

DOCTORS OF DILEMMAS

BY MAURICE ZOLOTOW

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIEBEL

If you never walk on sidewalk cracks and always count the stairs you climb, the next step isn't necessarily the booby hatch. Many people have neuroses, and thousands of Americans are learning to take their mental ills to a psychiatrist as they take their broken arms to a physician

DURING the last two years, the United States has experienced a tremendous upsurge of interest in psychiatry. New York doctors who specialize in mental illnesses report increases of as much as 100 per cent in the number of their patients, partly because about 40 per cent of our psychiatrists are in the armed services. Most of the remaining doctors are putting in a twelve-hour day and are unable to take on any new patients. Mental-hygiene clinics are crowded to capacity; they have never been able to handle more than a fraction of the cases sent by social service agencies.

Also indicative of the trend are such phenomena as the \$4,000,000 Ginger Rogers movie, *Lady in the Dark*, about a neurotic and her psychoanalyst; the dozen or so novels recently published in which psychiatrists are leading characters; the heated discussions of the book, *Is Germany Incurable?*, written by a neuropsychiatrist who interprets Nazism as an example of the paranoid psychosis.

The workings of Selective Service have brought millions of Americans face to face with a psychiatrist for the first time in their lives. Several hundred thousand husbands and sons have returned with 4-F classifications because they are "psychoneurotic"—an event which has caused their families to take mental disease at least as seriously as a sore throat or a fractured ankle. More men have been rejected for psychoneurosis than for any other single cause.

Colonel Leonard G. Rowntree, writing recently in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, stated that 15.2 per cent of the 18- and 19-year-old registrants were rejected for this reason. Unofficial estimates say that psychoneurotic rejections at Grand Central Palace, New York's mammoth induction center, are running over 20 per cent! In a recent monograph, Doctor Stanley Cobb, chief psychiatrist in Massachusetts General Hospital, declared that 6,500,000 Americans suffer from minor mental disorders.

Are we becoming a nation of neurotics? No, say most of the psychiatrists. What is happening is that, because of the increased knowledge in the last thirty years, we now can identify and diagnose many psychoneurotic symptoms which were overlooked during the last war. Contrary to general opinion, neuroses are not a disease of civilization, a product of the machine age. Doctor A. A. Brill, pioneer in spreading the ideas of Freud, says that research among the Eskimos, Javanese, Sudanese, Malaysians and other primitive groups discloses that neurotic trouble is universal, but that in different cultures it is expressed in different ways.

"Not one neurotic in a hundred gets any treatment," declared Doctor Frederic Wertham, at a recent medical meeting.

The average person is afraid he will (Continued on page 78)



YELLO-BOLE



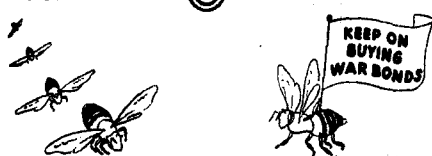
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YELLO-BOLE A NAME TO REMEMBER, WHEREVER YOU ARE—AND WHEN YOU COME HOME

Timber Line

Continued from page 58

Flats. The bomber bored on, steeper than a magpie's flight. It mounted the saddle and then the sky was empty. There was only a faint roaring, like a wind in the twisted junipers at timber line.

Something dimmed the old man's eyes. Up there hidden beyond Sheep Mountain was his country, and those boys in a bomber shot into it without ever feeling the rough trail under their feet. What had cost him patience, toil and hazard was only the thrust of a throttle now. He felt robbed. If it hadn't been so fixed a habit, he would have turned back to his sugar beets.

The sun was slanting on the high slopes and the canyon had filled with shadow when he came to the turn-off. The wagon wheels were quiet on the grass. "Whoa!" he called. From here his horse would be a pack animal, following him up that steepening mountain wall.

He was unhitching the horse when an Army scout car bumped over the uneven ground. One soldier sat at the wheel and another jumped out, a heavy, swaggering fellow with a pair of chevrons on his arm.

"Hold on, Gramp!" he shouted. "Where you headed for?"

Ben buckled a trace over the horse's back. "Up to the Flats."

"What for?"

"Pan some gold."

The soldier stared at him with an amused grin and lighted a cigarette. "You can't go up there. It's out of bounds."

"Guess you don't know who I am," Ben said. "That's my location. I'm Ben Paradise."

The grin broadened, and the soldier winked back at his companion. "Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Paradise. We're from the U.S. Army. I'm Corporal Punishment and this guy in the jeep is Private Lives." They both laughed.

Ben unhooked another trace.

The corporal stopped laughing. "Don't unhitch, Dad. They're bombing up there. Hear that?" A mutter of thunder rolled through the hills.

Ben looked bewildered. "There's nothing to bomb in the Flats. Nothing at all."

"Look, Dad," the corporal said in a patient, indulgent voice, "they've made a target range up there; the Air Corps is getting bombing practice for a mountain terrain, like they have to do in Italy and some of those Jap islands. So you can't go on up."

Ben scowled at him. "I prospected the Flats every year since '97. I was the first one in that country. I'm Ben Paradise."

"It don't matter. You might be Uncle Sam himself, and still it's out of bounds. See?"

BEN looked up the mountainside and his voice was mostly for himself. "Up the shoulder of Sheep Mountain and through the notch. Then it's mighty pretty country in the Flats. Like a park in there. It ain't an easy notch to find. I'm about the only one left that knows the way."

Overhead the drone of engines gathered. The corporal glanced up. "There's a guy that knows the way. He's making his bombing run now. Whitey Halvorsen—Major Halvorsen. He's just back from Italy, teaching the boys from the Field how to hit a target hid in the mountains. He shot down fourteen Krauts above Cassino. He knows the way anywhere he wants to go."

Ben said: "It's the notch, I mean. I found it first of all. It's the only way in there."

The corporal stamped out his cigarette. "Gramp," he said, "that don't mean a thing now-days. Those guys up there can go wherever they want to. They just point their plane and it takes them there."

The other soldier backed the jeep around.

The corporal's voice grew businesslike. "All right. Get moving, Dad, or we'll have to hitch your wagon to this jeep and haul it out for you."

"Where to?" the old man asked.

"Back down the canyon."

Silently Ben worked the horse between the shafts and hooked the traces to the single-

tree. He unbraided the lines and climbed into the wagon. "Come around," he said to the horse. "Giddap, now."

Dusk deepened quickly in the canyon. He drove a mile down the road and then pulled off into a grassy opening beside the brawling creek. There he made his camp, picketing his horse in a circle of grass and alder thickets. Over a pitch-pine fire he boiled his kettle. Up in the darkening sky the bombers passed, and each time the thunder echoed through the hills he felt more wronged and robbed. Once it was his country, now it was theirs. Once he found the way into that hidden, high-walled valley. Now the planes soared over it like carrion-seeking birds. He stared into his fire, an old man with an old man's bitterness and defeat.

He was rolled in his blanket when a pair of headlights swept the clearing. The jeep jerked to a stop and the burly corporal jumped out. He sprayed a searchlight on the old man lying beside his campfire.

"Listen, Grampa, you're supposed to be clear out of here. That fire of yours shows up like a whole town burning. It's crossing them up, up there. They drop some flares to steer by, and now you've got this blaze going. This canyon's got to be dark or we'll have bombs popping all around us."

Without waiting for Ben to crawl out of his blanket, he kicked the embers. The fire scattered in the grass. "Get some water," he said, "and douse it good. This canyon has got to be blacked out."

"I camped all through these mountains," Ben said softly. "I brought a party down here once in a snowstorm. Governor Gilpin's daughter was there. They'd have froze if I hadn't—"

"Tell that to your horse," the corporal said, "while you're hitching up."

The horse was restless and skittish. While Ben backed him into the shafts the animal's eyes rolled white. Overhead a bomber blared. "Whoa, boy, whoa!" Ben urged. "Back, now, easy."

The canyon rumbled with an echoing thunder. Ben swore softly, while his groping hands hooked a trace to the singletree. A second plane boomed over, the motors gunning. In the darkness the horse lurched. There was a quick, splintering sound.

"Whoa! Whoa!" Ben cried.

They heard a trampling in the alder and the splashing pound of hoofs.

"There," Ben said, straightening up, "he's broke his singletree. He's only a colt, and he gets nervous. Now I can't catch him till morning."

The corporal swore. "You've got to catch him."

Ben looked up. "You ever try to catch a

black colt in the woods on a dark night, soldier?"

"Well—no fire here, you understand. Don't light your pipe, even."

When the jeep was gone Ben rolled up again in his blanket. The bombers passed over in waves of sound. The thunder boomed and echoed. But nearer was the steady rush of water, the rustle of aspens in the wind—good sounds, as old as the mountains, as familiar to him as the stars through shadowy crowns of pine.

He woke with the first vague light of day. The horse was there again, grazing quietly, with the harness still on him and the split singletree trailing in the grass. Ben caught him without trouble. The horse stood patiently while he mended the singletree, binding it with a halter strap.

IN HIS bitterness he paid no heed to the planes circling over the saddle of Sheep Mountain, and he was not aware that the bombing sounds had ceased. As he was packing his blanket roll in the wagon the jeep drove up again. Out leaped the excited corporal. At his side was an officer with a pair of silver bars on his shoulder.

"Here he is, sir," the corporal announced.

In the clearing three more jeeps bounced to a stop. In a minute a dozen men were swarming around the wagon.

"I'm going," Ben said. "I had to get that singletree patched up. That's all that's kept me."

The officer stepped up. "Your name is Paradise?"

"Yes," Ben said. "I'm going now."

"I'm Captain Haines, Mr. Paradise." His words were crisp, and there was a tautness in him as he spoke. "You know the way up to Paradise Flats? You know a trail from here?"

"Yes," Ben said, "but I'm leaving now. I'll get right—"

"Mr. Paradise," the captain's eyes swept swiftly up the mountainside and his voice held a ring of respect, "one of our planes crashed up there. Major Halvorsen's plane. They have it located from the air, but there's no landing possible. We've got to get in on foot. From the air that looks like a blind valley. You're sure there's a way in?"

"Yes," Ben said, and his sagged shoulders were beginning to straighten, "there's a way."

"Can you lead us in?" The captain's voice was brittle. "Those men are hurt. Maybe dying."

Ben's faded eyes looked out strong and steady. "Let's get started, then," he said.

Behind him he heard the captain giving orders. The men fell in, carrying medical kits, packs of provisions, and stretchers rolled on their twin poles. Beside Ben strode the



COLLIER'S

"Are you what they call a brass pot, General?"

HERB WILLIAMS



Sgt. Smith depends on five of them to keep his General Sherman tank rolling

1.



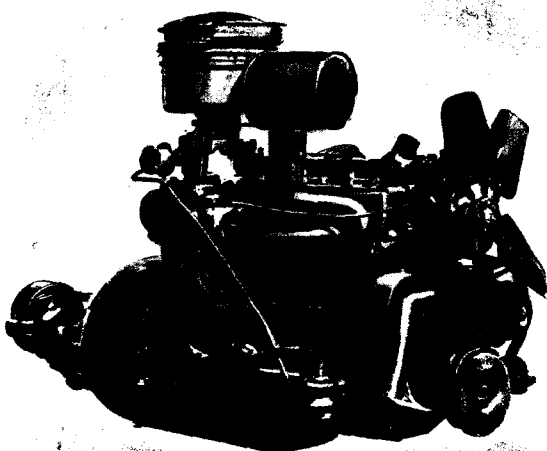
Seaman Jones depends on two of them to carry his landing craft through a curtain of fire straight for a beachhead...

2.



G. I. Joe depends on one to power his fire fighter...one to pump his drinking water...one to keep his truck moving...

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corporal. "Think you can make it, Dad? Those guys are hurt, you know. Think you can make it fast?"

Under the mustache Ben's mouth twitched. "I can try, son."

They filed through a stand of hemlock and then the hill pitched upward. There was a sheep trail through a piñon grove. Soon Ben left the trail, picking his way over a steep slope where the stunted trees clung in veins of naked rock.

"What are you leaving the trail for?" the corporal grunted.

"Short cut," Ben said.

His legs felt at home on that rough slope. He was an old man, but a mountain man. He knew how to climb, keeping his knees bent and his back curved over. His eyes stayed on the ground, finding the good footing, and his feet planted squarely. Behind him the corporal slipped and stumbled. He got up, cursing. Ben climbed on. Above them rose the mountain wall.

At last Ben stopped. The men came abreast of him, breathing hard.

The captain spoke. "Relax men." They slumped down on the rocks. "Stiff climb," the captain said.

"Yes," Ben said. "And we're above nine thousand feet, so it's hard breathing. We've got the hardest climb ahead of us."

The corporal stopped mopping his red face and stared upward. "Looks to me like we're lost. There's no way through up there."

The captain looked sharply at him and then lifted a pair of field glasses, searching the mountain wall. When the glasses came down, his eyes questioned Ben.

"Just one way," the old man said. "It's there, unless a rock slide has closed it up."

"You don't think—" the captain said quickly.

"No. It's been open forty years." His faded eyes scanned the ridge above them. "Let's go."

It was a rugged way he led them over. Beside a creek that boiled past them in white cascades. Through a dense slope of hemlock, dark as twilight. Over a grassy ledge dotted with clumps of flagtail. From that open height the canyon curled below them. Above, Sheep Mountain lifted its long ridge against the sky and Rabbit Ear rose to a peak not broad enough to close the west where the white dome of James Peak stood hooded on the Divide.

"Fresh snow on Jim Peak," Ben said.

THE soldiers had no breath to talk. Ben's eyes, narrowed with light and distance, ranged over that familiar world. In his mind was reborn the excitement of the boom locations of the past—Russell Gulch, Silver Plume, Yankee Hill, Arapahoe Flats, Red Mountain.

Tirelessly, picking the way with his eyes and with his memory, he led them from shelf to shelf, through tumbled rocks and past stubborn tufts of juniper. Then, quite suddenly, the rocky passage opened and before them lay a valley floor, flat as a field, with a stream flashing through scattered groves of timber. They stopped, breathing sharply, their eyes ranging the Flats.

The captain raised his field glasses. "There," he said, pointing, "that white patch beyond the trees. It's the parachute they dropped with a medical kit. Come on—on the double."

Awkwardly, with the packs jerking on their shoulders, they ran down the slope, through carpets of wild anemone and columbine. The parachute lay rumpled on the ground, with the square white burden still attached.

"They couldn't get to it," the captain said grimly. "But where are they? That plane has to be somewhere near."

The stream babbled on its rust-stained stones and a magpie flew out of a grove of aspen. The whole high valley seemed as empty as the day when Ben Paradise had first found it. Slowly the captain swung his glasses over the valley floor. They stopped at a stand of hemlock.

"Come on," he said. His voice was hollow.

The swath of the bomber was marked clearly at the edge of that timber. The plane had almost missed it—almost. It had taken the tops out of a dozen trees; then it had hurtled clear, crashing on the open ground

among the nodding stalks of columbine. It lay twisted and still, with one wing slanting up in the sunlight.

Ben heard the captain's breath suck in. Three men were in that mangled cabin. It took a while to get them out. The soldiers made an efficient crew. They worked quickly, silently, like a well-trained team. Old Ben wasn't on the team, and so he walked down to the creek and looked at the gravel. He dipped up a handful. There was color in it. A light began to burn in his faded eyes. He'd like to sieve this out. Might be—

There was a rumbling in the sky and a wing-shaped shadow raced across the Flats. Someone waved a signal at the wrecked bomber. Then the plane swung back, filling the valley with its throbbing roar, and the next minute it was over the saddle of Sheep Mountain and headed back toward Gilpin Field.

Ben stared at the gravel in his hand and his eyes fogged. That was all past, all over. He had found the way into a new country, but that was in '97. The gold had been taken out of it years ago. He knew that, and now he was ready to admit it. The gravel dropped from his hand.

When he stood in the shadow of that tilted wing, they had the three men on stretchers. One of them was covered up, another's face was hid in bandages, but from the third stretcher, a lean, brown face looked up. The man's helmet had been pulled off; his short-cropped hair was bleached white by the sun of a hotter country than Colorado. One leg was strapped tight, and his mouth was tense with pain. But his voice was quiet as he said, "I didn't think you'd find us, Captain. Not in country like this. How'd you find the way?"

He was young, Ben saw. Hardly more than a boy, even with the pain lining his face and the hard light in his eyes.

Captain Haines looked from the young

man to the old one. "Major Halvorsen," he said, "Mr. Paradise. This place is named for him. He found it years ago, and he showed us the way."

The man on the stretcher looked at Ben. There was a flash of understanding. Something wordless and real passed between them.

"You know this country, sir?" he said.

"Yes," Ben said. "Since '97."

The head lifted impatiently from the stretcher. "The air currents over that mountain—are they always there?"

"That's right," Ben said. "I could show you the junipers all bent over up there at timber line."

HE SANK back on the stretcher. "Good. That's what I needed to know. Now I can find a new way to make that bombing run."

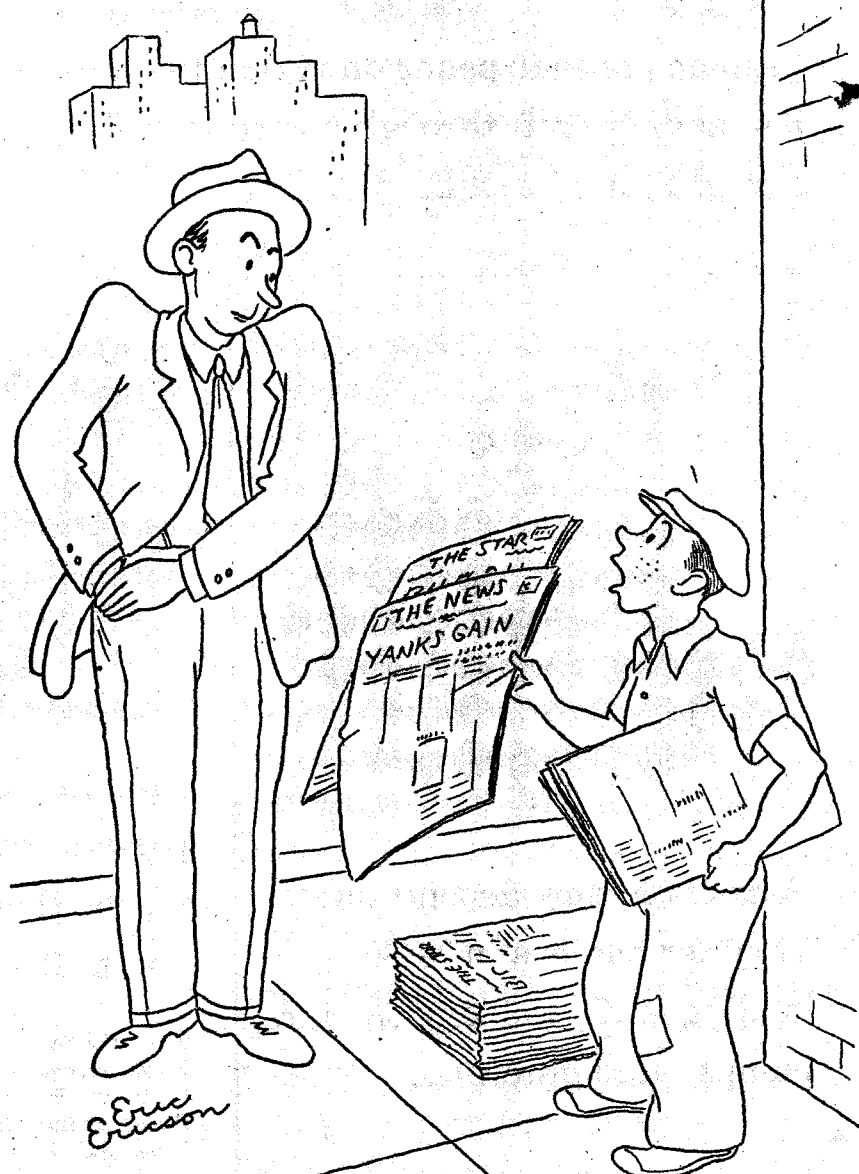
"You mean," Ben said, and his eyes were burning deeply, "you mean you have to find the right way, even with your planes to take you there? You mean you have to figure it out?"

"Yes, sir," the major said. "That's what I mean. We had trouble in Italy. We lost planes and we missed our targets because we couldn't judge the air pockets inside a valley like this. But I can do it now. I'll find a way."

Ben stared off at the snow peaks of the Divide. "That's the way it was," he said quietly, "back in '97." His eyes came back to the bomber's wreckage, and the stretchers lined beneath the tilted wing. "I don't mean we had a job like yours," he added. "I mean—we had to find the way—where no one had been before. I mean—" He hesitated. He wanted to explain it carefully; he wanted to be understood.

"Yes, sir," the major said. And when their eyes met again, Ben knew he didn't have to explain anything.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"What d'ya read—Roosevelt or Dewey?"

ERIC ERICSON



"And—while the thought doesn't seem to give you the slightest concern—I must say it has nibbled away at my peace of mind through many a dawning. So, partly for your own future benefit, and partly because I like to sleep undisturbed, I've gone and done something about it.

"It's a mighty Topsy-Turvy World you're starting out in!"

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Well, today it's a fact... all signed, sealed and delivered!

"It isn't going to make this old world over—nothing like that. For I'm no miracle man—just a very ordinary sort of a guy, and your loving dad.

But—if anything should happen to me—it ought to spare you and Mother some of the worst upsets, and give both of you something firm to stand on."

Something firm to stand on... yes, that's what we're all looking for. But most of us need something more. For stability, alone, is not always enough. We need flexibility, too. Solid as a rock—yet flexible in terms of changing needs—that's the sort of sound life insurance your John Hancock representative wants to help you plan. Plan it to meet your own individual needs as they now exist. Then review it from time to time to provide for the changes the passing years so often bring. Plan it not only to protect your dependents while they need protection but also to provide something for your own future.

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Doctors of Dilemmas

Continued from page 73

ALL THE VITAMINS Gov't Experts and Doctors agree are essential...and IRON, Calcium, Phosphorus

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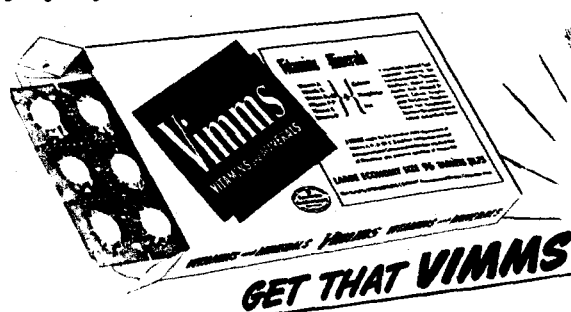
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be laced into a strait jacket and packed off to a padded cell if he goes for mental treatment. To be diagnosed as a psychoneurotic does not mean a person is crazy or insane. The neurotic is generally a maladjusted and oversensitive individual. Sometimes his only symptom is an all-pervading uneasiness and unhappiness, which he knows is irrational, and which he cannot drive away.

Sometimes the symptoms take a more definite form. The most common ones, according to Doctor Louis Berg, are those grouped under anxiety neuroses—a tremendous apprehension without any cause. A man is afraid he is going to die. He is afraid he is going to get cancer or heart disease or even a common cold. Very common in large cities is the fear of taking an elevator or the subway, of entering a theater, restaurant or any room in which strangers are present. When a neurotic is afraid to take the subway he is not being just "ornery." Doctor Berg tells of a young lawyer earning \$70 a week who was so frightened of entering a subway that he was compelled to take a taxi to and from his downtown office, and thus spent half of his salary in cab fares.

Next most common are the compulsion neuroses, which compel a neurotic to repeat a meaningless act over and over again, such as hand-washing or counting coins or touching telephone poles. Other neuroses take the form of a physical disease—a migraine headache, a stomach or duodenal ulcer, a heart ailment.

The psychiatrist is not a problem solver along the lines of John J. Anthony, or a minor-league divinity who holds Buchmanite-style confessions in which you relate all your sins. The psychiatrist is not interested in sin; he is interested in sickness.

He is an M.D., whose qualifications have been examined by a licensing board set up by the American Medical Association and the American Psychiatric Association. He has taken three years of premedical training, attended a medical school four years, interned for two years, and then taken post-graduate work in psychiatry for another four years. Those who employ psychoanalysis must themselves be analyzed by a trained psychoanalyst.

The psychiatrist diagnoses and treats the neuroses with certain definite and proved weapons. These weapons, although invisible, are nonetheless as real as the emotion you feel when you watch your child or kiss your wife. He does not use the stethoscope or the scalpel. His weapons are subtle human characteristics—a sensitive intuition which aids him in feeling out the complicated unconscious conflicts of the neurotics; a knowledge of the symbols and secret meanings of the dream—the key to basic patterns of the personality; an understanding of family relationships and the emotional struggles within families; a knowledge of the relation of a person to his environment and his work. He employs these weapons as fully as he understands them.

A Retreat into Childhood

The psychiatrist has studied the mental and emotional life of the child and believes the root of many mental and emotional maladjustments is the attempt to return to the comfort and security of childhood—called infantile regression. Frequently a pattern set up in childhood endures indefinitely. For example, a psychiatrist traced an adult's stuttering to a childhood injustice in which the patient was slapped by his father for having mispronounced an innocent word so that it sounded like an obscene word. The father was unaware of the deep psychological scars he was leaving, but, from that moment on, the boy was unable to talk naturally. The original, or "traumatic" incident had been forgotten even by the patient.

Most important of all, the psychiatrist frequently takes the side of his patient. The neurotic is fighting a war against his environment or against certain desires in himself which his conscience refuses to let him satisfy. The

psychiatrist may take his side against everyone and everything. He may pretend, say, to be in favor of crime. An intelligent judge sent a juvenile delinquent, arrested for stealing automobile tires, to a mental-hygiene clinic. The psychiatrist started out by telling the "criminal" that all boys "stole" things and that when he himself was a boy he had once stolen a horse.

The psychiatrist has human sympathy; he insists that nobody must throw a stone at the juvenile delinquent, the sex offender or the neurotic, because none of us is without sin. In studying the dreams and psychology of "normal" persons, psychiatry has discovered that all of us have criminal urges. Doctor Berg, a prison psychiatrist for many years, says that anybody might commit murder—if he thought he could get away with it.

Clues from the Unconscious

A glance at the roster of cases at a mental clinic will give you the idea:

The first case is an "exhibitionist," a 26-year-old chap, husky, nice-looking and very ashamed. He comes with his puzzled wife; he has been arrested for undressing himself in a public place and has been sent by the Court of Special Sessions. Next is a woman who has pains in her breast and complains of a choking sensation in her throat; the doctors had found nothing physically wrong. A river-eter at a war plant states that he wishes an examination to determine if he is a homosexual, because he has developed a morbid fear that he is, as he puts it, "on the wrong side of the fence," and he wants reassurance.

A married couple fear their marriage may break up because they are unable to have emotionally satisfying sexual relations. A twelve-year-old girl, already labeled with the stigma of "juvenile delinquent," is sent by the probation officers of Children's Court.

Answers to Jogging Your Jargon (Page 55)

I

1. In spite of all his currying favor with his officers, Shorty was in charge of quarters that night, so he couldn't go out chasing girls, but had to spend a dull evening with the cook and a couple of recruits. (G.I. talk)

2. After being conductor of an orchestra for so many years, Antonio was a little upset when he had to work at playing records for broadcasting on the Green network. (Radio music)

3. The left-handed pitcher was a guy who lost his temper easily and pitched a fast ball all the time, never mixing in a slow one, so the heavy hitters knocked him out of the game and spoiled his earned-run average. (Baseball)

4. It looked like an easy mission, but somebody made a mistake, and the anti-aircraft forced four Lancasters to crash. (R.A.F.)

5. "I'd sure like to put my brand (the Western cowman's sign of ownership) on that little wild mare (in other words, I'd like to marry that girl)," said Cactus Joe, guiding his horse with his knees to move closer to the Spanish-Indian girl on the creamy buckskin horse. (Western cowboy)

6. The old safeblower tried a comeback after escaping from prison, but he couldn't open the modern safes with nitroglycerin and a safe-opening tool. (Criminals)

7. The pilot trainer plane was out of control when Carey parachuted out, but later on, Smith, a flying cadet who still had not made a solo flight, started giving him a lot of dumb advice, and Carey told him to shut up. (Flying Cadets)

She is a habitual truant from school and has been arrested several times while loitering aimlessly about Times Square. A young wife whose husband is in the service and who cannot stand the separation has developed serious symptoms of anxiety neurosis: palpitations of the heart, long crying spells, insomnia, inability to keep her food down.

Most psychiatrists agree with Freud, founder of psychoanalysis, that neurotic symptoms are usually caused by some infantile urge which is repressed in the unconscious and which takes an indirect and symbolic form in later life, under the pressure of an experience which the adult is unable to assimilate. To find this infantile urge, to search out the traumatic experience, the psychiatrist may dig around in his patient's unconscious by exploring his dreams.

During sleep our civilized brain, which has pushed our antisocial and primitive urges out of our attention, is lulled, and the repressed images, instincts and urges force themselves up into dream scenes. The forbidden urges are concealed in an elaborate pattern of symbols. The textbooks and case studies used by psychiatrists contain detailed explanations of these symbols. The most common dreams are those of falling, flying, coming too late, tooth dreams and exhibition dreams.

The common dream in which a person sees himself standing naked in a crowd generally signifies the fear of being exposed for a wrong the dreamer thinks he has done. The coming-too-late dream means, according to Doctor Emil Gutheil, that the dreamer fears the passing of time which will not allow him to fulfill his desires: "His fear really means: Time will pass, and I shall not find my proper connection with life or my proper satisfaction in life. The most frequent picture is the one of missing a train (missing opportunities)."

The most common symbols in the dream are father-and-mother symbols. The father may appear in the dream as a priest, minister, the President, teacher, orchestra conductor, engineer, policeman, or anyone else representing authority. The mother may be represented as a woman teacher, a queen, an older lady, an island or the patient's birthplace. Water symbols (lakes, rivers, oceans) are also common and stand for rebirth.

These interpretations are very general, and although dreams and dream symbols are universal, yet each dream has a special meaning for the individual, which is tied in with his own life history. After the patient tells the details of a dream, the doctor will select its key points and ask him to give the spontaneous associations that he has for each. By this process, called free association, the doctor attempts to learn the specific connotation a dream symbol has for the individual.

The study of dreams has enabled psychiatrists to penetrate many neurotic disguises. For instance, the most common perversion—as far as the police calendar is concerned—is exhibitionism. The exhibitionist likes to exhibit himself before strangers of the opposite sex. But actually, he does not want to exhibit. What he wants is to see.

This was discovered by analyzing the dreams of exhibitionists; they are apt to dream of nude women. The exhibitionist does himself what he wants somebody else to do after identifying himself with the other person. He, of course, is not aware of this. In a treatment that takes from six months to a year, this perversion sometimes may be permanently cured. Such men are not criminals. They are not vicious. They can be treated and returned safely to the community.

Therapy by Confidence

About one third of the patients at mental clinics today are juvenile delinquents. Their treatment is not difficult. First, the child is taken out of the law's hands and handed over to the clinic, which assumes full responsibility. Then the child's confidence is won. Usually he is suspicious of every adult who is a symbol of authority and punishment.

Sometimes the psychiatrist introduces the delinquent to a corrected boy, and in this way the delinquent may come to trust him. The last thing a psychiatrist ever talks about is the specific crime for which the boy has been arrested. The boy begins to confide in

the doctor, learns to talk over his problems and worries, his fears and ambitions.

"Usually," Doctor Wertham remarks, "the parents are as much to blame as the delinquent, and one has to lecture the parents." These are the parents whose only method of teaching right from wrong is to shout at a child or give him a beating. A social service worker may be sent to the home to explore the family setup, for a frequent cause of juvenile delinquency is tension between the parents.

Sometimes the boy, who may be too old and tall for his class, is taken out of school, given working papers and found a job which fits his talents. A staff psychologist, attached to the clinic, has given the boy psychometric and other tests which determine his intelligence quotient and occupational aptitudes.

In juvenile delinquency, as in other cases of social maladjustment, the psychiatrist does not rely so much on analysis of the subconscious as on guidance, constructive suggestion and reorientation of the patient to his environment.

Fixated in Childhood

In a more serious neurosis, where there is, for instance, an irrational fear of the elevator cage, or the urge to touch every telephone pole, the treatment is longer, and the psychiatrist attempts to bring the repressed experiences into the open, to make the patient live the traumatic experience over again. When this happens, the patient's fears and compulsions may sometimes disappear, and he is cured. What actually brings about the cure is a certain subconscious emotional readjustment, about which medical science at present is not too certain. To put it simply, certain grown-up persons have remained partially fixated in their childhood. By means of analysis, this backward phase of a personality is usually revealed.

Probably the average psychoneurotic 4-F does not suffer from anything so serious as an anxiety—or compulsion—neurosis. This doesn't mean that an Army rejection on psychiatric grounds is to be lightly tossed aside. A person calls the doctor when he has the grippe, even though this is not as serious a respiratory ailment as pneumonia. Being a psychoneurotic 4-F doesn't mean you're a candidate for an insane asylum. It does mean that, even though you may get along passably well in civilian life, you are handicapped by a mental ailment—perhaps an inability to make up your mind about even small problems, an inability to get along with your family, a morbid tendency to lose your temper, a tendency to worry more than the facts warrant.

Some well-meaning friends may even tell you to "be glad you're neurotic," that this makes you an unusual person, and that all poets and men of genius have been neurotic. This is similar to saying, "Be glad you have a broken leg." A psychoneurosis is a handicap in living and enjoying life. Modern medicine has developed techniques of curing these ailments, yet very few take advantage of them.

This is not entirely the fault of the neurotics. Treatment is long and expensive. You go to the doctor perhaps five times a week for an hour's consultation. The average fee is \$10 a visit.

Possibly the most hopeful advance in shortening and cutting down expensive psychiatric treatment has been the development of group therapy, in which ten persons, who have the same neurotic pattern, are treated as a group, and not only take guidance from the doctor but help one another gain insight into their unconscious repressions. Experiments in group therapy were interrupted by the war, but will be resumed in Boston, Chicago and New York when peace comes. As the general public learns the facts of mental disease, as the stigma attached to neuroses disappears, psychiatry will stop being a luxury only for the wealthy.

Many individual and social tragedies, many crimes and divorces which society now takes for granted will be prevented when poorly adjusted persons are treated by private psychiatrists or in clinics as soon as their symptoms become apparent.

THE END

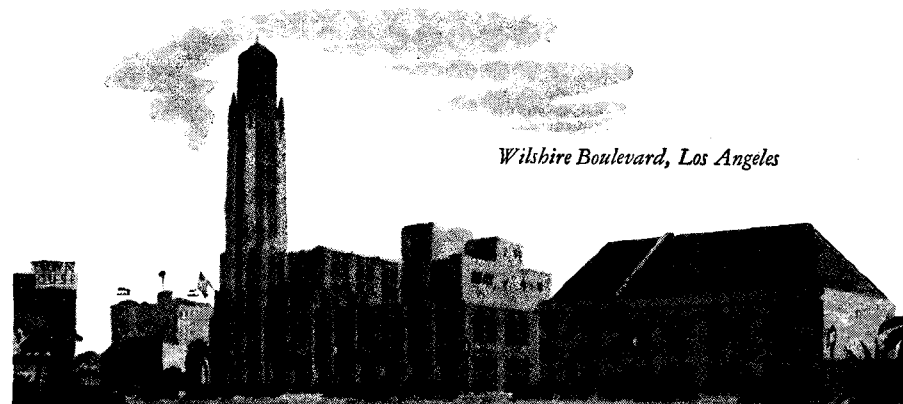


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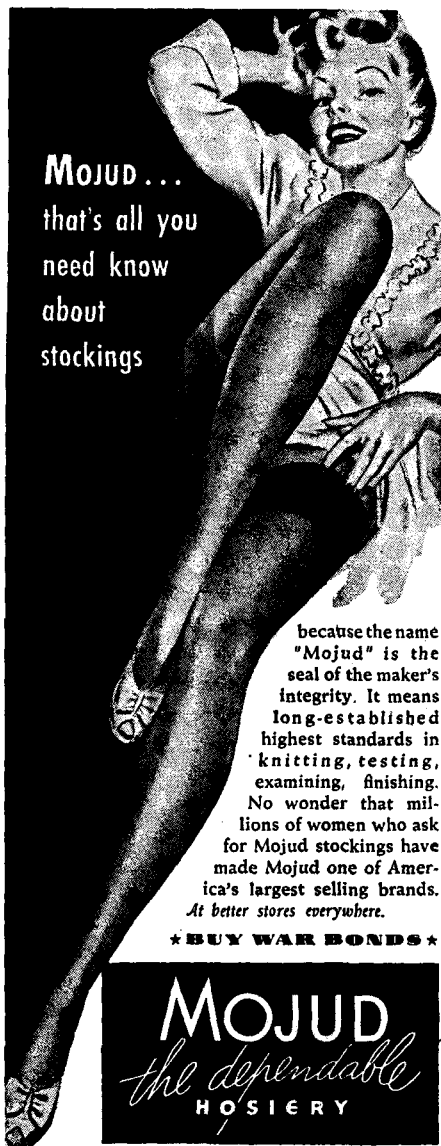


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Rome Lives Again

Continued from page 11

things tell you so and would escape your notice unless you knew Rome under the pall of Fascism. You couldn't sound your auto horn in the Fascist days. Mussolini forbade it. Now the streets resound to honking, and the city has an animate quality it had not known for nearly a quarter of a century.

The regimentation of the Roman pedestrians had reached a point where they were required to use one-way streets and to cross only at designated points, often having to walk blocks out of their way to reach their destinations and to avoid fines. Now the Romans wander all over the streets and the piazzas, dodging jeeps and trucks, and snaking through traffic on bicycles and having a wonderful time.

It's strange to hear the Romans talk again. They even laugh, and once—but only once—I heard them sing. They don't laugh much yet, and for this, there are many reasons. The Romans didn't talk under Fascism. They whispered. Now they gather in cafés on the sidewalks and in public squares and talk—about politics, of black-market iniquities, of past difficulties, of the present, and of the terrors of the future. All restraints are gone and they even "sass" Allied officials in the multitudinous bureaus of the Allied Control Commission out of the sheer joy of being able to talk back.

Romans never walked in threes—only in twos. If three friends went for a walk in the evening, they would rig an alibi for being together, in the event that they were stopped by an OVRA agent and questioned separately later at police headquarters. Now they freely express their gregarious natures, and places like the Galleria Colonna and the Piazza Venezia, where they never dared meet, have become public forums where men gather to talk politics in loud voices and look about them challengingly, or inviting approval—where before they whispered and looked about fearfully, seeing betrayal in every face.

Perhaps the city's many newspapers are the best index of Rome's and Italy's political regeneration. There were only four or five worthy of the name. Each was a carbon copy of all of the others. Now there are a dozen dailies, each expressing its particular bias, attacking one another or the government of the aging Ivanoe Bonomi and the Allies.

The papers have vigorous names and use vigorous language and are bellwethers of what may turn out to be Italy's second *risorgimento*. Most symptomatic of the rebirth of democracy in Italy is the rebirth of the satiric weekly, one of the fixtures of the Italian cultural life of pre-Fascist days. There is only one on the newsstands now—*Cantachiaro*, which means to "sing clearly." A two-page two-cent newspaper, it lampoons Musso and sizzles those Fascist hangers-on of the past who have all become good democrats now, and make Italians laugh at others and at themselves.

Crusade Against the Collar

Mussolini's apostle of the lugubrious was Doctor Virginio Gayda, a mousy little man who edited Rome's *Giornale D'Italia*. He was Italy's most humorless man. Once he wrote a 3,000-word editorial, urging the abolition of hard collars for men. Such neckwear, Gayda maintained, constricted the neck, prevented the free flow of blood to the brain, and thus impeded the fullest possible appreciation of "the poetry and spirituality of Fascism."

At first, the Romans tittered, but Gayda ended up finally by evoking only bitter behind-the-hand laughter. He did cause a city-wide guffaw a few months before his death by insisting that body and soul could be comfortably kept together by living on the rationed quantities of food without buying in the black market. He provided the Romans with the last laugh when he was killed by an American bomb while he was taking one of a course of English lessons from a lady friend, in preparation for the arrival of the Allies. With his knowledge of English, he might have been able to convince the Allied

officials—as so many former Fascists already have—that he wasn't Fascist at all, but merely an unfortunate victim of circumstances.

With all this, you must not think for a moment that Rome is a gay place. The old café life which managed to keep alive during Fascism is gone. There are only a few movies, and the theater is dead. There is no transportation except military, and bicycling up and down the hilly streets of Rome isn't fun, so people largely stay at home evenings. The cafés must close between 1 P.M. and 5 P.M. by order of the Allied authorities.

The people seldom go to cafés in the morning, and the few hours between 5 P.M. and darkness, when all cafés must close because there is no city-wide electric light, are not conducive to that leisurely sipping of an apéritif and reading of newspapers which was one of the charms of Roman and European life. The cocktail time between 5 P.M. and 7:30 P.M. is made a scramble for a quick one before undertaking a long walk or a bike ride home to a gasless, lightless, and sometimes waterless home, and a black-market supper of beans and greens boiled over an expensive charcoal fire.

What fun exists in Rome is for the Allied troops, which may be as it should or should not be, depending on whether we came to Italy as conquerors or liberators. The Café Aragno, for instance, has been taken over as a mess. The café, for thirty years before Fascism, was the rococo meeting place of equally rococo parliament members, journalists, artists and lawyers who taught the mean-

tourists as a quaint little family hotel has been reserved for the Allied press. It is not far from a famous park where the wind breathes in the tops of the umbrella pines in the evening, and the sunset view of St. Peter's and the crazy-quilt pattern of Rome's rooftops is magnificent. When there is water, we get hot baths, and the food isn't what you remember, but strictly officers' mess, which means several cuts below G.I. standards. Even the Italians wonder why we eat the stuff.

Corso Umberto (Rome's Madison Avenue) and Via Veneto (the city's Park Avenue) haven't changed much, except that the maples lining the sidewalk of the latter are taller and sturdier by five years, and their branches nearly meet over the broad roadway.

No Lack of Luxury Goods

Corso's luxury shops, like those along Via Condotti, have reopened, and behind the plate-glass windows there is an array of silverware, pottery, fine lace, handbags, leather goods, jewelry and *objets d'art* at fantastic prices. In one shop, you could have bought a game set in a fine, hardwood box containing cards, roulette wheel and chips for all—nearly as many games of chance as are described in Herbert Asbury's treatise on the subject—for five hundred dollars—50,000 phony lire.

From what you see in the shops, you can deduce several things. They show that the Italian war effort, in spite of Fascism's huffing and puffing about total war, was pitiful.



"I think he loves her. He's letting her drink most of it"

COLLIER'S

LAWRENCE LARIAR

ing of freedom to the young generations. Even during Fascism, it was so.

Fascism brought new faces—those of spies, but those with faces that always needed a shave, with tightly wound umbrellas and unpressed suits, were a part of the landscape, like the mediocre paintings, marble-topped tables and flat-footed, white-coated waiters of the place. Rome's café intelligentsia have had to find somewhere else to go, which may not seem very sad to you, but it does to them. Our mess could have found equally good quarters in a dozen places near by.

Places like the Ambasciatori, where an uncertain orchestra played Strauss waltzes and indifferent rumbas, are boarded up. The Café Ulpia, near Trajan's Forum, where Alfredo Del Pelo sang his sentimental first World War songs with an anti-Fascist accent in a yellow-lighted grotto below the street level, while the customers sipped a liquid gold liqueur called *aurum*, is open only for lunch, and Alfredo doesn't sing any more. He used to wear shirt studs that bore miniature pictures of his lovely, fat wife.

In the old Grand Hotel, half of which is reserved for the Italian aristocracy, lunch costs five dollars a plate in occupation money, and twenty-five dollars by Italian monetary standards. The Afamo Bar, once the rendezvous of Rome's slicker and more cynical and least appetizing aristocracy, has been taken over by American officers. One of its features was girls—lovely Roman ladies renowned for their expensive immorality. These remain, and life is gay indeed at the old stand.

A hotel renowned to millions of American

Manufacturers continued to make beautiful merchandise, useless in helping to win the war. A walk in the midtown streets discloses that tons of steel and cement were going into public works of doubtful utility during the war itself. One building occupies nearly a city block and is four stories high and must have cost millions. It was built for an insurance company on a newly cut street named Via Ventitre Marzo (March 23d), that being the anniversary of the foundation of the Fascist Party. The name of the street has been changed, of course, to Via Quattro Giugno (June 4th), that being the day the Germans withdrew, which is a neat Roman shading in the use of anniversaries. We came on June 5th.

Via Veneto is still a favorite route for afternoon promenades, but the promenaders are no longer those monocled sissies in expensive English clothes with leashed dogs, or those sleek French-heeled upper-class chippies who managed always to look like last year's Hollywood favorite. There are G.I.s with warm-lipped, big-eyed girls on their arms, girls from the wrong side of the Tiber, from the ghettos and Bowerys and Mulberry streets of Trastevere.

They don't smile any more. Some have had their hair shaved off by their brothers, to punish them for associating with lads who love and leave. Most of them have reddish-brown hair, and many have been able to afford their first permanent and their first silk stockings at 700 occupation lire a pair, and high-heeled shoes at three thousand.

Prostitution has become a major industry



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here, although not in the proportions known in less respectable Naples. The traffic stems from dire poverty. The impoverishment of the country began with Fascism's expensive whims for monuments and arms and graft. It cost seventeen lire to collect one hundred lire in taxes.

The Nazis finished the process. They carried away everything the Romans couldn't nail down or hide, including the streetcars now being used in German cities.

By the time we entered Rome, the little people and even some of the bourgeois class had been reduced to rags. They sold everything they owned, often including their beds, in order to buy food. Those beggars, who constituted social problems which Musso solved by making begging illegal, are back on the streets in droves.

Side by side with prostitution marches the black market. They ride the same horse of the Apocalypse. One is traceable to poverty, and the other to avarice and the law of supply and demand. Both exist principally, however, because of the gradual moral degeneration of the Italians during a great hiatus in their history. It is difficult to say which causes the Romans greater shame.

The black market is patronized by those who can afford it. It is operated by those underpaid members of the civil-servant class, doorkeepers and police, who always grafted a little; and it is helped by servants, butchers and bakers, and their delivery boys. Without a black market, there is no doubt that a large section of Rome's population would starve.

The most despised of the black-marketeers are the *portinai*, or doorkeepers of the apartment houses and *palazzi*. During Fascism, they spied on tenants and grafted and blackmailed on the side. They lived in basement rooms, usually windowless. Now, many of them are rich with black-market profits. I know of one who has made a fortune of a half-million lire, and it is a bitter joke among the Romans that the doorkeepers are moving up out of their cellars into the well-lighted apartments upstairs, renting their own quarters to former well-to-do tenants.

Allied authorities have been able to stabilize the prices of fruits and vegetables and to provide two hundred grams of bread daily per person, twice the amount they received under the Germans. According to the official figures, the cost of these items, which do not include the common staples of Italian diet, such as olive oil, butter, flour, sugar, meat, eggs and wine, has risen by 751 per cent since November, 1940, when prices were already abnormally high.

Wages haven't kept pace. These were increased by only ninety per cent by the Germans, and the Allied Military Government brought them up sharply to 230 per cent by June. The cost of living, therefore, is still 521 per cent higher than are wages. The average wage of an ordinary worker or civil servant is three thousand lire per month. To keep himself and his family alive, he must buy his meat, fats and wine in the black market.

The Unbalanced Budget

Bearing in mind that the lira has been pegged at one hundred to the dollar, representing an inflation of 500 per cent over the normal relationship between the two currencies, you can obtain some idea as to how far three thousand lire (or 3,000 cents) per month go toward feeding an average family of five, from the following figures:

Eggs cost 35 lire each; meat 350 lire per kilo; wine is at 100 lire per liter; flour at 180 lire per kilo; sugar 500; olive oil 500; butter 750. A suit of clothes costs 20,000 lire; a pair of mediocre shoes 2,000 lire. A chocolate bar comes at 150 lire, and black-market American cigarettes are eighty-five cents a package; Italian cigs are sixty.

The most expensive item of all is charcoal, the only means the Romans have at present—and probably for a long time to come—for cooking. A kilo of charcoal costs 35 lire; at least five kilos are required to cook one meal, and it often turns out that more is spent for fuel than for the food cooked.

I dined with the Duchess Colonna Di Cesaro the other night, with her daughter Amita, and her daughter's fiancé, Umberto Corti.

The meal was plain and contained some bits of meat. It cost the duchess about 5,000 lire, exclusive of candles, of which we burned two during the evening—at an additional cost of 70 lire.

The small upper class is well off. They have sold jewels, furniture and gold at enormous prices, and they have hoarded cured hams, chocolate and small luxuries. They survived Fascism and Nazi occupation and they will weather the present difficulties somehow. They can sell their automobiles for from 120,000 to 500,000 lire each, if they can't afford to run them with gasoline at 75 lire for a pint.

That other special aristocracy Fascism created of already rich persons who became richer under Mussolini's graftism do very well indeed. They have opened their homes to Allied officers and entertain them as lavishly as yesterday they entertained the hierarchy of the Wehrmacht and the Storm Troopers. These two classes of people present no problem. They constitute approximately ten per cent of the city population, which has swollen now to double what it was, or nearly two million. But the little people are getting it in the neck.

Facing a Bad Winter

The rich can afford candles and charcoal and black-market food and goodies. The poor cannot. They live in the dark, eat raw food, and there is a small epidemic of intestinal disorders well under way. Rome won't have light or transportation for months. The power plants which supplied the city with current are in the north in the vicinity of Terni, and the Germans dynamited them. There is coal in Sardinia, but the Allies need every bit of shipping available for military purposes, otherwise fuel could be brought to Rome to manufacture gas and some electric power. The Romans face, therefore, the most dismal winter in a long history of dismalness.

The great mass of people don't complain. They are aware that they must pay the price for having failed to fight when they could have—as in 1924 when the Fascists outraged public opinion with the murder of Matteotti—and that Italy's place among the world powers is gone, perhaps for half a century or more.

The only complaints I have heard come from the upper-middle-class people, who complain that they can afford only one servant now, instead of three, and fire the other two because it costs too much to feed the poor devils. These bend your ear for hours, justifying their submission to the Fascist Party, their supine acceptance of Fascist favors, and telling you how they were really good democrats all along. Didn't they take the trouble to learn English? Too many Allied Authorities have fallen for their line. There are still plenty of Fascists in high places and, worse still, plenty of Musso's thieving gang of petty bureaucrats in low places.

To the decent bulk of Rome's—and Italy's—people, what is happening is the inevitable result of twenty-two years of Fascism. They only ask to be permitted to bring to justice the black-marketeers and the former Fascist racketeers in their own way, and their way is a violent one. This the Allies won't permit because it would—or might—interfere with the conduct of the war. And so those who have waited for twenty-two years for democracy to return (unlike those who waited only nine months merely to make the switch from Fascism to democracy) say they can wait a few more months, even a few more years, to rectify matters, in what will be as bloody a purge as the one experienced in France in 1793 and for the same ends.

As matters stand, and until such a purge occurs, the Romans and the Italians will have realized only two of the Four Freedoms—Freedom of Speech and Freedom of Religion. They are still in fear—although now it is a healthy fear of not realizing their democratic ideals within their own lifetime, instead of a fear of espionage and suppression and the cells of the political prison. For a long time there won't be Freedom from Want, and this they know and are prepared to face.

THE END

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- and After This Victory?

WE WOULD like to point out that in the summer of 1918, as now, we knew that we were going to win a great war. We knew then, or thought we knew, what we were going to do when it was over. Then, as now, we had blueprints. Maybe these were not quite right; maybe those we have now are not quite right. But when the first World War was over, we quit thinking about them altogether.

The whistles of the armistice had hardly died away when we plunged into what someone has called an era of "unconsidered joy." We forgot the blueprints—imperfect though they may have been—and permitted ourselves to be beguiled by a word that, ungrammatical and meaningless, nevertheless was probably the greatest single reason for the election of Warren Gamaliel Harding as President of the United States.

That word was "normalcy." We were exhorted in the campaign of 1920 to go "back to normalcy," but we did not stop to consider what, if anything, "normalcy" was. Certainly it was not what happened during the 1914-1918 era; certainly it could not be—because of the enormous technical advances made during the war—what had existed prior to 1914. What was it, then? We did not know, but we did not, in fact, care.

We permitted ourselves the luxury of doing nothing at all, with the result that the trivial, the irrelevant, the immaterial became of first importance in our casual lives. There was, for example, the question of prohibition.

While we snarled and bickered over whether an individual had the right to take a drink of liquor, the League of Nations began its tragic existence without us. This is not to say that the League of Nations was the most desirable of systems or that we should have

joined it; neither is it to say that the fight against the 18th Amendment was not a good fight; it is only that it was absurd that the fight against prohibition had to be made at all. Few will argue that the question of a world system to guarantee peace and prosperity is not more important than the question of whether a person should take a drink of whisky. Yet, from our behavior after our return to "normalcy," it would seem that we believed it was not.

This curious sublimation of the trivial, this emphasis of incredibly unimportant matters paralyzed our national thinking during the twenties. During the twenties, Mussolini marched on Rome, Hitler emerged and set in motion the diabolical force of Nazism, Japan fortified the Pacific islands that we are now wresting from her at great cost of blood and treasure. Despite superficial prosperity in the United States, the world economic system even then was tottering, inevitably to crash in the greatest disaster of its sort in history.

And while all these and other things were taking place, what were we doing? We were, besides working up sweat over prohibition, vastly concerned over whether it literally was true that the whale swallowed Jonah, as witness the famous trial in Dayton, Tenn., when William Jennings Bryan debated the subject from the witness stand with Clarence Darrow. We were concerned with flagpole sitters; with so-called "bunion derbies," in which people contested to see who could walk across the continent the fastest; with whether a dance called the Charleston or a dance called the Black Bottom was more immoral; with something called "companionate marriage"; with, in short, the greatest variety of nonsense imaginable.

We looked at the stock market and played it enthusiastically, with all the forethought of a man play-

ing a roulette wheel, and it didn't matter at all if the farmers in the Great Plains states were going broke and if unemployment even then was climbing. Nothing mattered, in fact. The market was high—for what reason didn't count—and the bootlegger and the speak-easy were accessible.

The depression came and put a stop to the nonsense, all right, and we were aghast, but sometimes wonder. We wonder if, after the defeat of the Axis and after the sirens of jubilation are silent; if, after the dancing in the streets is over and the litter of torn telephone books is swept up and the hang-overs are slept off, we may not once again go on that thoughtless joy ride of self-indulgence that was our life for ten years after the last world struggle.

We don't, as a matter of fact, think we will. We are more knowledgeable now than then; we have had experience. Perhaps it was inevitable experience, like that of the youngster who must go through the ordeal of childhood diseases and adolescence before reaching maturity, and perhaps, as it is with the youngster, so will it be with our young, vigorous nation.

The new generation, at any rate, would seem to know more than their elders did. They have looked upon the behavior of their elders and found it not so good, and it is likely that they will not make the same mistakes.

But we must be wary. We must not allow the trivial and the unimportant to becloud our thinking again, and we must be mindful of what our world neighbors are doing, so that never again will we have to die to make men free.

Dying, especially when those who are dying are young and hopeful and just ready for the full life that should be their birthright, is not at all trivial.

BABY THAT CAR AND THOSE TIRES

THE American Automobile Association recently sent two road cars around the country to see how well, or otherwise, Americans were conserving cars and rubber by holding down to 35 miles per hour or less. The AAA observers found that most motorists were paying little heed to the 35 m.p.h. advisory speed limit, and were bowling over the roads as if new cars and plenty of tires were just around the corner. They aren't. By all present indications, they are around an alarmingly faraway corner regardless of war developments.

Here are some of the figures in the case: At the time

of Pearl Harbor, there were about 140,000,000 tires on passenger cars in this country. Each tire had a life expectancy of about three years. For replacements, about 45,000,000 tires a year were necessary. But no civilian tires were made in 1942, and only about 2,000,000 were made in 1943. Synthetic rubber is coming along well now, and so are synthetic rubber tires, but tire production for civilians in 1944 can hardly go above 20,000,000. Plenty by mid-1945, maybe, but not before.

Automobiles, too, are wearing out at an alarming clip—about 150,000 a month—and we cannot look for

quantity auto production for civilians any time soon. The ominous fact is, therefore, that we can run into a serious motor-transport breakdown on the home front, if we don't baby our cars and tires along as carefully as we can. A motor-transport breakdown could have the most serious effects on our Armed Forces all over the world. If you have a car and enough tires to roll on, you have no more urgent patriotic duty than the duty to conserve that rubber by driving slowly and carefully, and to conserve that car by keeping it at all times lubricated, tuned up, and in repair.