



TIME was when the Communist conspiracy would have climbed aboard the Davy Crockett bandwagon with gay abandon, the youth section wearing coonskin caps while the elder Bolsheviks pondered the implications of a Crockett cell in Washington.

But the old slogan "Communism is the Americanism of the 20th century" is as dead as Beria and unhurried Marxist evaluation of rustic folk heroes is now the order of the day. Consequently, Comrade Ben Levine, probing the Crockett lode for political minerals, kept a steady grip on his Geiger counter and came up with some unusual observations regarding Davy and his impact on the social scene.

First of all, Levine warned the *Daily Worker* audience, Crockett was a "game hog." Ben's research developed this little-known phase of Davy's career with the trusty flintlock: "His 105 bears in a single sea-

son, his six deer shot in one day while pursuing other game serve to explain why the rich hunting grounds of the Indians were swept so quickly bare of game by the white invaders."

This finding inspired Comrade Levine to poetic rage. Now that Davy could be classified as a counter-revolutionary, Ben tore off the following limerick:

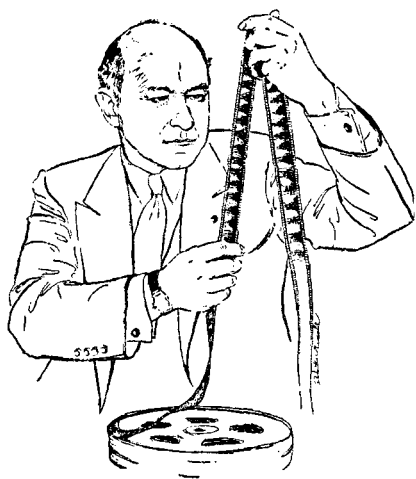
*Now listen, dear children, if you
Meet a man in the city park who
Has a knife in his pocket
And he's called Davy Crockett,
Warn the keeper to lock up the zoo.*

As a clincher (just in case some petty bourgeois comrades might still be sentimental about the man from Tennessee), Comrade Levine pointed out that Davy went to Washington and became a Whig. A Whig in the 1830's, Ben told the faithful, was equivalent to a Republican.

So Crockett was not returned to Congress because, Levine trumpeted: "His Tennessee constituents, who admired the man once captured by the Indians, did not admire a man who was captured by the Whigs."

The essay ended on a gloomy note. Davy not only was a trigger-happy coonskinner and a Tory, but commercial exploitation of his memory is watering the roots of capitalism. "Davy is a Boon to Business" the *Daily Worker* mourned. "Retail sales of articles with the Davy Crockett trademark in the last two months are estimated at \$100,000,000." The *Worker's* authority — the *Wall St. Journal*.

— H. R.



MOVIE with a TIMELESS MISSION

By Duane Valentry

THE FILM fades from the screen and slowly the lights come on. But the audience sits quietly. Here and there a sob is heard, but no voice or movement shatters the silence. Minutes pass. Then, as though loath to break the spell, the crowd begins silently to move from the theater.

The "missionary" movie has once again done its work.

The King of Kings, film story of the life of Christ, made in 1926, is a saga on its own. As an aid to religion, there has never been anything like this movie, which is shown some 3,000 or more times every year in the United States and used by missionaries throughout the world.

Back in 1927, when the film was breaking records in New York City, Alexander Woollcott wrote:

"It is my guess that *The King of*

Kings will girdle the globe, and that the multitude will still be flocking to see it in 1947."

The only thing wrong with Woollcott's prognostication was the date — he might have said 1967 and still called it short.

Motor chapels have brought *The King of Kings* into the most backward areas of the country. Generating their own electricity, they have projected the picture from the back of the motor chapel in open fields or piped it into halls. In this way, the "church on wheels" has been able to reach areas without electricity and places where movies have never before been shown.

These are the audiences that sit quietly after the heart-rending scenes of the Crucifixion have faded from view. These are the people, in the almost inaccessible areas in the mountains of Eastern Tennessee and