



Hot food, cooked in communal kitchens and served in underground shelters at low cost, helps to maintain the excellent morale of English worker families

and shouted: "Look, look! They've taken the streets and houses away."

You may wonder why Minnie and Charlie fight on. It sounds banal to tell you, but it's the truth: They fight and will fight to keep their basic privileges—privileges they have won with toil and tears in the long years since the industrial revolution—since man began competing with machines.

They fight on for the right of collective bargaining and the preservation of their trade unions; the right to grouse and grumble. They have been economic slaves for generations, and they know it, but still they don't want to let go of those few rights they've won in dock-side and mill brawls, in strikes and strife.

Oswald Mosely tried to Black-shirt the workers of Stepney and Limehouse. The Communists tried to regiment them into a revolutionary machine to tear down "the bosses," but the workers ran them out. They saw that their destiny lay in a slower but surer fight for social justice. They knew they were no match for tanks and soldiers. They found that out during the general strike.

#### Things Worth Fighting For

They didn't want war. They didn't want it any more than Frenchmen or Dutchmen, Danes, Czechs, Poles or Greeks—probably no more than the enslaved workers of Germany and Italy. They saw war as detrimental to their cause; they realized that England might adopt totalitarian methods in order to beat totalitarian attack and they dreaded what this would mean.

It would mean probable loss of all their prerogatives as men and as workers; a possible irreparable setback to their sweat-won progress. As yet, this hasn't happened. Britain's workers still are free men and what's happened in England since the war began gives the lie to those who insist a democracy can't function efficiently enough to overcome the advantages dictators enjoy in being able to conscript labor as well as capital for the war effort.

There hasn't been any conscription of labor in England. The short-cut artists who write our newspaper headlines might call it conscription, but if English labor were conscripted there wouldn't be any strikes in England. There are strikes, though fewer than ever. But when a latheman or a fuse-cap applicator or a miner has a legitimate squawk he can make it and have the wrong set right.

Charlie Brickett can still stand on a rough bench in the parish church at Stepney—a church that's been converted into an emergency feeding center—and shout that the food is bad, that there isn't enough soap and that the washroom towels are dirty. I know what I'm talking about because I heard Charlie complain—and heard Minnie chide him with: "Y'r off yer nut, y'are!"

I had lunch with Charlie and about 150 of his fellow workers, men who eat with their caps on and whose idea of washing their hands is a dip into cold water and a hasty wipe on the trousers. We ate at a communal feeding center where, during the September to December blitz, women cooked stew and brewed tea in field kitchens contrived from odd scraps of sheet iron and a few bricks. Gas mains, water mains and current conduits had been broken by bombs. Coal had to be scrounged by

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CABLED FROM LONDON

## Workingman's War

By Frank Gervasi

Shanghai, Madrid, London—it's a familiar story: bombs don't break hearts. Come into London's dismal workers' slums with Frank Gervasi, where misery and squalor are forgotten as England's laborers resolve to "See it through"



ENGLAND owes her life to a few men in Spitfires. Everybody knows that. Each is grateful in his own way. Churchill expressed Britain's debt to the men when he said that never in the history of human conflict have so many owed so much to so few.

Britain's past, too, she owes to a comparatively few men—men who carved out her empire and defended it in men-o'-war, men who manned the merchant ships that brought food to England and carried away the goods she sold wherever men had money to buy or coconuts or tea to trade.

But England's future rests on Charlie Brickett and Minnie Cotter—upon the many who have toiled so long to provide so much for so few. There are eight, nine, perhaps ten million Minnies and Charlies in England. They're in mines, mills, shipyards, munitions factories and on farms. They're Britain's greatest army; their average weekly pay is about \$16. They're in this war as much as the men in the Hur-

Gas-mask drill is a puzzling game to these nursery-school kids, who learn never to remove the strange gadgets until permission is given

ricanes and Whitleys; as much as the men who are ramming tanks and cannon through Mussolini's empire, or those waiting on the chalk cliffs of Dover for the invader who must come or fail.

They live in a land where for generations there has been an insurmountable wall of caste between wealth and almost indescribable poverty. In peace their lives were dismal enough. Now they are more dismal than ever. Minnie and Charlie have been bombed out of their homes. They work harder and longer. They are tired and hungry and desperate.

But the amazing fact emerges that they are unconquerable, as much for these reasons as for the fact that they're British. It's an ironic circumstance that the survival of this "green and pleasant England" depends so much now upon those who live their lives in the black shadows of Stepney gasworks and Limehouse docks and Manchester mills. They have seen little of that green and pleasant England where men and women chase foxes, play tennis on velvet, age-old turf and shoot grouse on the moors.

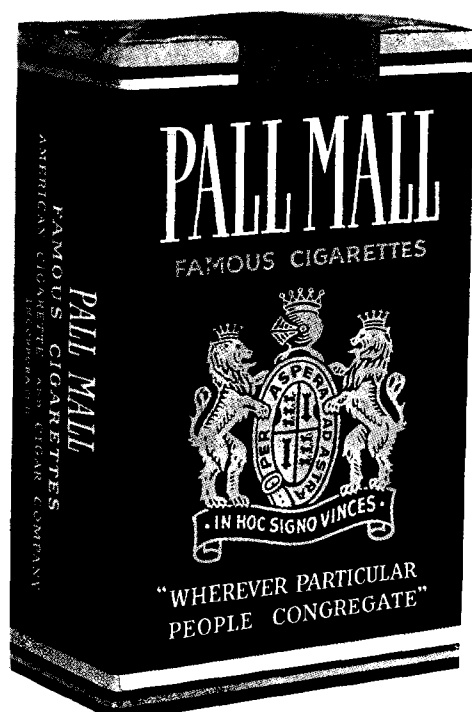
They've seen as little as the small boy who was being evacuated from Lambeth. When the train got out into the country he peered from the window





*In cigarettes, as in army planes, it's modern design that counts!*

*"You girls know the importance of design,— modern design!"*



• LOOK AT Pall Mall closely. It's not merely a longer cigarette. It's a milestone in cigarette history!

For Pall Mall is a cigarette deliberately designed for better smoking.

Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer than the old-style cigarette. And this additional length is important.

Because it travels the smoke further—the smoke reaches you cooler. Because it filters the smoke through more tobacco—the smoke is definitely milder.

Important, too, is BULKING.

Because this careful Pall Mall process mellows tobaccos as nothing else can.

In BULKING, the traditionally fine Pall Mall tobaccos acquire a new character. The delicate flavors and aromas blend with one another. All harshness is gradually softened.

Pall Mall becomes a noticeably smoother cigarette.

The smoke of these fine tobaccos—enriched by BULKING, traveled and filtered through Pall Mall's greater length—gives you a combination of advantages no other cigarette can offer.

"You girls know the importance of design,—modern design!"

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically.

**"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"**

# *An Open Letter to GENERAL MOTORS DEALERS*

**T**HROUGH all the years that General Motors has been in business, you and we have worked together.

They have been great years, despite their headaches from time to time.

We were building a business together — a new business based upon a new product, destined to revolutionize the living and broaden the horizons of millions.

Our job has been to build that product better and better — to deliver the finest automobile values that General Motors research and manufacturing resources can provide.

Your job has been to distribute that product and maintain it in service—a pioneering job, in which there still is and always will be much to be done.

As a group you have so far done that job so well that steadily increasing numbers of people in America have come to own and enjoy and benefit from the cars you sell.

Here is a story few people know—few, even of those who benefit most.

It is a story of how 18,000 local businessmen have stepped up to a difficult job.

It is a story of hard-won progress — of challenges met in management — of steadily advancing standards in selling and servicing — of learning to know what your local customers want and when they will want to buy.

Few other groups of merchants in America have made a record finer than yours.

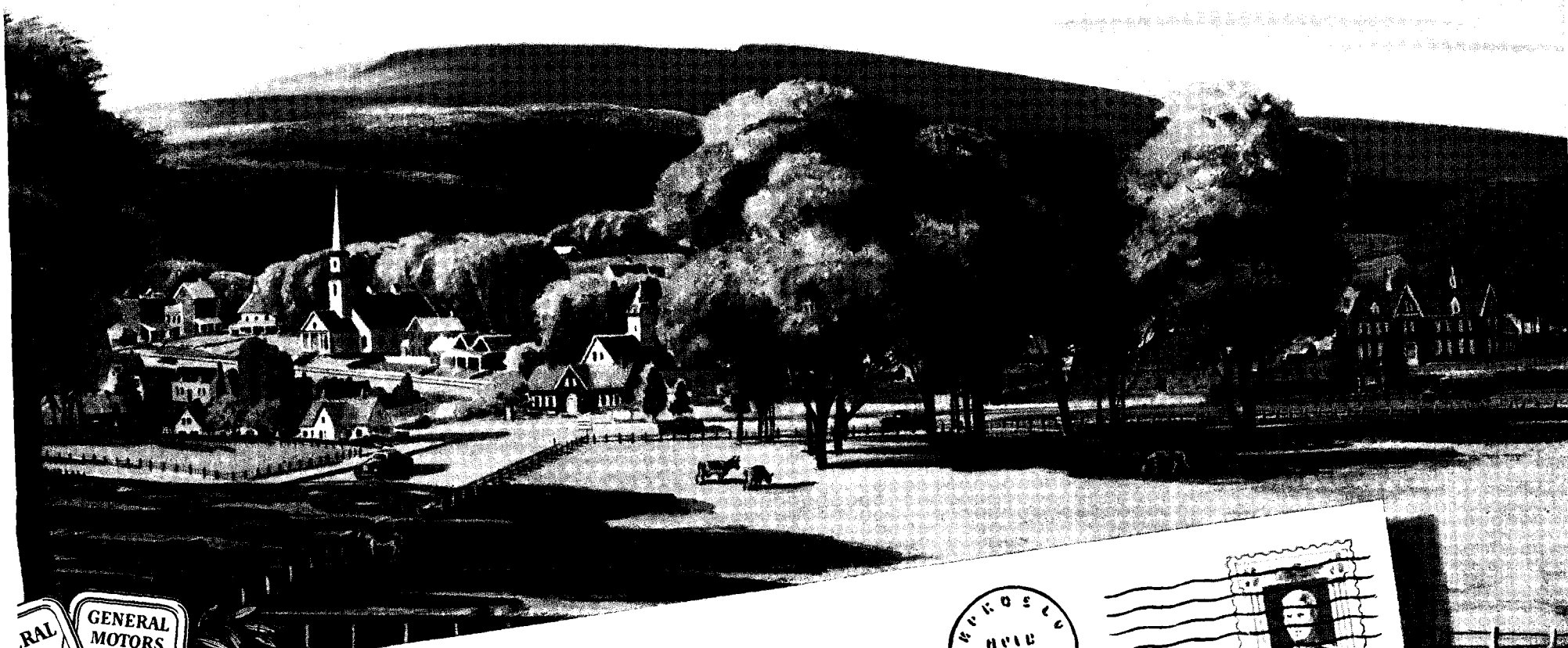
We believe the people of America—the people of your home town — need to know that story.

That is why we tell it here, why we plan to re-tell it in these pages in the months to come.

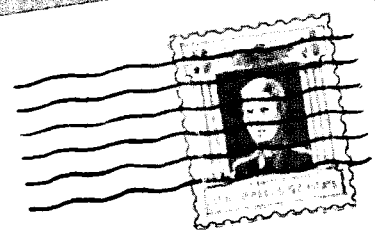
*Alfred P. Sloan*  
Chairman

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION





GENERAL  
MOTORS  
DEALERS



**GENERAL MOTORS**  
*Home Address, Main Street, U.S.A.*

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"Good-bye,  
Mr. Clutch!"



**THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY'S  
SAYING AFTER TRYING A  
Hydra-Matic\* OLDS!**

In some cars, you use the clutch pedal all of the time. In some, you use it part of the time. But in an Oldsmobile with Hydra-Matic Drive, you don't use it at all—because there *isn't any clutch pedal!* You don't shift any gears, either—because gears shift themselves *automatically* through four forward speeds. All *you* do to drive is step on it, steer and stop. It's simpler, easier, safer—and *thrilling!*



**NO GEARS  
TO SHIFT**

**NO CLUTCH  
TO PRESS**

★ Hydra-Matic Drive Optional at Extra Cost

SEE Oldsmobile's three stunning series of sleekly streamlined cars—the magnificent Custom Cruiser, the popular Dynamic Cruiser and the big low-priced Olds Special. Try out Oldsmobile's flashing, plentiful power—the big 100 H. P. Econo-Master Six or the superb 110 H. P. Straight-Eight Engine. Then drive the Hydra-Matic way. You'll agree that there's nothing else at prices like Olds' that matches an Olds Hydra-Matic.

**PRICED JUST ABOVE THE LOWEST!**

Compare deluxe models of lowest-priced cars with the big, luxurious Olds Special. You'll find the difference in price but *little*, the difference in cars *tremendous*—with Oldsmobile way out front in value!

THE CAR  
*Ahead!*

IT'S

**OLDSMOBILE**

**STYLED TO LEAD  
BUILT TO LAST**



# The Traitor

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

## The Story Thus Far:

CAPTAIN HARTNEY, U.S.N., in command of a small Western naval station, introduces his daughter, Phyllis (a remarkably resourceful girl) to a man from Washington—Lieut. Commander Kirstell—and tells her that she is to help the newcomer in finding a traitor who is operating at the station!

Decidedly skeptical, Phyllis goes to work. The most obvious suspect is Commander Sedden's son, Bert. Knowing him to be a conscientious objector, Phyllis keeps an eye on him. To her amazement, she soon learns that he had once been a Russian spy, and that his closest friend is "Dutch" Prentice, a civilian engineer, who, with "Pat" Rorabeck, another civilian, and Lieutenant Dent ("Savvy") Roberts, is working on a secret marine engine of revolutionary design.

Again and again, someone tries to destroy the engine. *Who?* Commander Sedden feels sure that he knows the answer—he is convinced that Bert, who has caused him no end of trouble, is the traitor. He commits suicide. . . .

Lieutenant Roger Collins, Captain Hartney's aide, is in love with Phyllis. Unfortunately for the lieutenant, Phyllis gives every evidence of being strongly, *very strongly*, attracted to Savvy Roberts. Collins (for some reason that Phyllis cannot discover) hates Jack Murphy, an ensign. And, because Murphy is much too attentive to his wife, Lieutenant Bob Cowles also hates the ensign. So Phyllis is not surprised when Collins and Cowles set upon Murphy with their fists, in a lonely spot, and almost kill him. She is not surprised, but she is shocked. And when Collins prefers charges against Murphy for striking a superior officer (Cowles) she informs him coldly that he can no longer regard her as a friend.

Then comes another shock: A collection of pro-Nazi pamphlets is found in Lieutenant Roberts' room, after someone, who makes his getaway, slugs Pat Rorabeck into unconsciousness. Phyllis reviews the evidence, makes her own deductions. Learning that Roberts is at a hotel in the near-by village of Arcadia, she goes there in a car.

She finds Roberts at the hotel. With him are Pat Rorabeck (propped up in bed), Dutch Prentice—and Bert Sedden! Phyllis has a sharp exchange of words with Pat and Dutch. *Then she accuses them of treason!*

Lieutenant Roberts listens to her. He opens the door. "We're going for a walk," he says to the excited girl.

## VIII

I FOLLOWED him like a whipped and cowed pup. When we got down to the sidewalk in front of the hotel, he said, without looking at me, "Do you know anything about this town?"

"Not much," I said.

"This is Front Street."

"I do know that, sir."

"The town is named Arcadia after a clipper ship, the Arcady Bound, which grounded on the Point in 1836—Cap'n Withrow of Boston commanding. You see that corner where the bank is?"

"Yes, sir."

"The cap'n lost fifteen men out of a crew of thirty-seven—in a fight with Spaniards and Indians. The point of

the quarrel was quite interesting, I think. He had an escaped slave who was serving as cook. The local authorities said the black cook could not own his share of the land the Arcady Bound people chipped in to buy. Cap'n Withrow gave this fellow his rightful plot of ground and stuck up a sign saying 'Negro Willie, his land.' That started the fight."

Then Savvy set off along Front Street, with me tagging at his heels.

"See that filling station over there?"

"Yes, sir."

"The salmon stopped running up the river. Folks changed to lumber. That was the site of Tobey's Bar at the end

of the old Skid Road. A lot of the men too late for the gold rush came in to work the lumber camps. Tobey's Bar was famous for a big recruiting rally in '61. A guy named Jephtha Howes raised a company to march overland and join the Union army. Jephtha and two others reached the Mississippi ten months later."

Well, a girl can certainly learn a lot of history and cover a lot of ground in an hour. Arcadia, it appeared, had been shaken into rubble by an earthquake, burned out in a forest fire, reduced to fewer than a hundred inhabitants by a smallpox epidemic—but Arcadia, there she stood.

"In the last war," Savvy said—we were now on a hillside path overlooking Coot Bay—"the local draft board had only one problem—keeping fishermen and shipwrights at home. You see that old rusty derrick arm over yonder?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's where they hanged a German saboteur who was caught trying to set fire to the shipyard."

I was still mystified by the fondness with which Savvy looked at the houses and streets of this ratty little town.

"Were you born here, Savvy?" I asked.

Savvy filled his pipe and squinted at

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"You Navy boys catch up that traitor or us boys'll have to take a hand in it," he warned