

The Phoenix Nest

OH boy, but there's an ocean
Of joy in promotion,
answering the question
"What's in it for me?",
Settling the digestion
Of the Land of the Free!
That's the stuff to feed the Rubes,
Subway Chumps and City Boobs!
Aren't you on to the surprising
Way they fall for Advertising?
Oh, the Victory Garden Drive—
Every Housewife so alive!
Try this delicious health-building War!
Buy all you need—then buy some
more!

Never mind what we're fighting for!
Customers, customers, come and buy!
A short girdle does not bind the thigh.
We're the Salesmen of the OWI,
Never mind that old Food Supply!
Morale is the spirit of the will-to-do—
Well-to-do? You and You!
And the Spirit of America—don't you
agree?—

Is best expressed by "What's in it for
Me?"

*What's that about Democracy—
Jefferson? Don't you know our polic-
Y's never to quote anything by Wal-
lace?*

Oh those delicious dewy-fresh foods,
Household sandals, walking snoods;
Oh those yum-yum vege-tables,
Make you Lana Turners and Clark
Gables!

O those breakfast toasties, Assorted
Gravels,

Those succulent salads for Gullible's
Travels!

O the blood and mud we can make so
sappy

With a girl in a snood and a face slap-
happy.

"Pretty" it up and smear it jammily
With those smiling saps, The American
Family!

But the People say "Bosh!" and the
People say "Mush!"

To the Pretty-Girl Ad with the smirk
and blush.

They're not the Hicks that you take
them for.

They know what is needed to win this
war.

They know that only the Truth can
win

No matter how bad a jam we're in.
They don't need any Sugar-Coater.

Nor will they heed the Slick Promoter.
They know where the boys are march-
ing and flying,

The jungles and sands where they're
fighting and dying,

Seas of the convoys, plains where de-
ploy

Outfits that hardly would enjoy
Your Big Appeal to the Land of the
Free

"What is there in it for Me—for Me!"
They know damn well, with appropri-
ate phlegm,

That Wounds and Death are in it for
them,

Though glad they are of the work
they do—

But they want the Hucksters told it
too,

The minds that on the brink of Hell
Can only think how to buy and sell—

The people back home who *hate* to
think

That anything's real but food and
drink—

The floorwalker minds and the bill-
board brains

Who still don't know half the world's
in chains,

Who still don't know how the People
feel

Silently, grimly, hotly, truly,
But think that the lowest kind of
appeal

That doesn't upset the fools unduly
Is the sort of tripe to feed to the
masses,

Since they're not so bright as the up-
per classes!

In closing, I'll only say, "God save us!"
It isn't your fault at all, Elmer Davis."

Aztecs Again

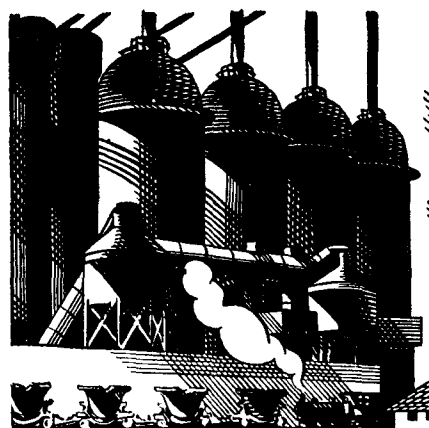
Alberta Worthington of the H. W.
Wilson Company, says that J. G. Fran-
cis's poem about the Aztecs on "the
dreadful morning bath" is still much
quoted in her household but does not
know the missing lines of the verse
which ends concerning paying a triple
license "on his tail, tail, tail, etc." The
complete verse is;

This calm, adhesive King
Tells the Owner of that thing
He must pay a triple license on its
tail, tail, tail.

Said the Owner, "There's but *one*,
And I'll pay for that or none,

And—
So the guard has put him in the
jail, jail, jail.

To understand the force of this lyr-
ic one should be able to contemplate
the illustrations! "That thing" is a
strange looking animal, spotted, and
looking like a cross between a calf
and a dog. Its tail branches at the end
into three stumps. The title of the
whole business is "A Matter of Opin-
ion: An Aztec Hieroglyph."



Comrade Voroshilov

Sometime ago I promised to print a
poem I had been told about, "To Com-
rade Voroshilov." Franklin Wentworth
of Redondo Beach, California, has at
length produced it, having received it
from Russian War Relief, Inc., for
which organization Miss Helen Hayes
made a transcription of it early in
April. Last November, Miss Hayes
spoke on the Blue Network about her
work as chairman of the Milk Fund of
Russian War Relief, and read the poem
from a Russian children's book. Its
real title appears below. It is particu-
larly appropriate now, because of the
"Write to Russia" campaign. On June
22, the second anniversary of the
Nazi invasion of the U. S. S. R., Rus-
sian War Relief will send millions of
personal letters from individual Amer-
icans to individual Russians. Any of
my readers who may wish to write to
a Russian fighter, worker, student,
artist, or any other type, may send the
letter to his own local branch or to
11 East 35th Street. The English words
of this poem are by Annemarie Ewing,
Radio Director of Russian War Relief.
The original was written by L. Kvitko.

LETTER TO VOROSHILOV

To Marshal Voroshilov
I wrote a little note;
Next month I will be ten years old.
And this is what I wrote:

"Dear Comrade Voroshilov.
Somebody I hold dear
Is joining your Red Army;
He comes of age next year.

He is my older brother
Our village blacksmith, too;
The strongest man in town—that's
why
I'm sending him to you.

Dear Comrade Voroshilov,
Believe me, you'll be glad,
When in the brave Red Army
You see this sturdy lad.

For now I hear the Fascists,
Like some bold robber band,
Have planned to start a war against
Our sweet and Soviet land.

Dear Comrade Voroshilov,
Please heed these words of mine,
And put my older brother
Right on the firing line.

He shoots so straight, my brother,
As you yourself will see;
No Fascist that he aims at
Will live to torture me.

But if, dear Voroshilov,
While fighting valiantly,
My brother dear should perish,
Then quickly write to me.

I'll grow up in a hurry,
A dozen years I'll race,
To take my brother's rifle—
To take my brother's place!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientele; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale, communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of *The Saturday Review*. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., *Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SECRETARY-COMPANION, business, home economics, library research background, outdoors, versatile, mature woman. Box 44-H.

PEDDIE SCHOOL MASTER, healthy, thirty-nine, desires employment on suitable farm or summer project where he can take wife and thirteen-year-old son. Mid-June to September. Box 42-H.

FLORIDA STATE PRISON, Department of Education, Raiford, Florida, aims to equip its inmates with an educational ground-work and a cultural background which they will be ambitious to develop along worthy lines so that some time they may find places in the world as dependable individuals and useful members of society. The Prison School is sorely handicapped by lack of material with which to work. Books are an urgent need, and there is no fund whatever available to supply them. Books on any and every subject—fiction, history, biography, belles-lettres. Are you in a position to help this work of rehabilitation? Box 37-H.

REMEMBER OUR AD of Maple Syrup in this column April 17, 24, and May 12. The government ceiling has now upped to \$3.75 a gallon. Customers mentioning *Saturday Review* can still have our Maple Syrup at \$3.39 a gallon. F.O.B. Forest Farms, Jamaica, Vermont.

AMONG VERMONT HILLS. Attractive home. Quiet. Study. Tray breakfast, shaded porch, vegetable gardens. Four guests. Box 36-H.

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PERSONALS

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La Luz, New Mexico
"Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."
Betty and Osborne Wood, Mi Casa.

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If they win ...only our dead are free

These are our enemies.

They have only one idea — to kill, and kill,
and kill, until they conquer the world.

Then, by the whip, the sword and the gallows, they will rule.

No longer will you be free to speak or write your thoughts, to worship God in your own way.

Only our dead will be free. Only the host who will fall before the enemy will know peace.
Civilization will be set back a thousand years.

Make no mistake about it — you cannot think of this as other wars.

You cannot regard your foe this time simply as people with a wrong idea.

This time you win — or die. This time you get no second chance.

This time you free the world, or else you lose it.

Surely that is worth the best fight of your life
— worth anything that you can give or do.

Throughout the country there is increasing need for civilian war service. To enlist the help of every citizen, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. If there is no Defense Council in your community, or if it has not set up a Service Corps, help to organize one. If one exists, cooperate with it in every possible way. Write this magazine for a free booklet telling you what to do and how to do it. Join the fight for Freedom — now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

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