

The German Girls! The German Girls!

(Offered gratis for the instruction of Mr. W. R. Hearst and Other Publicists)

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

Are you familiar with the mounted men?

Who asked us this? The linden leaves? The pianos
Answering evening with yesterday—they or the leaves?

Who asked us this in the cat's hour when evening
Curled in the sitting-room listening under the lamps
To the linden leaves in the wind and the courtyard pianos?

Are you familiar with the mounted men—

The cavalry lot with the hot leap at the fences:
Smellers of horse-sweat: swingers of polished boots:
Leather crotch to the britches: brave looters:
Lope over flowerbeds: wheel on the well-kept lawns:
Force your knees in the negligé under the awning:
Bold boys with a blouse: insolent handlers:
Bring you the feel again: bring you the German man:
Bring you the blood to the breasts and the bride's look on you—
Laughter fumbling at the clumsy hooks?—

Are you familiar with the mounted men?

Who asks us now? The broken doors? The dead boys
Answering morning with yesterday—they or the doors?

Who asks us now in the dog's hour when morning
Sniffs at the dead boys in the prison trench
And wakes the woman whom no mouth will waken?

Are we familiar with the mounted men!—

The grocery lot with the loud talk in the restaurants:
Smellers of delicatessen: ex-cops:
Barbers: fruit-sellers: sewers of underwear: shop-keepers:
Those with the fat rumps foolish in uniforms:
Red in the face with the drums: with the brass tunes:

Fingerers under a boy's frock: playfellows:
Tricksters with trousers: whip-swingers: eye-balls glazed:
Bring you the feel again—bring you the crawling skin!
Bring you the blood to your throat and the thighs wincing!

Are you familiar with the mounted men—

Who sold us so? Who told us this to tempt us?

There was a voice that asked us in those evenings
Peaceful with always when our muslin sleeves
Moved through the past like promises and children
Played as forever and the silence filled:
There was a voice among the afternoons
That asked us this—the crowds?—the red balloons?—
The July flowers in the public gardens?—
There was a voice that asked us under stars too.

Are you familiar with the mounted men?

Who asked us this upon the Sunday benches?
What pimp procured us to leave loose our doors
And made us whores and wakened us with morning?
Only by us the men of blood came in!
Only by women's doors: by women's windows—
Only by us the flags: the flagrant brass:
The belts: the ribbons: the false manhood passes!
Only by women's tenderness can come
The midnight volley and the prison drum-beat!

Are you familiar with the mounted men?

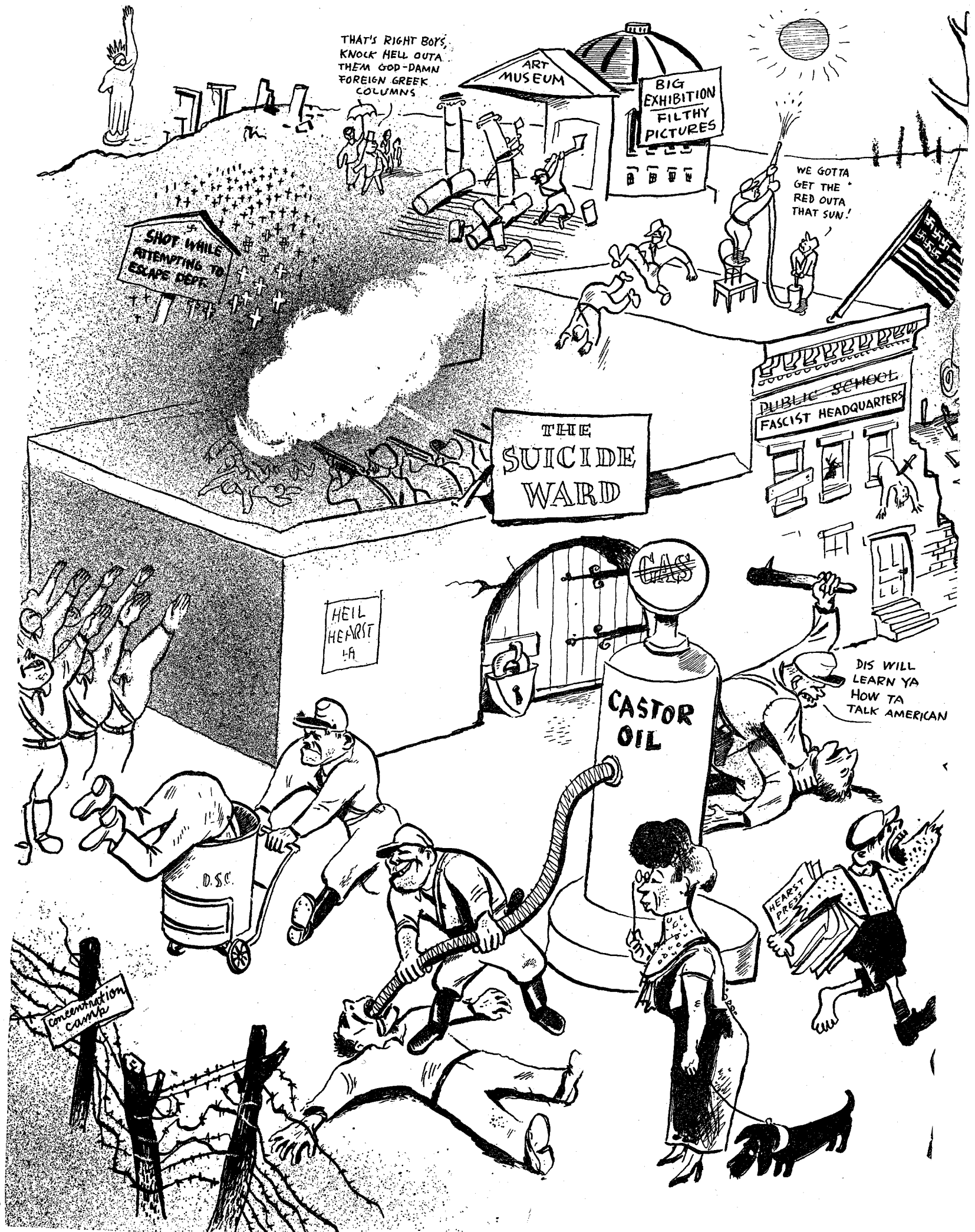
Who asked us this?

THERE WAS A VOICE THAT ASKED US!



"Mr. Slasher has clubbed dozens of strikers. He's going to give us a little talk on what America needs!"

Ned Hilton



[illegible]

' E N S H E R E

John O'Hara's Dilemma

DEAR MR. FORSYTHE:

I HAVE been sitting here on this fairly comfortable fence, watching the Reds at one end and the fascists at the other, taking the fence apart. I've known all along, of course, that sooner or later they would meet, approximately at me, and that then I would have to take my tired body off the fence and line up with Red or fascist. For a while I had a feeling that I would join the fascists, because a friend of mine named Karl Creighton or something like that, he used to get angry with me and call me a fascist bastard and I thought well, maybe that's what I am, in part. Then, too, I had to admit that I don't know much about some things. I am not a cultured man, Mr. Forsythe. I read hardly anything that is put between boards. I never have read *The Mill on the Floss* nor *The Cricket on the Hearth*. Other books I have not read include: *Stained Glass Tours in France* (1908), *Stained Glass Tours in England* (1909), *Stained Glass Tours in Italy* (1913), *Stained Glass Tours in Spain and Flanders* (1924), *Stained Glass Tours in Germany* (1927), *Bismarck and Mussolini* (1931), *The Purple or the Red* (1924), *A Year's Embassy to Mustafa Kemal* (1933). However, I am not so uncultured that I do not know that the whole Stained Glass Series, and the Bismarck-Mussolini book, and the Purple-Red book, and the Year's Embassy book were written by a very good reason why I guess I am inevitably getting down off the

fence and lining up against the fascists. The reason is Brigadier General Charles Hitchcock Sherrill.

It is a wonderful thing to find out how famous a man can be without anyone's ever having heard about him. I mean, I immediately recognize and identify the names of Willie Stevens and Wilber Huston and Bryan Untiedt and Madge Oberholtzer and Rudolph Blankenburg and Marion Zinderstein and Federico Enrico and Bossy Gillis and Jim Dandy and Lawrence Richey and Jimmy Hussey and Hazay Natzy and Bernie Wefers and Hector Fuller and T. Truxtun Hare. These are just names I put down as they come to me, names of people who for one reason or another have had some kind of fame. But I never had heard of Charles Hitchcock Sherrill until a few months ago, and the more I heard of him, the more I learned about him, the more certain I was that no matter how sore I was from kicks from the highly-organized Reds and the somewhat unconsolidated fascists, I would prefer being kicked by a Red to being kicked by a fascist. I do not like the General Sherrill. I do not know General Sherrill, although I am sure if he came in this room I would know him. He probably would be wearing his Deke pin on his waistcoat, and miniatures of the Grand Cross Order of the Crown of Italy, Commander of the Legion of Honor, Commander of the Order of Leopold, Grand Cross of the Jugoslavian Order of the White Eagle and a few other orders. For

lunch I could go as his guest to the University, Century, Union League, Grolier, Army and Navy, New York Athletic, Yale, Tuxedo, New York Yacht or some other club, and we could talk about Stained Glass Tours or I have a feeling that the General (who won his generalship as head of the New York draft board in 1917) would do most of the talking. I just have that feeling. The General undoubtedly is a cultured man and could

tell me about what he saw and learned at Yale and in the Argentine, and if we got around to business he could tell me something of his duties as vice-president of the Berkshire Fine Spinning Associates. I would like to see a meeting of the Fine Spinning Associates. I never even have seen a dervish. Naturally I would be fascinated by his story of the Sherrill genealogy, upon which the General published a book as recently as 1932. Remember? Then, over our Baked Alaska, we would arrive at the thing nearest the General's heart: Fascism the Fascinating. Surely it wasn't only the tact of the former diplomat that made the General exclaim recently in Rome that what the United States needed was a man like Mussolini. Surely it is not merely his zeal for avoiding wounding the feelings of a friendly power that has the General giving the Nazis his assurance that the United States will be represented at Berlin and Garmisch-Partenkirchen, even if it has to be his own private team. Even though the General might be signing the check for this lunch, I hardly think I will be giving my usual \$1,000 donation to the Olympic Fund.

Oh, Mr. Forsythe, it's all too, too bad. I wish I could get really angry at my mythical host, the General. But I can't. You can't stir up real anger against the author of the delightful, if unread, Stained Glass series. Any man that sees Europe through stained glass. . . . And what the hell? Can we have such a thing as an *American* Olympic team after they made Jim Thorpe give up his medals?

If you want me to, when the General takes me to lunch I'll suggest that he not only run the team, but run on it. How beautiful with spiked shoes!

Yrs.

JOHN O'HARA.

DO YOU REALLY MEAN IT?

"We realize that life is different in 1935 from 1776."—Herbert Hoover.

"I believe it is possible for the League to stop war."—Senator James P. Pope.

"Whether I have a large fortune or not has made no difference to me."—Charles M. Schwab.

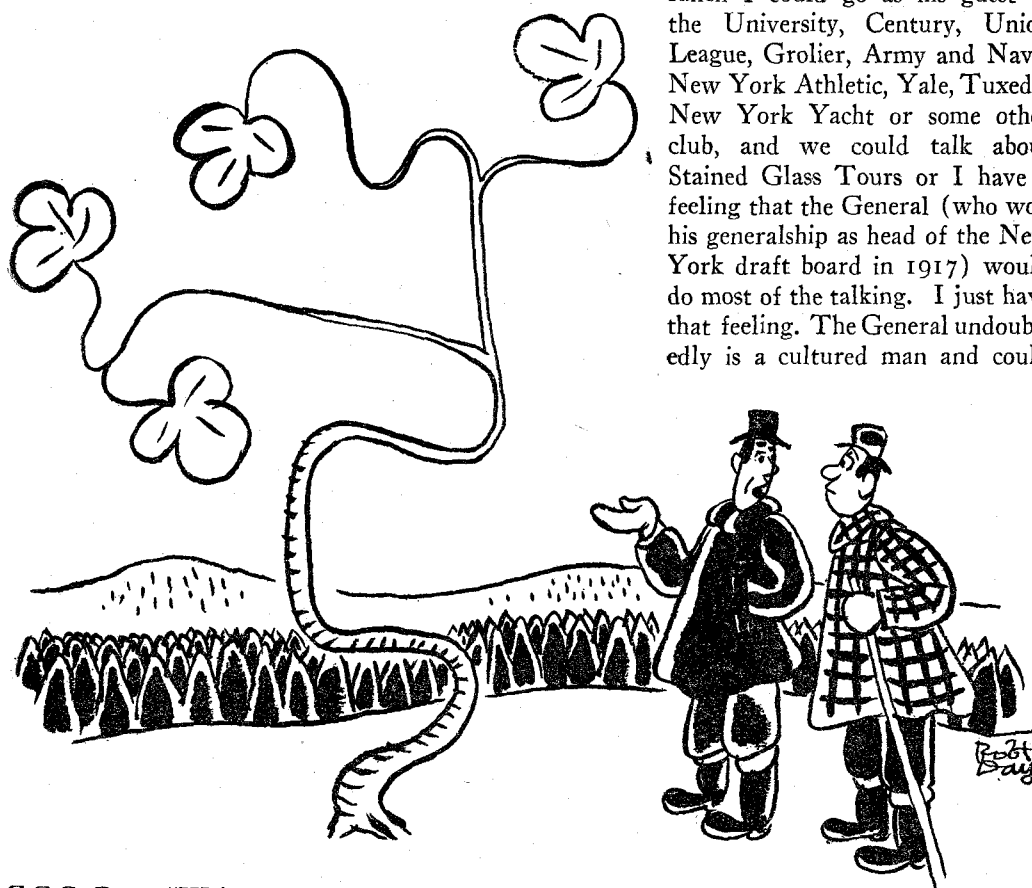
"I have in my heart a warm feeling for every Jew and every Catholic in the United States."—Congressman Thomas D. Blanton.

"Americans are now convinced our entry into the World War was a horrible mistake."—Dr. Charles M. Sheldon.

"Politics plays no part in job-giving."—Congressman John G. O'Connor.

"Business certainly is qualified to conduct its own affairs."—Grover A. Whalen.

"Stanford believes in intelligent freedom of expression."—Leland W. Cutler.



C.C.C. Boys: "We're getting nearer to what the president wants."