

Remarque and Tunney, Once Armed Enemies, Meet to Talk of Peace

This is the first of two articles dealing with the interesting meeting of two highly interesting characters, Eric Maria Remarque, author of the famous novel of the war, "All Quiet on the Western Front," and James Joseph Tunney, former heavyweight champion of the world and former doughboy in the A. E. F. The opinions of these two former "enemies" on the most vital subject of modern civilization—WAR—are significant, stirring and colorful. The second article will appear tomorrow.

By WALTER DIETZEL

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BERLIN, Oct. 31.—Two enemies of bygone days, both young in years, but old in emotion, stared at each other across a luncheon table in a Berlin restaurant.

One was tall, erect and muscular, a physical marvel; the other was a medium stature, clear-eyed, high strung and alert.

They had much to say to each other, these two. Ten years before, the tall, muscular chap had stood knee-deep in mud in a Flanders dugout glaring hate across a 100-yard area of shell holes and barbed wire that was strewn with the mutilated and dead bodies of his fellow men. On the opposite side of this 100-yard area stood the man of medium height. He, too, was knee-deep in mud and he, too, directed glances of hate into the inky darkness ahead of him.

Had they been able to get close to each other at this time, these two, they would have unhesitatingly fallen on each other's throats. War spirit coursed through their veins and all human kindness was foreign to them.

This was war.

NOW MEET AS FRIENDS.

In the Berlin restaurant in which they sat a decade later, the tall, muscular young man was attired in an expensive and well-pressed suit. He smiled graciously and his eyes sparkled with kindness and confidence. The other young man likewise was well and expensively attired. He didn't smile as much as his companion, but his face wore an expression of softness and sympathy.

One of the men—the tall, muscular one—was Gene Tunney, private in the American Expeditionary Forces, retired heavyweight champion of the world, millionaire and husband of a social registerite. He had gone far in the 10 years since the war.

The other was Erich Maria Re-

marque, soldier in the Imperial German Army, schoolmaster and author of the most widely discussed book of the hour, "All Quiet on the Western Front." The book that is supposed to depict the suffering of the soldier in the ranks. He, too, had gone far since the war.

This was peace!

INTERPRETER THERE.

Between the two men sat an interpreter, a Berlin newspaper man, who had brought about their introduction. Tunney speaks very imperfect German: Remarque very imperfect English. The interpreter had little to do, however. When two such forceful and vitally alive men meet, the barriers of language mean little. They can make themselves understood.

Not once during their interview did they speak of what might have happened had they met each other face to face 10 years before. It was unnecessary. They knew.

It is Remarque speaking:

"If only the story of our meeting serves to hammer into the minds of people all over the world that there is no such thing as 'enemies' it will have been well worth while. I wrote my book with this purpose in mind—that it is a foregone conclusion that men are not naturally 'enemies.'

"War is nonsensical, terrible, inhuman, a thing that should never be repeated.

"When my book turned out to be a success and people started to force me into the limelight of publicity, I began to shudder with the thought of having lost my individual freedom. I felt depressed. I shut myself up in my apartment and hardly left it for three months. But when I discovered that the book had proved useful and was serving the purpose I had in mind when I wrote it, I was naturally most pleased.

FICTION OF WAR SMASHED.

"Remember Tjaden? With a brutal, clear-minded logic he smashes the whole, untrue, artificial and shaky structure of the nationalist fiction of war. A mountain in Germany cannot offend a mountain in France. Or a river, or a wood, or a field of wheat. How then can one nation offend another?"

"Only individuals can offend each other."

Tunney is speaking:

You are right, beyond doubt. I wanted to meet you as a plain soldier, and as such I want to tell you that by writing your book you have rendered a great service to mankind. You have interpreted the feelings and ways of thinking of

SHAW FAILURE AS EDITORIAL WRITER

By HARRY R. FLORY,
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LONDON, Oct. 31.—George Bernard Shaw escaped being "fired" from his first job on a London newspaper by switching from editorial writing to musical criticism.

So relates T. P. O'Connor, "father" of the House of Commons, who is the founder of the Star and was its editor when G. B. Shaw was an unknown editorial writer. O'Connor tells the story in his "Men, Women and Memorial," a weekly column he writes for the Sunday Times.

Shaw was one of the two or three men who wrote short editorials for the Star while "Tay Pay" usually wrote the leading article of the day. O'Connor was so busy he usually did not have time to read copy on the lesser importance before they appeared in print.

"One day," writes O'Connor, "John Morley came up to me in the House of Commons and showed me a nasty attack on the Liberals, and especially on Mr. Morley, which figured among the Star's editorials. I read this article, entirely opposed to my views and to those of the paper, with surprise and almost with horror. It was the worry which these editorials of Bernard Shaw caused that compelled me to contemplate his dismissal from the paper."

But O'Connor adds that he was never able to dismiss anybody in his life, therefore he got the idea of making Shaw a musical critic on the Star.

"It was the alternative to dis-

the ordinary soldier, regardless of his nationality. The book should be a warning to the coming generations never to plunge into such a horror again.

"I have had my Himmelstross experience, too. (Himmelstross is a character in Remarque's book, a type of an old-time Prussian sergeant). We all went into the war with a lot of enthusiasm, some of which, to say the least, was sorely tested when we got to the camps. We realized that the war, which we had been taught to consider as something noble, lofty and great, was—not quite that, perhaps! Most of us soldiers felt the cruelty, the inhumanity, the privations of it—but it was you who told the world about it in plain language."