

BY HELEN DAVIS SZOLD

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When woefully-spoiled Bobby collided with the no-nonsense notions of his redheaded young aunt, there was

A Double Surprise

Janis Stratford's first thought after closing and locking her brother Bill's guest-room door was: "This can't be happening to me." But it was. For a moment she leaned her beautiful auburn head against the door; her soft body was stiff with revolt. You're back in Chicago, Jan, she told herself soothingly . . . back in your lovely solitary apartment on Delaware Place. . . . It's cocktail time, and Helga is coming in with a Martini, very dry . . . very cold. . . . Soon you'll sit down to dinner alone . . . all, all alone. . . . You'll light the candles, turn on some soft music, and—

A loud knock on the door interrupted her reverie. "Aunt Jan! Aunt Jan! I want to come in! Let me in!"

Janis jumped away from the door as if it had stung her. "Go away, Bobby—please go away. Aunt Jan's busy now."

A series of kicks and an all-too-familiar howl brought a flurry of footsteps from Bill and Sally's room, and Janis heard her young sister-in-law's voice: "Darling, precious lamb, what's the matter? Did you hurt yourself?"

"She won't let me in!"—tearfully.

"Jan?" Sally's voice was only a little hesitant. "Bobby wants to come in."

You don't say. *You don't say.* Jan's fingers gripped the edge of the dresser until her knuckles showed white, but her voice was even as she replied, "He'll have to wait. I'm hanging between two worlds, half-dressed and in no condition to receive gentlemen in the boudoir."

"He just wants to keep you company, darling," Sally coaxed. "He won't bother you, I'm sure."

You're quite right. He won't bother me. Because precious lamb isn't coming in. Not after emptying my dresser drawers this morning and spilling a \$25 bottle of perfume and throwing one of my pearl earrings out of the window. . . .

"I'll be down in a few minutes. Tell him I'll read him a story." "The Little Red Hen," of course. Janis moaned softly. She wished the little red hen had dropped dead before she was born. What incredible pap to feed children. If I read that silly story once more I'll scream—but I'd rather scream than have Bobby in my room. I want to go home. Why did I come?

Recklessly she peeled off her sheer stockings; she didn't care if they ran as far as she would like to run right this minute. You came because your sister-in-law is one of the sweetest persons in the world and you couldn't wriggle out of it and because you wanted to see Bill.

But I shouldn't have. I knew it would be (Continued on page 85)



WHAT CENSORSHIP

In April of 1933, Adolf Hitler ordered his followers to burn a vast number of books—among them volumes by such writers as Jack London, Sinclair Lewis, John Steinbeck, Proust, Zola, Freud and Albert Einstein. The censorship-by-flame startled the entire civilized world and caused reactions ranging from disgust, horror and dismay to laughter—bitter laughter at the idiocy of the Nazi State.

Americans, brought up to believe in freedom of speech and press, were particularly shocked by the book burnings in Germany. Indignantly they told each other, "That sort of thing could never happen here!"

But only a few years before—in 1929—more than sixty books had been banned in Boston, Massachusetts, among them Ernest Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises" and Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." And in 1933, while Americans fumed over Hitler's book burnings, attempts were being made to stop the sale of "God's Little Acre," Erskine Caldwell's story of poverty in the South. The year 1933 was also distinguished by the court battle on James Joyce's "Ulysses," a rambling book almost incomprehensible to the average reader.

The difference between book burning and book banning, between censorship by violence and censorship by decree, is a difference in degree. The essential evil is the same, if a book be burned or banned. Very simply, the evil consists of preventing you from reading, hearing or seeing something that *other* (Continued on page 81)



"Inimical to public morals" was the ruling on Lena Horne by censors who banned her from Memphis movie screens.



Jehovah's Witnesses are often arrested, as they were in Boston, for giving out religious tracts.

Catholic pickets marched in front of the Paris Theater in New York in protest against the movie "The Miracle," which they labeled blasphemous. There were scuffles between pickets and people waiting to buy tickets.



*No more shocking fact exists than this: Self-appointed groups
have decided that you no longer have the right to choose
your own movies, books, radio programs—and ideas.*

Here's how your personal liberties are being undermined

BY COLLIE SMALL

KEEPS YOU FROM KNOWING



The Negro problem movie "Pinky," starring Jeanne Crain and Ethel Waters, caused a Texas movie theater manager to be arrested.



Seventy-seven-year-old Lloyd T. Binford censors Memphis movies, forbidding some and cutting parts of others so they will be in "proper taste."



Eleven minutes were cut from "Oliver Twist." Anti-Semitism had been charged against the Fagin characterization.

"The Miracle" is about a girl seduced by a man she later believes to be St. Joseph. At presstime the movie was still banned in N. Y.

"Freshlaid Plans," a movie cartoon satirizing Government planning, prompted a Midwest columnist to call for more regulation of moving pictures.

A new version of "The Racket" has been censored more than the original movie (below), which was made in 1928.



