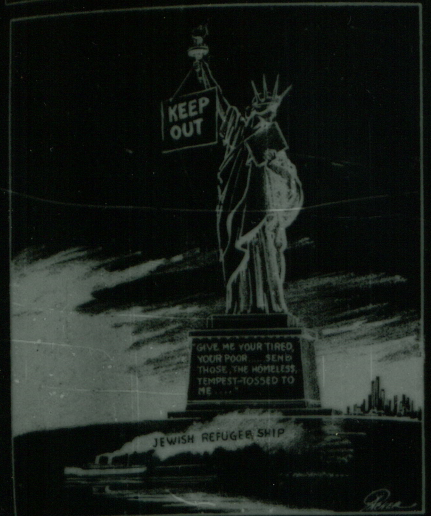


Ashamed!

Editorial



THE GERMAN FLEET "ST. LOUIS", with its 907 Jewish refugees refused entrance to Cuba, started slowly back to Germany. They had one brief glimpse of the shores of America, this nation that was built to greatness by immigrants and refugees; this nation whose hospitable hostess has always been that great Statue of Liberty, upon whose base is engraved this welcome:

"Not like the brazen giant of Greek lands,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The untroubled harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door."
—Emma Lazarus.

OUR GODDESS OF LIBERTY hides her face in shame today as our new stern shores send back this refugee ship.

REFUGEES, SEEKING FREEDOM, came to America and in their gratitude for the blessings of liberty they found here, they were inspired to build on this continent the greatest nation in the history of Man.

Nobody has better expressed this feeling of ingratitude than Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter:

"Gratitude is one of the least articulate of the emotions, yet only when it is deep, I can express with very limited eloquence the passionate devotion to this land that possesses millions of our people, born, like myself, under other skies, for the privilege that this country has bestowed in allowing them to partake of its fellowship."

And not only have immigrants, refugees and their children wished to build this country, they have fought to defend what they helped to build.

Some of us will remember this incident, which so well illustrates the makeup of the "American" Army in the last War.

On October 20, 1919, majority leader Mondell of Wyoming rose in Congress and called the attention of the House to the presence in the gallery of a detachment of soldiers "generally known by the appropriate title of Americans 311." Mr. Mondell then read their names:

- Petra Arca
- Harry Junk
- Norweg Bahamag
- David King
- Arno, Arno
- John Klok
- Oase Christensen
- Norman Kerman
- Karl Frank
- Olaf Kristiansen
- Walter Backus
- Andrius Lenferink
- Arvo Imho
- Edel Martin
- Waldo Marzi
- Gurt Mistriety
- Michael Myatowich
- Francisco Bungi
- Joseph Rossignol
- Iohas Semos
- Joe Shestak
- George Stimp
- Hendrix Stenigsen
- Fritz Wold

This nation's debt to immigrants and refugees and their descendants is far greater than their debt to us. And every nation which has driven people from its shores throughout history has sickened from their loss.

We should think of these historical truths today, before we hang up the "Keep Out" sign on Liberty's welcome light.

Reflections

"I believe no one who is profuse with flattery."
—Plautus.

Hamsringing Air Lines

—By Boake Carter

BOAKE CARTER is given the widest latitude as author of this column, though his viewpoints do not necessarily always reflect those of the Daily Mirror.

E. S. Supremacy

Sometimes some public carriers are so dumb that they carry more than usual.

One of the chief reasons why commercial aviation in Europe has lagged behind the American standard is because of the mountains of red tape imposed by different aeronautical authorities of the various nations.

Flying from London to Warsaw, Poland, for example, requires the operators either to meet conditions established by the air authorities of the different nations crossed en route, or else a passenger must change planes half a dozen times.

Such conditions never applied to the United States. Here we are one enormous nation of 3,000,000 square miles, inhabited by one family of people.

Our commercial airlines, unhampered by restrictive legislation of local bodies or political pip-squeaks seeking fresh ways to tap the public pocketbook, have been able to fly steadily, swiftly and efficiently in all directions of this vast continent.

This freedom of operation has enabled the industry to outstrip the rest of the world in air transportation.

The Threat

But, like many other industries, mine cut-throat competition periodically mars its progress in the United States.

A new instance of this rises up to plague the industry in California.

Ever so apparently inspired sources, a bill was introduced into the California State Assembly—AB 2701 is the number of the measure—which would require that all commercial air transport be placed under the jurisdiction of the State Railroad Commission!

The bill fares poorly. It raised the Assembly and became the State Senate and became lost in the Aviation and Aircraft Committee of the Senate.

Not content, however, with this defeat, the backers of this crazy idea turned on the heat again. An Alameda assemblyman bobbed up with a proposed amendment to the California Public Utilities Act, which would place all air transport under the domination of the Public Utilities Commission of the State.

Passage would require every airline in the Nation crossing the border into California to file a complete list of tariffs, rates, lobby for a certificate of public convenience and necessity before they could leave the ground and possibly pay more taxes.

Initiation Is Central

Consider the picture of utter confusion which would prevail if the 48 States copied this California proposal. The California proposals are clear-cut indications of what happens when an industry is badly divided within itself. The commercial air transport business has no first-class, keened-minded trade association to represent its interests as a whole. True, it does possess an apology which lethargically prints occasional mimeographed press releases that are intermingled as a stationary barber's pole.

WE NEVER did believe in the superstitious that the colored people of the South swear by—things like cobweb politics for the "rheumatiz."

A Star Was Born

Mrs. McDougal was lying in bed that cold February night, and her baby was in the cradle beside her. That baby was to be named Isabel. Every Negro of the plantation knew that "Little Miss" had been born at 5 that morning—the big bell had been banging wildly to spread the news.

The fire was crackling over across the room in an open hearth, somebody had left the shovel in the coals. I asked General, the houseboy, to take it out.

"Before he could obey, Alberta rushed over and stopped him—Alberta was our 200-pound cook, devoted, loyal, and superstitious."

"Exactly," Alberta explained why "dat shovell mus not be pulled outa de fire."

She had walked under a ladder early that morning, a ladder in the henhouse. The shovelling the fire would keep away the evil "spirits" of bad luck that would ordinarily be visited upon the household for Alberta's carelessness. That was only half the anti-evil-spirits precautions.

"She threw an apron-full of dried hogs' hoofs onto the fire and that was repeated every night for 21 nights. Every hog for miles around must have been slaughtered to get those hoofs."

Night after night, Alberta slept by the fire, never let the shovel be taken out, never let the fire die down.

"Putnam, the old half-Indian blacksmith, use to gather his singing band on the steps outside the plantation house, and serenade us every night. Alberta just tended the fire."

"My trained nurse from Memphis thought it was all barbaric and silly... but I had been born and raised on a plantation. I might not have believed in it... but I didn't stop it."

And one night Alberta told Mrs. McDougal that she'd seen a fallin' star that night 't went out to de henhouse. And when dat big star stah't tuh fall, honey, dat star hit tacked to me. Hit de cozzel trough hit did. 'De star told me dat Little Miss was gonna be shinin' like de stars shine... she was gonna be a star uv stars, Amen."

Diffo From "Zanzibar"

Isabel laughs at superstitious talk like that; but when she went to Memphis a few months ago, and a fortune teller named "Zanzibar," who "had his head wrapped up in a towel, like de stars shine... she was gonna be a star uv stars, Amen."

"I didn't want to pay him \$2, but the other girls shipped in and then he told me that I was going to have a wonderful trip to New York and a marvelous dramatic career. He was sort of unammy, wasn't he?"

"I think I'll write a letter to Zanzibar."

Would you mind asking him about us, too?

ONLY HUMAN by CANDIDE

AMERICAN GIRL, CHAPTER II: The 18-months-old baby above is today Isabel Caldwell McDougal, selected as "The Cosmopolitan Girl," against the competition of hundreds of American Beauties. The tiny town of Greenwood, Mississippi, was surprised when Fate snatched up Isabel McDougal. But ever since she was born on February 12 (Lincoln's Birthday), 18 years ago, an old colored cook named Alberta has known that "dis lil girl she-gwine tuh be a shinin' star..."

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DALE CARNEGIE

Here's a story of what one man did when he lost his job. Joseph S. Duncan was a bookkeeper in a milling concern in Sioux City, Iowa. Twenty-five years old, and an expert in his line. But suddenly there was a change in management. He was without a job.

Instead of being downcast, he said, "I am going to look for a job, but I can't spend every minute job hunting, so I'm going to do something I've been wanting to do."

The thing he had wanted to do was to work out an idea that had been floating around in his mind. One of his jobs had been over-seeing the addressing and sending out of price lists for his company. The letters were addressed by hand by a clerk.

Young Duncan saw this waste of time, and decided to think up some way to stop it. There should be a machine which would do this.

He had his own name and address made into a rubber stamp, such as was used at the office, and glued this rubber part to a big wooden drum. The drum was revolved and when the rubber

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e dult Advice

will direct students from society in the system, is also being

are anyone who want to go for advice on how to get along with the system of things, all suggestions would be to have the same agency for people in school and young people who are not. If the agency give advice at

on Steps

nation of the towns of pupils received by the school to begin a second step in the public leaves, which represent that not every student has the same search for

there is a very definite to public education program of the city of New York State. The of secondary education changed, but there were no changes in the program. The basic recommendations, however, remains identical between children from both in each of the plan has been determined in hand with closer relationship, methods and reports, smaller group work, and individual to be leave school

abilities

Percentage of Pupils
Studying
in High School
1938-39
60%
1937-38
57%
1936-37
54%

to educate our youth those who quit here

tip that the excellent and immediately tell. Robert, secretary of the Georgia Citizens

in Atlanta and demands that action be taken against the our Administration. The man I spoke of, Mr. Aronson, was told that the action is to be taken I private of a hearing, assured him that the case. That is the the Way-Hour boys, when they discovered Governors had not in and passed a strike of the Way-Hour boys

persons, some mostly of Georgia, Bales of White of Mississippi, Alabama and Florida

hour officials are not talked with respect, who failed to reply to give Andrews, J. Robert, on the not, says that more the Government come out for the Way-Hour

night as a Broadway preparations for the night. For the complete and Washington Merry-Round tomorrow.

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