



EUROPEAN



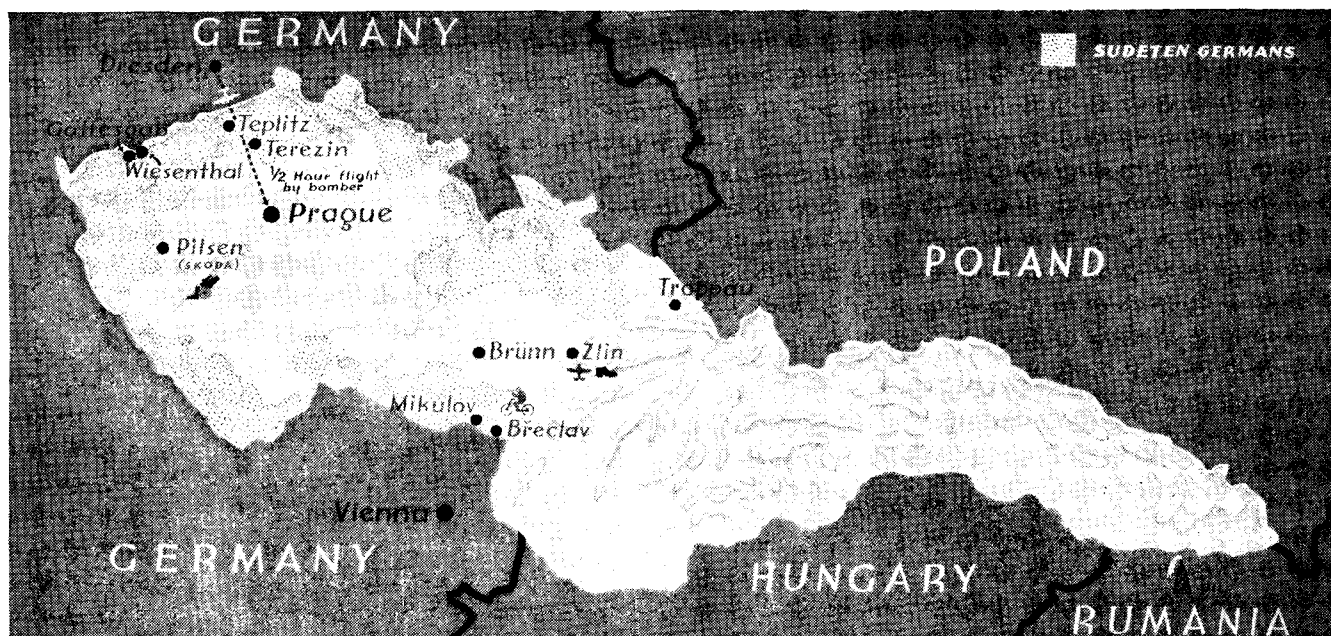
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**Top:** Gas-mask drill for girls between 14 and 17 is part of their training for behind-the-lines duty in wartime. Here they are emerging from the gas chamber of a truck in which they have tested their masks. **Below:** The Czech soldiers who play at war along the German frontier are part of the formidable army of 2,500,000 men that this tiny republic, about the size of Illinois, is prepared to put in the field on short notice





That's the song they sing in the wineshops of Prague. "All right, Adolf, come ahead!" Every citizen of Czechoslovakia is proud of his country's defiance and ready to make it good. Collier's correspondent shows you the wall of men and materials that are thrown across Hitler's path to the east

Behind the frontiers that jut into Germany (see map) is an elaborate system of pillboxes, fortresses and concrete trenches, from one of which the Czech soldier below practices swinging a hand grenade

## Come Ahead, Adolf!

By Martha Gellhorn

IT IS Sunday morning, and from the Castle Hill you can see the sharp elaborate church spires of Prague rising above the dark roofs of the city. Down there in the main street, President Benes stands bareheaded in the sun, in a flag-bright box, watching the Social Democrats of Czechoslovakia parade past. They come down the wide avenue, for four long hours, twelve abreast, with floats and bands, and they march in perfect time, in perfect order. It is very decorative and very gay. The Bakers' Union marches with giant breakfast rolls on their heads, the Slovak peasants in embroidered blouses and red skirts and high boots dance past, the Boy Scouts cook a meal and dodge the smoke from their campfire on a truck masquerading as a forest. They sing and cheer and salute the crowd and the president. All the banners and signs repeat the word: Democracy. They talk a great deal about democracy in Czechoslovakia because they think they may have to fight for it. They know that war is waiting about fifty miles away, at the nearest frontier.

You can't miss it. You can go on a

sight-seeing tour, and the guide will stop the bus before the ornate and complicated old clock on the City Hall. "This clock was made in 1490," he says, "before America was discovered. We were a free nation then, and we are a free nation again, and we will remain a free nation."

You can go to a wine shop in the evening; the walls will be made of sweet-pine wood and there are field flowers on the tables. The place is crowded, and people drink local wine out of squat dark bottles, or the blond beer from Pilsen. The entertainers sing a popular song, and the public joins in the refrain. The refrain is: "All right, Adolf, come ahead."

On the frontier between Silesia and Czechoslovakia, the land is open, and behind the town of Troppau little hills like the Ozarks curve around the fields. There are women bending in the beet fields, and men forking the grain. Beside the haystacks are other things that look like haystacks until you get closer and see that they are camouflaged pillboxes, with machine guns and antitank guns in them, and the soldiers stand as

quiet as scarecrows among the working peasants. Driving through the pine-woods behind Troppau, near Haj, you see a new fort being built, flat and wide on the top of the hill, and on the road dozens of steel spikes sunk into concrete blocks, from which later the barbed wire will be strung. Then the road dips down from the forest and crosses the river into a plain. On the other side of that plain is Germany, and across the nearest field is a triple row of barbed wire, on huge spools, and beside the river is a black cement-and-steel gun fortress where, beside machine guns, and antitank guns, there are also the highly perfected antiaircraft guns that all Czechoslovakia believes in. Three soldiers talk to some girls who are drying their hair after swimming in the river.

In the next town—Odersch—you see the Henlein Nazi swastikas and flags in the windows of the small houses, and the Czech soldiers, with the magenta tabs of their regiment on their coat collars, walking quietly about the streets. The fields are warty with pillboxes and black

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WIDE WORLD



Backbone of Czechoslovakian defense and chief hope of maintaining its independence is its well-equipped standing army of 180,000 men. Infantrymen, here at mess, resemble American soldiers



Prime objective of enemy bombers would be the vast Skoda munitions works at Pilsen, the heart of Czechoslovakian wartime industry, and here, in the event of war, is how it would look from enemy planes





## The Secret Door

By Edward L. McKenna

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

**Honest confession of a gentleman  
who asked for—and got—a shiner**

AS HAS previously been set forth here and elsewhere, I am a teacher of anthropology.

I still have the same wife I married thirty-odd years ago. She married me under a complete misapprehension. I didn't marry her under any misapprehension whatever. She's not a girl any more, but her laugh is still like the splintering of icicles to me, and if I don't hear her voice in the heavenly choir, then I'll look someplace else for it. Her name is Myra.

I was a fair student when I was at school. I should have been—I wasn't much good at anything else. My people never had much money; they had a lot of children. Every one of those children has a college degree, except my brother Joe. However, he has three college letters. He says that every time he hears a college song he has to stand up.

I didn't get any college letter. I got two scholarships and a key. The key was lucky. After I was graduated from college that key got me a job.

It got me a job in a little Middle Western college. I was not yet twenty years old. I was gangling, awkward, unsure of myself, and yet very proud. The job paid little; I certainly wasn't worth much. Still, look what I had to do.

I had to teach eight subjects. I didn't know those subjects. Who does know eight? I'm an anthropologist, or so I say. I was worried, I was uncomfortable, I was frightened. Frightened? Yes, I was always proud of myself, proud of my name and my people. I was trying to send my own brother to school—I've told you he was in three. My father was happy in the fact I was teaching in a college. If I were discharged, it would break his heart.