

REPORT ON THE RUSSIANS.....



W. L. White

INSTALLMENT TWO

We get a quick first look at Moscow. Wide, incredibly empty streets, sidewalks full of hurrying, shabby people, walking past dingy shops in dilapidated buildings. Monotonous rows of uninteresting apartments, concrete beehives which sometimes make an effort at beauty in ornamentation. But it is half-hearted, like the architecture of an institution.

Now we come to Spaso House which, before the 1917 Revolution, was built by a beet-sugar baron, and is one of a number of such palaces in Moscow which once belonged either to the merchant prince or the Romanov nobility. The Bolsheviks have turned them over to foreign governments for embassies. Inside, all are giant forests of marble columns from the tops of which, like grapevines, trail the marble balustrades of staircases. They are as drafty as movie sets, and as cozy to live in as Grand Central Station. In the back yard of each is a hen house.

It was in one such august hall, its spaciousness lightly salted down



May Day in Moscow

with curved gilt furniture, that Eric Johnston held his first press conference.

The reporters plead for bi-weekly press conferences. For the Soviet Government has promised he can see everything he desires, and, until he has been in Moscow for a while, he can't conceive how closely foreign reporters are held down; how seldom they are allowed to leave Moscow; how little they see or hear.

But now Johnston is off to call on Mikoyan, an intimate of Stalin and a top Bolshevik, who is People's Commissar for Foreign Trade, our official host.

Johnston returns from the Kremlin very much impressed by Mikoyan. "Highly intelligent. He'd be prominent in any country. In America he'd be a big businessman or industrialist. I told him that. He seemed pleased."

Tonight our Russian hosts, with Kirilov in charge, take us to a concert in Tschalkovsky Hall, which in New York would be Carnegie Hall. I look at the hall which seems well built but a little too ornate. Then at the crowd. It is intent on the stage and in the half-light looks shabby, except for the red epaulets on the officers' uniforms. Most of their heads are clipped, Prussian style.

Each act on the stage is introduced by an attractive brunette in a simply cut dress of gleaming white satin. By contrast with that shabby audience, she is a dream princess, and so are the performers. This drab socialist audience stares at the stage as though it were some unobtainable fairyland of which they get just an hour's glimpse.

A male pianist has just taken his bows and retired to the wings and they are now clearing away his grand piano for the next act. How? Well, the slender brunette in the white satin dress is pushing it, a feat made possible because it is on casters. Later, after watching many slender women heave pianos, trunks and crates around, we become almost as calloused as Russians. But now in the dark we look at each other wordlessly and smile.

Now the lights come up and we go out into the great foyer where the Russian audience is indulging in the pleasant European custom of a between-acts promenade.

And I've never seen anything like it. Ill-fitting clothes, poorly cut, often flashy but always of tawdry materials.

This is the Tschalkovsky Concert Hall where seats usually go to top officials or to crack Stakhanovite workers who get high wartime wages. But their clothes can't compare with those of a meeting of the Workers Alliance in my home town of Emporia, Kansas, at the bottom of our depression. Yet Carnegie Hall seldom offers a better program than the one that we heard on the stage.

I note that the crowd is almost as poorly fed as it is poorly dressed. The Red Army officers are robust enough. But too many of these Rus-

sian women have had complexions, which seem to indicate lack of vitamins. These people, in their twenties and thirties, were children during the hard days after the revolution; years of malnutrition show in their bad bone structure. No wonder we three average-sized Americans stand half a head higher than the Red Army officers who parade there.

Although Red Army officers must still spend some time in the ranks, schools like Amapolis and West Point have been established where they give promising youngsters training toward commissions. Also the Suvarov cadet schools have recently been opened, admitting sons of officers and orphans as young as eight years old.

These officers in the foyer of the concert hall are apparently on leave and, except for the fact that they are under-sized, are fine-looking men. They are usually blue-eyed blonds with high cheekbones, and their unsmiling Slav faces and clipped bulletheads constantly remind me of old-time Prussian officers, as they solemnly patrol the foyer with these shabby, undernourished women.

But now our hosts tear us away from this revolving crowd to a room near our box where a little between-the-acts supper is being served in our honor by the director of the theater.

This truly oriental hospitality has nothing to do with Lenin or the theory of Surplus Values. These people may be socialists, but they are also Russians. As such, they inherit an even stronger tradition from the Mongolian Emperor Genghis Khan than they do from Karl Marx.

Looking around the hall, I wonder where they keep the old people. All these faces are young; in their twenties and thirties. So were those on the streets this afternoon. What became of Russians who should now be in their fifties, sixties, or seventies? Now, back in America, I still wonder.

In Russia, if you decide to move, you must go through about as many formalities as you would need to get married. In Moscow you don't just arrive in a taxi (for there are none) at the hotel of your choice. Foreigners stay at one of three hotels, but they are the best Moscow affords except for the Moskva which has been built since the Revolution and is reserved for high-ranking communists, important government officials (which is the same thing), well-known artists, and top Red Army officers. Its public rooms are in an uninteresting, classic style, which is best represented in New York by the Grand Central Station.

Intourist is a government-owned travel agency and you can start thinking Cooles or the American Express, because in peacetime it arranges tours with hotel reservations and meals. But in Russia it has complete charge of the movements and creature-comforts of practically all foreigners, and you cannot stir without it.

For here it is impossible to drop into a restaurant for a casual meal, go to a hotel for a night, or climb on a train for a trip. A Russian belongs to his job. He and his family usually sleep in an apartment house which his factory owns. He probably eats, in his factory dining room, food raised on his factory's farm. His children attend a day-nursery which it maintains. They play games and go to movies in its culture palace and they go on vacations when it can spare them on trains which it designates to resorts and workers' homes which it controls.

Foreigners can function in this rigidly ordered world only if some state organization provides for their living space, transportation, food, and ration coupons, which is where Intourist comes in.

The Soviet Government realizes that it cannot force foreigners from the Western countries down to the sub-WPA standard of living, which is the lot of most Soviet citizens. Consequently, it accords foreigners privileges which in the Western world are only common decencies, but which are fantastic luxuries in the Soviet Union.

I was accorded a large and comfortable room at the Metropole and presented with a book of ration tickets, each good for a meal in one of the Metropole's two dining rooms reserved for foreigners. It had still a third dining room for the selected Russians who were lucky enough to have permission to stay there. I never saw it, nor did they ever see ours.

My hotel room with an adjoining bath was comfortable but somewhat depressing. The washbasin drain was stopped so that it took ten minutes for my shaving water to run out, leaving in the bowl a scum of soap and whisker stubble, but I soon found this is standard in Russia.

After moving my bags to the Metropole, I stop by the embassy to change a hundred American dollars into 1,200 roubles. Once settled, I go for a walk in the town, with that

comfortable feeling you have when a large roll of money is rustling in your pocket and you may buy what you like in a strange city. Slowly during my walk, I discover that there is nothing I can buy. Here no one ever kills an hour. There are no cafes, bars, or hours of leisure time. The limited supplies of newspapers were sold out hours ago.

There remains the subway, which I can enter for the equivalent of four American cents. It has been proclaimed the world's best. It is a good one, exactly like the best in New York or London, with the difference that it is cleaner and its waiting platforms and corridors are lavishly done in costly polished marbles. Yet the system is small with few stations serving only a small per cent of the people.

In the Western world any transit corporation would spend the cost of this polished marble on more miles of track and more stations, swelling their capitalist profits by taking in more nickels from a public eager to ride nearer to work.

A day or so later we are shown our first Soviet factory. It is in Moscow's industrial suburbs and it makes the famous Stormovik plane for the Red Air Force. Approaching it we see enormous sign boards at the entrance on which are given the most recent production figures, the names of workers who have overfulfilled their quota—only here the word is "norm"—and big pictures of Lenin and Stalin, apparently painted by the same artist who does the portraits of the tattooed man, the snake charmer, and the two-headed baby for the side-show. All this faces a square, and there is also a little raised platform in which there is also a red wooden tribune for speakers. We later discover that these are standard in all Soviet factories.

Before inspecting this one, we are taken to the office of the director, who in America might correspond to the president of the company. He is a young man of thirty-seven, Vasill Nikolayevitch Smirnov by name, and tells us he has worked in aviation twenty-four years—eight years as director.

The director tells Eric Johnston that 65 per cent of his employees are now women, that before the war it was about 30 per cent. Hours? The regular eight-hour day, plus three daily hours of overtime, for which they are paid time and a half, as in most American factories. But they work six days a week, a working week of sixty-six hours. Boys and girls under eighteen work only eight hours a day, five days a week.

Wages are paid to the plant's 10,000 workers twice a month and on a piecework basis. For a predetermined quota or "norm" of work, the worker receives 750 roubles per month. Then, if he overfulfills this norm (and they usually do) his pay goes up on a sliding scale. So the true average would be 1,000 roubles a month, and an occasional 1,500 or 2,000.

Since the rouble has a purchasing power, in terms of rationed Soviet goods, of about 8 cents in America, the Soviet war worker gets, in terms of American purchasing power, between \$20 and \$40 for his sixty-six-hour week.

However, other elements brighten his picture. The worker may buy his meals in the factory's restaurant; if he chooses to eat all three



"Well-dressed" Red

there, that will be only 5 roubles a day. The factory also maintains nurseries and kindergartens. Women get the same pay as men.

But now Eric turns to the director. What does he get? He receives a basic salary of 3,000 roubles a month (in rationed purchasing power, about \$240) except that, if the plant wins a production banner (this one like most Soviet war plants have), he then gets 150 per cent more up to a maximum of 10,000 roubles a month (about \$800).

But Eric is now back to the workers; what about their grievances? Well, they take them up with the trade union committee for their department of the plant.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D., Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for March 24

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A PEOPLE GAINS NATIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS

LESSON TEXT—1 Samuel 7:1-8, 13-15. MEMORY SELECTION—Obey my voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people: and walk ye in all the ways that I have commanded you: that it may be well unto you.—Jeremiah 7:23.

The most powerful movement for national prosperity is a revival of spiritual Christian living.

Israel had come to the place where the people recognized that they were on the brink of national disaster.

One of the scriptures on revival is II Chronicles 7:14: "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

This is the way of revival and prosperity for America, too.

Revival will come when God's people will

I. Seek God's Face (vv. 1, 2).

The ark had been out of its proper place for a long time. The ungodly Philistines had it, but they were glad to return it.

The calamities which befell them speak of distress in the heart of an unbeliever when the presence of God is evident.

For a time the ark was in the house of Abinadab, but even there it was not in its rightful place. Samuel moved among the people, pointing them back to God.

This was his first act of public ministry, but behind that public act is the history of a godly life. Such a man can consistently urge others to turn to God.

The response of the people was wholehearted. They were thoroughly sick of their sin and separation from God. The earnest of their sincerity was their obedience to the admonition of Samuel that they

II. Turn From Their Wicked Ways (vv. 3, 4).

Israel had learned from their heathen neighbors to worship their false gods. These they must put away if God was to bless them.

The same prerequisite to spiritual revival exists today. But some may say, We do not worship heathen gods. One is astonished at the similarity between the ritual of some cults and orders and the ancient religions of heathendom.

The fact is that we have set up many new gods—money, fashion, social position. The command needs to go out again through God's messengers. "Put away the foreign gods."

Now the time had come for God's servant to call the people to

III. Humble Themselves and Pray (vv. 5-8).

Spiritual life thrives on the gathering together of God's people. The crisis in Israel was met by a great convocation of the people. We need to revive the great soul-stirring religious gatherings of a generation ago.

We can get plenty of people together for a football game, but where are the people who should be in our churches?

"I will pray," said Samuel. He was a great intercessor (see I Sam. 15:11; Ps. 99:6; Jer. 15:1). Revival never comes without faithful intercession on the part of those whose hearts are really burdened.

Ask yourself, How much have I really prayed for revival in my church, my community, and my nation? If I should begin to pray in earnest, would not God hear me and answer?

IV. God Will Hear and Forgive (vv. 13-15).

Because his people had sought him in humility and repentance, God forgave and cleansed and gave them victory.

"Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear" (Isa. 59:1, 2). God saved Israel out of the hands of their enemies. The Philistines, seeing them gathered together to pray, assumed that they were preparing to fight, and they attacked. In the previous battle at that very spot (I Sam. 4:1-10), Israel had fought with weapons of men and been disgracefully defeated. Now they fought with the weapon of prayer and faith in God, and great was the victory.

America is valiantly battling against the social and economic problems of these distressing post-war days, but one fears that all too often the weapons are those of the arm of flesh which will fail us. Let us look up instead of to one another. "God will save us" (v. 8).

There is an inspiring word of hope here for every troubled soul. You may, like Israel, have fallen into sin. Your life may be defeated. You may be utterly discouraged. Return to the Lord, put away sin, gather with God's people, pray, and God will give you victory, even at the very point of former defeat.



Powerful Lobby Fighting Missouri Valley Project

VIGOROUS freshman Congressman Charles Raymon Savage of the state of Washington's third district, former official of both CIO and AFL unions, former grange master and 4-H club leader, and himself a construction engineer, touched the match which may set off a congressional investigation into the lobbying activities of power and other interests seeking to defeat the regional authority measures for public control of the Missouri, Columbia and other river basins.

The young Washington congressman minced no words when he called upon the congress to institute an investigation "of the expenditures and of the corrupt practices" of the organizations lobbying against passage of these measures seeking to harness the rivers under congressional grants of regional authority.

Last fall this writer told you of the formation of one of the most powerful lobbies in Washington's legislative history to defeat the Murray Missouri Valley authority bill and companion bills, which include the Columbia River Valley authority measure.

Now the lobby has been dragged onto the floor of congress and un-cloaked for all to see as "the largest lobby of its kind in all power history... spending hundreds of thousands of dollars a year influencing legislation..."

Congressman Savage declares the lobby consists of a "small group of men, led by a former Insull company official, spearheading the organization, financing the operation of these three high-sounding organizations: the Reclamation association, the National Association of Electric companies, and the natural resources committee of the U. S. chamber of commerce.

Out to Rook People

"They are tied together as tightly as peas in a pod in their plan to rook the American people," Congressman Savage said.

He charged these organizations are seeking to prevent the construction of power dams by government in the nation's rivers. Failing in that, they are seeking to buy the power at the bus bar "to repeat their Muscle Shoals steal by paying the government a fifth of a cent a kilowatt and force the people to pay 10 cents... 50 times as much as it cost them."

The gentleman from Washington state charged that the lobbies have entered into "a definite conspiracy to break the Holding Company act"; that they are seeking to cripple the Rural Electric administration, to discredit TVA, to block the Columbia River Valley authority bill and to thwart other public power programs.

He declared that the lobby was headed by Purcell L. Smith and Kinsey W. Robinson. Smith, he said, is former treasurer of Illinois Power & Light, jointly owned by the late Sam Insull and North American company. Also he was a former president of the Insull holding company, the Mid-West corporation, and then an officer of the Commonwealth Edison company of Chicago.

"He (Smith) is now receiving \$65,000 a year for his lobbying efforts," Mr. Savage said. Mr. Robinson, the congressman charged, is leader of the resource committee of the U. S. chamber of commerce and president of Washington Water Power company and "has been lobbying against Columbia river legislation since 1937."

He charged that the lobby through referendum 81 of the U. S. C. of C., attempted to get support for legislation placing Columbia river power into their hands at the bus bar in the recent Rivers and Harbors bill, but failed.

Gift to Slick Promoters

"If that provision had gone into the bill, we would have deeded over all of our great streams, lock, stock and barrel, to a group of slick eastern and midwestern promoters," Savage said.

He charged that power companies were supporting the Washington office of the Reclamation association, "a lobby much larger than the lobby which was created to defeat the Walsh resolution covering an investigation into power trust financing and propaganda in 1926."

He cited evidence intending to show that the efforts of the lobby had postponed indefinitely further hearings on the Missouri valley authority bill and the same attempt was being made before the house rivers and harbors committee on the Columbia river authority bill.

Referring to the activities of Purcell Smith, Savage said: "This former Insull associate recently stated that 95 power companies are supporting his office here in Washington. We will find their handiwork in every bureau and department, and in much of our legislation."



HERBERT HOOVER HESITATED WASHINGTON. —Secretary of Agriculture Clinton Anderson had a hard time at first persuading Herbert Hoover to come to Washington for the food conference. Anderson caught the ex-President at Key West, Fla., where he was fishing.

"I've promised my family for seven years to take them fishing," Hoover told the secretary of agriculture, "and now at last here I am."

Anderson, however, emphasized the urgency of the food crisis.

"We need your experience and advice, Mr. President," he said. "You can go back to your fishing immediately afterward. But this is a time when your country needs you."

Hoover finally consented to come.

BRICKBATS WIN ELECTIONS

Two of the bitterest opponents on the house floor and in the interstate commerce committee are Representatives Clarence Brown, conservative Republican of Blanchester, Ohio, and Vito Marcantonio, American Laborite of New York City. Off the floor, however, the two respect each other's ability and get along well.

Sitting in the house lobby the other day they smilingly concluded an agreement which will probably never be carried out.

They were talking about campaign expenses, when Brown proposed: "Vito, I've got a suggestion. Why don't we both cut our campaign expenses to the bone? Here's how to do it:

"You go into my district and make three speeches against me. Call me a reactionary Hooverite, an isolationist, an economic royalist — and anything else you can think of. That'll elect me.

"Then I'll go into your district and make three speeches. I'll call you a Red, a Dago, a new dealer and an anti-Bankinite.

"With the proper literature about you in my district and the proper literature about me in your district, both of us are a cinch for re-election when we do that."

Marcantonio agreed that the idea had merit, and they shook hands on it.

NAZIS REMAIN IN GERMANY

A secret report on failure to de-Nazify Germany has been made to the war department, but is considered so shocking that it probably will be destroyed. It is now in the office of Brig. Gen. Frank A. Meade.

The report shows complete failure to clean out high-ranking Nazis. It also shows a surprising number of so-called German "laborers" who have secretaries and stenographers assigned to them.

This is one of the latest dodges to get around the employment of Nazis by the American army. According to army rules, no former Nazi can be employed in any job more important than that of a "laborer." Result is that many Nazis are used in important jobs, but listed on the books as "laborers." That is why they are assigned secretaries and stenographers.

These "common laborers" are then put in charge of important manufacturing plants. The report now in the hands of the war department was made by the public safety and inspection division of military government. It may never see the light of day.

HOW WYATT DID IT

If there were more men like Housing Expediter Wilson Wyatt around, President Truman would have easier sailing. The other day in Chicago, Wyatt was guest speaker at a banquet of the National Association of home builders, 3,200 strong, all hostile, all prepared to boo at the man who proposed revolutionary building reforms in order to complete 3,000,000 homes in two years.

As Wyatt arose, the atmosphere was charged with hostility. However, he told stories, explained his program, made no antagonistic statements.

"If you gentlemen are against this program, then you don't understand it," Wyatt said. "It's my fault for not making it clear."

After 45 minutes, having won over a considerable part of the audience, he stopped. Then for 45 minutes more he answered questions. Every inch of the way he fought for his program of low-cost housing for veterans.

Finally, when he finished, every builder in the huge dining room rose to his feet and cheered.

NOW WHITE SPAGHETTI

Some of the strongest opposition to the President's "dark bread" order is coming from an unexpected quarter — spaghetti manufacturers.

Spaghetti, macaroni and noodles are made from semolina, a gritty flour made, in turn, from durum wheat.

Semolina millers, as well as spaghetti makers, are up in arms about the "dark bread" order, declaring it will drive them out of business. A number of semolina mills have filed an exception.

Making Over Old or Sewing New Curtains



ARE your curtains shrunken? Take heart... here's not one but six ways of making them over or of sewing new ones with little fabric.

The budget'll balance if you reuse old curtains. You'll be delighted at the smartness. Instructions \$29 has directions for 6 curtains.

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Youth Found Cats to Be Similar to Human Beings

The following essay on "Cats" was turned in by a 10-year-old pupil:

"Cats and people are funny animals. Cats have four paws but only one ma. People have forefathers and only one mother. "When a cat smells a rat he gets excited; so do people. "Cats carry tails and a lot of people carry tales, also. "All cats have fur coats. Some people have fur coats and the ones who don't have fur coats say catty things about the ones who have them.

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