

Liberty, Jan 6/39

More Snakes than Mr. Dies Can Kill



FULTON OURSLER
Photo by Marjorie Collins of Black Star

NEXT WEEK, as most of you know, Representative Martin Dies of Texas will begin a series of articles in Liberty. The title of this series shows pretty well the nature of these articles—More Snakes than I Can Kill. Naturally, the conclusions which Mr. Dies has drawn

from his laborious investigation into un-American activities are not Liberty's but his own. Some of the charges that you will read in his articles are grave ones; they involve persons for whom Liberty has the highest respect. In every reasonable case, Liberty will open its pages to persons who may feel that Mr. Dies has misunderstood them; they may reply to him as fearlessly as he has written of them.

Liberty has no part in any disputes that may arise between Mr. Dies and the men and women, in and out of the government, about whom he writes. We present his views just as he wrote them, because we feel that they are of profound national concern: the subject needs to be aired, and not talked about behind the hand. Mr. Dies believes that the President of the United States tried to induce him not to investigate Communism in the C. I. O.; he believes that efforts were made by others to coerce him into investigating only Fascism, and to neglect Communism; he believes that his attempts to uncover Communist activities in the United States were blocked both actively and passively—actively, by pressure brought to bear on him by high officials in the administration; and passively, by the refusal of certain government agencies to cooperate with him. Mr. Dies certainly has a right to state his case to the American people and he has chosen to do so in Liberty. Those whom he accuses have an equal right to be heard in rebuttal, and Liberty, as always, hopes to print both sides.

THERE WILL BE MANY OTHER exciting features and thrilling fiction stories in next week's issue. You will certainly want to read Phyllis Duganne's enchanting yarn called Sailors Must Work Fast, and Richard Connell's equally enchanting story, The Enchanted Onions. And surely you will not wish to miss such provocative features as Passive Resistance and the War, by Mahatma Gandhi; Was the Rose Bowl Game a Racket? by Frederick Becholdt; Lum and Abner, by Frederick L. Collins; What Is Happening in Poland? by Edward Doherty; and There's Rejuvenation in Walking, by Robert Lake, together with generous installments of all the serials.

FROM THE MAIL: Many letters came in commenting on the lovely note we printed from Mrs. E. D. Neefus, the lady more than eighty who found that she could still find happiness even in straitened circumstances. C. A. Clifford, writing from Indio, a town where I lived once for two months,

says: "Please tell that old lady, Mrs. E. D. Neefus, for me that she ain't been nowhere, seen nothin', done nothin'; nor will she ever be satisfied or content until she's seen Texas!" But Indio is in California! . . . Lois Patterson Hammer writes from Casa Grande, Arizona: "Mrs. Neefus possesses the right kind of adaptability. When you hear a woman whine and fret, you can be sure that she has the kind of adaptability that wants to adapt everybody and everything to herself and her ideas, and that's when I want to start a wave of neck-wringing! It's refreshing to get a glimpse of a quiet, contented soul who loves every one else so much she hasn't time to indulge in self-pity." . . . Another old lady who signs herself Mother Eckle, and addresses me as her "dear son Fulton," writes from Lincoln, Nebraska. She, too, is eighty years of age and tells how she has learned contentment. The one thing she wants is to see California and a large body of water before she dies. Mrs. Eckle not only raised seven children of her own, but adopted four others. Now she is living alone with her dog, called Rowdy, a cat named Moses, a parrot named Jehoshaphat, and two canaries named Mumbo and Jumbo. She adds: "I am happy and contented, my life work is done, and I am waiting for the Lord to call me home." . . . From Fred Stever of Pasadena, California, comes the following: "Will you please give us real Americans a splendid example of research? Find out the names of all men of our Congress who were absent from their posts when matters of great moment to all of us were being discussed on October 4, 1939. Find the reasons these men were absent and publish their names and their reasons—along with this letter."

WELL, TO BE CANDID about it, on October 4, the date which Mr. Stever thinks is memorable, the House of Representatives was not in session. In the Senate, Connally of Texas was speaking for the amendment to the Neutrality Bill. Vandenberg of Michigan was arguing against it. Our confidential informant, Senator Foot-loose, tells us it wasn't very exciting. There were two roll calls and eighty-six senators answered to each, so what is Mr. Stever excited about? Most of the eighty-six who answered the call were absent most of the rest of the afternoon. But that's the way things happen in Washington. Most of the speeches are prepared in advance and copies are distributed. The senators do not feel that they should sit and listen to the reading. They prefer to go out into the cloakrooms, where they can argue without the hindrance of parliamentary law. They know that if they were to sit at their desks and listen to a lot of oratory designed largely for home consumption, they would be wasting their time. In other words, the senators figure they are not paid to listen to each other. Possibly they could not be paid enough to listen to each other. The real work done by senators is in committees, in their offices, and in the cloakrooms. Of course the results of such work are made public when the senators cast their votes. I publish all this because we get a lot of letters accusing members of the Congress of almost every

sin and crime on the calendar. We tell the facts in justice to a body of men, an overwhelming majority of whom can be considered patriotic, sincere, honest, and hard-working. . . . Mary Oliver Gouchy of Tumwater, Washington, who is almost blind, still can write with a pencil to have a little fun. Recent verses tell at some length how a certain Saturday's child (one who must always work for his living) lay in his cradle, when along came a bad fairy:

. . . A spiteful thing was she!
She looked at the child and evilly smiled—
"Here's the doom I give to thee:
You shall toil at a thankless task;
Folks at you will snarl and kick;
They will criticize until you gasp;
They will ride you till you're sick."
Then the bad fairy laughed with glee
(The little fibberty-gibberty)
And she cried: "You shall grow up to be
The editor of Liberty!"

What I want to know, lady, is how you found out I was born on Saturday?

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY 6, 1940

EDITORIAL

Economize or Face Insolvency—
Chaos—Possible Revolution
Bernarr Macfadden 3

SHORT STORIES

The Girl in the Storm James M. Cain 6
Sea-Dog's Revenge George Masselman 31
You Can't Help Love—Liberty's Short Short.. Octavus Roy Cohen 39
The Gold Rushers—Part III Bert Green 49

SERIALS

Flying to Kill: The Story of Bishop, the White Knight of Canada—
Part III..... Alan Hynd 16
I Spy!—Part V..... Dora Macy 25
Gungirl—Conclusion Frederick Lewis 45

ARTICLES

Gag the Senate and You Gag America
Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg 4
Liberty's All-Players All-America Football Team.. Norman L. Sper 10
Why Do the Democrats Want to Nominate McNutt?
Frederick L. Collins 13
Not a Feminine Woman in Hollywood..... George Brent 23
Chinatown Angel. Dean S. Jennings 40

FEATURES

Twenty Questions, 18; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 22; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 37; Crossword Puzzle, 38; \$2,000 Stargazing Contest, 51; Vox Pop, 52.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER . . . CALENDAR

tense. It was the last thing he could have believed of Captain Crice. All at once the Santa Rosa had become a powder keg. So that was why the captain had been so particular about the oil line. He saw Mr. Leffingwell stretch out his hand. "Give me that message," the mate said. Mr. Lamson handed it over and saw him put it into his mouth and chew on it. Then he rolled it into a tight ball and threw it overboard. "You gave me your word," the lieutenant of His Majesty's navy reminded him. All Mr. Lamson could do was to nod his

sides in a conflict which hung over the rusty Santa Rosa like an ominous cloud. . . . For a long time he sat inert behind his desk, not even attempting to hunt for a bit of news. For once it wouldn't be brought to him on the ether, but it would be brought to his door by the lieutenant after he had settled with the captain. By then it would be his turn to send the news, something like, "Have Kreiz in irons. Am returning to nearest base."

But the minutes ticked away and nothing happened; not even the

room on the ceiling, he saw that nothing was loose there either. The only other place could be in the antenna itself. He rushed to the deck and looked aloft to the space between the two masts. . . . The antenna had been taken down.

Suspiciously he looked down the deck, at a loss to understand the purpose of shutting the Santa Rosa off from the world, except from that part of it which was within his vision, a small circle within the rim of the haze-screened horizon. The deck was deserted. He had expected to see Mr.

WHY WERE THERE TWO STRIKES ON THE DIES COMMITTEE EVEN BEFORE IT STARTED?

WHY DID CERTAIN LIBERAL FORCES IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE TRY TO BLOCK THE INVESTIGATION?

WHY DID AN ADMINISTRATION LEADER WRITE DIES THAT AN INVESTIGATION OF THE C. I. O. WOULD BE A GRAVE MISTAKE?

MARTIN DIES HIMSELF WILL TELL YOU!

Why did President Roosevelt issue the blast against the Committee? Is it true the Labor Department had no intention of deporting Bridges? Were Roosevelt and Garner at odds about the sit-down strikes?

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the answers to these pungent questions in a startling series of articles appearing exclusively in Liberty. Fearlessly and with uncompromising candor the chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities will disclose for the first time the efforts made to hinder his investigation.

Don't fail to read

MORE SNAKES THAN I CAN KILL by Martin Dies

NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY ON SALE JAN. 3

head. "For your own good you keep out of this."

"Yes," he said. "Yes, of course." He hurriedly left the bridge and repaired to his cabin; being too much in evidence did not seem advisable when almost anything was likely to happen. Anyway it wasn't his war and he'd better stay on the side lines.

The cabin was like an oven, and he blamed the heat for making him feel as uncomfortable as he did, the shirt sticking to his skin and to the nape of his neck. When he put his hand to it, he felt himself dripping with sweat. In a few more hours the sun would have gone down, thank heaven! By then, too, things undoubtedly would have eased up, and a new man, a naval lieutenant, would be in charge of the tanker. But in the meantime, what about Captain Crice? He wondered what would happen to him as a result of his vagaries. He shook his head. It still did not seem possible that this man, this supposedly ill-fated sailor, could have had the audacity to have done the things he was accused of. . . .

MR. LAMSON closed his door; he did not even want to hear what might be happening elsewhere on the ship. It was not for him to take

course had been altered, or he would have noticed it by the changed angle of the sun beating against the port-hole in an ever widening circle of blinding light. He jumped up when he heard the man at the wheel strike his customary eight bells. It seemed intended to prove that the Santa Rosa was calmly proceeding on her predestined mission. But if the tanker could carry on as if nothing had happened, so could he.

At four there usually was a weather report, and he decided to try to pick it up. Whoever was in charge of the Santa Rosa might want it, although it seemed unlikely that even a hurricane would succeed in chasing the specter which hovered around the old tanker. He picked up the ear-phones, methodically sharpening the tip of his pencil against a piece of sandpaper which he kept there for that purpose. He did all this without thinking. He reached for the dial and spun it to the wave length which was to give him the weather report. But almost at once he withdrew his hand from it. That one little touch had told him that his receiver was dead. Quickly he checked up on his connections but found them all in order. Following the antenna lead to where it disappeared into the mush-

Leffingwell there, making the most of his acquired authority after having dealt with Captain Crice, but there was no one to be seen.

Mr. Lamson realized that this was hardly the time to make inquiries or even so much as to take a peep on the bridge or in the captain's quarters. The eerie placidity made him jumpy and he wished he had not finished the last of his bottle of rum; a good swallow might have helped him get over the jitters. . . .

HE was startled when he heard the telegraph ring to the engine room. He felt the vibration of the deck become less; the tanker had slowed down. He let his eyes roam over the sea. There was nothing to be seen, no ship, not even a plume of smoke. In exasperation he looked to the bridge again, only to be greeted by a sight which fairly took his breath away. There was Captain Crice who, for some unfathomable reason, had decided to put on his uniform, a coat with gold stripes and brass buttons, tarnished, to be sure, but a uniform nevertheless, complete with a formal wing collar and black tie.

Holding himself to the railing and watching the captain as if he were an apparition from some unreal