

The germ-carrying mosquito operates in much the same manner as a hypodermic needle. As the insect's proboscis enters the human skin, its springlike sheath remains at the skin surface, while the proboscis goes on through to a blood vessel. To thin the blood, which is too thick to be drawn through the narrow channel of the proboscis, the mosquito uses its own saliva. The thinned mixture is then pumped into the insect's stomach, the excess blood being stored in the ventral and dorsal storage tanks. The malaria germ lives in the mosquito's salivary glands, and enters the human blood stream with the saliva used as a thinner

the Japs took the Dutch cinchona plantations in Java. Synthetic atabrine and Plasmochin are still available. Recently synthetic quinine was perfected and will soon be produced in large quantities.

Each of these drugs plays a specific role. Plasmochin preys on the sexual forms of some malaria parasites. These sexual parasites reproduce in the mosquito's body, have thousands of sexless progeny. The mosquito acts as a flying hypodermic syringe—spitting these sexless microbes into a man. These are the ones that split red cells.

Prevents the Spread

Plasmochin's value rests on one point: By destroying the sexual parasites, it prevents mosquitoes from spreading the disease. While a man is on the drug he can't pass his disease along to mosquitoes, no matter how much he is bitten. Plasmochin has a number of drawbacks. For one thing, it is quite toxic. The second point against it is that it doesn't cure the disease in man; it merely breaks the chain of spread.

The job of curing the disease falls on quinine and atabrine. They work directly on the sexless parasites. About half the time they do a thorough job, killing off all the invaders. The rest of the time they only suppress the infection. They eliminate symptoms, and the victim thinks he is cured. Then, months or years later, the disease comes back. Where it has hidden meanwhile, no one is quite sure—possibly in the spleen, liver or bone marrow.

In an attempt to protect troops, the Army and Navy give men atabrine daily. This medicine won't prevent malaria, but it suppresses symptoms and keeps men in action. But once they stop taking atabrine, they come down with the disease. Atabrine is toxic and it accumulates in the body, thereby requiring more careful medical supervision. It gives skin a yellowish cast. When German troops smashed into the highly malarious Russian Ukraine, they had been so heavily dosed with atabrine that they were all saffron colored.

The Army and Navy have clamped tight censorship on the number of American troops that have contracted malaria, but it is probably safe to guess that it is high in the hundreds of thousands. What will happen when they come home?

There are numberless examples to show what the violent strains of malaria can do when they are introduced into a new area. One of them slipped into Upper Egypt, probably on a British army plane from West Africa. The disease spread like wildfire. In the past two years, it has killed a fifth of the population in some areas. Refugees from Republican Spain took malaria with them when they fled to France, introducing the disease to a region that hadn't seen malaria for decades.

It is pretty safe to assume that whenever there is a mass migration of people from a malarial to a nonmalarial district, the disease will tag along. This was demonstrated after the Civil War when returning soldiers carried malaria as far north as the Canadian border. Spanish-American War veterans brought the disease home with them, causing dozens of outbreaks. Greenwich, Connecticut, was so severely struck that all the sick were evacuated from the town to mosquito-free Montauk Point, on Long Island.

In the last war, malaria took vicious swipes
(Continued on page 73)

In foreign war areas, malaria is the outstanding disease problem among our Armed Forces. This age-old disease encircles the globe. To prevent the reintroduction of malaria by returning troops and prisoners of war, it will be necessary to hold, ready for emergencies, mobile malaria-control units, capable of moving into any community where an outbreak occurs. I believe that such measures, integrated with the splendid and thorough programs of the Army and Navy, will afford the nation the best protection we can devise against further invasion of malaria.

—THOMAS PARRAN
Surgeon General
U. S. Public Health Service

THE first World War was fought in malaria-free France. This one is being fought in India, Burma, China, Italy, Africa—places where malaria takes three million lives a year. Estimates indicate that a million soldiers will return home with malaria parasites in their blood. All that is needed for the spread of the disease is anopheline mosquitoes. They are found in every state in the Union.

To get some idea of the potentialities, look at a malaria map of fifty years ago. It shows the disease prevalent everywhere except along the backbone of the Appalachians, in the arid regions of the West, and in a few mountainous sections of New England. Better housing, better screening, increased use of insecticides and better medical care chased the disease south of Mason and Dixon's line, where a million or so cases of mild malaria persist; however, it can come back with terrible fury.

Ever since war started, both the Army and

Navy have insisted on treating malaria as a secret disease. To a certain extent, this attitude is justifiable. All evidence indicates that malaria is an even greater problem for the Japs than it is for us. In all jungle fighting, American soldiers find bodies of Japs which bear no wounds. They are dead of malaria.

Another point in this connection: Japanese Intelligence has a rough idea of the number of troops that we have on any Pacific island. If strength has been whittled down by malaria—if half our troops are sick with the disease—and the Japs know it, they may decide to come back.

Hence, the prevalence of malaria among troops can be a prime war secret. Furthermore, if we have new mosquito repellents, sprays or antimalarial drugs, we don't want to give the enemy a new lease on life by telling him about them. Malaria puts more men in hospital beds than bullets or battle wounds.

Thus, treating malaria as a secret disease may be sound policy on war fronts. Treating it as a secret at home may be suicidal. When troops begin to come home in large numbers, we are going to face one of the gravest public-health problems that ever faced the nation. If we are wise, we will learn all we can about this blood-rotting sickness right now. Everyone should be as familiar with malaria as he is with chicken pox and influenza.

There are three major types of the disease: Estivo-autumnal (summer-fall), which is the type most widely encountered in the Southwest Pacific. Tertian malaria, which gets its name from the fact that it causes chills every third day, is the commonest form in our own South. Quartan fever—chills every fourth day—causes a scattering of cases throughout the world.

Each of these malarias is caused by a specific parasite, a microscopic animal. The parasites go through part of their life cycles in the bodies of mosquitoes. They undergo still further development once a mosquito spits

them into the body of a man. They burrow their way into red blood cells and reproduce by fission, or spontaneous division into two or more parts, each of which grows into a complete organism. The cell becomes overcrowded and bursts. As many as 150 million red cells may burst at the same time, producing malaria's characteristic chill.

For one who has never seen malaria, the chill is a striking sight. Teeth chatter, and the patient shivers violently. Although the sufferer feels cold, he is actually feverish.

Extremes of Heat and Cold

After an hour or so in this initial stage, the patient goes into the hot phase of the disease. In this stage, his face flushes, and his skin is hot and dry. Fever often rises as high as 106° Fahrenheit and there is raging headache. After about three hours, this gives way to the sweating stage, when the patient is drenched in his own perspiration. The headache disappears and the patient is left miserably exhausted. This set of symptoms recurs regularly, the time intervals depending on the type of malaria.

In its most dramatic form, malaria destroys red cells in such numbers that an overwhelming anemia develops. The dissolved red cells are passed off in a blackish urine. Patients with this type of malaria account for a large part of the deaths credited to the disease.

It is the female mosquito that causes this havoc. The male lives on plant juices, but the female needs albumen from blood for her eggs. The anopheline mosquitoes, as a class, have no especial preference for human blood; they are just as content with blood from dogs, cats, cows, goats.

Physicians have three weapons against the disease: quinine, atabrine, Plasmochin. The world supply of quinine, extracted from the bark of the cinchona tree, was cut off when



"The storekeeper might get mad"

You're wrong there, lady. Good merchants appreciate customers who keep an eye on ceiling prices, who don't ask them to buy on the black market, who never ask for rationed goods without points, who share and play square with scarce goods.

*We asked
5 foolish women
why they don't
check
ceiling prices*



... "It's too much trouble"

It isn't a lot of trouble to do the little the Government asks—just remember to say every time you make a purchase, "Is this the ceiling price?" And it's well worth the trouble—if it holds prices down, cuts your bills today, lessens the danger of inflation tomorrow.



"We can afford to pay more"

Maybe *you* can, but how about the millions of soldiers' families who must live on Army allotments? Every time you pay black market prices or buy rationed goods without points, you're helping to send prices up—that's the way inflation comes. And *nobody* can afford inflation.



"My store doesn't display ceiling prices"

All retailers will if you keep asking them, "Is this the ceiling price?" It's the law. Ceiling prices must be displayed wherever goods under ceilings are sold. That's the system which has helped to keep prices so much lower in this war than they were in the last.



"I just don't want to do it"

No—and our boys don't want to fight! But they're doing it—magnificently! It's up to you on the home front to do your part to head off rising prices and inflation, help prevent producing a depression for our boys to come home to. Don't be a SABOTEUR on the home front!

Check and be proud! You should be proud if you're the kind of loyal, patriotic American citizen who never pays more than ceiling prices, who pays her ration points in full, who shares and plays square with scarce goods!

It is because of you and millions of women like you—cooperating with American merchants—that the cost of living has gone up only 7 per cent since your Government's price control started.

But the end is not yet. So keep up the good work. Ask *every time*—"Is this the ceiling price?" Never buy a single thing that you can do without. Save your money—in the bank, in life insurance, in War Bonds. When you use things up, wear 'em out, make 'em do, or do without . . . you're helping to HOLD PRICES DOWN!

**YOUR STORE WILL BE GLAD
TO HAVE YOU ASK:**

"Is this the ceiling price?"



A United States War Message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.



JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ...

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ASK FOR  **RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES**



HEALTH QUIZ

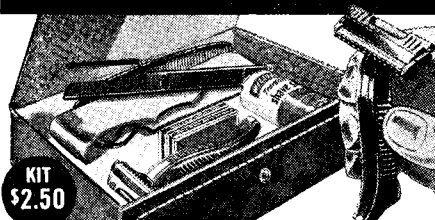
- | | YES | NO |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| Do you have poor digestion? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you feel headachy after eating? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you get sour or upset easily? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you feel tired—listless? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Now everyone knows that to get the good out of the food you eat—you must digest it properly. But what most people don't know is that Nature must produce about two pints of the digestive juice—liver bile—each day to help digest your food. If Nature fails, your food may remain undigested, lie sour and heavy within you.

Thus, it is simple to see that one way to aid digestion is to increase the flow of liver bile. Now, Carter's Little Liver Pills start to increase this flow quickly for thousands—often in as little as thirty minutes. When bile flow increases, your digestion may improve. And, soon you're on the road to feeling better—which is what you're after.

Don't depend on artificial aids to counteract indigestion—when Carter's, taken as directed, aid digestion after Nature's own order. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills today—only 25¢. You'll be glad you did.

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The Terrible Woman of Ilsk

Continued from page 23

province of Tambov. And, if it happened like that, she could turn out piroshki that melted like snowflakes in your mouth, along with a special soup and a succulent stew... and finish with a sweet. It might be...

A FEW weeks later the city of Ilsk, and Serafina, made the front page of the Pravda, mouthpiece and organ of the All-Union Communist Party which rules Russia, by the grace of Stalin. Serafina had a plan for postwar reconstruction, what to do with the boys when they came back home from the war.

She wrote in the local paper, the "Voice of Ilsk," the article which Pravda reprinted:

"Comrades, we have to consider the return of our men from war. We know, this I am sure, they will find Ilsk a better city than they left it. That is due to our women, and to the Communist Youth League, and to our Young Pioneers who have co-operated so splendidly with the men whose advanced years prevented them from serving our country on the battlefield. To all of them Ilsk is grateful, and in the name of Ilsk, I, as president of its City Soviet, wish to express full thanks. But when our men return, what will happen then? Will they find that our womanhood has usurped their places in factories and farms? Will they think that their women have become too self-sufficing and efficient, that we have learned to do without them?"

"Comrades, this must not be. When our gallant soldiers come home we must welcome them with warm hearts and tender arms, and say to them: 'While you were absent our hearts were dear and true, dear and true to you, and most of all, life was incomplete. But, thinking of you, we, too, have the privilege of building a happy Socialist state in this our country, under the guidance of Stalin, our beloved leader. We women are helping to build; and now that you have come back to us, we will recognize our place by the hearth, the cookstove and the cradle. Together we will build, of that we are assured.'"

The whole township was astonished at the humble attitude of the greatest efficiency expert they knew, the immortal beauty, the proud, unexcelled woman. But it somehow seemed to fit and tally with her new enthusiasm for gravies, pastry crusts, and the importance of flavors in soup.

One of Serafina's myriad suitors was a young flying officer named Sergey Sergeyich Petrov. He had brought down forty German planes, wore the Order of Kutusov, and was officially listed as a "Hero of the Soviet Union." A tall and splendid man, he was, like many aviators, more valiant than intelligent.

He said to Serafina, "Those words of yours are immortal. I am not at all surprised that Pravda reprinted them. In fact, they ought to be written in letters of gold upon an ivory wall. Serafina, you are wonderful. Of all the people in the world, you are the most majestic and the most wise."

Serafina looked at him coolly and thought, "The poor dumb baby. What woman writes human words like that and then wants a man to tell her they ought to be written in letters of gold upon an ivory wall? I'm getting tired of this adulation."

She immediately called her secretary to check on the food situation for the thousand new women workers.

IT WAS a month later that Ivan Alexandrovich sat at her table. A red cloth was on it, and a candle, and the piroshki melted in his mouth, and the soup floated with delicious vegetables. The stew was superbly seasoned, with herbs which had been carried with great foresight from foreign places. It was fortunate indeed that a young admiral had been in the Caucasus, and an old general had passed the dairy belt on his way to Ilsk by special order. For there were apricots and sour cream, and a sweet dumpling to go with them, and a month's supply of Serafina's butter, melted to blend the whole.

Ivan Alexandrovich wiped the last memories from his mustache and asked Serafina to bring him the statistics...

He had to go away almost immediately, and Serafina began writing letters to Moscow in her broad script. Occasionally a post card drifted back, until one happy day when Serafina faced her council.

"I want twenty-four hours' leave," she told them. "I realize this is a liberty in this time of war, but I have not had a day off for three years. I am working two extra hours each night to prepare for it. Of course, it may not be possible. After all, Ivan Alexandrovich is a very busy and important person. I am not quite certain that he will be able to make it. But if he can... we shall be married."

This thunderbolt struck the city councilors of Ilsk. The terrible, unapproachable woman turned her straight eyelashes and heavy-lidded eyes toward the floor, and her ivory skin flushed. She was in love, and overwhelmed.

It was the first sign the men had had since the war that there was a chink in the impenetrable and beautiful armor. At first the women refused to believe it; and, finally, the night before she was to be married, the male members of the council came to call on her.

"Serafina Petrovna," they said, "it has long been our fear, in spite of your brave words in Pravda, that we are in great danger. The women are so important that we do not know what is going to happen to our future. Perhaps because they are following your great example, and have made themselves vital in industry and government, we wonder how they are going to fit into life again, after the war is over. How will our hearth fires burn, how will our pots boil, and how will our cradles rock?"

Serafina, who was sitting at her desk, working out the blueprint for the running of a new machine, and planning the housing situation for her thousand new women workers, looked up.

"Comrades," she said, "I can hardly work tonight. I do not know whether Ivan Alexandrovich will be able to come tomorrow. I am almost distraught. Were there not a war, I might contemplate self-destruction. It is

only hope which sustains me. After all, he is so busy and important. At present he is counting all the sardine tins in the town of Pilsk. But there is one thing I can tell you which my every heartthrob repeats. Come close..."

The men gathered and listened. And as she finished her words they gaped and were indeed more astonished and perplexed than ever in their lives.

Their womenfolk knew they had visited the terrible, unapproachable beauty of Ilsk, and begged them to tell what she had said. But that secret was never revealed to any wife, sweetheart, or daughter.

The next day, Ivan Alexandrovich came into town, rather late, on the slow train. He was unshaven and untidy and was reading a Moscow newspaper as the train pulled in.

Serafina had been at the station most of the day, and when the citizens last saw her she was dragging him down the street, talking very fast, toward the civic marriage bureau, where the ceremony was short, not sweet but very legal.

AFTERWARD, at the Soviet House, they had biscuits and wine, and the council quickly gathered, with the musicians from the Kaffay of Stalin and Tomorrow." Everyone agreed that Serafina was the most beautiful and blushing bride that had ever left Ilsk on her short country honeymoon of twenty-four hours. Afterward, the groom had to go back to Moscow to make his important report, and she continued, of course, with her township government.

But one thing remained as legend, and that was the town council's visit to the fabulous woman. The question they had asked was passed on by the menfolk to all the young men, as they came of age in Ilsk, in the Russian province of Tambov.

She had said, "The day men stop worrying about women being men, and start worrying about men being men, their problem will be solved."

Who could question her wisdom? She was the living example.

THE END



"Like it? It's a native American dish called Boogie-Woogie"

COLLIER'S

F. WILKINSON

Killer Coming Home

Continued from page 70

at British troops in Salonika, East Africa and Mesopotamia. They carried the disease home with them, caused a number of severe outbreaks in England and Scotland.

The safest approach is to assume that we are going to have malaria. What are we going to do about it? Let's see. Malaria cannot be detected with one microscopic examination of blood. A single examination will detect parasites only 20 to 50 per cent of the time. To sort all malaria carriers from non-malarious troops would require five to eight weeks in quarantine, during which time soldiers would have weekly blood examinations.

Those who gave a positive reaction would have to be held for treatment from six to nine months. It isn't difficult to imagine the howls that would go up if such a procedure were followed. Men home from fighting fronts might rebel at having to spend weeks or months in isolation hospitals in arid Arizona or New Mexico. Relatives would raise a justifiable storm of protest, and political action would shake the Capitol dome.

So cross this idea out. Accept the fact that malaria is coming to Oshkosh, Red Bank and Mobile. Accept the fact that violent new strains of the disease are going to be introduced, totally unlike the docile malaria we have in the South. What then?

The only workable approach to the malaria problem is the one we adopted to make the Panama Canal Zone habitable. There is one weak link in the malaria cycle. That is the mosquito. Kill mosquitoes—either the adults or the baby wrigglers in ponds and other impounded water—and you break the chain.

Can we exterminate all the mosquitoes in the country? Almost anyone would say no to this one. But Brazil did such a job several years ago. Ships or planes introduced the Gambia mosquito from Africa. The killing malaria it spread was threatening the very existence of some towns. Brazil undertook the staggering job of exterminating this mosquito—and succeeded.

Doctor L. L. Williams, Jr., of the United States Public Health Service, one of the world's top malariologists, proposes that we undertake a comparable task. He doesn't want us to try to kill all the mosquitoes in the Maine swamps or in creek eddies in the upper Mississippi. But he does propose that we kill enough mosquitoes to stop the spread of malaria in the worst malaria districts in the South.

Cold Controls Parasites

Williams contends that malaria will never be a great problem in the North. There may be explosive outbreaks that will make scare headlines and panic the citizenry. But within a season or so the disease will die out of its own accord. The reason is this: For greatest development of the parasite in the body of the mosquito, there must be a mean temperature of at least 70 degrees Fahrenheit. When it is colder—as it is in most regions of the North during the summer—the life cycle of the parasite is slowed down. And if it is too cold, they fail to develop at all, no matter how much infected blood they feed on.

In the South, the situation is different. Temperature conditions are right for the rapid spread of the disease. In many areas, screening is poor, and mosquitoes are plentiful. Under such circumstances, new malaria strains might cause a widespread epidemic. The nation might find itself with dozens of plague centers which would endanger all surrounding territory.

Doctor Williams proposes strict mosquito control in these sore spots. Experienced crews would dust swamps with Paris green. Mosquito larvae, which feed on the surface of ponds and swamps, eat this poison and die. Other men, equipped with hand and power sprays, would squirt oil on ditches, dumps, ponds.

Meanwhile, permanent control procedures would get under way. Swamp drainage is one of the most important of these measures. A

swift new technique for digging ditches with dynamite has been worked out. Dynamite is planted along the proposed ditchway, then fired all at once. In this way, a skilled crew can dig as much as four miles of drainage ditch a day.

The Tennessee Valley Authority has worked out another method of mosquito control. Knowing that mosquitoes breed along the grassy banks of the lakes made by TVA dams, engineers vary the water level. Since mosquitoes spend at least eight days in the aquatic stage, the water level is dropped a few inches every seven days. This leaves the larvae high and dry.

All these techniques would be used to fight mosquitoes in the worst danger spots. Doctor Williams proposes that flying squads be organized to control explosive outbreaks in other regions. These squads would consist of an engineer, who would undertake drainage projects; an entomologist, who would locate mosquito-breeding centers; and a physician, who would see that people sick with the disease were isolated in screened places where no mosquitoes could get at them.

Mobile Exterminator Squads

These squads would have trucks equipped with pressure sprayers. They would go from house to house, putting up temporary screening, then sealing the house and killing all mosquitoes inside. Then they would go to work eradicating mosquitoes in the neighboring countryside.

Past experience in the tropics proves that such a plan will work. Williams pointed the way along the Burma Road—where malaria was threatening to stop construction. When imported workers started perishing by the thousands, others abandoned their work and fled to the hills. Williams surveyed the situation and mapped plans for mosquito eradication. This work was under way when the Japs arrived.

The present war has provided invaluable malaria experience to thousands of Army and Navy doctors. They have done outstanding jobs in cleaning up such pest holes as Guadalcanal. By whipping the malaria problem, they have made it possible to build airports in Africa where the job couldn't have been done otherwise. In some instances, it was impossible to destroy all the mosquitoes. So Army men got rid of the source of infected blood on which mosquitoes were feeding. They uprooted whole native villages and moved them—far enough away so that mosquitoes couldn't carry the disease back to the airfield.

Through its program of Malaria Control in War Areas, the United States Public Health Service has kept a tight grip on the malaria problem in 1,600 regions around Army camps, war plants, hospitals and prisoner-of-war camps.

In handling this job, the Public Health Service works with state and local agencies. It places a mile-wide barrier—which is the flight range of malaria mosquitoes—around these areas. An aggressive campaign of mosquito extermination is carried on in this protective belt of land.

As a result of all this effort, the malaria problem has been held in tight check. How big a problem it will be in the postwar period depends on what steps we take now. There seems no doubt that malaria control is going to be the No. 1 job at war's end. It is a job that can't be delayed for weeks or months but must start the instant that troops start coming home in considerable numbers.

Some qualified malariologists suggest that local American Legion posts, Rotary Clubs or other civic bodies launch antimosquito programs of their own this summer. Others feel that this is a job for the expert and that most of such effort would be wasted.

But certain things can be done now. Congress can appropriate money for an integrated malaria-control program on a nationwide scale. These funds would be used to exterminate all the mosquitoes in the 120 counties which are hotbeds of the disease, and they would provide money for the mobile units which would control explosive outbreaks that occurred elsewhere. This is a job that can't wait. It had better not wait.

THE END

"You can always tell one with Z's in its bonnet"



Something special happens when you sound your Z for

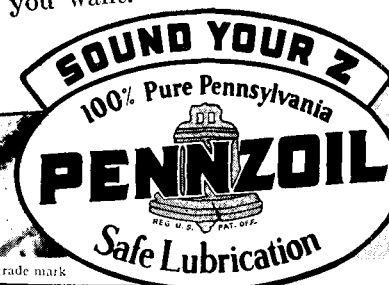
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Sure, your car has plenty of life left in it! What it may need is to get rid of engine deposits that are slowing it down—maybe a tune-up to get it running properly—and, above all, a filling of Pennzoil motor oil.

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PENNZOIL* GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY



AS SIGRID SCHULTZ WAS SAYING

Whatever line the German propaganda may take, whatever Hitler and Goebbels may do, their sole aims are these: to slow up the invasion, to infect us with a bad case of "invasion jitters" calculated to weaken us in the crucial weeks which will decide the fate of the world, and to induce us to make a compromise peace before our armies can wipe out the Nazi menace for all time.

COLLIER'S in its March 25, 1944, issue more than two months before Allied D-Day in Western Europe, published a striking article (from which the above is quoted) by Sigrid Schultz, ace American correspondent in Berlin between the two world wars.

Entitled Invasion Lies, the Schultz article blueprinted the propaganda which the Germans could be expected to shower down on Allied minds, nerves and hearts once the invasion should get under way. The Schultz predictions began to come true almost as soon

as that issue of Collier's made its appearance on the newsstands.

There were the pre-invasion Goebbels stories of frightful new weapons which were going to mow our men down by battalions; of an invention which was to create icebergs in the English Channel; of horrendous rocket guns which would destroy London; of a giant Luftwaffe reserve that would knock our planes out of the skies, or cover a counterinvasion of England, or both.

Well, D-Day came and went. Our casualties were serious, some of our landings extremely difficult and bloody. But the magic weapons did not materialize—as Miss Schultz likewise predicted they would not.

Now seems an opportune time to recall the Schultz document to the American public, and to summarize from that document the trends we can expect Goebbels' propaganda to take now that the Battle of Western Europe is joined.

We can look for Goebbels' propaganda to be aimed at two main objectives: the destruction of inter-Allied trust by stories of how the British failed the Americans here, and the Americans failed the British there, and so on; and the building up of the idea that there are "right" people in Germany with whom the Allies can safely negotiate a peace before the German armies are thoroughly defeated.

Doctor Goebbels at this writing is industriously at work on the first of those two main lines of propaganda. He can be expected to get busy on the second—and most assiduously—when it becomes plain to the German High Command that the Allies are closing in for the cleanup. Goebbels is shrewd. But he cannot shatter Allied morale and will to win so long as the soldiers and peoples of the Allied nations keep their common sense about them, and so long as their leaders tell the truth about the progress of the war as fast as they safely can.

WE NEED TO TALK TAXES

THE movement for a constitutional convention aimed at putting a 25% limit on federal income taxes is making considerable headway. Sixteen state legislatures have now called for such a convention, and if a total of thirty-two do so, it will have to be held.

As we've remarked before, we wish the movement success—though we're by no means wedded to the figure of 25%, or even to the proposition that income taxes should be limited by constitutional amendment. We are convinced, though, that this country needs an all-out and all-angle debate on income-tax reform and related topics, and that a constitutional convention

would provide a loud and attention-compelling forum for such a debate.

Our income-tax "system" is not a system. It is a hodgepodge built up through the years, with political considerations almost always ruling out scientific principles of taxation.

One feature of the income-tax law—the taxing of dividends going and coming—bids fair to keep a lot of capital out of postwar enterprises which would make jobs and create real wealth. The excess profits tax is now backfiring grotesquely, by, for example, impelling various producers of war goods to sink a lot

of their profits in such things as wildcat oil prospects.

This racketeering spirit of many of our tax provisions has bred a racketeer spirit in many of our tax collectors. Too many of these agencies and agents, state as well as federal, act more and more like blackmailers and extortionists eager to get the dough.

What we need is a national taxation powwow at which tax problems can be freely and furiously discussed, so that public opinion can be lined up behind needed reform. We don't know of a better means to this end than this proposed constitutional convention, focused on taxes.

MEMO ON ANTI-SEMITISM

THE Most Reverend Edward Mooney, Archbishop of Detroit, said in a recent speech:

We should not fail to note the fact that the Nazi perpetrators of the colossal crime of the Warsaw ghetto are professedly and rabidly anti-Christian as well as anti-Jewish. In Germany itself, throughout occupied Europe, and particularly in Poland, they have persecuted Christians with a ferocity that is exceeded only by their unparalleled cruelty to the Jews.

That is the truth; and the reason why it is true be-

comes clear when you consider the nature of totalitarianism (of which Nazism is one form) as contrasted with the nature of religion.

Totalitarianism is based on the belief that the individual should be the slave of the state. Religion starts with the dignity and worth of the individual, and with his spiritual access to a higher power than any state.

The two things are as incompatible as ice and fire, and, up to now, at least, the conflict between them is irreconcilable.

Totalitarianism in various forms is the strongest

single force fighting religion in the world today. Any Christian who exhibits intolerance toward members of any other religious sect—toward the Jews, for instance—thereby helps the totalitarian war on all religion, and so asks for the eventual persecution of his own religion and of himself.

That's the mathematics of it, as we work it out on our slide rule. It looks like the merest cold common sense for members of every religious group to be persistently tolerant and kindly toward members of every other religious sect.