

roads the army wanted to utilize for its scheduled maneuvers around Erzurum. Others were employed in building defenses and military roads. That was happening in "neutral" Turkey.

Were our authorities aware of it? Yes, they were. The British military attache in Istanbul, Captain Cribbs, told me they knew conditions were in some cases worse than in Nazi concentration camps. He apologized for not demanding some humanitarian action by informing me that the Turkish government strongly resented any interference in local matters. Any complaint, the British Intelligence officer said, would be used by the Turks as another pretext for helping the Germans.

Dr. Franco, one of the outstanding

lawyers in Istanbul, assumed the defense of the Jews. On the basis of the daily lists published in the newspapers, he proved that only two percent among the individuals affected by the levy on capital were Turks. On the rare occasions when a Turk was assessed—mostly members of the professional class and the opposition—it was always within reasonable limits of his income or capital. On the other hand, all non-Moslems were taxed beyond their capacity to pay, a practice tantamount to confiscation. This made it clear, Dr. Franco said, that the Turkish government was only interested in despoiling the defenseless minorities for political purposes. In retaliation for his daring attacks, Dr. Franco found himself as-

sessed several hundred thousand liras. Unable to pay it, he was sent with the rest to clean up the roads of Eastern Anatolia.

I ENTERED Turkey through its Eastern backdoor, in a creaking one-wagon train that runs across the no man's land separating Leninakan and Kars. Just across the Turkish border the train came to a halt and a swarm of frontier guards invaded it. They were dressed in all sorts of foreign uniforms and they wore French, British and German helmets. The sergeant in charge approached me, demanding to see my papers. Unfortunately, he was nearly illiterate and could not understand my credentials which, to make

General Evans F. Carlson

EVANS CARLSON came to New York early last fall. He had been desperately ill in California but he had recovered sufficiently to undertake the long, slow motor trip east. When he arrived we were worried by the way he looked. His lean, high-boned New England face was drawn. He had suffered not only from physical illness; he was also deeply troubled as to whether he would be well enough to give his full strength to the fight against reaction.

I remember keenly the things that bothered him. As he travelled east, with his wife and son, he had made it a point to talk with everyone he could along the way. He wanted to know how they sized things up. It was a little over a year since V-J Day and the congressional elections were about to be held. Yet in that short space the policies of the government had changed sharply. In particular, Carlson sought out opinion on policy toward China and how people felt toward the bipartisan approach of shoring up the Chiang Kai-shek regime with money and armed forces and pressing that regime on the Chinese people. He found in his talks with people that they were confused and disturbed over this government's attitude. He found, too, that people did not have the facts and that they were being made to hate their wartime allies.

That was the way Carlson worked and that was the way he learned what the score was. He chased down every major problem that confronted him and found most of the answers. I remember hearing him talk about his early experiences as a Marine in Nicaragua. There he had first glimpsed the value and techniques of guerrilla warfare based on the needs of the people. Much later, as an observer with the famous Communist-led Eight Route Army of China, his understanding reached full maturity. And, when the war against fascism finally involved the United States, Colonel (later Brigadier General) Carlson put these lessons into practice with his heroic Raiders.

But even before the outbreak of war Carlson had begun to apply to the country's domestic scene what he had learned about democracy and imperialism and fascism. Early in 1939 he resigned from the Marine Corps in order to do what he could to arouse public opinion against the official appeasement of Japan and in favor of giving real assistance to China. He was convinced that in this way the awful war that he saw coming could be averted. Those of us who got to know him during that period and who worked with him realized that here in the making was a great democratic leader.

When the war ended, Carlson, despite his failing energies, continued to give everything to the cause of democracy. He spoke at large meetings, he wrote innumerable letters of counsel and encouragement to his numerous friends, he accepted the chairmanship of the Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern Policy, the co-chairmanship of the Win the Peace Movement, a vice-chairmanship in PCA. Even after he was finally persuaded by his wife and friends to rest, his leadership made itself felt. People stopped off to visit him at his out-of-the-way cabin in Oregon. Henry Wallace visited him two days before he was finally stricken and after the visit Wallace remarked that Carlson was subjecting himself to too great a strain by his interest in world currents.

Evans Carlson died at a time when we Americans need a man of his caliber. He was a figure close to the people. But on the threshold of historic work Carlson's rigorous life and his wounds caught up with him. I knew him well and I never encountered a man of such simplicity, such humility, and such profound human understanding. Nor have I known anyone so fitted to give leadership in the job that must be done in this country. We have lost a great American, whose memory can only be honored by carrying on the beliefs he so magnificently expressed by his life.

FREDERICK V. FIELD.

things worse, were written mostly in French, with only very little Turkish. He wanted to take my passport away, but we finally compromised by letting him take my luggage as a safeguard. I was coming from the Soviet Union and any newcomer from this direction arouses the deepest suspicion. It was March, 1943. Relentlessly the Soviet offensive was pushing the Nazis back to Berlin. Instead of making the Turks happy, this success was so distressing that the Turkish General Staff was thrown into a state of jitters.

I learned afterward they were expecting a "Red attack" from Leninakan, of all places. Leninakan was as dead as a Sunday in Scotland. Arriving from Manchuria, where I had observed on the Russo-Japanese border a powerful concentration of Soviet troops and heavy equipment, I was rather surprised to find no Soviet soldiers on my route from Erivan to Leninakan. Coming into Chita, in Siberia, I heard planes buzzing in the air all along the way, night and day. But on the Soviet-Turkish border I met only solitary outposts, with no Soviet planes, guns or tanks.

The Turkish side, however, was feverish with military activity. On the short run to Kars our train was stopped five times to let on new groups of soldiers, who made it so overcrowded that the atmosphere was soon stifling. Five times, too, new guards and officers came asking for my papers, demanding to know who I was and where I was going. We arrived at Kars in time to see a military train pulling in from Erzurum. While waiting for the local commander to okay my stay in Kars, I watched soldiers moving 75's and taking down heavy machineguns and mortars.

The movement of artillery woke me early the next morning. Turkish troops started to pass under my balcony—horse-drawn artillery, cavalry and countless companies on foot which disappeared beyond the railway line into the snowy horizon. For five days I saw them passing back and forth. Unable to leave for Erzurum because the army was using the narrow-gauge line leading there from Kars, I had no other way to pass the time than to drink coffee and to watch the troop movements. They crossed the town, passing through the ruins of the once prosperous Armenian section of Kars. The stone walls were a bare testimony to the brutality of the Turkish armies which, as an aftermath to World War

I, sacked the Armenian towns in one of the most tremendous butcheries of this century.

Fortunately, my boredom was relieved on the second day by an unexpected visitor. Commander Vassil Coubadinov, member of the Bulgarian General Staff and the military attache in Moscow, was on his way to Sophia on leave. He also was compelled to stay at Kars waiting for the army to release the railway line, so we could continue our trip to Ankara. It was he who, with expert eyes, discovered the German origin of the Turkish military equipment. Much to my amazement, Commander Coubadinov told me it was the same kind of equipment he had recently seen captured from the Nazi troops defeated at the Moscow front. We traveled together to the capital, an opportunity I turned to advantage by having him talk with as many Turks as we could corner during the long and tedious trip. It seemed they dreaded a "Russian attack."

I wanted to know what they thought about the possibility of a Nazi attack from the West. Were they not aware of the fact that crack Nazi divisions were in Bulgaria waiting for von Papen's signal to strike? Yes, they had heard something about it, though they thought it must be only propaganda. Doubtful, they either shrugged their shoulders or shook their heads. But they were positive that the Soviet Union had massed its best troops on the Turkish border. Two weeks later I received a letter from another Bulgarian companion, who was by no means a "fellow traveler." "I wish you could have seen," he wrote, "Adrianople, on our frontier, where,

in spite of diligent efforts, I failed to detect the presence of Turkish troops. Do you remember the many thousands we saw at Kars and Erzurum?"

FROM now on it will be America's duty to protect Turkey, encouraging the Turks' rabid anti-Russian complex. Mr. Truman says that democracy is in danger in the Near East—maybe democracy *a la* Ottoman. We have come a long way from the not-so-distant days when nearly everyone seemed happy to bring to an end one of the most successful cases of rapine the world has ever seen. With our support, the Turks will think again of invading Russian territory, demanding the reincorporation into Turkey of the golden slice of the Soviet Union in Transcaucasia. Under the pretense of defending democracy, we are lending support to a clique of politicians and generals who, for the past eight years, have kept in the army all able-bodied Turks. While the industrialization of Turkey and the planned electrification and development of mining visualized by Kemal Ataturk have been stopped altogether, since 1939 this clique has swelled the public debt in a spectacular manner through loans necessary to keep 800,000 men under arms. Millions have been spent not in improving the lot of the peasants or giving satisfaction to the rebelling Kurd tribes who live in most primitive conditions, but to build defenses and military roads.

Now under the Truman Doctrine millions of dollars will be poured in, but not to stabilize Turkey's economy and make it really productive, nor to raise the standard of living of a population reduced to misery, victims of an inflation forced by huge military expenditures. Americans are to defend democracy in a country where no opposition was allowed in the parliament at the time Roosevelt, Churchill and Inonu met at Cairo, where whoever disagreed with the ruling cabal was beaten and forced out of public life. Russian "totalitarianism" is to be combatted in a country where the opposition is growing tired of voicing its demand for fulfillment of the democratic rights guaranteed by its constitution. To uphold a Turkish government whose police officials are entitled to close newspapers and hold journalists for months in jail, without allowing them legal protection, seems in accord with the new Washington definition of "democracy."



WHAT DO KIDS READ?

Once they were led to believe their elders knew the answers to everything. Today they are looking for the answers themselves.

By JAY WILLIAMS

LITERATURE, like everything else in America, is an industry. For this very reason, a sort of twisted blessing is conferred upon adolescent and pre-adolescent youth. The budgets of juvenile editors in most publishing houses are rigidly controlled and often very small, and as a result these editors are forced to be much more highly selective than their colleagues in other departments. A much smaller percentage of tripe, comparatively speaking, emerges from the juvenile departments each year, and from the typewriters of those who commit themselves to this ill-paying but spiritually rewarding field.

Let me make it plain that in this article I cannot attempt to cover the whole area of juvenile literature. It is with writing for the twelve to fifteen age group that I am chiefly concerned. For the still younger audience you have dozens of hastily-dashed-off stories which are carbon copies of each other: a whole regiment of *Little Trains*, *Tiny Derricks*, *Diminutive Riveters*, side by side with the legion of anthropomorphic animals which, in all probability, not even the advent of socialism will bring to a halt. In addition, for somewhat older children, there is a host of dreamy stories, the confections of authors like Thurber and Maxwell and E. B. White, which lack the guts of the good old-fashioned Grimm tales but supply any amount of Victorian charm.

The older youngsters, those who resent being called "boys and girls" but who are not yet "ladies and gentlemen," are the despair of librarians. They are the awkward ones, torn between the comic strips and the classics, the detective novels of their seniors and the private yearnings of their own age. The problem is to fit them with books that will be artistically sound, interesting, stimulating and truthful without being patronizing.

The literature which feeds these youngsters their ideology and patterns

of thinking is universally disregarded by literary and critical organs. It is, at best, sketchily reviewed in the daily press, where lack of space is the excuse (and small volume of advertising is the reason). More dismal is the fact that it is usually completely ignored in the publications of the liberal and progressive movement. Much space is devoted to the problems and creations of writers in general, but of this space the tiniest fraction is given to the writers who are, presumably, shaping the men and women of the future. It therefore follows that the first obstacle a writer for juveniles must cope with is that of obscurity and neglect. He must rest content with formulating his own esthetic, unaided by any body of competent literary critics; he must depend, for his judgment, on the somewhat one-sided view of educators and librarians. Sales alone cannot provide him with a standard; if they could, *Pollyanna* might be considered a model of junior literature.

ONCE the writer has hurdled this fence and resigned himself to his fate, he comes face to face with a strange audience, at once flexible and rigid in its tastes, inarticulate only because it has no outlet for expression, bound very sternly by the censorship of a world over which it has no control, and subject to tremendous limitations. It is a revealing thing that, for many years, awards such as the Newbery Prize Medal and the Caldecott Award were given for outstanding books for young people but that no one ventured to find out what the audience itself thought of the work that was so carefully chosen for it.

In 1944 a survey* was published by Marie Rankin of Teacher's College, New York, in which the reading tastes of young people were investigated.

* CHILDREN'S INTERESTS IN LIBRARY BOOKS OF FICTION, by Marie Rankin. *Teacher's College*, 1944.

This survey made no attempt to be all-conclusive. It did perform the noteworthy task of comparing eighteen Newbery prize-winners with the most popular books in juvenile libraries, thus revealing the fascinating circumstance that only the very smallest percentage of readers liked the Newbery books, in spite of the fact that these received the largest publicity and the greatest attention from the librarians. By far the most popular book in libraries surveyed was *Sue Barton, Senior Nurse*, by Helen Dore Boylston. Only one Newbery Medal book—*Caddie Woodlawn*, by Carol Ryrie Brink, was among the popular titles. In general, highest on the list of popular books for girls were career stories. Boys seemed to prefer rousing adventure and sport stories. Both groups liked stories of dogs and mysteries, and both, as you might imagine, preferred stories about young people of approximately their own age in situations recognizable to them. It may be inferred that the Newbery books did not fit this pattern.

To a certain extent this is because young people do not as a rule fall in love with stories dealing with strange and unfamiliar people or circumstances: they are dubious about historical tales or stories of foreign lands. But to a large degree it is because their taste, governed by movies and radio and the tempo of modern life, is rather sophisticated.

I would like to quote from one of the Newbery books:

"Let me say this, 'Whatever we think and feel will colour what we say or do. He who fears, even unconsciously, or has his least little dream tainted with hate, will inevitably, sooner or later, translate these qualities into his action. Therefore, my brothers, live courage, breathe courage and give courage. Think and feel love so that you will be able to pour out of yourself peace and serenity as a flower gives forth fragrance. Peace be unto us all.'"

* GAY NECK, by D. G. Mukerji.