sophisticated off-color stories. Geoffrey T. Hellman, in *Life*, February 5, 1940, has a readable article about Mrs. Roosevelt, in which he comments:

"Mrs. Roosevelt does not blush when her husband gets off rather broad Fly Club jokes, but covers him tactfully when this occurs in the presence of guests who have not been insulated by a Harvard education."

Unfortunately, I don't know any of the stories F. D. R. tells. Maybe some of my readers can supply a few. If they're printable, I'll pass them on to my pious, righteous, pure-minded, right-thinking, respectable subscribers.

* * *

I speak English with a strong accent. How can I get rid of it?

The biggest step has already been taken in your case—recognition of the condition. Most people who are afflicted with ugly accents which set them apart go through life utterly unconscious of their condition. I remember, as a boy, how shocked I was to hear so intellectual and educated a man as Morris Hillquit speak with

a thick accent. He sounded all his w' as v's, and committed other acts of violence against our noble speech. They were inexcusable in Hillquit's case, for he could have corrected the evil easily, had he been aware of his outrageous indifference. A person can better his speech by listening carefully to himself and to those with whom he converses. In time, the ugly burrs can be clipped off. This brings to mind an incident that happened in Judge Rix's court, in San Francisco, where a Greek was brought up for drunkenness and violence. The Greek said: "Me spick bad Angleece but pay for mirror." The judge: "That's good! As it's Christmas eve, you may go. Peace to you, my boy!" The Greek turned to his lawyer and asked: "What de judge spick? He no sound good." Lawyer: "He said peace to you." The Greek ran out of the room yelling: "Peece on you, too, judge."

* * *

I am a young man of 25, married, and have a good job in an aircraft factory where I make \$8 per day. I belong to a labor union and a cooperative society serving on several committees. I have numerous opportunities to make short talks on economic, social, cultural and political topics. Would it be permissible for me to make use of the facts and opinions in your volumes of Questions and Answers, of which I have a complete set?

It certainly would. It'll please me a lot to know my humble efforts are moving readers to deliver brief lectures before labor and cooperative bodies. I gladly give my consent to the use of the material in my books of questions and answers. (While at it, let me confess frankly that I don't mind giving this set of books a "plug" now and then, my favorite device being to mention them in passing. I do this for two reasons. First, to get those who already have a set to refer to the volumes oftener. Second, to get those who haven't a set to take the trouble to obtain the volumes and use them for their political, economic, cultural and rationalistic enlightenment.) The young man who wrote me the above should also make use of the 27 Lecture-Outlines which I issued recently. They cover anti-Semitism, the Negro Question, Fascism, Democracy, Social Security, War, Race

Theories, Religious Freedom, the Youth Problem, the Far East, Unionism, Public Utilities, Wealth Concentration, Consumers' Movements, Money, Banking, Feminism, Cooperatives, and the like. When I first issued them a complete set was advertised to sell for \$5, but later, because of more economical production methods, I was able to offer the entire set of 27 lectures for only a dollar, prepaid. These outlines may be used by speakers and discussion-leaders as they see fit. They are an experiment in mass education, a pet subject with me ever since I began publishing low-priced literature 25 years ago. Here is material, prepared and presented in an orderly, logical manner, which can help turn any meeting place into a "college"—a center where the self-taught are often the best educators.

* * *

My girl friend has bladder trouble so bad that sometimes she passes blood. And every time she urinates a cutting pain is witnessed for some time afterwards. Would an operation be the best or is there some other way out that is more natural? Please answer by personal letter.

Take your girl to a physician at once. The symptoms described above may indicate one of any number of diseases or conditions, but it's my notion she's suffering from gonorrhea. It's foolish to waste time writing about her case. She should be put in the hands of a competent medical doctor immediately. I'm giving space to the above because I've learned there are many people who go on suffering from venereal diseases without giving the slightest thought to employing good doctors. This is especially true of women, though I've known many men and boys to do the same foolish thing. Such people often go in for self-medication or ask some ignorant, conceited drugstore clerk to recommend a patent medicine.

* * *

I join you in your great admiration for Mark Twain. While meandering through your volumes of questions and answers I was impressed by the way you keep quoting Mark Twain's amusing, apt and often cutting remarks. Frankly, I was thumbing the books in order to get all of your sophisticated stories, which I knew were reprinted therein, when I bumped into quotation after quotation

from our greatest humorist. I enclose one you haven't used, touching on faith.

Thanks, reader, but you'll find I used that Mark Twain sentence not once but several times in books written before I started on my library of 19 volumes of questions and answers. However, the remark is so neat and true I want to use it again, thereby making sure it'll find its way into a forthcoming volume of questions and answers. Here goes:

"There are those who scoff at the schoolboy, calling him frivolous and silly. Yet it was the schoolboy who said: 'Faith is believing what you know ain't so.'"

One shouldn't be surprised over the hint of Freethought in the above, because, as I've shown several times, Mark Twain was a thoroughgoing Rationalist and Freethinker. Here's what Mark Twain said about heaven:

"Everything human is pathetic. The secret source of Humor itself is not joy but sorrow. There is no Humor in heaven.

In "Pudd'nhead Wilson" Mark Twain wrote:

"Let me make the superstitions of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws or its songs either."

Only a Freethinker could have written of "special providence" as Mark Twain did in the following:

"There is this trouble about special providences—namely, there is so often a doubt as to which party was intended to be the beneficiary. In the case of the children, the bears and the prophet, the bears got more real satisfaction out of the episode than the prophet did, because they got the children."

Here's another Mark Twain line I like to quote:

"There are several good protections against temptation, but the surest is cowardice."

Several critics have pointed out (with justice) that Mark Twain wasn't right in omitting all references to "sin" (sex) in his "Life on the Mississippi," "Roughing It" and "Huckleberry Finn." After all, you can't picture a character or his community without touching on "sins" (sex, again), though too many writers go through life placidly ignoring what some of us politely call "the Facts of Life." That Mark Twain

appreciated the subject of sex I've shown in several discussions on his famous "Social Life in the Time of the Tudors," one of the most rabelaisian pieces ever written. But, he did keep "sin" out of his famous stories and other popular works, mainly because he didn't want to lose his audience of respectable (and book-buying) readers. But he knew, as Pudd'nhead Wilson worded it, that "every one is a moon and has a dark side which he never shows to anybody." In another place he wrote: "There are no people who are quite so vulgar as the over-refined ones."

Mussolini once said that it's better to live three months as a lion than a lifetime as a lamb. Mark Twain, who was a better philosopher, presents a different view:

"Consider well the proportions of things. It is better to be a young June bug than an old bird of paradise."

Let me close with Mark Twain's famous blast at the human race:

"Man is the only animal that blushes. Or needs to."

* * *

I am interested in the development of my body through systems of exercises. I would appreciate your comments.

Systems of exercises aren't as valuable as they're advertised to be. If one must have exercise, take a good walk, or a swim, or something equally innocuous, but avoid these strenuous routines that are supposed to develop one's body, make one supple as a panther and strong as a gorilla. They're the bunk. They're what killed Douglas Fairbanks at only 55. If he'd avoided those strenuous exercises he'd have been good for another 20 years, at least. Instead, he acted like a 17-year-old—and the first thing he knew his heart talked back. William Allen White has the right idea. Recently he said the only exercise he ever gets is acting as pallbearer at the funerals of his friends who go in for strenuous exercises. Personally, I get all the exercise I can use while doing my work in my printing establishment. When I haven't anything to do I relax and give my heart a rest. That does me more good than the best-advertised routine of exercises. If you're past 40, don't be ashamed to rest whenever you get the chance, and

if you can steal a little nap during the afternoon, grab it. You'll outlive the strenuous fellows who go in for bracing exercises and who pound their chests when they blow to you about it.

* * *

I remember reading somewhere about a poor man who decided he wanted to be a member of the Board of Directors of the companies in which he owned a few shares of stock. Can you send me the particulars?

You must have in mind the young New Yorker who owns a few shares in each of many big corporations and who attends all stockholders' meetings, where he invariably gets on his feet and asks the most embarrassing questions. One morning he'll stand up to the president of U.S. Steel; the next morning he'll get Mr. Rockefeller told. But he can't get elected to the Board of Directors because the big insiders always control the proxies, which means that since they have access to the names and addresses of the stockholders they are able to mail each individual a form for him to sign. This proxy gives to another person the right to vote the signer's stock. A little fellow can be elected to the board of a big corporation, but only with the permission of the powers behind the throne. This reminds me of my own holdings in Mr. Henry L. Doherty's Cities Service. It actually amounts to something like a 10th of a single share, with a market value of about 28c. I've had that certificate for years, which means my name is on the list of stockholders. Every year I get a proxy form which I'm asked to sign in Mr. Doherty's favor. I always sign it—whatinell do I care about my 28c—but I invariably write across the bottom: "This is subject to Mr. Doherty's agreement to limit his salaries, bonuses and commissions to \$10,000,000 per year." I'm told this always gives the boys back in Wall Street a big laugh. A secretary once actually took the trouble to write me a long letter explaining why my suggestion was out of line. But I keep it up year after year. Maybe they've found out I'm the littlest stockholder in the company. But I can get 28c worth of fun out of the company even though I'm still to make 8c in divi-

dends. If I did have any sizable holdings I'd sell the stock and put the proceeds into the nearest postal savings bank or in the bonds that are sold by Uncle Sam at all postoffices. No little fellow has any right dabbling in the stocks of these big (and little) corporations. The little fellow always gets trimmed—in the end. And it's the end that counts.

* * *

Which is the fastest-growing industry in the U.S.?

The coin vending machine industry, according to *Vocational Trends*, published by Science Research Associates. It has increased 1,000 percent in the last 10 years and employs 70,000.

* * *

I have been told that air conditioning and Diesel engineering offer the greatest opportunities to young men in search of profitable employment. Please comment.

I've written reams of copy to explode this piece of bunk. Don't believe the magazine and radio advertising of the so-called schools that promise fame and fortune to men who enter air conditioning and Diesel engineering. Such publicity is intended to get you to drum up several hundred dollars. The chances of a good job are remote. According to *Vocational Trends*, last year 100,000 men went to Diesel schools. Only 4 percent got jobs. When one of the big companies seeks an employee it turns to gasoline engineers, who can "learn Diesel work in a week or two." Plumbers pick up air conditioning in a few days. This leaves the graduates of "schools" high and dry.

* * *

Is there such a thing as a product to prevent baldness which actually works?

No. Science doesn't even know what causes baldness.

* * *

Is it true that European soldiers are going to wear aluminum armor?

I've seen the story several times and think it sounds pretty fishy. *The Aluminum News-Letter*, published by the Aluminum Company of America, suggests we take the yarn with plenty of salt, adding: "A coat of aluminum armor light enough to be worn would have just about the protective effect of a heavy coat of sunbren."

* * *

I'm only a laborer in the building and

construction line. I often lament and comment on the fact that buildings are so often poorly designed and constructed. I get into discussions and express the opinion that if buildings were built right and conscientiously in the first place, it would not become necessary to repair them so soon. The money thus saved could be spent more constructively. But my fellow-workers defend, bad work by saying it creates future jobs for repairmen. Please comment.

The bad practices described above are representative of the worst phases of our commercial, profit-seeking civilization. The idea that skimpy or inferior work is defensible because it'll make future work for repairmen is anti-social, wasteful and unprogressive. But it's obvious that many people hold this opinion, and what's worse, practice it. One might, by the same kind of logic, claim that war is desirable because it "makes lots of work." Or that disease is a good thing because it helps make money for doctors, druggists, undertakers, and the like. Waste that's deliberate and intentional is a crime against society, but when you get down to cases you find no end of highly respectable people engaged in the shady business. Of course, this criticism doesn't apply to all workers, businessmen, professionals, etc. There are many conscientious, honest, trustworthy people scattered all over the scenery. If I wanted to build a new house I'd try my best to entrust the job only to reliable, square contractors. There are such. And then, for good measure, I'd either watch the project or hire someone to do the watching for me. Even people who want to be wasteful suddenly become careful when doing a job for a person who knows what he wants and is there to see that he gets it. If one's a sucker, he'll get gypped at every turn. If it's known that one's out to get full value for every dollar spent, the chances are he'll come through all right. It's always a good idea to be suspicious of everybody when doing business. If the notion gets out I'm asleep, no end of gypers will see to it that I'm trimmed good and plenty. If I let it be known I'm on the alert, the other parties usually lean over backwards trying to deliver proper goods or services. And never be timid about letting others know you're more

than suspicious about the world and every screwball in it. They'll call you a sourpuss at first, but they'll soon learn to respect you. No one ever has any respect for a fall guy.

* * *

Whenever I see skiing in the movies I wonder how dangerous the sport is. Have you any figures? It looks terribly hazardous.

It's one of the safest sports. It's said that chess players—because they sit around so much—become constipated, a condition not likely to afflict ski enthusiasts. The American Red Cross reports it made a nation-wide survey recently, covering 2,000,000 skiers and found only 700 accidents, not a single one of them being fatal or causing permanent disability. This is especially remarkable when we consider that many of these 2,000,000 skiers are duffers who get out hardly more than once or twice each Winter.

* * *

What are the qualifications of a good proofreader?

A good proofreader isn't found often. I haven't met more than a half dozen in more than 30 years spent in printing establishments. Crapelet, a French authority on printing, describes a good proofreader in the following pithy, true answer:

"Education, intelligence, good memory, taste, patience, application, love of the art, and especially the typographic eye, constitute the minimum qualifications required in the corrector to whom should be entrusted proofreading."

* * *

Is it a fact that "war settles nothing"?

It all depends on the war—and the peace that follows. Our Revolutionary War certainly settled something. So did our Civil War.

* * *

What chances do players have with punchboards?

Mason and Company, of Chicago, supplies crooked gambling devices, according to its self-exposing catalogue. Recently the concern was stumped when one of its salesmen turned in an order for an honest punchboard. No one had ever asked for such an article in the entire history of this peculiar form of larceny. Let's have a look at this company's all-gold bargain board. Its take is

\$225, but it pays out only \$110. The profit is only \$115, which may discourage some buyers, so the company offers "protection" in the form of a key to 15 of the highest cash prizes, amounting to \$90. This leaves the suckers \$25 in prizes for \$225 spent on punchboards.

* * *

Which gambling game is the most disadvantageous to the player?

Roulette.

* * *

Is it possible to use a system to overcome the disadvantages in Faro?

Faro, according to experts, is based on mathematical principles giving it a percentage which no system or method of playing can overcome.

* * *

How many safety razor blades can be made from a ton of steel?

1,000,000.

* * *

Why do bank tellers put their fingers on a wet sponge while counting money?

They use their fingers so fast they have to wet them in order to keep them from getting red hot.

* * *

Please comment on Hitler's statement that the Third Reich will stand for a thousand years.

If it can stand for Hitler it can stand for anything.

* * *

How heavy is a mosquito's stinger?

Six millionths of an ounce.

* * *

Why is a ship always referred to as "she"?

Rear Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, of the U.S. navy, answers: "Because it costs so much to keep one in paint and powder."

* * *

Who was the last man to box John L. Sullivan?

The undertaker.

* * *

Is it true that the Catholics of Maryland were the first people to give the American people the principle of religious tolerance?

It's a hard job to keep after the lies, distortions, evasions and deceptions of Catholic propagandists. They keep repeating the same lie or myth until many listeners, who can't or haven't the opportunity to investigate the facts, actually believe them to be established truths. A debunker has a man-sized job when he sets out to expose the fairy tales of these hired,

professional liars. However, this doesn't mean that when their lies are exposed the falsehood is permitted to die a decent death. No, the liars continue lying. This Maryland myth has come under my attention many times, as may be seen by referring to my 19 volumes of questions and answers. But my pieces have never discouraged a single apologist for the Roman Catholic Church, granting he paid the least attention to my comments when they first appeared. We're actually asked to believe that the Catholic Church laid the foundation of religious liberty in the U.S. through the so-called Maryland Act of Toleration of 1649. One gets the idea that the Maryland Catholics were in the majority and that they gave minorities the right to freedom of worship because of their love of freedom. The facts tell a different story. First of all, the Maryland Catholics were themselves in a minority, and it was in order to protect themselves as a minority that they requested toleration from the majority. But—and here's one of the jokers—the very document in which the Maryland Catholics "established" toleration, in the words of Dr. Leo L. Lehmann, "actually and literally decreed death and confiscation of goods and property to Jews and all others who did not profess belief in Jesus Christ." Dr. Lehmann adds:

"If the colony of Jews who fled from Catholic persecution in Brazil five years after the Maryland Act, and who were kindly received by the Dutch Protestants in New York, or New Amsterdam as it was then called, had landed in Maryland, they would have been UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH ACCORDING TO ITS SO-CALLED ACT OF TOLERATION."

At this point it would be well to call attention to the interesting fact that not long ago the American Catholics almost succeeded in having the U.S. Government commemorate the Maryland myth by issuing a special postage stamp picturing the claim of the Roman Catholic Church. That would have been the crowning irony, but fortunately we escaped that dishonorable farce.

The facts, as outlined above, are supported by the records of history, but we have every reason to believe

that our Catholic propagandists, in speeches and in print, will go on telling their dupes that they gave "religious liberty" to America. The record shows, in a million different ways, that the Catholic Church has always been the greatest and most vicious enemy of religious liberty. An examination of my evidence (and it fills many pages of my volumes of questions and answers) will convince the most skeptical. With regard to this Maryland comedy, only the other day I came on a piece of Catholic literature (*The Voice*, November, 1939) which claimed that the Catholic Church was the actual author, "the very back-bone," of the Bill of Rights as enacted into our Constitution on December 15, 1791. Proof of this amazing assertion? Why, the bed-time story about the Maryland Catholics. The propagandists insist on calling it "religious liberty" when the facts show it was nothing more than a "mutual toleration pact" agreed to by various Christian sects. The Catholic were only 25 percent of the population, the remainder being mostly Episcopalians. I've already shown what this Act of Toleration had in store for Jews and others who didn't believe in Jesus Christ. Thirteen years before Lord Baltimore got the Maryland Assembly to pass the Act of Toleration, Roger Williams, in Rhode Island, established what was a thousand miles closer to real religious toleration.

* * *

I noticed that Walt Disney's latest full length feature, "Pinocchio," shows many technical improvements over his "Snow White." Why?

There are several reasons. Technical experts solved the problem that presented itself in the first picture, in which the prince and his sweet heroine wiggled and wavered. The characters in the new picture stay put. Another important improvement is the new type of paint blend perfected in Mr. Disney's studio. It gives the added illusion of depth. The paint laboratory also increased the number of colors and shades from 1,500 to 2,000.

* * *

I am puzzled by your statement in one of your volumes of questions and answers that until recently official Catholic literature denied the Pope's in

fallibility. Can you give me a quotation to support this?

If you'll refer to Keenan's Catechism, which was endorsed and approved by the Catholic bishops of Ireland and Scotland, and which was used in Catholic schools before the year 1870, you'll find the following:

Ques.—Must not a Catholic believe the Pope in himself to be infallible?

Ans.—This is a Protestant invention. It is no article of the Catholic faith.

That was good doctrine a few decades ago, but it's heresy now. The Church of Rome, let's remember, is never supposed to change.

* * *

Please comment on the enclosed clipping, which says that divorced persons "are four times as liable to become insane as the general population."

The statement isn't convincing. I'd want to see competent investigators check the data and study many more cases. An important fact to bear in mind is that the traits which resulted in insanity could have been the original cause of the marital troubles that led to the divorce.

* * *

I happen to be one of those lost and damned souls who doesn't throw a con-
 ception fit whenever one tells me a down-to-earth or sophisticated story. Some of your readers aren't made that way, but I'm glad to see that there are a few of the other kind—my kind. I happen that I'm a new reader, so I'd like to make the suggestion that you devote a little space each month to reprinting the little yarns that have already appeared. That will give us a chance to catch up.

The suggestion won't do at all. I'm too crowded for space as it is. If I begin reprinting my little stories, other readers will ask me to reprint other material. The stories, along with my more serious material, are available in book form, there already being in print 19 volumes of my Questions and Answers. The stories are scattered throughout all of them. That being so, why go to the bother of printing them again here? Instead of giving space to the ones already handled, I'd prefer to tell a few new ones, and a few that aren't so new. Before putting aside this subject for more weighty matters, let me tell a popular yarn. A woman, in

police court for disorderly conduct, appealed for leniency on the grounds that she was a widow, her husband having died seven years before, and that she was the mother of five children. The judge, anxious to be of help, asked: "How old are the children?" She, "Five, four, three, two and one." Judge: "But you just told me your husband's been dead seven years." She: "Yes, that's true, but I'm not dead."

* * *

What do you think of marriages intended only for companionship?

Ah, they're beautiful. Whenever I think of them tears of sentiment well up in my watery eyes. I'll never forget a touching scene that showed this beautiful thought expressed in its loftiest terms. A man was standing in the railroad station when a friend passed and said: "Oh, so you're going to New York and you're taking your wife along?" The man drew himself to his full stature as he answered, pride in his heart: "Yes, I can't leave her behind alone." He was a stranger to me, but I'll never forget him even if I live a thousand years. It's things like that that make life worth living.

* * *

A few months ago I read two articles on birth control—one for and one opposed—in *The Atlantic Monthly*. Have you any idea how the readers reacted to this subject?

Asked regarding reader-response to the two birth control articles, the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* reported that so far comments are "477 letters in favor of birth control; 21 letters opposed; 1 Yes and No; total 499." This is just one more proof that birth control is overwhelmingly acceptable to the American public. It's been a long, hard fight, but the victory has been won, so far as public sentiment is concerned.

* * *

What are the Seven Seas?

The North Atlantic, the South Atlantic, the North Pacific, the South Pacific, the Indian, the Arctic and the Antarctic oceans.

* * *

In several volumes of your questions and answers you insist the Catholic Church has no genuine solution to offer for our numerous social problems, particularly the one of poverty. Please give

me a clear quotation from an authoritative source.

Not only does the Catholic Church offer no genuine solution, but what's worse it doesn't want the problem of poverty solved. The Catholic Church holds fast to the old, reactionary idea that the extremes of poverty and wealth can't be remedied, and shouldn't be, for that matter. The literature I can choose from is vast, but perhaps I can't do better than to quote a few sentences from the present Pope's latest encyclical, which he addressed to the U.S. Here are his words (with my emphasis):

We desire to touch on another question of great importance—the social question—which, remaining unsolved, has been disturbing States for a long time and has been sowing seeds of hatred and mutual hostility among the classes. But the history of each age teaches that **THERE WERE ALWAYS RICH AND POOR. THAT IT WILL ALWAYS BE SO WE MAY GATHER FROM THE UNCHANGING WAY OF HUMAN DESTINY.** Worthy of honour are the poor, who fear God because theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven, and because they readily abound in spiritual greatness. But the rich, if they are upright and honest, are God's dispensers and providers of this world's goods as ministers of Divine Providence.

The doctrine was understandable in the pre-scientific world, but it certainly strikes a false note in this age of scientific progress wherein mankind has available the facilities for the creation of a social order in which poverty can be eliminated and prosperity established as a permanent condition. All we need is the will and the intelligence to apply to social institutions the knowledge we have learned from our scientists. The socialization and democratization of our large-scale industries, utilities and services (such as power plants, transportation, communication, banks, insurance companies, steel companies, etc.) would throw open the economic means for social prosperity and the gradual elimination of poverty. Poverty, like war and disease, can be fought scientifically, but humanity certainly won't be able to make progress in the right direction so long as the religious obscurantists hold tens of millions of people in intellectual

slavery. The Pope's philosophy is that we who are poor should be satisfied with the station "it has pleased God to call" us. Social scientists reject that reactionary idea. Since the Church insists on continuing its support for social inequalities, we who have freed ourselves of the shackles of supernaturalism must continue our struggles in the direction of social progress despite the opposition of institutions that profit from our economic injustices. I mean this literally, for, as I've shown many times in my volumes of questions and answers, the Catholic Church is a direct beneficiary of the capitalistic system of mass exploitation. Its vast holdings of stocks and bonds—from which it draws unearned income—compel the Pope and his underlings to buttress a social order that's shot through with cruelty and crass indifference to human values.

* * *

Is it a fact that gamblers use devices to steal chips while playing?

Yes. Mason and Company, Chicago, advertises what it calls a "check cop," which is put in the palm of the hand for the purpose of stealing poker chips off the table. Thus, the concern lets its customers know that even if a sucker happens to win some money while playing with the concern's equipment, the chips can be stolen with the aid of its device. The theory, of course, is that you must never give a sucker a break. Consider, for example, the Mason outfit's "holdout machine," which has the double advantage of being equally efficient on any style of shirt, whether it has French or round cuffs. The Mason catalogue describes its combination dice and card holdout machine as "very swift, works on a track and is absolutely noiseless. You go with your arm in any position, using a foot movement, and it is the only holdout that will take a thin piece of paper (such as currency) and make it disappear." For safety's sake, the Mason catalogue advises the use of its "ring shiner," a polished ring which shows the dealers the cards as they go out. Besides being of real help in skinning players, it "is also a real neat ring for street wear." Of course, the Mason people don't want you to rest your case in only the above.

You should also invest in the company's marked cards, because "card work is one of our specialties . . . our card work has been recognized for years as the most perfect ever produced and all our work is produced by artists with years of experience. Combinations are original and the best ever developed, easily read while dealing and at the same time impossible to detect. . . . Our ink does not flare or shine, as it blends perfectly with the back of the card." And, while shopping, take a look at the company's "strippers" or "humps," which "are cards with slick faces enabling the expert to cut the card he desires." Extolling its slick ace deck, the catalogue says: "This is an old racket but still gets wonderful results. These cards are prepared by a special process which makes it possible to cut an ace every time." Mason and Company is particularly proud of its three kinds of dice—perfect, slick, or out-and-out phonies. The catalogue says its slick dice "are those that trip from certain sides, due to mechanical construction of their corners, edges or surfaces, rolling over in action until they strike a smooth side when the dice will slide to a stop." If you prefer out-and-out phony dice, "you can get them either capped, misnumbered, weighted or treated to respond to a magnet." And, needless to say, Mason and Company is ready to sell you the magnet. I quote: "A big one, designed to operate under a dice table, is only \$140. You can get a humidior magnet for use on a cigar case for only \$50." That last sentence may shock suckers who have always believed craps at a cigar counter is a fair game. If you want to switch dice without danger of being detected, buy one of Mason's "crap stick handlers," which will make a switch easy and sure. Recently the Mason company was in court in St. Louis, where a copyright suit was being tried. Harrington Drake, owner of the Mason organization, "declared that his concern had a mailing list of 50,000, that his salesmen call on 15,000 'clubhouses' and that in 1937 his gross sales were \$682,000." According to Harrington, customers who order fake gambling equipment are

given a free booklet as "a little remembrance in gratitude of your patronage." The brochure mathematically establishes the fact that "gambling could be honest and still win." But overwhelming odds aren't enough for gamblers. They want to win everything in sight, for it's unethical and unprofessional to give a sucker a break.

* * *

A news report from Washington says when with the expiration of our commercial treaty with Japan a *modus vivendi* may be negotiated. What does this mean?

A *modus vivendi* means our trade dealings with Japan will not be covered by a definite treaty but will be put on a day-to-day, hand-to-mouth basis. Such an arrangement can be terminated at any time without notice. This method of dealing with Japanese imperialism will be effective, for Japan needs U.S. markets more than we need Japanese goods. If necessary, we could get along nicely without Japanese silk, but that would be a body blow to Nippon's economic life. With so many great powers at war, Japan is almost completely dependent on the U.S. for certain essential supplies, especially scrap iron. It is plain that without such an economic club the Japanese would see to it that we were kept out of the commercial life of China, a trade to which we have ever right. There's no reason why we should permit near-Fascist Japan to drive us out of a country where we've been welcomed for generations. The Chinese people like to deal with Americans, we have every moral and legal right to see that our ties with China aren't cut, and if necessary we should frankly announce that we won't remove ourselves even if the Japanese decide on the use of force. Meanwhile, the American people should show their sympathy for struggling China by boycotting all Japanese consumers' goods. Don't let a dollar of your money be used by the Japanese to enslave the Chinese people. And, if a *modus vivendi* doesn't help the situation, we should slap down an embargo on all raw materials, even if this entails the danger of war. The U.S. has always been a sincere friend of China, and wants to continue that relation-

ship. We have never used our tremendous powers to enslave and rob the Chinese. China wants us to continue doing business with its people, and that should count for more than the brazen demand of the Japanese that they alone shall have control over trade in vast China. Our policy isn't imperialistic. We have no designs on China. All we ask is the right to deal peacefully with customers who like us and want our goods. I sincerely believe that a strong, vigorous, forthright policy by the U.S. will soon teach the Japanese how to behave. But if we betray wishy-washiness there'll be danger of war. A strong U.S. in the Far East can do much to restore and maintain peace.

* * *

Are the same scientific methods used in physics and metaphysics?

No. In physics, naturally, one depends on observation or experience. In metaphysics, one tries to gain knowledge about life and the universe without seeking verification through the means of observation or experience. Some people seem to have a high regard for metaphysics, but it has no practical value. To me, metaphysics is the twin sister of mysticism. By this I don't mean to infer that one has no right to "grope" for knowledge, but what I do object to is the careless habit of pulling in a lot of hunches (no pun, of course) and failing to confide the important fact that they're nothing more than hunches. I've never found occasion to abandon the simple truth that a belief has value only to the extent it can be supported by evidence. When a man says a certain thing must be true because he wants to believe it's true, I smile and go my way. This doesn't mean I demand the right to check all evidence. Like the next fellow, I'm ready to accept conclusions on the say-so of experts in their field. I have no means of checking the assertion of Sir Arthur Stanley Eddington, in his "The Philosophy of Physical Science," that "there are 15,747,724,136,275,002,577,605,653,961,181,555,468,044,717,914,527.116,709,366,231,425,076,185,631,031,296 protons in the universe and the same number of electrons." I take his word for this, but at the same time I lend ear

to other eminent experts in physics for their reactions to his belief. Just because they may disagree doesn't mean necessarily that Eddington's wrong, but as a usual thing the experts are right when they speak in unison. When Eddington sticks to his field, he's usually on firm ground; it's when he wanders afield and takes on branches of science that he knows little about—philosophy, for example—that he comes a cropper. During the past 15 years I've written scores of columns about Eddington, Jeans, and several other supporters of Theism, but my arguments have always been based on the fact I felt they were making immense guesses in fields they knew little about. A man can be a wonderful mathematical astronomer like Jeans or a great physicist like Eddington, but that doesn't mean they know what they are talking about when they take excursions into metaphysics and even mysticism.

I wonder how Noah spent his time while on the water so long. Didn't he do a lot of fishing?

That's out. He had only two worms.

Which language is spoken most rapidly?

Anyone who wants to enjoy an attack of verbal hemophilia should take up French, because that's the most rapid language, according to a philologist who studied the speed at which various languages are spoken. He found that French leads with 350 syllables a minute. Then comes Japanese, with 310. German is third, with 250. English, with only 220 syllables a minute, is, comparatively, a slow drawl. Certain Polynesians are the slowest speakers, with only 50 syllables a minute in everyday talk.

Isn't it better for the motorist's purse to have smaller license plates on his car?

Yes, by all means. Prof. Felix W. Pawlowski, of the University of Michigan's aeronautical engineering department, has shown what it costs in dollars and cents to push around large license plates. The 1940 Michigan plates are 30 percent larger than the old ones, writes Prof. Pawlowski, and then adds that "this increased size will make for added air resist-

ance." He holds that since it cost the average motorist who traveled 12,000 miles in 1939 \$2.50 in gasoline costs to push along the smaller front plates, it's estimated that additional fuel costing 50c or more will be needed for the 1940 plates.

How does it come that money is sometimes called lucre?

It comes from the Latin "lucrum," which means gain.

Please list the articles and services sold by coin machines.

Coin machines now in use offer astrology, amusement, apples, books, bottles, candy, confections, cigars, cigarettes, coin mechanisms, electric shockers, fortunes, gum, handkerchiefs, marbles, matches, music, novelties, nuts, parking meters, pay toilet locks, perfume, pencils, pictures, photo-makers, postcards, sanitary napkins, skill and amusement, toys, timing devices, toilet articles and many others.

What have we in 1940 that we didn't have in 1930? I refer only to the fields of science, invention, and the like.

The list is long and the items numerous, so I'm not going to try to answer this question with a complete inventory. The high-spots will have to suffice. They are: synthetic rubber; television; colored movies; glass building blocks; Atlantic and Pacific passenger air traffic; sulfanilamide and sulfapyradine, drugs that serve us well in streptococcus infections, pneumonia, etc.; freezing treatment for cancer; lightweight, streamlined passenger trains, powered with diesel engines; great improvements in oil refining and processing; new plywoods; polarized glass; invisible glass; fluorescent lighting; sleeper planes that carry 30 passengers, Nylon and Vinyon synthetic textile fiber which are better than silk in some ways; Haldeman-Julius' volumes of questions and answers.

Do you worry much about your "who" and "whom"?

Not a bit. I practice my who's and whom's strictly by ear. I know, of course, that our prissy purists hold out for "Whom do you think you're talking to?" but I deliberately and with malice aforethought write and

say "Who do you think you're kidding?" Give the strict grammarians a few more years and they'll come over to our side. Look how often we lowbrows are right and the uppity guys are wrong. Take the way we say, "I feel bad." That's correct. Notice how often, in the movies and in print, the uppah clawses lisp "I feel badly," which sounds awful and is lousy grammar. Another thing that makes me squirm is the way our sassiety dames (again in the movies) insist on "sheing" for "skiing." Webster's New International Dictionary says "ski" is pronounced "skee," with no other way allowed.

Does dawn begin when the sun rises?
No. Dawn begins when the sun is 18 degrees below the horizon.

I recall vividly how a priest talked to a group of youths who were growing indifferent to his spiritual exhortations. "You're aloof now, because you kids are so young, but just wait until you're on your deathbed. Then, when you are about to die, you will act like all others—afraid of what death holds in store for you." That was the gist of his argument. What do you think about it?

That's a favorite device of priests and other religious leaders. They make much of death-bed recantations, or conversions, or spiritual exhilaration. This whole question of modes of death and the sensations of the dying was covered in a study made by the late Sir William Osler, one of the greatest figures in the history of scientific medicine. Osler kept careful records in some 500 deathbed scenes. Here's what he found: About 90 of the 500 suffered bodily pain or distress, 11 showed mental apprehension, 2 were positively terrified, 1 expressed spiritual exaltation and 1 suffered from bitter remorse. The great majority, Osler said, "gave no sign one way or the other; like their birth, their death was a sleep and a forgetting." I'm sure Osler's evidence has more value than the threats of a clergyman who thinks it's right to scare people into religion, if nothing else seems to work. From Osler we see that only 1 person in 500 worried about his immortal soul when the time came to kick off. Another interesting fact is that almost all dying persons are too busy dying to get

much frightened over the experience. In the case of old people, according to Lewellys Barker, only rarely do the aged know, when on their deathbeds, that they are about to die.

Romantic love, as expressed in songs and poems, asks us to believe that true lovers were made for each other. Isn't this pretty bunk?

It certainly is. Oliver Wendell Holmes said the final word on this business: "Remember that nature makes every man love all women, and trusts the trivial matter of special choice to the commonest accident." That's terribly cynical, but true.

Is it true that there are no bald-headed lunatics?

Pure superstition. Only the other day I read a paragraph by my old friend Nelson Antrim Crawford, in which he told about a man going nuts and killing himself for the expressed reason he was getting bald.

What's the meaning of the quaint expression "a Tennessee virgin"?

It's a nine-year-old girl who can out-run her pappy.

Editor: These are times that try men's souls, and it seems that many souls can't stand the gaff. Here is an old friend, H. G. Wells pleading for a bombing of Berlin to give the Germans their medicine! Here is the good Reverend John Haynes Holmes who is now sure that Russia has sold out all the liberals. A former friend of the Soviet Union, E. Haldeman-Julius is now sure that Russia has returned to Tsarist imperialism. The editor of The Progressive is now seeing Reds all over the place. When you read the utterances of these gentlemen you can never be sure as to whether you are reading a Hearst editorial, British propaganda or something from Herbert Hoover. You have to look twice at the signed article to make sure that it is really coming from these old friends.

There is no excuse for these gentlemen going haywire. They ought to know the facts about the First World War; they ought to know how British propaganda got America into the war, and all about the intrigues of the munitions trust. You would think that they would be on their guard against all the war "baloney" now going on. You would think that they would look for the English devil in the wood-pile in the Finnish-Russian business. In fact, in any European squabble, you would think that they would look for that big-

gest of all trouble-makers—England. But in their eyes that is ridiculous. England's hands are lily-white; so pure is she in fact that our own State Department follows her blind-folded. Don't dare say anything about the immaculate English!

... The Russians were a little too foxy for the Chamberlain gang of intriguers and double-crossers, and managed to trap them. Now trapped, the English propagandists are working hard on the unrealistic and sheepish Americans to come to their aid. All the news coming from Finland is British propaganda, and American intellectuals, the worst of all sheep, are falling for it hook, line and sinker! That being the case there is no hope except the good horse-sense of the common people of America. Let these common people understand that those political realists, those political economists of Soviet Russia are not jackasses. They know what's in the wind. They are not the fools your newspapers would have you believe. You are the fools if you believe what the newspapers would have you believe! It must be remembered that oodles of intellectuals were trapped by the propaganda of the First World War, and that they are not to be taken too literally in the present crisis. Neville Island, Pa. MELVILLE KRESS

* * *

"After I have read The Freeman I send it home to my father in Denmark, and he enjoys the paper very much. I had a letter from him recently in which he told me The Freeman is the best paper I have ever sent him from the U.S.A., and I have sent him many. He continues: 'it is really worth a dollar a copy, and it seems strange to me—America with its many millionaires, that there is not one who will offer his financial help.'—John Holm, Boston, Mass.

* * *

"Any 'sophisticated' publication so packed full of wit, spice, humor and plain common sense as The Freeman for April, 1940, should be in the home of every real Freethinker, even if you have to buy it for 'em."—H. G. Hayes, Junction City, Kansas.

* * *

In several of your volumes of questions and answers you show (through the use of facts and not mere opinion) that Father Coughlin and his magazine make use of the propaganda literature sent out by the Nazis. There's one line that you haven't touched on, so far as I can learn, after having looked through every index in the set of books. I refer to Hitler's claim (repeated by his propagandists everywhere) that Germany didn't lose the first World War on the field of battle, that Germany was

starved into submission by the British blockade, that the Germans relied on Woodrow Wilson's 14 peace points for a just settlement, and that the German army was stabbed in the back by the Socialists. Please take up these arguments for comment, because I feel they are important.

The four arguments aren't convincing to careful students of modern history. Let's take the one about Woodrow Wilson's 14 points. When they were first given to the world the Germans scorned them *in toto*, because at the time they were planning a great offensive on the Western front. The record shows that after Wilson's 14 points were released the Germans began their Spring drive in 1918 in order to break through the British and French lines and win the war. Three attempts were made by General Ludendorff (himself later an ally of Hitler) between March 21 and July 15. The first attack in March was aimed at the British in Picardy, and it failed. Then, in July, the Germans turned against the French in Champagne, only to fail again. These immense attacks took place after the Wilson program had been promulgated. It wasn't until Fall that the Germans mentioned anything about accepting the Wilson ideas, long after they had signed a separate peace with Russia in which they insisted on the most terrible terms imaginable. This was the famous Brest-Litovsk treaty, which I have written about several times and which will be found in my volumes of questions and answers. The Wilson argument therefore lacks validity. We now come to the claim that the German army was never defeated, that the Kaiser's government fell because of the economic blockade of the British navy. No one denies the British navy's contribution to the war, but the fact remains that the German army was defeated in 1918 in France. As I've just shown, Germany couldn't end the war victoriously in July, 1918. On July 18, the Allies took the offensive, with overwhelming consequences to the German forces, even though they had been able to move many divisions from the Russian front after the Lenin-Trotsky government had come to terms with the Kaiser. At this point I find it better to refrain from quoting anti-German sources, or even im-

partial books, documents, or other writings. I want to do something more effective. I want to show the absurdity of Hitler's claim by quoting from his friend's book, General Ludendorff's own memoirs, in the chapter entitled "The Last Phase":

"August 8 was the black day of the German Army in the history of this war."

That was the day (in 1918) when the British forces actually broke through the German lines at Villers-Bretonneux, West of Amiens. After the offensive had continued for three days and caused what amounts to a rout, Ludendorff admitted "our war machine was no longer efficient." Ludendorff adds:

"August 8 put the decline of that fighting power beyond all doubt, and in such a situation, as regards reserves, I had no hope of finding a strategic expedient whereby to turn the situation to our advantage. On the contrary, I became convinced that we were now without that safe foundation for the plans of General Headquarters on which I had hitherto been able to build, at least so far as this is possible in war. Leadership now assumed, as I then stated, the character of an irresponsible game of chance, a thing I have always considered fatal. The fate of the German people was to me too high a stake. The war must be ended. . . . The Emperor told me later that, after the failure of the July offensive and after August 8, he knew the war could no longer be won."

Remember, the man who wrote the above was Hitler's comrade-in-arms in the famous beer-hall putsch in Munich. Ludendorff was a Nazi until his death. Naturally, such immense set-backs had their effect on the home front, as Ludendorff admits in his book, but they weren't decisive. The home-front wasn't "stabbing" anyone in the back when Ludendorff was trying to break through in the Spring and early Summer of 1918. It was only after these three attempts failed and the British and French actually crushed great sections of the German lines and defeated the Germans in France that the Germans, facing a hopeless future, turned to thoughts of peace. It was only then that talk began about the Wilsonian peace planks. The Germans didn't want to

retreat into Germany to have their defeat continued there on an even greater scale. When all these facts are studied one sees how ridiculous it is to claim that Germany lost because, among other things, the Socialists (and the Jews, of course) stabbed the army in the back. The British and French stabbed the army in the front, and the Americans were there, too, giving a good account of themselves.

* * *

"President Roosevelt's 'Christmas message' to the Pope, as quoted in Time, in one of the goofiest things I ever read. The President, or his ghost writer, is slipping. F. D. R., started playing with fire when he decided to get chummy with the Pope, and the American people are likely to get burned."—A. M. Paschall, Azle, Tex.

* * *

"When you invented the Newsclip Filing System you created something of tremendous importance. You have underestimated its great value. It gives the public a chance to check up on news lies. The Newsclip Filing System makes it easy to find just the information I want, and in a short time. All readers should get into the pleasant habit of filing away valuable press clippings. I consider the system you sold me well worth the money it cost me—only \$1, plus 25c for carriage. A nice, useful investment."—John Astell, Park, Kans.

* * *

Fred Hamann, Pekin, Ill., sends me a prophetic sentence by Sam Slick, Yankee peddler of a century ago: "We are horn in a hurry, educated at full speed, our spirit is at high pressure, and our life resembles a shooting star, till death surprises us like an electric shock."

* * *

"Congratulation on the outcome of the Norman Baker case. Tough job to get the truth before the people and one Hell of a job to get them to believe it, but stay in there and our children may see the time when we can realize good results. More power to you and your efforts."—E. E. Mauck, St. Joseph, Mo.

* * *

During the past seven years—since Hitler became dictator of Germany—I have heard over the radio and read in print at least a thousand times that Hitler is a pagan. Once in a while he is called an Atheist. But you, in your volumes of questions and answers (in at least a dozen places) refer to Hitler as a Catholic. Can you give me your authority for this statement?

The record proves me absolutely correct. Hitler was baptized by a

Catholic priest, and never left the Church. The Roman Church, on the other hand, never excommunicated him. Furthermore, I can prove that Hitler calls himself a Catholic. My authority here is the latest edition of the German *Who's Who* (*Wer Ist's?*) which was issued in Nazi Germany in 1935, several years after Hitler became absolute ruler. In this book's biographical sketch Hitler gives his religious connection as *kath*. In the front of the book the editor prints a list of abbreviations, in which it is stated that *kath* means *katholisch*, and that, of course, means Catholic. The historical record is crowded with reports of Catholics who disagreed on important policies with the Vatican and became what is technically known as "contentious Catholics." In the face of these plain facts it's silly to call Hitler an Atheist and idiotic to place him with the Pagans. He's still a child of the One and Only Church.

* * *

Editor: Frankly, you amaze me. Years ago you showed the book publishers how to print and sell books by the million. You made a success of it. Now you are publishing a monthly sheet that is full of meat, and selling it to a mere handful of customers who want a paper of this type, at a monthly loss of \$500, and appealing to the generous for contributions to offset this loss. It may be presumptuous for me to offer advice; but why don't you raise the sub. fee to \$150 or even \$2?

You are giving away a big magazine for a trifle over 8c the copy. Compare it with the trash that sells for 35c and more! It would be a different thing if you appealed to the so-called average man passing the news-stand. But your clientele is among a definite class, and they, I am confident, will gladly pay the additional charge for a publication that is so informative and entertaining.

May it please your eminence: Your epigram, "Constipation is the occupational hazard of chess players," needs considerable ventilating. About time you slipped up. Your supposition that sedentary habits cause constipation has no basis in fact. We speak with authority. Some years back a survey was made among letter-carriers and it was disclosed that the number of constipated mail-carriers was appalling.

N.Y.C. VERITAS

* * *

Of course, there's no denying the fact that Father Coughlin is not only a Fascist but an out-and-out anti-Semite.

I have made a special study of the numerous data on this subject found in your volumes of questions and answers. But nowhere do you explain what brand of anti-Semitism Coughlin would curse this country with if he were able to put his policies into practice. Please comment.

I doubt that Father (of what?) Coughlin would follow the Nazi form of anti-Semitism. Rather would he hew to the line worked out centuries ago by the Roman Catholic Church, which has reduced racial persecution to an exact science. Several of my volumes of questions and answers contain elaborate explanations of the traditional anti-Semitism of the Catholic Church. In fact, I prove by the record of history that anti-Semitism was created by the Vatican. If any pious reader doubts this assertion let me refer him to the volumes just mentioned. Coughlin would most assuredly copy the methods used by the Italian Fascists, who, as students of world affairs know, carried out the anti-Semitic policies of the Catholic Church—methods, by the way, which have been used in other Catholic countries, including Poland when it was a sovereign State. The Catholic idea permits a Jew to escape persecution if he embraces Catholicism. The Catholic Church, being an international organization, doesn't care to which race an individual belongs so long as he takes his education and religion from the priests. During the past 500 years or more millions of Jews escaped persecution by becoming Catholics. This is less savage than the Nazi idea of extermination, but it certainly is planets away from the American ideal of liberalism, tolerance, freedom of worship, and free communication of ideas. My newsclip filing system contains a report issued by the Joint Distribution Committee, N.Y.C., which devotes itself to welfare assistance (classy name for charity) among the persecuted Jews of Europe and elsewhere. In it I find the interesting statement that 15 percent of the Italian Jews were converted to Catholicism during 1939 in an effort to escape the racial restrictions of the Catholic-Fascist government and to enable their children to go to Catholic schools and live "normal" lives. This is admittedly a large proportion, but think for a moment

about the 85 percent who refused Catholicism even when they were facing a form of anti-Semitism that deprived them of consideration as decent human beings. We don't read much about anti-Semitism in Catholic countries like Italy, Spain and Portugal, but the record is appalling. I watch this situation carefully. My folder that holds clippings dealing with anti-Semitism in Catholic-Fascist countries tells a disheartening story. The work of persecution is done with a minimum of publicity, but the results are almost as bad as in Nazi Germany, though far less spectacular. My folder shows that the situation of the native Italian Jews has deteriorated sharply since the enactment of racial legislation late in 1938. Jews born in Italy (there aren't more than 50,000 to 70,000 in the entire country) are restricted in their property holdings; they are not allowed to engage in commercial enterprises; and all State employes have been dismissed. Professional occupations, such as medicine, law, pharmacy, etc., have been barred to them. All the weapons of persecution are used (in harmony with tried and true Catholic traditions), so it is doubly surprising when one hears even educated rabbis speak about Father Coughlin's anti-Semitism as being something that's foreign to the Catholic Church. The record shows that Coughlin is as strictly Catholic as the Vatican itself. His anti-Semitism isn't opposed to the principles promulgated by the Church during the centuries. It's the small minority of liberal American priests who are perilously near to heresy when they down Coughlinism. Their progressivism is against the ideology of the Roman Catholic Church. Their support of democracy is absolutely poison in the mind of the hierarchy. Fascism is the real political expression of Catholicism, and that always includes anti-Semitism.

* * *

Editor: It seems everybody is having a say about your "sophisticated" stories, so here's my two cents' worth. As far as I'm concerned, they are good advertising. After reading your paper through at one sitting, I straightway cut out all the little stories. Then I run my shears around such letters as Dr.

Lipton's and Richard Greene's in the April issue. This combination I present to my friends (and enemies), and of course they gobble them up and they go the rounds. Then the forthcoming question is where did I find them? Then is my chance to rave about The Freeman. The next step is easy. They all want to borrow my back copies. Inevitably they get interested in all the questions, asked and unasked. That is why I say your little stories are good advertising.

Your column is especially useful to me because when I get into a smart crowd I never can remember a story I have heard, in order to contribute my bit; but I notice that I can always recall your stories because they are associated with The Freeman, which is always uppermost in my mind. There are some who object to my "cut-outs" being printed in a paper, but I notice they are the very ones who keep the stories rolling. My, my, such hypocrisy.

SCHOOLMARM

* * *

How do you like Hitler's postulation of a "German Monroe Doctrine"?

Our Monroe Doctrine means protection for our neighbors against imperialistic aggressors. Hitler's Monroe Doctrine for Central Europe (and later, all Europe) doesn't mean protection and friendship but destruction, murder and enslavement of crushed peoples. His point about our resenting the presence of any troublemaker who went into Mexico is equally silly, for the power he refers to—British—joins us, through Canada, for more than 3,000 miles, without a single fort or line of trenches along the entire border.

* * *

Editor: In a recent issue of The Freeman one of your subscribers said he was cancelling because of some of the jokes you got off, which he thought inappropriate in a paper which pretended to discuss serious questions.

I think some of your comments, quotations, anecdotes, and jokes are the most enjoyable feature of a paper that is as informative, outspoken, and authoritative as The Freeman. I have been a subscriber for nearly a dozen years and have seen the paper in many different suits of clothes, so to say, not the least attractive of which is the present habiliment. When one mentally purges himself once a month with a strong dosage of religious, economic, sociological, and current historical comment such as you present in The Freeman, he is entitled to have it sugar coated in the form of spicy, down-to-earth humor. By all means continue the

Answers to Unasked Questions columns
It's the dessert to a full, heavy-course meal.

New Haven Conn. PHILIP KAPLEAN

* * *

Would you put Thomas Carlyle among the pious?

Of course not. He was a great Rationalist. In his diary (p. 217) we find: "I have for many years strictly avoided going to church or having anything to do with Mumbo-Jumbo." On page 260 he was asked about a future life, and replied: "We know nothing. All is, and must be, utterly incomprehensible." In his essay on Voltaire (whom he praised warmly) Carlyle said "he gave the death-stab to modern superstition." In his "Life of Sterling" he expressed strong opposition to Christianity. Carlyle was somewhat religious in his early years.

* * *

Where did Joseph Conrad stand on religion?

He was something of a Deist, along the lines of Thomas Paine's ideas. Paine, as I've written before, never was an Atheist. He was a theistic infidel, which seems to cover Conrad pretty well. In his book, "Some Reminiscences," (p. 163) published in 1912, Conrad showed his skepticism in the following: "The ethical view of the universe involves us at last in so many cruel and absurd contradictions . . . that I have come to suspect that the aim of creation cannot be ethical at all."

* * *

Where did the explorers of the 15th and 16th Centuries get their astronomical instruments, tables and charts?

Mostly from Jews.

* * *

Dear fellow damned soul: I think one of the benefits of modern medical science too little stressed in conjunction with increased life expectancy is the growing expectancy of quick, painless death from "heart trouble" or "stroke." As scientists progressively mitigate the destructive powers of diseases and lingering ailments (and provided an automobile doesn't put a triumphant wheel on one's neck), the human heart becomes heir to the happy prospect of throbbing joyously until the last weary beats when death will come "unexpectedly" while laughter still clings to the lips of that noble, warm-hearted, thinking creature—man! Or it may be, too, that one can go to bed feeling well and the next morning wake up dead.

Apart from the gradual elimination of

the horrible aspects of dying by inches or feet, medical science already has done yeoman service in eliminating those "deathbed confessions" on which the superstitious too often depend for their super-sogobious pishtush!

Pekin, Ill.

FRED HAMANN

* * *

What does "sexpert" mean?

It's slang, meaning a learned writer on marital problems.

* * *

"About 14 years ago, by accident, I heard of The American Freeman, and subscribed. Have since bought many of the Little Blue Books and subscribed to the various publications coming from the Girard presses. They have opened new frontiers of knowledge, leading to social, economic and religious emancipation. You deserve commendation for emancipating readers from the cobwebs of superstition, obsolete customs, traditions and belief in the supernatural. Today I am a free man, with a broad philosophy—a Materialist and Humanist—with hope for mankind in a more rational world."—Lafayette Boal, Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

Editor: Let me assure you that pornographic pleasures are not a monopoly of Rationalists. I well remember when, as a budding young Mennonite, I often found myself among a group of Mennonite Lochinvars swapping off-color yarns, one after the other, till we exhausted our opulent supply. Of course, there were a large number of Mennonites who frowned on this pastime, but in associating with many of the various tints and degrees of ascetic Fundamentalists for which Lancaster County Pa. is famous, my best yarns were usually matched, if not outdone, by my fellow-travelers.

Nor was this sport confined to the younger generation. An Amish contractor, whose flowing white beard reminded me of Biblical patriarchs, spilled some of the choicest ones I have heard; and a Mennonite farmer, for whom I worked part of a season, was noted for his store of Dorothy Parkers and his enjoyment in passing them on.

If it is true, as Dr. B. G. Lipton suggests, that this yarn spinning increases with age and impotency, many of my former Fundamentalist associates will exploit their dotage swapping earthy morsels of pornography. The saddest part of this pornographic adventuring, including the Bible Belt, is that the choicest morsels do not receive the wide circulation they deserve in this modern civilization of ours. Perhaps some day in the not-too-distant future, the portion of the human race that genuinely

enjoys this sport will see the ban of our so-called moralists lifted, and the furtiveness too often associated with this pastime break way to good-natured respectability.

West Chester, Pa. J. CLAYTON SHANK

* * *

What is a poet?

One who appreciates life's beauties and understands its miseries.

* * *

Editor: My opinion of Joseph McCabe is not the same as your correspondent which you answered so thoroughly in the April issue. I first became acquainted with McCabe's works three years ago, and, since that time, have had nothing but the highest admiration for the man. His exhaustive writings assure him of a place in the world's literature, second only to Aristotle. And who knows but that some day he will eclipse even Aristotle? The amount of research it must have taken for McCabe to write even one Little Blue Book is nothing short of stupendous, not to mention the man-sized tomes he has written besides the Little Blue Books. His works are put together with painstaking precision, and are loaded with the ammunition of Freethinkers which is indisputable facts. McCabe is one who has roamed the world, poking about into dusty volumes and dusty religious minds in order to build up an impregnable defense for Freethinkers. The world owes McCabe a debt it may never be able to pay. Thomas Paine, with his "Age of Reason," and Ingersoll, with his lectures and collected works, made confetti of the Bible. They proved to the world, which was reluctant to believe at the time, that the Bible was not an inspired book; was in no respects superior to any other religious book. McCabe, however, has gone Paine and Ingersoll one better, and not only has examined the Bible minutely under the microscope of present-day science but has completely swept away the scenery of lies behind which Christianity has been hiding. Was Christianity opposed to slavery? The average church member thinks so. McCabe proves this to be a lie. Did the churches ever go to bat for women, schools, and humanitarian, progressive movements? They did not, and McCabe proves that they did not, although the average church member thinks they did.

McCabe somewhere makes a statement to the effect that the churches have always fought reforms that would benefit humanity, until the reforms had made such headway they could no longer be ignored; then the churches would hop aboard the bandwagon and share or grab, the glory. Present-day ob servers are going to have the oppor

tunity of seeing the churches in action copping the glory for instigating birth-control reform and the dissemination of how-not-to-catch-a-dose information!

Azle, Texas A. M. PASCHALL

* * *

What is epistemology?

Theory of knowledge, or what we know about knowledge.

* * *

How much green food does a field mouse eat in a year?

Almost 25 pounds.

* * *

Father Coughlin's magazine, "Social Justice" (February 19, 1940), quotes the "Hazard Circular" in support of the charge that the Rothschilds conspired to cause the Civil War. The same article quotes Abraham Lincoln's warning regarding the growth of the money power as expressed through corporations. Then follows a quotation from the London Times in which it urged that the U.S. Government be destroyed. The fourth charge is that the Rothschilds in London wrote to a firm of N.Y. bankers saying (in 1863), while our Civil War was raging, that the American people would be too stupid to detect their devices to make money in this country through new banking legislation. Please comment on all these statements. I know that you specialize in Father Coughlin's propaganda, never missing a chance to expose his crooked methods. I agree with you that the priest is the dirtiest liar and intellectual swindler ever to curse our people. I have read all your statements on Father Coughlin in your 19 volumes of questions and answers and don't see how anyone can doubt the fact that you have compiled a mountain of evidence to prove that Coughlin is one of the most dangerous liars and propagandists. I am suspicious of the four statements taken from "Social Justice," but I haven't the reference facilities to enable me to expose them. I feel confident you will be able to put the four Coughlin nuggets among your growing collection of data which you classify under LIARS AT WORK.

All four statements quoted above are false from beginning to end, thus making Father Coughlin a still greater liar, which certainly is establishing something of a record. Yes, someone ought to write a book to be called "LIARS AT WORK," in which the lies, forgeries, interpolations, inventions and deceptions of the Coughlin school of crooks should be exposed. I have already lined up a great deal of data, as my reader says above.

and more comes along almost daily. It's a big job just to keep recording Father Coughlin's intellectual swindles. The man is without honor or decency. He belongs in an intellectual underworld of his own. And, as I've said many times in my volumes of questions and answers, this priestly sewer-rat is so contemptible that he pays no attention to writers who expose his mendacities. If a certain set of lies become too obvious even for his hallucinated dupes he can always be relied on to cook up a new mess of rotten, putrid lies. He can't open his mouth or put his pen to paper without spewing forth venomous propaganda or crude, shameless lies.

First, let's look at the famous "Hazard Circular," which is known to all informed students of history to be as crude a fake as the Coughlin-distributed Protocols of the Elders of Zion. To make the point of the Coughlin material clear let me stop long enough to repeat that the purpose of the articles is to prove that the Civil War wasn't fought over the slavery issue, that that question wasn't decided on as a pretext for the war until 1857, and that the real cause of the war was the plot of the Rothschilds (and through them the Jews) to split the U.S. into two almost equal halves, one to go to Canada and the other to Napoleon III. The Coughlin magazine's second article takes up the National Banking Act of February 25, 1863, which is made to be a part of the Rothschild conspiracy. In order to make this silly business stand up, Coughlin's magazine quotes the fake "Hazard Circular," which the Bank of England is supposed to have issued. The circular is used in order to get over the thought that the "international bankers" were now convinced that American slavery was headed for extinction, thus making it necessary for the money powers to grasp this new opportunity to rob and exploit the white American masses through the control of the government's money. It has been shown that the so-called Hazard "document" was used by the Populists 50 years ago, in order to make propaganda against the banks, but when challenged to prove the circular's authenticity they had to ad-

mit they were without the slightest proof, with the result that they stopped using the silly trash. Since then the Hazard concoction has come back into circulation whenever a cheap liar of the Coughlin stripe wants to stir up his gullible followers with sensational frauds.

The Abraham Lincoln "warning" I've exposed in full before, as may be seen by referring to my volumes of questions and answers. It's an old piece of tripe, the first sentence reading: "As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow." It goes on, sentence after sentence, with statements never made by Abraham Lincoln, except for a single sentence in the middle of this spurious quotation. Money reformers in the last century made frequent use of this forgery. They and their successors never were able to show that Lincoln ever said or wrote the words credited to him. You can search every page of Lincoln's letters, speeches and writings but you'll never find the quotation referred to. Now, after the thing has been exposed at least 10,000 times, Father Coughlin's magazine picks it up again and gives it a new lease on life.

The third Coughlin lie is a quotation from the *London Times*. This newspaper is supposed to have run an editorial "in 1865" in which the "North American" administration (whatever that means) is castigated and in which this sentence is alleged to have appeared: "That government must be destroyed or it will destroy every monarchy on the globe." Notice how Father Coughlin fails to give the exact date when the editorial was printed. "In 1865" makes it hard to check, but that doesn't alter the fact that the piece never appeared. It's a forgery. Father Coughlin always stands ready to give publicity to fabrications and forgeries. The attempt to make the *London Times* appear to be the "front" of the "Jewish-bankers" is silly.

Finally, the Rothschilds are supposed to have written from London, in 1863, to "Messrs. Ikleheimer, Morton and Vandergould," announcing that new American banking legislation had been drawn up on a plan worked out by the British Bankers Associa-

tion. The same faked letter says that U.S. Senator John Sherman, who favored the new legislation, had said the American people are "mentally incapable" of comprehending "the tremendous advantages that capital derives from the system," and cannot even understand "that the system is inimical to their interests." Such lying trash is supposed to make the "international bankers" parties to a scheme to do terrible things to the American people, according to the Coughlin outfit. The letter, of course, is a forgery, without a shred of truth to support its statements. The firm of bankers who supposedly received the Rothschild letter never existed. The name is a crude invention. The first name, Ikleheimer, is supposed to be Jewish, and thus help in the anti-Semitic propaganda. Notice the last name of the firm—Vandergould—a crude and obvious combination of the Vanderbilts and the Goulds. The early Grangers and Populists used such a letter in their literature, but it was offered as a satirical piece of writing, not as history. Father Coughlin is ready to take the spoofing of the Grangers of the last century and print it as solemn and verifiable truth.

Thus, all four Coughlin statements quoted by my reader above are plain forgeries. Yes, the evidence continues to pile up. The work I've suggested—LIARS AT WORK—couldn't take long to write, for the material is at hand. The liars must be exposed. Father Coughlin can't get away with his studied rottenness. The filthy skunk stinks to heaven.

* * *

"We are planning to expand our business of placing Automatic Libraries on locations. We have a brother, Pete by name, and a friend who are going into partnership with us. If it is possible, we plan to move our business from Columbia, Mo., to St. Louis. My twin brother, Anthony, agrees that St. Louis is a better location for expanding such a business. We now have much vital information on carrying on our first business venture. If our plans go through and we leave Columbia, we hope to distribute much larger quantities of books."—Joseph and Anthony Arico, Columbia, Mo. [Editor's Note: These two young men are students at the University of Missouri, at Columbia. Recently they put two Automatic Li-

braries on location in that community, the results of which Freeman readers were told about in a recent issue. I have just received word from Detroit, Mich., to the effect that the distributor who placed Automatic Libraries in that city sold 23,200 books, at 10c each, in 16 days, which is a record. Freeman readers who want to know about this new and interesting business are advised to write to O. D. Jennings Co., 4309 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill. This concern has complete control over the manufacture and distribution of the machines. Please do not send your inquiries to me, for I'll only have to forward your letter.]

* * *

What is the population of Mexico?
About 21,000,000.

* * *

BAKER HOSPITAL CLOSED

The Baker hospital, Eureka Springs, Ark., was closed on February 25, after its head, Norman Baker, had been convicted in Federal court at Little Rock of using the mails to defraud in connection with advertising of a fake cancer cure. Baker and two of his chief associates are in jail awaiting the outcome of an appeal to a higher court. Bail was refused because the presiding judge said he feared Baker might go to Mexico, where he has most of his property, including a powerful radio broadcasting station. The notorious cancer quack is under sentence to serve four years in a Federal prison. The time he is spending in the Little Rock jail is not being deducted from his term because of his refusal to go to a Federal penitentiary while lawyers carry through Baker's appeal for a new trial. He prefers to sit it through, which, according to some, may take six or eight months. With Baker in jail and his hospital closed a scandalous form of quackery has come to an ignominious end. It has been a long, hard struggle to put a quietus on this charlatan. Postoffice inspectors worked an entire year on the case and the Federal authorities spent tens of thousands of dollars in order to present a bullet-proof case to the jury. Freeman readers will recall that this paper exposed Baker's quackery years ago (see E. Haldeman-Julius' volumes of questions and answers for the full details) and in retaliation Norman Baker filed two libel suits against The Freeman's editor, one for \$500,000 and another for \$100,000 both of which are pending in the editor's home county. Some observers have commented on the interesting situation here, with a complainant suing for libel when he is under a prison sentence for doing the precise things outlined in Haldeman-

Julius' offending article. Pushing a libel suit while warming a stool in a prison cell is said to present intriguing complications. Editor Haldeman-Julius is frank to confess that full credit for Baker's exposure should go to the paper's readers and not to the writer of the "libelous" material. Without the moral and material support of the paper's subscribers the editor would have been hard put to push his defense. This Baker scandal presents a perfect case in support of the assertion that a free, independent, forthright paper can do much in the interests of the public, especially when the paper's readers stand ready to back up their editor in a self-sacrificing way.

* * *

I am ready to buy a dictionary, but all I have looked into contain many words I already know. Is it possible to get a book that omits the familiar words?

If you will send me a list of all the words you know in the New International Dictionary I'll send it on to the publishers with the suggestion that your order is available once they bring out an edition cut and trimmed to your needs. As the matter of money may be of some interest to you, let me drop the hint that such a volume may cost you \$25,000 or \$50,000.

* * *

Editor: A prominent role has been played in the liberalization of thought in America by the famous Little Blue Books. Their sale has exceeded over 200,000,000 copies, which has been one of the sagas of the literary world. Their cultural and educational influence is beyond computation. The glamour of their light has reached the most remote habitations of man—on the farm, in the city, the Orient, Africa, Europe, on expeditions across the Gobi and the Sahara, the South Pole; in fact, wherever the English language is read.

Little Blue Books have been the source of enlightenment and inspiration to people of many races, different creeds, leading to a greater happiness of mind, and a better understanding of life. In the Little Blue Books we have an unusual opportunity to observe the romance of life, the great adventure of living, the mysteries of love, psychological and philosophical analyses of ancient, medieval and contemporary civilization; in fact, a panorama across the stage of life.

These books, written in simple language by authorities in their chosen field, open new vistas in the realms of the spectacular life of different groups of people in contemporary American

life, sex life in the ancient civilizations of Greece and Rome, philosophy, history, science, analysis of self, the art of reading, morals, Rationalism, and other interesting fields of knowledge.

If all the youth of America diligently read Little Blue Books, the dawn of a more intelligent and rational age would be achieved. While reading these gems of literature, forget your preconceived prejudices, ideas and concepts of certain phenomena, drink deep and long at the fountain of knowledge, ponder over what you read, and think logically and rationally.

Pittsburgh, Pa. LAFAYETTE BOAL

* * *

Here's a press clipping which reprints from a London newspaper the story of a new miracle. Please fasten your 1,000,000-candle-power brain on it.

This is really a job for that great skeptic and logician, Dr. Who Flung Dung, the Chinese philosopher who stands second only to Confucius. Or should we call in that minor genius, Prof. Wang Hung Lo? Well, it's a gloomy, rainy morning, so I'll take the job myself, quoting the piece in full as it appeared in the London *Sunday Express*:

Polish refugees fleeing into Hungary have brought with them this week an extraordinary story. When Nazi firing squads executed hundreds of Poles in Bromberg a young Polish priest came out of the Farna Church, according to the refugees, to give the dying Extreme Unction. As he knelt with holy oil on his hands the Nazis ordered him away. He ignored the order and was shot by a German N.C.O. Stumbling, the priest put one of his hands on the wall of the museum against which the victims had been stood. Later a clear impression of his hand became visible. The news of this "miracle" went round like wildfire among the devout Polish Catholics. The Nazis painted the sign out, but it always became visible after a short time. So many pilgrims arrived from neighboring towns and villages that the Nazis have now roped off the square.

I'm not even an amateur chemist, but even I—thousands of miles from Poland—can see what caused the "miracle." The priest, as we're told, had been using holy oil—which isn't much different from Three-In-One (free adv.)—and when he rested his oil-covered hand on the absorbent wall he left an impression which any

housewife knows is hard to remove. And yet people, in this day and age, can actually write a miracle into the *Express'* ridiculous yarn. Since the priest was passing a miracle why did he waste Gawd's powers on a mere impression of his hand when he had a fine chance to save those pious, devout Catholic Poles from getting filled with lead? As I once asked the Maharajah of Prividore, why expect hallucinated individuals to use a little good sense?

* * *

Editor: No doubt all you have written about Hitler is true, and his treatment of the Jews is abominable—but when you call him a pansy I shrink into nothingness—for I see how you must feel about the "Intermediate" Type (Sex).

I'm not even making a defense for Hitler, but I'm so sorry to see your true feeling about the genuine homosexual—who is no more responsible for himself than one who has brown eyes for their color.

I'm not even criticizing you. You are too far in advance of me, mentally—in fact in all things—but, unintentionally, you doubtless are wounding thousands of men and women.

READER

[Editor's Note: I readily apologize to all genuine homosexuals for linking Hitler's name with them.]

* * *

I want to say a good word for your tireless efforts to be accurate.

Thanks, reader. Accuracy is important. I go to great pains to get my facts straight. Nothing annoys me more than to read a piece by a writer who isn't careful about dates, statistics, and the like. I'm reminded of the great actor who was giving a hooch party, when an officious would-be actor rushed up to him and whispered: "Old man, I feel I ought to tell you—your best friend's got your wife in her bedroom—I saw through the key-hole—and he's kissing and hugging her something awful!" The matinee idol stared at him coldly. "You're a liar, old chap. That isn't my best friend—neither my wife nor I ever saw him before!"

* * *

Editor: Occasionally, a pious proponent of religion will challenge non-believers to prove that a personal God does not exist. But the challenger is usually insincere, because he obviously

has no intention of accepting any such "proof."

Belief, or non-belief in a personal God is a matter for the individual to settle in his own mind—or the desires of his parson. If the individual "chooses" to muddle his mind with religious dogma and superstition, he has a right to enjoy his misfortune despite the "rude" mouthings of Freethinkers.

Personally, I do not consider the Bible proof of God's existence. The Bible was written, forged, translated, and exploited by men to advance the interests of organized ignorance. If the conflicting, fraudulent books of the Bible were inspired and written through divine revelation, they were revelations to the original writers only. To the rest of thinking mankind, they are eccentric horrible distortions.

Indeed, I deny the existence of any kind of God, divine mind, brain, or central intellectual power capable of guiding the universe either according to respectable celestial blueprints, or according to downright irresponsible, mischievous schemes of creation, damnation, salvation, and resurrection.

Spokane, Wash. ROBERT SLOCUM

* * *

My name is Max Mandelbaum from Chicago. I went into a hotel in Atlantic City with my wife recently and asked for a room, but the clerk frankly told me there's prejudice against Jews in his hotel. What would you advise a person to do?

Go to another hotel. But don't do what another Jew did when he went to a hotel with his wife. He decided to use a good Irish name, which he figured would surely get him a room, but when he signed the register he caused something of a sensation. In the end he was hustled through the lobby and pushed out on the sidewalk. The trouble here was that he took the biggest Irish name he knew—he signed "Cardinal O'Connell and wife."

* * *

How's Japan doing in China?

Not so good. The Japanese militarists have bitten off more of China than they can digest. The Chinese are finding it easier to hit at the Japanese because the invaders have spread their forces too thin over too much territory. On the financial side, Japan is scraping bottom and is staggering toward complete collapse, if something doesn't happen soon to save that power-mad outfit. Before attacking China, Japan had a strong

foreign trade which brought in immense amounts of foreign exchange. That business is almost shot to pieces. When the war started, the Japanese Government had \$450,000,000 worth of gold, which it could use to buy oil and munitions in the world markets, especially in the U.S. Today, the Japanese haven't more than \$50,000,000 in gold, which can't last long at the rate money is being spent in order to keep their army in China. Japan mines about \$50,000,000 worth of gold yearly, but that also can't do a great amount of good in Japan's unhappy pickle. If things go as they are, Japan will fall before the Chinese, provided the latter are able to take advantage of the favorable situation. So far as the U.S. is concerned, we don't have to do anything extreme in order to punish the Japanese aggressors for their savage treatment of China. If we just sit tight and keep our traps shut, we'll soon have Japan's last dollar, after which we can tell the little war lords to go jump into the lake when they take a notion to ask us for oil and supplies—on credit. The American people aren't going to shed any tears over Japan's predicament.

* * *

Editor: The quotation you give from H. G. Wells' book, "Travels of a Republican Radical in Search of Hot Water," in the April Freeman (Answers to Unasked Questions, page 2) should be cut out and posted in a conspicuous place by all Freethinkers. There is a vast wilderness of superstition and mysticism yet to be explored by Freethinkers. Much of this territory has been opened up and the flag of Free-thought planted, but even so, too much wilderness still remains. The day will eventually come when the Bible will be deemed no more authentic nor factual than Gulliver's Travels or Grimm's Fairy Tales. But until that day does arrive, the human family will be in continual chaos. The religious practitioners continue to drum up trade as rapaciously as any come-on gent for a clip-joint. There are about as many different brands of religious elixir for man's ills as there are "salesmen"—meaning priests, preachers, and rabbis. But no elixir concocted by Gawd somewhere up above Einstein's double-jointed cosmic highways is going to do humanity any good. Let us look to the man of science, here and now, for a solution to man's problems. Not to a Catholic priest, a Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian

Baptist bull-shooter, or a Primitive Methodist minister. (Incidentally, I like the candor of a church which calls itself Primitive.) In the religious census of 1926, 212 different religious denominations, for the United States alone, are listed. There might be more, or there might be less today, but whatever the number, heaven knows it is too many. The warring religious clans block all paths to material and cultural progress. Each religious dopest claims that he, and only he, has the right password that will get you by St. Peter. If you happen to tie up with the wrong sky-pilots (and remember, your changes of picking the wrong ones are better than 200 to one) you will be given the wrong password, and hence will be unable to effect an entrance through dem pearly gates. Over 200 passwords in the United States alone! St. Peter must be some punkins knowing who to let in and who not to let in. His job must be a lot tougher than that of the doorkeeper of a pre-repeal speakeasy during the rush hour.

Azle, Tex. A. M. PASCHALL

* * *

How many States are there in the Union which don't collect personal property taxes?

New York State is the only one. Personal property subject to tax outside N.Y. State has a value of more than \$25,000,000,000. For example, in New Jersey the people not only pay a realty tax but an additional \$700,000,000 on personal property.

* * *

Who is credited with having worked out the actuarial tables used to determine life insurance rates?

Benjamin Gumpertz, a "non-Aryan," supplied the foundation for the tables by working out the principles regarding decline in resistance to death.

* * *

The Rev. Harry Rimmer spoke here in Philadelphia recently, making much of the fact that he had won a suit over the \$1,000 challenge to anyone who found a mistake in the writings of Moses. Rimmer said he hoped to have the same judge again in his next case. Am I right in surmising that the challenge was not a fair and above-board offer?

I don't doubt that the Rev. Rimmer is making effective use of the court incident regarding his offer of \$1,000 to anyone who can find an inaccuracy in the Bible. It's too bad such people can't rely on truth-telling. It happens that William Floyd, editor of *The Arbitrator* and a highly

intelligent critic of the Bible, demanded the reward, which Rimmer refused to pay him. He sued (which to my notion was somewhat fatuous) but the case was dismissed by a New York judge on the grounds that Floyd had failed to offer legal proof that Rimmer had actually made such an offer and was therefore entitled to payment from the evangelist. In short, the case was thrown out of court on a technicality, but Rimmer is making the little comedy serve his ends. It doesn't take much of a student of the Bible to point out not one but scores, even of errors. I don't pretend to be an authority on the Bible, for during recent years I've been unable to spare time on the piece of wretched supernaturalism, but even I could present a list of Bible inaccuracies (especially misstatements of facts generally known to educated people). If the Rev. Rimmer is really sincere, I hereby challenge him to invite me to print 25 Bible inaccuracies in *The American Freeman*, or any other periodical of his choice, and then leave the question to a vote of the publication's readers. If I win the money I promise the Rev. Rimmer I won't accept a penny of it, preferring instead to turn it over to any worthy charity. Another point made by the judge in the Rimmer-Floyd case was that even if Rimmer had made the offer it would still be a legal joke because no one could prove that Moses had made a mistake *at the time he wrote*. It's one thing to point to errors in the alleged writings of Moses, as we know them in the Bible, but quite a different thing to prove that Moses wrote them that way. The whole thing is a joke, but Rimmer will, from now on, tell his dupes that he beat the Atheists who said they could prove certain statements in the Bible were inaccurate. Rimmer is capable of any intellectual enormity, for his appeal is directed to the lowest mentality in the community. He frequently makes use of a story about Robert G. Ingersoll which always goes over with a bang. The story is pure fabrication, needless to say, but Rimmer presents it as the literal truth. And even if it were true it would still be too silly for intelligent consideration. According to Rimmer, when Ingersoll was in the Union army

during the Civil War his superior officer, a captain, wrote to another officer offering him an Atheist for a good mule. The mule was sent and Ingersoll was traded for it. Rimmer's hallucinated congregations get a big kick out of the story that's nothing more than the invention of a fourth-rate mind. Besides, it isn't funny, which is a much more serious charge. And, finally, Ingersoll was a colonel, so no captain could have let him go for a good mule.

* * *

When did people first begin taking setting-up exercises?

They go back to ancient times. The ancients would bend down and kiss the ground while keeping the big toes dug into the ground. That looks like a modern's idea of a setting-up stunt.

* * *

Editor: I agree with you as to the proper mode of approach to the problem of nationalization of industries. Precisely as a new industry takes a long time to organize until it runs smoothly in private hands, so the establishment of industries in hands of the public must, of necessity, take a long period of development—and this means that industries must be taken over one at a time, so that they may develop smoothly. But that does not at all justify your thesis, in your issue of February, 1940, that the Russian failure to socialize everything at once, proves their attempt is a failure or that the theory of complete nationalization is wrong.

So far is this from "proving beyond debate," it is not even the slightest evidence. You seem to believe that the theory of Socialism requires a regimental commander, when he occupies a town, to take possession of every shop, store and factory and instantly to set up a government establishment—and this in the midst of a campaign. For you must remember that this occupation is even now only a couple of months old—and you were some time since writing of reports concerning the initial action. The fact is—and the failure to realize this is the reason for most of the misunderstanding about Russia—that the United States Steel Company, when it establishes a new plant, requires months and even years to get the plant into producing form. The Russians, starting without industries, trained leaders and workers, tools and equipment, and relying for help on a population mechanically and industrially untrained, needs many years before it can get its industries into anything like the ideal planned for. It has had 10 years

since the assaults by White Russians backed by foreign nations ended. It needs 50 years for anything approximating a completed order—and has made great progress in the time so far elapsed. Until that initial period has elapsed, no conclusions can reasonably be drawn.

Chicago, Ill. EDWARD M. WINSTON

What do the Nazis say about Prof. Einstein, since they forced him out of Germany?

The other day, for the second time in seven years, I got into a personal argument with a Nazi. It was a revealing experience, for the fellow was full of Goebbels' reckless and truth-rejecting propaganda. He poured the poison at me, hardly giving me a chance to get a sentence in edgeway, but I stood for the man's crude arrogance because I wanted to get his slant. By the way, he even used Hitler's reference (with full approval) to the great contributions of the Hessians to American liberty, betraying lack of information that could be corrected by any grammar school kid. When he came to the Jews, he either denied that certain great Germans were Jews or, if that wasn't possible, he denied they made the discoveries credited to them. For example, Dr. Ehrlich's famous "606," a specific for syphilis, wasn't discovered by him at all but by some other fellow (whose name I'd never heard before) in the same laboratory. Dr. Hertz, of course, made discoveries in physics that made possible the radio, but the scientist wasn't a Jew at all. When he came to Einstein he became apoplectic, for the great mathematical physicist is the pet aversion of the Nazis. "After all," the Nazi argued, "has Einstein ever made two blades of grass grow where only one grew before?" He stopped after this question, as though he could afford to allow anyone to make a reply. "Einstein," I commented, "isn't an agronomist, so I fail to see why he should take on himself the job of making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. He deals in pure science, physics, astronomy and the problems of higher mathematics." The Nazi then advanced the point (which was supposed to be overwhelming) that Einstein can't be worth much even in his own fields

because all men of science in today's Germany agree the man's a fraud. Of course, what he said about Germany's scientists under Hitlerism couldn't be denied, for I knew I had in my newsclip filing system a piece in which Dr. Walter Gross, leading exponent of Nordic science in Hitlerland, disposed of Einstein as follows:

The so-called theories of Einstein are merely the ravings of a mind polluted with liberal, democratic nonsense which is utterly unacceptable to German men of science.

I then suggested to the loud-mouthed, arrogant Nazi (who seemed to believe that the louder a thing's said the truer it must be) that Hitler's pal and ally, Stalin, doesn't care for Einstein either. The Nazis reject Einstein because he's a Jew and a believer in liberalism, tolerance and democracy, while the Communists reject Einstein because he's something of an agent of Fascism. If this sounds too screwy to be true, let me dig into my newsclip folder again (good old reliable system) and fetch a quotation from the *Astronomical Journal of the Soviet Union*:

The astronomers of the capitalist countries, more than ever, find themselves incapable of comprehending and accepting the Marxian, dialectical-materialistic concept of the universe. . . . The story of a relativistic universe is the hostile work of the agents of fascism. It is the revolting propaganda of a moribund, counter-revolutionary ideology.

Einstein gets hell from both sides. But we Americans know how lucky we are to have such a great man settle down in our country and become a citizen of our wonderful land of freedom, humanitarianism and common decency. I'm reminded of how Einstein, some 20 years ago, before he became world-famous, said that if his theories worked out the Germans would call him a German while the French would call him a Jew, but if they didn't work out he'd be called a Jew in Germany and a German in France. Let me, before it's too late, mention that the Communist opinion expressed above was printed before Stalin and Hitler worked out their rotten accord. Today, I'm sure, the writer of the above would strike out the word Fascism

and change the sentence to show that Einstein is an agent of plutocratic imperialism, especially the British, Swedish, Finnish and Wall Street war-mongers. This reminds me that Victor Riesel reports that he checked the *Daily Worker* during the last 10 weeks and couldn't find a single anti-Hitler story. He adds: "Even the word 'Nazi' is on the taboo list of the *Daily Worker's* style sheet. All British defeats are played up. German victories are frequently front-paged." So, we can expect the *Daily Worker* to join the Nazi and Moscow scientists and show that Einstein is a front for capitalistic enemies of the Workers' Fatherland.

* * *

What is your reaction to relief as a permanent national policy?

Temporary relief is unavoidable, but if it's to be made into a lasting institution then we are tolerating unscientific treatment of a social ailment. The only sane remedy is employment at decent wages and under good conditions for all able-bodied men and women who want jobs. We certainly have the facilities for greatly expanded production and we also have the consumers who can use the things that go to make a higher standard of living. One remedy is early nationalization of all large-scale industries and services, including banking and insurance. If we are going to accept the relief system as a permanent treatment we'll be approaching our economic difficulties in the spirit of quacks instead of scientists. We don't want social and political quacks who aim to give an individual plentiful blood transfusions by taking the blood out of a man's legs and injecting it in his arm, instead of obtaining fresh life blood. Relief is just that kind of an operation. The men on relief would prefer to go into good jobs instead of accepting the *status quo* as a thing that's to prevail from now on.

* * *

Do you care to issue an encyclical on the Jimmie Roosevelt divorce scandal?

If Jimmie Roosevelt prefers that pretty nurse to his equally pretty wife, that's his business. But I don't want to pass up this chance to make an observation that has a few social implications. Two decades ago, if a

President's son had done what Jimmie's doing now, the press and pulpit, the good people and the political opposition would have whooped up a verbal cyclone. Especially if that President had been as unpopular with the rich as is F. D. R. Instead of throwing a moral spasm, the press merely reported the news and let it go at that. As we all know, at least 85 percent of the daily press is anti-Roosevelt, and yet there was no political or "spiritual" use made of the Jimmie incident. This means that America is becoming adult. We're actually learning how to act like grown up people when faced with a juicy piece of sex scandal. So far as I know, not a single Republican editor wrote so much as a stick of type attacking the President because of Jimmie's behavior. What in the world has become of the high-born and aristocratic Mrs. Priscilla Prissy-Pratt? She seems more interested in "Confucius Say" jokes than fighting to maintain the purity and integrity of the chaste and virginal American home.

* * *

My name is Mrs. Priscilla Prissy-Pratt. Please tell me why W. C. Fields was shut off the air.

The way the story comes to me through my private and expensive observers, W. C. Fields one day let himself be tempted from his daily routine of two quarts of Scotch. He downed three, which was a little befuddling even to W. C. Fields. So, when he got on the air that night he said: "Once upon a woman I had a time—no, once upon a time I had a woman." The executive who fired him is one of those guys who's grouchy until he has his lunch and afterwards he has indigestion.

* * *

In several volumes of your questions and answers you mention the fact that wars become more expensive year after year. This point ought to be gone into. Let me suggest that you show what it cost to kill a man in ancient times, and on down to the present.

When Julius Caesar sent an army out to kill and destroy, it cost him about 75c (on the average) to kill enemy soldiers. Napoleon found the bill much higher. The best authorities I can draw on estimate that Napoleon's wars cost a total of \$6,250,000,-

000. As the number of deaths totalled 2,100,000, it follows that the cost ran at about \$3,000 per man. In our Civil War the average cost per capita was \$5,000. In the first World War the cost went up to \$21,000 per man, a figure that's reached by dividing 8,358,315 killed into a war cost of \$180,000,000,000, a rather conservative figure. Naturally, I can't tell what it costs to kill a man in the second World War, but certain military experts have already estimated the cost at \$50,000 per man.

* * *

What did Dietzgen mean by "dialectical Monism"?

Joseph Dietzgen was a German workman who wrote a number of books on philosophy. At a public meeting, Karl Marx once introduced him as "our philosopher." Dietzgen accepted Marxism as an economic philosophy, and in his own works added to it an atheistic philosophy which he sometimes called Materialism, a term that suited Marx. Dietzgen frequently used the words "dialectical Monism," but they were merely another way of saying Materialism. One of the themes of his philosophy was that "the universe is one eternally evolving material reality" in which he could see no trace of spirit nor could he see any reason for what many people call the "spiritual." He rejected religion in its entirety. Thought, he taught, doesn't prove spirituality, for it's nothing more than a function of the physical brain.

* * *

What is the Japanese practice of "miuke"?

Bad economic conditions in Japan have brought *miuke* into more general use. It means a patron of a certain geisha girl can make a deal with her employer and buy her for the exact amount she owes the boss. A Japanese paper, *Miyako Shimbun*, discusses the practice as follows:

"This is an indication of wisdom which geisha-patronizing men have acquired after years of money squandering. For it is manifestly more economical to buy a geisha of small price outright than to pay by the hour for days and months—provided one likes the girl."

The system isn't quite ready for Americans. We'd expect the employ-

er to organize a finance corporation in order to permit the patron of a geisha girl to pay off the obligation on the installment plan. Then, when he got tired of his "buy," or she got frayed at the edges, or developed bulges in important places, he'd insist on a system that would permit him to trade her in on a new one.

* * *

In one of your volumes of questions and answers you speak of Andrew Carnegie as having been a Freethinker. Do you happen to know that he gave money not only for libraries but church organs? Wouldn't that mean he was religious?

Carnegie donated money to buy church organs, but he gave away the game when he said he did it "in hope that the organ music will distract the congregation's attention from the rest of the service." I still insist he was a Freethinker. In 1912 he wrote his confession of faith, in which he rejected all creeds and described himself "a disciple of Confucius and Franklin," two great Rationalists.

* * *

You say, "Literary diarrhea is a hard ailment to cure." Now, surely, you mean, "Literary diarrhea is an ailment hard to cure."

You're as right as rain.

* * *

In your comments on the world policies of the Catholic Church (as printed in your volumes of questions and answers) you make the point that the Church is allied with Fascism. I believe you prove your statement. But you don't make quite clear what the Church is AGAINST. Is it democracy or Communism?

You surely haven't read my pieces carefully or you wouldn't make the statement that I haven't made clear what the Catholic Church is opposed to. I have presented a mountain of evidence to establish the assertion that the Church is opposed to democracy, liberalism, freedom and tolerance, Communism (as in the case of Hitler) is just a bogeyman. The real enemy is progressiveness. Instead of quoting myself, let me give a paragraph (condensed) from a bulletin issued by the Methodist Association for Social Service:

"The Pope put his attack on Communism in between those of Hitler and Mussolini. He became their ally. . . . The Vatican is one of the

International triumvirate lined up to destroy democratic government and restore autocracy . . . first in Spain, next in France. . . . Anti-Communism is the smokescreen for this attack."

The Catholic-Fascist dictator in Austria, Dolfuss, wasn't worried about Communism. He aimed his blows at democracy, and received the blessings of the Church. When he slaughtered 1,500 Social-Democrats in their Vienna apartment houses, the Vatican applauded. Salazar, the Fascist-Catholic dictator of Portugal, destroyed every vestige of democracy and liberalism, even going so far as to assert that his aim is to make education available only to members of the ruling class. The Vatican made its peace early with Mussolini's brand of Fascism, blessed the dictator's banners when he sent his armies into Ethiopia to slaughter 250,000 helpless men, women and children, and gave moral and practical help to both Hitler and Mussolini when they collaborated against the Spanish Republic. George Seldes, in his recent book, "The Catholic Crisis," shows that in the U.S. the Catholic Church, in every major conflict between reaction and progress—"even on the questions of anti-Semitism, child labor, censorship, birth control and political bossism"—has "almost unanimously taken an active part on behalf of reaction." Here are only a few of the charges made by Seldes in his book—a work, by the way, which the standard press is too cowardly to review:

Mayor Hague, of Jersey City, has the unanimous support of the Catholic clergy, who back him completely. Bishops and priests always attend his meetings, sitting on the platform.

Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston, Father Coughlin, and the other spokesmen of the Catholic Church have consistently fought against the Child Labor Amendment of the Constitution.

Father Coughlin's anti-Semitism and Fascism reflect the policies of the hierarchy, which explains why he hasn't been silenced. If he had conducted a propaganda in favor of Communism with the same vigor that he has worked for Fascism, he would have been unfrocked or gagged years

ago. The point to remember here is that Father Coughlin's totalitarianism and anti-Semitism are close to the Vatican's policies.

Jerry O'Connell, of Montana, a former Congressman, was up for re-election. He is a Catholic layman. But because he opposed Franco's side in the Spanish civil war, Bishop Gilmore, of Montana, opposed him, denounced him as an enemy of the Church, and helped bring about his defeat.

Father Coughlin's vicious hate-mongering sheet, *Social Justice*, is published with the "permission" of Coughlin's ecclesiastical superior Archbishop Mooney, of Detroit.

The Catholic Church uses its power whenever possible in order to suppress progressive or radical literature. It has about succeeded in destroying every vestige of independence in the movies, especially on subjects of concern to the hierarchy. It resorts to organized terror against editors of standard publications whenever they dare even hint at the slightest criticism, so that now no editor who depends on capitalistic publishing methods has the courage to tell the truth about the Catholic Church, a condition which certainly didn't prevail 50 years ago, as I've shown several times in my volumes of questions and answers. Mr. Seldes explains the slang expression "power house," which is "applied by Republican and Democratic politicians to the residence of the highest Catholic Church dignitary in town."

Mr. Seldes closes his discussion with these remarks:

"If the Church remains the ally of the Fascist nations . . . it accepts their political and military fate and can hope for no quarter in the eventual triumph of the world's anti-Fascist forces."

If such a fate is to be avoided the work of rescue will have to be carried on by the Catholic rank and file—the laity. The hierarchy has already shown that it knows nothing but reaction, persecution, repression and intolerance.

* * *

Have you gone yet to see "Gone With the Wind"? One of my friends went and, thinking to avoid the exit rush, left when the wedding impended. He told his family that it was a good picture

but they, feeling that he could not have gotten home so early had he really seen it, ascertained that he'd gone out before it was half through.

I sat through every foot of it, and when it came to leave I found I'd paralyzed the bottom six inches of my spine. I'm only a layman, but even I could take a pair of scissors and remove at least 90 minutes of this mammoth movie. It's big, but only in size and pretentiousness. The next day I saw "The Shop Around the Corner," directed by Ernest Lubitsch, and found it 10 times better than "Gone With the Wind-Bag," and I'm sure it cost only about one-tenth of what was put out on Miss Mitchell's third-rate story. But who am I to argue with people who've already figured their box-office "take" will be at least \$20,00,000? That much money can be wrong only with eccentrics like myself. The picture's ideology disgusted me—and the historical and social backgrounds of this movie are important and not merely incidental. The whole mess is nothing more than subtle (and at times obvious) propaganda for the slave "civilization" of the old, and happily dead, South. I wasn't shocked at Scarlett's legalized whoring and Rhett's lying around a fancy house, but I was deeply shocked by the story's deep, rotten, social immorality. One might as well ask a civilized person to sit through a four-hour defense of the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition. To listen to Miss Mitchell's insulting arguments one gets the idea (if he didn't know any better) that slavery was a pleasant, rather quaint, humane, kindly, mutually ennobling institution. If this yarn is true, then Abraham Lincoln was the leader of a movement to crush an aristocratic, esthetic, romantic civilization instead of being the driving force that struck the chains from several million chattel slaves. "Gone With the Wind" is trash. Its love interest is boring. Its picture of the lives and characters of the slaves is an insult to the Negroes. Why, this picture would have us leave with the impression that chattel slavery was a beautiful, charming thing, which the slaves themselves approved of. On this point I've made careful studies in the available docu-

ments and books (as may be seen by referring to my volumes of questions and answers) and I've shown that the slaves didn't hug their chains, that tens of thousands of escaped slaves fought bravely with the Union forces, that the South kept extremely large forces scattered throughout the South in order to patrol what we're given to understand in Miss Mitchell's story were a happy, easy-going, contented people who really liked the idea of belonging to the South's "fine" and "cultured" owners of human flesh. The picture is a gross libel from beginning to end. But, while it'll make millions for its Hollywood owners, it won't put a single dent in the glorious character and magnificent achievements of the Great Emancipator.

* * *

As you show many times in your volumes of questions and answers, Mussolini and the Vatican reached an accord which ties up Catholicism with Italian Fascism as tight as a drum. But you haven't shown how successful this is with the masses. Do the Italian people fall over themselves to return to the Church?

Early in February, 1940, the Archbishop of Palermo, Italy, issued a Lenten pastoral which reported that "68 percent of Italians fail to attend mass on the holidays of the Church and only 12 percent of the men receive communion during the Easter season." That goes to show how much Italy really is Catholic. And that's after years in which the Vatican has been given an absolute monopoly on religion throughout the country, in which Freethought publications and meetings have been suppressed, in which the priests have been given complete control over public education, and in which the Catholic Church is accepted as a legal branch of the State. I'm sure that Palermo is no exception. In fact, when one goes to the larger communities—such as Rome, Milan, Naples and Venice—one has a right to expect the influence of the Church to be even smaller. It's important to bear in mind that when the Italians in the community covered by the Lenten pastoral react so unfavorably to attending mass on the holidays of the Church and to receiving communion they are risking the dangers of

eternal damnation. Even when the Fascist State gives the Church complete right of way it can't hold most of the people in intellectual bondage. Imagine what would happen if the Italian masses were to win the right to discuss religion or leave it alone as freely as was the case before Mussolini took control. Freedom and liberalism—the Church can't tolerate them because they mean the end of the Church's influence.

* * *

Recently I discussed Father Coughlin's broadcasts with a rather liberal Catholic who said he disagreed with the priest's politics. He said I shouldn't criticize his Church on account of Coughlin because it has absolutely no control over what he says by way of the radio. Please comment.

The statement is ridiculous. The Catholic Church is responsible for every word uttered by Coughlin (including all his numerous lies). His radio addresses have the official endorsement of the hierarchy, because the board of censors passes upon Coughlin's advance manuscript, which must be submitted and approved before the priest can deliver his broadcast. However, the Church, which knows that Fascism is still unpopular in this country, and only the less educated portion of the population is susceptible to anti-Semitic propaganda, hides its approval of Coughlinism by resorting to all kinds of subterfuges. As Rabbi Stephen S. Wise said recently:

"If the Catholic Church had not insisted on standing by in silence, Father Coughlin and his Christian Fronters could not have risen to threaten tolerance and decency."

Dr. Leo H. Lehmann, an authority on the Catholic Church and himself an ex-priest after years in the Church, carries Rabbi Wise's discussion a point further, as follows:

"The Catholic Church steps aside and says that Fr. Coughlin speaks not as a priest but as a private citizen. But let any one, including the Department of Justice, attempt to hold him accountable to the law of the land as any other citizen, and the Church will use all its influence to obstruct the way.

"Nine-tenths of Fr. Coughlin's prestige is based on the fact that he has the Church's approval. Catholics know this. They know that he

would be forbidden to approach a microphone if the Church disapproved of his work and methods. If he were a mere layman, not one out of ten of his present listeners would have supported him from the very start. It was his Roman collar that fascinated his vast audience of Irish Catholics and made them believe that he must be sincere and speak the truth."

Recently Cardinal Villeneuve, of Canada, gave the world a neat illustration of how the Roman Catholic Church cracks down on any priest's objectionable political, economic or social ideas. On February 7, 1940, the United Press sent out a story telling how the cardinal "strictly forbade any member of the Catholic clergy to give his name to the support of Premier Aberhardt's Social Credit defenders or organizations or to attend Social Credit meetings." Social Credit is looked upon by the Church as a form of economic liberalism and is therefore pure heresy. But the same cardinal doesn't put a quietus on his priests in Eastern Canada who devote all or part of their time to promoting Fascism and anti-Semitism, the reactionary movement being strong in that part of Canada. Thus, priests can be made to lay off when something even appears to be liberal and progressive while they are permitted and encouraged to participate in propaganda for Fascism and race-baiting. The Catholic Church in Canada isn't subject to different discipline from that found in the Church in our country. Thus, if nothing is done or said Father Coughlin, his Fascism, his anti-Semitism and his direct-action storm-troopers known as Christian Fronters, it's because the Catholic Church looks on them with approval. Only recently I had my attention called to a press dispatch which told of a Christian Front mass meeting in Brooklyn, in which it was reported that "those present were urged to buy Father Coughlin's *Social Justice* and the Nazi Bund's official publications." The same report added that "announcement was made of a mass to be said in a near-by Catholic Church for the intention of the parents of the 17 indicted Christian Fronters"—the "intention," no doubt, being that, in the words of Dr. Lehmann, "they

would be freed to blow up the Cameo Theater and Jewish social centers." As my readers know, Father Coughlin organized the Christian Front and is therefore responsible for the conspiracy to rob U.S. arsenals, accumulate arms and ammunition, conspire to destroy the American government and set up a Fascist-Catholic regime. These 17 dupes of Father Coughlin, at this writing, are in jail, prisoners of the U.S. government. My reader mentions the fact that the Catholic with whom he talked is something of a liberal. If that's so, then it's certain that Father Coughlin has no use for him, because he looks on liberal Catholics as subjects of attack and scorn. When the Catholic, Frank Murphy, was appointed to the Supreme Court, Father Coughlin used his magazine to attack him, mainly because he is liberal-minded and not an anti-Semite. In the February 5, 1940, issue, *Social Justice* says Murphy and liberal Catholic priests are in the "Jewish Front," and that Murphy was paid by the Jews to speak against race-baiting and anti-Semitism. Says Coughlin: "The Jews have in Murphy a costly pearl." All this means that Fascism and hate-mongering are accepted as "normal" expressions of Catholicism, but that liberalism, tolerance, progressiveness, and democracy are things of the devil. Recently the newspapers were filled with many news stories from Washington, where the Archbishops and Bishops of the National Catholic Welfare worked out a plan for "Organized Catholic Social Justice in the United States." Aiming at our liberal Constitution, which must be amended to take care of the reactionary demands of the Catholic Church, the plan supports the idea of medieval "Guilds" or "Corporations," as the State is called in Catholic-Fascist Italy, Franco's Spain and Portugal. In short, the hierarchy has already gone on record as favoring a Catholic-Fascist State, and as its ideas are the same as those expounded by Father Coughlin one doesn't have to be smart to reach the obvious conclusion that Coughlinism and Catholicism are one and the same thing. Therefore, it's childish to talk about Coughlin as being a private citizen who says things that the Church has no con-

trol over. When the 17 Christian Fronters were first arrested by the FBI on the charge of sedition against our government, Father Coughlin rushed to the radio and shouted defiance at Uncle Sam and boasted, "I stand by the accused." The hierarchy wanted him to say that, because the higher clergy also stand by the accused. Otherwise, how explain the fact that the entire official press of the Catholic Church defended the Christian Fronters and attacked the government for arresting them. The only exception I know of is a weekly magazine published by Catholic LAYMEN *The Commonweal*, which enraged the hierarchy by printing the following:

"Father Coughlin, The Brooklyn Tablet, Social Justice and their many abettors and sympathizers must bear the direct responsibility for the plight of these seventeen young men . . ."

The facts show that not only are the Catholic Church and Father Coughlin working to win converts to Fascism and anti-Semitism, but they're actually resorting to organizational work with a view to establishing a private military force that will be able to overthrow our democratic institutions, should it become strong enough for effective campaigns of direct action. Yes, these Catholic Fascists aren't just playing at Fascism. They mean business. And Father Coughlin is their leader, spokesman and strategist.

* * *

Why does Hitler refuse to permit foreign correspondents to enter the part of Poland he occupied?

Hitler doesn't want impartial, candid reporters in Poland because they'll get word to the world of what's happening there. The slaughter goes on daily, the mass-murders being handled by Hitler's SS troops, specialists in terror and extermination. The whole business is an orgy of sadism. German-held Poland is reeking with the blood of Poles and Jews. The Vatican recently issued documents from Polish priests in which Hitler's pogroms against priests and Polish citizens were described. There isn't the slightest doubt that these murders happened as described. In another Vatican doc-

ument, released on March 7, 1940, by a source close to the secretariat of State, further incidents are cited as being "characteristic," according to a report published in *The New York Times* the following day. Jews long converted to the Catholic Church are treated with the same cruelty accorded to Jews who have refused to surrender their faith. The Vatican tells of one incident (almost too horrible to print) which took place after a Warsaw policeman had been killed. The Jew who is supposed to have committed the act took refuge in a house, which the police surrounded. Fifty-three inhabitants were arrested and taken to the Fortress of Warsaw and divided into three groups. The *Times* report continues:

"Those in the first group were ordered to dig their graves, and after they were executed those in the second group were forced to bury them and then dig their own graves. The third group in turn had to bury the second and then prepare their own graves. The officers then addressed them and announced that since they were the last survivors they would have the honor of being interred by German soldiers—which was done immediately after their execution."

The Nazis, shortly after these murders, called in the leaders of the Jewish community, says the *Times*, "and told them they were keeping the 53 persons as hostages and would execute them unless 300,000 zlotys were paid. The money was raised and turned over to the Nazis, whereupon it was announced that the 53 Jews had already been executed. The Nazi authorities added that every provocation would be paid for by the arrest of 1,000 Jews." The same report adds that at Pabianice nine Jewish men and one woman were shot for not having saluted the Nazi flag. At Colo 217 were whipped in public for having sought to satisfy their hunger by seizing food. Space limitations forbid even a summary of the great number of reports leaking out of Poland which show what happens when the Nazis obtain control of a defeated and helpless people.

* * *

Editor: I'd like to remark, concerning that statement of yours to "Beware of any writer who can't express his most difficult thoughts in simple words," that,

after all, there are thoughts that are not even difficult which nevertheless, because of their specialized nature, require complex words for expression. In one view your way of saying it is too categorical (is that an unsimple word, and if so, what other one would fit quite as precisely?); it could mean that we must limit ourselves forever to a kindergarten vocabulary. In another view it's too inexact—what are "simple words"? Simplicity, like everything else, is relative: what's simple to you may be beyond the grasp of another. If there were not certain places in our expression of ideas where a particular word, and that one alone, most neatly and precisely fits we would not need to arrange them all in a ponderous book along with a systematic method of conveying accurate ideas about pronunciation, elaborate explanations as to fine differences in shades of meaning, etc. In a word, we wouldn't have that astoundingly efficient vehicle for conveying ideas: language. So I would rather say it this way: Beware of any writer who expresses any thought, however difficult, in words less simple than the occasion requires.

Maplewood, Mo.

C. A. LANG

* * *

Please comment on the enclosed clipping, headed "Atheists Persecuted in U.S., Red Paper Charges."

According to an AP dispatch from Moscow, March 11, 1940, *Godless*, the main organ of the Militant Atheist League, charged that Atheism is persecuted in the United States, adding:

"The much-praised American 'religious freedom' finds expression only in giving citizens freedom to choose a church which will deceive and rob them, but an open break with religion is persecuted."

I don't know of a single Atheist who is being persecuted because of his rejection of supernaturalism. Even Robert G. Ingersoll, who wrote and lectured when orthodoxy was much stronger than it is in these more rationalistic times, never was persecuted. True, he was attacked by religious leaders, lied about, and slandered, but such reactions are to be expected from the pious. Under our Bill of Rights supporters of Theism have every right to attack anti-Theism, in the same way that Atheists have every right to write or speak on why they reject the God-idea. I have published hundreds of books on Freethought and am yet to

be persecuted for this educational work. Yes, such a program is unpopular with the obscurantists, and they do a lot of squawking, but they can't call in the police and have their critics clubbed and jailed. True, a few of our States (including Massachusetts and New Jersey) have anti-blasphemy laws that are hangovers from the Dark Ages of American bigotry, but they haven't been enforced more than once or twice in the last half century, each time without success. Atheists aren't popular, by no means, but they aren't being persecuted.

* * *

Editor: Your observations in the little restaurant remind me of some of my own: the fellow who never drinks his coffee any other way than black but who, because the sugar is free, shovels it into his cup till he has a syrup that he almost has to chew in order to get it down; also the one who leaves a quarter of a cup of a saturated solution of sugar to sweeten the dish-water. I'm so malicious that I never fail to pray for a terrible bellyache for both of them. And how about the women who "feel" all the apples, pears, peaches and melons in the self-serve stores and then don't buy any at all? Then there's the fellow who leaves his "ring" in the wash basin, or who doesn't draw the plug at all and sometimes even leaves the water running; or the one who ordinarily doesn't wash his hands more than once a day but who, because paper towels are free, washes both before and after urinating and then throws half of the 10 towels he wastes beside the can provided for them; also there's the pest who clogs the toilet with his matches and excessive toilet paper and then crabs at the management when the place floods . . . but why go on? Of course I guess you've heard the one about the yokel who, upon being questioned about wilfully unwinding a whole roll of toilet paper on the floor, complained bitterly about the stupidity of the guy who so carefully would wrap up such a short, slick, hollow and good-for-nothing cob!

READER

* * *

Have you been taking in any movies?

Yes. Here are some: *GWTW*, trash. *Northwest Passage*, poor entertainment, a poop of a pic. *The Shop Around the Corner*, charming. *Mice and Men*, dramatic, powerful, memorable. *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet* stirring, moving, and acted wonder-

fully (with brilliant performances by Edward G. Robinson, Ruth Gordon, and everyone else in the cast, including a German, whose name escapes me, who did a marvelous job as Dr. Koch). *My Little Chickadee*, fair entertainment which would have been much better if the Hays smut-shoopers would let Mae West and W. C. Fields wiggle loose a little. *The Fighting 69th*, pure slop. *His Girl Friday*, which is *The Front Page* warmed over, with all the vitamins boiled out. *I Take This Woman*, one of the worst in many years, even though Hedy Lamarr's nice to look at and competent Spencer Tracy works like a horse trying to turn ham into a rump steak. *The Great Victor Herbert*, dull and painful. *Strange Cargo*, a poop pic.

* * *

Editor: In an effort to test public opinion on the controversial matter of the lethal gas chamber method of execution, a local daily paper asked its readers this question: "If (heaven forbid) you faced execution, which method would you prefer?" I believe it is significant that my following answer was entitled "This Week's Best Letter":

"Only for the sake of argument (of course) would I prefer the lethal gas chamber to the other methods of legalized murder. According to some witnesses, the 'gas' killing is 'horrible,' and I suppose electrocution, hanging, etc., are rather mild in comparison.

"However, the basic principle of one evil is the same as the others. All capital punishment, regardless of method, is contrary to the principle involved. How can one murder be justified by another? How can society condemn murder as criminal, and then justify the same as punishment or barbaric vengeance, to put it crudely?

"Indeed, society claims the right to commit the very crime it condemns."

Spokane, Wash. ROBERT SLOCUM

* * *

Do you object to the United States being followed by a plural verb?

Yes, emphatically. The British are the worst offenders. We never say "the United States are." Another thing I don't like (and here again the British are the worst offenders) is the bad habit of referring to our country as "the States," without the "United." When we wish to speak of the States as individual units or to their relations one with another, we correctly speak of the States, but

when we speak of the country as a whole we invariably use the complete name, and invariably in the singular. Another thing I don't like (and here our Congressmen and Senators are the worst offenders) is "these United States." That word "these" always makes me wince. Our motto, E. Pluribus Unum, means One from many. I don't mind when a Samuel Johnson says "I am willing to love all mankind, except an American," so long as he doesn't say "the United States are," and I don't mind when an Al Smith (in a syndicated article, 1931) says carrying an umbrella is foreign to American impulses, so long as he refrains from intoning, "these United States." Wave the bloody shirt, don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes, regret that you have but one life to lose for your country, don't give up the ship, don't tread on me, give millions for defense but not a cent for tribute, make cotton kind again if you must, let all be quiet along the Potomac, fight it out on this line if it takes all Summer, damn the torpedoes, hold the fort, remember the Maine, demand Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead, never sell this country short, go into a fringe of Belleau Wood crying "Come on you sons of bitches! Do you want to live forever?" but always draw the line at "The United States are" or "these United States."

* * *

"Your remark about the stimulating effect on your kidneys of some urgent writing amused me because I recalled that I have only to start what promises to be a prolonged search for some half-forgotten object in a dusty attic corner and, sure as fate, a pressing engagement with my bowels results."—C. A. Lang, Maplewood, Mo.

* * *

What did you think about the now defunct magazine, Whiz Bang?

I don't recall ever having read a copy. If some readers will send me a few issues I'll write my comments.

* * *

Have you been listening to Toscanini' radio concerts?

Yes, and with gusto. However, I must say my delicate ear caught several flaws, which could be remedied if the one and only Arturo would move the third second clarinet to second chair, the first chair fourth

clarinet to third chair third clarinet, the third second trumpet to first chair, and the first chair third trumpet to third. Otherwise everything's okedoke.

* * *

Can you tell me when the can-opener was invented?

In the Middle ages, when the men wore tin armor, and, when they went away, even left their wives dressed in tin armor.

* * *

Editor: Here's an idea evolved by my daughter who is a university student. I'll put it in her own words:

"Practice moderation in all things; moderation even in moderation. The person who practices moderation in everything but moderation doesn't live. He doesn't know what it means to feel light-headed from too much beer; to be supremely happy; to be terribly unhappy; to fall violently in love; to eat so much good food that he's sick. The person who follows the middle path all the time is happy in a dull sort of way. But who wants to be dull? There are several of the things I mentioned that I haven't experienced yet; but I have lots of time; and to get the most out of life things should probably be spread out a bit."

There, you have it.

READER

* * *

"There is supposed to be a general understanding that the opinions of no individual should be censored because of his professed religion or his beliefs concerning religion. However, the opinions of those who advocate religion are often published in the capitalistic press while opinions of those opposing religion are seldom published—obviously because the arguments of religious proponents are unfounded and too weak to survive the vigorous, unpleasant sting of atheistic reasoning. Religious belief is so feeble that the Church, through pulpit, press, and purse, finds difficulty in keeping it in the minds of even the most unthinking. Because atheistic opinions provoke thought, they are censored in the interest of protecting and preserving organized religion—clearly demonstrating the moral and intellectual weakness of religious beliefs."—Robert Slocum, Spokane, Wash.

* * *

"I received my 19 vols. of 'Questions and Answers,' and spent a most enjoyable evening giving them the once-over. Being human, I can't agree in every re-

spect, but I find plenty of good logic in most of the answers. I like your style of indexing, which makes it easy to find what I am looking for. Anyone who can't get full value from this set of books just doesn't like his answers straight and above-board."—Richard Smith, Okla.

* * *

Does the average workingman in the Soviet Union enjoy a decent standard of living?

During many years, in discussing social conditions in the Soviet Union, I asked my readers to be patient about the situation of the Russian toilers, my point being that such faults could be remedied in time. (I refer particularly to the articles in the early volumes of my questions and answers, of which there are, at this writing, a total of 19.) But, the revolution is more than 20 years old and one has a right to express candid criticism, especially when the reports, from reliable sources, are so appalling. Not only have the workers surrendered all their rights to the dictator and mass-murderer, Stalin, not only have they accepted slavery, insecurity, misery and terror, but they don't even get a full belly for their toil. Leon Jouhaux, secretary, French Confederation of Labor, debunks Stalin's propaganda which aims to paint Russia as the "workers' fatherland," the land where labor is free and happy. The facts are astonishing, when compared with what a French worker gets for his wages. You see, I'm not comparing purchasing power of an hour of labor in Russia with an hour of labor in the U.S. Jouhaux reports that, according to the figures compiled by Walter Citrine, the British labor leader, the Russian worker must give two and a half hours of work in order to earn the value of a kilo (equal to a little more than two and one-fifth pounds) of white bread, as compared with 24 minutes for a French worker. If your answer here is that the Russian workers don't buy any white bread at all, depending on black bread, we'll turn to beef, which all workers should have, unless they happen to be vegetarians, which is a rare phenomenon among manual workers. We find here that a Russian worker has to toil 10 hours and 43 minutes in order to be able to buy two and

one-fifth pounds of beef, as against 90 minutes for a French worker. The rest of the list of essentials is comparable to the figures just quoted, and even where workers are given somewhat different qualifications the differences are enormous and disheartening. As for housing, the average worker has to live with his entire family in a single room, the swell apartment houses being reserved for specialists, technicians, foremen, and specially qualified workers. The old theory of Lenin, that the "wages of an official should not exceed those of a good worker," has been thrown into the ashcan. Stalin has established class differences among the people, giving to technicians luxuries comparable to those enjoyed by a capitalist (with wages running up to 2,500 roubles per month) and setting the wages of the average individual among the toiling millions at 125 roubles per month, from which deductions are made amounting to from 15 to 20 percent, which are to pay for "social services" which go usually to the favored workers and experts, not to the average man. These so-called "social services" don't even begin to approach those available in capitalistic countries. Thus, the Russian masses have been forced to accept slavery without the full stomachs enjoyed by human chattels in earlier periods of history. And this monstrous thing is actually brazen enough to call itself "Socialism"!

* * *

"I suppose your Sunday morning experience with the radio has happened to everybody. The idea of radio seems to be that you can take God or go to hell on Sunday. I often tune in just to satisfy my morbid curiosity as to what's going on in the spirit world. You can get anything from the illiterate hysteria of a Fundamentalist to the profound intellectual mush of Dr. Harry E. Fosdick. Personally, I find Daddy Coughlin quite diverting. Last Sunday he began his address thus: 'Ladies and gentlemen and friends—' A nice distinction I call it. Today (March 3) he made the startling assertion that Russia's leaders are now coming out for religion. Well, who knows, perhaps that explains the holy crusade they're engaged in at present. Perhaps Stalin has been taking spiritual lessons from his partner, Hitler, who has so effectively enlisted the aid of

God. Charles E. Coughlin, D.D. (Dispenser of Drivel) lamented the fact that a new 'humanitarian religion' is threatening to replace the old 'supernatural religion' of our fathers. How tragic! Certainly, the old 'supernatural religion' could never be accused of the crime of humanitarianism."—Dean Mumv, Kans.

* * *

I have been following your writings on Socialism for more than 20 years, with special attention to your articles on this subject in the volumes of questions and answers issued during the past seven or eight years. You write hundreds of pieces dealing factually with the Soviet Union, but you frequently (almost always) qualify your own Socialism with the assertion that you oppose the Bolshevism that insists on the socialization of all the means of production, distribution and exchange. I wish you would explain your attitude a little more fully? How can a Socialist administration be selective about capitalistic property, socializing this and letting that remain under private ownership?

Placing democracy on an equal level with Socialism (I don't want one without the other, for freedom is as important as bread) my writings always urge that socialization be limited strictly to the large-scale industries, utilities, monopolized natural resources, and the like. This is just the opposite of the Russian idea, where everything has been socialized—from a pair of shoe-strings to a power plant. I consider this the basic error in the economy of the Soviet Union, as I've shown numerous times in the volumes of questions and answers referred to by my correspondent. When the entire economic, financial, commercial and other resources of a country are put into the hands of the government you bring about a concentration of power that can result in only one condition—totalitarianism. And that's the trouble with Stalinland. It's a slave-pen, because the State is everything. Karl Marx, you may recall, said that with socialization the State will "wither away." History shows the opposite to be true. Instead of withering away, the State becomes more powerful than ever, with greater strength to enslave, exploit and terrorize the people. It's easier to preserve democracy and freedom in a State that tolerates private initiative in the fields of small-scale industry, retailing, manu-

facture, agriculture, and so forth. And it's better economy to let such enterprises remain in private hands, for, after all, the State, through its power of taxation and control, can always keep such business establishments from enslaving the people or tolerating growing abuses that work against the economic, political and social interests of the consumers. When Socialism degenerates into a system in which the State owns everything that's engaged in production, distribution or exchange you are building the foundations of Red fascism—and that, I insist, is what Russia has today. The people belong to the government (Stalin) whereas democratic Socialism insists that the government shall belong to the people. If the Soviet Union had socialized only large-scale business that consists of monopolies or near-monopolies, the people generally would have retained enough economic power to create a foundation for democratic influence. There are perhaps 40,000,000 or 50,000,000 adults in Russia today who are of practically no use to the community because they can't function under a State in which every form of property is socialized. How much better would it have been for all concerned if their energies had been freed for the purpose of creating and distributing goods for the people. They would have made a profit at such work? Yes, but what harm would that have done anyone, especially the consumers who are in dire need of consumers' goods? Such privately owned projects would have contributed to the State in ordinary and income taxes, and would have paid for social services, along the lines of unemployment insurance, old age pensions, health insurance, and the like, and all such things would have operated in the direction of an occupied, busy, productive, enterprising, prosperous economy. The State should be permitted to socialize a service or an industry only when its private ownership works against the best interests of the community. But, as I said above, when we socialize everything from tiny businesses to giant trusts we create a State that is above and beyond the reach of the masses, and that results in the loss of democracy and freedom. Socialism

isn't worth a penny if it entails surrender of democracy. Max Eastman says in his "Stalin's Russia and the Crisis in Socialism," "If life is to have dignity and richness, the principles of freedom and individualism must be preserved." As Mr. Eastman writes, democratic ways "should be regarded not as a step to transcend but as a foundation to build upon." I've been teaching that philosophy for 30 years, for I saw decades ago that it would be nothing more than economic dictatorship if the State were to be made the owner of all the property in the community, omitting, of course, personal items which don't enter into this discussion at all. I have always insisted that Socialism can be built on democratic foundations. If it can't, then Socialism would be a curse to humanity, as Stalinism and Hitlerism are curses today. Democratic Socialism must always insist that total governmental ownership of industry, etc., shall be avoided like the plague. The ideal of democratic Socialism isn't something new. It's been here ever since the toiling masses saw the hints of a social order in which the body's needs shall be cared for and the mind's rights respected and honored.

"Now that the stories issue has been settled as definitely by your family of 'pious, righteous, pure-minded, right thinking, respectable subscribers' (tha line always gives me a laugh) I won't want to keep harping on it but would like to take a few parting shots. First to my prejudiced eye the May issue is positively the best one you've done yet. Like Lincoln you've got the 'Now tha reminds me of a story habit.' Your idea of sprinkling the anecdotes out in the body of the paper is excellent. Makes the story all the more agreeable as it has the element of surprise and provides contrast to the 'heavy stuff' where most needed. Please appoint me worshipper No. 2 of the immortal guy who uttered that profound wisdom, 'I can't go and leave her behind alone! Henceforth he is my patron saint'—Richard E. Greene, Colo.

Is there any evidence to support the popular superstition that "13" is an unlucky number?

This superstition continues to influence millions of people, despite the fact there isn't a shred of evidence to show there's any factual basis to the

belief. As my readers know, many large hotels in New York City and elsewhere have no 13th floor. One of the largest hotels in the world (near 5th Ave. and 42nd St., N.Y.C.) has 60 floors in use, but the 13th isn't rented to the public. Instead the hotel management uses the 13th floor for its own executive, administrative and accounting departments, and as the establishment is one of the most profitable in the hotel world one could say (using the same logic of those who consider the number unlucky) that 13 is really lucky. Many large corporations which own widely-known skyscrapers frequently use the 13th floor for their own business offices, and an examination of their dividend reports would warrant the conclusion that 13, so far as they're concerned, isn't at all unlucky. But such arguments can't straighten out the mind of a person who lets his reason fly away when faced with certain number said to be unlucky. Superstitions die hard.

* * *

"You should have added to your remarks about the Massachusetts lad who always feels impelled to write you a letter when he reads The Freeman that he shouldn't stop there; he should write that letter; that it's letters that are the stuff of life to you."—C. A. L., Mo

* * *

Was Ibsen a Freethinker?

Henrick Ibsen, the great Norwegian dramatist (1828-1906) was a life-long Agnostic. In a letter to Georg Brandes, in 1871, he wrote, "all religion will fall." All his plays show a stern, severe regard for the realities of life and complete rejection of illusions.

* * *

"Are you still for Roosevelt for a third term despite the fact that he's started this traffic with the Roman Church whose execrable no one understands better than you? I'm not. I've been willing all along to give him full credit for everything of social benefit that he has managed to get done. When we view the desperate need that existed and for that matter still exists, what has been done really isn't too much. Considering, however, the preponderance of economically-illiterate Congress men whom we idiots elected to work with him, doubtless we got all we have a right to expect. But to see him now like any cheap, ward-healing council man, openly fall in with the devilish

schemes of this pack of ancient spook raisers . . . that's too much. I turn my back in revulsion.—Reader.

* * *

Was Clemenceau a Materialist?

Georges Clemenceau, the French statesman, was anticlerical all his life, writing much against religion and the church, especially the Roman Catholic Church. I think it would be a little more accurate to call him an Agnostic, though I'm sure he wouldn't turn over in his grave if you pinned on him the label of Materialist. He often spoke and wrote in praise of Rationalism. He rejected Christianity and all forms of Theism, even the mildest.

* * *

Is it a fact that all biographers of the great Goethe were Jews?

Practically so. And this applies not only to biographers but interpreters as well, including the great Danish critic, Georg Brandes. Here's a partial list of "non-Aryan" authorities on Goethe's life and works: Creizenach, Brandes, Morris, Geiger, Meyer, Simmel, Gundolf and Bielschowski.

* * *

"You forgot Heywood Broun when you suggested a spirit ambassador to the court of Eugenio Pacelli."—Reader.

* * *

"It must be admitted that in its blast against public education the Jesuit 'America's' statement that 'one heresy breeds another,' is the happy truth."—Reader.

* * *

How many kinds of animals are there in the world?

About 3,000,000.

* * *

The other day I drank a couple of bottles of bock beer, it being a beautiful Spring day—perfect bock weather. We got into an argument about the brew—several of us drinkers—and none of us could agree on what the concoction really is. One said the brewers always clean their vats and pipes in the Spring, at which time they remove great quantities of a syrupy goo, which is put up for the bock trade. Another said the picture of the goat on the sign outside means that some urine from goats is used for flavoring. Another said it's a beer that's mixed with a little molasses, which gives it its dark brown color, sweet taste, and extra thickness. What are the facts?

As an old and enthusiastic bock

drinker, I can say you're all wrong, especially the one who brought in the goat for reasons other than pictorial. Bock beer is heavier, stronger and sweeter than ordinary beer. It's brewed in late Fall and aged for about 120 days, longer if convenient. Bock contains less hops and more malt than ordinary beer, the latter being aged only between 60 and 90 days. The quality of the ingredients in bock beer are the same as in ordinary beer. The difference results from the proportions of ingredients and the length of time allowed to age the drink. In these days of modern, scientific refrigeration, bock beer could be made the year around, but tradition is so strong that it would be considered something of an offense against the Great Gawd Beer if bock were brought out at any time other than Spring. Tradition rules with an iron grip. As for the history of bock, the Brewers Board of Trade says it's been brewed for 2,000 years, going back to Maertztian beer, "which Northern Europeans tapped about the Ides of March after it had aged during the cold season." This is the first time I've ever heard that the sign of the goat in front of the saloon during bock beer season is taken to mean that the animal's urine is used in the brew. I can't imagine how such a story could get started, and how anyone could take it seriously. Wouldn't we experienced, expert beer drinkers know after a single sip that the stuff had goat-juice in it? Or wouldn't we? This reminds me of a story the late Frank Harris told me about 15 years ago, in which a Parisian who posed as a great expert on wines was put to the test. He liked to impress everybody with his vast knowledge of dates, quality, fancy names, and the like, reeling off long lists of wines in such a way as to give his hearers to know he was the world's first authority on this esoteric subject. Some club-members decided he was a phony when it came to wines and agreed to put him on the spot. During an elaborate dinner he talked of nothing but this and that wonderful wine. At the proper time, one of the members stepped behind a screen and urinated into a cocktail chaser. When he got the liquid thoroughly iced, he served it in a beauti-

ful champagne glass, remarking this was the finest wine Picardy (or some other place) had produced in 50 years—exquisite bouquet, and all the complicated lingo wine experts go in for. The great authority accepted the proffered glass with magnificent solemnity, smelled carefully and remarked on its peculiar bouquet. Then he drank slowly, in order to get the full-flavor of each sip. After he had downed the last drop he smacked his lips and looked dreamily at the ceiling. Then he came to suddenly, glared at his companions and announced: "Why, it's just piss!" Of course, I don't vouch for this story, for Frank Harris was one of the world's most incurable and incorrigible liars. But, to get back to the goat, let me tell how he's supposed to have come into the picture. About 400 years ago, some brewers in Einbeck, Germany, held a contest in a courtyard flanked by stables. The contest consisted of each brewer drinking only his competitors' brew, thus assuring the man who made the strongest beer the privilege of remaining standing last. When only two brewers were left standing, one weakened, and that led the other man to claim he'd won. "Oh, no!" cried the man on the ground. "It wasn't your beer that bowled me over. It was that goat from the stables that kicked me in the butt." "Oh, no!" thundered the other, "the only goat that kicked you was the goat in my beer." That, according to this story (which I don't vouch for any more than I do the Frank Harris yarn above), explains how the special beer came to be known as *Bock* beer. By the way, *bock*, in German, means goat.

* * *

Editor: Some apologists have the effrontery to maintain that even though religion might be false, a false religion is better than none. Fraud, deceit and falsehood in preference to truth, honesty and integrity! Such idiotic apologies could spring only from the insipid gray matter of a self-satisfied bigot.

Christianity well knows that it cannot survive the powerful and devastating searchlight of scientific truth, else why the necessity for such a vast and thorough network of organized censorship and suppression? No effort or expense is spared to prevent the poor, gullible victims from discovering the three F's

of religion: Fallacy, Failure and Futility.

Permit us an equal opportunity to promulgate our Rationalism and Free-thought doctrine to the world and the flimsy props supporting religion's false foundation will collapse. In its place we will build a substantial, scientific foundation based on truth, reason, common sense and logic.

A world-wide educational program on this basis would promote tolerance, justice, sympathy and kindness to all living creatures; honesty, unselfishness, temperance in all things, self-control and self-reliance. All of these precepts are attainable without any belief in the supernatural—God or Satan—without any silly threats of hell, fire and damnation or vague promises of a heavenly reward. Modern knowledge, as represented by the organized and classified arrangement of facts, called science, is the real savior of mankind.

ROBERT G. HAYS

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Editor: Someone, who has heretofore gone through life carrying around a lot of religious ballast, might venture to ask why, if the Rev. Rimmer was so confident there are no scientific errors in the Bible, he did not proclaim his stand during the Floyd-Rimmer trial orally, and reiterate his offer to pay the thousand smackers—instead of giving the main issue the run-around. Why, indeed? Isn't it clear that the Rev. Rimmer thought his thousand smackers in jeopardy? And that when he saw he was to be hailed into court reconsidered and looked upon his offer as a bit extravagant?

Azle, Tex.

A. M. PASCHALL

* * *

I'm listed as a member of a Protestant church, though I'm not the least bit pious. In fact, I consider myself something of a Freethinker, though I confess I've only begun reading up on Rationalism, thanks to your volumes of questions and answers. I'm in love with a girl who is almost as modern as I am in matters religious, but her parents are devout Catholics who insist we can get married only by a priest and that I must sign the usual prenuptial agreement. Please comment.

Pope Pius X, on March 15, 1908, issued the decree *Ne Temere*, which was sent to all bishops with instructions to read it in all Catholic Churches throughout the world. The decree, which went into effect Easter, 1908, said it is a mortal sin for Roman Catholics to be married by any other priest than the priest of their parish. The decree went fur-

ther, saying those who violated it would be excommunicated. Furthermore, they're not to be married by a Protestant minister, mayor, magistrate, or any other civil officer. Such marriages would be null and void. Should a Roman Catholic and a Protestant want to get married (and this applies, at least nominally, to my correspondent) they must obtain a dispensation from the bishop or the Pope in order to make the marriage valid. Both parties must sign an agreement that children shall be brought up as Roman Catholics. Needless to say, this nullifies the laws regarding marriage in all our 48 States. On March 19, 1908, according to Dr. Leo H. Lehmann, in his "Mixed Marriages," a letter appeared in *The New York Tribune*, which is quoted below, in part:

"What is the meaning of this edict from the Vatican? . . . By the laws of the State of New York such marriages [as described in the previous paragraph] are declared to be lawful and binding. The edict declares them null and void. If this is not a bold attempt at nullification of the laws of the Empire State, what is it?

"In effect it decrees as illegitimate the matrimonial relations sanctioned by the State, brands the offspring as illegitimate, and by inexorable logic dissolves the marriage bond in such cases without authority of the civil courts. A Catholic, after marriage to a non-Catholic by other than a Catholic priest may, under this decree, repudiate his wife and marry another with the priestly blessing, on the ground that the first marriage had been declared by the Pontiff on the banks of the Tiber 'null and void.' . . . In these matters, which is the supreme law, the civil or the ecclesiastical? Which is the supreme authority, the Legislature at Albany or the Conclave at Rome?"

The pre-nuptial agreement referred to above is a document that should be studied carefully by all Americans. Knowing that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity to read the text of this agreement I am printing it below:

I, the undersigned, being desirous of contracting marriage with before a Catholic priest duly authorized by a special dispensation from His

Grace the Archbishop, do promise in presence of the Reverend Father and of witness attending for that purpose, that all children born of my marriage with shall be baptized and educated in the Catholic Religion, and moreover that I will by no means whatsoever hinder or obstruct the said in the exercise of the said religion; I also promise that in the solemnization of my marriage there shall be only the Catholic ceremony.

In testimony whereof I have signed this document in presence of Reverend, and the said witness on this day of 19..

The agreement just quoted shows a non-Catholic who signs it agrees in advance to surrender the children to the priests, for them to twist and turn into intellectual slavery. Does my correspondent have the right to condemn his future children (if any are born) to a set of religious ideas that are nothing more than the world's intellectual scum? Has he a moral right to condemn his future children to obscurantism, supernaturalism and superstition that will twist the minds of the children so that they will be incapable of normal, healthy thinking? To me, it's a horrible thing to do. Those children should have the right to worship as they see fit, or, if they prefer, reject all religious ideologies. My advice to these two young people—both of them being pretty far away from conventional Protestantism and Roman Catholicism—is to exercise their right as free American citizens and marry as they see fit. This is the concern of my correspondent and his sweetheart. Her parents shouldn't be permitted to deliver them to the priest and their future children to intellectual darkness. It's plain that these superstitions aren't acceptable to my correspondent, and yet he's expected to sentence his future children to them. That's wrong, no matter how you look at it. If this young man surrenders to her parents' cruel, unreasonable, really insane, demands, he brands himself an intellectual and moral coward. He should assert himself as a man of honor and insist on the right to marry the girl according to the standards of decent, civilized

people and not according to the ignorant dogmas of an institution that is a hangover from the Dark Ages. Another point to remember about these pre-nuptial agreements is that they lack legal validity, according to Dr. Lehmann, who writes:

On May 4, 1909, at St. Louis, Judge Matthew C. Reynolds handed down a decision that the agreement given above had no effect in law, and that the court would not enforce such a contract. (See St. Louis Republic, May 5, 1909.) The action was brought by Mr. R. R. Brewer, grandfather of three children left by the deceased Roman Catholic wife of Mr. Wade Cary, an Episcopalian. After his wife's death, Mr. Cary decided to bring up his three children in his own faith. Mr. Brewer then brought action. In handing down his decision, Judge Reynolds said that the father was the natural guardian of his children, and could not, before their birth, waive or assign this right to another. The Judge further held that the grandfather, Brewer, had no rights in the matter, and that even though the wife were still living, the contract could not be enforced—it was void in law.

I hope my correspondent will hesitate and give serious thought to the step he's been asked to take.

* * *

Editor: My son attends a country Public High School where he is forced to listen to a weekly devotion period consisting of prayers for the heathens, sermons on the effectiveness of prayer to win a basket ball game, and other high and ghostly matters. Last week a number of students were overcome by the soporific nonsense and scooted down in their seats for a snooze. This week the principal preceeded the preacher with a short talk in which he warned the students that anyone who did not sit up and pay strict attention to the man of Gawd would forfeit his lunch and rest period. So this is Indiana in 1940 in the year of our Lord! The principal attends a local Sunday school but a few months ago he secretly told a close friend of mine that he didn't believe in the stuff "but a person has to do it to keep up appearances."

MILTON C. WERLING
Preble, Ind.

* * *

Now that the Finnish-Russian war is over, what would Lenin say about it if he were living now?

I don't know, but he'd be against Stalin's imperialism if he still held to

the words he muttered on May 12, 1917, in his speech, "The National Question." At that time Lenin devoted a paragraph to Finland, which I want to quote, in part:

"The Finns must say that they have the right to decide according to their own judgment upon their fate, and the Russian who wants to deny this right is a chauvinist . . . Alexander I and Napoleon exchanged populations: the Czars shifted the Poles about. Are we to continue this tactic of the Czars? That would be to deny the tactics of internationalism; that would be the worst sort of chauvinism . . . We affirm: 'A Russian Socialist who denies freedom to Finland is a chauvinist.' . . . No, Russian people, do not presume to enforce your will on Finland. No people can be free if it itself oppresses other people."

If the above words were repeated in Stalinland today the man who said them would be shot within the hour.

* * *

Do you think it's right that a great Commonwealth should be put to the immense expense involved in the prosecution of palpable frauds like Norman Baker? Should there not be some more expeditious and less ceremonious approach to such matters?

I would be among the first to protest against "more expeditious and less ceremonious" approaches to charlatans and frauds like Norman Baker. Even a Baker should be considered innocent until proven guilty, and his guilt should be established by the strictest legal inquiry. It's better to spend \$50,000 of the public's money (that's what the Norman Baker trial cost Uncle Sam) in order to nail a criminal by orderly processes than to save on the bill and railroad an innocent man to prison. Once we tolerated star chamber methods we'd find that after obvious law-breakers were sent up we'd be faced by the worse danger of having innocent (or unpopular) individuals disposed of in the same unceremonious way. There can be no short cuts to justice.

* * *

"You probably read that Franco ordered all Masons out of Spain, as a subversive element. Here is an example of the 'tolerance' which is of course instilled in all devout Catholics, of whom Franco is one—the tolerance for which they are always shrieking, but which

they were never known to grant to others. However, there are plenty of Masons in this country who read that item, and who will go on aiding and abetting the Roman Catholic Church in establishing itself as dictator of the U.S.A. You begin to wonder, after a while, what's the sense of fighting for groups who won't even fight for themselves—and that includes a certain type of Jew who thinks it safer and wiser to toady to the Catholic interests, instead of standing by those who subject themselves to petty persecution in order to defend the rights of the Jews.”

—W. Matthews, Del.

* * *

Are there more newspaper readers today than a decade or two ago?

In 1939, according to figures compiled by *Editor and Publisher*, trade journal of the newspaper business, 1,888 dailies had a combined circulation of 39,670,682, as against 27,790,656 for 2,042 dailies in 1920. This means an increased circulation in 20 years of 42.7 percent. Sunday newspapers enjoyed a circulation increase of 84.5 percent during the last 20 years, compared to a population increase of 24.3 percent. The U.S. has the greatest newspaper audience in the world, by far. While I don't infer that our press is as gagged as in totalitarian countries, it's plain to this avid newspaper reader and former newspaper reporter, drama critic, Sunday editor, feature and editorial writer, book reviewer and copy reader, that the standard press is far from being free. I believe my volumes of questions and answers contain clear proof of the charge that our press serves Capitalism first and last. The advertisers who spend the big money rule the editorial roost. Our editors usually tell the truth about individuals like Adolf (“Shock Shucker”) Hitler and Mussolini, but when it comes to getting the whole truth about our own economic royalists and financial overlords, we have to do some tall hunting before we can get the full story. As for the Catholic-Fascists of the Father (of what?) Coughlin stripe, the standard newspapers shiver and kowtow like so many fawning valets. It wasn't so many decades ago that newspapers even like *The New York Times* said their full say about the Roman Catholic Church, but just try to get today's editors to bust loose with an

honest, forthright, candid editorial on this tremendously important subject. So far as the average newspaper is concerned, you'd never learn in a thousand editions that the Catholic Church is following a direct line to Fascism and race-baiting in this country, thus hewing to the line laid down in Fascist-Catholic countries like Italy, Spain and Portugal. Catholic-Fascism is hard to nail down because it's pushed by higher-ups (bigger fellows than Coughlin) who are so infernally clever. For example, consider what happened on that day in early March, 1940, when Mussolini put into force his decrees against Jews in the professions, in certain business, occupations, and the like, along with other actions aimed at depriving Jews of the right to own land or a house worth more than a few hundred dollars. I've shown (see the volumes containing my questions and answers) that all anti-Semitism began in Catholic Europe under the direction or inspiration of the Vatican, and that race-baiting is a settled policy of the Church. And yet, on the very day when these Catholic-Fascist orders were being enforced, the Pope called in a Jew to mount some maps and in other ways restore them. Hiring a Jewish specialist to do a particular job takes the curse off appalling acts of brutality against an entire people. Such tactics work with millions of people. The Church knows how to get its way and at the same time switch the blame to someone else. In this the ancient institution is far shrewder than Nazism's greatest Shock-Shucker. The hierarchy has a genius for leading the hallucinated. And the press, which should crusade against such anti-social forces, is scared to utter a word of protest. It's considered bad business. It might hurt circulation and advertising. But what about the people's right to the full and candid truth? Are they to be ignored? Yes, so far as the standard newspapers are concerned. But, under our Bill of rights, we can fight all these reactionary, savage, authoritarian, hate-mongering elements, if only the readers will give free-spoken, independent, progressive editors the moral and financial support they must have before they can launch their truth-

seeking campaigns. I've preached this sermon a thousand times. It's part of my gospel. And I believe it's important. I hope to help line up at least 1,000,000 Americans who will give their full support to a press that doesn't turn pale at the sight of any of journalism's sacred cows. It can be done. Do you agree?

* * *

Doesn't "pair of twins" mean four offspring?

Technically you're right, but popular usage insists it means merely two individuals. As a singular noun, "twin" means "one of two brought forth at a birth." "Twins" we find defined as "two young brought forth at one birth." According to that, a pair of twins should mean four offspring, but the world goes on with "Maggie had a pair of twins," and the world means two offspring, not four, so it's a good idea to let it go at that.

* * *

What's the difference between a nice girl and a good girl?

A nice girl may let you, but a good girl will help you.

* * *

An alleged prophet at Portland urges Governor Olson to evacuate San Francisco before July 10, 1940, saying he foretells quakes. You'd be surprised to know the number who are alarmed, some even going so far as to say they will sacrifice property and desert. Please comment.

Such a question should be put up to an expert, and as is my habit (always respecting facts more than hunches), I turned to Perry Byerly, of the seismographic station, Department of Geological Sciences, University of California, Berkeley, Calif., who writes:

In answer to your letter of March 28, 1940, seismologists have no way of predicting when earthquakes will occur. Seismometers measure the earthquake after it occurs. We do know that certain regions are active and that large earthquakes will occur in those regions in the future, but when they will occur we cannot say even to the nearest 20 years. There are always a number of cranks who are busy predicting earthquakes. Their method is practically always the same—some particular position of the planets are considered by them favorable for earthquakes. Occasionally one of

these predictors obtains the ear of the press and achieves an ephemeral notoriety.

Captain T. J. J. See, Vallejo, Calif., eminent authority on seismology, astronomy, and allied sciences, writes even more strongly on the subject, claiming that such forecasts are beyond man's knowledge. His works on the formation of the Rockies and Andes are standard the world over. The University of California has declared Captain See's work on earthquakes to be the world's standard authority.

* * *

I was greatly interested in your figures showing the proportion of Roman Catholic criminals to those of other faiths and no faith at all. Have you any statistics dealing with England?

The English Parliamentary Criminal Report gives the following figures showing what religions their criminals confess to:

The proportion of criminals among Roman Catholics was one in 40; of the Church of England, one in 72; of Dissenters and Jews, one in 666; of Freethinkers and Infidels, one criminal in 20,000.

These figures don't differ much from those I gave for Sing Sing, as may be seen by referring to my volumes of questions and answers, where I quoted a Catholic source, *The Commonwealth* magazine, a periodical issued by Catholic laymen. The facts show that the greatest argument used by the priests—Catholicism as a moral force—is just another myth. A psychologist could explain this condition with comparative ease. He could show that the religions which teach the greatest degrees of supernaturalism, dogmatism and superstition appeal, in the main, to individuals of low or subnormal mentality. In another article, which may be found in the volumes just mentioned, I show the influence of religion on the other end of the scale—great and distinguished men and women whose contributions to civilization are so outstanding that they are admitted to *Who's Who*. The Catholic Church shows up at the bottom of the list, its nearest neighbor being the Seventh Day Adventist Church. The Unitarians, who are numerically weak, are at the top of the religious list, and, as my readers know, their re-

ligious ideology usually verges into a mild form of Deism. In short, the nearer a portion of the population gets to Freethought or Skepticism, the greater the number of distinguished scientists, scholars, writers, and the like. Space doesn't permit me to give my readers a resume of this interesting set of facts, especially in view of the fact that the volumes which contain the data are available.

* * *

I enclose a press clipping, in which the statement appears that Hitler is persecuting the Roman Catholic Church in Germany, and as proof offers the fact that Cardinal Innitzer was mobbed.

It's no easy matter to follow the actions of the Roman Catholic Church throughout the world, especially because of the immense cleverness the Vatican's apologists show in concealing the Church's true motives and policies. As my readers know, I play a safe line by sticking to the facts of the record. Whenever in doubt, study the facts—that's my slogan. Brush aside the fancy phrases and study the facts betrayed by deeds. Anyone who studies my volumes of questions and answers will see that my hundreds of thousands of words on Catholicism are based on the facts of history, past and present, not on wishful thinking or prejudice. All the volumes just mentioned contain material on the Catholic Church's policies in connection with Nazism, Fascism, anti-Semitism, and the like. Naturally, I can't summarize those severely factual discussions here. A great deal of the persecution of the Roman Catholic Church in Naziland is so much window-dressing. Fundamentally, both are headed in the same direction—Fascism, totalitarianism, hatred of democracy, enemy of liberalism, opponent of tolerance, officially directed race-baiting, and so forth. Hitler, as I've shown, is a Catholic who has never been excommunicated by the Church. And this same tyrant, let's not forget, boasted in one of his speeches that his government's yearly subsidies to the Catholic Church are the largest in the world, not excluding Italy, Spain and Portugal. These subsidies are still being paid by the Third Reich into the coffers of the Catholic Church. As for Cardinal Innitzer, it's

true that when Vienna was first taken over by Hitler a mob of young Nazi hoodlums (unfamiliar with the broader policies of the Nazi party) attacked the cardinal's palace, breaking most of the window panes before the police arrived. But Innitzer can't be an enemy of the regime, for he's still holding forth in that Vienna palace, and he's the man who urged his faithful followers to accept the Fuehrer's leadership and render every sacrifice in order to help the German government come forth victorious in its war with the Allies. Faulhaber, in Munich, also is still a prince of the Church. If these men, or those under them, had committed a single overt act against the Nazi regime they would have been executed long ago. Hitler doesn't waste time when dealing with ideological enemies. This brings to mind an article which the German Library of Information, N.Y.C., contributed to the December 15, 1939, issue of *Facts in Review*, entitled "Renaissance of Catholicism in Bohemia." The Bohemian protectorate, as my readers know, is the heart of Czechoslovakia, which Hitler gobbled up in 1939. Here's what a Nazi spokesman says:

"The processions through the Prague Castle . . . which had been forbidden by the republican government, have been resumed, and the crucifixes, which the Benes Government had removed from the schools, have been restored to their traditional places. Religious instruction has also been fully reintroduced in the schools.

"Pilgrimages to the Mount of Hosts, Alt-Bunzlau and the Holy Mount at Olmuetz and church attendances in city and country have greatly increased everywhere. It is emphasized that, with the exception of the Vatican transmitter, probably no other government radio station is currently producing as many clerical programs as the Prague program."

In short, Hitler restored the power of the Vatican in Czechoslovakia in almost the same way that Franco did it in Spain. The Church doesn't care to see conditions like the above discussed openly in democratic, liberal America, where the overwhelming majority of the people still believe in the traditions of the Founding Fa-

thers, most of them Freethinkers or Church is satisfied—secretly now, liberal Deists, and all of them strict believers in the complete separation of Church and State. The poison of Catholicism has to be injected cautiously and subtly or the American people might be aroused to an understanding of what Catholic-Fascism holds in store for any country that falls into its clutches. In a speech made in St. Patrick's Cathedral (February 25, 1940) Mgr. Fulton J. Sheen, professor of Fundamental Theology at Catholic University, told what he thought about America's ideal of tolerance, as follows:

"We hear great pleas for tolerance today. May I submit there is a great need for intolerance. It is generally assumed that all intolerance is wrong. That is an error.

"Tolerance and intolerance do not apply to the same things. Tolerance is forbearance of errors and ills in people. We must be tolerant to people, but we must be absolutely intolerant about all basic principles and truths.

"The modern world, is beginning to wake up to its error in thinking that freedom gives truth. . . . The Catholic position is uncompromising because it is true."

That's the sort of talk Coughlin gets off all the time. But, some readers protest, Coughlin speaks only for himself, as a private citizen. I've shown that that's bunk, that Coughlin doesn't say anything over the air or in his magazine which isn't passed on by the Church's board of censors. I was the first writer to bring that fact out. This was done when preachers and rabbis of liberal tendencies begged the hierarchy to disown Coughlinism, something that wasn't done because the radio priest has expounded no heresy in the eyes of the Church, his doctrines being in accord with the traditional policies of the Church, even to the extent of propagating hateful anti-Semitism, organizing armed mobs under the banners of the Christian Front, plotting treason and sedition against our government, and laying the foundations for a Fascist regime. The Church doesn't applaud Coughlin publicly—that would be poor policy now. But it doesn't gag him, as it does any priest who expresses political, social, economic, or religious heresy. The

Church is satisfied—secretly now, openly tomorrow.

* * *

Editor: Even though you admit you are guessing, it may be a serious and dangerous matter to make long-distance medical diagnoses, such as you do in your Freeman. When a physician reveals to his patient that he has gonorrhea or syphilis, the shock is of ten so profound as to make it impossible to restore the patient's composure for a long time. Some patients say they would prefer to commit suicide. I have spent hours trying to console such people. But the few who accept such diagnoses with equanimity are easy to handle.

Your reader asks about his "girl friend" who has "bladder trouble with bleeding," and wants a diagnosis. Your advice to see a physician is correct. That the "symptoms described may indicate any number of diseases" is also correct. But when you say, "it's my notion she's suffering from gonorrhea," I think you are doing a dangerous thing. Even when a smear of this discharge has been made on a slide and the laboratory reports "Doubtful" as to the presence or absence of the gonococcus germ, the physician is cautious before committing himself as to a positive diagnosis. I never diagnose a case of gonorrhea unless the smear shows the presence of the gonococci. This furnishes the only positive scientific proof. Even a physician on examining that "girl" without a smear would not say "it's my notion you have gonorrhea." He would be too cautious to do that. I have known doctors to make diagnoses over the telephone, when pressed by importunate but foolish patients, and then regret bitterly their mistakes. The doctor is held accountable for every word he utters concerning a diagnosis. . . .

In fact, gonorrhea is rarely mentioned as a cause of bleeding. Had your reader mentioned burning on urination as a symptom, your guess would have been more nearly correct. The causes of hematuria (blood in the urine) are too numerous to be taking a chance in guessing.

N.Y.C.

B. G. LIPTON, M.D.

* * *

I am enclosing a copy of The Longevity Journal, published in Panama by Dr. Jacob Goldwasser, in which there's an article entitled "Scientific Proof of Men a Thousand Years Old," which I believe you should comment on.

Dr. (of what?) Jacob Goldwasser must be modest and unselfish, for he knows of men (how about women?)

who have been living 10 centuries and yet he has done nothing to exploit that interesting fact. Here are Dr. (of bunk?) Goldwasser's own precious, world-shattering words:

In the jungles of Rajputana, India, Arabia and elsewhere live mighty men. Some of these men are a thousand years old. With blond or red hair robes to their feet. These men live on Natural figs only and sometimes olives.

For many years certain physical exercises, mental meditations, greater spiritual unfoldings, have given these remarkable men, who are most difficult to contact, marked regenerative powers, such as, the splitting of stones by vibratory utterances, reading one's thoughts, fasting without air, water or food, taming a wild tiger, etc.

Just why Dr. Goldwasser is wasting his time in Panama I don't know. He ought to pack up and move to Los Angeles, where he could cash in on his discoveries in a big way. His purr-ins-a-pulls ought to go over with a bang among the pee-pull of that section. Immediately after finishing this piece I plan to send a letter to the Ringling Brothers' circus management telling them they're wasting their time promoting Gargantua, the 500-pound gorilla, when here's a chance to hire, borrow or steal a fellow who was born 500 years before Columbus went on his voyage. And it's all done with Natural figs, with a little dash of olives. It seems we've been addicted to unnatural figs, which explains why we stay around such a short time. Dr. Goldwasser could undoubtedly explain why his 1,000-year-oldsters are living in countries which are known to have a life-span about half that which holds in the U.S. and a few other backward countries. He could also explain why these miracles are carried on down through the centuries in remote places, while we, who have the facilities to get there in a few weeks and learn their tricks, go right on giving unnecessary business to the morticians. It may be the undertakers are in cahoots to keep us from following the routine worked out by Dr. Goldwasser's friends who were born 10 centuries ago. Notice his modesty in telling us his friends are "most difficult to contact," but we shouldn't let that discourage us

when opportunity presents itself to give death a real holiday. The circus just mentioned should have sense enough to know that fasting without air, water or food is something that'll be sure to attract bits of money from the public, instead of making a big to-do over a beast that is, after all, just a big ape. That trick of splitting stones by yelling at them also looks as though it's worth a while. And to think that these things are happening right in our world unbeknownst to our doctors, scientists, explorers and circus owners. It goes to show how unprogressive we are. I'm sure Dr. Goldwasser is so smart he could explain why I have to sneeze three times everytime I pull a hair out of my nose.

* * *

Editor: I note you say you do not enjoy writing critically of the Roman Catholic Church. None of us does it for the enjoyment he gets out of it; as you say, its supporters can, and do, make it disagreeable for any who calls the attention of the public to its anti-democratic activities. It is a thankless job, too, for those who should be fighting on our side are selling out—either through stupidity or cowardice—to the Roman Catholic interests. The hierarchy know that they can always work on the simple-minded non-Catholics with their cry of "Persecution!" These simple folk think they are being tolerant when they say, "We won't have anything to do with people who criticize the Catholic Church." In short, they figure it is persecution on our part if we try to prevent a rattle-snake from biting us. They figure that critics of the Church are trying to stop the faithful from worshipping in their own way. As I've said many times, I know of no one who has the slightest objection to Catholics—or any other sect—worshipping in any way they see fit. What we do object to—as the priests well know, but take care their followers do not see that aspect of it—is the high-handed, insolent way in which they try to run the affairs of Protestants, Jews and Freethinkers; the way they "boss" the radio, movies, press, even the government of the United States. We object to their strangling the principles on which this country was founded—and we have a right to object; and if the majority of non-Catholics weren't so stupid and cowardly, they could put the priests in their proper place tomorrow. These dummkopfs need only to look at Spain and Italy to see what the Roman

Catholic hierarchy does when it has the power; but evidently they prefer not to look. They will sell out their own kind, so to speak, rather than offend their Catholic "friends." Let them wait and see how "friendly" the Church will be toward them, once Catholic-Fascism is put over in America. The worst of it is, we shall all have to suffer for the spinelessness and stupidity of non-Catholics who won't hear a word of criticism of their great "friend," the Roman Church.

Wilmington, Del. W. MATTHEWS

* * *

What is the place of confidence in business?

It's all-important. Confidence must be expressed by the businessman and by the consumer, and all must express confidence in a Higher Power. The last can be best illustrated by the young woman who sowed wild oats six days a week, but on Sundays she always went to church to pray for a crop failure. . . . The consumer's confidence is illustrated by what took place when an old man went into a clothing store and said: "My boy has owed you \$20 for a suit of clothes for three years." "Yes," said the proprietor, "have you come to pay for it?" "No, I came to get one for myself on the same terms." . . . Now let's turn to the businessman's side. Here I'm reminded of the great banker who was explaining to a friend his formula for success and how he got started in the banking business. He put it this way: "I had nothing to do, and so I rented an empty store and put up a sign announcing that the place was a bank. As soon as I opened for business, a man dropped in and made a deposit of \$200. The next day another man dropped in and deposited \$300. And so, sir, the third day my confidence in the enterprise reached such a point that I decided to put in \$50 of my own money."

* * *

What is the trend of economic scholarship?

The trend among economists, according to the great Dr. Anon, is to know a great deal about a little, and then go on knowing more and more about less, until finally they know practically everything about nothing. A professor, on the other hand, is a man who knows a little about a great

deal and keeps on knowing less and less about more until finally he knows practically nothing about everything.

* * *

What do you think of the Watchtower literature which says millions now living will never die?

It sounds reasonable. I always tell any man who's afraid to die that there's a simple way to arrange for an everlasting life. All one need do is to go to a good fortune teller and find out which town he'll die in—and then, not go near it. I always enjoy passing on these constructive, helpful, practical bits of advice.

* * *

Can you give me the year's most important medical discoveries?

Dr. Logan Clendening who conducts my favorite health column—recently summarized Dr. Morris Fishbein's list of 10 medical discoveries of 1939 which he considered important, as follows:

- (1) That sulfanilamide and its derivatives can halt or minimize numerous diseases.
- (2) That vitamin B1 deficiency is widespread and that the synthetic vitamin relieves nerve disorders caused by this.
- (3) That sex hormones alleviate some nervous conditions in both men and women passing through the climacteric.
- (4) That a new drug, sobisminol mass, is a potent medicine that can be taken by mouth to help kill lues venera.
- (5) That vitamin K stops certain forms of hemorrhages.
- (6) That human beings can be refrigerated to a state of "frozen sleep" which arrests cancer growth temporarily.
- (7) That repeated blood transfusions are an essential for treating severe burns successfully.
- (8) That swine may be the source of influenza epidemics by harboring the germs in latent form between epidemics.
- (9) That a difficult nerve-cutting operation on the spinal column can relieve severe cases of the heart disease, angina pectoris.
- (10) That surgeons can close an opening which prevents the start of blood flowing through the heart of some newborn babies.

Information like the above (which I consider valuable) will be preserved long after this paper goes out of circulation by virtue of the fact that this piece, along with hundreds of others, will be collected and issued in book form (under the title of "Questions and Answers"), all prop-

erly indexed. I'm glad to be able to report that 20 volumes (plus) have already been issued, which certainly looks like a hefty library, or rather a virtual encyclopedia. This set represents eight years of steady, hard work, but I've enjoyed doing every page of it. And, another thing that pleases me hugely is the way the sets are being ordered by the public. I'm actually a "best seller" around these parts, which is something of an achievement, considering the stiff competition from pretty good literary fellers like Shakespeare, Emerson, Bacon, Plato, Durant, McCabe, and dozens of other right snappy wielders of words.

* * *

I've just heard Father Coughlin say if we followed the word of Gaud we'd act on the words in the Book of Micah: "And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks." And, as a result, we would be rid of all wars. It's all that simple. Please comment.

I didn't hear the Coughlin speech referred to above, so I don't know if my reader is quoting the sardine-snatcher accurately, and if there's one thing that makes me feel like a gigantic mound of turds it's to discover I haven't quoted someone accurately. However, the words from Micah are as they appear in the Bible, so I can go on from there, leaving Father (of what?) Coughlin out of the discussion. The danger here is that the very opposite sentiment can be found in the same Bible. Turn to the Book of Joel (iii. 10) and you'll find that Gaud commanded: "Beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruninghooks into spears." Thus, you pays your money and you takes your choice. Naturally, such a book can't be used by serious-minded, sincere people who aim to solve so grave a problem as war. My old friend, William Floyd, once quoted a minister's prayer to the effect that all might "dwell evermore in the fellowship of that Prince of Peace," but the same preacher didn't quote the remarks of Jesus that gave entirely different ideas. Mr. Floyd ran them together this way:

"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. . . . Sup-

pose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, Nay; but rather division. . . . When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace: but when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils. . . . He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one. . . . And when ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars, be ye not troubled: for such things must needs be."

My point here is that you can support any side of any general position with quotations from the Bible. As Mr. Floyd remarks, "that book is not a valid guide for modern conduct."

* * *

What do you say to believers in pure pacifism, or non-resistance, who go so far as to say that justice can never rest on force?

This is an age-old problem that probably will always pester man. Non-resistance to evil is a beautiful ideal, but what can it do when faced by stark, ruthless aggression? What could give greater satisfaction to a dictator than the knowledge that the world is populated by people who can be relied on to accept his acts of repression without physical resistance? Blaise Pascal, in a famous paragraph, contributed several thoughts to this problem which I'm glad to pass on:

Justice without force is powerless; force without justice is tyrannical. Justice without force is disputed, for there are always evil men. Force without justice is denounced. So justice and force must go together, and, for that to be, what is just must be made strong and what is strong must be made just.

An enlightened democracy's use of force as an instrument of justice is the ideal solution to this problem, but here it's frequently objected that mass ignorance is permitted to become the final arbiter. The answer here is simple and direct. Democracy without education is bad. A democracy which strives sincerely and progressively to educate its members to higher cultural levels has in it the power to balance justice and force for the good of the greater number. At the same time it can avoid tyranny over the individual so long as a

person refrains from committing any act that does obvious injury to someone else. A democracy doesn't have to demand that each individual shall run through the same mold. A true democracy doesn't level humanity; it strives to elevate the humblest member of the community and at the same time grants freedom of thought and character to its members who demonstrate they're gifted with superior talents or powers that can be socially useful. I don't mean to infer that our own democracy is perfect, but it's the best social mechanism yet invented by men, and at its worst it's far better than Fascism at its best. A man of thought is freer under our democracy than in any kind of a dictatorship, if that man is given to lines of thought that run counter to popular notions or prejudices. The holder of unpopular views doesn't live in a bed of roses even in a democracy, but he's safer there by far than is the man of thought who lives in a totalitarian State and holds ideas that are considered subversive by the man or clique in control. If there's too much superstition (ignorance) among the masses in a democracy, let's remember that such ideologies can be wiped out in time with the proper use of scientific, enlightened, democratic education. Education is the tool that makes a democracy a civilized establishment. Without education, democracies decay into inertia, intellectual darkness, social backwardness and organized brutality. That's why it isn't an easy job to build a great, enlightened democracy. It's an endless fight. It's a tireless series of efforts to combat tyranny, usurpation, repression, dogmatism, and obscurantism. A great democracy is the result of the condition that made possible the development of social-minded, responsible individuals. Many individuals are afraid of democracy because it demands so much from its members—education, responsibility, enlightenment, justice, and civilized outlooks. It's so much easier to leave everything to the decision of a dictator, who claims he can solve all problems so long as the people surrender their freedom. But the danger there is that the dictator may not be as perfect as he imagines and that the peo-

ple, once deprived of their liberty, may not be able to regain it without countless dead and mountains of misery. Democracy is the highest expression of civilization. In a true democracy the air is free—the atmosphere of education, justice, thought, controversy, inquiry, research, expression, and progress. Freedom and democracy—they must go together.

* * *

When you write about a "hoss oprry" I know you mean a Western movie, but when you speak about a "soap oprry" you have me up in the air.

"Soap opera" is the name for those daytime shows that are serialized over the radio. They're all terrible pieces of tripe (and here I want to apologize for my habit of using the word "tripe" to describe inferior literary efforts. Tripe is delicious eating, when cooked properly and shouldn't be used to stigmatize something that's an insult to one's mind.) Soap (or soup) oprys, according to a writer in *The American Mercury*, (March, 1940), use up 82½ hours per week—almost a third of the total number of daytime hours of WEAF, WOR, WJZ, and WABC. There are 60 five-day-a-week serials, on the daytime programs of the four major N.Y. area stations just listed. I have to rely on outside opinion here because I'm yet to listen through a single soap oprry. My dial fingers react negatively whenever I tune into one. Someday, fortified by a couple of shots of hooch, I intend to throw discretion out the window and listen through one. If I land in the booby hatch, my readers will understand why. The *Mercury* writer quoted above says he found after a day's listening that he had encountered among the principal characters of the soap oprys one mad woman, one nervous wreck, four invalids, one victim of amnesia, two blind men, one blind and bitten by a rattlesnake, one inmate of a sanitarium, one crippled lawyer, one boy injured in a fall from a horse, one dying woman, one woman undergoing a major operation, one sick baby, and one man with a face injury. Lots of sickness around it seems. Some militant women in New Rochelle, N.Y., have organized a "Not-Listening Committee" which

claims members in 25 States, but since these programs cost tens of thousands of dollars (and all businessmen aren't fools) I wonder if this nonsense isn't profitable after all. If it is, then the average radio listener is right at home with the average reader of the cheap pulp magazines. This doesn't mean I'm begging for lectures on "New Zealand Flora in the Paleozoic Era." There's a place for such material—in scientific bulletins. But that doesn't mean we should be compelled to accept without complaint what a *Harpers Magazine* (April, 1940) writer summarized this way:

"From 9 every morning until 6 every evening, Monday through Friday, unrelieved tragedy nearly blankets the radio networks. During these hours and these days babies are torn from their mothers' arms; mortgages are foreclosed; lovely maidens are put upon; dew-eyed maidens and stalwart youths get embroiled in trouble, and kindly old codgers, twinkling over their spectacles, are victimized by scheming loan sharks and other assorted rascals."

This is an exciting, interesting, dramatic world. Would it be asking too much of the day-time radio managers to expect them to use their facilities to make their programs as attention-commanding and informative as a good newspaper?

* * *

Editor: Good Friday in Boston, "the center of culture," is a perfect example of the backward state of knowledge the backward-collar boys would like to enforce universally. On "good" Fridays public schools are closed all day, and non-Catholics are kicked out of the Boston Public Library (one of the largest in the country) at noon. I saw "non-Catholics" because Roman Catholics would presumably be celebrating their day in the prescribed manner elsewhere. The doors of enlightenment are symbolically closed on this Roman-Catholic holiday. People's library research is put to an end from noon until six at night just because it is "good" Friday.

Other churches which observe "good" Fridays do so within their buildings without trying to interfere with the day's routine for those who choose to remain outside. The barricading of public institutions that day is part of only the Roman-Catholic ritual. This is why I blame that denomination alone and

refer to Good Friday as a Roman-Catholic holiday.

It is religious persecution to drive citizens from the Boston Public Library during a working day because of a religious rite they are not interested in. This expulsion of teachers, students, research workers, readers, and bums is akin to Hitler's respect for institutions of knowledge. There is only one "good" Friday annually so far, but there are 51 more Fridays in a year as well as 313 other days, and all 365 will be holidays from education if the Pope's gloom-bug boys and girls can manage it. Hitler simplified the listing of 365 such holidays by just burning the books.

People were hounded out of the Boston Public Library at noon on March 22 in a manner that suggested the closing hour at a rough-house saloon. The fire alarm rang twice, and many thought the place was on fire. Two vigorous policemen rushed the crowd to the doors as it poured down the main stairway. Questions of amazed astonishment at the ejection received the cops' belligerent replies: "Come on, get a move on! Get going! Everybody out of here! Get out!" Indeed as nice an expression of the famous religious sentiment as the shut-down itself.

In rescinding educational freedom, the backward-collar oppressors are running true to form when in power.

FRANKLIN P. COLLIER, JR.
Melrose, Mass.

* * *

Frankly, I've been misbehaving something terrible. What would you advise me to do? My conscience is troubling me.

How do I know? Go see a psychiatrist, if you feel you're going screwy. Besides, I don't know whether you want your will power strengthened or your conscience weakened.

* * *

Editor: You must have been feeling good during the past month; you've got more damn good gags in the last issue than you've had for a long time. I wish I could remember them all; if I could I'd always be the life of the party. Too, that first installment of your autobiography—which Isaac Goldberg and I have urged you to write—is a wow. If you can keep up that sort of a mixture of fooling and good horse-sense for a couple of hundred pages you'll lay 'em in the aisles. I wonder, sometimes, how many of your gems of drollery glance off the skulls of some of your readers . . . that yearner for a foreshortened dictionary, for instance.

Apropos your remarks concerning the modern social implications of the lack

of scandal-mongering in connection with Jimmy Roosevelt's marital troubles, did you notice that the Episcopal women the other day recommended liberalization of the church's attitudes toward remarriage of divorced people? Another straw in the wind, it seems to me.

Maplewood, Mo.

C. A. LANG

* * *

What is a totalitarian State?

I could rewrite several long articles that have gone into my volumes of questions and answers, but I don't think I should let myself in for a highly technical reply. Instead, let me quote a sentence from a Paris newspaper: "A totalitarian State is one wherein everything is compulsory that is not forbidden." That covers the issue.

* * *

Editor: If God created man and the universe, who or what created God and why? That God created Himself may seem to be the "simple" solution. For some mysterious, personal reason, He probably decided that his existence would be desirable then deliberately proceeded to manufacture His Supreme Being. On the other hand, it might be assumed that God has always existed—right from the very "beginning." It then seems likely His existence became so monotonous that He finally decided to start creating things out of His generous supply of nothing. Of course He bungled His first efforts through inexperience, but perhaps He'll use a bit of intelligent discretion next time He gets an itching for creation.

Spokane, Wash. ROBERT SLOCUM

* * *

I have been following your numerous articles on gambling, crooked methods, percentages, etc.. In your volumes of questions and answers and in recent issues of your Freeman. But nowhere do you report on the percentage in favor of an honest house. Have you the facts?

Monte Carlo is an honest gambling establishment and it has always won (in the long run) because all bets are figured in favor of the house. The games at Monte Carlo are figured to give the house a 7 percent advantage. The reason the house never loses (though individuals catch gains in spots) is because the law of averages works all the time, and that's a good law to have on your side. All gambling houses would make money if they followed the betting practices of Monte Carlo, but not one in 10,000 will do it because the gypers have

to clean up in a hurry instead of patiently waiting for the laws of chance to grind out the profit. Why take a week to clean up a sucker when the job can be done in a few hours?—so reason the professionals. That's why I always advise my readers never to gamble with professionals. They're in business to take you for a ride. It's considered disgraceful in professional circles to have it known that a sucker actually took money away from a gambler. If the law of averages won't clean the sucker right away, there are no end of devices which help hurry the job, as I've shown in scores of articles in my volumes of questions and answers. I have, as my readers know, long specialized in this subject, going into every aspect of the situation, and the one, big lesson we can all take from that huge mound of material is that it's better to keep away from professionals.

* * *

Editor: I agree with your comments on "Gone With the Wind." The picture was showing in this town last week, so I felt I had to take it in, although I hardly attend movies any more. I was certainly jaded before the picture was through. I also detected a whining note in regard to the passing of slavery. The main reason I seldom attend movies is the censorship of Elder Hays and Joseph Breen, dictating to the movie industry what the public shall and shall not see. With such dictators in charge one cannot expect to see a picture that is honest.

CARL E. TOUPAIN

Grand Junction, Colo.

* * *

Rabbi M. Alper, N.Y.C.: "I have always admired your work and consider you a bulwark of all that's fine in our democracy."

* * *

Are we neutral?

Yes. I don't care who ends Hitler—nor how, nor when, nor where.

* * *

Harry Fulton, Michel, B.C., Can., writes: "I noticed you are an hour and a half younger than you were a couple of years ago, when you said you were born at 2.30 A.M. I scribbled it on my wall when I read it. Today I saw in the June Freeman that you were born at 4 A.M. All I did was to look up at the wall. This is just a razz to show you how interested I am in what you write." ... What chance have I to get away

with anything when I'm checked like that? The first report was correct. It was 2.30 A.M., not that it's important.

* * *

Is the guinea pig a pig?

No, it's a rodent.

* * *

What is the life span of a rat?

About 2½ years.

* * *

Editor: I have followed your writings and publications for nearly 20 years and still haven't the courage to quit entirely. Naturally, I don't always agree with you and sometimes get weary of your fireless tirades against religion. But I believe you have mellowed somewhat in your tolerance of those who feel religion in their hearts and keep it out of other people's affairs. It would have been a curiosity 15 years ago to have read your statement that you have no objection to anyone believing in God or having a religious trust in things unseen.

You make one think. Even if one thinks you are a sophist at times, it can't be denied that you take up a wholesome amount of space for hard sense. Being in the midst of your activity you might not even have the right perspective to see all the opportunity that lays in your propensity for pushing a virile pen.

There are a lot of us who think we think and have an itch to be articulate. To me, it seems that one of democracy's needs is a more apt articulation of the masses. It is one thing to read a fluent writer like yourself and quite another to set forth the views one has after reading.

Sioux Falls, S. Dak. WILMER JONES

* * *

"I, too, don't like to be 'galvanized' into action early in the morning. That's one reason I hate my job. If the worst I had to put up with was punk stories at breakfast, I could love it. But to be jangled out of a warm bed in the bleak blackness of two hours before a winter's dawn and then, with scarcely time for breakfast let alone some jokes with it, to rush off to a treadmill wherein one hears for an hour or so, the same dreary, threadbare jibes that pass for letter-carrier-humor the year round has been awful."—Reader.

* * *

Knowing you to be a great admirer of the late Clarence Darrow, who died about two years ago, let me suggest that you reprint the enclosed sonnet on Mr. Darrow's work as a fighter for truth and honesty. Many of your readers first got acquainted with Clarence Darrow's philosophy through your nu-

merous books devoted to his speeches and writings, and they are the ones who will find true inspiration in this poem by Eva Ingersoll Wakefield.

The Wakefield poem appeared in the April, 1940, issue of *The Arbitrator*, edited by William Floyd, one of my old admirations. The poem, entitled "Clarence Seward Darrow," follows:

His was the genius of the human heart;
The Love that lifts the fallen and oppressed;

The Pity that's to all the world addressed.

He knew not the "elect" or "set apart";
To him the ruler and the ruled were one;

No sense of caste or class besmirched his mind.

The Advocate to all our human kind,
He was no more exclusive than the sun.

He called himself a "pessimist with hope.

Obsessed with tragedy of moral life,
He spent his soul to minimize the strife,
And dissipate the darkness where men grope

For truth and justice. Darrow—Humanist-saint—

Whose portrait only Liberty can paint.

A great deal of Darrow's realistic approach and honest probing will be found in a great Freethinker who was born almost two centuries ago (April 13, 1743), Thomas Jefferson. In a letter to his young nephew and ward, Peter Carr, Jefferson condensed the methods and purposes of Skepticism, Rationalism and Agnosticism into a single, powerful paragraph—words which I happen to know influenced Darrow's life, for he told me about this passage during one of our numerous conversations. Jefferson and Darrow were intellectual brothers. Here are the words Jefferson wrote to his young nephew:

Fix Reason firmly in her seat, and call to her tribunal every fact, every opinion. Question with boldness even the existence of a God; because, if there be one, he must more approve of the homage of reason, than that of blindfolded fear. . . . Read the Bible then, as you would Livy or Tacitus. . . . For example, in the book of Joshua, we are told, the sun stood still several hours. Were we to read that fact in Livy or Tacitus, we should class it with their showers of blood, speaking of statues, beasts, etc. But it is said,

that the writer of that book was inspired. Examine, therefore, candidly, what evidence there is of his having been inspired. The pretension is entitled to your inquiry, because millions believe it. On the other hand, you are astronomer enough to know how contrary it is to the law of nature. . . . Do not be frightened from this inquiry by any fear of its consequences. If it ends in a belief that there is no God, you will find incitements to virtue in the comfort and pleasantness you feel in its exercise, and the love of others which it will procure you.

Many Americans already know that Darrow was one of the devil's disciples, but few know (or are willing to admit) that one of the greatest of the Founding Fathers was imbued with the spirit of Rationalism and Freethought. Many of today's statesmen (pardon the extravagant use of the word) could take lessons in intellectual integrity from Jefferson, and while they're at it they could look into some of Darrow's pamphlets on Freethought and related subjects—to their benefit as men and thinkers. The other day I was amused to read how, on the second anniversary of Darrow's death, a man—whose name escaped me—carried a book to Darrow's favorite spot in a public park in Chicago and called on the great Agnostic to prove he was living though dead by knocking the book out of his hand. The spirit of Darrow didn't reply. But a noise that was taken to be the screeching of an elevated train was in reality Darrow's homeric laughter. Darrow was trying to yell from the Other Side that the book was too heavy for his frail spirit, that better luck could be hoped for if he were challenged to hurl a light and small booklet—preferably one of the little volumes he wrote for me. But Darrow's challenger heard neither the laughter nor the suggestion.

* * *

Editor: You say that should the struggle against the world's Fascist nations end with them losers the Roman Catholic Church, having cast its lot with them, would also go down in ruin unless rescued by the laity. I have my doubts. The clerical hierarchy is a tough lot, capable of some marvelously disarming disguises; it may yet worm its way into the good graces of new regimes. But suppose France and

Britain are defeated . . . while I can't get up any steam over the hypocrites and mendacities of their ruling classes, yet, knowing how the fortunes of the Church are tied up with Fascist alternatives, I'm often deeply perturbed at the prospect of their disintegration, which seems not too remote here, lately. There's some slight comfort in the probability that unless they are joined enough to provoke not only Joe Stalin's passive, but also his active, hostility they may win out in the end. You see, I'm not quite ready yet to believe that Pacelli can wriggle into Joe's favor. Should that happen then things would indeed begin to look black.

Maplewood, Mo.

C. A. LANG

* * *
Can you tell me how many Bibles have been published since Gutenberg's Bible first issued in 1450?

Some scholars estimate the total at 1,015,000,000. Since Gutenberg is mentioned, I'm reminded of several letters from readers who take issue with a piece in one of my volumes of questions and answers in which I give credit to Gutenberg for discovering the art of printing. They argue that Gutenberg didn't invent movable type at all; that Pi Sheng, a Chinese, did it 400 years earlier, in 1041. I don't want to stir Pi Sheng's ashes, but it seems to me that even if he did discover movable type he doesn't measure up to Gutenberg's stature because the latter did something about it by putting the discovery to use, while the Chinese let a great idea stay where he found it.

* * *
I wish you would give me the complete written by Horace Mann, in which he demonstrates the inconsistency of a language which uses one combination of letters for seven different pronunciations.

You'll find it in the book "Noah Webster: Pioneer of Learning." I plough me through, O'er life's dark lough, I still my way pursue.

"Lough" stumped me, so I looked it up and learned it means "a lake," pronounced either "lok" or "lax."

* * *
Editor: Religion is the weapon of the wealthy. It conditions the mind to accept, without question, the dogmas and superstitions of theology and economics in the interest of preserving the wealth of the ruling class has always used or

ganized religion to teach the laboring class—by various means and degrees of intellectual and physical compulsion—that poverty is a virtue; that self sacrifice will be rewarded in salvation of the soul with “assurance” of an eternity of a peaceful life in a vague, mythical Heaven. Indeed, unquestioning belief and profound faith are the qualities of the mind most conducive to the interests of entrenched wealth. Healthy inquiring minds that profess lack of faith in the holy hollerings of pious authority are the progressive forces now threatening the established order of the social and economic status quo of capitalism and its obedient servant, organized religion.

Spokane, Wash. ROBERT SLOCUM

* * *

I am taking journalism at the University of Missouri. Recently we discussed your technique as a writer and publisher, but found we couldn't agree. How would you go about advising a young man who happened to want to follow in your footsteps.

I'd warn him to lay off, for my way's all poison, if you want to be a conventional and commercial success as an editor and publisher. I'm the freak of the printed word. Never try to imitate me. I'm reminded of a real recipe for editorial success, which I think will come closer to the hearts of these journalism students. An Indiana publisher was hiring a new editor for his small paper, and here was his sound advice:

“It's very simple. All you have to do is print all the nice things you can learn about as many different persons as possible, not try to reform the world and insist on getting a fair price for your advertising and job printing.”

There's the whole thing in a few lines. Follow it and you'll become a shining light in the world of publishing. I, on the other hand, violate all the rules. I say bad things about people and institutions I don't like or approve of. I get into nasty libel suits. I praise the wrong people. I say nice things about immoral and subversive characters and make fun of powerful, pompous and self-important leaders of industry, the church, education, quackery, business, and the like. I deliberately try to reform the world, at the same time kidding myself into the belief that I haven't an ounce of messianic non-

sense in my chassis. I attack sacred, holy institutions, make fun of prized prejudices and superstitions, expose bunk that has advertising money to spend, throw spitballs at great public leaders, question the divine truths of religion, refuse to run away from controversies over the policies of the Roman Catholic Church, go in for printing information about sex, venereal diseases and birth control at a time when the conventional world agreed such subjects should be given the hush-hush, and write caustic articles about teachers, preachers, politicians and publicists who've been guilty of the mere offense of having indulged in bunk-shooting. Besides, I don't insist on getting a fair price for my advertising. In truth, I don't look for any advertising at all, unless it happens to be handed in on a silver platter, for in this matter of advertising I'm more independent than a hog on frozen water. You can see how wrong I can be. So put me out of your mind. If you must talk about me in class, use me as a horrible example, as a warning to ambitious youngsters who seek to enter the profession. But, coming to think of it, I get a lot of fun out of my freebooting. I have a lot of trouble keeping my paper going, but I enjoy doing the job of writing and issuing it month after month. It's worth a little to be free to tell what's on your mind, regardless of who's bunions are bruised. I couldn't do otherwise, because I'm made that way. But that doesn't mean you should try to be like me.

* * *

Editor: Just look what the mail man left me. I can't imagine who put my name on Father Martin J. Foley's sucker list but the sentiment and postage were wasted. If Father Foley, of Jersey City's Shrine of St. Jude, thinks he can shanghai a Freeman reader's hard-earned shekels with such garbage as this then he'd better use some of his “Jude Oil” to cool the fever in his brain.

I've been led to believe some vile things of the fathers (of what?) since reading The Freeman, but I'm eternally damned if I suspected they were running a racket like this. It's nothing but glorified voodooism. There's a Negro mammy anywhere in the South who'll sell you a paper-wad charm and include the snake oil for a dime, not to mention

other more intimate accommodations.

Father (of whom?) Foley has really got his mail order salvation business all lined out, as you notice. All you have to do is just mark X beside your heart's desire and enclose a small offering (but not too small). For a dollar, he'll burn a candle for nine days, for a dollar and a half, he'll burn a candle day and night for nine days, and for \$3 he offers to really fix you up—a whole damn month of candle-light. If it's all the same to Father (of whom?) Foley I'll go right on paying the local utility company \$3 for good electricity, and they are robbers too, incidentally.

Please note that on Father Foley's mail order salvation blank I have checked "motherhood" as being my soul's desire. And now, dear editor, if you'll just ask your pious readers to get down and pray with me I'm positive we can bring this glorious miracle to pass even though I'm as wombleless as a male platypus. As for the oil of St. Jude offered by Fr. Foley, if it isn't at least 90 proof I'm not interested.
Springfield, Colo. RICHARD E. GREENE

* * *

How'd you like "Grapes of Wrath" as a movie?

This is, in many ways, a superior motion picture, sky-high above even the better class of Hollywood shows, but I wasn't satisfied with it enough to say it's a great picture. John Steinbeck's other story, "Of Mice and Men" is a much better picture, to my notion. My first objection to "Grapes of Wrath" is based on the director's insistence on so many night scenes. They're a strain on me, if overdone. At least half of the sequences that were done by candle or lamp light could have been done in daylight, but I've learned it's useless to ask directors to go easy on these night scenes. They seem to think a scene's much more dramatic and tense if it's done against a black background and you can't see more than the actor's nostrils. The characters in "Grapes of Wrath" didn't seem real because I'd already met them in the book, where they were living, breathing people. Why was this? The answer is easy. It's because Elder Hays and his buddy, Joseph Breen, wouldn't pass Steinbeck's powerful dialogue. In the book one never gets the impression that the Okies are a defeated, hopeless people, even though they go through hell. This is shown by their powerful, vigorous, Rabelaisian, down-to-earth,

salty speech. When you take their real speech away you leave only the shells, and that's what the movie did for me—just gave me a look at a lot of people whose insides were sawdust. In the picture, the Okies are steeped in Siberian gloom. In the novel, the social problems are all there, but the people are living, breathing characters, mainly because of Steinbeck's genius for catching their lively, forthright, candid speech. The picture makes them namby-pamby. The novel presents them as they are—people worried by economic misfortunes, but yet possessed of keen, alert, strong minds, with natures that are as much a growth of the soil as is a field of corn. Mark you, I'm not saying the picture isn't worth seeing. It's a thousand times better than "Gone With the Windbag." But it falls short of the novel—and that, I insist, is because of pretentious direction and de-nuttied, de-gutted dialogue. Your answer here is that we must take it without the smutty speech because the censors would never permit us to enjoy Steinbeck's candid speech. You're right, of course. If that condition is to prevail, the least we can do is to insist that sterilized people aren't the least bit like potent, fertile people. We should refuse to pretend they are. You can't lop off a beautiful woman's ears and nose and then insist her beauty hasn't been lessened. By the same token, you can't erase Steinbeck's colorful language and say the whole truth is still there. We'll probably never live to see the day when the screen will be as free and unhampered as the printed word, but that doesn't mean we should abandon our critical standards, and say a thing is as good as its author conceived it when it's plain the result is bloodless and gagged.

* * *

"I hesitate to take exception to a doctor's statement, especially when he should know whereof he speaks, but it seems to me that Dr. Lipton's diagnosis is a little far-fetched in your case. There may be some definite ratio between waning sexual potency and sophisticated stories, but I'm from Missouri. I live and work in constant daily association with 190 young men from 17 to 25 years old, and if they told any more spicy sophisticated stories than they do now then the day would have to be stretched

considerably. Nor am I led to believe these young men are exactly impotent; in fact, they are a mite too potent sometimes, as evidenced by several sudden and forcible weddings at which an irate papa presided with a shot-gun (figuratively speaking). As for yourself, I'm of the opinion that your potency will be lost only when they lay you in your grave. I'm a young squirt myself, and by no means senile, but I certainly like stories of a sophisticated nature."—Reader.

When you say you want the Allies to defeat Germany do you also favor having the U.S. send our boys to Europe to help in the fighting?

No. But I favor giving every other kind of help. We should see that England and France get plenty of supplies—money if necessary. Allied orders for war planes should be given right offaway, even over our own orders. If necessary, we should lend or give the Allies most of our fighting planes. Our navy should be put to work hunting down German merchantmen and spotting raiders, with orders to sink Hitler's submarines at sight. The only reason I oppose sending men to Europe to help destroy Hitlerism (and that includes the other totalitarianisms) is because this would run counter to public sentiment and thereby make it difficult, or perhaps impossible, to render the other services listed above. Most Americans admit that, while they oppose sending our boys to Europe, they wouldn't mind seeing Uncle Sam spend 10, or 15 billion dollars to help the Allies win. We Americans aren't neutral. We don't want Hitler to win. But we don't want to do the actual job of fighting. We prefer to see the other democracies do this nasty chore. However, we're not stingy or uncooperative in other, less painful, ways. The American people aren't going to stand by and see Hitler win without doing something about it.

It is to be sincerely hoped that Schoolmarm (whose letter appeared in the last Freeman) draws freely on the good rich material of The Freeman to guide her little darlings aright into freedom from the shackles of superstition and bunk. Out of some 30 teachers that I studied under, there is one that stands forth as having influenced my life. He is a Freeman reader today. It was he who acquainted me with the

Little Blue Books, thus showing me the path to intellectual freedom."—Reader.

"The gag about eating Keats brings to mind another one: she had learned that Sir Walter Scott was one of his chief admirations and so, to make conversation, she agreed enthusiastically with all of his opinions. Too enthusiastically, he suspected. He therefore led her on: IVANHOE, she opined, was 'wonderful'; WAVERLY was 'too cute for words'; MARMION was 'marvelous. Finally he said, 'And have you read his latest: his great work, EMULSION?' 'Sure,' from the innocent thing, 'Tha was perfectly darling, too!'"—C. A. Lang, Mo.

I sincerely believe your great pioneering in the field of sex education has helped give the American people a healthy, honest attitude regarding our numerous emotional problems, sex questions, and, above all, venereal diseases. When you began your wonderful educational work, the average newspaper tabooed even mention of the two main sex diseases. Once in a while they spoke timidly of "social diseases." Now they use the word syphilis in the headlines. I consider it a fact that you blazed the way for truth and candor. But it seems to me that many writers on syphilis go to the extreme of exaggeration and sensationalism. For example, the enclosed press clipping claims that 10 percent of our people are syphilitic. Do you accept that statement as true?

It's a gross exaggeration. It's nearer the truth to say that hardly more than 1 percent of the people have this disease. My authority is a distinguished writer in this field, Dr. S. Adolphus Knopf, author of my Little Blue Book No. 209, entitled, "Medical Aspects of Birth Control." Dr. Knopf is one of the most respected figures in the world of medicine, a science which he's been serving for a half century. Here's what Dr. Knopf says:

"I question the wisdom of the statements made by some authorities that the American population is afflicted with venereal disease to the extent of 10 percent. I do not believe that any specialist in genitourinary diseases, skin specialists, or general practitioners would be willing or able to verify this certainly much exaggerated statement, which in my humble opinion is fraught with danger to the peace of mind and happiness of the individual citizen, aside from damaging the good

reputation of the American people in general."

Dr. Charles Gordon Heyd, former president of the A.M.A., adds that serologic tests in N.Y.C. "showed a syphilis rate of 1¼ percent." Dr. Charles Bolduan, of the N.Y. Health Department, points out that the U.S. Public Health Service (which has been blamed for some of the sensational figures) claims in the October, 1939, issue of *The New York State Journal of Medicine*, that "a routine Wassermann test of the entire population of the country would show a syphilis rate of perhaps 1 percent." That's bad enough, for it means 1,300,000 Americans have syphilis. In the case of gonorrhea, the situation is worse. However, nothing is to be gained by exaggerating the problem. Both diseases could be wiped out in a generation if we would throw aside our puritanism and tackle the job as a question of science and hygiene, instead of a moral issue. Not many years ago, people who had venereal diseases were pointed out as social outcasts, immoral criminals. Now we look on them, in the main, as unfortunate people who had the bad luck to get sick. I agree with my reader when he says I helped break down America's prissiness about sexual diseases and related questions. But there's still a lot of work to be done. We've only begun to get the mess cleaned up. It'll take time, but I'm optimistic enough to believe our efforts will succeed. I recall how the good people 15 and 20 years ago used to bawl me out in print and from pulpits because of my "sex literature." As my readers know, my material on sex has always been scientific and educational, and yet I've been made to endure the worst kind of insults because I dared treat sexual problems in the same way we should other social questions. Several attempts were made to slap me in the hoosegow, but without success. A few decades earlier I would have been suppressed and crushed. Yes, the world moves. Prejudices die hard, but they do surrender slowly before the white light of publicity. Of course, there were other publishers and writers in this field when I began what my friend calls "pioneering,"

but the record shows that their literature was aimed at the educated, intelligent minority while I struck out in the direction of the masses. With the help of contributors like Wm. J. Fielding, Jos. McCabe, Havelock Ellis, Margaret Sanger, Dr. Knopf, and many others, I lined up a series of works that helped bring facts and simple truths to the masses who wanted to know about their sexual lives, marriage, sex diseases, birth control, sexual hygiene, and the like. I've lived to see the day when some of my severest critics came over to my side. Some members of the clergy, who used to tear me to shreds in their sermons, now pass resolutions calling for wider sex knowledge and the establishment of birth control clinics. The Fundamentalists—and here the Catholics lead the parade—are still clinging to their obscurantism, but even their followers are beginning to question their twisted logic and invalid inferences. They're doomed to the dustbin of history.

* * *

"I notice that you, along with most other journalists, statesmen and many authors, repeatedly neglect one of the suggestions made in one of your own booklets aimed at the improvement of our use of English (Willis F. Forbes' 'The Right Word'): you often use the word 'each' where 'every' would be better. The same goes for 'though' where it should be 'although.' How about setting others the same good example with these words that you've set with 'only' and 'very'? (This is by way of appreciative, more than of adverse, criticism; I've learned more from you along these lines than I'll ever be able to teach you.)"—C. A. Lang, Mo.

* * *

"To me the irresistible appeal of *The Freeman* is its intimacy. It is written about the things its readers want to know about. They take a definite part in its publication by asking the questions, or if they choose they can write in and raise particular hell about something and that is very apt to be printed too. You are not one sided or 'my-sided' to the exclusion of reason. If someone disagrees he can say his say, though it is to be noted that ordinarily you go on to do a scathing job of squelching him."—Reader.

* * *

What does Q. E. D. stand for?

It's a Latin abbreviation, meaning "which is demonstrated."

Answers to Unasked Questions

The Dies committee's report to the House included a paragraph on William Dudley Pelley, leader of the Fascist group known as the Silver Shirt Legion of America, which sounded like a resume of the numerous pieces I wrote about Pelley three years before the country ever heard of the Dies investigation. If you think I'm blowing, look into my 19 volumes of questions and answers, in which a great deal of space is accorded to Fascist and Nazi leaders like the Rev. Gerald B. Winrod, James True, E. N. Sanctuary, Robert E. Edmondson, Father Coughlin and, of course, Pelley—and most of this wordage was banged off my typewriter years before the American people became conscious of the menace of our anti-democratic forces. But, to return to Pelley, here's what the Dies report said about him: "From the documentary evidence and testimony before the committee concerning the activities of Pelley, the conclusion that he is a racketeer engaged in mulcting thousands of dollars annually from his fanatical and misled followers and credulous people all over the United States and certain foreign countries, is inescapable." That, I repeat, is exactly what I said—and I proved my charge. By the way, most of the facts I printed about the Rev. Winrod, the Jayhawk Nazi, were used by Kansas anti-Fascists as campaign material when Winrod ran for the U.S. Senate. He knows it was my pioneering work that made it possible for the anti-Winrod forces to go before the people with facts about his Nazi-inspired career. That's why that Man of Gawd hates my guts.

While he didn't let any woman make a fool of him, he went to great pains to make a fool of himself.

A person can always justify himself even when he knows he's done the rottenest things.

The reason we don't have more vice is because so many virtuous people lack imagination.

We're all bargain-hunters, looking for something for nothing. An AP dispatch from a Southern city tells of a woman who entered a restaurant and asked the waiter at the counter the price of a bacon and egg sandwich. When told it was a dime, she asked, "How many eggs?" Told she'd get one egg, she asked: "How many slices of bacon?" Told she'd get two slices, she studied a while, shook her head and started to leave. Before she reached the door, the

counter-boy yelled: "But, Madame, the bread is absolutely free!" She ordered a sandwich.

Bernard Shaw, who wrote many shrewd pieces on music a half century ago, in addition to naming Handel as his favorite composer (a selection I can't endorse, not that it matters) held that an orchestra wasn't worth listening to unless it could produce a fortissimo that gave its listeners concussion of the brain, a sentiment that I OK right bang. And the same goes for soloists. If you haven't a good fortissimo in your system, you're just another Mr. Puny Pants.

The purpose of "Catholic Action" is nothing more than to implement the slogan, "Make America Catholic," and that means to unmake traditional Americanism, place public education in the hands of the priests, deny American citizens the right to a divorce, withhold from American adults birth control information, place representatives of Roman Ecclesiasticism in positions as censors over what we shall read, say and do, install in democratic America the Clerico-Fascist authoritarianism of Italy, Spain and Portugal, rewrite our fundamental law so that anyone who indulges in religious controversy becomes automatically a criminal, and in other ways cover American life with the shroud of totalitarianism. We must keep in mind Pope Leo XIII's plain, blunt statement: "If the laws of the State are manifestly at variance with the divine law, containing enactments hurtful to the [Catholic] Church . . . then truly, TO RESIST BECOMES A POSITIVE DUTY, TO OBEY, A CRIME." This is no idle chatter, as students who have studied Catholic Action in Spain know. As Dr. L. H. Lehmann pointedly says, "The Vatican is as much a seat of world-government as the Kremlin hopes ever to be." He then asks what America would say and DO to Communists if Stalin ordered his followers in the U.S. by paraphrasing Leo's above command as follows: "If the laws of the United States are manifestly at variance with Communist doctrine, containing enactments hurtful to the Communist cause . . . then truly, to resist becomes a positive duty, to obey, a crime." In Catholic schools in the U.S., including their colleges, the priests teach frankly, in harmony with their Catechism of Christian Doctrine, that all good Catholics are obligated to condemn America's liberal democracy. If this sounds extreme, let me refer my readers to Question 123, p. 133, where they will

find that our liberalism and democracy are "founded principally on the fact that modern society rests on liberty of conscience and of worship, on liberty of speech and of the press," all of which Roman Ecclesiasticism rejects.

Walter Winchell tells a rotten, filthy, immoral, disgusting, lascivious, pornographic story which I'm reprinting as a warning to readers and as a salutary lesson in what constitutes depraved obscenity. The yarn: A fellow was walking up and down outside a maternity ward, awaiting the announcement of the birth of his child. A nurse finally came out and said: "Congratulations, you're the father of a baby girl!" to which he indifferently said: "Thank you," and then started to leave. "Don't you want to see your wife and child?" the nurse asked. "No," he told her, "we're mad. We haven't spoken in three years." The nurse, astounded, replied: "B-b-but the baby?" "Oh," was the retort, "we're not that mad!"

The following crap is a literal translation of a poem that appeared in the Moscow Pravda:

O Great Stalin, O Leader of the Nations,
Thou who makest man to be born,
Thou who makest the earth fertile,
Thou who makest the centuries young,
Thou who makest the spring bloom,
Thou who makest the cords ring out
music,
Thou who are the splendor of my spring,
O Thou, sun reflected by millions of
hearts

When told that doctors now believe low-neck dresses may ward off pneumonia, an unhallucinated skeptic politely commented: "Well, according to that, some of the women at that social function last night must have been trying to ward off piles."

A woman who had married, in swift succession, (1) a banker, (2) an actor, (3) a preacher and (4) an undertaker, was asked why she went in for such varied types of men, and answered: "It's my idea of the cycle of life: one for the money, two for the show, three to get ready, and four to go."

Two Irishmen were working in front of a cat-house when an Episcopal clergyman came tripping along, knocked, and was shown into the fancy house. The two fellows on the sidewalk cracked several jokes about the patron who had just gone in. Soon along came a rabbi, and the Irishmen got off a new string of smart cracks. Then came a Baptist preacher, who also knocked on the door and was admitted. The hilarious Irishmen could hardly restrain themselves. Finally, a Catholic priest walked up the steps, knocked, and was permitted to enter the house. Wide-eyed, one Irishman said to the other:

"By golly, somebody must be dead in that house."

I want to thank those readers who wrote in to suggest that I gather my little jokes into a volume. I may want to do this sometime, but I don't see any particular reason for this right now. All those jokes can be found in my 19 volumes of Questions and Answers. If you like that sort of humor all you need do is browse through the books. They're all there and a yard wide. They make quite a collection.

Customer's request: A copy of Keats's "Ode to a Grecian Churn."

Stories about screwballs usually interest me. I refer to those like the one I printed recently, in which a nut had a baker throw away two cakes before one was produced that suited his taste. He wanted the lettering to be just a certain way. When it suited him at last, he calmly proceeded to eat the cake right there in the shop. Another story along the same line tells of a young man who spent an entire week going from store to store changing a dollar bill into two half dollars, the half dollars into four quarters, the quarters into 10 dimes, the dimes into 20 nickels, and the nickels into 100 pennies. Directly he had 100 pennies, he began reversing the process, until he again had a dollar bill. After he had gone through this strange procedure three times, someone ventured to inquire what on earth his purpose was. The young man lifted an index finger, and smiled, craftily. "Some day," he explained, "somebody is going to make a mistake—and it isn't going to be me!"

After having been bored by many long-winded and effusive chairmen, I can appreciate the way Mark Twain introduced a speaker: "There's only two things I can say about this man. One is that he's never been in jail, and the other is that I don't know why he hasn't."

Heard in the examining-room at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn.: A patient (to be friendly and make conversation) said to another patient: "Hello, I'm aching from arthritis." The other patient: "Glad to know you. I'm Mandlebaum from Chicago."

A minister, who was married and had a family, visited a priest who lived in an excellent, well-furnished home that looked like a palace. Said the preacher: "Comfortable quarters you have here, Father." "Yes," replied the priest, "you ministers have your better halves, while we priests have our better quarters." . . . It has been observed many times that whenever you ring the doorbell of one of these magnificent residences the door is usually opened by a good-look-

ing maid. Of course, no one would think of even hinting that these pretty or buxom housekeepers help their saintly masters while away dull night hours.

I'm always glad to have my readers send me down-to-earth jokes, which I'll use if at all printable. Just because a story is funny it doesn't follow it's printable. First, it can't contain any dirty words. Second, there must be some subtlety about the thing. In short, sophisticated.

"Dear Madam," wrote the Heart Throb columnist to an inquiring parent, "you say you have been trying to keep your daughter at home by hiding her clothes. I am afraid you have not been around much. Try hiding the kit which contains all her articles that come under the general heading of 'Feminine Hygiene.'"

It's not only the facts a writer sends through his mill; it's the twist he gives them. Bernard Shaw, ever the superb journalist, knows this trick of the trade. Take the simple fact about the money some English musicians sent to the dying Beethoven. Look how he runs it in and turns it into a club. Here's G.B.S. at his best: "I have occasionally remarked that the only entirely creditable incident in English history is the sending of 100 pounds to Beethoven on his deathbed by the London Philharmonic Society, and it is the only one that historians never mention." . . . Shaw doesn't admit it, but it's my notion another creditable incident in English history is the way G.B.S. is permitted to voice his unpopular opinions about the war, even though they are usually anti-British, with bows to Stalin, Mussolini and Hitler. If he were a Russian, German or Italian, and talked about the dictatorship the way he gabs about the British, he'd be shot within the hour. Those English have something that's mighty fine, and I hope Shaw lives long enough to admit it.

The other evening, at a concert, I made constructive use of the intermission by visiting the men's room—you know, the place reserved for men of action who want to do things. On the door was the usual sign, "MEN," but after it some wag had pencilled the words "AT WORK."

Philip Kapleau, New Haven, Conn., says this is his favorite limerick: "There was a girl named Alice who weed in a Catholic chalice; now, it is my belief she did it for relief and not out of Protestant malice."

Reviewing, without reading, millions of my printed words, I came away with the impression that my hindsight's never failed me yet.

Schoolboy boners belong to one form

of humor which doesn't amuse me. But that doesn't stop me from smiling whenever I think of what happened when my sister, who was a teacher in the Philadelphia public schools for several decades, asked a pupil to define water. He replied: "Water is what turns black when you put your hands in it."

Rob Wagner: "The easiest way to make a woman is to make a million."

A dwarfish lout was boasting how he was able to make the girls holler. When asked how such a runt could make them holler, he replied: "I didn't pay 'em."

Professor Julian Huxley recalls the story of the philosopher and the theologian. The two were engaged in disputation and the theologian used the old quip about a philosopher resembling a blind man, in a dark room, looking for a black cat—which wasn't there. "That may be true," said the philosopher; "but a theologian would have found it." . . . The first half of Huxley's story I've used before, but my fellow looking for the black cat was a mystic instead of a philosopher. The tag line is a gem, so I feel my old anecdote is improved upon. I confess that I've liked the line about the mystic in the dark cellar—too much, in truth, because I find I've repeated myself, using the sentence four or five times in the 19 volumes of my questions and answers. I don't do that often.

Little things start big arguments—my "sophisticated" jokes, for example. Some readers say they're good; others insist they're the tools of Satan. Well, the jokes are scattered through my 19 volumes of questions and answers, where new readers can judge for themselves. They help lighten the heavy stuff about Fascism, Nazism, Communism, New Dealism, taxes, Socialism, and the like. At least that's my notion.

An Agnostic, who lived to a ripe, old age, was, as he lay dying, pestered by his wife to mend his philosophy of life, writes Fred Hamann, Pekin, Ill. As the last labored breaths came on, his wife leaned over him and queried about his preparation for death, expecting him to pray and send for the pastor. "Sure, I'm ready to die," he replied. "Isn't dying at my age as natural as being born a baby before I was a day old? I'm not proud of much I've done in my life, but I've had a pretty good time while it lasted, so I'm not regretting anything, either." Undaunted, the poor woman still persisted in wringing a confession of faith from him. As she chided and cajoled, his eyes stared fixedly upward from the pillow. Of a sudden, she paused and quickly wiped her tears away. She had noticed a strange glow creeping into his eyes.

"O, John!" she cried. "What do you see? The Lord coming in all His glory?" "No!" he groaned impatiently, as he shoved off. "I never did like that damn puce-colored wallpaper you put on the ceiling!"

Bernard Shaw is a tall and thin vegetarian. The late Gilbert K. Chesterton, who was as big as an ox and fat as two Falstaffs, loved plenty of meat, which he stowed away quickly and neatly. One day these two met. Said Chesterton: "To look at you a person would think there was a famine in England." Replied Shaw: "And to look at you he would think you were the cause of it."

Eskimo Lover: "I have come a thousand miles through ice and snow with my dog team just to tell you I love you, have never loved anyone else, will never love anyone else—" Eskimo Sweetie: "That's a lot of mush."

One of the first discoveries Charlie Chaplin made was that the sudden collapse of dignity is a sure-fire producer of laughs. The other day I heard of an incident that helps prove Chaplin's point. Our hero is a lawyer who's so dignified and pompous he "struts sitting down." During a big trial he came into court after having visited the toilet, where he'd stuffed his pocket with a long strip of toilet paper, the reason being he'd forgotten to pick up a handkerchief. He figured he could use it in an emergency. In court, he got into a heated argument, forgot he had no handkerchief, reached for his pocket and yanked. The jury, true to Chaplin's formula, laughed right out with a big bust.

A stupid man, after a long life of stupidity, wrote a foolish book. He sent his writings to other fools, who, in turn, sent him their works. After a million such fools had embalmed their notions in print, a truth-seeker blasted their folly with a book. All the fools got together to ridicule the heretic. They heaped so much abuse on him that he was lost, his soft voice drowned out by the roar of idiots. Thus does stupidity grow.

An elephant and a flea together crossed a bridge. As it shook with their weight, the flea got all puffed up.

I've written many books on a theme that Benjamin Franklin covered in three words: "Fools multiply folly."

Nothing leaves us faster than praise we never earned.

The world doesn't need more great men. Our real need is more men.

Wisdom can be gagged, but never folly.

Two lies can smother one truth.

The truth usually takes a beating

when it tries to stand up to self-interest.

When it came time for the man to die, he called his old dog to his bedside and told him they'd meet in Heaven. But the dog still felt unhappy. Sensing the pooch's anguish, the man brought cheer into the faithful animal's eyes when he got over to him the fact that Heaven is a place that contains an endless row of telegraph poles.

Said Robert G. Ingersoll: Heaven for climate, Hell for company.

If an idea can't be expressed in simple words it can't be important.

Mr. Book-Writer moaned long and loud over the way he had been misquoted. Later he felt even worse when he saw himself quoted accurately.

The same man who will gladly do a great many things for nothing will squawk when he's underpaid for doing a little thing.

A fool can't hide his stupidity even when he's acting on good advice.

I'm always suspicious of any writer who sets lots of words in capital letters.

We're all taught to honor work, but never to honor a workingman.

I recall hearing this sentence the last time I was in New York: "If you're so smart, why aren't you rich?" I first thought it was meant to be humorous, but soon realized it was said seriously.

I know a man who has spent many years writing on the Gospel of Work, but hasn't done a day's work in his life.

A customer called the photographic department, to ask if they would enlarge a snapshot of her son. Of course they would. Then she wanted to know if they could remove his hat—she would rather have the enlargement without it. That, too, could be done; but on which side did the lad part his hair and was it straight or curly? "Don't be silly," snapped the woman. "You'll see that when you take his hat off!"

When asked her opinion of some of the modern dances the young woman said she didn't like them because they were nothing more than the gestures of sex set to music. He: "Well, what is there you object to about that?" She: "The music."

Any time I get the impish notion I can send at least 50 of my readers into a frenzy by writing a sentence saying I don't think aluminum cooking utensils are poisonous.

An English servant girl came to her mistress at the end of the first week and said: "Mum, I'll have to leave." "Why, Mary," said the mistress, "you've

been here only a week and we've tried to make it comfortable for you. What's wrong?" "Well, Mum, it's them 'orrid texts in my bedroom. I can't bear 'em." "Horrid texts, Mary? What texts?" asked the old puritan lady in astonishment. "Well, Mum, there's one just over my bed: 'Be ye always ready for ye know not the day nor the hour when the Master cometh.'" "Well?" asked the old lady, "what do you object to in that?" "Well, Mum," said Mary, setting her jaw, "I've been ready a week and he ain't come yet. I can't sleep—"

People aren't so jealous of a successful man as they're maliciously satisfied when that man begins slipping to the bottom.

We all have our own ways of getting a line on the financial standing of our business neighbors. One storekeeper, who was running a seemingly successful establishment, told volumes about himself when he ordered his newspaper stopped. A few months later he went broke, but this didn't surprise those who had commented on his failure to keep taking his daily paper. The local banker, who doesn't notice such little things, lost a tidy sum on some of his notes.

He lived a consecrated life. For 50 years he never smoked, drank likker or monkeyed with fancy (or plain) women. The church meant everything to him. He was no hypocrite about it, either. He never sinned, never even wanted to sin. All he wanted was to have enough money saved to make a trip to the Holy Land. Finally, he was able to go. On his way back, he met his first temptation—a fancy gal—and fell for her. Meeting, making and leaving—all took hardly more than an hour. By the time he got home—where he was scheduled to deliver talks on what he'd seen in the Holy Land—he was nursing a dose of clap. On the other hand, I've known many hardened sinners who've tried everything, and as for women, they've taken them in rows—and without a single bit of hard luck. I suppose the proper thing to say is that life's funny that way. It sounds bromidic, but it's true.

I wonder if you readers have ever noticed that I never write anything that's intended to show you how to live a Better Life. I suppose the real reason is I don't give a damn.

Nothing unmasks a man like the knowledge that no one's looking.

It's mean and small to go through life filled with suspicion, but it's worse to be played for a sucker.

I recall when I was a boy, riding on

a street car one cold day, watching a German squirm and squawk because the conductor permitted the door to remain open too long, thus allowing gusts of icy air to chill him to the bone. After he had stood as much of this as he could, the German cried to the conductor: "Eider you will leaf der door open or you von't close it at all."

Miriam Kelly, of Chicago, writing in *The Atlantic Monthly*, calls attention to a well-known commercial product, which says, on its container, that it's "efficacious for artificial dentures." She properly adds: "Surely 'good for false teeth' would be as adequate a description." There's no telling what's going to happen to the dear, old English language now that advertising writers have gone in for high-toned verbiage. It looks as though they're going to out-do English cabinet members, who have a talent for jumping off at the deep end. Literary diarrhea is a hard ailment to cure.

I don't imagine any man of genius ever gave as much time, thought and energy to sex as did Frank Harris, but in his old age he stopped now and then to sing the praises of chastity, though I suspect his interest here was only academic. In his autobiography (2nd vol.) he tells a story of Balzac to illustrate how the passionate embrace affects the creative power of the artist. Harris thinks it's told by Balzac's friend, Gautier. The great novelist came in one day with a gloomy face and cried, "Another masterpiece lost to French literature." "What do you mean?" Gautier asked. Balzac replied, "I had a wet dream last night, and consequently shall not be able to conceive any good story for at least a fortnight, yet I could certainly write a masterpiece in that time." Harris concludes from this that Balzac like Shakespeare must have been of poor virility. He adds: "Didn't Shakespeare cry at 34 or five that the exhausting effects of passion filled him with hatred, an experience that few healthy men reach before 55 and some of us, thank God! never reach at all."

From Mary Moore's booklet, "Stay Young With Your Arteries": "Why keep up with the Joneses? They're not going anywhere."

Dr. Logan Clendening, in a speech, once said: "Two greatly exaggerated things—home lovin' and Southern cookin'."

F. P. A. writes that he saw Heywood Brown at a poker game, where he said: "Deal me out a few rounds. Got to write a column." And, says F. P. A., he would

write, in 30 minutes, "a column that was as likely to be one of his best—which is no faint praise—as one that he spent four hours in writing." F. P. A tells how he was struck "from time to time by what I imagined was Broun's brotherhood to Abraham Lincoln. For both had great humor, charm, and a deep and sincere feeling for the underdog."

Heywood Broun's last joke involved an overgrown papoose, whom the chief expelled, saying: "You big; quit us." "That," Broun explained, "is the origin of 'ubiquitous.'"

My readers probably recall that I like to spill words now and then over the pious cavortings of Michigan's Governor Dickinson, who always prays whenever some pressing question of State comes up. The N.Y. Times carries a report about the recent Chrysler strike, in which the praying Governor explains how he prayed hard to end the trouble. Of course, said Dickinson, he got some assistance by appeals to Gawd, but hastily added "we may have to ask for something better" if the present course seems unwise. The great Chinese scientist and Freudian, Dr. Wang Hung Low, taught me, in one of his lectures, that little remarks—slips of the tongue—are important. In Dickinson's case we see that the Governor doesn't really believe in his orgies of prayer or he wouldn't have admitted he'd turn to "something better" if his direct conversations with Gawd didn't produce the desired political and economic results.

When a woman asked the party in front to take off her hat, she obeyed, but I noticed she sat up as tall as possible and pushed her hair up high so the woman behind her couldn't see the movie. The damned human race.

When President Roosevelt appointed a "personal" ambassador to the world's greatest religious racket, the Vatican, word went out that this was the right thing to do because the Papal State is the spiritual headquarters of the world. If that's so—and I don't care to get into an argument with the Great Spirit—then why didn't Roosevelt appoint a spirit to represent him in Rome? He couldn't call up Tom Palne or Robert G. Ingersoll, because they're busy stoking boilers in Hell and will be kept there from now on, but there are many other acceptable and competent spirits in the other world—the lush land of agile angels and pearly palaces. Billy Sunday wouldn't mind leaving Gawd's throne for a while in order to do his bit. William Jennings Bryan is another likely candidate. The Pope couldn't squawk much because he be-

lieves in such spirits and doesn't deny Gawd's power to send one down to earth when conditions demand such extreme action. Another talking point in favor of this suggestion is that spirits can operate without expense accounts, thus saving the U.S. Treasury a tidy sum.

As sonny was 16 years old, dad decided he was ready for the Facts of Life, so he went into a long lecture on how he'd never kissed a girl until he courted the boy's mother and had never had a sex experience before or after his marriage, saving all that for the dear, little wife. "Son, I wonder if you'll be able to say the same to your children." The son, who was wise for his years, answered: "I think so, dad, but not with such a straight face as yours."

An old duffer had a young and pretty wife. One day a friend found the husband walking, lost in thought. "I hope I'm not interrupting," said the friend. "No, no! my dear fellow," replied the old man, "but I have ground for thought: my wife tells me she thinks she's pregnant—and he pursed his lips in self-satisfaction. "Good God," cried the friend, "whom do you suspect?"

The Carlton Club, in London, is the official club of the Conservative Party. One day a new member put up on the notice board a request that the nobleman who had stolen his umbrella should return it immediately. Another member insisted that the nobleman should be named or the notice be taken down. Later the squawker admitted he didn't know the nobleman's name. "Why then do you think it is a nobleman?" the secretary asked. "Well, this club, according to your own statements, is made up of noblemen and gentlemen. No gentleman would steal an umbrella, so it must be a nobleman."

A Negro porter was explaining the meaning of tact. "The other day a lady's bell rang," he said. "She was a real beauty from old Virginny. When I opened the door there she was, right opposite me, in her bath. Yes, sir, in her bath. Of course, I drew the door to at once, saying 'scuse me please, Sir, scuse me!' Now the 'scuse me' was politeness, but the 'Sir!' that was 'tact,'—acc, 'tact'!

One of the final tests of an educated man is his ability to know when he should accept authority for what he holds to be true, and when to reject authority.

A solemn lady, while engaging a maid, asked all sorts of questions, which the girl withstood with perfect propriety. At length the lady asked: "Oh, Mary, have you been confirmed?" Mary hung

her head for a moment, then replied in a low voice: "Yes, Mum, once, but the Salvation Army got the baby adopted for me."

It's hard to believe the fact that millions of people in this civilized country actually still believe all the Bible's fables. Only a few minutes ago I listened to a radio sermon in which a Fundamentalist said he believed in Noah's Ark and the Flood. I wonder what such a person would say if he were asked to explain how, in the face of the Bible's Flood, many parts of the world, including numerous islands, show animals that couldn't fly or swim.

A bashful boy's mother sent him to the store to buy a commode. The clerk was a woman, of course, and the little boy was reticent about asking out loud for a commode. He decided to resort to the universal sign language and pointed above to a shelf containing enamelware pitchers and the rural bedroom necessity. The lady clerk saw he was drawing a bead on something on the shelf and asked, "pitcher?" "Nope," the little boy replied, "hindcatcher."

A country is free only if it welcomes unlimited discussion of every conceivable subject, regardless of theological or other objections.

No real man of science has even asked for the suppression of any kind of research. How many church leaders can you say that about?

Back in 1913, long before the world had even heard the words Fascism and Nazism, a British Rationalist, J. B. Bury, professor of modern history in Cambridge University, in his book, "A History of Freedom of Thought," practically foretold the present betrayal of intellectual freedom in the following prophetic words: "Criticism of religious doctrines and of political and social institutions is free. Hopeful people may feel confident that the victory is permanent; that intellectual freedom is now assured to mankind as a possession for ever; that the future will see the collapse of those forces which still work against it and its gradual diffusion in the more backward parts of the earth. Yet history may suggest that this prospect is not assured. Can we be certain that there may not come a great set-back? For freedom of discussion and speculation was, as we saw, fully realized in the Greek and Roman world, and then an unforeseen force in the shape of Christianity, came in and laid chains upon the human mind and suppressed freedom and imposed upon man a weary struggle to recover the freedom which he had lost. Is it not conceivable that something of the same

kind may occur again? that some new force, emerging from the unknown, may surprise the world and cause a similar set-back?

Along with his \$2 for renewal of his subscription to the H-J News-Letter, Andrew D. Altken, Houston, Tex., writes: "This is the finest publication that comes into our home and I wish to take this opportunity to thank you, personally, for the splendid service you are rendering your subscribers." That's heartening, especially at a time when we are looking to H-J News-Letter subscribers for their renewals for a second year, thus assuring the publication's continuation. Subscribers are urged to act at once. New subscribers who would like to have a complete file of the first 24 issues can get them by sending \$2 and requesting the first year's numbers. We have a limited supply.

When priests teach contentment with poverty they really mean their dupes are to be satisfied with the shell while the church gets the egg.

In the French Chamber of Deputies, one of the Deputies, making a speech urging the improvement of the legal status of women, cried: "After all, there is very little difference between men and women." From the rear of the chamber came the cry: "Long live that little difference!"

Wisecrack going the rounds: "The German people are getting tired of the goose-step—right now they would rather have the goose."

The Converted Catholic, February, 1940, calls attention to an interesting comment which appeared in an editorial in the February 8, 1887, issue of The New York Times, in which it spoke bluntly of "the profound immortality of the temporal policy of the Church of Rome" and foretold that its consequences "will be potent in molding the history of Europe for years to come. . . ." The editorial shows an independence regarding the Catholic Church which can't be found in that paper today, or in any other standard newspaper, for that matter. No regular newspaper editor would dare write frankly and candidly about problems brought up by Catholicism, or any other Church. This shows how the clerical interests have succeeded in bulldozing and gagging the American press. Free comments on church problems aren't even expected from the editors of our daily press or popular magazines. And yet these problems cry for honest, sincere, candid discussion. The situation shows the need for a free, independent, unsubsidized, fearless press. How long are the American people going to withhold their support from editors who are

ready and willing to write about clericalism in language that's plain and to the point? They're losing something by tolerating a condition which makes it indecent for an editor to venture into the forbidden paths of supernaturalism, church dogmatisms, and the like. This calls to mind my experience last Sunday morning when I turned to my radio for a news report. Instead of getting news, my dial, after touching more than a dozen stations, brought me nothing but a stream of words from hallucinated pulpsteers in action. It was an appalling experience. The effect was more than discouraging. The thought came to me that if one took the subject of religion only from the radio he would get the idea that there isn't such a thing as a philosophy that's opposed to religious ideologies. So far as the radio is concerned, Freethought doesn't exist, and yet it's a school of thought that's thousands of years old and has a library that's second in size to religion itself. The vast literature of Freethought is ignored by the interests in control of the radio. They prefer to suppress the viewpoint that questions the ravings of our Theocrats. The same impression is received if one examines the standard press, though this condition didn't prevail a half century ago, as I've said before. To learn the viewpoint of our Freethinkers we must turn to our independent press, to pamphlets and to books. They are the last avenues of free discussion. When they're gone the true spirit of intellectual inquiry and healthy controversy will be dead. We mustn't let such a calamitous thing happen. We have it in our power to support editors—morally and financially—when they show a willingness to turn their pens to the forbidden aspects of Theism, education, history, politics, economics, government, and the like.

The real objective of the Catholic Legion of Decency isn't to compel the movies to keep out expressions of broad humor. Such superficial smut-chasing is the Church's merest window-dressing. The real aim goes much deeper. It seeks to gain complete control of a powerful medium of communication. The Associated Film Audiences, a society consisting of movie fans who seek to protect the films from Catholic censorship, expressed an opinion which goes to the heart of the issue, thus: "No longer is the Legion of Decency the mere watchdog of decency. It is the self-appointed censor of a nation's progressive ideals. It brings to the movies the standard of narrow suppression, which from time immemorial has fought and blocked all forms of civilized progress." Catholic censorship has already gained immense control over our popular media of expression. The radio, as

I've shown, toadies to the Roman obscurantists, so that it's impossible for anyone with the least bit of Freethought in his viewpoint to gain the slightest hearing, while priests are given the air whenever they feel the impulse to pour their dogmas into the ears of the unthinking public. The standard press, which was really independent a half century ago in matters touching on Catholicism and Ecclesiasticism, is now completely denuded, its virility dead, its independence stifled, and its powers of free discussion surrendered. Today, a newspaper editor shudders at the sight of a single letter from a Catholic bigot, while a visit from a bishop sends him into hysteria. Not even the fairest and most reasonable discussion, let alone criticism, will be tolerated. We know how the priests have terrorized Hollywood, so that only the Church's viewpoint is expressed when a picture touches on religion, the church or priestcraft. Our films give us only one picture of priests—self-sacrificing, tender, gentle, kindly, educated, wise, experienced, tolerant saints who aim to do only noble deeds for the good of humanity. Catholic history is unknown to Hollywood. Catholic Fascism doesn't even exist. The Legion of Decency has helped establish this unofficial, but powerful, censorship—all under the pretext that a few smutty jokes were to be hunted down and purged. The real reason why I can print views like the above is because I have arranged The Freeman's affairs so that it can function without the support of advertisers. If this paper were patronized by advertisers, the least word of criticism against the Clerico-Fascists would bring an organized boycott that would soon cause this organ's death. Nor can my readers influence my pen, for when any hallucinated individual happens to become one of my readers and is shocked to his gizzard over what I say about his Church, he can quit me cold (as is his right) but he can't silence me. As I've preached before, readers who welcome independent expression and Freethought in religion should show they support a candid editor by giving him the moral and financial support his efforts deserve. Also, they should see to it that the editor's audience is enlarged. He needs readers, and his supporters have it in their power to introduce the paper to their friends and acquaintances, many of whom will undoubtedly welcome its free-spokenness. This problem slummers down to the simple proposition that a free press depends on the self-sacrificing efforts of its freedom-minded liberal readers. They are the watchdogs of free inquiry. They can make a Freethought paper influential, or, if they prefer, they can

sit idly by and let it starve at the very time when the country needs its virile viewpoint.

The latest name for "Americans" who import Hitler's propaganda is "crack-patriots."

A gag going the rounds says the national dance of the Nazis is the Heiland Fling.

New Recruit: "I've got a terrible dose of crabs. What do I do?" Old Soldier: "Easy! Take a bath in sand and rub down in alcohol. The crabs get drunk and kill each other throwing rocks."

Said one eye to the other: "There's something between us that smells."

Snatch of conversation: "Yes, Louise is the most sensible and level-headed woman I know, but when I explain Christian Science to her she looks at me as though she didn't have the least idea what I'm talking about. Well, we all have our blind spots."

The violinist, for 25 minutes, held me almost breathless as he went through a master's concerto. His *allegro moderato* was superb, his *romanze* passionate, his *andante non troppo* exquisite, his *alla zingara* thrilling. As he finished and the applause died down, I heard a woman behind me tell her companion: "I always say there's no substitute for butter but butter, and no substitute for cream but cream." The observation sounded sane and reasonable, but I thought I had the right to a smile. Music hath charms to carry us to the clouds or into the kitchen.

The mighty, powerful, fearless lion shouted to a hippopotamus: "Why aren't you as strong as me? I'm the king of the beasts!" The hippo turned and ran. Approaching an elephant, the lion roared: "Why aren't you as brave and strong as me? I'm the king of the beasts!" The elephant ran. Coming to a tiny, weak, lisping monkey, the lion roared: "Why aren't you as big and strong as me? I'm the king of the beasts!" The half-pint monkey looked up at the lion and whispered: "But I've been sick."

I'm going to give my readers a problem and the answer, their job being to work out the thing and prove the answer. Here goes: A man has a lot 400 feet long and 200 feet wide. He wishes to construct a concrete walk three feet wide, diagonally across the lot from opposite corners, the opposite diagonal corners of the walk intersecting with the opposite diagonal corners of the lot. What will be the area of the ground covered by the walk? The answer: 1,324 feet.

The worst English in the world is New Yorkese. (American cockney) and

experts say it's getting worse, blaming the fact that millions of New Yorkers don't hear their own voices in the city's madhouse noises of subway, traffic, blaring radios, and the like. When New Yorkers who use American cockney hear their speech on a phonograph they deny they talk that way. Brooklynese is just as bad as New Yorkese, except that it's somewhat thicker, according to Theodore Irwin, who has made a study of N'Yawk patois, the mumbled squawk that has resulted from the city's noise, tension and worry.

The slightly dazed lady emerged from church, rapidly talking over the sermon with her companion. "I had no idea that Dan and Beersheba were places," she exclaimed. "I always thought they were husband and wife—like Sodom and Gomorrah."

A thespian, astray in the wilds, was finally given a lift by a farmer with a truck. When the farmer drove up to the first toll station and was asked to declare his load, he said, "A couple of pigs, a pile of manure, and an actor." At the next tollgate the farmer declared, "A pile of manure, a couple of pigs, and an actor." As the truck approached a third tollhouse the actor piped: "Say, old man, do me a favor this time and give me top billing."

Five or six years ago I printed a little story about an opera singer who was given to improvising. (See one of my 19 volumes of questions and answers for the exact text.) The manager didn't like it, so he told the singer he'd have to stick to the score or get the hell out of his opory house. That night, the singer was doing well, holding to the music the way the composer wrote it, until the last act, when a white horse is brought onto the stage. Everything went well until the horse started to make a large puddle, which led the singer to ask out loud: "Don't you know we're not permitted to improvise?" . . . I'm telling it again, even though I don't like to repeat my stories, because I've learned from Noel Madison that the same kind of rabelaisian wit is told about Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, the famous actor. Tree, as is known, was a great rival of Sir Henry Irving. Irving wanted a horse for one of his productions and interviewed applicants with horses. "Any stage experience?" Irving asked. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "he has acted with Tree." Irving bridled — "And why isn't he still acting with Mr. Tree?" "Well, sir," the owner explained, "in the middle of one of Mr. Tree's most impassioned speeches, the horse committed a gross and embarrassing indelicacy." "Ah," said Irving,

"not only an actor but a critic, too."

I've decided to apologize for all the mean things I've written about Christian Science, and I take this means of telling the world what a wonderful thing Mrs. Eddy did for humanity when she told how we can rid the mortal mind of all error. This public retraction can be used by the Church in any way it sees fit. I've seen the light, at last. I know it works, and I can prove the assertion from an incident that moved me to the depths. Here's what happened: A man, whose wife was about to have a baby, wanted to send for a doctor, but a friend prevailed on him to send for the great Christian Science practitioner, the high-born and aristocratic Mrs. Priscilla Prissy-Pratt. When she arrived, Mrs. Prissy-Pratt intoned: "Pain is a mere error of mortal mind. Your wife will feel no pain at all. We remove the pain entirely; and usually it settles on the father of the child." The husband looked skeptical. "That's a little tough on me. But—But anything to keep the little wife from suffering." So the skeptical husband walked back and forth in the next room, expecting to feel intense pain any moment. But, instead, he felt better. "Why," he said to himself, "I feel fit as a fiddle. Women have been exaggerating all this stuff about the pains of childbirth." Just then the maid ran in, with a frightened face. "Oh, Mister, come to the back porch quick—the ice man's dying!"

Why doesn't Hollywood do a hoss orpy with the Marx brothers as cowboys?

A doctor told a man that another drink would kill him. The doctor advised the habitual drunk to eat every time he wanted a drink. A few nights later the hotel clerk decided the man was crazy, for he rushed up to his desk, shouting: "I've just shot the man who was in the bedroom with my wife! Call the police and bring me a ham on rye, please!"

Snatch of conversation: "What, snore? Me? I must say you're the first man who ever accused me of such a thing!"

Harper's Magazine printed this ancient bit of buffoonery: He—"Are you fond of Keats?" She—"I don't believe I ever ate any."

Scrap of conversation: "That hotel I stayed in last night had the cleanest guests I ever heard of, because they kept washing themselves all night."

A little girl was asked what she heard on the radio. She answered: "Well, first they tell a story and then they brag and brag and brag."

An advertising writer has been given the job to promote mustard for foot-

baths as well as steaks. Another one, who's boosting a swanky toilet paper, has been told to make the same paper serve both as facial and toilet tissues. The next thing we know Kotex will be sold for its usual use and the massaging of gums. Maiden Form brassiere is already here with an advertisement which promises both "out-lift" and "uplift," which means that many men who've been depending on quick looks will be disappointed.

Whenever I see people playing cards I always think of mutual mental-mas-turbation, and whenever I see anyone playing solitaire—well, you finish the observation.

A priest stands ready to forgive original sin but he draws the line at original thought.

For a while popular dancing took in the middle-aged and the elderly, but they've been sent back to their chairs by the jitterbugs and the couples who pull all that slow, hesitating stuff, followed by bursts of rug-cutting. The Fred Astaire style, in particular, has put the curse on all except the young.

An AP story from Pompano, Fla., says a Negro woman, asked the ages of her four children, declared she couldn't remember. Pressed, she said: "Well, I got one lap child, one creeper, one porch child and one yard young 'un."

A young priest, taking charge of the confessional for the first time, felt nervous as to the proper penances to inflict for various offenses. An older priest agreed to wait in the next room, so that the younger man could consult him on any difficult cases. The first few were easy. Then came a flashy woman whose confession caused a gasp of horror from the priest. He listened to the end, and, shaking his head sadly, he went into the inner room. "Father," he began, "I've got a Madame here who's running a house of sin—she's been in the profession for eight years—and she says her place is orderly and that she insists on a five-dollar rate." The elder father quickened up. "That's merely because she has floor-lamps. Insist on not a penny over two dollars," he said firmly.

I don't usually go in for puns, but once in a while I come on a good one, like the following: A 70-year-old man married a woman of 40. Later he's disappointed to learn he's not to be blessed with an heir. He goes to a doctor, submits to examination, and listens to the report of the doctor, who says: "You are heir-minded, but not heir-conditioned."

A third-century Greek said, "I deem

the tyrant happy who dies a natural death." Hitler escaped at Munich by a few minutes, but there'll be other days. Who'll do the job? Men near him say it'll be done by members of his own party. That's a guess, of course, but a pleasant one for civilized people.

An important section of the American credo: If you say you don't believe in God, that's your privilege, but if you assert you don't believe in advertising, you're going too far.

Scrap of conversation: "I had a most horrible and depressing dream last night. I dreamt my husband and Tyrone Power were fighting a duel over me—and my husband won."

The Nation found this advertisement in the London Times: "Sleeping partner required. Quick turn-over essential."

The famous playwright, George S. Kaufman, fights innovations. His wife, commenting on this quirk, remarked: "It's a good thing you weren't the world's first baby, or you'd still be crawling." This reminds me of my father, who also hated anything that broke the routine of his life. My mother once made him a few shirts at the time when coat shirts were just coming in. So she cut them clear down the front, thereby keeping up with the times. But my father, who had always pulled his shirts over his head, didn't cotton to the notion. A shirt simply had to come over a man's head and not be slipped on like a coat, so he blasted the modernistic fad and made her sew the damned things up the front. I guess I've got a streak of the same stubbornness. Recently a company sent me an electric razor with the request that I use it and write my opinion of its streamlined (overdone word) article. I tried it once and threw it aside. My son, Henry, grabbed it with gusto, while I went back to my age-tested safety razor, for which I'd paid 25c. I may be forinst the times, but I insist that 25c article is twice as good as the best \$10 electric shaver.

Advice on writing a readable article or making a successful speech: Have a good beginning and a good ending, and keep them as close together as possible.

The distinguished Chinese professor, Wang Hung Lo, in a lecture delivered at the university presided over by the great philosopher, Who Flung Dung, asked why the experts let rank outsiders step into their field and invent or discover circles around them. For example, a teacher gave us the cotton gin, while the telegraph was worked out by a portrait painter. The electric light, we all know, was doped out by a telegraph operator, and a printer put

up the first lightning rod. Even the experts get into ruts, until some amateur barges in with a new look-see.

Now that we're in for another spell of political speeches, why not start a movement to introduce the windy ones to Abraham Lincoln's earliest known political address. Gassy orators, on platform and radio, could learn a lot from this example of Lincoln's brevity and simplicity: "Friends and Fellow Citizens: I am plain Abe Lincoln. I have consented to become a candidate for the legislature. My political principles are like the old woman's dance—short and sweet. I believe in a United States Bank; I believe in a protective tariff; I believe in a system of internal improvement, and I am against human slavery. If on that platform you can give me your suffrages, I shall be much obliged. If not, no harm done." The great Gettysburg Address contains less than 300 words. I repeat, our windbags ought to think of the poor public the next time they go on one of their wind-breaking orgies.

"Gone With the Wind" is bringing many new things into our lives, the worst being the threat from Hollywood that we're in for a spell of four and five-hour movies. I understand the fashion world has picked up at least a half-hundred ideas from the dresses worn in this picture. When the history of 1940 comes to be written it'll be necessary to measure the influence—for good and bad—of "Gone With the Windbag." And not the least field for research is the flood of odd stories that are going the rounds. Here's one that's a pet with waitresses: A traveling salesman went to one of his favorite restaurants, where he called his favorite waitress. "Listen, girlie, you've been good to me whenever I've been around here, so I've decided to give you two passes to 'Gone With the Wind.'" The waitress: "Oh, I sure can use two passes to 'Gone With the Wind!'" The salesman reached into his vest-pocket, drew out two navy beans, and presented them to her.

Henry Hoke, editor of The Reporter of Direct Mail Advertising, writes he gets from time to time requests from readers for information on how to start an ideal file. He adds that he's sorry that "our stock answer is as follows": "There is no fixed or best method. The system that would work for one would not work for another. Don't make your system too complicated. Get a simple system: filing folders or boxes . . . and then religiously put into them clippings and actual pieces. The fewer the classifications—the easier it is to keep your

system up to date." It's plain Mr. Hoke has never heard of my newsclip filing system or he wouldn't tell his readers to spend time and effort along hit-and-miss lines. I claim I've solved the problem of filing press clippings, notes, and memos. My system works, if my printed instructions are followed. And it's simple. Some of the biggest editors, advertising experts, authors, professors, lecturers, and scientists are using kits of my newsclip filing system, and the way they order extra batches of folders proves constant and expanding use. I worked out my system because I was under the guns, being in need of a simple, workable, easy, handy, inexpensive system of putting away the raw material of a writer's craft—clippings, jottings, and the like. Of course, all this adds up to a "plug," but I consider such drum-beating legitimate and a constructive service to my readers. I was never more touched in my life than the day I received an order from far-off China for one of my kits. It was shipped to Yu Hop Mi, the retiring little wife of a medical missionary. Another came from the distinguished and gifted Erasmus B. Black, author of "The Negress." Such pleasant experiences are unforgettable.

Splinters on the ladder of success aren't noticed until one begins to slide down.

A minister, who talked West Side New Yorkese ("dis" for "this"), made a radio talk in which he was supposed to use the words "this belief," but what he threw on the air shocked the pious and amused the skeptics, for he asserted: "Disbelief is the salvation of mankind."

A person, when reaching 50 (as I've already done), should write his autobiography, because, as some one has said, there's a book in every life. At 50, he should tell the world what happened to him; at 70, he should write another book telling the world what, in his opinion, should happen to it for its own good. This will make work for many printers, will give business to new paper mills, and may increase the number of readers, something our civilization needs. If a person can't write, he can always turn to Hollywood and have his life done into a modest quickie or a spectacular super-feature, as conditions warrant. People will look or read if they're sure a true story is being told. The book may be a financial failure, but it's sure to be a moral success, except where a character is steeped in malice and destructiveness. Here I refer to "Mein Kampf," a man's story that is a financial success and a moral failure. Hitler wrote his book while still in his

thirties. Maybe that's what's wrong with it. In one's thirties a man is still getting reconciled to life, still feeling around, trying to work out a slant. At 50, the principles are settled, and yet he isn't out of things. The issues are worked out, but he's carrying his banners and shouting (or muttering) his slogans. I'm 50, having been born at 4 A.M., July 30, 1889, near 3rd and Race Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., the fifth in a family of eight children, two of whom died before I was born. An older brother, Nathan, who died a few years ago, said I showed my head to the midwife, sputtered, gasped, cried, and then, before she could ease my shoulders into the world, I looked up at her and cried "Bunk!" There's a hint of exaggeration here. He also said I didn't want to live, for I was a weak, sickly baby. During the first few months of my life my mother took me, each night, a few blocks East to the Delaware River, where, asleep in a baby carriage, I breathed clean air, thus growing strong and healthy. Today, the house is gone. The spot where I slept is dark and gloomy, for overhead is the new, magnificent bridge that put the Camden ferries out of business—ships that always made my heart beat faster—ships that charged only 3c for a trip worth as many dollars, so full was it of romance and beauty. It was these ferries that Walt Whitman and his friend, Horace Traubel, used thousands of times. Even as a boy, with the Good Grey Poet in his tomb, I saw many times the short, chunky figure of Horace Traubel walking Chestnut or Market Streets from or to the ferry. People used to stop and stare at him, because he looked like Mark Twain, especially his glorious white hair, which he combed straight back. He was half Jew. Once he told me how, riding the ferry to his Camden home, he got into conversation with a stranger, who happened to get on the subject of Jews. "I like the Jews," the man said, "But I can't stand half Jews because they're stinkers." At the time, Traubel was editing his little magazine, *The Conservator*, devoted almost entirely to his poems. His office, if my memory isn't playing me tricks, was somewhere on the North side of Chestnut Street, just East of Broad Street. A Negro janitor, when asked who this distinguished-looking tenant was, replied: "That's Mr. Trouble, the editor of *The Constipator*." Later, from 1906 to about 1910 I saw him many times in the gallery of the Academy of Music, at the Friday afternoon concerts of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, and several times I was told he was Mark Twain. Once, during my teens, he stopped for a chat

in Socialist headquarters, at 1305 Arch Street, and he shook his head mournfully. "How can you, such a nice boy, wear such an ugly hat?" I had never thought it ugly—in fact, it looked dignified and quite—in style. It, let me add, was a hard, black derby. Traubel was right. It was ugly. I've never worn one since, and recall having mentioned to at least a half dozen young men that they were too nice to wear such ugly headgear. At the time I also wore starched linen collars, which I changed twice weekly. On the third day it looked terrible, but twice weekly was the best I could afford. Then I saw how a Socialist printer and writer, Joseph E. Cohen, wore white shirts with soft collars attached, so I switched. I've worn that kind ever since, except for spasms of "respectability" during a few sinful years in New York, where, like a loyal Greenwich Villager, I carried a cane, even when I was on the staff of the Socialist daily, *The New York Call*. For a while I practiced a Harvard accent and called even my friends "Mr. So-and-So," until they razed me out of the vile habit. During some of these months I wore pince-nez glasses and deliberately looked at people from over their tops, until new protests compelled me to mend my rotten ways. One has to be at least 50 before one can expose such awful habits and look at one's past without wanting to hide the unpleasant, the snooty, and the idiotic. Most of the people I offended are now dead, and I look back at myself as though a certain person, then called Emanuel Julius, is also among the angels. Yes, 50 seems the best time for such objectiveness. And still I'm not out of things. A book like this should be done while one is still in action, still working. Every word of this is being done while tired from full days at my office, where I run the plant, buy everything from 500 rolls of toilet paper (one has to get ready for lots of trouble in this world) or a car of book paper, where I write advertisements and circulars as a practicing mail-order salesman, where I edit manuscripts, where I turn out at least a dozen letters a day, where I write my own stacks of copy, where I make up forms, plan subscription and book campaigns, where I test new mail-order ideas, where I read piles of newspapers, magazines and books, and where other jobs are taken in my stride, for at 50 I've learned how to do easily what used to fatigue me 10 or 20 years ago. But at the close of the day I'm tired, and if there's no movie I go to bed, and instead of doing the sensible thing and falling asleep at once, I slip some sheets into a clip-board and pencil my wavering, chaotic, wandering notions. This

sort of job should be done as a side chore in order to forget the ordeals of one's busy day. At 70, when I do that other job I told about, I'll let nothing else interfere as I concentrate. Isaac Goldberg, my friend and contributor for 25 years (though we never met) died the other Summer at 50, without writing the story of his life, but the last letter he wrote was filled with reasons why I should write my autobiography. He had read a few of my pieces in which I told of some of my early experiences and decided I should do a book. He was right. This is my answer. But I won't do the job in an orderly way, beginning at the first gasp and going forward, step by step and date by date, down to the present. Instead, I'll hop around all over the map and calendar, sometimes getting my dates mixed but trusting in the reader's unwillingness to check such data too carefully. What I say will be true, so far as I can tell the truth, reserving the right to omit anything that's better left unsaid.

The "Confucius Say" epidemic has struck Freeman readers at last, and with grave consequences. Here's one that comes from Jack Ginster, Whitesboro, N.Y.: "American Freeman one time come four weeks and sleep not good. H-J he make hot sheet on debunk." This "Confucius Say" fever will have to run itself out.

It may not be respectable and proper to look, but I do anyway, and it bruises my esthetic sensibilities to see an otherwise attractive woman whose fanny is as flat as an ironing-board.

A reader sends what he describes as the confidential expense account of his employer, a businessman who hired him last August as his private stenographer. It follows:

July	Amount
1 Advertising for girl stenographer	\$.50
5 Violets—new stenographer65
8 Week's salary for stenographer	15.00
9 Roses for stenographer	3.00
11 Candy for wife75
13 Lunch with stenographer	6.25
15 Week's salary for stenographer	20.00
17 Picture show tickets—self and wife80
18 Theater tickets—self and secretary	7.50
19 Candy for wife75
22 LILLIAN'S salary	25.00
23 Theater and dinner with Lillian	21.00
24 Fur coat for wife	625.00
25 Advertising for man stenographer50

Four slightly deaf men were motoring in a jalopy, so hearing wasn't easy. As

they neared a town, one asked: "Is this Wembly?" "No," replied the second, "this is Thursday." "So am I," put in the third, "Let's stop and have one." Said the fourth: "I guess I can take a leak, too."

A waitress began to attract attention because of her habit of always pouring a little coffee into her customers' saucers. Asked to explain, she said: "Listen, I know my public. That little touch helps give the place a homey atmosphere."

Scrap of conversation: "Listen, girlie, there may be snow on my roof, but, by Gawd, there's a fire in my furnace."

Low, my favorite cartoonist, gave me a chuckle with his picture showing Hitler and Stalin playing poker, with Hitler saying: "I'll raise you a neutral."

Dr. Lance, president of Young Harris College, Georgia, expelled five students because they were caught holding hands with co-eds. When interviewed by the United Press, President Lance said: "This is one institution where the faculty will not brook bolshevism."

Two old-maid sisters. One was trying to diet . . . the other was dying to try it.

Oliver Herford quotes the proverb, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," and adds, "but it gains a certain polish."

Rob Wagner offers this meteorological note: When it rains in the daytime, we [Californians] go out and lap up "liquid sunshine"; when it rains at night, we stay in and lap up liquid moonshine.

Father (of what?) Coughlin's broadcasts originate in WJR, the "Good Will" station in Detroit. On one of its walls is a framed code of ethics, from which I quote: "... We recognize that the radio audience includes persons of all ages and all types of political, social and religious belief. Therefore we will endeavor to prevent the broadcasting of any matter which would commonly be regarded as offensive . . . and exert every effort that no dishonest, fraudulent or dangerous person may gain access to the radio public . . ." That code can't mean much to the owners of WJR, for they sell their facilities to the nation's worst liar and forger, the spokesman of the elements that seek a reign of race-terror and persecution. What good is a code when one frames it and posts it on the wall—and then forgets about it?

The Radio Guide, March 9, 1940, says the Roman Catholic Church always censors Father Coughlin's talks, a fact which I've been emphasizing ever since I began poking into the record and ac-

tivities of the infamous prevaricator. If you'll look into my 19 volumes of questions and answers you'll find no end of evidence to support my claim that the Catholic Church is responsible for everything Coughlin says in his campaign to advance Fascism and encourage anti-Semitism. The Radio Guide's writer called at the chancellery where he asked Coughlin's ecclesiastical superiors whether or not the Church passed on the priest's radio talks. "Very pointedly," he writes, "they admitted that a Church board of review passes on Father Coughlin's broadcasts BUT only for matters which concern the Church." This is a rather clever attempt to evade the issue by giving the impression that "the political and labor discussions, the various civil and lay matters with which the Coughlin talks are filled are not touched by this censorship!" Very clever, these spokesmen for the Church. The truth is that the Church passes on everything in the Coughlin manuscripts. Since when has the Roman Catholic Church admitted that political, social and economic subjects don't concern the hierarchy? It happens that Coughlin's Fascism and hatred for democracy are accepted policies of the Vatican, which means that Coughlin, when he promotes race-hatred and totalitarianism, is certainly not guilty of any form of heresy. He may lack tact at times, in the opinion of certain high figures in the Church, but he isn't preaching anything that's not in accord with the Church's policies. I've written this a hundred times, as readers who have studied my volumes of questions and answers know, but I have to keep pounding away at the fact because of the Church's subtle attempt to let Coughlin continue his propaganda and at the same time make him assume sole responsibility for his lying and dangerous words.

There was a faith-healer of Deal who said: "Although pain isn't real, when I sit on a pin and it punctures my skin I dislike what I fancy I feel."

C. E. H. Joad tells of a House of Commons wit who said, at the time of the celebrated debate on the revised Prayer Book: "For God's sake don't touch the Church of England! It is the only thing that stands between us and Christianity."

The Hitler-Stalin idea of strategy is "castrategy."

One of my readers in Switzerland writes me the fascinating news that he actually heard a radio address from Moscow, in which the famous movie director, Sergei Eisenstein, announced a program of Soviet-German cooperation along cultural lines. Eisenstein, through

the facilities of the Comintern radio station, said "friendly Russian-German relations established last year formed a solid basis for increased cultural co-operation between the two great peoples." Of course, the two great peoples have nothing to do with questions of cultural cooperation. In Germany, Dr. Goebbels, official propaganda minister, is in charge of such activities. In the Soviet Union, persons appointed by Stalin have control of the same activities. Now they're to cooperate. Last year, the cooperation was limited to questions of trade. Now its military and cultural. The leader of Red Fascism is now a full-fledged partner of the Fuehrer. And all this has happened in six months. What will the picture be like after another six months?

Hollywood producer (angrily wagging a finger under his rival's nose): "My comedies ain't to be laughed at, neither!"

Mark Twain, describing the dry rivers in the West, said the fish come to the surface to sneeze.

Pome unearthed by the distinguished Chinese philosopher Dr. Who Flung Dung, and attributed to the immortal Wang Hung Lo, and which I take the liberty to waltmasonize: To God the embattled nations sing and shout "God strafe England" and "God save the King"; God this, God that, and God the other thing. "Good God!" said God, "I've got my work cut out."

Scrap of conversation: "I have one girl in my house who's especially skillful in handling exceptionally fat men."

Shortly before he died, Heywood Broun looked over Westbrook Pegler's magnificent new palace in Connecticut and described it as "the house that venom built."

I'll never stop squawking about noisy popcorn and candy-bar eaters at the movies. Rob Wagner suggests that the du Ponts get to work on a noiseless cellophane wrapper for such articles of diet. I pass the suggestion on free of charge.

The other evening I had a pleasant time watching a charming girl do some beautiful dancing. Everything was fine except the fact that the program referred to her as a "danseuse." What's wrong with that good, old English word "dancer"? . . . As I left the hall, I bumped into one of my subscribers, an old man who takes care of the cemetery grounds behind the college. Over a bottle of beer, he bemoaned today's wastefulness and extravagance. Every morning, he told me, he removes several dozen rubbers (slickers, he calls them)

around the tomb-stones, if the weather's been good. Shaking his head mournfully, "When I was young we always laundered ours, making a package of three last at least a year. Now they throw them around like cigarette butts. A civilization so improvident must be doomed."

Eve Curie, a daughter of the great Curie, lecturing in this country, says written invitations to parties in France now bear postscripts reading, "H.P." (Hitler permitting.)

At one of her lectures, Eve Curie was asked, "Does France continue to allow German music to be played?" She answered: "Certainly, why not? Such men as Wagner, Beethoven and Brahms would never have collaborated with a Hitler."

Rob Wagner likes quiet breakfasts. So do I. In fact, I like to eat that meal alone. As I always start the day off with a dead pan and a dead brain, I don't want to be galvanized into action. One should come to gradually. No one should ever be witty, gay or entertaining before lunch. With Rob, I like the Irishman who responded to the barber's "Would you like anything else?" with, "Yes, I'd like silence and damned little of that." I don't even like off-color stories during my first meal, even when they're good. The other day, a breakfast guest not only insisted on telling one but actually picked out a poor specimen. It was about Pat and Mike, who met on the street after having gone their respective ways for several years. In the course of their conversation, Mike stated he was now a doctor, and Pat, not to be outdone, replied that he too was a doctor "Is that so," said Mike, "well, suppose you found your wife in bed with appendicitis?" Pat replied instantly, "I'd shoot the dago son of a baboon." (I warned you it wasn't good. At breakfast it's even worse.)

There was a well-known vegetarian who declared, in his hide-out Barvarian: "It's not at all odd that I'm greater than Gaud for the latter's distinctly non-Aryan."

Riddle: What's the difference between India and Germany? The answer: In India one man fasts for all the people, while in Germany all the people fast for one man.

I feel like a Boy Scout who has just done his daily deed of virtue. In one of my pieces I mentioned that William Floyd, editor of *The Arbitrator*—a good Rationalist, by the way—rejects personal immortality but speaks of "the immortality of the human race." I commented: "It's easy for us to picture a

combination of cosmic circumstances that might wipe out the human race in one cataclysmic upheaval." In his March, 1940, issue Mr. Floyd writes: "We stand corrected and will hereafter say that personal salvation is less important than the welfare (not the immortality) of the human race."

You good people who like to moralize over other people's "vulgarity" ought to wrestle a little with John Ruskin's sentence: "The higher a man stands, the more the word 'vulgar' becomes unintelligible to him."

The hardest literary job I do is writing an index. It's all sweat and turmoil, and when I get through my voice sounds like the love cluck of a horny turkey. The fattest indexes that fell to me were the ones I did for my 19 volumes of questions and answers. I don't mean to infer they're good, but they're the best I could turn out. Horace Binney, writing in 1868, said: "I certainly think that the best book in the world would owe the most to a good index, and the worst book, if it had but a single good thought in it, might be kept alive by it." Those words encourage me and lift my heart whenever I have to put aside the hours it takes to turn out a decent index. Maybe my readers find my indexes helpful. I wonder. If it isn't asking too much, tell me (if you've read any or all of my volumes of questions and answers) what you think of me as an indexer. Do you refer to them? Do they tell you anything? And yet, even if you didn't like them or didn't refer to them, I'd still have to write the damned things, for books like mine would be a crime if they were thrown to the readers minus an index. A spell of index-writing sobers me after I've turned words inside out, shaken the dust out of exhausted phrases, refused to let threadbare clauses lie in their literary coffin, and taken skeletons from the sentence-closets and shaken their dry bones. How true is it that a profound, ponderous piffler will betray himself in his index. An index doesn't grow pale in the presence of verbal somersaults, nor is it deceived by one's tapestry of words. An orgy of words usually fails to make a line in an index. An index shows up the mere stylist who knows how to express anything, but who has nothing to say. Oh, yes, lest I forget, let me warn you that my down-to-earth stories, my off-color yarns, poured forth with the saber strokes of Saxon speech don't find their way into any of my indexes, because I prefer to send my readers who like that sort of thing following their nose through my jungles in search of these

sweet-smelling posies. Aye, those who like my corner grocery store conception of humor will never be aided by so useful a tool as an index. The stuff's there, but they'll have to hunt and sniff. Some will take my hint and have a nice time. Others will bewail my vulgar billingsgate. But I break wind on such academic numskullery, on such droners of solemn requiems, on such good people who greet my precious nonsense with a lip-curl of condescension. I can ignore them when I write my index, paying as much attention to their beseeching as the lightning pays to the squeaking of a mouse. They always commit joyicide, but I can keep such drooling dolts in the outer darkness where they can chorus their dictated opinions like an industrious bullfroggery. Their brains have been double-distilled in a mixture of liquified piffle and sweet camphorated essence of bull. And when, at last, they get an idea, they let it sleep several decades on an aged, decrepit herring. They are peripatetic corpses.

A reader, who undoubtedly is one of the dregs of humanity and who is as important as the smallest wart on the tiniest dill in the world's largest pickle factory, asks me if the autocrats of the fashion world, when they move woman's waistline up and down, also move the navel up and down at the same time.

A real estate agent advertised in the Kansas City Star: "Don't fail to miss looking into this house with a Queen Ann front and a Mary Ann behind."

A word, like a race, belongs to the swift. Shakespeare said: "Good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable." True, and that explains why there are so many phrase-books on the market. But it happens my thoughts at this moment are on unhappy phrases, the kind that writers ought to taboo because they've been hacked to shreds. Here are a few which make me shudder (some of them from my own works): by leaps and bounds; reign supreme; beyond a shadow of a doubt; prove without fear of successful contradiction; every fiber of my being; resigning himself to his fate; honest as the day is long; the eternal verities; innocuous desuetude; my better half; all sorts and conditions of men; flotsam and jetsam; on the other hand; by and large; last but not least; shook like an aspen leaf; running riot; far be it from me; fiery steed; be that as it may; wretched souls; suffice it to say; with lightning rapidity; silver laughter; silent spaces; brazen laughs; endless pain; eager glance; the Eternal Feminine; it bids

fair to; forever and a day; a thousand and one; point with pride; view with alarm; a delusion and a snare; spread like wild fire; the acme of perfection.

Scrap of conversation: "Let's all sober up and pick our noses."

It has long been known that lawyers are embarrassed when they have to take a Bible into court for purposes of reference during trials. Religious indifference is so strong that a razzing is almost certain to greet the temporarily pious lawyer. But such annoyance can be avoided by getting a catalogue, "Bibles of Today," issued by Rumball-Petre, 507 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. in which is advertised an edition of the Bible specially bound in "Law Library" buckram, sheep style, with leather labels to conform to the usual appearance of law books." To show how cooperative I am, even when it comes to boosting another concern's publications, the price is \$5. It seems that lots of lawyers—enough to warrant a special edition—are willing to put out that much money just to be saved the snickers of the unsaved.

A customer approached the Nazi in charge of one of Hitler's worst concentration camps, and announced: "I am a professor of Bugology. Can I get a crab louse here?" The Nazi went into a back room and came out with a crab louse in the palm of his hand, pulled a head louse from his head and drew a body louse from under his arm. After the Nazi finished boasting over his three fine specimens, the customer said: "Yes, they're nice and fat. How much?" Nazi: "Two marks each." Customer: "That's too much. I'll give you one mark for the three." Nazi: "Before I sell them for one mark I'll put them back in stock." Which he did. No sale.

When asked if he ever chased women the big fellow drew himself to his full height and boasted he'd chased lots of 'em. "Why," he cried, "I've chased them all shapes and sizes—black, white, yellow and red—young and old, married and single, pretty and ugly. I couldn't even begin to tell you how many I've chased." The other fellow: "Say, I didn't know you were such a gay adventurer." He answered: "I'm not. I'm a bouncer in a beer joint."

There was a little girl, and she had a little curl plastered on the middle of her forehead. And when she was good she was very, very good, and when she was bad she was marvelous.

The Nation reports that in British home defense tests Boy Scouts usually act the role of "casualties." During a recent blackout numerous Scouts were scattered in prostrate position in the

streets waiting for nurses. One party of rescuers came to a spot where a "casualty" was supposed to be lying, but found only a note reading, "Have bled to death and gone home."

A report from the dustbowl area says that last year it got so darn dry the trees started following the dogs around.

It may have been Toscanini, or it may have been Rudy Vallee, but at any rate a conductor is reported to have told his assembled musicians, many of whom looked as though they had been fugitives from a barber too many months: "May I remind you, gentlemen, that hair doesn't necessarily make players of you. Even skunks have hair!"

A movie theater manager in North Canton, O., has worked out what he claims is an improvement on bank night, free china night, encyclopedia night, and all the other "nights" that are supposed to help stimulate movie attendance. He goes back to fundamentals by installing special double seats for those he coyly terms "cuddling patrons." His publicity broadly hints at the delights of "love seats as cozy as your own couch!" The idea is to pick up constructive suggestions from Hedy Lamarr, Dolores Del Rio, Vivian Leigh, Ann Sheridan, Clark Gable, and others. What will they think of next?

Clark Gable was in the middle of one of his hottest love scenes when a woman nudged her husband. "Why don't you make love to me like that, John?" she asked. John replied: "If you'll pay me the same salary he gets, I'll work as hard as Clark Gable and do just as good a job."

I lift my topper to the editor of a weekly paper in a little town in Wisconsin, for he has given his profession a magnificent example of thoroughgoing news coverage: "Grandma Smith is very low as we go to press. If she dies, she will be buried Sunday."

Goering was giving his general staff a pep talk and ended with: "We're going to win this war and win it fast." All the generals (except one) yessed: "Right!" "What's the matter with you? Don't you believe we're going to win the war?" menacingly thundered Gory Goering to the general who had failed to Yes. Realizing that discretion is the better part of valor, the general nodded half-heartedly, and said: "Oh, sure, we'll win the war—but I think it would be a good idea to put Czechoslovakia in your wife's name."

Mistress: "Be careful not to spill anything tonight." Maid: "O.K., mum, anything you and your friends do is your own business, and anything I hear

will go in one ear and out the other."

Senator Reynolds, of North Carolina, in the Congressional Record: "I am for the farmer year in and year out. I do not have to be for him especially this year because I am not a candidate."

Charlie McCarthy, being hailed before the judge, cried: "Honest, Judge, I never touched her. She must have slid down the bannister."

While lunching in a nearby city I got acquainted with the manager of the local motion picture theater, where "Gone With the Windbag" was being shown at 75c for two matinees and \$1.12 for the night show. When I learned further that the house is crowded for the day performances and nearly filled each night, I said something about his luck in having an attraction that registered so well at the box-office. "GWTW is good for its owners, but it's hard on the industry," he replied. "It really hurts at the box-office when you consider that so many people don't go to the movies for at least a week before the picture opens in order to get ready for it, and then don't go for at least a week afterward in order to get over it."

O. W. Brooks, Renovo, Pa.: "I have received the 19 volumes of questions and answers and have found the information requested in regard to the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith. I find my \$3 brought more value than any \$3 I ever spent before."

Voltaire was present one day at a funeral at which a famous preacher delivered the oration. When asked what he thought of the sermon, Voltaire said it was like Charlemagne's sword—long and flat.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, asked by Boswell if a certain classical painting of a nude could be considered indecent, answered: "No, but I think your question is."

A friend tells me he's been at an Ozark town which has natural springs that produce water guaranteed to loosen one's bowels in a hurry. The routine works this way: Each morning you get up early and fill up with the water near the hotel. You walk two miles North, where you take another glass of the same kind of water. Then you walk West a mile and take a third glass. After that it's wise to hurry back to the hotel—and every man for himself. While out one morning, he met a pretty young woman who greeted him this way: "Oh, I've been having a wonderful time in this brisk air. I took my water near the hotel, and took some more at that station to the North. I've also taken a glass to the West.

I'm just in the mood for exercise and recreation." "Well," said my friend, "if that's the case I won't detain you."

As my old-time readers know, I've always been interested in the tricks—good and bad—of salesmanship, as may be seen by referring to my numerous volumes of questions and answers. The other day, while reading Charles B. Driscoll's column about New York City, I came on a new one which amused me. A man, buying a deck of cards in a Manhattan store, was handed his package by the clerk, who said: "I hope you'll win with these." "That's fine of you," replied the customer. "By the way, do you say that to every purchaser of playing cards?" "Yes," said the clerk, seriously, "the playing card company instructs us to say that. It makes the customers feel lucky."

A year ago I put four Firestone Imperial tires on my Chevrolet and drove them 21,000 miles without a puncture or blow-out. Today a tire-dealer let me trade them on a new set of the same tires. He allowed me a discount of 50 percent for the old tires. I can't squawk.

I hope it won't be charged against me that I'm conceited when I make the assertion that all who read my volumes of questions and answers will put them down with greater knowledge.

Bertrand Russell, author of three of my finest Little Blue Books (No. 1463, "Has Religion Made Useful Contributions to Civilization"; No. 677, "What Can a Free Man Worship"; No. 1372, "Why I Am Not a Christian") has been having a lot of trouble with the tribe of Mrs. Priscilla Prissy-Pratt because of his unconventional ideas. A brief filed in the N.Y. Supreme Court in order to oust him from the job of professor of philosophy in the College of the City of New York describes Mr. Russell as "lecherous, salacious, libidinous, lustful, venerous, erotomaniac, aphrodisiac, atheistic, irreverent, narrow-minded, bigoted and untruthful." Before ambitious women get fancy ideas about Mr. Russell, let me rush in with the disillusioning assertion that no man can be that good.

Thankless task: Thinking Tomorrow's Thoughts Today.

Put a map in front of me and I always let loose a stream of words. A map of the world invariably stimulates my mind. This morning I drove to a high-school some 20 miles from Girard, where I was to make a talk on the world situation. As luck would have it, there was a good map on the platform, so, instead of talking 40 minutes, as I expected, I rattled on for an hour and

10 minutes. I hope those 180 young people will forgive me. If they invite me again and want me to hold myself down, they should be careful to hide all maps.

A UP dispatch from London says the following order has been issued to an army unit: "Members of the Women's Auxiliary of the Territorial Service will show their pink forms whenever called upon to do so." What was expected to begin as a blitzkrieg soon became a sitzkrieg, and is now fated to settle down to a stripzrieg.

What impressed me most about the big executive was the way he covered his desk with telephones. I never saw more on a desk, outside of a Hollywood movie. When I asked him why he needed so many, he replied: "It makes for efficiency." Just then there was a ring and he picked up the wrong phone. He picked up another, and it also was the wrong one. The third was the right one. It seemed to me fewer phones would have made for more efficiency. But that isn't the point at all. Pompous self-important executives go in for immense offices, gadgets, and Napoleonic posturings because they help cover an inferiority complex.

An observant medical student once asked one of his instructors: "Doctor, why is it that most babies are born at night?" The doctor, who was something of a wag, replied: "Well, my boy, that's simple. It takes just nine months."

Ben Turpin, famous comedian: "I am genuinely cross-eyed. So much so that I once spent three months in the South East trying to get into the North West Mounted Police."

The newest thing in chain letters: "This chain was started in Reno in the hope of bringing happiness to all tired men. Unlike most chains, this one does not cost you any money. Simply send a copy of this letter to five male friends, then bundle up your wife and send her to the fellow whose name heads the list. When your name works up to the top you will in return receive 15,178 gorgeous, love-hungry females. Have faith. Do not let the chain break. One man broke the chain and got his own wife back."

When Dr. Watson asked by what means the poison was introduced into the slain person's body, Sherlock Holmes replied: "Alimentary, my dear Watson, alimentary."

Pat, meeting the priest, asked him to explain the cause of lumbago. The priest: "This is a good opportunity to give you a little sermon. Your lumbago is caused by drinking too much and

carousing too much, often with women of doubtful character. If you had listened to my warnings you would not be in this dreadful condition." Pat: "Taint me that's got it. I was only wondering what caused it. I saw in this morning's paper that the bishop is suffering from lumbago."

In Joplin, Mo., an Astrologist, who was telling theater customers about the future, stopped his act long enough to announce that certain questions about the future would be taken up the following week. What this expert on the future didn't know about his own future was that the theater manager was waiting for him backstage to break the news that his engagement for the coming week had been canceled.

Mark Twain was attending a banquet given in his honor. Among the speakers were many famous men, but the toastmaster introduced Mark Twain first, as the principal speaker. He said: "I don't want to speak now. I want to wait and see what these other fellows have to say about me. And then, if they make any nasty accusations, I can explain 'em, and if I can't explain 'em I'll deny 'em."

Recently, at one of the Thursday luncheons of our local businessmen, I spent a pleasant and interesting half hour listening to a middle-aged blind man tell us about his beautiful German shepherd (police dog to you) and how she helped him smooth away some of life's rougher edges. The splendid animal (she had been trained in the famous Seeing Eye establishment in New Jersey) demonstrated her splendid character and sharp understanding. In his talk, the man debunked a popular notion about these Seeing Eye companions, the one that would have us believe they stop at a curbing for red lights and move forward when green lights show up. As he explained, all dogs are color blind, the world appearing grayish to them. What they do is to watch what the traffic is doing. If it's against the dog, she stops. When the light stops the traffic she leads her master across the street. Another common notion has it that the blind man just tells the dog where he wants to go and she takes him there—to the Jones grocery, the Smith cigar store, the bank, and the like. Of course, the dog can do no such thing. She merely helps her master avoid certain difficulties, but the man still has to know more than the dog. Our speaker told about a talk he'd given at a meeting of the American Legion in a nearby city. During the question period one member said: "I can understand how your dog knows

where to find 116½ East Fourth Street, but what I don't understand is how she knows the American Legion post has its meeting place on the second floor."

A reader asks if marshmallows grow on marshmallow trees in the marshes.

My ancient friend, L. M. Birkhead, used to be pastor of a Methodist church in Wichita, Kans. That was years before he ever saw the light and joined the religious liberals of the Unitarian Church. Once, preaching to a lot of Fundamentalists, he dwelt on the wages of sin and quoted freely from the Ten Commandments. Coming out of the churchyard, the preacher noticed a woman deep in thought. "Ah," said Birkhead, "she is taking my message to heart." The woman turned to the young minister and muttered: "Ah, well, I've never made a graven image, anyway."

"Clabber Girl baking powder"—do you know of an uglier trade name?

For no reason in the world, I'm reminded of a line we kids used to yell 40 years ago: "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, all in bed with their trousers on!"

You can't always tell just by trusting what you see. This thought came to me this morning while driving from the office to my home. On the way I saw a farmer on the road and he was carrying a piece of rope. For the life of me I couldn't make up my mind whether he'd found a piece of rope or lost a horse.

Some of my readers ask why the Jews didn't see what was coming in Central Europe and get out in good time. The answer isn't easy, but the first thought that comes to mind is that they, like so many other people, don't react to impending disaster because they feel there's some sort of a chance for the worst to be averted. When the morrow brings new horrors they think this must be the worst and settle back to endure their misery, little suspecting that the next day may bring still greater miseries. I'm reminded of a quotation which I picked up while reading a piece by the famous writer, Max Nordau, as follows: "A Jew does not judge according to his reason but according to the catastrophe. He will never buy an umbrella merely because dark clouds have appeared on the horizon. First he will get thoroughly drenched, catch pneumonia, and then—well, then it is another matter."

Charles Yale Harrison, who conducts a readable column in *The New Leader*, says that if the cautious Chamberlain were running up Nelson's message today, he would signal: "England this day

expects every man to do his duty—or make us an offer!"

I feel all puffed up today because my daughter, Alice, a few minutes ago, placed on my desk the finished copy of her first compilation, a dignified, simple, unpretentious book containing 30 readable, informative, mind-liberating articles under the general heading of "International Freethought Annual." Here, I said to myself after looking it over carefully and deciding it isn't the least bit corny, is the answer to readers like C. A. Lang who've been wondering who'll take the old man's place when he edges into senility or goes on to his reward. Never once, during her 23 years, have I tried to influence her mind in the direction of Freethought. I've always preferred to let my two children form their own opinions on religion and Rationalism. It's almost as bad to try to force Freethought on a child as it is to force it to accept religious ideology. Of course, she grew up in an atmosphere of Agnosticism and Skepticism, and the tools of education—books—were always at hand. They did their work perfectly, but through persuasion and reason, not force and dogmatism. I was especially pleased by the following sentences which I've lifted from her foreword: "The vast offensive on the part of unreason and intolerance, steadfast and ruthless in its objectives, must be met with a like determination by Rationalists on the side of Reason. To accomplish this feat we must formulate a positive policy, toward which the International Freethought Annual is directed." The numerous writers she drew on for this volume of 60,000 words are competent, intelligent and completely abreast of the forward surges of science and knowledge. My girl did an excellent job, and I take this means of telling my readers about it. Those of you who have read the book are requested to write your opinions, giving special consideration to the question of whether or not she's competent to take on the job of mass education where I leave off.

"Jones is willing to be our preacher," yelled a church member in the old man's ear. "Who is he? Never heard of him," commented the deaf farmer. "Oh yes, you have," shouted the informant, "he's a son of the bishop." Quavered the ancient philosophically, "Oh, well, most of these preachers are."

Boner over Station WGN: "I'm not giving you a commercial; I'm telling you the truth!"

You have to hand it to Hollywood for the way it clipped coupons on the oomph

of Sheridan, Lamarr and other "It" gals, then collected on the innocence of Shirley Temple, and then cashed in for more than a barrel of dimes on the virginity of Deanna Durbin.

"Stalinism," said the editorial writer over his fourth high-ball, "is dead, and all that's needed to prove it is a big war."

Deanna Durbin will long be remembered as the maiden who elevated virginity to a profession.

Lenin once lamented the fact that no inventor has as yet presented the world with a sincereometer. The drunkometers work acceptably, according to the cops. There's a little controversy about the lie-detecting machine. A sincereometer may get invented one of these days, but it should be called a bunkometer, and it should be able to measure bunk in the way a doctor measures blood-pressure. Such a machine could undermine our civilization. Imagine if a bunkometer were attached to your radio, and when some bunk-shooter got going, the machine would switch on a red light and blow a whistle!

A stranger in Vermont, impressed by the many rock-strewn farms, asked a farmer: "Where did all these rocks come from?" Farmer: "A glacier brought them." Stranger: "Where did the glacier go from here?" Farmer: "I think it went back to get more rocks."

A precocious six-year-old was in school for the first time. The teacher, after asking his name and age, inquired: "Do you know your A B C's?" The child: "Hell, no, woman, I've been in this joint only 10 minutes." Teacher: "Just for that you'll have to stay after school." The six-year-old: "Okay, sugar-plum pie."

Mike Gold's version of the sentence often credited to Voltaire: "Though I disagree with everything you say, you rat, I'll fight to the death to defend you, you louse."

Rob Wagner tells about an immoral old Senator who always looked spic and span. When asked how come, he replied: "Well, I've always believed a man should be regular in his habits; I don't give a damn what his habits are, so long as he's regular in them."

Several of my readers have taken to calling me "Manny," which always makes me wince. When I was a kid I had several big fights with my brother and four sisters because they insisted that Emanuel gave them the right to use Manny, which I denied heatedly—and won a decisive and complete victory. Only the other day I got a letter from

my older sister and was gratified to see she remembered the lesson I had impressed on her 40 years ago, for her greeting was "Dear Emanuel." Manny always makes me think of a nanny-goat. I won't tolerate it even from cash customers.

As it'd be wrote now: The time is out of joint. Oh, cursed spite, that ever I was born to put it OK.

An octogenarian was attending his first girls' softball game, sitting in a box along the third-base line and watching the long-thighed girls throw, run, hit, slide. He remarked: "I never had any idea the day would come when I'd feel as I do toward a third baseman."

In Germany, it simmers down to this: You can be sent to prison for having a dial on your radio.

The Chinaman complained: "Belly chilly this morning. belly chilly." To which his hearer replied: "Then why in hell don't you tuck in your shirttail."

Sentences quoted from a businessman's blotter: "Nature bestowed upon man two ends—one to sit on and one to think with. Success in life depends on which one you use . . . Heads you win; tails you lose!"

An officer in the British navy, on shore leave, was bothered on the last night at home by the telephone ringing constantly. Each time he almost yelled into the mouthpiece: "I'm terribly sorry, old chap, but I can't tell you. You'll have to call the Admiralty." Finally his wife asked who was making the calls. He said: "Oh, some bloody boozier awsked me, 'Is the coast clear?'"

"Gimme a chicken sandwich," said the customer at the lunch counter. Owner: "We got ham, rosbif, tuna, an' cheese, but no chicken sandwiches." Customer: "Well, then, give me a turkey sandwich." Owner: "Say, buddy, if we had turkey sandwiches, you'da got yer chicken!"

Voltaire: "History is little else than a picture of human crimes and misfortunes."

Orson (Little Boy Boo) Welles: "I don't say we all ought to misbehave, but we ought to look as if we could." . . . "Now we sit through Shakespeare in order to recognize the quotations."

At one of Lincoln's cabinet meetings the President turned to Secretary Seward and asked: "If you were to call a sheep's tail a leg, how many legs would the sheep have?" Seward snorted, "Five, of course." Lincoln said, "Oh, no, it would not. Calling a sheep's tail a leg wouldn't make it one."

Senator Henry F. Ashurst (Ariz.)

says his policy in life has been never to explain "because if today one explains tomorrow he will be explaining his explanation." He then went on to say that in his early days in Arizona when he was district attorney he once prosecuted a man as a horse thief. Years later, after leaving that office, he was defending the same man on a charge of horse stealing. When the prosecuting attorney brought these facts to the attention of the court, Ashurst replied: "Your honor, a man must have the courage of his retainer."

Count Ciano (Mussolini's son-in-law) owns a newspaper, from which this gem of insight into Jehovah's intentions is lifted: "No nation can today navigate the Mediterranean—a sea created by God for submarine warfare—against the will of Italy."

A gay young blade's car has a little drawer at the right of the dashboard in which he keeps a pint of whisky, two bottles of coke, six lily cups, cigarettes, and a package of rubbers. He calls it his "hope chest."

Mental constipation—the world's most common affliction.

When a pious member of the House of Commons asked the prime minister "to hix a day of prayer beseeching God to bring the war to a speedy end by the overthrow of the enemy," another member, this time the rationalistic Ernest Thurtle, provoked a wave of laughter by asking: "Will the prime minister ascertain from the heads of the fighting services their views as to the efficacy of the proposed action?"

A women's club, which retains some of the militant ideas of the old feminists, rejected the slogan: "Down with the men! Up with the women!!" but accepted this one: "Down with the pants! Up with the skirts!!"

Nancy Kelly, a powerful cinemind, passes this remark without brain-fag: "I live from day to day, literally."

The first time Mark Twain got a look at Lillian Russell's breath-socking beauty he cried: "I'd rather play post office with her than sleep with General Miles in full field uniform!"

My ancient, devout and pious friend, George M. Husser, manager of the Kansas City Better Business Bureau, says airplanes will soon be so thick they'll shadow the sun if all the magazine peddlers working for aviation training really do become flyers.

An Irish laborer showed himself to be a powerful logician when, after being asked why he was digging a hole, replied: "I'm not diggin' a hole; I'm dig-

gin' the earth and lavin' the hole." That fellow, lost to obscurity, had the makings of a modern physicist, if only he'd been given a formal education. This brings to mind Charles M. Beadnell's discussion of the question: "Is the bung-hole of a barrel part of the barrel?" Don't get the idea that that's a frivolous question. It digs deep into the heart of physics. At this point a punster (without raising a laugh) could drag in Euclid's conclusion that "the whole is greater than the part." But, seriously, the question of whether or not space is a reality is important in theoretical physics. The answer (and here I speak as a timid, halting layman) is that space must be a reality because matter is built on a framework of space. If you didn't have space you couldn't have matter. But here, let me confess, the small boy would throw in his two cents' worth by denying that the hole in his doughnut is part of the doughnut. So far as his appetite is concerned, he's right. Sir Arthur Eddington, according to Beadnell, argues that light may be a part of darkness, because darkness results when two light-waves cancel out in the familiar phenomenon of interference. But this leads to an immediate absurdity, for, as Beadnell says, this is like saying that light is also a part of darkness of the tomb, of the coal-mine, or of the abyss where there could be no wave cancellation since there are no waves. "If it is not," says Beadnell, "there must be two kinds of darkness!"

A bull escaped from an alfalfa pasture onto a railroad right-o'-way, and was killed by a fast train. In due time an adjuster from the road appeared at the farm for settlement of damages. The farmer called a Negro tenant who had witnessed the accident, and the three men walked to the spot. "Now, tell me just how it happened," said the representative of the railroad. The colored man batted his eyes and proceeded: "Well, sah, ah was standin' there mowin' brars, payin' no 'tention to nothin', till I heered the train whistlin' fer that curve. Then I seed the bull comin' over the fence, out o' the alfalfa, and the next thing I seed was the alfalfa comin' out o' the hull."

Remark heard frequently in Detroit: Scratch an anti-Semite and you find Henry Ford.

A London poultry-seller, sore over what the war was doing to his business, said: "I'm going to put up a sign reading: 'Because of Hitler, my chickens are getting littler and littler.'" The grocer who was listening added: "Well, I'll put up this sign: 'Because of Hess my

groceries are getting less and less." A girl who worked at the pastry counter looked puzzled, then said: "Mine will read: 'Because of Goering, I'll have to take up my old profession.'"

When I was a kid in my early 'teens, Carl Pohlig was the conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. He did his job in a methodical, orderly, uninspired manner, for "oomph" was still to strike the musical world. His Falstaffian lines were destined to give way to the Hollywood streamlining of the Stokowskian waist-line. I dropped into the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts one afternoon, and saw Pohlig with the great Talcott Williams, one of the editors of the New International Encyclopedia and editorial writer of the Philadelphia Press (where later I held copy on his editorials in the proof-room). They talked art, before two expensively dressed, conservative-looking ladies of middle years. Williams handled a picture the way a housewife judges a chicken—for weight, conformations, substance, format. I didn't know until then that people could talk about pictures. I thought one just looked at a picture and let it go at that. Some years later—I was about 18—while spending a delightful (if moneyless) Summer in Boston, I visited the Art Gallery one afternoon, the only customer in the vast place. A handsome, distinguished-looking man met me cordially and took me from room to room, telling me the important points about everything in sight. Later he ducked into the private part of the establishment, so I concluded he must have been the head manager or an artist. Of the dozens of things he told me I was most fascinated by his comments on an ancient piece of Greek sculpture—several women holding up a building. They wore long, ripply gowns. "Notice," my new teacher said, "how the sculptor took away the strain of holding up a building by giving the the garments those easy, flowing lines." Some days later I went through again with a U.S. army man (an intelligent, alert, if unlearned, fellow) and carefully repeated all the comments I'd heard on my previous visit, but carefully giving the impression this was my first visit to the gallery. My gigantic qualifications as an art critic reached a glorious climax when I point to the piece of ancient sculpture and commented casually, "Notice how the sculptor took away the strain of holding up the building by giving the garments those easy, flowing lines." My performance was perfect.

Walter Winchell tells a story that was a favorite with the late Frank Harris 35 years ago. I know because he

told me so. Here's how it goes: A member of a conservative club brought his girl friend (a notorious gal-about-town) to one of the club's dances. For this he was reprimanded by the rules committee and told to apologize in writing. Here's what the sinner wrote: "I wish to apologize, for I didn't know a person wasn't allowed to bring his mistress to a club affair unless she is the wife of one of the members."

Louis Golobick, Duquesne, Pa., writes: "Ignorance is never bliss, but a breeder of misery and disease." My reader's sentence packs a big and honest truth.

Bertrand Russell, in his Little Blue Book, "Has Religion Made Useful Contributions to Civilization," gives a practical illustration of how an outstanding Pope fought education by quoting a sentence from a letter he (Pope Gregory the Great) wrote to a certain bishop: "A report has reached us which we cannot mention without a blush, that thou expoundest grammar to certain friends." This letter, which was written at a time when the Church was enjoying its greatest power, shows how the Vatican felt toward the intellectual life. It is possible, says Mr. Russell, "that mankind is on the threshold of a golden age, but, if so, it will be necessary first to slay the dragon that guards the door, and this dragon is religion."

An affable traveler, to neighbor in railway compartment—"Your name is familiar to me; in fact, it's on the tip of my tongue, Mr.—er—ah—" Quiet stranger—"My name is Moczoncskiest Koroczotockter. I am a Latvian." Affable traveler—"Yes, er—it isn't your name so much as your face. I was about to say your face is familiar to me." Quiet stranger—"Yes, I have been in prison 14 years. I was discharged this mornin'—"

Ralph J. Shidler, associate editor of The Girard Press, our local newspaper (and an excellent one it is), tells about a young lady who had the reputation of "reading one lesson to herself and having her mother read another lesson to her at the same time, and she made honor societies because of high grades. To me that seemed to be an ideal way of getting an education—for the mother."

Advertising has made us nervous about a lot of ailments, the leading ones being those associated with odors, thus: halitosis, body, undie and armhole odor. Then comes the body: athlete's foot, dental cripple, lordosis, cosmetic skin, dishwashy hands and a skin no one cares to touch. The conditions: nerves, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, constipation, and inferiority complex. Gapsos

sounds terrible, but it isn't a disease; it's the condition in which one's garment is open when Mrs. Emily Post demands that it be closed. When a man walks around with an open fly he can be described as afflicted with gapes, but no gargle or lotion will cure it. To return to our body ailments, the millions of dollars spent in magazines, newspapers and over the radio run to this theme: You are a beautiful girl (until you smile) and you ought to go places, but you haven't any dates and have to act like a wallflower because you pink your toothbrush and have bad breath, along with a sour body odor—all because you have neglected thus far to use a certain gargle, soap or lotion, which, when used according to directions, will enable you to throw your bouquet to the bridesmaids instead of always being a bridesmaid but never a bride. Of course, no gargle or lotion or oil can remove a body odor for more than five minutes or chase halitosis for more than six minutes, because those conditions are caused internally. These sensational appeals became stronger after we got used to a temporary business depression which is already sprouting its hairs of puberty, and the longer the hairs grow the harder the advertising writers pound away at their scare copy.

Some readers may recall that I wrote a piece the other month on my meeting with a real Nazi. It comes to me only now that I failed to tell of one of his finest gems. I mentioned (with irony that failed of its mark) that Hitler was a believer in Astrology. "But," said this Nazi, "even Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, had to confess publicly that Hitler draws on the services of five Astrologers, who report their findings separately. This shows how strictly scientific the Fuehrer really is, how he resorts to laboratory methods, checking one against the other."

After seeing "Gone With the Wind," which pictures chattel slavery as a quaint, kindly, romantic, sentimental institution, I hunted up a sentence by Abraham Lincoln which sweeps that argument into the trash-heap, where it belongs: "Although volume upon volume is written to prove slavery a good thing, we never hear of the man who wishes to take the good of it by being a slave himself." Isn't that a brilliant piece of criticism? Another point that should be emphasized is that the slaveholders were careful to keep their slaves from fighting for the Confederates, because they were afraid of what would happen if they put rifles in their hands,

thus proving they were sure the slaves didn't share their tender regard for the beautiful, poetical institution that held them in bondage.

Father James A. O'Connor, who became an ex-priest about 50 years ago, used to tell about an Irish priest who, during a season of drought, was requested by his parishoners to recite the prayers for rain. He agreed to have High Mass, say the Litany of the Saints with organ accompaniment, and wear his finest vestments for the occasion, provided they would contribute \$100 in cash for the job. This they did and the priest gave them a splendid ceremony. At its close he turned to the congregation and said: "Now, my friends, I have done as agreed, and the rain may come, but my own opinion is that we shall have no rain until there is a change in the weather."

Popular pome waltmasonized: You're not old when your hair turns gray; you're not old when your teeth decay. Old boy, you're headed for your long last sleep when your mind makes a date that your body can't keep.

Father O'Connor, the ex-priest who wrote voluminously in the second half of the last century, told the following story about a certain Chicago priest and the City water hydrant. The Chicago priest, instead of importing at considerable expense to himself the famous "miracle-working" water from the Lourdes, conceived the plan (since water is water the world over) of bottling and selling ordinary water, enriched with his own priestly blessing and guaranteed to effect wonderful cures whether taken internally or applied externally. Orders piled in so fast he was kept busy blessing each individual bottle of water separately. So, after much cogitation and reasoning, he decided to save much of his precious time by blessing, once and for all, the hydrant through which the city's water came to him. For he concluded to his great satisfaction and joy, that by passing through the blessed hydrant the water must of necessity partake of the same blessing. The report was that this priest became wealthy through the sale of this blessed water.

Sentence lifted from Father (of what?) Coughlin's *Social Justice*: "The only source of truth is Father Coughlin!" That ought to qualify him as America's Fuehrer or the Church's next Pope.

I don't swallow radio statistics with my eyes shut, but there may be some truth in the industry's estimate that Father Coughlin, at the climax of his

popularity a few years ago, had 15,000,000 listeners, which dropped in January, 1940, to 3,000,000. In short, even the country's Catholic population isn't listening to him as before. But we shouldn't shut our eyes to the fact that a rabble-rouser and boob-baiter with an audience of 3,000,000 is plenty dangerous, and, besides, there's always the possibility that so shrewd and cunning a swine will regain the potential Fascists he let slip away.

Pure Fascism, culled from the columns of Father (of what?) Coughlin's Social Justice: "Democracy! A mockery that mouths the word and obstructs every effort on the part of an honest people to establish a government for the welfare of the people." In short, we should chuck out our democracy and join Italy, Spain, Portugal, Stalinland, and Hitlerland, where the people live in heavenly bliss.

The American Communist press—second only to the Catholic press in intellectual dishonesty—tells its readers the people must be given the right to vote for war before the government can become a belligerent. But these voices of Stalin are careful to say nothing about the fact that in Russia only Stalin's word is needed to make war. We delegate authority to our elected Congress and the President—and that isn't democracy! But in the Soviet Union one man, who isn't answerable to the people, can order hostilities without even issuing a declaration of war—and that's the essence of democracy!

I pride myself on never having attempted a single humorous epigram giving the difference between a pessimist and an optimist.

It isn't hard to understand why the average man gives himself only one glance in a mirror. Why waste a lot of time and effort when he already knows he's perfect?

Mark Twain's conundrum: "Why am I like the Pacific Ocean?" Mark Twain's answer: "I don't know. I was just asking for information."

For decades I've been saying Robert G. Ingersoll wrote the well-known and amusing line, "Heaven for climate, hell for society," but it turns out that Mark Twain was its author. How odd that, after crediting it to the wrong genius at least a hundred times, no one ever corrected me. Usually my least inaccuracy brings me dozens of letters.

Billy—"Why don't you go to our church?" Sammy—"Cause, we belong to a different abomination."

Fort Worth cobblers have formed an organization called the Texas South-

western Association of Shoetrickians. I'll continue calling them shoe-repairmen, for I'm yet to surrender to fancy names like mortician for plain, honest undertaker, beautician for the tidy-torsoed gals who give facials, and bootician for retailers of new shoes. The other day I read about an "exterminator engineer," who guaranteed he'd kill a bed-bug at 15 feet. I object to these orgiastic assaults on our language. The next time I need to be half-soled and heeled, I'll send my shoes to a cobbler who doesn't go in for this shoetrician stuff. Besides, I suspect the shoetrician will charge an additional 25c and do a job that's only half as good. Swank always runs into money, even when it's only verbal.

The whole redlight district closed shop and got busy when its foremost Madame, Maud, died. She had been notorious for decades. After going into a house at 15, she promoted herself—through hard work and application to business—to her own establishment, which she ran like a dictator. Hers was the most hardboiled management in those parts. She sold booze in violation of the State's beverage laws. She supplied addicts with dope. Men who wanted something different could always rely on Maud, who'd supply anything at a price. And now she was dead. The district hunted up a preacher who didn't know the departed, but had a vague idea that her character wasn't so hot. After reading a psalm and muttering to himself that he wasn't satisfied over dismissing anybody in this perfunctory fashion, he said to the persons assembled at the grave: "And now perhaps some friend of the departed would like to say something." There was a long silence and finally a mournful-looking man with a drooping mustache stepped forward, cleared his throat and said: "Well, if no one else has anything to say, I would like to seize this opportunity to make a few remarks on the evils of the New Deal and the wasteful spending of Franklin D. Roosevelt."

Robert G. Ingersoll found endless joys in life. He turned living into an art. Once he wrote: "Every man who has caused real, true, honest mirth, has been a benefactor of the human race."

Snatch of conversation: "If there's one thing I can't stand it's prejudice. As for myself, tonight I'm going with a perfectly open and unbiased mind to listen to what I'm convinced is pure rubbish."

I try, in my humble way, to live up to William Hazlitt's attitude, "I think as I please and I say what I think."

The April 13, 1940, issue of the Jesuit publication, "America," contains an article by the Jesuit priest, the Rev. Raymond Corrigan, S.J., in which he says, under the title, "Baptize Democracy," that American democracy is a fake, or rather "pseudo-democracy," that it is "Protestant, rationalist and definitely anti-Christian in its inspiration," and that Catholics "must champion, aggressively and vociferously, the restoration of a Christian social order." Please comment.

It's easy to see the devil's horns of Fascism sticking through this verbiage. Notice how he brands our democracy as "Protestant" and then describes it as "anti-Christian" and that Catholics can change all this by restoring a "Christian social order." What he's saying (though he's too smart to come right out with it) is that he wants a "Catholic social order" in the U.S. A Catholic social order would be similar in many ways to the Catholic-Fascism of Italy, Spain, Portugal and, before Hitler barged into the country, Poland. The Catholic Church which is authoritarian, in that it's ruled from the top (the hierarchy) wants the same principles applied to the social order, which is just another way of saying he wants a Fascist dictator for our country. But it wouldn't do to call it Fascism, so he asks for a "Christian social order." He's asking for the rule of tyrants in the fields of religion, economics, labor, industry, and the State, and that includes all the horrors of Catholicism, including intolerance, Jew-baiting (as in the Catholic countries just listed), organized bigotry, supernaturalism, gagged education, and reaction in general. It would destroy culture, strangle science, enslave labor, crush freedom of expression and the press, legalize censorship in all media of communication and the exchange of ideas, and enthrone totalitarianism above democracy and our liberal Constitution. Notice, for example, how Father Corrigan defines democracy. To him it means (and he would have America establish that definition as a social reality) that "condition of society in which all social, juridical and economic forces, in the fullness of their HIERARCHICAL development, cooperate in due measure for the common good." Catch that neat word, "hier-

archical." It gives the game away, for the word means: "A body of officials disposed organically in ranks and orders each subordinate to the one above it; a body of ecclesiastical rulers." (Webster's New International Dictionary.) The same authority adds that it means "a form of government administered in the church by patriarchs, metropolitans, archbishops, bishops, and, in an inferior degree, by priests." Fascism is a State that's ruled from the top; and that's what the Catholic Church insists is "Christian." As I've shown many times (see my numerous volumes of questions and answers), the Jesuits have always advocated a State along the lines of the governments in presentday Italy, Spain and Portugal—a State in which the masses are kept down in political and economic slavery, while the rulers over them take their authority from a secular pope, or rather, dictator. Intelligent, informed Americans aren't going to be fooled by such Jesuit propaganda. They know that "baptizing democracy" means murdering both the Bill of Rights and democratic freedom. The tragic thing about the present situation is that our standard newspapers and magazines daren't warn the American people against the propaganda of the Jesuits. They're afraid to tell the people the truth—that there's a Fifth Column openly conspiring against our freedom and liberalism—the age-old enemy of civilization—the stinking, blood-soaked Roman Catholic Church. Talk about your Nazi Fifth Columnists! They're chicken-feed alongside the slick, pompons, sacred members of the hierarchy who are striving to crush our liberal, progressive understanding of democracy and bring in its stead a social order in which the masses will be as enslaved politically and economically as are the minds of the ignorant communicants in the Church. But such Fifth Columnists mustn't be offended. So our editors shut their eyes (and columns) to the greatest menace facing the American people—the anti-social propaganda of the vicious Catholic Church. And those editors who dare tell the truth about the awful menace to our liberties are made to suffer the penalties of boycott and ostracism because they

dare tell the terrible, appalling truth as they see it. I insist it's a part of my job to educate at least a portion of the American people to the dark objectives of the Black International (the rotten Roman Catholic Church) and to use my columns without regard for the consequences, in order to make possible the preservation of our precious, blood-bought rights. And it's also my job to educate a portion of that public to make financial sacrifices in order to enable truly free, independent, truth-seeking periodicals to continue to enjoy the circulation they deserve. I don't expect favors from the priestly conspirators against our traditional Americanism, nor do I expect the reactionaries generally to support me through fat advertising contracts, but I do look to my individual readers to realize the situation and respond generously when called on to advance the cause of freedom and civilization. The vile Catholic Church's world-wide effort to promote Fascist ideology is a proven fact—and here I again refer readers to the books containing my indexed questions and answers—the record is clear, and the duty of supporters of democratic ideology is equally plain. Voltaire called on the world to "Crush the infamous thing!" by which he meant the infamies of the Catholic Church. The infamous thing is still with us, cursing and torturing humanity in order to keep it from achieving its goal of enlightenment, freedom, progress and social decency. The Roman hierarchy is the uncompromising, relentless, implacable, merciless enemy of everything that's valuable in human living. We must crush the infamous thing before it destroys the glories of democracy.

* * *

Do you favor organizing to meet the threats of Fifth Columnists in the U.S.?

Yes, by all means, but let's be sure we know what we're organizing against. Today I heard a radio appeal by the editor of a magazine of sportsmen, in which the statement was made that "7,000,000 members of shooting and other clubs are ready to form groups of Minute Men to meet the dangers of spies, saboteurs, Fifth Columnists, strikers and trouble-makers in general." Notice how he slipped in the favorite enemy

of the Economic Royalists—strikers. Let's be on guard against any attempt to turn a healthy impulse to defend our country against aggression into a hysterical campaign against strikers and other men and women unpopular with our own near-Fascists who look on the legitimate labor movement as an offshoot of Communism and Nazism, mainly the former. Notice also how our patriot said his Minute Men would get after "trouble-makers in general." That's pretty broad language and can be construed to include any advocate of a liberal, radical or other more or less unpopular cause. I don't think I'm an alarmist when I say that a quick victory for Hitlerism will bring danger to the U.S., for we know how unprepared we are for defense, especially in the air, anti-aircraft artillery and mechanized equipment. The President was right when he said that cities like St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha are only 2½ hours from Tampico, Mexico, by air. We also know that Fifth Columnists are active and closely organized in Mexico, thus making an invasion of the U.S. a not remote possibility, but doomed to failure if we calmly see the issue and get prepared. At the rate mechanized forces can travel—about 200 miles per day—it's plain that columns of aggressors could be well in the country in about a week, thereby splitting the country and preparing the way for the enslavement of our people. Such elements should be fought with everything we have, but let's not fall victims to shrewd conspirators who are slick enough to use patriotism as a cover for attacks on labor, freedom of thought, and our liberties in general. I give my complete support to the President's plea for preparedness. We should have begun long ago, when we put billions of dollars into "defense," but without many benefits as a result of such expenditures. However, nothing is to be gained by hashing that over again. We must make a new start, and we must do the job now. Munichism, as a state of mind, has done us harm. We are, fortunately, beginning to throw off that stupid blindness to reality. The situation is grave for every civilized, free, democratic coun-

try. If Hitlerism triumphs, the Nazi butcher will be able to control the Atlantic, with the Japanese aggressors threatening us in the Pacific. Between the two we might be crushed. And that, I insist, isn't an attempt to alarm. I'm looking at the situation coolly and calmly. We are in jeopardy. We can be attacked by sea and by air, if we fail to rearm rapidly. And if it comes in the near future, while we're still unprepared, it's likely we'll be overcome suddenly, our wealth taken from us, our institutions destroyed, and our economic facilities controlled by the world's small but powerful group of aggressors and exploiters. Imagine for a moment where we'd be if the Japanese were to attack us in the Pacific while Hitler got after us with the captured British and French navies. If necessary, I favor going so far as to meeting the Japanese issue now, while there's time, for we should have no illusions about the intentions of Japanese Fascists. What they did in China they stand ready to do in the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, and other sections, including the United States. If we were to face the naval issue now—even to the extent of seeking out the Japanese navy and engaging it—we would be writing an insurance policy on our own future. Meanwhile, let's be sure to build the 50,000 war planes the President called for, and then go beyond that figure, for there seems every reason to believe that Hitler is already producing that many airplanes annually. If we arm on an adequate scale today we'll place ourselves in a position not only to ward off any combination of aggressors but will be able to use our superb economic and financial power to influence the world's future, and for the good of all concerned. If a third term for Roosevelt is necessary to achieve the ends discussed above, then by all means let's elect F. D. R. again. He knows more about our situation than any man in the country. He's alert, intelligent and resourceful. The country can depend on his good judgment. We shouldn't let an unimportant tradition stand in the way, especially when we look over the half-pints who are contesting for the presidency. Imagine what our situation would be if a Boy Scout like

Dewey were to get into the White House—a political freshman who still repeats the nonsense about the defense offered us by our two oceans, that we should "mind our own business" (while Hitler goes about his), that we should stay at home (while Hitler gets ready to make us a call), that we should remember this isn't our war (which we'll all agree to, for the record plainly shows it's Hitler's war.) No matter how great a victory Hitler wins in Europe it's possible he'll be weakened after he asserts his will over there—economically and financially—thus giving us clear sailing to spread democracy from this last democratic power. In the end the U.S. could remake the world, using its economic power to bless humanity instead of cursing it, as the Fascist aggressors are doing. But all opportunities will disappear overnight if we fail to prepare against every eventuality. We have a right to do business with the world. If Hitlerism stands in the way, we should destroy it. We have a right to defend our liberties and our democracy. If Hitler stands in the way, we should destroy him and the system he stands for. The entire Western Hemisphere (including Greenland) should be protected by our government. We should strike at the first sign of action against our own or any other country in the Americas. And while we're getting ready for all this, let's hunt out the Fifth Columnists, pull their teeth and clip their nails—but let's not be deflected by Wall Streeters who'd like to use the international situation as a cloak for an attack on labor, on progressive ideas, and on necessary and enlightened social reform. To repeat, while the situation is serious the intelligent attitude is one of calm and realistic consideration of the facts, and not, in Col. Charles A. Lindbergh's wise words, "hysterical chatter of calamity and invasion." We need, as he says, a definite policy of defense, a question which we must leave to the experts, among whom Lindbergh holds that the defense of the U.S. must depend on mutual aid among all the countries of the two Americas. That sounds sensible, for we certainly wouldn't feel safe if we relied only on a long string of air-

ports along the Canadian and Mexican borders. By cooperating, all the American republics can make their air facilities available to the hemisphere's needs instead of their own limited ends. Thus, it seems plain, we will be laying the foundation of success under our plane building program. It isn't enough to build 50,000 or 100,000 planes. They must be made and distributed to a plan, and here we must take into consideration the needs of our entire hemisphere.

* * *

Why have all those neutrals waited to be picked off one by one when by combining they could have fought back better and stood a chance of saving themselves?

The main reason is blind hope in a miracle. That is to say, the hope that their number won't be called, the hope that the aggressor will stop short of their own country. Instead of saving them, this blind and fatuous policy has enabled Hitler to march from one victory to another. I remember an excellent cartoon by my favorite cartoonist—Mr. Low—showing three men huddled in the bow of a boat. A hole in the stern is sinking the boat despite the fact that the men back there are bailing frantically. One jackass up front says: "Phew! That's a nasty leak. Thank goodness, it's not at our end of the boat!"

* * *

I recognize the danger from Fifth Columnists in this country, but it seems to me we are going to have to sacrifice our civil liberties in order to suppress them.

I don't see your point at all. Fifth Columnists aren't anything new, by any means. We had plenty of them during the Civil War, when Southern sympathizers, in various ways, worked to undermine Union morale, especially among civilians. President Abraham Lincoln recognized the evil and attacked it vigorously, ordering the arrest of the Copperheads. He acted under powers granted by the Constitution, and even though many internal enemies were arrested and held in concentration camps, our civil liberties weren't damaged. Of course, Lincoln was accused of being a tyrant and seeking to destroy the Bill of Rights, but he went right ahead scotching Copperheads right and left.

He was right. The country was saved. And we didn't lose our civil rights. We have every right, under the Constitution, to crush treason. Of course, no one expects all our liberties to remain untouched if we get into war, but our record shows that the Constitution survived past wars, and it's a safe assumption that future wars will see the same outcome. It's better to suffer a temporary curtailment of our liberties while we go about the job of destroying those elements that seek our complete enslavement.

* * *

I enclose a clipping of one of Boake Carter's syndicated columns, from which I quote a few sentences and on which I request your comment: "These same emotionalists have forgotten that it was only because of a world war, set in flame by Napoleon, that the United States was able to gain its own independence. Had not England been wholly concerned with whipping Napoleon, historians have long doubted the United States could have thrown off the yoke. As a matter of fact, at that time our American ancestors, whom we revere every Fourth of July, sought and obtained the help of Napoleon in their struggle for freedom."

I've long given up the job of trailing Boake Carter's historical inaccuracies. You'll find several of his howlers discussed in my volumes of questions and answers. They prove Boake Carter to be an ignoramus who knows less about American history than does the average boy in grade school. The above quotation about Napoleon's help to us during the Revolutionary War can best be understood by noting the fact that Napoleon, in 1776, was seven years old.

* * *

Do you believe that Germany aims to conquer the world?

It wouldn't be accurate to say that Germany wants to conquer the world. Germany itself is a conquered country. It's Hitler who wants to conquer the world. There's a difference. Germany hasn't any more to say about its future than have little Denmark and unhappy Poland. In addition to the use of limitless, ruthless militarism, Hitler relies on the strategy of the Trojan Horse or, as we call it today, the Fifth Column. The world had ample warnings from Hitler's own book, so far as his mili-

tary aims are concerned, and with regard to the Fifth Column, let's recall that even this tactic was exposed by Herman Rauschnig, in "The Voice of Destruction," published last year. Of course, Rauschnig, who was a Hitlerite before he realized that the leader of the Nazis has destructive designs on all civilization, quotes Hitler's conversations, but where many were skeptical last year, now we know from history that Rauschnig's quotations were true expressions of the butcher's intentions. Here's what Hitler told the author would be the strategy in conquering foreign countries from within while his airplanes, tanks and other engines of destruction work from without:

When I wage war . . . in the midst of peace, troops will suddenly appear, let us say, in Paris. They will wear French uniforms. They will march through the streets in broad daylight. . . . The confusion will be beyond belief. But I shall long have had relations with the men who will form a new government—a government to suit me. We shall find such men, we shall find them in every country. We shall not need to bribe them. They will come of their own accord. Ambition and delusion, party squabbles and self-seeking arrogance will drive them. Peace will be negotiated before the war has begun. I promise you, gentlemen, that the impossible is always successful. The most unlikely thing is the surest. We shall have enough volunteers, men like our S. A., trustworthy and ready for any sacrifice. We shall send them across the border in peacetime. Today you don't believe me. . . . But I will accomplish it, move by move. . . . Our strategy is to destroy the enemy from within, to conquer him through himself.

To many Americans, the above sounded fantastic last year; today it's deliberate routine. In the same book we find that Hitler doesn't intend to neglect the United States. We too are to be "liberated" and "protected." According to Rauschnig, Hitler said that "National Socialism alone is destined to liberate the American people from their ruling clique and give them back the means of becoming a great nation," and that there are "strains" in the U.S. which are "an assurance that the

sound elements of the United States will one day awaken as they have awakened in Germany." This sounds wild, but didn't the quoted paragraph about the German Trojan Horse tactic sound insanely impossible last year? Hitler began by enslaving Germany; he aims to round out his career by enslaving the world. This is a cold, plain fact. And we'll fall into his mouth like a rich, ripe plum if we don't shake ourselves out of our stupid isolationism and get wise to what's going on. Fortunately, there are many signs that the people of the U.S. are beginning to learn the score. I don't think it's too late to make America strong.

* * *

In reports of voting in the U.S. Congress one frequently reads about "pairing," which I wish you would explain.

Let's suppose a member of the House or Senate wants to absent himself from a meeting. That will mean, of course, that he won't be able to vote on some important measure. He may request a member of the opposite party to refrain from voting on the measure he himself doesn't intend to vote on. This, which is called "pairing," means the result of the vote won't be affected.

* * *

While exploring your volumes of questions and answers I came on your piece explaining what the U.S. Supreme Court said about the legal meaning of "good-will." In a later volume you quote a letter from a California reader, Mr. Waddy, an accountant, who differs from your concept of good-will. You never, so far as I can recall, answered his strictures. How come?

A Lord Chancellor of England once wrote that "good-will . . . is nothing more than the probability that the old customer will resort to the old place." That isn't at all bad, for it carries the germ of my thought—that a whole lot that goes by the fancy name of good-will is nothing more than confidence in the public's laziness. The more I study business problems it seems clearer to me that good-will, stripped down to plain words, is an unnamed sickness with which the public is afflicted. It is composed, among other things, of habit, inertia, and fear of contact with strangers, which causes the victim to sit at the same greasy spoon

lunch counter day after day rather than go next door and enjoy superior fare in comfort at less cost. This description won't appeal to accountants, I grant you, because they hold tenaciously to the notion that goodwill is something both "material" and "intangible," that it's a compound of reality and spirituality, and that it can be measured in dollars and cents. But I still stick to the theory of the greasy spoon lunch counter. Goodwill, in short, is mostly bunk.

* * *

What do you think of the Freudian idea that slips of the tongue expose our secret thoughts?

There's every reason to believe the idea carries validity. Dr. A. A. Brill's book, "Foundations of Psycho-Analysis," gives a little story to illustrate how, in the words of Isaac Goldberg, "Every little lapse has a meaning all its own." A dignified gentleman had been listening to the playing of a difficult piece by a talented musician. Unfortunately, while listening, he had been seized by a powerful desire to void his bladder. It was, under the circumstances, impossible. The player concluded her solo, and the gentleman, feeling that he must say something to compliment her, intended to remark, "That is a very difficult piece to play." What he actually said, however, was what he was actually thinking: "This is a very difficult place to pee." Isaac Goldberg, in commenting on this incident, says the humor of the situation is double, because "it represents dignity tricked into saying something undignified; it is, as I have said, an exposure." In addition, the word-play itself is neat—"so neat, indeed," says Goldberg, "that its wit tricked the speaker into unmasking his true thought." The sentences I've just quoted are taken from Goldberg's amusing and informative book, "What You Laugh At—And Why," one of the best studies of humor ever written, not barring even Max Eastman's excellent book, "The Enjoyment of Laughter." The Goldberg volume is crammed with hundreds of specimens of wit and humor. He, like Eastman, reprints a joke that Freud quotes from Heine: "An unhappy man was advised by a friend to take a wife, and his reply was, 'Whose?'" These

magnificent highbrows get into quite a stew about this and other jokes, which I prefer to pass over. Let me lift another joke which all get into quite a dither about, as follows: An Italian is being questioned by a judge. The judge is asking him whether he believes in polygamy, and the poor Italian is floored by the big word. The judge (who is passing on the Italian's application for citizenship) then tries to put the question in more familiar terms. "What do you think," he asks, "of the idea of having two or three, or perhaps four wives?" This time the Italian understands. "I tink pretty good, Judge. What do you tink?" It doesn't need many pages of \$4 words to convince me this story is funny. It reminds me of another story I told my readers recently, which I'll retell even though it's available in one of my volumes of questions and answers. It's the one about the Greek who was in a San Francisco court for getting drunk and becoming violent. When he said, "Me spick bad Engleeece, Judge, but I pay for mirror," the Judge announced: "Good! This is Christmas eve, so I'll let you off. Peace to you, my good man." Turning to his lawyer, the Greek asked: "What the Judge say? He no sound so good." The lawyer replied: "He said peace to you." Running to the door, the Greek yelled: "Peece on you, too, Judge." There's a laugh there, as there's a laugh in the one about the Italian. And we can't have too many laughs in these awful times. We have a right to something that will enable us to escape some of the horrors torturing humanity. Some people get their escape through alcohol. Others turn to chess. Sex serves many. A laugh is as good as any.

* * *

What's meant when we say a movie actor has "gone Hollywood"?

The late Elbert Hubbard, who never saw Hollywood, sometimes comes to mind when I think of the screwballs in the movie city who've "gone Hollywood." He "went Hollywood" as soon as he began to attract attention as a writer, for he favored long hair, five-gallon senatorial hats, flowing windsor ties direct from Paris's Latin Quarter, and a number of other eccentricities that don't come

to mind at the moment. The Scotch comedian, Harry Lauder, who once appeared in the same vaudeville show with Hubbard for 10 weeks, described him perfectly: "Hubbard's different from the rest of us because he always wears his make-up away from the theater." That's "gone Hollywood," no matter where you hang your hat.

* * *

Editor: Apropos the apparently growing success of Catholic Action, I might mention the scandal in the St. Louis school board, echoes of which have doubtless reached Girard. The real low down is hard to get at, especially for one with a limited acquaintance. Everyone knows, of course, that practically every member of this body was at some time or other in his term of office smeared with some of the muck of numerous shady transactions. But the significant things: their life backgrounds; where they were born and educated; what organizations, including churches, they now belong to, etc., are almost entirely glossed over by our newspapers. From private sources I learn that some of them are staunch Catholics and I suspect that most of the rest are, also. Be that as it may, however, the fact that any Catholic should be on any public school board is to me *prima facie* evidence of intention to sabotage the system. For what other reason could they be there? They are exhorted to refuse to support the schools and their children are forbidden to attend them. Having gotten on the board, subservient as we know them to be to a hostile—even if *saue*—alien authority and actuated as they are by a shabby, medieval moral code ("go thou, and sin no more"—every Saturday night) what more can be expected than that such people should become involved in deals that would bring the whole system into disgrace? In a small burg nearby a few years ago an illiterate Catholic huckster who says, "Ain't got no," and, "he ought of went," was defeated in his race for a place on its school board. Now, was it his idea to run for that job? By devious means he may have been convinced that it was—for the reason that his large acquaintance in the community made him the most likely person whom Catholic Action could advance. Some of his Catholic neighbors, little realizing the extent to which hidden strings actuated even them, ran their legs off in his behalf. No Catholic, I insist, should ever be voted into an administrative post in our school system until this noxious assertion of authority concerning education is rescinded by the Vatican and

publically denounced by the aspirant. That, I predict, will be when Voltaire's postulate is translated into reality, figuratively if not literally, "... when the last king is hanged with the entrails of the last priest."

READER

* * *

How do you like Elliot Roosevelt's speeches?

I'm always bug-eyed after reading the vaporings of that jackass. It's hard to believe that F. D. R. and the great Eleanor could have brought such a damned fool into the world. The neatest criticism I've read of Elliott's verbal wind-breaking was expressed by his mother, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt: "I haven't heard Elliott's speeches, but if he has been correctly quoted, he's much younger than I thought him."

* * *

Editor: There have probably been many abler observers than I of the habits of dogs but that question of one of your readers as to why a dog scratches the earth after urinating leads me to remark that I've never observed such an act. After defecation, yes; almost invariably. The reason for this act—and their habit, too, of wetting against posts, trees, etc.—must no doubt be sought in some utilitarian aspect thereof in remote antiquity and prior to association with man. For I seem to remember reading somewhere in one of Seton's books that the wolves of the Western Canadian plains also "leave their sign" on occasional posts, stumps and rocks and, furthermore, so easily are ancient racial reminiscences stirred in closely related species that not only do other wolves sniff for the latest "news" at these exchange-centers, but the settler's dogs respond thereto also. Considering that the lives of these animals are dependant on their prowess as hunters, it is not difficult to imagine how this habit could be distinctly useful and how it could therefore become a strongly fixed hereditary characteristic which would disappear but slowly, or not at all, under domestication. (That is unless deliberate artificial selection with the purpose of eradication were practiced over generations.) If, then, some earth-scratching occasionally follows this more general "publication of news" perhaps it's by way of elaboration thereon. Concerning the vigorous clawings that usually follow defecation, could that not be one of the many manifestations of a sense of cleanliness seen in numerous species from the fly to man? Of course, I'll

admit that the dog—doglike—usually does a rather crude job but if, sometimes, you want to see the trick done really meticulously, watch that much more fastidious animal, the cat. I don't know how the wolves behave, but if they are no more competent than the dog it may mean only that this hygienic detail has never been of much importance to them from the standpoint of race—preservation—or that in these ages it is of less importance than earlier and therefore in gradual process of abandonment. Or, again, it may be only in its awkward beginnings. Would that we had the gift of direct vision into the aeons of the past; much that is of even greater moment than this might come of it! Considering, though, how dogs will often roll in the excrement of other animals or foul themselves with carrion, cleanliness may have nothing to do with it. But here Darwin warns us that in judging such actions we must not rely on our own senses and esthetic notions; it's perfectly obvious, for instance, that there is considerable variation between individuals among us as to the desirability of various scents; how sheer a presumption it is, then, for us to attempt to judge what a dog's preferences may mean to him. In deliberately acquiring these (to us) noxious odors he may quite justifiably be inflating his ego with the rosiest of visions of their happy effect on some of his fellows.

Maplewood, Mo.

C. A. LANG

* * *

Can you tell me what goes into deodorants which are sold for use on the body including the armpits?

Dr. Logan Clendening, who writes the best health column, says they're all just the same, containing simple ingredients. The base, he holds, is usually zinc oxide, sometimes with the addition of fat and benzoic acid.

* * *

Which animal is used most in animal experimentation?

Rats head the list. This makes it difficult for sentimental anti-vivisectionists, for nobody sheds any tears when told about experiments performed on rats, not even the opponents of vivisection for scientific purposes. One scientist writes that when he has to wrangle with anti-vivisectionists he usually asks: "Do you think that a hundred million rats is too high a price to pay for a discovery which will lead to a cure for cancer?" That usually silences them, for even ardent anti-vivisectionists don't

throw a fit when told that rats have been cut down in life's young morning in order to advance scientific research. One reason why rats are so popular with scientists is because it costs so little to keep them—hardly more than 50c per year—while a rabbit costs five times as much. A dog's upkeep is about \$15 per year. Another reason is because rats mature so fast and multiply with amazing rapidity. A baby rat is weaned in about three weeks. By the time the creature is six weeks old it can be a father or a mother. They usually have large litters, while guinea pigs come only one or two at a time. It was Sir F. Gowland Hopkins' work on rats that led to the discovery of vitamins, but here there are limitations, because, as reported by Dr. M. H. Friedman, senior physiologist in the division of nutrition of physiology of the Bureau of Dairy Industry, "if we had to depend upon the rat as the sole experimental animal, vitamin C would not have been discovered." The reason here is that the rat doesn't miss vitamin C in his diet "because he is immune to scurvy. Though he does not thrive on a pellagra-producing diet, he fails to develop typical pellagra." The rats referred to above are white rats.

* * *

Why don't you print some of Abraham Lincoln's off-color stories?

We hear a lot about them, but it's hard to get samples. I know scores of Lincoln stories, but the "dirty" ones manage to stay put. Carl Sandburg, who knows more about Lincoln than any other man in the world, hasn't circulated any, so far as I know. If he has any, he keeps them to himself, perhaps out of fear of offending the good people. Here's one Lincoln story that shows the Illinois lawyer wasn't afraid to tell a yarn that pious Christians might consider in bad taste, but which, for all that, is a good tale, having that precious quality, character. According to Sandburg, Lincoln told about a balloonist who went up in New Orleans, sailed for hours, and dropped his parachute over a cotton field. A gang of Negroes picking cotton saw a man come down from the sky in blue silk, in silver spangles, wearing golden slippers. They ran—all but one old-

timer who had the rheumatiz and couldn't get away. He waited till the balloonist hit the ground and walked toward him. Then he mumbled: "Howdy, Massa Jesus. How's yo' Pa?" . . . Many Lincoln stories came right out of Joe Miller's joke-book, which means he told numerous stories that weren't funny, for I've studied those ancient saws and can say there aren't more than a half dozen good ones in the entire collection. His best "clean" yarns came from the life he knew. For example, the story about the long-legged boy who got too familiar with a farmer's daughter. The angry father went after the lad with a shotgun, so the boy jumped through a window and ran across the cabbage patch, where he scared up a rabbit. In about two leaps (as Sandburg repeats the anecdote) the boy caught up with the rabbit, kicked it high in the air, and yelled: "Git out of the road and let somebody run that knows how." . . . Another home-grown yarn (and here again my source is Sandburg's second volume of "The Prairie Years") describes a boy showing his horse's fine points to a prospective buyer. The man whispered to the boy, "Look here, boy, hain't that horse got the splints?" The boy answered, "Mister, I don't know what the splints is, but if it's good for him, he's got it; if it ain't good for him, he ain't got it." . . . Lincoln once told a hotel waiter, "Say, if this is coffee, then please bring me some tea, but if this is tea, please bring me some coffee." . . . After tasting ice cream, Abe Lincoln said, "Say, waiter, I don't want to slander this hotel, but this here pudding's froze." . . . Lincoln, speaking of a strict judge, said: "He would hang a man for blowing his nose in the street, but he would quash the indictment if it failed to specify which hand he blew it with."

* * *

Is there any truth in the popular belief that mosquitos prefer human blood?

Entomologists connected with the U.S. Department of Agriculture reject the notion that human blood is especially palatable to mosquitos. They learned this by examining the blood found in mosquitos who had just gorged themselves, precipitation tests enabling them to classify the source. Of course, only the females

were used, because they are the only ones that bite. It was found that man rates a little ahead of chickens. The mosquito isn't given to choosiness, it was found. If only humans are available, mosquitos will sup on them, but they go more readily after horses and cattle. Pigs also are popular. Dogs are acceptable, but aren't considered especially appetizing.

* * *

How do you react to these thousands of silly, little formalities and rules that afflict civilized people? As for myself, they get mighty irksome.

I remember, when I was a boy, hearing my spiritual adviser suggest (with a wealth of illustrations) that it was a good idea to obey all the little rules, because such behavior left the door open for breaking the big rules. But, seriously, nothing's to be gained by battering one's head against the stone wall of convention. Just smile at it and go your own way, trusting in the great Jehovah that you won't get caught. I've noticed that lots of wise people make a practice of getting acquainted with all the rules in the book and then giving them half-humorous lip-service. This reminds me of the man who bought a new wooden leg—the latest thing, and quite expensive—so he decided to insure it against loss, theft, and fire. The agent told him he could insure it against loss and theft, but he wasn't sure about fire. However, he would look it up. Later, after investigating, the agent told him he could insure it against fire also, as the rule book plainly stated he could insure any wooden structure that's equipped with an overhead sprinkling system. . . . There's a case of actually making money by being a stickler for the requirements listed in the book of rules. There's a serious success story here which all ambitious men and women should heed.

* * *

Which town has the swellest garbage?

This is getting into highly controversial territory, so I refuse to commit myself. Some claim the world's best garbage is found in Beverly Hills, Calif., which also boasts it's the "best-sewered city in America." Other cities which claim the swellest garbage: Brookline, Mass., Burlingame, Calif., and Miami, Fla.

Such a debate should be settled by laboratory methods. Let samples be taken at random in each community for examination by competent and impartial judges. This is a scientific age.

* * *

A temperance lecturer, demonstrating the evils of strong drink, put a worm in a glass of water, where it swam around happily, but when he removed that worm and dropped it into a glass of whisky, it sank to the bottom and died. Can you tell me what this demonstration proves?

It's a lesson we should take to heart, for here's scientific evidence that if you drink whisky you'll never have worms.

* * *

During the recent Russian-Finnish war many pictures were taken of dead soldiers who had frozen to death in fantastic positions, with arms or legs frequently upraised. In some cases the frozen Reds were standing upright. Is it reasonable to believe that it's possible for a person to be frozen as stiff as a rail in the act of aiming a gun or throwing a grenade?

The Journal of the American Medical Association answers that "cold alone cannot freeze a person stiff, but that exhausted soldiers who are suddenly inflicted with a mortal wound may be affected by an instantaneous cadaveric rigidity. Even this spasm-caused stiffness won't hold up an unsupported body, however, and when rigid soldiers are found in upright positions, they are usually supported by some near-by object."

* * *

Maybe you'd care to spill a few precious words of comment on the enclosed clipping from a Canadian newspaper.

With pleasure. The press report tells about the feast of St. Blasius being celebrated in the Catholic churches in Toronto, in which thousands of the pure and pious had their throats blessed as insurance against common colds. It was, says the clipping, "one of the most colourful ceremonies of the Catholic Church, consisting of holding candles, bent somewhat in the shape of a horseshoe, under the chin of each worshipper, while the priest called on St. Blasius to keep the favored one free from colds, tonsillitis, adenoids, and throat troubles in general." A priest, inter-

viewed by the reporter, said:

"There is no compulsion on a Catholic to receive the blessing, and there is no guarantee that it will safeguard one from colds. . . . It is, however, a pious custom, evidencing the faith of the person blessed, and there is no doubt that it is effective."

Now, isn't that the cu-LEV-erest answer to any stinky-puss's cynical rejoinder? Only one who puts through long distance calls to Jehovah could say, in the same breath, that "there is no guarantee" and then sail into the blue ether with the additional thought that "there is no doubt that it is effective." If its effectiveness is assured beyond doubt, why does the Father refrain from issuing signed and sealed guarantees? That's what beggars call playing both sides of the street and what logicians call begging the question. The skeptics are discounted in advance by being told there's no guarantee, while the pious suckers who are able to swallow any kind of bunk are taught "there is no doubt that it is effective." Up to the time this issue went to press medical science held to the opinion that materialistic science is yet to discover a cure for the common cold, but why waste time and money on a search when priests can prove there's no doubt it's effective to hold a candle under the chin and listen to the priest's high-toned mumbo-jumbo?

* * *

The other day I came on an editorial that appeared in a New York newspaper. I thought you ought to reprint it, because it goes into some subjects about which you've written at length, according to your volumes of questions and answers (plug). Your readers ought to be given a chance to read it. What do you say?

All right. I'll reprint the outspoken editorial which my reader copied from a N.Y. newspaper. Here it is:

The menace of the Roosevelt campaign does not lie in the third term, but in the state of mind that could desire four more years of Roosevelt in the White House, four more years of personal government, four more years of presidential lawlessness, four more years of autocratic rule, four more years of executive contempt for Congress, courts and Constitution, four years more of centralization, four years more of

wanton extravagance, of denunciation and demagoguery—in the state of mind that wants the new national aims, that wants a federal interference with every form of human industry and activity, that wants the States stripped of their powers, that wants the minority deprived of all the safeguards against the tyranny of the majority, and bureaucracy substituted for the Bill of Rights.

But not so fast, muh proud beauties. It isn't about F. D. R. at all. It's about Theodore Roosevelt, and it appeared in the *New York World*, January 2, 1912.

* * *

"It seems to me the reader must be shallow who considers Joseph McCabe's writings 'pornographic.' In everything of his that I've read, I was struck by his earnestness and sincerity, his deep learning. If any author is free from sensationalism, from a desire to write 'filth' for its own sake, that author is McCabe. He made it his business to expose the activities of the Roman Catholic Church, and if in doing so he was obliged to write of matters offensive to the superficial and puritanical, that is hardly McCabe's fault! The reader might with more reason complain that the Catholic hierarchy gave McCabe the opportunity to write of matters which are most unflattering to them."—Reader.

* * *

I have been feeding steady quantities of your writings to a Fundamentalist. I get considerable amusement watching his reactions. His main worry now is that he'd be sure to go to Hell if he surrendered his superstitions. How would you handle such a case?

I'm not good at "handling" Fundamentalists. I usually follow the simple policy of avoiding arguments. If I have anything to say on a controversial subject it's my job to put it into print and not waste breath on individuals. However, the individual my reader is working on could be told not to worry about Hell because his own sacred, holy Bible says there's no life after death. This will knock him for a whirr, but you can produce the passages, if challenged. Here they are:

"The dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward."—Eccl. ix 5.

"As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away: so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more."—Job vii 9.

"For that which befalleth the

sons of men befalleth the beasts . . . as the one dieth, so dieth the other . . . All go unto one place."—Eccl. iii, 19, 20.

"There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."—Eccl. ix, 10.

Mildred Tate calls attention to a passage in the Bible (Mark 9:48) in which Hell is described as "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Now, isn't that silly? You are asked to believe in a perpetual fire and an immortal worm. As Miss Tate asks, "How can a decent man worship an Eternal Torturer?" If the Fundamentalist my reader is working on can be induced to read the hundreds of articles on Free-thought scattered throughout my 19 volumes of questions and answers he will find practically all arguments in support of religion answered logically and simply. I have given special attention to supernaturalism and believe I've established a convincing case against its acceptance. I have heard of numerous instances of Fundamentalists becoming Freethinkers after studying the material just mentioned.

* * *

My wife's always beefing because I eat with my fingers. Am I really a barbarian?

Tell the old woman I said if food isn't clean enough to pick up with your fingers, it isn't fit to eat.

* * *

Is there any scientific authority for the statement that human beings have been reared with lower animals, especially apes?

When I was a boy I remember a one-act curtain raiser (except this little play was put on after the main drama) in which a British soldier comes back to civilization after having lived for years as an animal. It was called "The Man Who Was," and, if memory isn't stabbing me in the rump, it was Rudyard Kipling. At the time, I made inquiries at the Philadelphia public library and learned that there was no authority for the belief that humans had been reared by apes. In the case of the stage character just mentioned, there wasn't anything impossible about the situation, because he had been com-

pelled to live without civilized people, had become a savage, had learned, through necessity, to live like an animal, to the extent that he crawled like a dog and couldn't remember a word of his language when first he appeared among his rescuers. But, in less than a couple of hours, he not only regained knowledge of his former environment but recalled enough of his English to cry, for a tag line, "God save the queen," or something equally patriotic. Since then, I never came on an authentic case of a child being raised by lower animals, a condition that didn't apply to the hero in the Kipling story. But there's a case now that's somewhat authentic, according to the magazine *Science*, in which we're told that Dr. John P. Foley, Jr., of George Washington University, obtained material for an article on evidence obtained through Dr. Raymond A. Dart, Professor of Anatomy, University of Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa. We learn from this article that a native South African boy actually was nurtured by baboons and even behaved like a baboon until taken in hand by white hunters. The boy was captured in 1903 by two members of the Cape Mounted Police, according to documents delivered by Professor Dart to Dr. Foley. The hunters came on a troop of baboons playing in a jungle clearing in a remote section of the South East Cape. After firing, they noticed to their surprise that one animal wasn't able to run as fast as the baboons. When they caught the laggard they found him to be a boy of between 12 and 14 years of age. Dr. Foley reports:

"When found the baboon boy showed a rather atypical physical development, as evidenced by his long arms and the abnormal development of his haunches. He jumped about, and showed a strong desire to walk on all fours. He mimicked like a baboon and exhibited other animal-like mannerisms, such as a constant jerking and nodding of the head, the scratching of parts of his body with the index finger and a peculiar and frightened-looking grin. He violently objected to being washed, and had to be thrashed repeatedly for his dirty animal habits in and about the house. He could not speak, but chattered like an ape.

He was mischievous and wild and 'full of monkey tricks.'

"Although offered the best fare, he retained his old taste in food and preferred a meal of raw corn and cactus, once consuming as many as 89 prickly pears. He took no account of time, and always had to be called to do a particular task.

"The baboon boy of South Africa thus represents an addition to the list of reasonably authenticated cases of human infants who have grown up under unusual stimulatory circumstances, without access to human culture. This appears to be the first case of a human child adopted and reared by infrahuman primates.

"The baboon boy became a dependable worker, was reported to be 'remarkably intelligent' and developed the use of language, by which he was able to relate details of his past life among the baboons."

The above, after all, is only relatively convincing evidence, but it sounds fairly strong. What weakens it is the fact that the child was caught so long ago—1903. This would make the baboon boy at least 50 years old, assuming he's still alive. While no one should reject this case as impossible, it would be well to wait for a clearer case before claiming there's real evidence of apes having nurtured a human child.

* * *

How'd you like Mickey Rooney in "Young Tom Edison"?

I can't stand Rooney when he turns serious and goes in for profound acting. This movie brought to mind a soft, hanging shwantz, so I turned my thoughts in the direction of another bumper of bock. I prefer the vulgar Mickey Rooney who mugs and clowns like the artists in burlesque show business.

* * *

While looking through your catalogue I noticed that one title is listed, "Oscar Wilde's 'Ballad of Reading Jail.'" Is this a typographical error?

No. It was printed that way deliberately, with malice aforethought, and the same goes for the title-page of the book itself. "Goal" was used in the original poem, to designate the place where Wilde was imprisoned in Berkshire County, England, but as it's pronounced exactly like jail and means precisely the same thing, I rejected the English spelling and in-

serted our own excellent and simple form, thus saving my readers much confusion. Not one American in 100 knows what "gaol" means or how to say it.

* * *

Is whisky a good antidote for snake-bite?

The notion that whisky will counteract a snake's venom persists, but it has no scientific support. I'm reminded of a logger who was, alcoholically-speaking, somewhat oversubscribed. He was making his way homeward through a dense patch of brush. Suddenly he heard a rattle at his feet, and beheld a rattlesnake coiled and ready to strike. The logger drew himself up with dignified solemnity and eyed the reptile with lofty contempt. "Go ahead an' shrike," he said scornfully. "Never will ye fin' me better prepared."

* * *

Is Prof. Albert Einstein a Freethinker?

During recent years I've written at least 10 pieces dealing with Einstein's ideas on religion (as may be seen by referring to my volumes of questions and answers) and the evidence shows overwhelmingly that the discoverer of relativity is a Rationalist. Of course, the pious brethren would like to win him over to their side, so they resort to neat intellectual writhings in order to make the great scientist acceptable even to Mrs. Priscilla Prissy-Pratt. Writing in *The Literary Guide* (London), Protonius calls attention to "the tactful manner in which the reviewer of Mr. H. Gordon Garbedian's 'Albert Einstein,' in the (London) *Times Literary Supplement* deals with the great man's heresy":

Accepting Spinoza's determinism, Einstein associates himself with his belief that "our behavior should be motivated by the realization that human beings are as subject to the inexorable laws of cause and effect as are the stars in their courses"; and there is deep Spinozism in the passage in which Einstein, defining his attitude towards religion, observes that he "cannot conceive of a God who rewards or punishes his creatures or has a will of the type of which we are conscious in ourselves." The best comment is perhaps to eschew controversy, and, considering the conversation of these two inspired members of an ancient race, to repeat Dr. Fosdick's

reminder that "He who doeth good is of God."

Bishop Beerbelch couldn't have done a better job himself. Protonius adds the comment that "when the time comes for you to argue about the validity of your passport with St. Peter you will find this Fosdickian aphorism extremely useful."

* * *

Did the French composer, Maurice Ravel, die insane?

Yes. In 1932, while in a Paris taxi, he was involved in what was thought to be a slight accident, in which his head was bumped. A few years later he lost his powers of co-ordination, a condition that may have been caused by the taxi accident. He died in December, 1937, after a brain operation. Ravel never thought much of his over-rated "Bolero," having done it merely as a stunt. He did far finer work in his "Daphnis and Chloe" ballet suite, a Spanish suite, "Mother Goose" and some piano pieces. His music impresses me as being an echo of Debussy's incomparably greater achievements. At no time does Ravel even approach the greatness of Debussy's "The Sea."

* * *

Did Napoleon say "God is on the side of the biggest battalions"?

He may have repeated the sentence, but he certainly didn't originate it. Voltaire used it while Napoleon was only a child. But Voltaire only quoted it from a French writer who lived 100 years before Napoleon. Napoleon's version was, "Providence is always on the side of the last reserve." While it's a good idea to have the biggest battalions, it doesn't follow that the bigger force always wins. In our own Revolutionary War we were almost always heavily outnumbered by the British, and yet look what happened. A smaller force, with high morale, can often win a decisive battle, if the more numerous enemy's morale is low. Fabian tactics—cautious removal of an intact army—have been known to be effective throughout history. The Russians used them against Napoleon when he invaded Russia with vastly superior forces, though it's true, of course, that General Winter finished the job against Napoleon. Just because an army's big it doesn't follow it'll win,

There are circumstances to be considered—morale, leadership, terrain, weather, and the like.

* * *

Which mammal is longest lived?

Man is the longest-lived mammal, according to Major Stanley S. Flower, British zoologist, who has been an expert in this field for many years. Writing in *Fauna*, Major Flower says centenarians are often found, and claims he has one authentic record of a human being reaching the age of 114 years. Readers of my volumes of questions and answers may recall that I have discussed man's life-span frequently, showing that during the past 200 years, during which the insurance companies of the world wrote hundreds of millions of policies, the oldest age reached by a human being is 106 years, according to actuaries employed by the companies. As I've shown several times, we often hear of persons in remote places (where records aren't kept with much care) reaching sensational ages like 115 or even 125 years, but such reports can't be accepted as accurate because of the difficulties encountered in checking vital statistics. The claim that man's life-span is longest among mammals will surprise many persons who have accepted as true the assertion that elephants live longer than human beings, on the average. Major Flower writes he found the elephant exceptionally long-lived, but its oldest veterans fall a couple of years short of the half-century mark. He also records that other long-lived big animals are a rhinoceros that lived to be more than 40 and a hippopotamus that reached the age of 41 years and six months. Major Flower dismisses as fiction the claim that elephants have been known to live up to 150 years.

* * *

Can the human body's heat be used to hatch an egg?

Yes. Only recently I read a news dispatch from Yugoslavia in which it was reported that a peasant hatched a chicken by carrying an egg in one of his armpits for 25 days.

* * *

When some great hero tells about his adventures (I've been reading several by famous explorers) how much should one accept?

I don't pay much attention to the

tales told by heroes because they're usually afflicted with the itch to wander from the truth. This reminds me of the traveler who was telling about his exciting experiences in the wilds of Siberia. One night when he was 10 miles from his destination, he discovered that his sleigh was being followed by a pack of wolves. The hero: "I fired blindly into the pack, killing one of the wolves. To my relief, the others stopped to devour him, and in this way I was able to gain on the pack. But they were soon on my scent. I fired again, with the same result. I kept on firing until there was only one wolf following my sleigh, with hungry eyes fixed on me in anticipation of the supper he was going to make of me." The friend, who had thus far listened to the thrilling story, interjected a laugh, and said: "Why, man, according to my reckoning, that last wolf must have had all the others inside him." The hero: "Well, come to think of it, that last wolf did wobble a bit."

* * *

Can cancer be caused by sex hormone ointments that are applied to the skin?

Yes, if used indiscriminately and without the advice of a good doctor.

* * *

Where can I redeem currency that has been damaged?

Redemption Division, U.S. Treasury, Washington, D.C.

* * *

Can you give me the family record of the seven brothers who were all a lot of bastards?

If I know the one you mean, it goes like this:

There were seven brothers—

One brother was a banker,

The second brother was a thief, too.

The third brother was a WPA,

The fourth brother didn't work either,

The fifth brother was an evangelist,

The sixth brother played around with women, too,

The seventh brother was a bachelor,

Just like his father.

* * *

Has the grapefruit-seed any commercial value?

Harry W. von Loesecke and Arthur J. Nolte, of the U.S. Citrus Products Station, have conducted research with

grapefruit-seed, with promising results. It's expected that the seed will soon contribute income to the citrus industry. A plant has been erected at Winter Haven, Fla., in the center of the grapefruit belt, where oil is being extracted from the seed. Crude or unrefined grapefruit-seed oil is reddish-brown in color, and, when refined, can be used in salad dressings. The textile industry also will find the oil useful. The oil has a bitter taste and a pleasing nut-like aroma.

* * *

Please answer this wire right away. I am to get married tomorrow to the most beautiful, lovely, luscious girl in all the world, but I am suffering from a heavy cold. What do you advise?

I suggest you marry immediately and rush to bed, where you should remain for the duration of your cold.

* * *

In several places throughout your volumes of questions and answers you write critically about the service fees charged by banks. Have you any figures to show what such collections total?

My newsclip filing system yields an item which covers the bank service charges in Kansas during 1939, showing that the charge on checks is more than the dividends. Elwood M. Brooks, Kansas Bank Commissioner, in his report on the service charges shows the banks collected \$995,144.98 in service charges during 1939, an increase of \$17,539.13 over the 1938 service charge collections. The total cash dividends paid by the banks in 1939 amounted to \$870,873.50, which included interest charges on capital accounts as well as the cash dividends.

* * *

Since you admit frankly that you patronize saloons, may I ask if you are going to getting beastly drunk?

I'm not given to getting "beastly drunk," as you put it so crudely. I'm reminded of the party given by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the author of "School for Scandal," "The Rivals," and "The Critic," at which he said: "Now, gentlemen, let's understand each other. Are we to drink like men or beasts?" Somewhat miffed, the guests cried, "Like men, of course!" "Then," he replied, "we're going to get jolly drunk, for brutes never drink more than they want."

So, when my uppish reader asks me if I get beastly drunk, I take it as a compliment (in the Sheridan sense, of course) for this means I'm to drink no more than's enough for a lift out of the humdrum things of life. The other evening I attended a piano recital in Joplin, Mo., where I sat patiently for an hour and a half listening to the music of an attractive woman whose playing wasn't as good as her looks. But that isn't the point. She was introduced by a local physician, Dr. Ellsworth Moody, one of the best general practitioners (he also has several specialties) I've even known. During his remarks he said he always used to feel apologetic when he admitted back in the old days that he hailed from Joplin, for the mining town in those days had nothing to boast of except that its saloons were the best in the country. Now, he urged, all is changed. Joplin is becoming a center of art and culture. We'll let that remark pass. After the concert I went up to the doctor and said I liked his little speech but felt compelled to disagree on one point. A town, I commented, that can honestly claim it has the best-run saloons in the country certainly has something to boast about.

* * *

While reading several of your volumes of questions and answers I came on the expression "homo sapiens" in several places. Aren't you going highbrow on us?

Really? In one place I said "homo sapiens is the scientific name for the human race." Is that going intellectual in a hurry? In another place I say "homo sapiens means 'wise man.'" Again I told what the words mean. That's all I can remember. Now, go back to the volumes and enjoy yourself, and if you're afraid of highbrowism just snoop around and enjoy some of the earthy yarns. As I've said before, they're all there, and some of them are really funny.

* * *

I find myself a little confused by what you've written about H. G. Wells as a Rationalist. After going through all your volumes of questions and answers I find that in one piece you bawl out Mr. Wells for having written a theistic book, but in another place you praise him for his Freethought and Rationalism. Which is right? Is Wells a sup-

porter of organized churches or is he an anti-clerical, like Clemenceau?

Joseph McCabe, years ago, took the hide off H. G. Wells for his book, "God the Invisible King." Where I wrote only a few paragraphs against that silly book, McCabe wrote chapters. But, let's be fair and give publicity to the fact that Wells himself is ashamed of his book and wishes he'd never written it. In an interview with John Rowland, in May, 1940, Wells said:

"Rationalism is not a fixed system of dogma. It is an attitude of mind towards things in general—an attitude of mind which may yet set the world right. But we must get our definitions straight and our ideas clear. I remember that once for a short time I took to using the word 'God.' I wrote a book called 'God the Invisible King,' in which I was careful to explain that when I used the term 'God' I did not mean the Christian God; but no one took any notice of that. If you speak of God every man thinks that you mean his God; and his God may be anything from a metal idol to a mathematical formula, or Lord Haldane's 'Absolute.' In fact, 'God' is a fetish word, which everyone thinks they understand, but which, when analyzed, turns out to mean so many contradictory things that it means absolutely nothing. . . . That little episode over 'God the Invisible King' is something for which I am now wholeheartedly sorry."

Spoken like a man. So let's all agree never to mention that bad moment in this Rationalist's life. His recent book, "The Rights of Man," is Rationalism from first to last.

In the Rowland interview, Wells said he holds that the Roman Catholic Church is the most dangerous of all, explaining:

"It is more compact as an organization. There is a large body of priests, who are keen and able men, but unfortunately trained to do only one job—to be Roman Catholic priests. They dare not express doubts, even if they feel them, for if a man leaves the priesthood it is like jumping off a ship in mid-Atlantic. After all, there can be only one Joseph McCabe or so in a generation."

Wells says the book which first made him a Rationalist was Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual

World." Wells adds: "It was supposed to be on the other side, of course. Books of apologetics, in my experience, are always the books that manufacture heretics. Paley's 'Evidences' was another book that put me on the right path, though that was not the path that Paley thought himself to be recommending."

* * *

I submit for comment a clipping from *The Harvard Progressive*, which reports a survey of virginity among the women students at Radcliffe.

The figures are compiled from replies to secret questionnaires. I doubt such reports are reliable, for not all people tell the truth about their sexual lives, even when they're permitted to remain anonymous. The human animal, as a partner in sexual experiences, isn't even sane under the best conditions. Even when he or she is "normal" there's no end of jumbled emotions. And when things get off-color (which is more "normal" than our puritans imagine) the result is bewildering. In the Radcliffe study a better method of inquiry would provide for a committee of numerous movie stars, athletes, dancers, sissies, cave-men, men-about-town, seducers, moralists, queer guys, fumbler, and other types of prospective participants. Thus the students would be studied under test, or laboratory, conditions. Clark Gable, Tyrone Power, Ronald Colman, Basil Rathbone, Charles Laughton, Mickey Rooney, Bishop Manning, Tommy Manville, and others would then be turned loose with the understanding they would make their data available to statisticians employed by the investigators. But just how such men could be made to tell the truth is beyond my knowledge. Furthermore, such researchers would leave practically untouched the vast field of lesbianism, sadism, masochism, and related forms of behavior. I leave the problem in the haze it's been floating these many centuries.

* * *

Where did the Trotskyists stand on Stalin's aggression against Finland?

It's hard nowadays to find out who the Trotskyists are, for there were, at last report, new split-ups of the Fourth International. This has happened eight times, so it's pretty hard

to throw a brick among the leftists without hitting a new brand of Trotskyist. Even Trotsky has denied he's a Trotskyist. So far as I can learn, the main faction, led by Leon Trotsky, continued to bawl out Stalin but insisted the Soviet Union was right in barging into Finland. Two Trotskyists, Max Schachtman and James Burnham, rejected this position, insisting this wasn't the true Trotskyist line. Trotsky flared up and branded them as deviators from the true Trotskyist position. Besides, said Trotsky, they belong to the "petty bourgeois," which is just about the worst thing a revolutionist can say about one of his inner-party opponents. As I understand the term, a member of the petty bourgeois is one of the lower middle class, which means Schachtman and Burnham are a couple of notches above the horny-handed proletarians. But, Trotsky himself has never been a proletarian, having always been either a professional writer or a professional revolutionist. Lenin is another proletarian saint who never did a day's work in his life, having begun his career as a lawyer, from which he switched to Socialist journalism and the career of an anti-tsarist revolutionist. Karl Marx, the Pope of Proletarianism, never saw the inside of a factory and never did a lick of work for wages in his long life, having begun as a Socialist journalist and having continued as an economist for a half century.

* * *

I don't recall ever having seen anything from your sweet, romantic, sentimental pen extolling chivalry.

The age of chivalry isn't gone. I know from observation that manly sentiments and heroic enterprise are still to be found when women are in distress. With Emerson I say that the whole of chivalry is in courtesy, and that can be illustrated by an anecdote which I am sure will warm the hearts of my idealistic readers. At a dinner party the hostess, during a lull in the conversation, was unfortunate enough to emit a loud, rasping noise, what Mark Twain called "a clearing of the nether throat." A Frenchman, sitting by her, immediately apologized profusely, as if he'd committed the unsocial act himself.

When the ladies had left the room, an American asked the Parisian why he had acted in this manner. "As monsieur knows, we are a chivalrous people," was his reply. "I saw that madam was embarrassed, so I tried to throw the blame on myself." Later, the gentlemen joined the ladies upstairs. After a little while the American found himself in conversation with his flatulent hostess in the middle of a group of guests. Suddenly the alarming incident was repeated by the hostess, this time even louder. The American turned quickly to the assembled guests and announced with an engaging smile, "Folks, this one's on me, but the next one's on the house!"

* * *

I am a supporter of the Bible, which I believe is more reasonable than many of the ideas expressed by you so-called Freethinkers. (Free of what?) You are especially amusing when you say the world is millions of years old, as though you can prove such an assertion. I find it much easier to believe with the Bible that our earth was created in the year 4004 B.C.

This woman should read a few books by modern scientists, especially the popularizations by Joseph McCabe. If she would study evolution, geology, physics, biology, and a few other sciences, it would be easy and reasonable to accept the fact that the world is millions and millions of years old. I'm sure she doesn't know that the idea that the world was created in 4004 B.C. was inserted into the margin of the first book of Genesis only 300 years ago when the unscientific and humorless Archbishop Ussher figured out his calculation merely "on the generations of Israel recorded in the Old and New Testaments."

* * *

How does a short-changer work his swindle?

This simple and old trick is worked this way: The crook, let's say, goes into a restaurant and orders a meal. With his check he walks to the cashier, to whom he presents a \$10 bill to pay the check. She hands him back a \$5 bill, four ones and some coins. He takes another single bill from his pocket, hands her five ones and asks for a \$5 bill. She gives it to him, holding the five ones in her hand. "Now," says the short-change

artist, quickly, "I'll give you this \$5, you give me back my \$10 and we'll be square." If she does (and they usually do) she's out \$4, some change and the price of a lunch.

* * *

Walter Winchell says Hollywood and Broadway press agents don't know the dictionary's definition of "glamour." Its real meaning is "false lustre," he says. What about it?

He's wrong. I don't usually quote Funk and Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary, but since it agrees with me I'll drag it in. According to this authority, "glamour" means "to cast a spell over; fascinate." My pet authority, Webster's New International, says it means "magic; enchantment . . . to bewitch." It also allows "a deceptive or enticing charm . . . a spell or charm, as one which deceives the sight." Now, don't get the idea I insist always on strictly formal definitions. I also have a taste for verbal informality, as in the case when the little monkey asked the mama monkey to define a virgin monkey, and her reply that it's a monkey who won't let monkeys monkey with her monkey. That isn't strictly scientific, but it serves.

* * *

What's your opinion of the poor man's press?

By the term "poor man's press" I take it my reader refers to leaflets and pamphlets. I'm for them. They're important mainstays of a free press. Rich men can invest in mighty rotary presses to turn out immense newspapers and magazines, but what can the poor man do when he wants a medium through which to express himself? Turn to circulars and pamphlets, of course, because they're cheap—and effective. I've made it a strict point to cooperate with such individuals when they write pamphlets which lack commercial possibilities, or are of such a personal nature that they can't have general public acceptance. Only the other day I printed a pamphlet for one of my readers, M. Buck, 3782 Redwood Ave., Venice Calif., whose manuscript was, entitled "The Human Mind." I offered to print the pamphlet at his own expense, which he took advantage of, and the result is a neat, attractive 32-page pamphlet which he can use

as he sees fit. He ordered 1,000 copies, paying for them under the terms outlined in a circular I send to persons who ask how they can have their manuscripts turned into pamphlets. One such reader had me do four pamphlets for him last year, for which I received several hundred dollars, and for which I gave, in return, the benefit of my experience as a printer. He got the benefit of my mass-production methods, for the booklets he ordered (as in the case of Mr. Buck) were able to fit into one of my Little Blue Book sizes. Readers who have manuscripts which they would like to have published at their own expense are invited to ask for a free copy of the circular just mentioned. People who want to enjoy the benefits of a free press (independent expression) can satisfy that urge by resorting to the "poor man's press." It's fun, too.

* * *

When I pay 9c for a 1-pound loaf of sliced bread, what's the wheat in it worth?

There's a little over 1c worth of wheat and somewhat more than 7c worth of transportation, labor, baking, paper and other materials and services, according to a bulletin issued by the Kansas State College.

* * *

Can male and female sex hormones be absorbed through the skin from ointments?

Yes, but it isn't wise to use such ointments except as directed by a physician. They sometimes cause cancer. Dr. Joseph Eller and Shirley Wolff, of New York City, point out that commercial face cream containing a female sex hormone produced cancer in animals "as well as other profound changes when applied on the skin in one-fifth of the amount recommended for daily use by women."

* * *

Since you act the part of an Emily Post, let me ask what you'd do according to the rules of etiquette if, during a White House reception, you found you had somehow lost your pants?

I'd look for them.

* * *

Which letters do you regard as the weakest sounds in our language?

"S" and "f."

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