

SINCE the Great War two new religions have been born into the world. They are the Nazi creed and the Communist creed. Do not let us blind our eyes to the power which these new religions exert. They have been adopted by most powerful and most heavily armed nations. They have at their disposal vast armies equipped with every agency of destruction, fleets of growing size and, above all, the new and dangerous weapon of the air. They have degraded the good gifts of science to the most insidious forms of propaganda. The press, the broadcast and the cinema have placed the mass of the people entirely in the hands of their rulers, who are also the high priests of these religions. Such creeds do not lack champions, preachers, devotees, nor even martyrs. Today they seek to divide the world between them, to range the men and women in every land under their garish standards and outlandish symbols; and with strange shouts and ugly gestures they wish to pervert or subvert the ancient nations of Christendom and hurl them at one another in ferocious conflict.

We can see them at this moment both ranged against each other in deadly conflict in Spain. What a strange monstrous spectacle is presented there! A horrible explosion of animal hatred has torn the Spanish people asunder. Half the nation wishes to slay the other half. They fight a war of extermination, a war of no quarter, an inexpiable war. They imbrue their hands in fratricidal blood. They desecrate the soil of Spain with Spanish corpses, victims as often of cold-blooded execution as of battle.

#### A War That Is No Longer Spain's

But it is not only Spanish hatreds which inflict these miseries on the Spanish people. Left to themselves the Spaniards would probably in time reach some national compromise. The mighty Nazi and Communist states are, however, each pumping petrol on the flames, each backing its own partisan color and lashing the Spanish people with renewed frenzies. The governments of Germany and Italy on the one hand, and of Russia on the other, pour weapons, munitions, airplanes and technical experts to the side each favors. Nay, they have even sent large numbers of their regular soldiers. Germans and Italians fire their rifles or cannon at Russians or at German and Italian exiles in a quarrel which has nothing to do with territory, trade or dynastic disputes.

Spain has become the arena where a conflict of ideas is being fought out with all the brutal savagery of the religious wars of the 15th century. To this strange welter large numbers of French, English, Irish and some American volunteers have proceeded, some going to join one side and some the other. Sometimes they travel out together to where their roads divide. Nothing like this has ever been seen since the Thirty Years War tore all Europe to pieces. If it spreads it may indeed lay the whole world in ruins, dividing not only nation from nation, but family from family, and brother from brother.

There are two strange facts about these non-God religions. The first is their extraordinary resemblance to one another. Nazi-ism and Communism imagine themselves as exact opposites. They are at each other's throats where ever they exist all over the world. They actually breed each other; for the reaction of Communism is Nazi-ism, and beneath Nazi-ism or Fascism Communism stirs convulsively. Yet they are similar in all essentials. First of all, their simplicity is remarkable. You leave out God and put in the Devil; you leave out love and put in hate; and everything thereafter works quite straightforwardly

and logically. They are, in fact, as alike as two peas. Tweedledum and Tweedledee are two quite distinctive personalities compared to these two rival religions.

I am reminded of the North Pole and the South Pole. They are at opposite ends of the earth, but if you woke up at either pole tomorrow morning you could not tell which one it was. Perhaps there might be penguins at one, or perhaps polar bears at the other; but all around would be ice and snow and the blast of a biting wind. I have made up my mind, however far I may travel, whatever countries I may see, I will not go to the Arctic or to the Antarctic regions. Give me London, give me Paris, give me New York, give me some of the beautiful capitals of the British dominions. Let

# The Infernal Twins

By Winston Churchill

What makes the Spanish civil war so inhumanly bitter? Not the Spaniards. Behind this quarrel stand two opposed and godless religions—Fascism and Communism. Both are enemies of democracy. Strip them of their externals and you can't tell them apart. Mr. Churchill reveals the essential character of these unlovely twins



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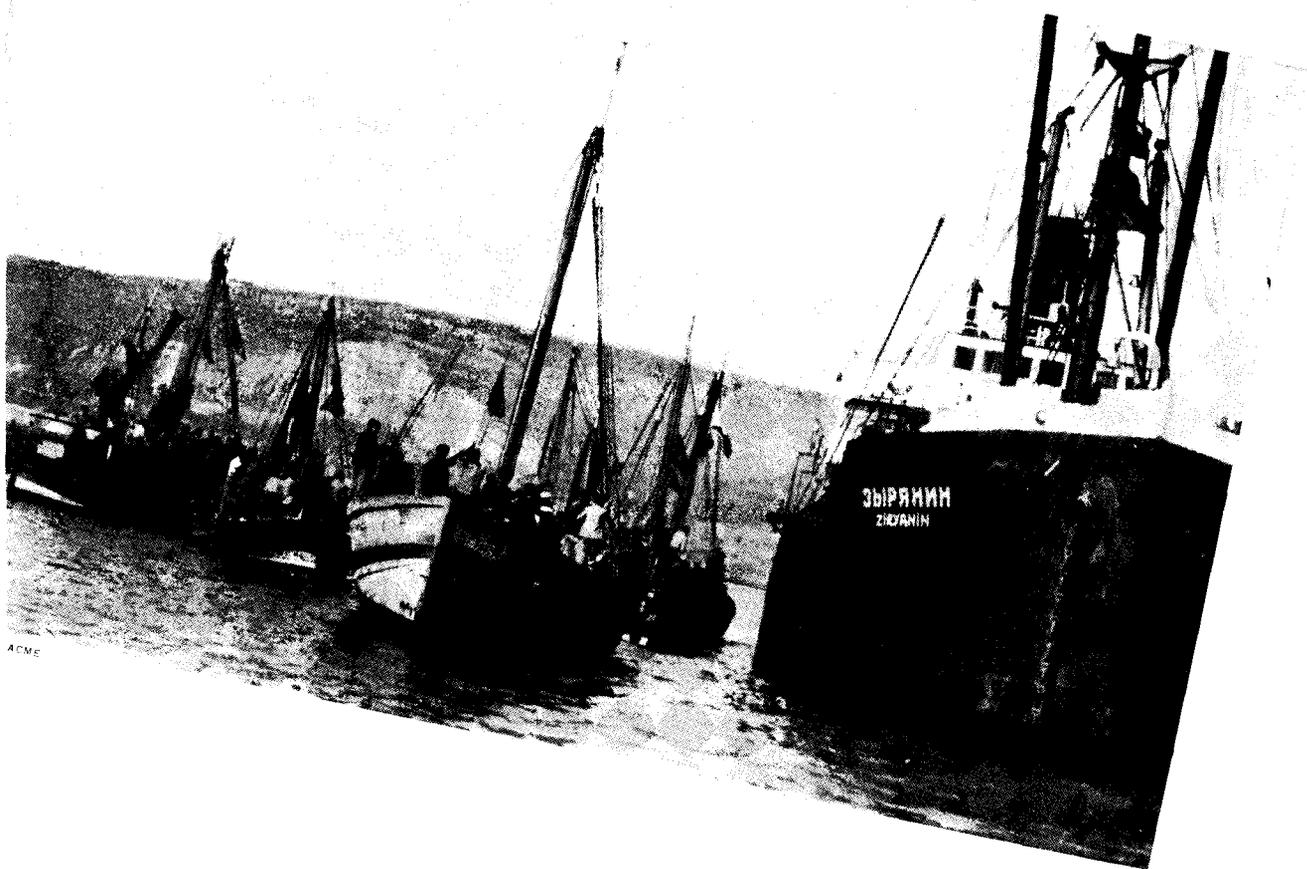
Three Russians died when this armored car, made and equipped in Russia, was wrecked by shellfire from the Spanish rebel battleship *Almirante Cervera*. At the right are three Italian army officers captured by Loyalists during the fighting on the Guadalajara front



BLACK STAR



Three members of the International Brigade fighting in Spain illustrate its cosmopolitan character. In this group are a Russian, a Mongol and an Irishman. Below, Loyalist boats surround a Russian freighter in Barcelona harbor to unload food and supplies for the government troops



us go somewhere where our breath is not frozen on our lips because of the secret police. Let us go somewhere where there are green pastures and the shade of venerable trees. Let us not wander away from the broad fertile field of freedom into these gaunt, grim, dim, gloomy abstractions of sterile thought.

There are, of course, differences between the dictatorships. Yet they are largely discounted by one significant fact. It is easy to imagine Mussolini or Hitler as head of a Communist state, or Stalin as Fascist Duce or Fuehrer. Nothing in Communism or Fascism, as we know them, or in the characters and records of these three men, makes such a situation incredible.

Mussolini was the son of a Socialist

and at one time himself an apostle of the class war. When, in 1902, he was arrested as a vagrant for sleeping under a bridge at Lausanne, his one possession of value was a medallion bearing the portrait of Karl Marx. Before the war he was editor of Italy's leading Socialist newspaper. He had been the associate of Lenin and Trotsky.

"I know Mussolini," Lenin once told a deputation of Socialist exiles from Italy. "He is a strong and a hard man. It was a great pity to have let him go out of the Socialist party." To which Trotsky added: "it was, indeed, a great pity. He was the only man who could have brought about the revolution of the proletariat in Italy."

But Socialism was a weapon which

broke in Mussolini's hand. Therefore he threw it away and looked for another. To this student of Machiavelli and Nietzsche, of Sorel and William James, no creed or principle is of value except as the instrument of his will. He is both daydreamer and opportunist. There was a time when, doubtless, the background of his waking fancies was a Socialist Italy. But he himself occupied the foreground as the Sword of the Revolution, an Italian Lenin. When that dream became impracticable a new one replaced it. But what he saw this time was not so much Italy repeating in the modern world the glories of ancient Rome as himself as architect of a new empire of the Mediterranean.

To say that is not to deny or belittle his extraordinary qualities of statesmanship, his magnificent courage and audacity, his untiring energy, his resolute will, his sure grasp of the possible.

be artist, who was refused admission to the Viennese art school because his test drawing was "below standard," had to hate someone to preserve his self-respect. Yet, even while his followers brawled with the Marxists in Berlin streets, the future Nazi dictator was making speeches which might almost have been delivered in the Red Square in Moscow.

The third of the dictators, Stalin, is, in some ways, a more enigmatic figure than either of the others. He has shunned the limelight in which both Mussolini and Hitler have gloried. He has come to power by hidden ways. But it is now possible to assess this mysterious figure, molded by the Siberian silences, more accurately than would have been the case a few years ago. He has brought to the Kremlin the shrewdness, the craft and the long memory of the peasant stock from which he sprang. He has brought also the infinite patience which he learned, on the fringes of the Arctic Circle, when he was dependent for food entirely on his own prowess as hunter and fisherman. Lenin, on his deathbed, believed that Stalin and Trotsky, even while hating each other, could work in double harness. He reckoned without Trotsky's arrogant self-confidence and Stalin's profound purpose. Now the Georgian rules alone—and behind the façade of a Socialist state builds a nationalist Russia, a great military power, self-contained and self-sufficient.

In all Stalin's work there has been little of the Socialist theorist. He is essentially an organizer—an efficiency expert with power of life and death over millions. Who shall say that this man would not be equally at home—and equally formidable—as chief of a Fascist or a Nazi state?

#### Things Intolerable in Democracies

The conditions of life under Russian Communism or German Nazi-ism present the same features even when viewed in detail. They would certainly be intolerable to the British, American or French democracies. Our peoples would be miserable in the last degree if they were suddenly put under Nazi or Communist rule. How could we bear, nursed as we have been in a free atmosphere, to be gagged and muzzled; to have spies, eavesdroppers and delators at every corner; to have even private conversation caught up and used against us by the secret police and all their agents and creatures; to be arrested and interned without trial? How could we bear to be treated like schoolboys when we are grown-up men; to be turned out on parade by tens of thousands to march and cheer for this slogan or for that; to see philosophers, teachers and authors bullied and toiled to death in concentration camps; to be forced every hour to conceal the natural normal workings of the human intellect and the pulsations of the human heart? Rather than submit to such oppression there is no length to which we would not go.

Let me recapitulate the great resemblances of Nazi-ism and Bolshevism. First, there is the worship of the one-man power. All the wisdom of our common ancestors, the main theme which made the parliamentary system in Britain and framed the Constitution of the United States, was dominated by the conviction that one-man power was a thing odious, pernicious and degrading to the nature and stature of men. This miserable fetish worship and the setting up of a single individual, investing him with superhuman, almost Godlike, power, has always been a temptation to the weak and ignorant. It has always been obnoxious to the architects of English and American institutions.

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# The Bat King

By James Hilton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The strange story of a monarch's escape—and return  
—to the weirdest kingdom the earth has ever seen



"Can't you see anything?" I asked. "Can't you see the light in the distance?"

I SUPPOSE the Carlsbad Caverns, in New Mexico, are the most interesting of their kind in the world. I had made the tour of them before and remembered the way the guide insisted on the party keeping together, and also the way we were all carefully counted before going down the elevator. The authorities took no chances, and you can't blame them, because apart from the caverns that they show you there are miles and miles of side galleries, many of them still unexplored.

There was a local cowboy named Jim White who let himself down into these caverns thirty-six years ago by a lasso rope. You can say, in a sense, that he discovered them. He ventured a few miles with a lantern, unwinding cord as he went along, so that he shouldn't get lost on the way back. Today Jim White stands behind a counter in the main cavern selling his own book about them, and I dare say he sometimes feels it was more fun swinging down on a lasso rope than watching dollars click into a cash register.

Anyhow, I was in Carlsbad again with nothing much to do and I thought I'd pay a second visit. But one thing I did see for the first time—and that was the evening flight of the bats. Toward dusk in summer-

time there's a sound like the drone of airplanes at the cavern mouth, and suddenly the bats appear—millions of them, it seems—wheeling around in blind circles and suddenly streaming across the sky like a smoke cloud. They fly for miles in search of food, and return to the caverns by dawn.

That was worth seeing; but, after all, lots of people have seen it, which to a journalist lowers the temperature. You have to be pretty smart to concoct anything readable out of something that's been guide-booked and picture-postcarded to the *n*th degree; which is why, when I paid my two dollars at the top of the elevator shaft, I carried in my pocket a flashlight and four balls of cord. I figured that if I could slip out of the way of the touring party I might have some fun on my own.

They take you through very slowly, making a two-hour job of it, because some of the old folks get tired; and as you plod along an official switches on the lights ahead and another official switches them off behind you when you've passed by. It wasn't difficult to hang back to the rear of the party, but it was taking a chance to hide behind a big rock and trust that the rear guard wouldn't stop me. However, he didn't; and

presently he switched the lights off and I could see nothing but the distant glow where the party was entering the next section. Rather an eerie feeling, to be left alone while the lights and the voices disappeared. I waited about ten minutes, till there was silence and complete darkness; then I switched on my flashlight and pulled out the first ball of cord.

You understand that I just wanted a thrill, that's all. I wanted to feel, in a counterfeit, secondhand sort of way, something of what Jim White felt thirty-seven years ago. And I reckoned I had more than an hour to explore in before anyone would find I was missing. I didn't want that to happen. The cavern people looked the kind that wouldn't sympathize.

I tied the end of the cord to a jutting rock and began clambering over rough surfaces toward an opening that looked to be a promising lead into a side gallery. It also looked as if I'd reach it in a couple of minutes, but you can't judge either distance or difficulties in a cavern. Actually it took me a quarter of an hour and one and a half balls of cord to get to that opening; but when at last I did I found I was lucky; the flashlight revealed a staggeringly beautiful vault tapering in the distance toward further enticements.