



The Presidential Cocktail

By DWIGHT FELIX PEABODY

OF that vast army of self-styled epicures in the great American art of mixing and consuming delectable alcoholic libations, undoubtedly the most exacting, most arrogant, most bigoted and most boastful is the fancier of the dry martini.

Any professional bartender will tell you that. He will also tell you that more atrocities have been committed in the name of the dry martini by the huge hordes of amateur drink-mixers than all other beverages put together. There is the mixer who uses sherry instead of vermouth, and the fellow who fortifies with vodka instead of gin. There are the addicts of lemon peel, olive, and the pickled onion; of orange bitters, angostura bitters, olive brine or onion brine. There is even the new, unorthodox school who pour their mixture over ice cubes and call it "martini-on-the-rocks." But there is one characteristic on which all true martini drinkers — and mixers — are agreed. It must be *dry*.

Their tastes may range from ten gin to one vermouth all the way down to four-to-one, but to drop the ratio any lower is to label a man as utterly lacking in decency and good taste.

And therein lies one of the hitherto undisclosed scandals of the New Deal. For among the most heretical and iconoclastic of martini mixers was none other than that most controversial, most heretical and most iconoclastic of Presidents, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

The reaction of the true martini drinker to the Rooseveltian cocktail is best illustrated by that of a staunch New Dealer who left a White House luncheon back in the middle 'thirties, a shaken, disillusioned man.

"That man," he whispered hoarsely to a waiting newspaper correspondent (and no hard-shelled Republican at the New York Union League Club ever put more emotion into a reference to the late President), that man is a *sweet* martini addict."

Curiously, the newsman missed the significance of that most significant remark. Had he published it at the time the whole course of history might have been changed. It could have cost the President the vote of nine-tenths of the nation's martini drinkers, and that, sirs, is a sizeable block of votes.

It was not until after the Teheran conference that the President's

secret was ferretted out. When the correspondents filed into the President's first press conference on his return to Washington, Mr. Roosevelt, always politically astute, quickly noted their resentful expressions.

They were still smarting under the censorship restrictions at Teheran, where the rule apparently was not to release news to the U.S. men until the London *Times* had already printed it. But FDR did not know this.

"What are they going to give me hell about today?" the President asked out of the side of his mouth to radio correspondent Jack Reed.

"I don't know about the rest of them," Reed replied, *sotto voce*. "As for me, I'm just going to ask you for your recipe for those martinis you are supposed to have mixed for Stalin and Churchill — 'According to your own favorite recipe,' it says here."

"Oh good Lord, don't ask that," the President exclaimed in alarm. There was a Presidential election in the offing. The farm states, where dry sentiment is still strong, were regarded as pivotal. And then, too, the votes of all those orthodox martini fanciers were at stake.

Although he did not get a chance to ask the question at that particular conference, Correspondent Reed scented a story, and he set to work with persistence and ingenuity to extract it from the President. For weeks, just before each press conference opened, Reed, always sta-

tioned directly in front of the President, whispered loudly: "I'm going to ask that question, Mr. President. This time I'm really going to ask it." And each time, and with growing apprehension, the President responded: "Don't you dare."

FOR several weeks Reed continued his war of nerves with the President. He even took to clearing his throat loudly, after each comment made by the President, and every time Reed cleared his throat, Roosevelt would dart a quick nervous glance in his direction, then, with frantic haste, nod to a friendly correspondent to jump into the breach with a friendly question.

Finally the President surrendered. One day Presidential Secretary Steve Early silently handed Correspondent Reed a sheet of White House stationery. On it, neatly typed, was the President's recipe:

Chill gin well. Mix *two-to-one*. Sniff mixture. If it smells of gin add more vermouth [!]. If it smells of vermouth, add a couple of drops of gin [!]. Add one teaspoon of olive brine for each martini. Ice and serve with olive. For extra smoothness, rub rim of glass with lemon peel.

And why did not Correspondent Reed break his sensational scoop? Because Reed, an anti-New Deal Republican, is a sweet-martini man himself, and despite his political prejudices and a lifetime in journalism, he could not find it in his heart to betray a fellow sinner.



BLUEPRINT FOR CONQUEST

By Dr. Fred Schwartz

WORLD conquest is as essential to Communism as water is to fish. All Communists are absolutely convinced that historical forces have ordained that they shall rule the world. Beginning with Karl Marx in the *Communist Manifesto* of 1848, this idea finds expression as a confident certainty in the writings of every Communist leader. Communist tactics have varied from age to age, and yesterday's orthodoxy is today's heresy; but in this sea of change one constant has been their utter uncertainty that they will rule the world.

World conquest is the very fulcrum around which the entire Communist program for remaking mankind rotates. What grounds are there for the Communists to believe that their plan for world conquest will be successful? What objective arguments can they advance in support of this assurance? It's a very sobering thought, but it's nevertheless true, that the measure of success that has attended the Communist program thus far surpasses their dreams of avarice. At this moment

the Communists are in absolute control of 800 million people.

In 1917 the founder of Bolshevism, Nicholai Lenin, sat in a café in Geneva, Switzerland. He was a lonely, isolated, and bitter man, at that time leader of a mere forty thousand fanatical Bolsheviks. Suddenly and unexpectedly the spontaneous revolution of February 1917 occurred in Russia, dethroning the Czar, creating a republic, and bringing to power the social revolutionary leader, Karensky. The revolutionaries in exile, in Siberia and the rest of the world, hastened back to Petrograd.

On arriving at the hub of Russian revolutionary activity Lenin startled everyone, including his own followers, by announcing that he, with his tiny party of 40,000 members, was prepared to take over and govern the whole of Russia. The other Marxists and revolutionary leaders looked at him in amazement. They doubted his sanity; they said in effect, "Poor old Lenin, exile must have gone to his head. Farewell, Lenin, the Marxist — welcome, Lenin