



England's



Tastiest Invasion



BY JERRY KLEIN



A SECOND Norman invasion of England is under way — and this time Britons can be happy about it. The modern invaders from France are frogs. And the *British Journal of Herpetology* notes that the frogs chose somewhat the same route across the Channel as did William the Conqueror.



Already, the cannibalistic French frogs are overpowering their smaller neighbors, much as the American gray squirrel vanquished the English red squirrel when it was introduced a century ago. The defeat may embarrass patriotic Britons who traditionally have sniffed at the French as frog-eaters. But it's a defeat that English gourmets applaud, because the skinny English frog's legs aren't fit to be fried, while the French variety is delicious.



Besides, there's an old English superstition that wherever frogs go, they bring good luck.



The sturdy French frogs now hopping their



way into England are descendants of those which used to abound in the marshes around Paris. As a matter of fact, France had so many frogs that three were placed on the coat of arms of the French kings, beginning with Clovis about the year 500. The three round shapes became more artistic as time passed and about the year 1200 they became the trefoil fleur-de-lis emblem of France that we recognize today.

Frogs have been on earth since before the dawn of history, yet man still is studying the little creatures' habits. Just recently, for instance, researchers at the University of Florida announced that frogs seem to sing in trio, rather than in duet or solo.

Frogs even helped the eighteenth century Italian physician, Luigi Galvani, to discover electric current. The story goes that it was Galvani's wife who first noticed how the leg of a frog jumps when it is touched by a bit of metal.

And yet today the thin, webbed foot of the frog is the only place where circulation of the blood can be demonstrated to young physicians without inflicting pain on the live animal.

Anthropologists say that one of man's greatest superiorities to lower anthropoids is that he can move his thumb in opposition to his other

fingers. But long before man appeared, frogs were opposing their fingers in order to hold onto the stems of water plants.

Their watery metamorphosis from a dot of jelly to a tadpole capable of regenerating its tail so impressed the ancients that they took the frog as a symbol of life itself. Both the Greeks and the Egyptians considered frogs to have supernatural powers. And the Romans thought you could cure toothaches by catching a frog, spitting in its mouth and telling it to carry your ache away.

Frogs still are considered godly by some Indian tribes along the Orinoco River in South America. These Indians keep frogs under pots and beseech them for rain during dry spells. Indians in British Columbia fear that to kill a frog will bring rain.

And when drought comes to central India, some castes carry frogs from door to door, singing "Lady frog must have her bath. O, rain-god, give her a little water."

In Britain's African protectorate, Bechuanaland, native warriors wear frog skins so that in battle they will prove just as slippery and hard to catch. But in Britain itself the emphasis today is all on catching hold of the hoppers. For French frogs' legs, fresh and succulent, are quite the nicest news since eggs came off rationing.



THE current Cold War has disclosed much about, and has testified to the manifold tasks exacted from, members of the Communist Parties. We have become familiar with the motivations of these regular Party members — from those who, moved by fanaticism, serve the Party by their own volition, to those who persevere in service by compunction, out of fear or for money. In rendering direct service to the Party, these people do espionage work, infiltrate and destroy democratic institutions, liquidate uncomfortable individuals and silence or discredit anti-Communist actions and anti-Communist work.

Little is known, however, of the way in which the Cominform impels outsiders to work for its cause; how it lures and corrupts them; how it abuses intellectuals who do not profess Marxism and who yet render, if unwittingly, invaluable service to the Party.

I came to know the ingenious or-

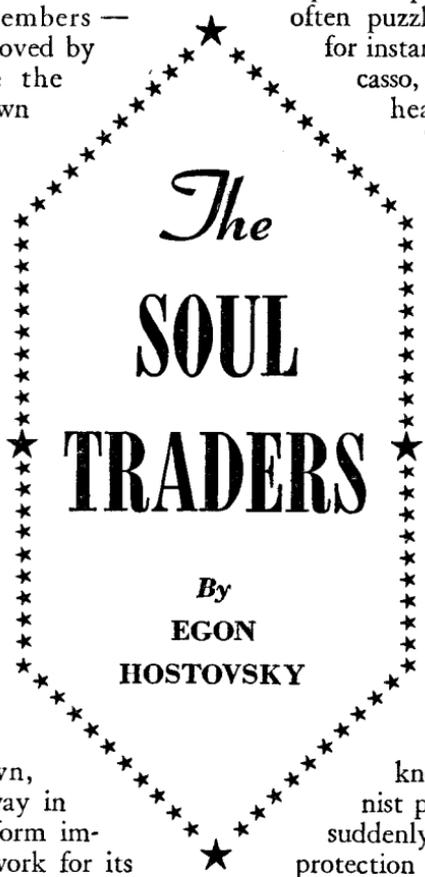
ganization of this service which sends its most capable agents to the West, there to carry out specific assignments. By virtue of personal experience, I can better understand the present phenomena that so

often puzzle other people — for instance, why Pablo Picasso, the famous painter, heads the so-called “peace movement,”

sponsored by the Communists, while at the same time his pupils in the Iron Curtain countries are liquidated and his work is labeled as the “prototype of depraved bourgeois art.” Or why Sartre, the French writer, until recently the target of every Bolshevik cultural disparagement, especially for his well-

known anti-Communist play “Red Gloves,” suddenly won the special protection of Malenkov and, again all of a sudden, writes and talks as if Ilya Ehrenburg were prompting him.

During the past war, while in the United States for the first time (as an official of the Czechoslovak Con-



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