

REPORT ON THE RUSSIANS.....



W. L. White

INSTALLMENT FOUR

Russian newspapers and newsreels carry only small amounts of news about the outside world, and never anything which might arouse internal discontent with the Party's rule or the Soviet Union's standard of living. Now and then, of course, there is a slight miscalculation. For instance, Soviet newsreels, which specialize in strikes or disorders in the Western countries, ran many feet showing the Detroit race riots, including a vivid closeup of a cop beating a young Negro. The effect on the Soviet audience was electric. Some Russians even stood up. "Look!" they cried—"at that wonderful pair of shoes the Negro is wearing!"

Almost never do the authorities admit any book or movie which would give a straightforward picture of American life and the average American living standard. It is true that Soviet intellectuals have read and appreciate the artistry of "The Grapes of Wrath."

These curious, insubordinate malcontents would arouse little sympathy in the Soviet Union, and the only possible happy ending would be to have one of the younger boys join the Komsomols out in California, loyally squeal on the whole disruptive tribe, whereupon the NKVD would give chase and after exciting sequences, overtake and liquidate them at the base of the statue of Stalin.

Several American films are shown in Moscow and those are picked with the greatest care. The American films best known are Chaplin's "Gold Rush" and "The Dictator," a Sonja Henie skating picture and Deanna Durbin's "One Hundred Men and a Girl," after the Russian subtitles were written in to bring out a heavy class-exploitation angle.

When I was in Moscow, the most popular foreign pictures were "Jungle" and "Thief of Bagdad." Both were heavily attended. With the usual Hollywood skill, the scene of one is a Hindu village and the other is medieval Bagdad, neither portrayed normal life in the Western world and so were safe.

I did see, however, one excellent Russian picture, and did not need the language to understand and be moved by it. The story concerned a green cadet, very much on his good behavior, who arrives with his kit bag to join a veteran fighter squadron. He is at first generally hazed by the rest, gradually gets experience, shows his mettle and is slowly accepted. It depicted some highly combed-up and improbable shots of air fights, but these flights of fancy were no more distorted than the ones dreamed up in Hollywood swivel chairs.

All nations tend to play up their own battle exploits and to neglect their Allies, and America is, in this respect, a frequent offender. But certainly Red Army advances are decently covered in stories, maps, and pictures both in American newspapers and newsreels.

The Soviet Union, by contrast, almost never shows pictures of foreign battle fronts in its popular theaters.

Anglo-American landings in Normandy were shown to the intelligentsia and to high Red Army officers, who might have a technical interest in how we handle landing operations, but they were not released to the general public.

As a result, the average Russian firmly and logically believes that his government has until recently borne, not most of the war burden, but all of it.

From time to time Stalin makes statements which are both realistic and generous to his Allies. Rather recently he predicted that Soviet soil would soon be cleared of the invader and the armies could then proceed to follow the Fascist beast and crush him in his lair, adding that this would not be possible without the combined efforts of all the Allies.

This was, of course, printed in Pravda but the average reader, saturated with news of the Red Army, overburdened with personal problems, and ignorant of the extent of the Anglo-American sea, air, and

land effort, probably dismissed it as the kind of perfunctory gesture which all statesmen occasionally make.

Today another thundering big dinner at Spiridonovka to which Eric Joyce, and I are asked. This time only as humble spectators, for it is given by Molotov and the guests of honor are the British and American ambassadors to celebrate the anniversary of our aid agreement with England.

Any artist could draw Molotov with a ruler—a square body on short legs, square head, jaw, nose, and eyes, and there he stands. This square face is as devoid of expression as an Indian chief's.

Litvinov is also present—a keen face, thinning, sandy hair—intelligent, alert—a benign volcano. The reporters say he is the only accessible Kremlin resident. He will give any of the more serious one hour or so, explaining Soviet policy and problems—provided, of course, they don't bother him too often.

The dinner is like Mikoyan's, even to the climatic sucking pig—or rather his cousin, similarly shaved and boiled. I am next to another Foreign Office boy (Russians apparently keep their wives and daughters away from ravaging capitalist wolfs).

They are tremendously formal people—not because they are Communists but because they are Russians. When they throw an official shebang, everything must be just so, from oyster forks to medals. No wonder they were offended when Winston Churchill, visiting Moscow during the raids, turned up at Stalin's dinner in his siren suit. A czarist grand duke might be understood, but not these earnest Socialists. As Russians they must be spectacularly lavish; as Communists they must worry about the forks.

In the middle of the good will toasts, Molotov breaks a big piece of news; tells us that today they are launching an offensive to co-ordinate with our Anglo-American landing in Normandy.

In the major drive which presently followed toward Warsaw and East Prussia, no one can say they did not keep faith—scraping their manpower barrel, throwing war-cripples, semi-invalids, and boys into the line. Their sacrifices from the standpoint of manpower have been ghastly. Back of the front you see no young men who aren't either in uniform or limping with a wound, except the few who are in high administrative jobs. And you see absolutely no men between sixteen and forty at the factory benches.

Following the Molotov dinner, we told the correspondents of the announced attack, since it had already been launched and, of course, they filed the story. It was then stopped in censorship. The censors pointed out it had not yet appeared in Pravda. It is a rule of Russian censorship that nothing is officially true which has not been printed in a Russian paper. Pravda got around to printing the news of the offensive three days later.

"Tomorrow," says Kirilov, "we go

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Whit returned the latter part of last week from a visit with their son Dr. James W. White, Mrs. White and young grandson, James W. Jr., in Knoxville, Tenn.

Mrs. Kenneth Evans, Jr., an children, Kendra and Kenneth III, and Mrs. J. P. Geanes have returned from a weeks visit with Chief Gunner and Mrs. Osca Basden at North Beach, Md.

Mrs. Caldwell and Miss Mar. White Caldwell, mother and sister of the late Dr. E. N. Caldwell

It towers dramatically above the canal, which is reached by a preposterously wide flight of steps—I would guess fifty of them—which are dominated by a titanic statue of Stalin. At the bottom is our boat, a streamlined version of a Mississippi River steamer.

To entertain us they have brought three of the plump opera artists. They were better by candlelight. Now we see a few double chins we had overlooked. They arrive in very formal dresses, but soon change. It's like date night at the Old Ladies' Home. Yet everybody is trying pathetically hard to show us a good time.

The paddles are churning—through the new, white silk curtains I see the bank moving so I go on deck. On one of the long padded wicker divans, Johnson is already stretched out, shirtless for a sun bath. Two sailors, under Kirilov's supervision, come trundling out a radio-phonograph trailing a cable. This is set up in the middle of the deck.

"Now," says Kirilov, "we will have American music." Whereupon its loud speaker is aimed at Eric and it begins to play, "Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny! How you can love!" An excited male voice begins to sing the words breathlessly, as though he

had first been chased around the block.

The banks sliding by might be illustrations of a fairy tale. There are tall birch forests and if it were night, I am sure a distant light would appear and walking toward it we would find the old witch and her house of stick candy.

Now and then we pass a clearing and a village of logs, with those beautifully carved doors and window frames characteristic of Old Russia. Occasionally naked girl swimmers duck down as we go by.

This canal probably isn't quite as wide as the Panama but two of these great steamers can pass. About every fifteen or twenty miles there is a loading station almost as big as the one where we came aboard—but no towns are in sight. At each station a mammoth metal statue of either Lenin or Stalin commands the canal. They hold the same poses here and throughout the Soviet Union. Stalin, in his heavy overcoat and cap, strides along, swinging his arms; Lenin always gesticulates with arms outstretched.

How was the canal built, I ask. By 3,000,000 political prisoners, working with picks and shovels, and it took them only a little over two years.

We float for a while through soft birch forest and sure enough, another statue looms ahead. For us another disfigure the Russian landscape but I suppose we are no more annoyed than Russians would be at the billboards which line our highways. However, the artists who paint our cigarette ads are more skillful than the monumental masons who designed these cigar-store Indians.

One of the British correspondents who lives up on the fifth floor of the Metropole invites me and half a dozen other correspondents up for a party, and I take as a contribution my Bolshevik factory cake.

The party starts about 10 o'clock with sandwiches and black coffee, brewed over an electric stove—and my cake. The host has persuaded the Metropole maid, an old lady of seventy named Nina, who has looked after him for several years, to serve and wash dishes afterwards in his bathroom. At about ten-thirty a couple of Russian girls arrive. One is touching thirty, with the usual sallow, pimply Moscow skin and shabby clothing. The other is about twenty-four and the prettiest Russian girl I have seen. But the amazing thing is how in Moscow she has found enough vitamins to clear her skin.

Our host calls for Nina to bring cake plates and coffee cups for the girls. Nina eyes them with intense disapproval, shoves the plates into their hands and goes out banging the door.

Our host laughs. "She's adopted me. When, now and then, a Russian girl does spend the night, Nina puts the picture of my wife and kids where it's the first thing I'll see when I wake up."

Now for a note on sex in Russia. In the outside world Russians have an awe-inspiring reputation for promiscuity. It is unfounded. It grew up in the days when the Bolshevik Party denounced fidelity as a bourgeois fetish and proclaimed the new freedom in these matters, along with legalized abortion and post-card divorce. But even in those days the reputation was unfounded, for although divorce could be had for the asking (and some individuals got dozens), the rate for Russia as a whole was less than the American divorce rate. The average Russian seemed reasonably content with one wife.

Now divorce is difficult and abortion illegal in Russia and promiscuity politically unfashionable. Yet life seems to go on at about the

same cadence that it always did. One gathers that these matters are governed by deep instinct and are little affected by the official preachings of church or state, and that this is true not only of Russia, but for the rest of the world as well.

Having said this, I must add that the Moscow foreign colony is definitely underprivileged in this field. In part this is due to matters of taste, for the legendary Russian beauty turns out to be mythical in Moscow; at least she does not exist in the absence of adequate amounts of fresh fruit and tomatoes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Roosevelt tells Stalin of Normandy invasion.

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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 April 7

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FRIENDS OF JESUS

LESSON TEXT—Mark 10: 13, 14; Luke 8: 13-15; 10: 1, 2; John 3: 1, 2a. MEMORY SELECTION—Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.—John 15: 14.

Jesus is our friend. We may be His friends. Simple words thus present the most profound and satisfying experience of life. There is nothing more wonderful than friendship with Jesus.

We may become the friends of Jesus and make Him our friend simply by putting our faith in Him as Saviour and Lord and thus doing what He commands. He said, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you" (John 15: 14).

What kind of friends did Jesus choose? Did He limit His interest to a select circle of very religious people, or to the cultured and educated folk of His day? It may surprise some Christian people who have made the church a sort of exclusive club to learn how wide were the interests and the love of the Lord whom they profess to serve.

I. Children Were Welcomed (Mark 10: 13, 14).

Observe that the disciples had fallen into that strange mode of thought which excluded the children. They were undoubtedly well-meaning in their desire to keep the Master from the intrusion (as they thought) of little ones. He was engaged in dealing with profound spiritual matters and they felt that He should not be disturbed.

Jesus was displeased. He seldom showed such feelings. Usually He bore silently with their mistakes, but this was so serious that they must be rebuked.

Little children belong with Jesus. Let us not forget it, and let us not fail to make it easy and attractive for them to come to Jesus in our churches and Sunday schools.

II. Witnesses Were Chosen (Luke 8: 13-15).

When Jesus left this world to return to His Father's throne, He left witnesses behind.

It is significant that these men were of simple childlike spirit, unlearned in the formality of their day, but with a real genius for friendship both with the Lord and with a needy world.

The close fellowship of our Lord with these men was their course of training for service, and His blessed friendship was the burning fire which kept their hearts warm through the difficult years ahead.

III. Women Were Helped (Luke 8: 1-3).

Yes, and they became the Lord's willing helpers, just as a multitude of their sisters in the faith have been down through the ages.

Women responded readily to the Lord's message of redemption and to many of them He was able to look for loyal and sacrificial service.

Women were not highly thought of in His time on earth. They are little more than useful creatures in heathen lands today. Christianity set womanhood free, raised it to its glorious place of dignity and usefulness. Every woman ought to love Jesus with deep devotion.

Note that some of the wealthy women gave of their means to serve Jesus. It is one of the effective ways in which women carry on work for the Lord today.

IV. Outcasts Were Received (Luke 15: 1, 2).

Publicans and sinners—who would they be in our day? Drunkards, thieves, gamblers, prostitutes, criminals of all kinds.

A beautiful and touching word by G. Campbell Morgan is quoted in Peloubet's Notes. Listen sinner, Jesus "receiveth unto Himself sinners. He takes them into His comradeship, makes familiar friends of them, takes them to His heart. That is the gospel. He is not high-seated on a throne bending down to you and offering you pardon if you will kiss His scepter. He is by you in the pew, He is close to you in your sin, and He will take you as you are with the poison and the virus within you, put His arms about you and press you into a great comradeship." Will you let Him do it—now?

V. Rulers Were Converted (John 3: 1, 2a).

"Not many mighty, not many noble, are called" (I Cor. 1: 26), but thank God, it does not say "not any." Some there were in high places who set aside their pride, their position and all, to come humbly to Jesus.

Nicodemus was one of these. It is true that he came by night, but he came; and that is wonder enough for a man in his position. Read his defense of Jesus amid the scorn of his fellow Sanhedrin members (John 7: 45-53).

These, then, are the friends of Jesus. Do you find your place among them? There is room for you. He is waiting to receive you. Will you come to Him now?



RUSSIA WAR TALK

WASHINGTON. — It's no secret that there's been considerable talk among the brass hats in the Pentagon building about war with Russia. Some of this comes from men who honestly feel war is inevitable and favor getting it over with right now. Others chiefly favor a little war talk because of its help in passing military conscription.

However, there can be no doubt about the views of the top military man in the war department—Gen. Dwight Eisenhower.

Two or three weeks ago, Eisenhower was attending a Washington dinner party when people began to talk about war with Russia. Irrked by the conversation, he remarked that he was "amazed that so many people should suddenly be seriously considering the idea of war with Russia."

Then the chief of staff proceeded to give a pointed lecture on the foolishness of this war talk, which can be briefly summarized as follows:

"People who want war should only think a few minutes about the sacrifice Russia has made in the past five years — a loss of life and property so large we cannot conceive of it. A people who have suffered such a loss will not turn tail before any military force in the world today. But at the same time they will not go out and look for another war.

"And neither will we. This country is no more anxious to go to war with Russia. Our losses are great, and we want no more. Certainly the American people do not want to get involved in a war in which there can be no end but the destruction of the greater part of the world.

"We have nothing to gain to start with, and would have nothing left when it is over."

ANTI-HOUSING LOBBY

Most powerful lobby since the war threw itself into the battle to defeat the Wyatt housing program for veterans. Every congressman received wires, phone calls, letters from builders, lumber dealers, real estate men.

Many telegrams were phony, as several congressmen discovered when they tried to answer them. Others were signed with the names of people who later assured members of congress that they had not seen or sent the wires. These tactics, of course, have been used before.

The prize telegram, however, was one sent to all congressmen from the St. Paul-Minneapolis area by the Northwestern Flooring and Lumber company, of which V. H. Alberts is president.

After urging that the veterans' housing program be defeated, the lumber company had the gall to add:

"Please also exert your efforts to oppose a standing vote on these issues."

NO TRUMAN ROAD

Folks back in Jackson county, Mo., usually are willing to go the limit for any honor to their native son, Harry Truman. But a recent proposal to change the name of Van Horn road, an important traffic artery named after an early county pioneer, met with a storm of protest. Some of the rural citizens balked at stealing one person's tombstone to honor another.

Van Horn road was named after Col. R. T. Van Horn, who settled in the county in 1855 when Kansas City's population was about 455. He became mayor of Kansas City, was active in Missouri politics, and bought the county's first newspaper, later the Kansas City Journal, now defunct.

WALLACE AND ICKES

Henry Wallace and Harold Ickes, although agreeing on basic political ideals, have never been warm friends. For 13 long years they served in the same cabinet, but part of the time they fought like cat and dog over who was to run the forest service and the soil conservation service.

Ickes' exit from the Truman cabinet has left Wallace as the last of the original Roosevelt New Dealers, and the only cabinet member with a powerful hold on independent voters. An original Republican — as was Ickes — Wallace is strong with the Negro voters, labor, and the independent liberals.

As a result, Wallace's position inside the administration is better than ever. Truman and Bob Hannegan both are anxious to retain at least one all-out New Dealer. Wallace is their man.

SOUTHERN LABOR DRIVE

One of the most important labor decisions since the CIO broke away from the AFL has just been taken.

Phil Murray, head of the CIO, has decided to pour one million dollars into the greatest union organizing drive the south has ever seen. In a few weeks, CIO organizers by the hundreds will begin moving into Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, and the Carolinas, intent on organizing all unorganized labor, both Negro and white.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS Yoke Frock for Mother-Daughter A Simple Twosome for Spring



a youthful neckline and the briefest of sleeves. The dirndl skirt is flattering and easy to make. A perfect spring - through - summer twosome.

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Pattern No. 8882 comes in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 4, lower dress, 1 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material; contrasting yoke and sleeves, 1/2 yard.

Smart Twopiece SO SIMPLE to make you'll want several versions of this smart two piece style. The wrap-around blouse is cut all in one piece—has

ASK ME ANOTHER? A General Quiz

The Questions

1. What is the only professionally used musical instrument to have been invented by an American?
2. Do ants raise crustaceans and insects as laborers?
3. How many edges has a cube?
4. Of the 15,000,000 members of American labor unions, how many are women?
5. What U. S. towns use initials as names?

The Answers

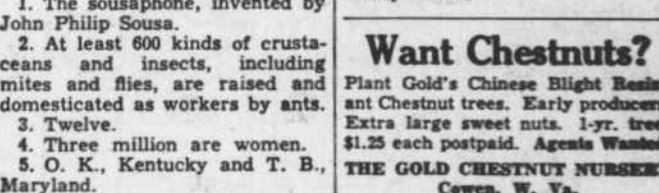
1. The sousaphone, invented by John Philip Sousa.
2. At least 600 kinds of crustaceans and insects, including mites and flies, are raised and domesticated as workers by ants.
3. Twelve.
4. Three million are women.
5. O. K., Kentucky and T. B., Maryland.

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