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A little Va-tro-nol up each nostril promptly relieves sniffling, stuffy distress of head colds—makes breathing easier.

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Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO comes in handy suppositories also. The same soothing relief that PAZO always gives.

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If you lack BLOOD-IRON!  
You girls and women who suffer so from simple anemia that you're pale, weak, "dragged out"—this may be due to lack of blood-iron. So try Lydia E. Pinkham's TABLETS—one of the best home ways to build up red blood to get more strength—in such cases. Pinkham's Tablets are one of the greatest blood-iron tonics you can buy!

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Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste  
Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.  
Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.  
Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.  
There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

### DOAN'S PILLS

**CREATING NEW WEALTH TO ORDER**  
Advertising creates new wealth by showing people new and better ways of living, and as it creates new wealth it contributes to the prosperity of everyone touched by the flow of money which is set up. In this way, don't you see, advertising is a social force which is working in the interest of every one of us every day of the year, bringing us new wealth to use and enjoy.

# REPORT ON THE RUSSIANS.....



W. L. White

## INSTALLMENT ONE

The Soviet vice-consul spoke creaky, schoolbook English. He was an agreeable young man, helping me fill out my visa application. His office was pleasant and airy, but I was uneasy. Maybe because the office of the consul, upstairs, had double doors. The kind when you open one door, you are left staring at still another closed door, about six



W. L. White

inches in front of your nose. If the knob of the first door is on your right, the knob of the second is on the left. So no one could possibly listen through both keyholes at once. I was uneasy because I had been with the Finnish army in the winter war of 1939-1940, which was bad news in connection with a Soviet visa. Of course, they knew I had been in Finland, but I wanted them to know I knew they knew it.

The consul was an urbane, stocky little diplomat. It soon became clear that he was on a fishing trip for information. There is nothing sinister about this, for it is the avowed business of all diplomats, including our own, to report to their home governments on the state of the nation to which they are accredited.

There was no need to withhold anything from this consul, as his questions did not concern military matters but were all in the sphere of politics.

Just before I left the consul switched the conversation from politics to literature. I wished to go to the Soviet Union as assistant to Mr. Eric Johnston, but I was also connected with the Reader's Digest? Yes, I said, I was one of its editors. I bowed myself out the whisper-proof double doors and back to where Mr. Vavilov was waiting with the questionnaire. It began with a large blank space for a brief autobiography, into which I inserted the fact that I had been with the Finnish army in 1939, a fact that Mr. Vavilov, reading at my shoulder, seemed again not to notice.

It continued with other questions, obviously designed for White Russians, about political affiliations. I showed some dismay at all this, and Mr. Vavilov, smiling reassuringly, said there was no need, in my case, for detailed answers.

But at the end was a most curious question: I had hastily written "no" in its blank, but then I hesitated. Had I, they wanted to know, ever been associated with the armed forces of any government in opposition to the Soviet Union? I explained—this time clearly—that in 1939 I had been associated as a reporter with the armies of the Finnish Republic during its earlier war with Russia. So perhaps my answer should be yes?

Smiling broadly now, Mr. Vavilov shook his head.  
"The proper answer there, Mr. White, as you have already written, is 'no.' Because in Finland in 1939, we understand that your opposition to the Soviet Union was purely verbal."

My visa came a week later. All this had come about as the result of an impulsive letter I had written a few weeks before. Reading that Joseph Stalin had issued a special invitation to visit Russia to Eric Johnston, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, I had sat down at my typewriter to tell Johnston I would like to go along.

Eric Johnston was to me a complete stranger, except that I had read a good deal of what he had written and liked most of it very much. He "believed in" this country; he had been an eloquent voice preaching optimism and courage for the postwar period; saying clearly that never again must we allow American business and industry to stagnate into a depression, but must continue to produce for peacetime needs and luxuries at almost wartime velocity; there would be free markets for everything if there were free jobs for all, and vice versa.  
He had opened his career as president of the National Chamber by calling at the White House—a precedent-breaking step, as American business had not hitherto accorded

the New Deal official recognition. He had even sat down across a conference table from John L. Lewis.

He has a theory, that before you denounce an opponent, you should first go over with him the points on which you agree; you will both be surprised, Johnston points out, at how many of these there are and often the fight can be fairly compromised.

In somewhat this frame of mind he was approaching the Soviet Union; I wanted to go there for the very obvious reason that Russia is clearly the biggest and most unpredictable factor with which America must deal in the next few decades.

A week after my impulsive letter I met Eric Johnston across his desk in Washington. Eric Johnston is handsome. At forty-seven he has all of his white even teeth, all of his wavy brown hair, and a clear, ruddy skin, and blue eyes. He has a longish, sensitive face and a Hollywood profile. Together, these make him unusually and conspicuously handsome. He might have made a successful career as an actor, were it not for his brain, which, considered as an organ, is uncommonly good. It starts with a phenomenal memory. He never forgets anything he thinks he will ever need. He is healthily competitive; he wants something like almost anything you have, or if possible, one just a little better. But he takes disappointments well. When I first met him he was being mentioned for the presidency; he had a small



Eric Johnston

but definite chance. He watched it carefully, never overestimated or underestimated his boom. When it faltered, he pronounced it dead and instantly forgot it.

I was pleased when he told me that, because he wanted to feel free to write and say what he thought on our return, he was insisting to the Russians that we pay our expenses wherever possible. He was taking along money for that purpose, and suggested that I do likewise.

The other member of our party was Joyce O'Hara, Johnston's regular assistant in the Chamber of Commerce. He is a blue-eyed Irishman of fifty with regular features which, anywhere outside the radius of Johnston's dazzling profile, would be considered uncommonly handsome. Not too many years ago he exchanged a successful newspaper job for a career in the public relations division of the Chamber of Commerce in Washington.

Joyce and I were thrown together constantly from the beginning of the trip. The protocol of our entire voyage was that if the hotel or guesthouse boasted an Imperial Bridal Suite complete with sitting room, sitz bath, and breakfast nook, it would always be assigned to Johnston in solitary grandeur, in his capacity as President of the Chamber of Commerce, while Joyce and I would share twin beds in the second-best room. For a few days we watched each other shave and listened to each other snore with considerable reserve and some suspicion.

Slowly and after days of appraisal we got down to a solid basis of friendly jibes at each other's weak spots, and he gave as good as he got. We ended up warm friends.

We departed from Washington and our plane stopped for a meal in the Azores where we were met by staff officers of the American base and picked up sketchy information about these Portuguese islands.

Johnston fell victim to an infected sinus at Casablanca. We waited in considerable luxury in a spacious villa, once the property of Jean Maas who formerly owned a string of collaborationist newspapers.

The Allied command were using it as an overnight hotel for high officers and distinguished guests, as we seem to be classified.  
At Cairo an American nose and throat man peered into Johnston's ear and instantly forbade us to fly over the 16,000 foot pass between Iran and the Soviet Union, which meant a few days' delay. Anyway

we would get a good look at ancient Cairo, which none of us had ever seen.

The next morning Eric, Joyce and I continue our trip, and that afternoon at Teheran we see our first Russians. Their planes with the big red stars on the field as we circle, and as we get out of our plane, the Russian Ambassador to Iran and a half dozen of his staff are there to welcome Johnston. They are very solemn and do not smile as they shake hands.

These solemn Russian diplomats are all in their thirties or early forties, and they wear curious, badly cut Soviet suits—somber in hue and of shoddy materials. You could take an American mail-order suit, boil it, press it lightly and get the same effect.  
Next morning Averell Harriman, American Ambassador to the Soviet Union, who has just arrived in Teheran, is taking us to Moscow in the official ambassadorial Liberator.

Most fascinating of all is a fact which I knew but not until now could believe; that in Russia there are few connected paved highways. I see wagon trails from the villages out to the fields, and sometimes faint ones from town to town, but not one strip of clean, flowing concrete or black-top.

Also I'm trying, through this plexiglass window, to see the socialist revolution as it has affected the villages, but I can't. For all this might have been here in the middle ages. If new thatched-roof huts have been built since czarist days, from 5,000 feet I can't tell them from the ancient ones. Looking down on every village, the biggest building is still the white church, built in czarist days. In twenty-five years the Soviets have constructed nothing half as big, although here and there is what might be a school or an administrative hall.

The co-pilot comes back to say we will swing low over Stalingrad. Diving, we follow the bends of the city itself as it follows the river—or rather, as once did the city. For Stalingrad is gone, and there remain only roofless walls like the snags of decayed molars staring up at us. Factories, with twisted machinery rusting under the tangle of roof girders.

Finally, just out of Moscow, we see an electric power line running from horizon to horizon. It is the first thing I have seen in the past hour that I am sure was built since 1917. But soon we see the first hard-surfaced road, and that black smudge on the horizon is Moscow itself. Then its railway yards and the smoke from its factories. Tiers of workers' apartments surround each factory and are in turn surrounded by a crazy quilt of potato patches. A spacious outdoor theater is on the river banks. The roofs of the big buildings are mottled with brown and green camouflage paint.

As we let our wheels down and begin to feel for the runway, I see, rushing past, great rows of American-built C47s stacked on the field in orderly rows with the big star of the Red Air Force painted on each.

A considerable crowd is waiting at the airfield. First, the welcoming committee; a row of solemn Slavs in the same boiled mail-order suits we saw at Teheran. But the minute Eric Johnston emerges, a battery of lenses—movie cameras and Soviet copies of Leicas and

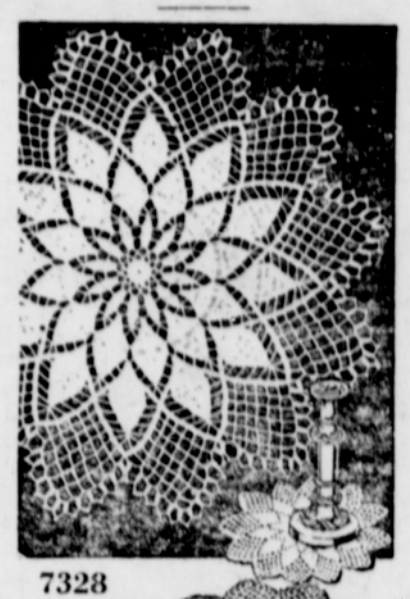


W. Averell Harriman

Graflexes—close in on his profile. This over, we smilingly shake hands with the unsmiling Russians and work our way through to the American reporters. Practically all of Moscow's tiny foreign newspaper colony is there. They tell us the Russians have given us an unusually big official turnout—"better than Donald Nelson's."

A big Russian in his middle-thirties wanders toward me. "Is everything all right?" he wants to know. "I am Kirilov, in charge of protocol for the People's Commissariat of Foreign Trade." We did not then know that, representing this Commissariat, our official host, he was to be our constant companion.  
(TO BE CONTINUED)

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### Swift Camera Photographs Explosive Action of 'Gas'

A movie camera that takes 40,000 pictures a second is used to photograph the explosive action of aviation gasoline at the NACA aircraft engine research laboratory in Cleveland, says Collier's.  
This camera so slows down actions that if it were used to photograph a football player making a 40-yard run, the projection of the film, at the normal rate of 24 pictures a second, would require 2 hours and 20 minutes.



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