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Jane Anderson: The Nazi Georgia Peach

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After the bombing comes lawsuits

Morgan R. Redwine

As I thought, the Oklahoma bombing has brought out the claims by the victims of the explosion. You may expect the fertilizer companies to be on the list, and you will have a lot of new regulations out concerning fertilizer. I checked in my tool shed and found that I had a mixture of gasoline for my lawn mower and ammonium nitrate for the garden; a combination of the two being enough to blow up my house and scare the devil out of the neighborhood.

The next people to be sued are the people who leased the car or truck or whatever it was that was used for transportation in the crime. You might expect to see some new laws and regulations on the procedure you have to go through in order to get a U-drive-it.

And also on the suit list will be the contractor who built the building, plus the suppliers of the material in the structure. The claimants will be saying that the building was faulty and it should have been able to withstand the explosion. ...

I wonder when we will be having enough of the litigious goings on in the country. With most of our people in the national Congress and state halls of legislation being lawyers, it can only get worse. It seems that only a few years ago, lawyers did not think that it was ethical to advertise. The next thing you know, they will be sponsoring golf matches, automobile, races and the like. Maybe I should calm down, as I'm getting old and prone to slip on something, and I will need a good suing attorney.

Another thing that the explosion has brought out, is the far left. I read in the New Yorker magazine where they have been infiltrating the far right organizations and are ready to expose them for whatever they are trying to do. Pat Buchanan had better be careful, as they are watching him. No one seems to be busy right now watching the far left and even the National Rifle Association has had to be quiet.

The Atlanta Braves are in a slump, not only from their ability to win ball games, but also their stadium-filling expertise. Last year they were filling the ball park over there in Atlanta, but so far this year you can see a lot of empty seats. Of course, compared to a few years ago, a crowd of 20,000 is a heap. I remember going to Ponce De



Leon Park way back and pulling for the Atlanta Crackers. You had the feeling that they were Atlanta, plus the whole state of Georgia. Now you tend to see the Braves as a conspiracy among the players and owners in order to fleece the suckers who pass through the turnstiles. Things ain't like they used to be, and as a feller said, perhaps they never were.

Horoscopes for the hapless

Phil Sanderlin



Phil Sanderlin is on vacation down at Jekyll Island this week. In his absence, we are running another feature in place of his column, "Horoscopes for the Heartbreak" by U.R. Doomed is an astrology column for unlucky souls to whom nothing good ever happens. This week's message for the hapless is as follows:

TAURUS (April 21- May 21): Your boss doesn't know what you call him at home, but he'll find out this week, after Connie Chung interviews your Mom.

GEMINI (May 22- June 21) Sometimes you get the feeling that nobody ever thinks about you and that everyone has forgotten you. You'll get over that notion later this week, when the mail brings the bills.

CANCER (June 22- July 25) Your boss has finally realized that you are an employee who should be watched, so Monday your office gets a surveillance camera.

LEO (June 24-August 23) You will prove to be a source of inspiration to your minister, who this Sunday will deliver a sermon on your life, entitled "Don't blame the Devil— He's Just Plain Sorry!"

VIRGO (AUGUST 24- SEPT. 23) You have gotten drunk and made a fool of yourself before, but nothing like this coming Friday night! A videotape taken of you by a lodge brother will provide entertainment at meetings for years to come.

LIBRA (SEPT. 24- OCT. 23) Any timid, frightened little person can play it safe, but later this week you will show that you have the kid of courage it takes to make a major blunder you'll regret for years.

SCORPIO (OCT. 24- NOV. 22) If you think David Copperfield is a great magician, wait until you see the disappearing act your brother-in-law pulls now that you've co-signed that loan.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23- Dec. 23) Though your recent actions may look highly suspicious, no one who really knows you would suspect you of any illegal activity. Unfortunately, there won't be anyone who knows you on that jury.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22- Jan. 20) Your sign is the goat, and this week you will live up to your sign.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19) Look at the Aries message for hope and inspiration.

PISCES (Feb. 20- March 20) Look at the Aries message for hope and inspiration.

ARIES (March 21- April 20) You've run out of inspiration. Give up hope.

EDITORIAL POLICY

Columns and letters to the editor appearing in the Observer are the opinions of the writers, not necessarily of this newspaper.

We welcome columns and letters. Preferred length of a column is 500 to 650 words, and a letter 100 to 200 words. Both are subject to editing for space, clarity, or to avoid obscenity and libel. Include your name, address, and phone number.

Please submit any articles, pictures, columns, or letters for the next edition by Friday at 5 p.m. Mail your items to P.O. Box 112, Athens, Ga. 30603, fax to 353-1008, or bring items to our office at 288 N. Lumpkin St. We prefer submissions in ASCII (text only) format on a 3.5" Mac or PC disk (most programs will create this format for you).

NOTIFICATION

STATEWIDE TRANSPORTATION IMPROVEMENT PROGRAM

PUBLIC INVOLVEMENT MEETING

The Northeast Georgia Regional Development Center will hold a meeting to solicit public comments on the Statewide Transportation Improvement Program for FY 1996, FY 1997 and FY 1998. The meeting will be held at the Oconee County Library, Hwy. 53, Watkinsville, Georgia from 2:00 to 4:00 p.m. on Thursday, May 25, 1995.

If there are any questions about the meeting please contact Rusty Ligon at the RDC at (706) 369-5650.



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Donald E. Wilkes, Jr.

Jane Anderson: the Nazi Georgia Peach

Part one of a three-part series. Part two will appear next week. The thrill-packed life of a little-known Georgian, Jane Anderson, proves that truth is stranger than fiction.

Anderson led an amazing life filled with exciting adventures, daring deeds, breathtaking escapades, and romantic interludes, a life stranger than the dreams of most people. She changed her name several times. She often traveled across the United States, and lived in Georgia, Arizona, Texas, Colorado, and New York City. She crisscrossed the Atlantic ocean in ships numerous times; in Europe she visited 20 countries and lived in London, Paris, Spain, Germany, and Austria. As a young woman she was blessed with a stunning physical attractiveness. She had two husbands, numerous fiancés, and innumerable lovers. She was at one time or another in her life a writer, a journalist, a war correspondent, a gorgeous seductress, a demimonde, a suspected spy, a fugitive from justice, an alcoholic, a drug addict, a prisoner, a fervid Franco supporter, a Nazi propagandist, and, finally, what William L. Shirer called "a radio traitor." She hobnobbed with distinguished political and military leaders of international renown.

She was a member of the inner circle of such famous writers as Joseph Conrad and H. G. Wells. Once she was arrested in Spain on a spying charge and a war correspondent, a gorgeous seductress, a demimonde, a suspected spy, a fugitive from justice, an alcoholic, a drug addict, a prisoner, a fervid Franco supporter, a Nazi propagandist, and, finally, what William L. Shirer called "a radio traitor." She hobnobbed with distinguished political and military leaders of international renown.

Jane Anderson was born in Atlanta, probably on Jan. 6, 1888. Her father, Robert M. "Red" Anderson, a friend of showman Buffalo Bill, was a colorful Western character who sometimes worked as a lawman and killed at least 28 men with his six-shooter. He abandoned

"She was at one time or another, a journalist, a gorgeous seductress, a suspected spy, an alcoholic, and a 'radio traitor'."

his wife and only child, Jane, shortly after Jane's birth. Jane's mother, Ellen Luckie Anderson, a very beautiful woman, was from a wealthy and prominent Atlanta family. She was tried for a scandalous murder in 1903 but acquitted, allegedly on account of her good looks; shortly thereafter she died, and Jane was sent to live with her father in an Arizona frontier town.

Jane Anderson actually was born Foster Anderson; in college she called herself Jane Foss Anderson; later she was known as Jane Anderson; when she married a pro-Franco Spaniard in 1934 she used the name Juana de la Santissima Trinidad (Jane of the Holy Trinity); and after her marriage her

writings were published under the name Jane Anderson de Cienfuegos. After attending college in Texas, Jane Anderson went to New York City in 1909, where she lived until 1915, marrying a music scholar in 1910. The marriage ended in divorce. Jane became a successful writer. She published 14 short stories in national magazines from 1910 through 1913. (She wrote many other published stories and articles throughout her life.)

Jane (who spoke French fluently) was now a lusciously beautiful woman, tall, slim, with long curly orange hair, blue eyes, high forehead, a lovely mouth and nose, and a peaches and cream complexion. One scholar

who has examined a photograph of Jane taken in 1910 describes her thus: "Wearing a long dark dress" and sitting with her legs crossed at an angle to the camera, she rests her elbow on her knee and chin on her lace-gloved hand, and turns her strikingly handsome face toward the lens as her tawny-hair cascades onto her shoulders from under the canopy of an enormous soft black hat." One of her lovers, author George Seldes, called her "a spectacular beauty."

In September 1915 Jane departed for England. In London in 1916 and 1917 the girl with the Georgia accent was wel-

comed into high society and joined distinguished literary circles. She became a famous war correspondent. She journeyed in Royal Navy submarines. She became the first woman to fly in an English military warplane, which looped-the-loop one and a half miles above London's Hyde Park, and flew her over the English Channel. With Gordon Bruce she wrote a book entitled *Flying, Submarining, and Mine Sweeping*.

Donald E. Wilkes, Jr., is a professor of law at the University of Georgia School of Law

The best of Gordon Sawyer's
COMMON SENSE CHRONICLES



The search for tax cuts reveals waste on top of government waste

One of the things we are learning, now that we have a conservative Congress and are taking a serious look at where our tax money has been going, is that we have had a bad habit of piloting new programs on top of old programs on top of older programs, without ever looking at whether any of them were effective or not.

For instance, we say we want to care for children, and we do. But now we learn the Federal government has at least 340 separate programs for the well-being of children, in 11 departments or agencies, costing about \$60-billion a year.

Or we say we need to train or retrain people for jobs. Well, the Federal government alone has at least 150 separate employment and training programs costing \$24-billion a year. We have simply stacked these programs, one on top of another, year after year, without ever asking whether they were producing results, or if they could be done away with, or if they could be combined, or improved.

I think it is fair to say we Americans want to help children who need help, or retain people who have lost their jobs and want help, but the whole thing got out of hand, is what it did. The people running the various programs, or benefiting from them, all wanted to continue spending that money. And Congress let them.

And nobody—(I)ll now—ever seriously asked: is this program so effective and so important that we are justified in taking tax money from our hard-working people to pay for it?

Gordon Sawyer is a radio commentator heard every weekday on WDUK-AM, Gainesville.

PUBLIC NOTICE

The public is hereby notified that at the regular monthly meeting of the Athens-Clarke Commission on Tuesday, June 6, 1995, the Fiscal 1996 Athens-Clarke County Budget will be adopted. The meeting will be held at 7:00 p.m. in the City Hall Commission Chambers located on the second floor of the City Hall Building, 301 College Avenue. A qualified interpreter for the hearing impaired is available upon request at least ten (10) working days in advance of this meeting. Please call (706) 613-3110, [TDD (706) 613-3115] to request an interpreter or for more information.

A Public Hearing is scheduled for Tuesday, May 23, 1995 at 7:00 p.m. in the City Hall Commission Chambers to obtain both written and oral comments during the development of the FY96 Annual Operating and Capital Budget for Athens-Clarke County, Georgia. A copy of the budget is available for public inspection during normal office hours at the following locations: Office of the Manager, Room 550 of the Courthouse Building; and Athens Regional Library, 2025 Baxter St.

AJ Crace
Manager

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Graduation spurs downtown memories

Morgan R. Redwine

It's getting time for graduation and all those other things that are common to Athens this time of the year. Not only do we have the University, but also the high school crowd that are into the forty-year-or-longer time long ago when they graduated. I was wondering how much Athens has changed compared to the time of the grads, and I took a quick walk up on the first block of East Clayton Street to see how much of a difference it is today from back when.

For one thing, the street is now a one-way affair, having been changed that way about thirty years ago or more. I remember that there was a great deal of moaning over the change with many of the merchants and landlords saying that all sorts of things would happen if the traffic was to be routed one way. Before that I remember when they fussed about stop lights being installed, I believe in the thirties.

Anyway, the Reid Drug Store is still in place, but it is operating as Horton Drug Store. Dr. Horton having bought out Dr. Henry Reid shortly after World War II. Lamar Lewis Shoe Store is still a familiar

sight, being the only place in the block owned by the same family. Aurum Studio, a locally-owned jewelry store, is where I think Norris Hardware was. I remember that John Thurmond operated the store, having taken over the place in the forties. Remember S.H. Kress? That was one of the early five-and-dimes, and it is gone, not only from Athens, but from all over the country. The GAP, an upscale clothing place for the young set, is now where Kress was.

And on down the block more or more, Bush Jewelers had a store where I bought my first camera in 1940. Mr. Alex Bush sold it to me on credit, and I paid him fifty cents a week for it. His son Steven Bush is still in Athens and is active in real estate and politics. And how could anyone forget Rosenthal's Shoe Store close to College Avenue. Henry Rosenthal was the owner, and I remember him playing on a softball team at night on the old YMCA field on Broad Street. It's gone now, as well as Patrick's Pharmacy where they had the famous hot dogs for a nickel. In fact, there are no drug stores besides Horton's now downtown. Back in the forties there must have

been around nine of them. Speaking of drug stores, also in the block was Moon-Winn, and across the street was Hammet's Pharmacy. His son Frank, might be visiting back to Athens this spring. He is a doctor in North Carolina, I hear.

Some of you real old grads might remember there on the corner of Lumpkin and Clayton the Holman Building that was built in the twenties as an office building. It did not survive as such and was converted to a hotel, only to be put back as an office building and bank for the C&S in the fifties. The old hotel had a barber shop in the basement and a good restaurant.

And speaking of haircuts, Carson's barber shop was with the block on the same side, with what I remember a twenty-five cent haircut that now goes for close to a ten spot. The Strand Theater, called the "Rat Hole" by most of us, has decreased. In fact, there are no movie houses left in downtown now.

Remember Ernest Crymes' store on the block, with appliances and automobile accessories there. Mr. Crymes is deceased now, as well as most of the old-timers. There



was a florist's shop in the block, and there still is with Holland's Flower place there. Over the old shop was the Athens Hotel, not too prestigious but offering a room for a buck or so.

And there are as lot of other changes in the block, plus those awful parking meters. Even they have given way to inflation, their having gone up to a minimum of a nickel. The penny won't even buy you time for parking anymore.

Morgan R. Redwine is a retired executive with Athens First Bank and Trust.

A face only a mother could love

Phil Sanderlin



On Monday, a front page headline in the local daily newspaper seemed to confirm a harsh fact in this cruel world: If you aren't physically attractive, in this world even your own Mama turns against you.

The headline says, "Study says mothers are nicer to cute babies." The article told of the research of Dr. Jean Ritter, an assistant professor of psychology at California State University in Fresno, conducted with her colleague, Judith Langlois of the University of Texas at Austin. They wrote an article about their findings in the May edition of the scientific journal *Developmental Psychology*.

What these two scholars found was that "Mothers of cute newborns showed more affection toward their infants than mothers of homely babies did, as measured by such things as holding the child close, patting him or her and saying such things as 'Hi cute baby, you're such a cute baby.'"

News of this study struck a chord with me. Before I grew up into the handsome devil whose photo beautifies this page every week, I was not a cute baby. One of my first memories is of my Daddy hanging a pork chop around my neck so our family dog would play with me.

No doubt the lack of affection I received as an infant from my Mama because of my chronic cuteness deficiency left psychological scars which linger to this day.

My occasional gruffness with strangers, especially those who want to borrow \$20 or more, the habitual gloomy expression which causes passersby to approach me on the street and inquire who just died, the way I jump, cover my head and say, "Oh, hell, what now?" when the telephone rings, all of these personal quirks no doubt spring from never being told "You're such a cute baby" as an infant.

Animals are not evidently as programmed to respond to these "appearance cues" as are human beings, as any nature documentary will reveal. Mama Warthogs nuzzle and play affectionately with their younguns, even though the baby warthog is about as ugly as anything you can imagine.

No, a mere limited animal won't judge other members of its species by physical appearance. It takes a brilliant human being, the crown of creation, to say something like, "I could never trust that guy. His eyes are too close together."

I'm at the age when just about everything reminds me of an old joke. The one this study recalls is the one in which a woman is sitting in a public trolley with her very homely little baby. A drunk is sitting across from her and staring at the infant.

Finally, the drunk says, "Lady, that's the ugliest baby I've seen. You shouldn't take a kid that ugly out in public."

The woman bursts out crying and gets off at the next stop. She sits down on the bus stop bench and cries even louder.

A man stumbles out of a nearby tavern and sees her there. "Lady," he asks, "what are you crying about?"

"It was that man back on the trolley," she says. "He said something so horrible to me."

"Wait a minute," the man says. He runs back into the tavern and comes out with a mug of beer and some napkins.

"Here you are," he says. "Sip this beer and you'll feel better. And use these napkins to dry your eyes. You shouldn't let something like this come on a bus says upset you so here now, don't cry."

"Thank you, sir," says the woman. "You're very kind."

"Oh, and one more thing," he says, reaching into his pocket. "At the bar, I got some peanuts for your monkey."

Jane Anderson: Nazi Georgia Peach, Part 2

Donald E. Wilkes, Jr.

Part two of a three-part series. Part three will be published next week.

In 1916, Jane briefly was the lover of Joseph Conrad. Jeffrey Meyers' 1991 biography of the famous novelist devotes one chapter, two appendices, a bibliography, and numerous footnotes to the fascinating life of Jane Anderson.

In 1917 and 1918, Jane lived in Paris at the luxurious Hotel Crillon, next to the American Embassy, where she associated with high-ranking military and diplomatic officers, moved in the highest circles of government and society, and was suspected of being a German spy.

In 1934 in Seville Jane married Eduardo Alvarez de Cienfuegos, a gigolo and professional gambler claiming to be the Marquis de Cienfuegos. Jane also converted to Roman Catholicism from Protestantism, and shifted her political allegiance to the far, even fascist, right.

On Sept. 23, 1936, while covering the Spanish Civil War as a pro-Franco war correspondent, Jane was seized by Loyalist forces in Madrid and charged with espionage. She was imprisoned under inhuman conditions, harshly interrogated, and sentenced to death by a revolutionary tribunal.

After being forced to watch other prisoners tortured or executed, Jane was released in mid-October as a result of the intervention of the U.S. State Department, which spirited her back to the United States. Miraculously, Jane had escaped the firing squad by an eyelash.

From then on she was, in the words of scholars who have studied her remarkable career, "a Hitlerite."

"She had entered prison as one of the beautiful women of Spain. When she came out she was haggard from surgery and badly scarred by rat-bite."

soulless creature completely without feeling or consideration for others. It was very evident that she used drugs. How supremely awful." Jane's drug abuse consisted of excessive use of barbiturates, which had first been prescribed for her to treat shell-shock acquired when as a war correspondent in 1916 she visited the soldiers at the battlefield in their trenches.

When Jane's drinking problem began is unknown. However, there are indications that even before the Spanish Civil War alcohol and drugs had wrecked Jane's legendary pulchritude. In 1934 or 1935 an old friend agreed to meet Jane in a London hotel. The friend went there and found Jane and was appalled, later writing: "Along the corridor came, not the lovely creature I had known, but a raddled, blowzy woman, very, very drunk. A tragic sight." A photograph taken of her in the early 1930's shows, according to one scholar who has seen it, "Jane has completely lost her beauty and become a dumpy matron."

In the entry in his diary for Oct. 21, 1939, the infamous Nazi Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels mentioned Jane Anderson favorably, and on May 10, 1941 Jane had an official meeting with Goebbels. From April 1941 until March 1942 and occasionally in 1944 Jane Anderson, who was referred to as "the Georgia Peach," broadcast Nazi propaganda from Berlin to the United States via short wave radio. Her broadcasts on German State Radio's U.S.A. Zone were designed to justify Nazi aggression and to weaken the American war effort by dividing Americans.

There is an excellent account of Jane Anderson's work for Nazi Germany in John Carver Edwards' book *Berlin Calling: American Broadcasters in Service of the Third Reich*, published in 1991, Edwards, a University Archivist at

UGA, refers to Anderson's "commitment to nazism."

Jane's radio program was broadcast two of four times a week. Each broadcast began and ended with the inane slogan, "Always remember progressive Americans eat Kellogg Corn Flakes and listen to both sides of the story," while a background band played a tune called *Scatterbrain!* In her broadcasts Jane lavished praise on Adolf Hitler, once referring to him as "an immortal crusader, a great lover of God," and asserting that Hitler "had reached to the stars!"

Donald E. Wilkes, Jr., is a professor of law at the University of Georgia School of

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Insurance Insights

By L. Jack Thornton

DEDUCTIBLE REASONING

Minor fender-benders often put people in a quandary as to whether they should file claims with their insurance companies. Generally speaking, a single incident that causes minor damage is not likely to affect a car owner's insurance rate, if he or she is not the one at fault. One's personal files for reimbursement, however, the deductible will be noted in the driver's record. If enough of these accident notations pile up, it could cause premiums to climb. As a general rule, therefore, it is not recommended that a person file if the cost of the damage is less than the deductible. Because car insurance deductibles are not cumulatively met during the year, paying the deductible for one accident has no bearing on the next.

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The best of Gordon Sawyer's COMMON SENSE CHRONICLES



The '95 Republican Convention Proved 2-Party System Is Here

We went to the Republican state convention recently, and when I got back home and read about it in the local and Atlanta dailies, it seemed to me they missed the real story completely. The story from that convention was this: Georgia now has a highly competitive two-party system.

For more than 100 years, Georgia has been a one-party state, and that party was the Democratic Party. The Republicans have made gains, but as late as 1990 the Democrats were still heavily dominant.

The story out of Savannah, where the Republican Convention was held this year, was that there were 1,800 highly energized Republican delegates there plus a lot more alternates and visitors. There were 8 Georgia Republican Congressmen present, including the speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives. And a lot of statehouse elected officials, And local office holders. Hall County, for instance, was placed 32 delegates, and had 33 present and voting, plus 300 alternates on standby.

It is natural a GOP political gathering of this importance garnered three presidential candidates, and a good bit of national press coverage. And the speeches made it clear this party was conservative, not liberal.

For those of you who believe, as I do, that all citizens are better served when we have a highly competitive two-party system; that voters are better off when they always have a clear choice; then the story out of Savannah was that we in Georgia can look forward to a brighter political future.

Gordon Sawyer is a radio commentator heard every weekday on WDAU-AM, Gainesville.

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EDITORIAL

Do you know where your tax dollars go?

Do you know where your tax dollars are going? Let's narrow that down a bit more. Do you know where your tax money is going right here in Athens-Clarke County, Oconee County, Madison County, or where ever you may live in this area? Stop and think before you answer.

Your immediate response may be, "It's going to operate our government." That is true, but how close are you looking at your money once it enters the hands of our government. Take a close look and then decide if you are satisfied.

We have voiced our opinions over the past several weeks in our editorials, and our column writers have expressed themselves candidly over a variety of issues, from our public school system to inequity of pay in our police department. Now, we are asking you to take a look at the situations around you and make your own decisions.

Read as much as you can, ask questions, go to meetings. Talk to the people running our governments and keep talking until you are satisfied that you are getting a straight answer. You be the judge. You decide whether or not your local government officials are doing their jobs.

If not, then start doing something about it—NOW! Do not wait until it's time to go to the polls and vote. Do not let that much water pass under the bridge before you do something about the flood. Chances are, if you patiently and thoroughly look at the situation, you will come away with a pretty clear picture. You will also find others who are seeing the same things.

If you are not satisfied that your tax dollars are being spent properly, do something about it. Demand to know why not, and if you can't get a good explanation, keep hammering away. You have a right as a citizen to be informed by your government, and you need to take advantage of the situation.

Don't put it off. If you really are concerned then the time is right now, not next week or even tomorrow. Start today. Who knows? You may come away satisfied that things are being done properly. If so, at least you will know that you at least found out for yourself.

If you find things wrong, then you have a decision to make. You can either just go on back home and wait for election day, hoping someone better will run for the job, or you can stand up and fight for your rights.

We aren't going to try to tell you what to do. We are going to encourage you to not take things for granted. We are going to ask you to get more involved, to take a closer look at your tax dollar. Don't be complacent. Be involved.

Another name to the list

The name of Steve Webber has been added to the list of University of Georgia coaches facing a nail-biting future. Athletic Director Vince Dooley has agreed to give Webber another year and then re-evaluate. It's probably basically the same song sung to Ray Goff, Susan Youclan, and Hugh Durham.

Webber's baseball teams have not fared well the past couple of years and have not nearly reached the success reached in 1990 when the Dogs won the College World Series. Many felt that this year's poor season would mean the end of Webber, but Dooley held off.

We are glad that Webber will be around a while longer. He had brought a lot of class to the Bulldog baseball program at a university where football has been and will be the king. Hopefully, next year will be a much better one for Webber and his team. He is the kind of person that adds class to a program.

Observations

The skinny kid in the photo is me

Jesse Jenkins



Looking back at family photos, I see there are a lot of pictures of a kid so skinny you could count his ribs. No, joke, I was that kid. Then, I turned eight and my mother got worried. She started me on the vitamin pills. I have been growing ever since.

My battle of the bulge began at an early age and has been waged, off and on, for the past 45 years or so. No, I'm not going to admit that I'm losing the war. I am still somewhat overweight. Okay, so somewhat is not exactly the correct word. I am very overweight, but the battle goes on.

In fact, over the years, I have lost somewhere around 500 pounds. Of course, over those same years, I've gained about 700. My intentions are good, and I have managed to trim about 25 pounds in the past eight months. That's a start, but I've still got a long ways to go.

"I will lose (blank) pounds dur-

ing the coming year." That's the one resolution I make every year. A few years back I resolved to lose a pound a week. Now, that sounds easy enough. I got off to a great start and was several weeks ahead of schedule when we took a little trip to New Orleans. In one week, I managed to put myself more than a month behind. I never caught up.

What can I say? I like to eat and, very often, the things I eat have about a half-million calories per bite. I have also consoled myself in the past because my yearly physical always comes out pretty good. My blood pressure stays good, and I do manage to get a fair amount of exercise. Then I catch a glimpse of my body in the mirror. ...

So, the battle goes on. My father, who once weighed 259 pounds, but trimmed down to 175 to 180 during the later years of his life, used to warn me. "Lose

it now, son. It gets harder to shed when you get older." He told the truth there. Adding to the problem is the fact that my will power has not improved a whole lot over the years.

Meanwhile, my friends are kind, at least to my face. However, I did notice that back when I sported a beard, I was being compared to Raymond Burr and Orson Wells. I don't think the other thing they were referring to was my acting ability. I did once play the Angel Gabriel in a Christmas drama. The choir director commented that I was the only person he knew that could play a heavenly host by himself.

Needless to say, I have been kidded quite a bit in my lifetime about my size, most of it good-natured, some of it by folks just wanting to be cruel. There were times as a kid I use to vow that I was going to lose weight just I

could run fast enough to catch the cruel ones. Then I decided I'd probably be too small then to win the fight. Either that or I'd wind up being small and slow rather than big and slow.

So, the battle continues. Maybe someday I'll step on scales somewhere and I'll see just what I want to see. At the rate I'm going we'll be into a new century before that day comes. Meanwhile, with visions of ice cream and pizza dancing through my head, I'll try to think of healthier things and slimmer times. Oh, boy! Am I ever more hungry. Oh, well. ...

'The Last Farewell' - a lasting memory

Harold L. Nix

One Saturday, a group of sailors in my unit and I checked out two command cars to go on an outing by Honolulu and over toward Kaneohe Bay.

After renting a dozen horses for a trail ride and a horse race near Honolulu, we swam in the surf and picnicked before we headed northeast of Honolulu and up a long, winding highway toward Koolau Mountain Range. We wound up the road higher and higher through an emerald green forest which perpetually glistened with rain drops. As we neared the Nuuanu Pali, we could look out and see, and even feel, the clouds drifting by. As we reached the summit, we had a magnificent view of Oahu's northeastern coast from a 1,188 foot high cliff.

The winding road down from the cliff to Kaneohe Bay was awesome. As we leveled out and approached the Bay our driver pulled off the main road and up to a native hut. Many years later I heard, "The Last Farewell," by Roger Whittaker. The song reminded me of the next scene by the hut. There was a short, fat mother with her brood of five or six children playing about. She appeared to be a native Hawaiian of Polynesian descent, Our sailor

leaped from the driver's seat, with a bag in his hand. The children ran forward to hug his legs, as he passed out candy bars. The plump mother hugged him. Only then did she motion for someone in the hut to come forward. The slim black-eyed, raven-haired, olive-skinned girl who came shyly forward was truly a vision of loveliness. Our sailor took her hand, and they wandered toward the beach, while we entertained the children and mother with remnants of our picnic lunch.

At last our sailor and his Polynesian beauty reappeared. It was noticeable that she had been crying, and that his eyes were glistening. Only later, did I learn the significance of the little drama played out before our very eyes. It was decades later that I truly felt the emotions of the little scene. It was evoked by the song, "Last Farewell," by Roger Whittaker.

Far away from your land of endless sunshine To my land full of rainy skies and gales, And I shall be aboard that ship tomorrow, Though my heart is full of tears at this farewell.

Our sailor, who was in the Navy before Pearl Harbor, had numerous battle stars and had seen two ships go down beneath him.

"The slim black-eyed, raven-haired, olive-skinned girl who came shyly forward was truly a vision of loveliness. Our sailor took her hand, and they wandered toward the beach . . ."

Therefore, he had enough "points" to be eligible to return to the States, and was scheduled to leave within two days. So, it was, indeed his "last farewell."

Almost fifty years later, I wonder what became of the Polynesian beauty and the sailor from Brooklyn. Perhaps she married the fisherman's son down the Bay, had several children, and grew fat like her mother. He may have gone back to his beloved Brooklyn, drove a taxi cab, married, had a family. Perhaps he became a couch potato, drinking beer and watching baseball. But, through it all, I wager that they both remember those carefree sunny days on the beach at Kaneohe Bay.

the beach at Kaneohe Bay.

I also wonder why he didn't stay in the islands, or take her to his Brooklyn. Perhaps there was too much of Brooklyn. I can also imagine the sailor catching a glimpse of the setting sun as he drives his cab over the Brooklyn Bridge. I know he must think of his Polynesian love. Perhaps, he even whispers her name—Wailana, Wailana, (Peaceful Water).

And some say love is holding on and some say letting go. And some say love is everything. Some say they don't know.

I wager that if she is still alive, she sometimes thinks of her Brooklyn sailor as she watches the sun set over the Pali, with the tradewinds at her back, catching a glimpse of the setting sun as he drives his cab over the Brooklyn Bridge. I know he must think of his Polynesian love. Perhaps, he even whispers her name—Wailana, Wailana, (Peaceful Water).

Harold L. Nix is a professor emeritus of sociology at the University of Georgia.

Jane Anderson: Nazi Georgia Peach, Part 3

Donald E. Wilkes, Jr.

By Donald E. Wilkes, Jr.

The last of a three part series.

As Jeffrey Meyers' biography of Conrad notes, Jane Anderson's broadcasts for German radio were remarkable, not only because they defended Nazi atrocities and the Nazi cause, but also because of Anderson's "astounding vocabulary, her long, complex sentences, and the crescendo of her diatribes." She also used "mixed metaphors and hyperbolic logic." Jane's soothing Southern accent had vanished, replaced by hysterical shrillness. An FBI agent who was monitoring the broadcasts wrote: "As [Anderson] reaches the climax of her presentations she gradually works herself into a white heat, her words now tumbling over one another like logs shooting over a waterfall." Two samples of what has been called Jane's "overheated prose": "Roosevelt has pulled a brass band out of his hip pocket, and a concentration camp from under the coattails of the brain trust. ... "Roosevelt consolidated with

"As [Anderson] reaches the climax of her presentations, she gradually works herself into a white heat, her words now tumbling over one another like logs shooting over a waterfall."

Churchill in the simultaneous declaration of war upon Japan so the American people have gone to war to save Stalin and the international banker which are one and the same. ... "Jane's most famous broadcast was on Nov. 21, 1941 when the discussion focused on the horrors of democracy, and her guest was William Joy, better known as Lord Haw Haw, an Englishman turned Nazi propagandist

to England from Germany. By January 1942 the American press (including Time magazine and The Atlanta Journal newspaper) had begun referring to Jane as Lady Haw Haw. (After Germany's surrender, Joyce was returned to England, convicted of treason, and hanged.)

In July 1943, Jane Anderson was indicted by a federal grand jury on charges of treason. The indictment charged the Atlanta native with "knowingly, intentionally, feloniously, traitorously, and treasonably adher[ing] to the enemies of the United States [and] giving to the said enemies aid and comfort."

A warrant for Anderson's arrest was issued. When Nazi Germany surrendered in May 1945, American authorities tried to locate and capture Anderson, who with her husband eluded pursuers and hid out at various places in Germany and Austria. Finally, on April 2, 1947, Jane Anderson was arrested in Austria and delivered over to American military custody. In October 1947, however, the treason

indictment was dismissed by a federal court for reasons not presently known, and Jane was released.

Jane then went to live with her husband under the friendly skies of Franco's Spain. In 1951 she was assumed by a friend to be living then in Spain. Jeffrey Meyers' Conrad biography tells us that someone who knew Jane had "a vague recollection of someone writing to him in the 1950's and saying that Jane was in a boarding house somewhere in Europe."

To this day nothing else is known about Jane Anderson after 1947, and it still has not been authoritatively determined when or where Jane Anderson died.

Somewhere, presumably in Spain, lie the ashes of an Atlanta-born woman who drank the cup of life to the full but nonetheless suffered a tragic fate. Born a Georgia peach, she died the Nazi Georgia Peach.

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