



EVA PERON IN PARIS—The wife of the Argentine President looks on as M. Georges Bidault, French Foreign Minister, signs the Franco-Argentine Trade Treaty

(continued from previous page)

"Senorita Radio" who came to his rescue—rallying his adherents, agitating, plotting, arranging meetings, and, in the end, herself passing the order for that general strike which brought Peron smiling out of gaol and immensely helped him to be voted into his dictatorship.

A female radio star who calls a general strike that changes a regime. What a fantastic successor to the women of the *directoire*, to Madame Tallien and Josephine Beauharnais! Yet this warm-hearted and peroxidized peasant's daughter claims descent from these revolutionaries of more momentous ideas by always using the phrases of revolution—although she has since become the wife of General Peron and First Lady of one of the richest and most exuberant of countries in an impoverished world.

Eva Peron—"27 to her friends, 32 to her enemies," but in any case still young and in full flower—has arrived. Will she now change and settle down to the routine of political success and social eminence? So far, the indications are that she will not. More highly dressed and richly bejewelled than the most elegant ladies of Buenos Aires society, she yet refuses to become one of them. She prefers to remind them continually that she is of the people—and to hear the people's still unabated applause. When asked to become the patron of a highly exclusive charitable society, she publicly refused and recommended them to invite her mother instead—a humble working woman from an obscure Pampas village. Wrapped in furs and sparkling with diamonds, she still addresses the workers of Buenos Aires as one of them: *Nosotros los descamisados*—We the Shirtless. And in Argentina, if not in Europe, she gets away with it. To her own people, those from whom she sprang, she is a dream come true, Cinderella become Queen. And just as a rather famous tyrant, recently deceased, continued when all-powerful to refer to himself as the simple soldier of the trenches, so Evita, although enthroned, still feels herself to

be the representative of all those who sweep the cinders. Her legend is factually the less untrue of the two.

ANY comparison between the régime of Peron and the Fascist régimes of the Old World should take note of one important difference. Argentina is rich, whereas the countries of the former Axis were poor. Hitler, Mussolini and Franco came to power and ruled with violence in an atmosphere of tragedy, but Peron . . . he smiles, laughs, calls for rejoicing and uses violence very sparingly. There are no deeply bitter hatreds in a country so affluent as Argentina. You only have to share out some of the proceeds of the immensely lucrative beef trade to make your dictatorship a real success at the sole cost of annoying a few millionaires and, of course, of nauseating the civilised and sincere democrats among the intelligentsia.

And so Eva Peron may be excused for mistaking herself for the darling of the world. If to say in heartfelt tones that you are the friend of the shirtless, while possessing a wardrobe requiring a special plane to transport it, sounds to European ears naive, theatrical, and either offensive or pleasantly diverting, it is music to the millions in Argentina. To us, the Fascist salute means a nightmare that happened. To Senora Peron, it evidently seems just a gesture in a great show, the theme of which is: "Poor Girl makes Good and is loved by one and all for ever and ever."

DUKE ELLINGTON is noted in his particular musical sphere as a composer, arranger, pianist and band-leader. He was born in Washington, D.C., and started piano lessons at the age of 10. Up to 1923 he played and worked in and around Washington. Later he formed his own group, calling it the "Washingtonians." For five years he played at the Kentucky Club and then went to the famous Cotton Club. His band will be heard from 22B on Wednesday, October 1, at 3.0 p.m.



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