

THE END OF AMERICA

BY T. HARRY THOMPSON

FROM the roof of a great automotive plant in Detroit, the noon whistle sounded—at ten A.M. Five short blasts and one long, like the frenetic screams of a sinking ship's siren. Workmen looked from one to another, murmured in undertones. What now? Fires were pulled from under boilers. Rheostats were snapped to "off" position. By prearranged signal, foremen mounted saw-horses, benches, and other elevations. The murmuring died in a diminuendo. The shop-bosses were speaking: "We are closing down—for good. Get your pay and go home. That's all."

In a giant steel mill at Pittsburgh, an overhead crane ground to a stop in its toothed rack. The operator left his cage, came down the steel ladder hand-over-hand to the foundry floor. Switches were pulled, open-hearth furnaces cooled, pneumatic chipping-hammers tossed aside. The foremen said their say. The exodus began. At last the trickle of men through the gate ceased. A sign was hung

upon it, simple and foreboding: CLOSED.

In an open stretch just east of Dayton, a crack express-train rolled to a stop with a screech of brakes. The fireman pulled the live coals from the fire-door, left it open. The engineer opened a steam-cock to let the pressure drop. Both clambered from the cab, dropped to the cindered ballast beside the right-of-way. To questioning passengers, the conductor said: "The railroad is going out of business. This is the last run."

All over the United States, similar scenes were being enacted. It was as though some giant hand had pulled the master-switch of industry. Ships, hawsered to their wharves, discharged their crews, drew their fires. Newspaper presses rumbled to a stop. Elevators in skyscrapers poured their last human loads into the streets, already boiling with bewildered crowds. As afternoon wore on, street-lamps and those in stores and houses failed to announce the evening. The utilities, too, had closed down.

In every city, town, and hamlet, a strange fear clutched at people's hearts. They milled and muttered, pressed and prayed.

Then, like a voice from afar, the cause of it all came clear upon the consciences of men. Like a herald of Doom, the voice said, so that all might understand:

Business and Industry have been hamstrung, harried, plundered for the last time. This is not a strike of

Capital. It is surrender! You have sold your birthright for bread and circuses. You have put your faith in politicians and labor-racketeers. Very well. Let them take the wreckage and do with it as they will. Business and Industry are through, finished, fed-up, washed-up. You were warned, and you have made your choice. There is no alternative.

This is The End.



ADVICE TO THE NEW DEAL WIZARDS

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

Our rulers will best promote the improvement of the nation by strictly confining themselves to their own legitimate duties — by leaving capital to find its most lucrative course, commodities their fair price, industry and intelligence their natural reward, idleness and folly their natural punishment — by maintaining peace, by defending property, by diminishing the price of law, and by observing strict economy in every department of the state.

RADIO HORROR: FOR CHILDREN ONLY

BY WORTHINGTON GIBSON

COME five o'clock every week-day afternoon, millions of American children drop whatever they are doing and rush to the nearest radio set. Here, with feverish eyes and cocked ears, they listen for that first carsplitting sound which indicates that the Children's Hour is at hand. This introductory signal may be the wail of a police siren, the rattle of a machine-gun, the explosion of a hand grenade, the shriek of a dying woman, the bark of a gangster's pistol, or the groan of a soul in purgatory. Whatever it is, the implication is the same: Radio has resumed its daily task of cultivating our children's morals—with blood-and-thunder effects.

The horrendous programs which clutter the ether from 5 to 6 P.M. cover a wide range of topics, but the theme of most is similar. Emphasis is placed on gore and violence: the other ingredients necessary to dramatic continuity are presented merely as camouflage. Some of the program heroes are Texas rangers, some are cowboys,

some are G-men, some are police officers, but one and all are occupied with the business of shooting their antagonists in cold blood, or laying plans to commit mayhem at the first opportunity. Somewhere a criminal's gun is being aimed, somewhere a smuggler's plane is crashing, somewhere a village bank is being robbed, somewhere a pirate boat is sinking, somewhere a bestial war is raging. Utilizing playscripts which are as ingenious as they are vicious, the heroes—and heroines—of the Children's Radio Hour hammer home the message of terror upon the sensitive minds of our younger generation. The results of such ceaseless bludgeoning are apparent to any casual observer of today's juvenile mind. With the aid of radio, we are doing our best to breed a race of neurotic impressionables.

The fact that children enjoy listening to blood-and-thunder thrillers is not remarkable; indeed, their parents spend considerable time listening to "adult" programs but a notch removed. The funda-