

(continued from previous page)

to conclude that the only solution of this tangled problem must be as drastic as Solomon's. Then he went to call on a little old lady of 82, Henrietta Szold, who almost convinced him that there is no necessary antagonism between the hopes of the Jews and the rights of the Arabs.

It is probably unrealistic to believe that such a complex question as the Arab-Jewish one, founded in ancient history and religion, and involved as it is with high international policy and politics, can be solved by good-will and simple honesty. But as I sat there that late afternoon with the sun shining through the windows, lighting up that intelligent, sensitive face, I, at least for the moment, wondered if she in her mature, selfless wisdom might not know more than all the ambitious politicians.

* * *

TURKEY

FROM Palestine he flew to Turkey, where he gained the impression that the industrial revolution is not the monopoly of any one nation or of any one race. "The combustion engine has awakened millions of people in the Middle East—awakened and disturbed them. To the Turks it has brought new skills and new hungers. Now that they want the modern world, and have begun to learn how to handle its tools, it is going to be very hard to stop them."

The Turks, he was convinced, wanted to keep out of the war, but would fight savagely if they were attacked. Meanwhile, their neutrality is "honestly administered."

They refused, for example, to allow me to come to their country in the United States Army plane which took me around the world, and I had to change at Cairo into a Pan-American Airways plane to fly up the eastern coast of the Mediterranean and over the bleak and bumpy Taurus Mountains to Ankara. At the airfield where we landed, we saw the three carefully-guarded Liberator bombers which the Turks had interned after American flyers had been forced down on their return from raids on the oil fields at Ploesti in Romania.



WENDELL WILLKIE
He went to the right places

RUSSIA

THE chapter on Russia is much the longest in the book, as it ought to be, but not much of the information in it is new. There are interesting discussions with factory workers and managers, in which Mr. Willkie tries to get admissions that there is no such thing as Communism in the factories, and the men themselves do their best to convey the impression that Stalin knows what he is doing—that "Stalinist Socialism" must precede full Communism, and is a preparation for it. But the most interesting of all the meetings in Russia is that with Stalin himself. The full picture runs to four pages, but here are some personal glimpses:

Stalin, I should judge, is about five-feet-four or five, and gives the appearance of slight stockiness. I was surprised to find how short he is; but his head, his moustache, and his eyes

are big. His face, in repose, is a hard face, and he looked tired in September—not sick, as is so often reported, but desperately tired. He had a right to be. He talks quietly, readily, and at times with a simple, moving eloquence. When he described to me Russia's desperate situation as to fuel, transportation, military equipment, and manpower, he was genuinely dramatic.

On the personal side, Stalin is a simple man, with no affectations or poses. He does not seek to impress by any artificial mannerisms. His sense of humour is a robust one, and he laughs readily at unobtrusive jokes and repartee. Once I was telling him of the Soviet schools and libraries I had seen—how good they seemed to me. And I added, "But if you continue to educate the Russian people, Mr. Stalin, the first thing you know you'll educate yourself out of a job."

He threw back his head and laughed and laughed. Nothing I said to him, or heard anyone else say to him, through two long evenings, seemed to amuse him as much.

Strange as it may seem, Stalin dresses in light pastel shades. His well-known tunic is of finely-woven material, and is apt to be a soft green or a delicate pink; his trousers are light-tannish yellow or blue. His boots are black and highly-polished. Ordinary social pleasures bother him a little. As I was leaving him after my first talk, I expressed appreciation of the time he had given me, the honour he conferred in talking so candidly. A little embarrassed, he said:

"Mr. Willkie, you know I grew up as a Georgian peasant. I am unschooled in pretty talk. All I can say is I like you very much."

* * *

CHINA

IN Chungking the most interesting object is again a man:

The Generalissimo, both as a man and as a leader, is bigger even than his legendary reputation. He is a strangely quiet, soft-spoken man. When he is not in military uniform, he wears Chinese dress, and this accentuates the impression he makes of a scholar—almost a clerical scholar—rather than a political leader. He is obviously a trained listener, used to the task of picking other men's brains. He nods his head when he agrees with you, with continuous soft little ya-yas; it is a subtle form of compliment, and one that charms the man he is talking to, and wins him in some degree, to Chiang's side.

But Mr. Willkie is not won over completely:

No one can stay in Chungking even for a short time without realising that the young Republic, despite its youth, has already developed a sort of "old-school tie" of its own, which automatically keeps some men in high positions. The chief wearers of this "old-school tie" are the comrades-in-arms of the Generalissimo during the years when he was fighting war lords, and it is China's gain that none of these is yet an old man.

* * *

THE WORLD

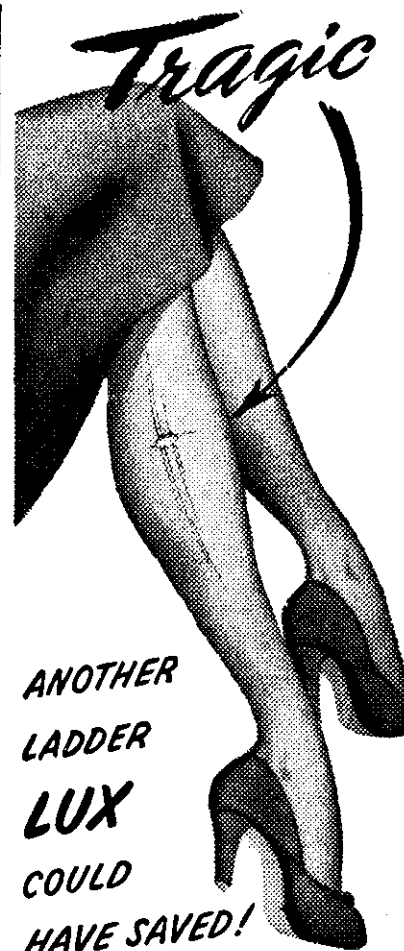
BUT when all is said, Mr. Willkie's real topic is conveyed by his title—*One World*. This he discusses in his last eight pages, and as he is no longer moving among men here, but among big ideas, he is not readily quotable. But the key note is in this paragraph:

At the end of the last war, not a single plane had flown across the Atlantic. To-day that ocean is a mere ribbon, with aeroplanes making regular scheduled flights. The Pacific is only a slightly wider ribbon in the ocean of the air, and Europe and Asia are at our very doorstep.

America must choose one of three courses after this war: narrow nationalism, which inevitably means the ultimate loss of our own liberty; international imperialism, which means the sacrifice of some other nation's liberty; or the creation of a world in which there shall be an equality of opportunity for every race and every nation.

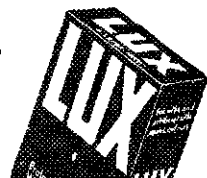
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ALL that need be added is that more than two million copies of this book had been sold before it reached New Zealand. Mr. Roosevelt has bigger audiences for his fireside talks, but listening is one thing and reading another.



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IN THE DESERT WITH MONTGOMERY: Mr. Willkie accepted an invitation from General Montgomery to see the front for himself