sian support and their advocacy of the Russian "line". Soviet occupation, whose every measure they must justify, is at once an asset and a millstone round their necks.

The flags of the four powers atop the "Neue Burg" symbolize the uneasy, watchful cooperation of Russia and America in Vienna. But on the well-stocked newsstands the "Cold" war rages unchecked. The American "Kurier" and the Russian "Oesterreichische Zeitung" blazon their angry, warring headlines side by side. The "Kurier" outsells its rival by far. Most Viennese, even workers, think of the USA as a kindly Santa Claus and protector. The Russians, by their exploitative tactics, have definitely lost the propaganda fight. Their main hope is a crashing economic crisis in America which will spill over into the "Marshall lands".

Just as New York is not America, so Vienna is not Austria, even tho it holds a fourth of the country's people. A rounded picture would have to include the 8 other federal provinces. But that is a subject for another article.

OBSERVER

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What A System!

IT TAKES BRAINS TO MAKE MONEY

There were quite a few red faces around Wall Street last week when Attorney Gen'l Nathaniel L. Goldstein revealed in a court proceeding that the owner and author of a weekly market letter service, in operation for thirty-two years, received his inside information on the course of the stock market from "tips" in the comic strips. Incidentally, Frederick N. Goldsmith, whom the court has restrained temporarily from giving any further market advice made $39,000 last year from the sale of his inside information.

The "red faces" were worn by several brokers in Wall Street who had been subscribers to the "service." In fact, one well-known Stock Exchange firm thought so highly of Mr. Goldsmith's advice that it posted his regular letter on the board room bulletin board for the financial education of its customers.

Mr. Goldsmith did not rely entirely on the newspaper comics for his information, for he also received spiritual help through seances with the late J. P. Morgan and other departed financiers — or so he said. Surprisingly enough, many of his customers made money as, for instance, when he spotted Jiggs, in the comic strip "Bringing Up Father," saying "The intermissions are the only good thing about the show." He took this as a sure-fire tip to buy Mission Oil stock and passed the tip on to his customers. Sure enough, Mission Oil went up.

Several of Mr. Goldsmith's subscribers, questioned by the Attorney General's office, commented that his "comic sheet forecasts" are as good as, if not better than, those contained in similar market letters now being sold to the public. This caused Assistant Attorney General Leonard E. Russak to remark that "this should give rise to serious reflection on the part of the public as to the actual value of many stock market forecasts."

This observation by Mr. Russak should certainly be followed through by the proper governmental agencies — the Securities and Exchange Commission in particular. An examination of Mr. Goldsmith's office by the authorities showed practically no records which the legitimate and reliable financial and statistical service uses for the purpose of compiling pertinent information concerning the positions of corporations whose stock is listed on the various exchanges.

In a conversation recently with a regional officer of the SEC, this writer commented on the looseness of some market advice letters and the impact on the stock market when some "advisory" services decide in unison that their clients should sell. This SEC man merely shrugged his shoulders and said: "They are Americans and can say what they wish."

NEW YORK TIMES
(Financial Section), Sept. 19, 1948.

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RED ANTS

When the Bishop of Victoria, Hong-Kong, gets home from the Lambeth Conference he might do well to call the Bishop of Kunming and colleagues of other denominations into conference over this scandalous business of the children working — and dying — in the Yunnan tin mines. The Chinese authorities seem to be helpless. Perhaps world opinion and an independent inquiry may goad them on. A recent article in the "China Weekly Review" quotes what appears to be a reliable report by a foreign relief worker upon a ghastly practice in this beautiful, sunny, and savage province of South-west China. The tin mines, privately owned by rich and cultivated Chinese are reached through tiny shafts down which only boy workers can move. In the largest the observer noticed:

"A huge slag-heap between two mountains over and round which long lines of little boys were crawling and climbing, looking like red ants in their scanty, rusty rags. The oldest appeared to be about 12 or 13 . . . They work all day and are locked up in stone forts at nightfall."

The red dust comes from the surrounding low-grade iron. At a second mine there emerged into the daylight a boy carrying two bags of ore. He had the pale-brown pupil-less eyes of a heavy opium smoker, and gasped pitifully. In a few seconds, still crouching double, he moved into the open:

"It was with a nasty shock that I realized he couldn't straighten up. He was permanently bent in the posture in which he crawls through the underground tunnels . . . The boys are always ill, always take a long time to get well — if they do get well — because of malnutrition, overwork, and opium."

A few years' heavy work, bad air, and poor food usually prove fatal. Murder is common in fights below ground. The Chinese Government has agreed that tin mines can be mechanized and run without boy labor. But apart from a directive that social welfare and hospitals shall be started for the boys — it seems to have been ignored — it is doing nothing. Tin is precious. The spirit of mercy and pity has fled, and the red ants crawl about their business in the underground passages. Will no one call a halt?

MANITOBA FREE PRESS
September 20, 1948.

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"In the area of Montgomery County, Georgia, a 28 year old Negro named Isaiah Nixon, asked if he could vote. He was warned not to, the Sheriff said, but voted anyhow. That night two men appeared at his house, shot him dead in front of his wife and six children."

TIME, Sept. 20, 1948.

Those terrible people behind or before the Iron Curtain.