

REPORT ON THE RUSSIANS.....

W. L. White

INSTALLMENT SEVENTEEN

When the opera closes we are weary beyond words and long for bed. We are to leave early in the morning. But the handsome vice-premier is firm. After we have finished the banquet here at the opera, we must see the opera theater where a special program has been prepared for us.

This open air theater is packed to the balcony with a crowd about nine-tenths Russian and one-tenth Uzbek. They are singing an aria from "Maritza," immensely popular in the Soviet Union. A juggler follows, and then the grand finale: chorus girls prance out in costumes made in our honor—red and white striped tunics, and blue, star-spangled brassieres. Hopefully they sing a Russian translation of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

I talk for a while with the little Uzbek mayor, next to me at the table. But the vice-premier is talking. It is his broad-shouldered driving energy which has caught the factories hurled from European Russia and planted them in the desert, which has put millions to work damming rivers, building industries and carving out the new Russia.

He is sure of himself, of the driving power of this Bolshevik system and of the new world it is opening up among ancient Oriental tribes. He is telling us that he is glad he had this chance to show the new Russia to Mr. Johnston and to the American press. I liked him and his province.

Then the fat little Tass correspondent came up. He was pretty tight, and his German was sketchier than usual. "Wir wissen das Sie waren in Finland," he said, "aber das ist ein kleine Sache nur" (here he snaps his fingers)—a little, little thing is now forgiven of me. Because it was long ago that I was in Finland, and now they will trust me to be objective.

I thank him for this compliment and their trust, assuring him that my passion for Finns is now buried under rivers of Soviet champagne, so at last I can be objective.

For here we leave them. Kirilov announced they may go by train to Bokhara and Samarkand tomorrow, while we fly on this morning to Ashkhabad, the last Russian town on the Persian border.

The reporters and all the Tashkent Russians come down to the airport to see us off. In the car I ride with Nona. As we drive down a boulevard (Tashkent is very well paved) she tells us that near by is the cottage of her mother and father, a retired engineer. They live on his pension of 1,000 roubles a month, which in peacetime is decent but now is too little. But fortunately they own their house. Yes, you can now own a house in Russia and, if you like, either rent or sell it at a profit. Of course, its land belongs to the state. If they ever need it for a government store or apartment, they pay you only the cost of the house. But now you can borrow from the government without interest as much as 10,000 roubles, which will build a fair house, Nona says, and you have ten years to pay.

A doctor or dentist, who, of course, works in a state hospital, may have a private practice after hours, and charge what he likes—just as the peasants may sell their share of the collective's vegetables for any price, after the government has bought what it needs at the fixed low price. However, the doctor must conduct his private practice not at the hospital but in his own home, and must provide his own instruments.

Ashkhabad has, like the others, an old Oriental section, but the new Russian town is beautifully laid out and well paved. In the center is an irrigated park, an oasis of green in the yellow desert dust which blows everywhere. And in the park, under this broiling sun, is a veritable forest of Bolshevik statues, mostly Stalin. He is always striding along in his long overcoat with his ear flaps down, heavily gloved, just as he is under the Arctic Circle. It seems cruel. We want to get a can-opener and rescue him.

Since we left Moscow, we have noticed that, when his name is mentioned, less and less do the Russians leap feverishly to their feet overturning furniture, although his popularity is as great.

The rug factory is most interesting. I have watched Navajo women weave, but these Turkomen girls have greater skill and a more delicate craftsmanship. They are decked out in beautiful native costumes, wearing lovely hand-hammered gold and silver jewelry. In weaving they squat beside the looms, using both their fingers and toes to hold the thread and tie knots. As we pass through they work feverishly but I happen to return to one room and find them relaxed, gossiping and cackling.

The sad thing is that the Communist NOUVEAU RICHE who, to

demonstrate their loyalty, pay staggering prices for this beautifully woven junk, may convince the Turkomen craftsmen that Marx's bushy beard or Stalin's shaggy eyebrows are things of more breathtaking beauty than their ancient native patterns.

The day closes with a 12-mile trip through the blistering desert to the "horse factory." These desert nomads, like the Arabs and the men of our own Southwest, have always been proud of their mounts. They are shrewd traders and breeders of horseflesh.

In the stifling heat of my hotel room, the good-natured chambermaid suggests by gestures that I would sleep better if we pulled my cot onto the balcony. The sun rises early. I look down on a courtyard of squalid tenements, windows open and Russians sleeping everywhere, sometimes under shelter but often stretched out on the ground. The yard itself is filled with blonde, blue-eyed, flat-nosed Slav babies—two, three, four and five-year-olds toddling around, some wearing shirts and some not, beginning their early morning play before the sun is too hot.

And I marvel at this teeming, fertile, hard-working, long-suffering, indestructible race, which now spawns down here in this irrigated valley as it does under the Arctic Circle. Properly we think of Russia's empire as a relatively empty place. There is still elbow room for this generation—but what of the next? When the collective farms are so full of people that they can no longer feed themselves or the factories—what then? The problem is not one for our times, since today Russia, like England and America, is one of the "have" nations, with a comfortable share of the world's earth and raw materials.

Today these well-fed, blonde Slav babies play in the desert sun, reveling like all babies, in the dust of the courtyard, just under the mountains which divide the Soviet Union from Persia.

At the airport we say good-bye to our good friends Nesterov and Kirilov, and to Nick, who has so faithfully watched over us and our contacts.

But we were not quite through with the Soviets. At the Teheran airport they told us that the Russian Ambassador was tendering us a final dinner.

Our final Soviet dinner was in the Soviet Embassy dacha a few kilometers out of Teheran. The boiled Sears, Roebuck suits had not altered but our viewpoint had; after Moscow they now seemed smartly dressed.

The dinner was European—soup to fish to entree to salad to dessert to coffee, with brandy at the end for toasts.

The Russian Ambassador got up and said there were good reasons why Russia in the past had been suspicious of foreigners. Even today, he said, there were reasons. There was, for instance, in Switzerland, the Bank of International Settlements. An American was a member of its board, and also a German. All during the war this bank had continued to do business. Therefore, he said, the Soviet Union had good reason to be careful of foreigners.

When the Soviet Ambassador sat

down, Joyce was on his feet. For weeks we had been smothered both by hospitality and the ever-present attentions of the NKVD; now was his golden moment.

Fixing our host with a glittering eye, he said: "Mr. Ambassador, sometimes we have our suspicions, too. When Mr. White, here, was in Moscow, he stayed at the Hotel Metropole. His room was on the second floor. On the third floor," here Joyce paused, smiled, then continued gently, "were the Japanese." Presently it was time to go home. We said good-bye and went.

This ends my report on the Russians and here are my conclusions. I should add that these, as well as the general viewpoint of this book, are entirely my own, and not to be charged against my good friend Eric Johnston.

Any close relations with the Soviet Union are fraught with considerable danger to us until American reporters get the same freedom to travel about Russia, talk to the people unmolested by spies, and report to their homeland with that same freedom from political censorship that Soviet representatives enjoy here, and that American reporters enjoy in England and other free countries. This must also apply to European or Asiatic territory occupied by or affiliated with the Soviet Union. Correspondents abroad are the ears and eyes of our Democracy. If we are to help build up Russia, our people are entitled to complete reports from press representatives of their own choosing on what we are helping to build.

We should remember that Russia is entitled to a Europe which is not hostile to her. We should also remember that while American aid in building back her destroyed industries is highly desirable to Russia, it is not indispensable. She will not swap it for what she considers her security in the new world.

She is, however, in a mood to accept decent compromises. But if, as our armies are in Europe while this settlement is being worked out, we find we can't get everything we want, we would be childishly stupid to get mad, pick up our toys and go home.

If we decide it is wise to do business with the Russians, we can trust them to keep their end of any financial bargain. They are a proud people, and can be counted on to pay on the nose before the tenth of the month.

But any business deals should depend on their aims in Europe and Asia. We should extend no credit to Russia until it becomes much clearer than it now is that her ultimate intentions are peaceable.

I think these intentions will turn out to be friendly. However, if we move our armies out of Europe before the continent is stabilized, and if disorder, bloodshed and riots then ensue, the Russians will move into any such political vacuum. After all, they are not stupid. Russia for the present needs no more territory, but badly needs several decades of peace. She is, however, still plagued with suspicions of the capitalist world, and needs to be dealt with on a basis of delicately balanced firmness and friendliness. To date, the Roosevelt Administration has done an excellent job of this, in an unbelievably difficult situation.

(THE END)

Romance Adventure Story

SELECTED FICTION BY GIFTED AUTHORS

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 July 7

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THE LAW IN JESUS' DAY

LESSON TEXT—Deuteronomy 6:4-9; Matthew 23:17-22; Mark 10:17-22.
MEMORY SELECTION—Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am come not to destroy, but to fulfill.—Matthew 5:17.

Jesus Christ is the believer's final authority. He is both our Saviour and our Lord. He is our teacher, our guide, our pattern in all things. It is therefore of the highest importance that we know his attitude toward the Old Testament laws, and that is just what we are to consider in the lessons of the next three months under the general title, "Jesus Interprets Old Testament Laws."

Our introductory lesson tells us of the origin, interpretation and application of the law, then we go in later lessons to consider the Ten Commandments in the light of the teachings of Jesus.

It is appropriate to point out that, far from being outmoded, the Ten Commandments are really the basis of all moral law. They need a diligent restudy and re-emphasis in our day of disregard of moral standards.

I. The Law—Given by God (Deut. 6:4-9).

Our God is the one true God who is to have the complete and constant devotion of all. The fact that so many men have ignored him explains the awful depth to which the world has fallen.

This one and only true God has given through his servant, Moses, the fundamental moral law for the government of man, and he is to give diligent attention to it at all times.

Religion in the household (v. 7) should include the teaching of the Word, and the easy natural discussion of spiritual things in all the varying circumstances of home life. Blessed are the parents who make it easy for children to talk about the things of God as naturally and unaffectedly as they discuss the other phases of life which interest them.

The law of God should go with his people into their daily occupations (v. 8), not in any formal or stilted way but as the normal expression of their love for him. It should be evident to all who enter the home that the Lord is loved and honored (v. 9).

II. The Law Fulfilled by Jesus (Matt. 5:17-19).

The law of God is eternal, never to be abrogated, never set aside. Christ himself, although we might properly say that he was in reality the lawgiver and thus had power and authority over the law, indicated his purpose in coming to be that of giving the law its full meaning, not of destroying it.

One could wish that those who profess to be his servants might have the same measure of regard for God's law. If they did, they obviously would not be so ready to ignore it, so quick to change it or ready to accept with their Master every "jot and tittle"; that is, even the minutest detail of his Word.

It is a mark of greatness "to do and teach" the law of God (v. 19), and of pathetic smallness to break his commandments and to teach others to disobey God. Some of the supposed great men of this world are mighty small when they are measured by God's yardstick.

The one who recognizes Christ as the fulfillment of the law will go on in consistent living. In his strength and by his grace we are to obey every moral precept.

III. The Law—Applied to Man (Mark 10:17-22).

The moral law, which is God's law, is good and in its keeping man finds guidance for his life. Apart from Christ, however, he finds himself unable to keep the law.

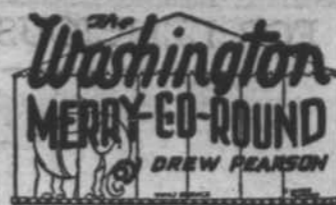
The gospel of the grace of God in Christ Jesus takes us a step beyond the law, and it is a great step for here we meet and follow the one who is greater than the law, the giver of eternal life.

Obedience to the commandments brings a man up to the very entrance upon that life, but to enter in he must have more than the "things" of the law; he must have the person who is "the door" to eternal life.

The young man who came to Christ was rich. His mind was obsessed with things. He had made it his business to observe the law, and had done well (v. 20), but his soul was not satisfied. He thought one more "thing" that he could do would accomplish his purpose.

The general attitude of the man was commendable. He sensed his lack of the vital something which would remake his life. He came to the right one—the Lord Jesus—with his question.

His failure to go beyond the things of the law to a faith in Christ, however, showed that he loved his possessions more than he desired to follow the Lord.



COURT FEUDS OLD STORY

WASHINGTON. — Some people seem to be laboring under the impression that wrangles are new in the Supreme court. Actually, wrangling began soon after the court was formed, with the attempted impeachment of Justice Samuel Chase, continued vigorously under John Marshall and has flared up intermittently ever since.

Latest wrangle, prior to the Jackson blow-up, was between amiable Chief Justice Harlan Fiske Stone and austere Justice Owen J. Roberts. Although Republicans and Hoover appointees, they did not get along well in recent years, and there was one hot, though private argument between them over the question of sitting on a case involving Stone's former law firm.

Before that, however, the most virulent feud on the Supreme court revolved around cranky, crusty Justice James C. McReynolds, the only Justice credited with driving an associate off the court. For six years Justice John H. Clarke sat beside him, and for six years McReynolds never spoke. Finally Clarke resigned.

McReynolds also tried to drive the late Justice Louis D. Brandeis off the bench. He would rattle his papers or even leave the bench when Brandeis rendered an opinion. And, when the jurists adjourned for their customary sandwich or soup and crackers at the noon recess, McReynolds turned up his nose at lunching at a table with Brandeis. Instead, he duffed his robe, drove downtown and lunched by himself.

BOW DURING GRANT'S REGIME

Another bitter battle inside the Supreme court took place during the Grant administration over the legal tender act. Justice Robert C. Grier, then senile, was induced by Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase to change his vote, thereby helping to make the legal tender act unconstitutional. This was a great embarrassment to the Republicans, who needed the legal tender act to support their fiscal policies during and after the civil war.

"The chief justice," charged Justice Samuel F. Miller, "resorted to all sorts of stratagems of the lowest trickery."

LINCOLN SPANKED JUSTICE

Another period of near-civil war took place in the court after the last war, when the nine justices were called upon to pass on the espionage cases. The court was so split, that a committee, including Justices Willis Van Devanter and William R. Day called on Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes to ask that he not write one of his usual vigorous dissenting opinions.

"You know what my ideas of the law are, and I will not change them," he replied. And for some months following this, the justices stopped speaking to each other.

Probably the most vitriolic criticism ever leveled against the court by anyone in high places came from Abraham Lincoln, when Chief Justice Roger B. Taney called upon the commanding officer at Fort McHenry in Baltimore to relinquish a prisoner during the Civil war. This the commanding general refused to do.

"The judicial machinery," remarked Lincoln at the time, "seems as if it had been designed not to sustain the government but to embarrass and betray it."

FEUD OVER JUSTICE FIELD

There was also the court feud over Justice Stephen J. Field at the time the Supreme court declared the income tax law unconstitutional in 1895. Field, then nearly 80 years old, led the attack against the income tax. Senile, and frequently asleep in court, a committee of his colleagues suggested his retirement but he only flew into a tantrum. His vote against the income tax made it necessary to pass a constitutional amendment to make the income tax legal.

EVERYBODY GETS HIS

Sen. Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma introduced an amendment to the OPA bill removing price ceilings on timber, petroleum, cotton, milk, livestock, tobacco, poultry, fish, grain, fruits and vegetables. This caused Connecticut's Sen. Brien McMahon to remark: "You can't beat that one. Elmer's got something in there for every member of the senate."

In this case, though, the amendment was beaten.

HELL-BENT FOR INFLATION

Despite all the confusing furore of the senate OPA debate, two things definitely stand out: (1) when price controls are removed, prices rise; (2) most senators are far more susceptible to the pressure of business lobbies than to the unorganized but overwhelming demand of the American public in favor of price control.

Florida oranges were selling for \$3.85 when price controls were removed. Immediately they jumped to \$4.47, then to \$5.45.

The Home Town Reporter

In WASHINGTON
By Walter Shead
WNU Correspondent

Commerce Commission Fails To Protect Public Interest

GOVERNMENT agencies which have been in business over a long period of years, particularly those agencies which deal directly with the affairs of Big Business, often lose their perspective. They seem to forget that their objective or reason for being is the protection of the general public.

A case in point is the Interstate Commerce commission. A long-time member of the commission, Clyde B. Aitchison, in a recent senate committee hearing let slip a remark which indicates the line of thinking of this guardian of the public's interests with reference particularly to railroads. The committee was considering the so-called Bulwinkle bill, which had already passed the house.

This measure would permit railroads to make their own rates and other agreements among themselves, subject to ICC approval, and would immunize the railroads from prosecution under the anti-trust laws as a result of these agreements.

During the questioning, Commissioner Aitchison referred to the railroads as "our clients and customers." Of course, the railroads are not their clients or customers and Senator Wheeler of Montana was quick to call Mr. Aitchison on his statement.

"Why do you refer to them as your clients? I thought the public were your clients, or supposed to be?" was Senator Wheeler's observation. And Mr. Aitchison rather lamely and naively answered that he was merely being facetious.

'Transportation Department'

Facetious or not, the attitude of Mr. Aitchison is too often the attitude of other agency members who are supposed to represent the public interest as against the encroachments of business and industry or any other factor. It is such an attitude which is causing some talk here proposing another cabinet post to be known as the secretary of transportation and bringing all forms of transportation under one head including air, shipping, railroads, bus and trucks and communications. Another plan would be merely the setting up of a new commission to regulate all transportation facilities.

The attitude of President Truman, at least his attitude while in the senate of the United States toward the transportation question, is well-known. He is on record as favoring the setting up of a transportation commission, for in a debate in the senate, he declared, "I believe that every kind of transportation should be treated alike by government, equally regulated, equally taxed. I think a transportation commission to control all transportation is coming. . . . all methods of transportation must be co-ordinated. If the government must finance them, let us face the situation and do it. Let us retire a lot of old fellows and give the boys a chance and a career to look forward to. . . ."

President Truman went so far as to co-author a bill introduced by himself and Senator Wheeler of Montana, which would, in his own words: "We are rewriting the entire Interstate Commerce act and are subjecting all forms of competing transportation to the regulation of a single independent regulatory agency."

The railroads have enjoyed unprecedented prosperity throughout the war years and government has been their biggest customer, and yet today, with reconversion only well started, the railroads are joining the procession in demanding increased rates amounting to 25 per cent.

During the past months, reams of propaganda has come from the railroad publicity offices to prepare the public for the recent demand of the railroads for the rate increase.

The Civil Aeronautics administration has done and is doing a creditable job in the regulation of air transportation, but they are now under fire from the shipping industry which is seeking trans-ocean routes in conjunction with their steamship lanes although the CAA has confined its franchises to a select few air lines for these routes to foreign countries. Whether this is in the interest of the public or the interest of these few airlines is a matter for conjecture.

At any rate, such statements as come from the lips of Commissioner Aitchison, which he explained as facetious, raises the question as to whether or not the interest of the public or those of the railroads are paramount with the ICC.

The ICC has a tremendous job to do in this postwar era, so has the CAA and so has the Federal Communications commission, and unless the public interest is the primary interest, these agencies are merely paving the way for their own extinction and the setting up of a central regulatory agency.

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Took Over 11 Hours to Run This Motion Picture

The longest motion picture ever released in this country was *Gone with the Wind*, which ran three hours and 50 minutes, or over twice as long as the average feature, says Collier's. The longest American picture ever produced was *Greed*, made in 1924.

While its running time was cut down to two hours and 56 minutes for theaters in the United States, this film was shown in Latin America in its original length, running 11 hours and 40 minutes over two consecutive nights.



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