

FIGHT

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5¢

AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM

HUNGER AND DEATH



In 1917 Women saw their Men Drafted to Fight for Democracy—so they were told



10 Million were Killed in the World War—so that imperialism might Survive



Today—Men and Women everywhere Organize, Demonstrate, Fight imperialist War

On July 28, 29, and 30, women fighters against imperialist War and Fascism will gather in Paris from all Europe, from the United States, Canada, Mexico, Central and South America, from Africa, India, China and Japan, to mobilize their united strength and the strength of the millions of women they represent.

Against what?

Against Capitalism's crazy cure for the crisis—War.

Against War's black alternative and advance agent—Fascism.

For what?

For genuine peace in a workers' and farmers' world.

For sanity instead of insanity.

For security instead of bread lines and firing lines.

For a chance of love without fear and the right to bear children without fear.

For laughter and work, for songs and security, for dreams without nightmares.

For all the strong and simple reasons that make up life itself, the Women's International Congress Against War and Fascism will make plans for action to stop Imperialist War before it starts and after it starts, by turning the workers, farmers, middle class people, and professionals against the financiers who are responsible for War, against profiteers, the institutions and the lies that cause War. This Congress will draft and ratify plans of action to head off Fascism and put it out of business where it rules.

It will speak strong definite words to the women of the world, telling them how to organize and fight effectively against the Fascist regimes of Germany, Italy and Austria, against the democratic disguise of Capitalism in France, England and the land of the N. R. A.

Will women fight?

Yes, as they always have, on the picket line, backing up their men, holding their sisters in line, sharing flour, salt, fat-back, soap, and hair-pins. Women are fierce and stubborn fighters, but they're practical; they want to know that their fighting counts.

That's the job of the Women's Congress; to organize against a new World War that may break out at any hour. Against Fascism everywhere.

It's up to us to organize here and go prepared to tell them how we intend to clean up a country where women are hungry and underpaid while billions go for banks and battleships.

Women of America, build anti-War and anti-Fascist committees in the factories and mills, on the farms, in the schools, in the hospitals, in the neighborhoods, elect delegates wherever you live and work—fight against War and Fascism.

This will be a Congress of order, discipline, and courage resolved on ending the rule of capitalist anarchy, hunger, Fascist terror, and wholesale death.

SOCIAL INSURANCE - H. R. 7598

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

ONE of the most astounding and distressing features of the depression is the fact that the United States, after four and a half years of unprecedented suffering, has as yet failed to develop a satisfactory means of caring for the victims of the economic holocaust.

Such recovery as has taken place has had slight effect on the unemployment problem. Despite re-employment under the N.R.A., the P.W.A., and the C.C.C., the *American Federation of Labor* has estimated that there were at least 10,900,000 out of work at the beginning of April, 1934, a decrease of only about 20 percent unemployment since the peak reached during the bank holiday in 1933. Even on a 35 or 40 hour week, it is possible that half of these men will never again find jobs. Moreover, a large number of those now employed will doubtless be displaced by technological improvements or cyclic fluctuations within the next few years. Must these millions of men and their families become increasingly dependent upon public and private charity, or will society as a whole come to recognize its responsibility for their plight? The answer, if there is to be one, must be rendered quickly if it is to be of any value to the underprivileged of the present generation.

Social insurance cannot eliminate unemployment; it cannot remedy the basic injustices in our economic system; but the provision of adequate unemployment benefits can obviate the physical and mental suffering resulting from the insecurity of present-day conditions.

Burden on Workers

Unfortunately, however, the vast majority of the social insurance bills before Congress and the various state legislatures are merely measures for an enforced sharing of poverty. Through compulsory weekly contributions from the workers, most of these schemes would create a fund which could be drawn upon—after a specified interval—to pay unemployment benefits for a limited period to cover

a temporary slackening of business activity. No provision is made for those who do not now have jobs, or for the young men and women who have not yet been able to find work. Nor is any provision made for men and women after the brief period—often as short as 12 or 16 weeks—in which benefits are paid. Professional men, white-collar workers, and farmers are deprived of even this protection under most of the proposals. At best, moreover, the amount of the weekly payment is but a fraction of the worker's normal weekly wage, inadequate though that may be.

A Worker's and Farmer's Bill

The one measure which is free from these objections is the "Workers Unemployment and Social Insurance Bill" (H. R. 7598), introduced into Congress by Representative Lundeen of Minnesota. This bill provides for unemployment insurance under the direct control of workers' and farmers' organizations which shall be extended to all "without discrimination because of age, sex, race, religious or political opinion, whether they be industrial, agricultural, domestic or professional workers, FOR ALL TIME LOST" (emphasis mine). Funds for this insurance are to be raised by the Government by taxing inheritance and gifts, and by an additional levy on individual and corporation incomes of \$5,000 a year and over. These funds are also to be used for paying workers for loss of wages because of part-time work, sickness, accident, old-age, or maternity.

Regarding the amount of benefit to be paid, the Lundeen Bill is much less satisfactory, though it is markedly superior to any other bill thus far offered. No definite rate of benefit is named but stipulation is made that "in no case shall the unemployment insurance be less than \$10 per week plus \$8 for each dependent." The Lundeen Bill in general is heartily endorsed by the newly formed *Inter-professional Association for Social Insurance*, led by Miss Mary Van Kleeck, but this group goes beyond the bill by advocating benefits

sufficient to prevent the lowering of prevailing standards of living. The amount necessary to achieve this would vary in different sections of the country and with fluctuations in the cost of living. The *Association* believes, however, that no individual should be made to suffer the slightest hardship or inconvenience because of unemployment which is due to no fault of his own, and that benefits should be at least equal to standards set for minimum wages.

Transfer War Funds

Obviously these standards can only be provided by a federal system of social insurance which will compel compliance in the more backward states. Experience with the attempts at the regulation of child labor indicates the kind of incongruous situations which develop when questions of this type are left to the individual states. The financing of a national system is rendered easier, moreover, by reason of the existence of an ever-growing sum expended for War purposes which could be diverted into the social insurance fund.

Despite its minor imperfections, the Lundeen Bill deserves general support as a practical measure. Ten Congressmen are reported to have signed the round-robin necessary to bring the bill to a vote at the present session. It has been endorsed by 15 central labor bodies of the *American Federation of Labor*, by five state federations, including those of Iowa, Montana, and Colorado, and by over 1800 A.F. of L. locals. It is to the interest of every worker, no matter what his occupation, to bring pressure upon his Congressman for an early enactment of the bill.

SONG CONTEST

FIGHT announces a prize contest for an original anti-War and anti-Fascist song. The American movement against War and Fascism is showing remarkable growth in almost every state of the Union. Now we need stirring songs, marching songs, militant songs, satirical songs. We need songs to give the masses courage, strength and fight in their struggle against Fascism and War. Let us have these songs, Poets and Musicians of America!

RULES

1. All songs, words, and music must be original and based mainly on American conditions in relation to War and Fascism.
2. Simple language.
3. Quatrains.
4. Short terse refrain, if possible, with *FIGHT AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM* as the theme.
5. Music must be within comfortable singing range—neither too high nor too low.
6. Avoid difficult intervals.
7. Every entry must come in six copies.
8. Words and music must reach office *SONG CONTEST*, c/o *FIGHT*, 112 East 19th Street, New York City, by August 15th. The judges and prizes will be announced in the July number of *FIGHT*.

—EDITOR



112 East 19th St., New York, N. Y.

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Women making Munitions in Canadian Pacific Shops in Canada

LIPSTICK BULLETS

By DOROTHY AULT

Every day for eight hours I polish lipsticks. About 2,000 of them. For 20c a hundred I hold these lipsticks over a buffer wheel and polish them until they are smooth and shiny and bright.

You have to work very fast to make 2,000 a day so that you can earn around \$4.00 because, during the slow season, you only work a couple of days every week.

You have to work so hard and so fast smoothing all the waves and bumps out of the metal you hardly have time to think. You must keep your mind on the work because you don't get anything for what you spoil.

But every once in a while there is a shower of sparks from the buffer and sometimes, especially toward the end of the day, when you are dead tired, you get to thinking about something else.

After I worked in this shop for some months, the girl who works next to me got started talking at lunch time about a movie she had seen. The hero was a soldier, and we got to talking about soldiers and how there was so much talk about War in the *News*. And this girl said, "You know, there was lots of work here during the War. It was busy as hell."

We didn't get a chance to talk anymore, but when we got back to work, later on in the afternoon, I got to thinking about it's being busy during the War and wondering, and all of a sudden it dawned on me how easy these lipsticks I was polishing could be turned into bullets.

Lipstick into Bullet

Just the least little change in the die maybe, and instead of a pretty lipstick that the boss makes 35c a piece on, you would have a shiny bullet. Instead of lipstick it could be filled with gunpowder. And you know how it is, once you start thinking, sometimes, you get from one thing to the next and I got to thinking from bullets to guns and from guns to soldiers and from soldiers to killing and from killing to War.

And here I was where I saw myself part of this War turning out 2,000 bullets a day, 12,000 a week, 50,000 a month—I, myself, was making enough ammunition to shoot up an army.

Why Should I Make Bullets for My Boss?

I remember when my brother went to France in the last War. I was only a kid, but I remember how my mother was afraid to look in the mail box. It was funny. She'd be afraid to find a letter for fear it had bad news, and she was afraid to find no letter at all for fear it would mean worse news. It was one bad dream, until he came home safe and sound.

But when I get to thinking about these lipstick bullets and how they might be killing some fellow like my brother, I shiver. I'm helping to kill him by making the damn things and I have nothing against this soldier they'd kill. I never saw him. He never did anything to me.

And fellows like my brother are given guns to shoot him down because he is an enemy. The Huns are barbarians, the teacher used to say in school during the War. And we have to fight them so there will be no more Wars.

And now every time you pick up the paper or go to the movies, you see big battle ships—new ones—and the words say, "*We need more like these so we'll be sure to have peace.*" And the radio speakers keep talking more and more about the next War and how soon it's coming.

I have nothing against anybody living in any country in the world. They don't interfere with me at all, or make any trouble for me. But I know my boss. If he knows a way to make money he'll grab it and I know he wouldn't have been busy during the War making lipsticks. Soldiers don't use lipsticks.

I'll be standing at my machine making bullets for that next War. Anyhow, the boss will want me to. I know that I don't want any War or my family or all the people in the shop. All they want is work and pay.

And if a War starts it will be because somebody wants to gain something from it. The government and the people who will make money out of it by making bullets and guns and aeroplanes and the rest. I know that I don't want to make any bullets to kill people I don't know. And if all the people in my shop would realize what's happening they wouldn't either. And if all of us refuse to make bullets and all the people who work on any kind of ammunition would refuse, how could there be a War?

Not with My Help

I got nothing out of the last War but worry over my brother. Millions of girls didn't get their brothers back or their sweethearts, and here there's talk about a new War.

Not with my help, thanks.

BARBUSSE WRITES

Paris,
April 18, 1934.

My dear Joseph Pass:

I as well as our friends here are very happy and enthusiastic to learn of the progress being made in America by your courageous journal and of the mounting figures of its distribution. In our eyes this advance symbolizes the growth of the struggle which we are conducting in the various countries of the world for the cause of peace and social progress, in other words, against War and Fascism.

The recent period has given our movement in France a large and significant increase. The very considerable effort made by the various Fascist organizations to unite against the working class and the defenders of a social transformation based on the sovereignty of the masses is beginning to be seriously counterbalanced by a united front against War and Fascism of all workers. The tragic immediacy of events has given a very strong impulse to unity of action on the part of the workers against the several armies of social conservatism and reaction. The demonstrations which took place in France on February 12 (the general strike) and on the occasion of the obsequies for the victims of police repression have shown that the will of the masses to defend themselves, and to attack, has very rapidly taken on a very lively sense of self-awareness and a consciousness of its duty. If we continue to establish our organization of working forces at the same tempo (including, with the working class, the peasants and the intellectuals and the lower middle classes) we may envisage the future without fear and look forward to the congress which is to take place in France with the firm knowledge that it will be an imposing manifestation against the forces of exploitation and oppression.

And we are well aware that your great country will be among those upon whom we may count the most.

Yours in friendship,

HENRI BARBUSSE

An APPEAL to WOMEN

By CAMILLE DREVET

International Secretary, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom

We have permitted the arrival of Fascism because we did not strive sufficiently to check the crimes of colonial oppression everywhere; because we did not denounce with sufficient vigor the crimes of the police and of the prisons in the Balkans, in Europe, in the Orient, and elsewhere.

Today Fascism and War are at our very gates. On guard for the defense of peace and of the liberties already won! On guard for the struggle against the capitalist regime which is changing before our eyes into a Fascist regime! On guard for the creation of a workers' world!

We, the workers in field or factory, in offices and schools, we the women, are strong in numbers. We hold in our hands the entire machinery of economic life. Shall we shrink back before a few thousand tyrant-financiers who wish to preserve their privileges?

Unite in the Struggle

We can do anything if we are organized and united. Every effort towards union and organization is a victory over violence.

Fascism is the cult of force, a return to the barbarous warfare of races.

Until now the intellectuals, the middle classes, and the professional women have concerned themselves too little with the struggle against War and Fascism. Women have left this to workers' organizations. They have frequently put their faith in governments, and in the possibility of a diplomatic solution of international questions of peace and economic reorganization. So long as they lived in democratic countries they believed that Fascism is an attribute of certain countries only. Like many men, they regarded the subjection of Italy to the yoke of Fascism as a remote affair. The events of 1933 in Germany must have seemed nearer to them. Then the danger became more menacing: in 1934 Austria succumbed. There the government massacred the working-class population. At almost the same moment the Fascists launched a blow in Paris.

Was the danger understood by the intellectuals, and the women of the middle class?

In France the 6th of February aroused peasants and civil servants, shop keepers and intellectuals. Since February 6, every day marks an advance towards unity.

International Women's Congress

The intellectuals are issuing an appeal, forming a vigilance committee. The women will assemble in Paris on July 28, 29, and 30 in an international Women's Congress Against War and Fascism, for they are the direct victims of Fascist dictatorship.

Socialists and Communists are joined in

committees of struggle. The *League for the Rights of Man*, which draws many of its 180,000 members from the middle classes, has sounded the alarm. The War Veterans, who include persons of various opinions, are prepared for the most part for the struggle against Fascism.

Teachers are participating actively in the campaign. Everywhere there are cries of Unity and Organization.

A university professor who is a militant Socialist said to me: Today, in the event of another blow, we have 60 percent of the chances on our side. In a few weeks we shall be still stronger. But it is necessary for the members of the middle class who have been

proletarianized by the crisis to join with the workers in order to cut away the regime of profits, scandals, violence and crime—in a word, the capitalist system.

Fascism is a return to barbarous paganism, with its adoration of a chief. It is the negation of all intelligence and reason. It is installed everywhere by blood and is maintained by oppression.

We women who love the ideal of liberty and peace should be in the first ranks of those who assemble to organize, to resist and to construct a world which shall be more just and more humane: a world of work, without oppression and without wars; a world disarmed.



Peasant Women on the Isle of Ushant, France, Breaking Stones as a means of paying their Taxes to the French Government. They provide Free Labor for many of the Government Enterprises

IOWA FARMERS

By BEN FIELD

1. A GUARDSMAN

The young guardsman comes into the best room with his hair slicked down so that it looks like a beetle shell from which a bird has rifled the flesh. He sits on the table. Above him there is a picture of F. D. Roosevelt nailed to the wall.

He was in one of the 4 companies of guards sent to Le Mars last spring when martial law was declared in northwestern Iowa. There were L.M.I. and a machine-gun company, 65 men in each. "We weren't notified until the last minute. They said they were sending us out to stop a strike."

But there was no strike.

"I know that. But that was what they told us. The farmers were striking and rioting and destroying property. That's what they told us."

He looks at us a little sulkily. "When we got there we could see the farmers were quiet. They didn't tell us until the last minute. How did we know the farmers was just organizing? We had rifles, bayonets, and tear gas. We had machine-guns in the streets of Le Mars.

But they gave us orders not to shoot to kill 'less we had to."

His collar is open, and as he talks, one can see the pulse knocking in his neck. "The farmers behaved themselves. You got to use your head. Don't get tough with people that have enough ammunition to blow up the whole town. No one was killed. Some of the farmers swung bats and fought back. One farmer was beaten up bad. One farmer got poked with a bayonet. Most of them behaved. Sometimes more than 60 guards was sent to get one farmer. They rounded up 102 prisoners in one house alone. All told we got 350 of them. We trucked them to a big farm. It had a barbed wire fence 20 feet high. They stayed there from 5 to 20 days. Farmers who talked weren't hardly held any time. The fellows who wouldn't open up, well, they was made uncomfortable."

He kicks his legs out. "They let the farmers play horseshoes to pass the time."

His mother stands in the hall listening anxiously.

"It was tough on us, too. Guard detail was 8 and 9 hours. We had one meal a day. I was on duty 109 hours and never had clothing,

(Continued on page thirteen)

Women And The Next War

By C. A. HATHAWAY

Editor, "Daily Worker"

Modern warfare engulfs the entire population of warring nations, young and old, men and women. All are drawn into the War machine, either as direct combatants or as auxiliary forces. The nation's strongest are herded into the trenches to be mowed down by artillery fire; those left behind are made to produce the War supplies, transport them to the front, and carry on the thousand and one tasks necessary for the conduct of War.

Women in Wartime

Women, particularly, are mobilized wherever possible to "carry on" behind the trenches. Not only is every agency of ruling class propaganda geared to top speed to "keep the home fires burning though your hearts are yearning" for the sons, brothers, and husbands who are dodging death on the firing lines, but women, as we saw during the World War, replaced men in every basic industry on what had previously been considered men's work: steel mills, logging camps and saw mills, electric manufacturing, packing plants and munitions plants. They worked for 11 and 12 hours at a stretch at low wages and at a murderous speed dictated by the feverish demand for more and more ammunition. Millions of women were widowed in the last War. More millions were faced with the problem of providing for crippled, blinded, gassed men—shadows of men broken in mind and body. And the result? Today, only 20 years after the last world slaughter, feverish War preparations are going on all over the world, millions are being spent to build new and more deadly weapons; the press, the schools, the movies, the radio are feeding the population with preparedness propaganda; poisonous chauvinism is rampant.

Breaking Ground

Here at home, in the United States, the same attempts are being made as were made before the last War to lull resistance to sleep with talk about continuing in the footsteps of George Washington, maintaining neutrality from "foreign quarrels and European entanglements." But President Roosevelt asks more billions for a bigger navy. The whole fleet is engaged in maneuvers in Caribbean waters after having made a test of the efficiency of the Panama Canal. Additional thousands of American youth are being ground into the military machine at the C.C.C. camps.

The legends which drove millions to their death in the last War—"make the world safe for democracy"—"the War to end all Wars"—have been pretty completely exploded. The masses of the United States can see clearly how far the world was made safe for democracy in these days when Fascism leaves an ever wider and bloodier trail across the face of the globe.

Taking Stock

While the world is tottering on the brink of a new War, American women must think back and evaluate what they gained from the last War, particularly the ten and a half mil-

lion working women who are so vital a factor in the economic life of the country. Starvation wages, miserably inadequate relief for the unemployed, undernourished hungry children, an ever declining standard of living enforced upon them by the very forces who will call upon them to support the new War—to sacrifice themselves and their families to protect the markets, foreign investments, loans of the financial magnates and industrial barons.

Will they send their sons and husbands into the armies of the profiteers in the next War; will they make the shoes for the army to march on, the cloth for their uniforms, the bullets for their guns, the chemicals for the deadly gases—will they arm their sons and husbands and send them against the sons and husbands of women of other countries—no different from themselves?

Or will they join together in a world-wide movement against War and against Fascism which breeds War?

Organizing Against War and Fascism

The machinery for such a world-wide movement is in the process of formation. An International Women's Congress Against War and Fascism will be held in Paris on July 28, 29, and 30 of this year. The American League

Against War and Fascism has set up a special women's section to work towards sending a strong representative delegation of American women to Paris to participate in the Congress

A call has already been sent out and preparations for regional conferences in New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, and other sections of the country are under way. These regional conferences will not only elect the delegates to the world Congress, but they will mobilize every section of American women—textile workers, farm women, miners' wives, needle trades workers, agricultural workers, teachers, students, Negro women, housewives, professionals—all women regardless of their social position or political views who are ready to organize the fight against War and Fascism.

"Build Anti-War, Anti-Fascist committees," reads the final paragraph of the call of the Women's Committee, "in the factories and mills, on the farms, in the schools, in the hospitals, in the neighborhoods, wherever you live and work. Regional conferences and mass meetings will be held during the next two months to elect delegates. Build and support the regional conference in your community. Help by reaching your friends and sisters with the program against War and Fascism."

Join together, women of America. United, you are an invincible barrier against War and Fascism.

The Iron Hand Of Imperialism

"Modern Warfare engulfs the entire Population of Warring Nations, Young and Old, Men and Women." — C. A. Hathaway

Drawing by M. Pass



SWORDS OVER ASIA

By LANGSTON HUGHES

Author of "Not Without Laughter," "Dear Lovely Death," "The Weary Blues," etc., etc.

Recently, I took a Japanese boat from Vladivostok. At our first port of call in Korea, I heard the rattle of swords coming up the gangplank. The Japanese military came on board to inspect passports. They lined up the passengers, and looked us over. In each Korean port there was some form of inspection, whether you landed or not. If you went ashore for a walk, someone trailed a respectable distance behind you, always there.

At Tsuruga, where the boat docks in Japan, scarcely had I gotten to my hotel, before a representative of the military came to call to ask me about Soviet Russia, and to demand why I came to Japan.

Japan is covered with fortified zones, zones where you can't take pictures and where a foreigner shouldn't be. Upon checking out of a hotel, you must inform your hotel keeper where you are going. To alight from any train at any station is dependent upon whether the military wish to allow your presence there or not. Foreigners living in Japan have permanent spies attached to them. Travelers have their temporary spies. The Japanese militarists are quite open about all this. They make no secret that they are shadowing you, and that they are suspicious of everyone.

Imperialist Dictatorship

In Tokio, my second night there, I thought I heard tractors going through the streets

but they were tanks, more than a dozen of them. Where they were going down a big city street in the middle of the night, I do not know. But I read in the papers that day that three young men of Tokio had committed suicide rather than become a part of the yearly draft for the imperial army—for more than 11,000 young fellows have come back maimed for life from the recent wars in Manchuria. The three who killed themselves the day the tanks came by did not want to fight. In Japan there are thousands of other young men who do not want to fight either—but the present military dictatorship imprisons them, shames them through the press, drives them to suicide, or forces them at the point of a gun to shoulder arms.

In Shanghai, that vast international powder-keg of a city, the Japanese marines patrol the streets in fives, marching slowly and gravely, armed, swinging little sticks on constant patrol.

Guns, Guns Everywhere

Arms bristle everywhere, on everybody, on all nationalities—except the Chinese whose land the foreigners have taken. In Shanghai, the British are armed, guarding shops and banks. The French are armed, and their gendarmes, the Annamites. The Sikh police are armed. The White Russian mercenaries are armed. The American marines are armed. They all guard banks, important corners, con-

sulates, and steel gates at the end of the foreign quarter's streets.

All kinds of gunboats mass in the harbor of Shanghai, too, facing one another, taking the best buoys away from commercial shipping. Up and down the Chinese rivers these foreign gunboats travel protecting investments and missionaries, shooting down Chinese who rebel against the graft and rapine going on in their own land.

Our American gunboats protect Standard Oil. They trail Standard Oil tankers like enormous flunkies. Our Admirals bow down to Standard Oil—shooting at Communists and letting opium runners pass, for opium is not dangerous to Standard Oil. Communists are dangerous. Hungry people are, too.

On the edge of Shanghai is Chapei, in blackened ruins, empty wall on wall, charred stone on stone, destroyed by the Japanese. In the canals of Shanghai, the bodies of babies dead from hunger float and rot. And in the poor streets of Tokio, young men drink poison rather than go to a stupid War. In the prisons of Nanking, students are slowly tortured to death for protesting against War, hunger, and foreign battleships. The President of China and the Emperor of Japan are one in killing and torturing the young and fearless.

Imperialists vs. Workers

In Asia the rich international bandits fight for spoils: England, France, Japan, America, and the traitors of the Kuomintang. If you don't own warships and bombing planes, you're out of luck. The fighting is crude and cruel—and the masses get their heads smashed and their hearts shot out.

Over Asia the swords rattle. Over Shanghai, over Tokio, over Nanking. The military dictators of China and Japan snarl and shake their bloody sticks. Meanwhile, the British guns prepare to bark, snarling, too. The French are oiling their pistols. The American cruisers maneuver. Everywhere steel prepares to point, to ram, to shoot, to cut, to kill. And overhead the airplanes zoom, steel bombs in their bodies.

WAR IN THE FAR EAST FLEET MASSES AT HAWAII PATRIOTS PREPARE

Mr. Rockefeller is our brother. Fight for Standard Oil! Carry civilization to the Orient! Swing another sword over Asia! Burn down another Chapei! The Japanese imperialists shall rule the world! Boom! The white race shall rule the world! Boom! Guns shall rule the world! Boom! Unless the workers pull down the War-makers—destroy their governments—and turn their battleships into yachts to use on summer holidays.



This Photo Banned for Publication in Japan, shows Japanese Army Officials Watching the First Test of a midget Submarine, which will be used in the coming Imperialist War in interior Lakes and Rivers, for Attacking small Craft and Shoreside Buildings



The Great Army of Unemployed and Homeless "resting" for the Night, while the U. S. Government spends Hundreds of Millions of Dollars on building the largest navy in the History of the Country

The Greatest Mother in The World

By JOSEPH FUNNEL

Are you interested in what happens to that dollar you donate to the Red Cross every year? Are you convinced that it is the "best investment" in charity for the average citizen, particularly in these troubled times of economic depression and human suffering? Did you give your dollar to the Red Cross expecting most of it to be used in national emergency unemployment relief? Do you believe that the Red Cross deserves its benevolent title of *The Greatest Mother in the World* in the midst of the last four years of distress?

Four million of our citizens believe this, to judge by annual Red Cross Roll Call figures. Congress, in designating the National Red Cross in 1932 to distribute 95 million bushels of free wheat and half a million bales of free cotton to needy families, also shares this belief.

But recent administration and expenditures of the Red Cross reveal a different story from the claims of its high officials and the trust reposed in it by mere laymen. It is less impartial than a world mother should be as to the sources and degrees of misery that merit its relief. It has not proved itself sufficiently free of prejudice to distribute government donated commodities justly and equitably. Its overhead is high and often your membership dollar entirely misses the hungry man on the street.

These may seem serious criticisms of a charitable organization whose officers and committees include the President of the United States, Cabinet members, high Army and Navy officers, and a Board of Incorporators that reads like the Social Register. But by its very claims to be "The Servant of All

Humanity," the Red Cross lays itself open to severe scrutiny.

A Cog in the Military Machine

First of all let us examine the claims of the Red Cross as a "goodwill and international friendship" organization. Vice Chairman Ernest P. Bicknell, at the 1932 national Red Cross convention in Washington, said: "The Red Cross societies are working toward the prevention of War . . . 12 million adult and 13 million junior members all over the world are facing toward friendly relations, better understanding, and kindlier impulses." The average peace-loving citizen reads this and believes it.

Actually the Red Cross is closely allied to the military interests in this country. It is an organization quasi-governmental in character and not subject to the charity laws of the several States. It possesses a Congressional charter, has its funds audited by the War Department, its proceedings printed by the government Printing Office, and employs active service Army and Navy officers in its administration. It must believe pretty strongly in the inevitability of War and the efficacy of large armaments, for it stands ready, thanks to our dollars, with a special untouchable War reserve fund of four millions instituted in June 1931, to swing into high-powered service at the first hint of hostilities. The smell of powder and shot hovers closely about this Angel of Mercy. Not only was it born and has it done its greatest work on the battlefield, but even today it carries on its peace-time activities with the help of several hundred thousand dollars invested in munition factories

and armor-plate foundries. Thus, when a bullet hits a soldier on the battlefield, the Red Cross receives not only a patient, but frequently a dividend as well. These facts make one question the sincerity of the Red Cross as a promoter of world friendship.

Where the Money Goes

One half of the annual dollar you pay to the Roll Call goes to your local Red Cross chapter, to be expended as it sees fit in accordance with the regulations of the national organization. A wealthy community will undoubtedly have a correspondingly wealthy chapter which can interest itself in whatever form of Red Cross relief and welfare it may fancy. A poor community, which needs more money than a rich one, is apt to have a correspondingly poor chapter. In many such communities local Red Cross chapters have ceased to be a significant figure in relief operations, and local sufferers are dependent upon specially raised funds and the largesse of national Red Cross headquarters in Washington.

The other half dollar goes to the National Headquarters in Washington, housed in a sumptuous marble building which cost the Red Cross close to one million dollars in 1929. In the fiscal report rendered in June 1932, the national organization expended in round numbers six and one-half millions in the preceding twelve months. Twenty-two percent of this national Red Cross dollar (and of your half-dollar) went to pay the salaries of headquarters officials and workers. There were 790 of them in the last report, their pay ranging from "under \$600" to \$15,000 per year; forty-six of them receiving over \$4,000 per annum in spite of depression cuts.

Eight percent of this national Red Cross dollar went for the comfort and service and relief of enlisted soldiers and sailors and veterans. Three percent went to the League of Red Cross societies, which acts as "an international clearing house for the vast interests which have grown up about the Red Cross movement." Ten percent went to general overhead miscellaneous activities. This included the auditing of the Red Cross accounts by the War Department, the upkeep of the million-dollar building in Washington, publicity for the Red Cross, for publishing several magazines, and for conducting the annual Roll Call. Thirty-six percent went to drought relief. Eleven percent went to straight disaster relief, to the sufferers from the floods in Mississippi and Louisiana, the tornadoes in Alabama and Tennessee, the Idaho forest fires, New Mexico snow storms, and other catastrophes.

Only ten percent of the national Red Cross dollar went to relief for the sufferers from our economic depression. Ten cents of the headquarters dollar—five cents of the Roll Call dollar you contributed—went to the sufferer from what cannot be technically called an Act-of-God calamity—unemployment. Of the 3,600 Red Cross chapters only two-thirds have engaged in any form of unemployment relief and but one-third in emergency relief since 1929.

"Economic" and "Natural" Hunger

It was not until September 9, 1931, that the Red Cross took official note of the human

misery created by two years of economic depression. John Barton Payne, Chairman of the National Red Cross, on that date issued a letter to all chapters which said in part:

"Consistent with its charter, the Red Cross has developed and adhered to the following principles: (1) the Red Cross distinguishes between distress resulting from 'natural' and 'economic' causes; (2) it does not duplicate the work of other agencies; (3) Chapters undertake general relief work where other agencies are inadequate and where the financial support for such work is provided locally. Where there is suffering and want from any cause and the fundamental local needs are not being met, chapters may participate in the community plans for meeting the need."

This letter was considered by the Red Cross as proving that full speed was being made in unemployment relief. But to others it seems as if the Red Cross, in serving humanity, was stopping to ask whether a person was hungry because his job had failed or because his property was destroyed by fire or flood. An empty stomach, however, has never "distinguished" between an "economic" or a "natural" cause.

Despite this attitude the Red Cross on March 7, 1932, was designated as official government distribution agency for the 95 million bushels of free wheat and the half million bales of free cotton appropriated by Congress for the needy. This wheat and cotton were specified by Congress to go without charge or without service to all who needed it and who applied for it. In changing the wheat into flour and the cotton into cloth, the Red Cross acted speedily and efficiently. But in the actual hand-to-hand distribution of these commodities the results in many sections of the country have not been all that might be expected.

A Weapon in the Class Struggle

In this great distributing operation it must be remembered that the eventual handing out of food and cloth is done wholly by volunteer Red Cross workers recruited from among the leading citizens of a community. It is admitted by high Red Cross officials that these volunteer workers reflect the prejudices of their community.

Often the volunteer worker has a stake in one of the forces that may make local relief necessary, say a strike in an isolated industrial community. It is asking a great deal, therefore, to expect him to administer relief 100 percent impartially. This is, naturally, the basis for some of the criticisms that the Red Cross is a "strike-breaking organization." For instance, striking mill workers have frequently had to become so insistent in their demands in some communities that the National Guard has been called to preserve law and order. With the wife or daughter of the mill owner enlisted in the local chapter, as frequently happens, it is easy to understand why the local Red Cross unit is not always in sympathy with the actions of the strikers and why relief is frequently discriminatory.

The second section of Mr. Funnel's article will appear in the July number of FIGHT.—Ed.

MAY DAY in GERMANY

By ANNA SCHULTZ

The writer of this article is a German exile, now in this country, who was formerly secretary to Ernst Thaelmann, imprisoned Communist leader of Germany. Her husband, John Scheer, was recently murdered by the Nazis.

Each year, as May Day approaches, I think of my first May Day experience.

It was 1916. The War had been going on for two years. On the eastern and western fronts millions of sons and fathers had died the "death of heroes"; at home girls and women were working day and night making death-bringing cannon and poison gas.

Bread became poorer in quality and scarcer. There was no more laughter and joy. The hair of many mothers became snow-white with care and grief over their fallen sons, their wounded husbands, and the hunger of their children at home. Whenever one visited friends, one was sure to learn of the death or wounding of some loved one.

I Was a Munition Worker

In the machine factory where I worked, tanks were built and grenades turned. At the beginning of the War women workers enthusiastically sang *Triumphantly We Will Conquer France*, and other War songs. Then it was songs of pain and sorrow, full of sad yearning for a loved one, for bread, for peace.

More and more the question was discussed: *How much longer? How can this murderous War be put an end to?*

We did not yet know how. We were still so young and inexperienced.

In my department there were 250 women workers. There were 14-year-old children and none older than twenty-five. The women's service law forced us to turn out grenades just as our brothers and sweethearts were being forced to murder.

On the night of April 30-May 1, I worked on the night shift. During the rest period at midnight a former schoolmate of mine came up to me and asked whether I wanted to come along to a small meeting. Tomorrow, he said, we'll show all of you how this War can be choked off. This schoolmate was none other than Eugen Schoenhaar—he who, last February, was murdered, together with my husband, by the Nazis. At that time he was in the Socialist Youth movement.

Illegal Activity

I went along, and a group of nine young workers asked me if I would help paste up



Mussolini, in Fascist Military uniform, delivers an address at the Piazza Venezia in Rome

little stickers, wherever I could secretly do so. The stickers read:

Karl Liebknecht Calls:

*War Against War
Strike—Mass Strike—
Will bring us Bread and Peace.*

My schoolmate, Eugen, encouraged me and so I agreed.

Up to then I knew nothing of the Socialist Youth movement. Now, however, I became a member of the oppositional Young Socialist group in my factory. And when its leader, Eugen Schoenhaar, asked us to swear never to betray it and to dedicate our lives to the service of peace and socialism, we raised our hands—seven lads and two girls—as we enthusiastically gave our oath.

That was the first May Day of my life!

And Now

And today in the year 1934 a new imperialist World War threatens us. And for this reason, we women and girls of all classes must unite in common struggle.

And when the World Committee Against War and Fascism calls upon us to elect delegates to the Women's International Anti-War Congress in Paris on July 28, then remember:

Our united hands can strike down our common enemy.

"There is no menace greater today than the Red leadership . . . unless this administration, at a crisis, will furnish to the mobilized unemployed a leadership of discipline and patriotism. . . . Turn the mobilized unemployed over to the training of the army, and of every competent group of active and reserve officers which can be summoned for the task."—Richard Washburn Child, U. S. Ambassador to Italy under two Administrations.

Munitions – Racket or Capitalism?

By C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Author of "Why We Fought," "Bitter Bierce," etc.

The rapidly lengthening list of books dealing with the munitions traffic is not something to protest against, but rather it is something one should applaud.¹ Nevertheless it will only confound confusion not to make it plain that a good deal of the writing on this topic is only properly described as muck raking and has all the limitations of that kind of work. If proper use is to be made of the data these investigations and propagandists are turning up, it will have to be placed in perspective and related to the larger whole of which it is but a part. Of all the books which have thus far appeared only that by Engelbrecht and Hanighen is really at all sound on the side of interpretation. Mr. George Seldes' book is certainly the weakest in this respect even though at the same time it is also the most sensational.

Contributing Factor Only

For after all the munitions traffic is a consequence of economic competition and not a cause of War. Those who engage in it can accentuate, exacerbate, and bring to the sticking point trends in society which result in armed conflict, but they cannot create them out of the original void. At the very best an informed student of War can only designate the munitions traffic and its directors as contributing factors in the creation of War. It is therefore accurately but a peripheral problem, and writers like Mr. Seldes are throwing dust in the eyes of the public when they write, as Mr. Seldes does, that if we could control the manufacture of munitions, especially the manufacture of them for profit, we would very nearly eliminate War. This is a prescription by a dealer in social patent medicines which relieve but never cure.

It is good and useful, nevertheless, to know that the munitions makers sell to both sides and especially to know when and where they actually did so. It is important to rub it into the public mind that in Wars the soldiers of a nation have frequently been killed by munitions manufactured by the munitions makers of their own nation. It is a valuable service to make clear by rehearsing the concrete evidence that the great industrialists of all nations traded with the enemy during the greatest capitalist War in history. It will help to destroy the prestige of reactionary publicists and newspapers to make it clear that their opinions derive in a vulgarly deterministic fashion from the munitions interests which employ them to assassinate all efforts to promote what measure of peace is possible in the

present world. It is well to have it brought home that it is not patriotism but profit which makes the wheels go round in organizations like the *Navy League*. On these services one should cast no aspersions.

But what have we here other than one of the smelly and disgusting boils which prove that the body of capitalism is diseased from crown to toe? In probing it we come upon a particularly neat example of capitalism in operation, and it is only obtuseness or fear that prevents it being said that what is true of the munitions industry is also true of other industries, subject only to the variant permutations and combinations of which rottenness is capable.

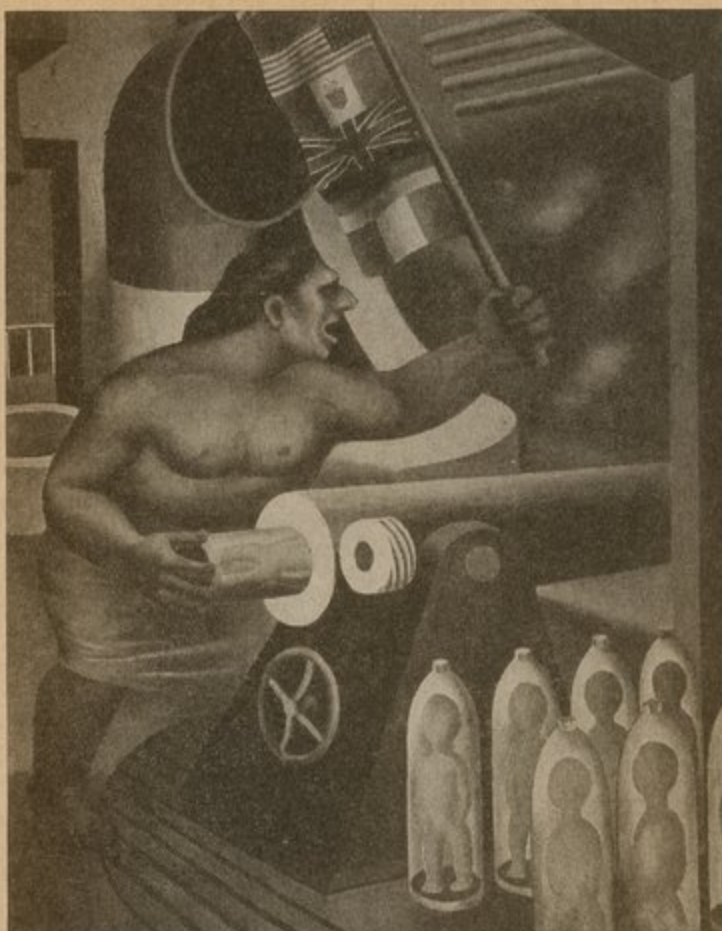
In Search for Markets

Let no one really interested in destroying War be boggled by this wave of revelations about the munitions industry. This material is useful only to fling in the face of adamant doubters. Once they have digested what the writers have dared to say, press firmly on to the main point in the discussion, the nature of the social forces which make it possible for these ghouls to thrive. For what is rushing the world headlong toward War today is not munitions makers, but the business interests in general who are forced to strive as never before for areas outside their own nations in which to get raw materials and in which to dispose of their "surplus" products. With the newspapers full of dispatches about trade Wars, it is imbecile to think that putting the

munitions makers under control will prevent the great Wars which are imminent. Great Britain and Japan are so openly at one another's throats that their shoutings make the headlines of the most conservative papers. Obscurely on the inside pages are little items betraying the agitation of the American government over the penetration of South America by the Japanese, and it is only by adopting a capitalistic variant of the theory of the lesser evil that the agitation is not also caused by the success of Great Britain in the same field. The multiplication of incidents can become pretty pointless, but two more may be cited: the juggling with quotas in the Franco-American trade; and the demand of Hitler for Germany's share of the trade of the Danubian countries which Mussolini is trying to segregate for his own prestige and profit. It is in these issues that the seeds of War are to be found as is proved when we consider how easily the drive for raw materials and markets was translated into actual War by the Japanese in Manchukuo.

The munitions industry is, therefore, not a rootless racket but is rather capitalism in a peculiarly obnoxious form. The roots of the munitions traffic are to be found in these conflicts, antagonisms, rivalries, call them what you will, which are ordinarily kept out of public sight but which in a decaying world like ours come right out in the open. It will accomplish very little indeed to "control" the munitions business without attacking the fun-

(Continued on page twelve)



The Imperialist Nations, in the name of Patriotism, Feeding Your Children to Their Guns

From a Painting by Warren Wheelock

1. *War for Profits*, by Otto Lehmann-Russbuldt. A. H. King. 1930.
The Secret International. Anon. Union of Democratic Control. 1933.
Patriotism, Ltd. Anon. Union of Democratic Control. 1933.
Merchants of Death, by H. C. Engelbrecht & F. C. Hanighen. Dodd, Mead, 1934.
Iron, Blood and Profits, by George Seldes. Harper & Bros. 1934.
 And a mounting tide of magazine articles in *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, *Fortune*, *The New Republic*, etc., etc.

IN ACCENTS of DEATH!

With the approach of April, Alvin Norton commenced to grow moody and introspective. He was president of '24 at Saint Stanislaus High School on the south side of Chicago, and soon he would be graduated, and all the fun and good times of high school life would be gone. Since his father could not afford to send him to college, he would have to work, although, later on, he hoped that he would be able to earn his way through college, only it would have to be a Catholic university. At the end of each day he would moodily reflect that he had one day less of all that glory of going to Saint Stanislaus, one day less before he had to go out into the world and struggle and earn his way.

Often, also, he would remember how, when he had been only a freshman in short pants, and kids with whom he had gone to grammar school would tell him about their high schools, and make him ashamed of Saint Stanislaus, because it had no gymnasium, and it did not win as many championships in the Catholic high school league as some schools did. And he would reflect on what Saint Stanislaus had given him—school spirit. He knew that there was not a school in the country better than his Saint Stanislaus. He was proud of his school, proud that he was to graduate as president of the senior class, proud that he would be an alumnus of good old S. S. And all year, he had been constantly reminded that he was leaving it, leaving it when he hated to, when he wanted to stay on, and continue all his fun and education. For there was a new spirit at school. The long-dreamed-of new building was rising rapidly across the street from the oblong grey box of a four-story building that now served all the needs of the school. Next year, the students would move across the street into one of the most modern high schools in the country, a six hundred thousand dollar building, with a capacity for one thousand students, a large gymnasium and auditorium, a swimming pool, and adequate facilities for larger classes and for chemistry and physics experiments. Next year, too, there would be student self-government, and a cafeteria, and various things that had not yet been inaugurated. He sensed how he would miss all that, and the additional pride in his school was constantly intertwined with a nostalgia for what he would not have. All year, things had hummed. There had been more successful athletic teams, more activity in the Literary and Debating Society of which he was a member. And there had been a steady pressure placed upon all students to do their share to work to the utmost to bring in every added penny which they could to enlarge the building fund for the new school. And Alvin had. He had been the collector in his class, and he had dunned and persuaded, and insisted that every student contribute more and more to the building fund, and his class had gone way over the top, almost doubling its quota. There had been plenty of activities and excitement besides the regular course of studies, and the school had been given considerable publicity in the local papers. It even had a press agent, a member of the class of 1919, and all its dances, the

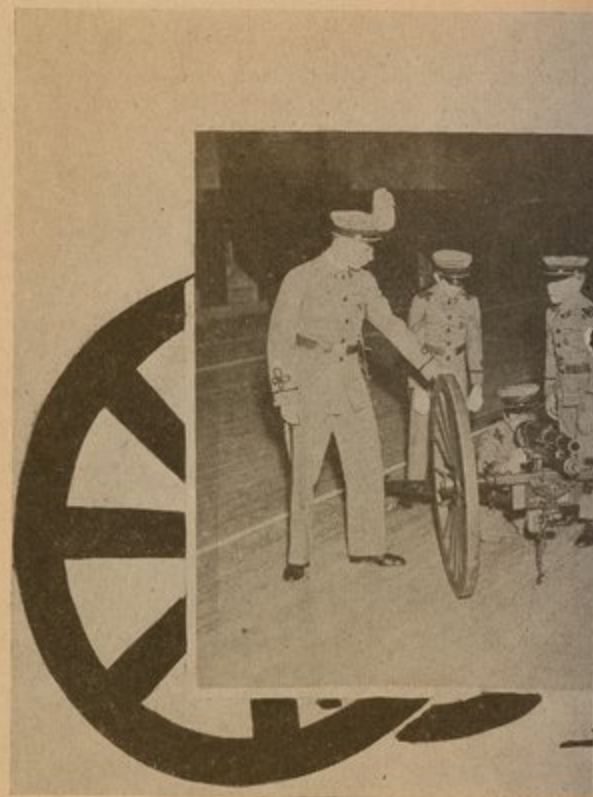
breaking of ground for the new high school, the building of a new grammar school, all these had been in the papers. More and more, Alvin grew proud of his school and hated to be leaving it.

He felt, though, that his senior year showed a real measure of accomplishment. He had thrown himself into all activities the way a real S. S. student should. He had not missed an athletic contest, and not refrained from cheering his teams on to victory and the honor and glory of S. S. And when a local Catholic weekly newspaper had turned over a page on one issue to be edited and written by the students of Saint Stanislaus, Father Geraghty had included one of Alvin's compositions, an essay on Law and Order, which Father Geraghty had marked one hundred. He had written in it of the Bolsheviks and sob sisters who decried the use of poison gas in War, and had told how the Chemical Warfare Service of the Army had proven that the use of gases was not as deleterious as the weak-minded sob-sisters declared in their un-American propaganda. He had read an article in a popular magazine, based on information released by the Chemical Warfare Service, and he had quoted it and shown that the Bolsheviks and sob-sisters were wrong. He had shown, too, that the use of these gases to prevent mob violence only caused sneezing and tears, and that those propagandists who were anti-chemical warfare were really encouraging mobs to disturb law, order, and the peaceful progress of industry. Father Geraghty had praised him highly, and when his father and mother had seen his composition printed in a Catholic newspaper, they had been very proud.

His feeling that the year had been such a success made it all the harder to face the fact that he had only two more months of high school. He would think, too, of how then, all that would be left of his career at Saint Stanislaus would be memories, and the principles that he had been taught by the priests. He would resolve never to forsake these principles, never to dishonor the name of his alma mater, always to work and struggle in the world so that he would be a pride of his school. He would think how lucky he was to have been sent there, to have been favored with the best education that a Catholic boy could receive in any high school in the city, because he knew that his S. S. was the best. This realization always heartened him, because he would at least be going out to earn his right and his way and his bread in the world, prepared, prepared with knowledge, with the principles of Americanism, and with a Love of God and knowledge of the principles of Holy Mother Church.

On a morning in March, Alvin sat in the classroom, gazing out the window at the blue sky, and the warm and sunny day. A lassitude flowed through his body, and as Father Henry asked questions based on the chemistry text book, Alvin allowed his thoughts to wander, and he thought of past and future, of his school, of himself, of what he might do, how

great a success he would become, a lawyer, a senator, or a rich business man and prominent Catholic layman. And he thought of the boys around him who would, like himself, go out from here to face life. He wondered what they would become, how many of them would be successes, who amongst them would be the richest, who the most famous. He felt warm and friendly towards every one of his classmates. He wished them all well, although there were many he envied, boys whose fathers were richer than his, who would go to



School Boys learning to fire a six-pound National Guard rifle.

college, some even to Notre Dame University, boys who were football and basket ball stars, and had already been given offers for free tuition at various colleges and universities. He would not have what they had, but he would go out prepared to fight for it.

There was a knock on the door. Father Henry opened it, and a shudder passed through the students. They saw Father Robert N. Geraghty, Prefect of Discipline, and they trembled lest he would call one out to punish him. Seeing him so unexpectedly at the door, clothed in the brown habit of his order, his freckled, broad, bull-dog face set in its characteristically stern expression, each of them feared, almost trembled. Alvin was called. A lump seemed to come into his throat. He tried to think of what he might have done to cause his being disciplined. He walked slowly out and faced Father Robert in the long shadowed corridor. Father Robert smiled, and Alvin felt relieved. He observed a folded slip of paper in the priest's hand.

"Alvin, you've seen the newspaper accounts lately of the wave of pacifistic sentiment sweeping through the student bodies of some American non-sectarian universities, and of the meeting which occurred the other day on

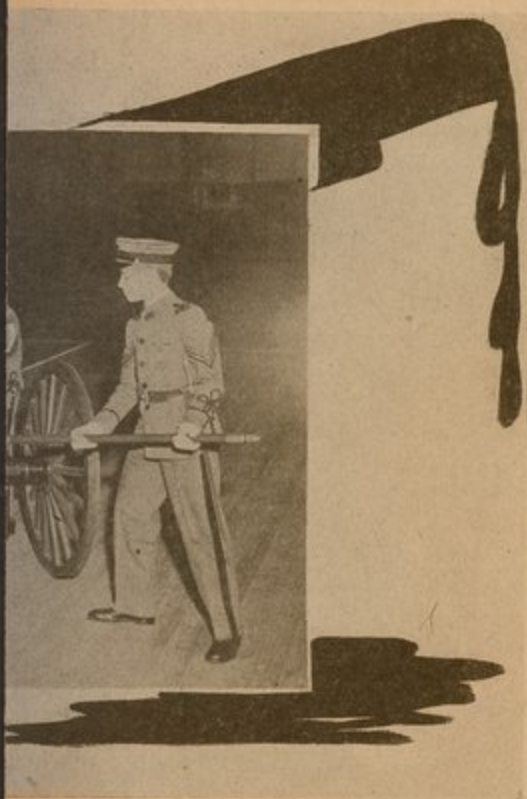
By JAMES T. FARRELL

Author of "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan," etc.

the campus at Evanston, where the American flag was insulted?"

Remembering headlines and unread accounts, Alvin nodded, because he didn't want Father Robert to think that he did not keep completely abreast of current events.

"Well, Alvin, we've decided that the Catholic schools should speak out against this un-American sentiment, and this afternoon we're going to have a pep meeting to denounce such un-American tactics. Since you are president of the senior class . . ."



Under Cannon under Instruction of
d officers

There was a catch in Alvin's throat, and he was uncomfortable lest he would have to address the demonstration.

" . . . I think that the duty of presenting resolutions devolves upon you. Hence, at this demonstration, you are to read these resolutions. Read them slowly, and enunciate every word clearly. There are going to be newspaper reporters and camera men present, and you wouldn't want them to hear you slurring your pronunciations?"

"No, father," said Alvin, smiling.

"I believe that Saint Stanislaus will be one of the first schools in the country to denounce un-American pacifistic sentiments, and we'll be able to refute the lie so often made that Catholic schools are un-American."

"Yes, father," Alvin said.

Father Robert suddenly broke into one of those rare good-natured smiles of his.

"I suppose you are wondering if you'll get a half-holiday?"

"Well, father . . ."

"That's to be wondered about. You'll find out in due time," Father Robert said.

When Alvin returned, Father Henry cut short the question period, relieving those who

had not prepared their lessons. He gave them a brief talk on the glorious contributions Catholics had made to America, of the manner in which Catholics had always willingly borne arms, and laid down their lives for their country, its principles and its constitution.

3

The four hundred odd students of Saint Stanislaus were gathered in the yard, happy and boisterous with the prospect of a half-holiday, of release from their classrooms, and of the opportunity which they would have to shout at the top of their lusty voices. Boys from twelve and thirteen, to seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen, they were massed in the rectangular brick-paved yard behind the school. Those in the front row center held a large American flag before them, and removed from the students was a small group of brown-frocked priests, and newspaper men. Alvin stood in the front rank of the students, near the flag, waiting until he would read the resolutions. He was nervous and jerky, hoping that he would make no blunders. He repeatedly determined to remain calm, and to read the resolutions clearly, slowly, loudly, firmly.

Father Robert stepped forward, and raised his right arm for quiet. Instantly there was quiet amongst the students. They knew what would happen if they attempted any monkey stuff now in the presence of the newspaper men, and on such a serious occasion.

Father Robert spoke briefly, in a slow, clear-voiced, poised delivery. He explained that the purpose of the meeting was that of demonstrating to the public at large that the Catholic schools, of which Saint Stanislaus was a good representative, were not harboring or teaching un-American principles. To the contrary they would strike out in an unequivocal denunciation of all disloyalties to American institutions. He explained to them that the principles of Americanism, written into the constitution, were precious principles of liberty, justice, freedom of conscience. All who deserved the name of American should hold these principles dear, should hold them next in their hearts to the principles of their religion. And it was an honor to everyone connected with Saint Stanislaus, faculty and students alike, to be the first Catholic school in America to affirm these principles at a time when they were threatened by a wave of pacifistic sentiment. He concluded with the words:

"It is a fundamental tenet of Americanism that love of your country should stand enshrined in your minds and your hearts next to the love of your God. In our Catholic schools, this is a teaching that has always been honored, and haloed in tradition, even though there have been those who, through ignorance and bigotry, have called Catholic institutions and Catholic education un-American. The willingness to serve your country in a time of stress and need, and to bear arms in its defense, is a duty which no American citizen, or future American citizen, can ignore; it is, further, a duty which no true American would think of ignoring. Americans must be prepared to serve their country, just as Catholics must be prepared to serve their God and His Church."

Prolonged cheering greeted his words, and he stood smiling upon his students during their

five-minute access of shouting. Then, Father Dennis, a husky bucolic priest, who spoke with a nasal twang, addressed the students. His talk was longer and less organized than that of Father Robert, and he ranted about Bolsheviks, sob-sisters, and other weak-kneed pacifists who having, not full-fledged ideas, but just notions, strove to weaken American institutions and overthrow the government. He said that their ideas had been spread, like a contagious disease, through non-sectarian colleges and universities, and that, undisguised, they were Bolshevistic ideas, and that, unless they were checked, America would be reduced to the chaos, anarchy, and terror of Russia. Pacifism was threatening the principles of Democracy, those principles which were the true religion of God, and for which Catholic Americans, yes and even alumni of Saint Stanislaus, had fought and bled and suffered on the fields of France. Before he finished, there was shuffling of feet, but at his final words there were more lusty cheers.

Then Alvin stepped forward, and, with shaking hands, slowly read the resolutions:

"We, the student body of Saint Stanislaus, unanimously condemn the unpatriotic movement now sweeping through institutions of learning throughout the nation, and we condemn all those particular students who have subscribed to pledges of disloyalty in time of War.

"We further condemn and denounce all those who insulted the flag at a recent unpatriotic demonstration in Evanston.

"And in addition, we hereby affirm, upon our solemn honor, to meet the call to defend the flag and our country, wherever and whenever we are needed."

The resolutions were greeted with cheers. Pictures of the group were taken, the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung, and the demonstration closed with a short prayer asking that the grace of God shine down on America, and the democratic institutions upon which this great nation of liberty and justice was founded.

Father Robert announced that there would be no more school that day, and there was still another outburst.

Alvin left the grounds with a group of his classmates, and they were giving three cheers for the pacifists because, if there were no pacifists, they would not have a holiday. Alvin was moody. He remembered the words of the priest, and he thought romantically of fighting for his country, defending it against a foreign invader, the Japanese or the Bolsheviks or the English. He thought of dying for his country, and it caused a quiver and sudden terror, and he did not like to think of himself shot to death on the battlefield, even though it was a glorious death in defense of the stars and stripes. But all soldiers did not die, and, in case of War, he might not, and Patrick Henry had said:

"Give me liberty or give me death!"

The next day, both of the morning papers carried pictures and first page accounts of the demonstration. One of the accounts mentioned Alvin's name and the resolutions.

Alvin cut the pictures and reports of the papers and pasted them in his scrap book. He had one more memory, one more enforcement of principles, one more teaching, one more lesson from his high school to carry out with him into the world where he would earn his bread.

BIRTHRIGHT

By FRANCES H. RARIG

FIGHT asked a typical, middle class woman on the Pacific Coast to write on "how a mother looks upon the world today." We believe the article we are publishing here to be a human document, throwing light upon the plight of millions of American people who are being swiftly and steadily thrown into the ranks of the unemployed and—a new generation growing up without jobs and without hope—the great declassed.—EDITOR.

"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are."

—STEDMAN.

As the mother of four young people, in age from eighteen to twenty-six, I have known such fear, shock, unbelief, and final indignation as have appalled millions of mothers who have lived through the last five years. At first I thought our family experiences were peculiar, different from other people's; now I know that in varying degrees our experience is that of the parents of the world.

On my husband's steady, moderate salary our children came through the measles and whooping-cough stage and started upon higher education and the search for an open door. We taught them that if they were honest, kind, and thrifty they could, with our help and barring accidents, gain satisfying education, creative development, enlarging friendships, comfortable homes—life. They were not taught to seek SUCCESS, in capitals, they were taught that they must live fully and work honestly, and that they might expect opportunities to grow and develop.

And Then Came the Crisis

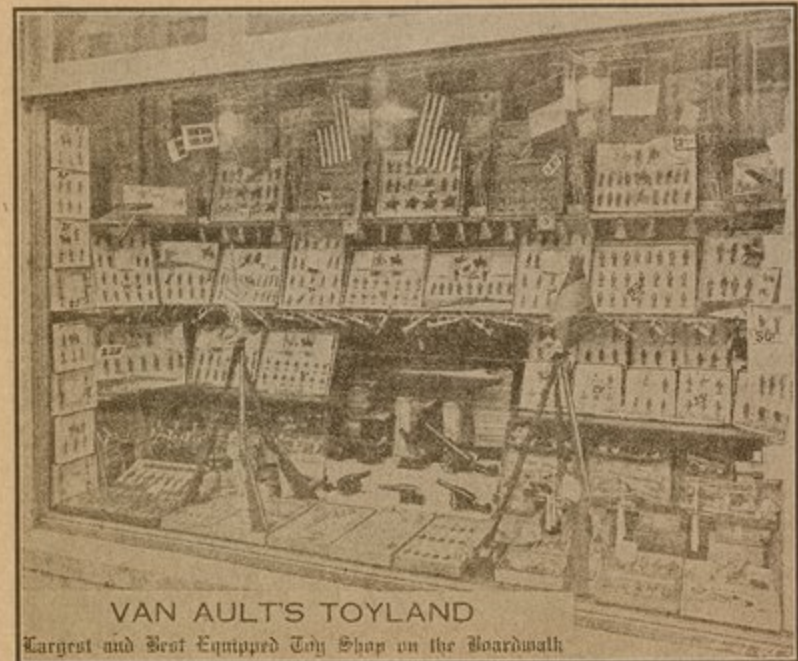
I will speak of our four young people with the masculine pronoun, though both sexes are represented. The first took two years of a general course in the university, two years in law school, then got a job and married. That was in 1931. In 1932, the month that his child was born, he lost his job because his company was reducing its force. Either he or a man that had been with them nearly twenty years must go. The company would have kept him since he was young and promised longer service, but because of his youthful confidence and because his sympathy for the older man was touched, he left.

Then followed a distressing, useless search for work. He tried bill collecting, but after a few weeks of interviewing miserably disheartened people, he revolted utterly. But why go on? Months of grasping at straws, of moving about, of borrowing money to pay bills, of seizing upon a day's work of any kind, of trying to keep the little family together. There is agony in not being able to pay for food eaten. Why should he trust in thrift and honesty?

Under the N.R.A.

The second child also started the university and left to take a job. But the period of de-

How the Toy Windows of Department Stores will look next Christmas. Guns, Rifles, Cannons, Flags, Submarines, Soldiers, Battleships, etc., etc.



pression was now well along, and pay first became irregular and then stopped altogether. There followed a year and a half with only six weeks of paying work. Then last fall, under N. R. A., a job materialized. How happy he was! The firm displayed the Blue Eagle, and still does. But there is something droopy about the Eagle's wings. The boy's job is piece work, but the weekly check is very small. There is always a reason. Something is wrong, something must be done over. And the boy dares not object—there are others that would like the job. "Anyway," he says, "they really can't afford to pay me any more; what with work sold for which they can't collect, they are just as bad off as I am." But his pay is only about enough to dress him and pay for carfare and lunches. If he didn't have his living at home, what would become of him? And what incentive is there to honesty, or growth?

The third child was very young when he entered the university, but he had a line of his own by which he could earn. Up to his third year everything went merrily. He saved money, and he paid his fifty dollars and joined a union. But the fourth year was utterly different. Union jobs were scarce and they were given to older men, men with hungry families. He began to take jobs on the outside, always fearful lest he be found out and fired. I suspect a kindly leniency toward boys helping themselves through college for never once was he called to task, but the moral effect was bad. Why be honest with the union if you can earn a few needed dollars by keeping still?

The fourth child is graduating from high school. What shall we do with him? Educate him for the professions? Teachers are hungry and lawyers are cold. Find him a job? That is laughable. Our own salary has been cut—first, six percent, then eleven percent, then seventeen percent; now it has been restored ten percent for a few months because of city elections. Car insurance went first, then life insurance.

A Way Out?

Is there nothing we can do? Oh yes, if there's a War the boys can all go and the girl can be a nurse. The government will feed

them all till the boys are killed or crippled and the girl has seen unforgettable suffering and degradation.

Is that all? No! We need, by courage, to install a new and equitable system of distribution. Then can we still give all young people their birthright—work, honesty, life.

(Continued from page nine)

damentals. For if the fundamentals remain with the munitions business "controlled," War will still be an imminent possibility.

Peace Time Industries

It is insufficiently realized how quickly peace time industries can be converted to the manufacture of munitions. Sugar refining and rayon manufacture are but little removed from the production of poison gas; nitrate production can be for fertilizer and peaceful agriculture or for War purposes; cotton can be traded in for textiles or for gun powder; and so on along the list. As long as knowledge of the technique of translating useful commodities for peace time life into the basic necessities of modern War remains in the world, so long will "efficient" War remain possible.

Fight Capitalism

If therefore we really aim to eliminate War we will strike at those forces which in their ultimate expression make such a translation "necessary" rather than concentrating our attention on the scandalous goings-on of those who at present profit by the traffic in munitions. They are capitalists who thrive on the ultimate form of economic competition; they are capitalists and not men standing apart from and in opposition to capitalism; and to destroy them alone will aid but little to the sum total of the jobs waiting to be done.

THE VETERANS OF '76

By W. S. RICHARDS

On the morning of August 29, 1786, fifteen hundred Yankee farmers stood before the Court House in Northampton, Massachusetts. Each farmer carried a musket, muskets which only a few years before had been doing duty against British red-coats.

Now those muskets were being presented as a petition "that the Court may not sit." The judges approached, observed the "petition"—and adjourned. For each of the fifteen hundred musket-bearers wore the same symbol, an evergreen sprig in his hat, an amazing symbol of mass revolt.

Rebellion—three short years after the colonies had won their independence—had broken out!

In time this farmers' movement came to be known as *Shays Rebellion*. Daniel Shays was only one of many leaders, but as farmer, Yankee, Christian, and veteran (he had been a captain) of the Revolutionary War, he was typical of the movement.

Why were such men, formerly loyal patriots, rebels?

How Veterans Are Rewarded

Revolutionary veterans, returning to their homes, had brought back plenty of pay. Knapsacks full, in fact—but full of paper money which neither merchant nor mortgage holder nor tax collector would honor. Hard money had "disappeared"; it was to be found only in the hands of the wealthy War-profiteers in the seaport towns, many of whom were shipping it out of the country in payment for goods purchased in Europe. Farmers, loaded with the debts of the long War years, could find no market for their crops. Taxes, as a result of the War, were enormously increased.

Foreclosures came thick and fast—and the heroes of '76 and '77, of '78 and '79, of '80 and '81, of '82 and '83, began to find themselves homeless as a reward for their long

fight for freedom. Debtor jails were jammed full; and the inmates of these unbelievably vile holes were the patriots who had licked the King. The first of the nation's great depressions had appeared.

Meanwhile the wealthy in the towns rioted in luxury. For lawyers sprang up on every side and courts worked overtime, that the farmer-veterans' farms might now become the squires' estates.

Slowly the farmers learned an old lesson. It had been a "rich man's war and a poor man's fight."

Veterans Driven to Migration

Having learned their lesson, the farmers went into action.

A week after the affair at Northampton the judges came to hold court at Worcester, the next county seat to the east. Again the wearers of the evergreen sprigs were the masters, and the court adjourned without foreclosing a single mortgage.

Clear across the state, week after week, the judges met the same reception. At first the militia were called out and marched to the court houses to drive away the farmers—with the result that at the last moment each militia company about faced and added their bayonets to those which pointed judge-ward. Calling out the militia suddenly ceased.

Just as suddenly another change occurred. "Hard money" reappeared, but not among the farmers. Instead it found its way into the hands of special troops, provisioned and equipped and paid by the Boston aristocracy.

Before these hirelings, Shays' band, although supported by the large majority of citizens, melted away. Why fight to the last ditch when the wilderness, ready for conquest, lay less than a hundred miles away, when Vermont meant "free land," when all west of Schenectady was virgin forest?

By foot, by wagon, family upon family crossed the line, leaving depression and debts and punishment behind. The great Westward Migration, a grim flight from depression rather than a romantic adventure, was under way.

Refuse to Fight a Rich Man's War

New lands breed optimism; the veterans of the Revolution soon forgot their lesson.

But again veterans have learned that there is no profit in fighting a rich man's War, that the "rewards" for service in capitalist armies are the agonies of depression. Hoover at Anacostia and Roosevelt with his bonus cuts, farm foreclosures, and crop limitations are merely acting according to the "best" American ruling class traditions.

When next the imperialist call comes we can afford to look after our own farms first before we start out to make Manchuria or any other part of the globe safe for American investors.

(Continued from page four)

shoes, and stockings off. Yeh, they give us a dollar a day and \$20 flat wages a month. They sent us outsiders to round up the farmers. But the Le Mars guardsmen they had only for guard duty."

Some of the guards said the farmers was right, but they should have used other tactics. One lieutenant was sentenced to 5 years because he refused duty. A top sergeant got 5 years penitentiary for another blamed thing. And 12 privates got 90 days in the Sioux City jail after being courtmartialled

Can he swear to all this?

"That's what the other guards was saying."

Sure, the guards had no business there. He's in sympathy with the farmers. The farmers got to live like everybody else. But he likes being a guardsman. He joined the national guards because of the excitement. He's preparing a transfer to the regular army. You don't have to worry about a job then. He likes the drilling and practice handling rifles, bayonets, hand grenades, rifle grenades.

The young organizer with us is taking notes. His job is to help fight the forces which turn a young worker into a drugstore cowboy, a cake eater, a ramrod against the brothers of his own class. And so the young organizer asks doesn't he see what side he's lining up with, and how he's being used till his body is a mere shell by the bankers, insurance companies, milk trusts?

The guardsman says curtly, "If I wasn't there, someone else'd be in my boots."

But—

"And your President and your Governor sent us."

We look up at the picture of "our President"

The Rank-and-File Committee of the Bonus Army presenting their demands at the White House for Immediate Relief of the Unemployed Veterans

FRONT (Left to Right) J. Beatty, Brooklyn, N. Y., Harold Hickerson, Chairman, New York City, and H. B. Mullend, Washington, D. C.

REAR (Left to Right) William Hinkelman, Wheeling, W. Va., Oscar Matlock, New Orleans, La., and George Alman, New York



with the nails like the droppings of horseflies. We get up.

The anxious little mother waits at the door. She begs us once more not to use his name.

2. THE JAIL

On the Le Mars courthouse lawn is the tree where the farmers were going to hang the insurance company lawyer. A stone's throw from it, the jail and the sheriff's residence.

A chunky man in overalls humps out of the jail cellar. He picks his teeth with a matchstick. He's Farmer Popkin, still in jail although all the other farmers are out on appeal bonds. Still in jail although he walks around and does what he damned pleases.

Popkin says doggedly, "They sentenced me. I'm going to serve."

How will this staying in jail help him?

"They give me 6 months. I'm serving 6 months."

His small eyes glare from under the broken peak of his cap.

Was he in the Bradley fracas?

He grunts, "Didn't hang Judge Bradley. He'd been dead then."

He mutters, "On farm 16 years. Raised corn and oats. Was sold out. Worked another farm. Had a car. Was forced off the farm. Car was sold by the sheriff's men."

The jail is connected with the sheriff's house. It is actually the backend of it. In front of the house there are trees and grass. Behind the jail is the garage where the sheriff keeps his 2 cars.

"Got 4 more months to serve."

What will he do when his term expires?

He hunches up his shoulders.

We inspect the jail. The first block of cells is for women. The cells are larger, white-washed; there is even a bathtub. The next room is for men prisoners. At the end of the corridor is the toilet: a toilet seat with rusty bowl in full view of everybody. Mattresses and pillows are yellow-stained. Feathers coming out as from dead hens. Bars blood-red. Each cell an iron crate, the walls of which you can touch with both hands if you stand in the center, a sort of panopticon with the eyes of the whole world filtering down upon you.

On the bars a sign: HOLD UP! Then an explanation by the company which manufactures cells that this is the square cell system. This company manufactures cell work of three classes. The first class is the complete steel clad or steel plate job with all the latest improvements. The third class is a common job with lever locks. If a prisoner escapes from the first job, the company will hold itself responsible. But the company advises the guards not to baby prisoners at any cost. "You can't trust them. If you do, you're giving them a chance to escape."

Popkin shows us where some prisoners had broken out. New bricks have been put in, the wall painted over. The jail was condemned years ago.

Popkin picks his teeth, with the bloody matchstick. Sitting on the chair against the jail wall, he grunts, "Grub ain't so bad."

It can't be merely getting even with his jailers that keeps him here. It can't be merely the doggedness of let the township which skinned him feed him. It's here that a fellow's got a place to sleep and eat even if it's only a couple of months.

The sheriff's wife backs one of the cars out of the garage. Sucking his matchstick, Popkin watches her.

From the *Kilpinger* Washington Letter, circulated privately to business executives:

"Answers to current questions asked by clients in all parts of the country . . .

"Profits: Is there a clique in the government intent to abolishing the profit system? No. . . .

"Are these men communists? No. . . .

"Are they fascists? They don't think they are. They don't think in terms of foreign "isms" of Mussolini, Hitler or Mosley. But many political developments here in past year point toward the planned economy of the corporate state, controlled politically by the government, with execution left in the hands of privately-owned and privately-operated business units. This is the socialism of fascism, not the socialism of communism."



Farmers picketing Highway 41, on the Illinois-Wisconsin State line, during a recent Milk Strike

WHY THE Y's?

By JAMES LERNER

National Chairman, Youth Section, American League Against War and Fascism

"Every soldier has a number of spare hours each day. Shall these hours be spent in idleness, in dissipation, and in unprofitable agitation? The Young Men's Christian Association has shown itself able to answer this vital question in the right way. Therefore, it has the unqualified endorsement of the generals and admirals of the various Allied countries where it has been introduced."—John R. Mott, Secretary, Y. M. C. A. during the World War.

For many years previous to the last War the vast open-shop trusts of the country turned huge sums of money into the largest American youth organization, the Y's. In all the company towns where the early seeds of Fascism have been nurtured, hundreds of thousands of dollars were given to Y's, which had as their aim the spreading of the spirit of "co-operation." These were long-term investments dated to bear interest in peace through the growth of the company unionism, and in War through docile, revolt-proof soldiers.

Looking through the records of the Y. M. C. A., one may find such entries on the blue side of the ledger:

Standard Oil, Tidewater Oil, Babcock, Wilcox Co., and International Nickel pooled \$400,000 to supply the Y. M. C. A. in Bayonne, N. J., with a building.

Rome Brass and Copper Co., of Rome, N. Y., gave \$80,000 for a building. Rockefeller appears on the scene again with \$350,000 in Pueblo, Col., in the name of the *Colorado Fuel and Iron*. The steel trust is represented in the ledger with donations

of \$100,000 each by the *National Tube* in McKeesport and the *Lackawanna Steel* in Buffalo. (Only this month the Y in Buffalo housed imported scabs to break an airplane factory strike.) Judge Gary, expressing his admiration for the Y, said: "I am glad to declare my belief in the advantages of having a Young Men's Christian Association in an industrial community as tending greatly to the building up of the character of the men, and therefore increasing their efficiency."

The War Record

The purpose of the Y. M. C. A.'s as soothing syrups for the dissatisfied working youth can be gleaned from an article by the General Secretary of the International Committee, John F. Moors. Writing in the *Railway Age* of April 5, 1918, he stated: "After cheering up downcast men in a train of soldiers going to camp, the young fellows were resolute, determined, hopeful and ready to do their part in winning this War for freedom and the perpetuation of democracy."

Well, the fellows went across. The U. S. Government gave the Y. M. C. A. a free hand in working with the army on the battlefield. The servile Y. M. C. A. secretaries became active propagandists in keeping up the morale of the armed forces. They gave out some chocolates along with doses of "Fight to make the world safe for democracy."

But either the Y could not get around fast

(Continued on page eighteen)

JAPAN'S COMPETITIVE EXPORTS

By WINIFRED L. CHAPPELL

Secretary, Methodist Federation for Social Service

The bulk of the economic competition which underlies all modern Wars is out of sight, like the iceberg's bigger base. But enough is visible to show its nature and its threat. Workers and students who are too busy to do library research work on the causes of War may see for themselves how the forces work by following through press items and reports.

This winter there has been an unplanned series on Japan's exports. On December 3rd, a lively story from London reported that feeling in England toward Japan had passed from friendliness to hostility. The occasion was the "ruinous competition" in the export of cotton piece goods. In the eight months ending in August, 1933, for the first time Japan's exports had exceeded Great Britain's. Japan's were 1,568,000,000 square yards against England's 1,549,000,000. Five years ago the figures were almost 3 to 1 in favor of Great Britain.

Tuna Fish

The United States came into the picture on December 21st. This time the product was tuna fish. It made a picturesque news column: a \$30,000,000 business heading up in Los Angeles and San Diego; great warehouses and high-powered refrigeration boats; a skilled industry that paid men as high as \$6 a day—and since the fish give fight, a sport for some of the luxury group, including Herbert Hoover; a domestic market, this "chicken of the sea" being a favorite American dish. The point was that tuna fish school also in Japanese waters; that the California interests supplemented their catch by buying from Japanese fisheries; but that presently the Japanese business men were building their own packing houses and importing their canned fish into the United States—they sent in 200,000 cases in 1932; in 1933, 600,000 cases—more than a third of our market requirement. And since they pay their workers from 20c to 60c a day, they can "if necessary" lay down canned tuna in New York City for \$2 a case, as compared with \$5 for the California product.

Cotton

On January 3rd the story shifted back to cotton goods competition, in a cluster of dispatches—from New Delhi, Tokio, London. The India dispatch said that certain "sharp commercial differences" had been finally settled—at least for three years—under an agreement whereby Japan will export a certain number of yards under a certain duty to India, and Japan will buy a certain amount of raw cotton from India. The Tokio item suggested that the "major consequence" of the new agreement would be a restricted Japanese market in 1934 for raw cotton from the United States. The London item was to the effect that the chief purpose of the agreement was "to protect the

Indian cotton industry," but that Lancashire would profit incidentally in that "a substantial quantity" of cheap Japanese piece goods would be excluded from Great Britain.

Wool—Silk—Rice

A February 3rd item brought France upon the scene: French manufacturers were reported to be seeking control of foreign trade, so as to stop the flood of Japanese goods—cotton, wool and silk, bicycles, men's hats, electric lamps and irons—into France and her colonies at "unbeatable" prices. Japanese goods were said to be edging French products out of the home market; out of Morocco; out of the French markets in China and Africa; especially out of Indo-China, a French possession which sells the bulk of its rice to Japan and wants to buy Japanese goods in return.

On February 27th, a London dispatch told how British manufacturers "forestalled" a Japanese attempt to flood the British markets with cheap bicycles: before the first of the goods arrived the Association of Cycle Manufacturers instructed its members not to sell or repair Japanese cycles or accessories. An obscure item on March 9th, from Colon, C. Z., said that the first shipment of Cuban sugar destined for Japan had passed that day through the Canal—believed to mark "the opening of increased trade between Japan and Latin-America."

The labor press supplements the capitalist newspaper. The *American Guardian* of January 18th and 25th had two informative articles signed "by Anonymous." The editor says he got the data from Walter Newbold (former M.P.) who in turn had them from a German source that could not be named. The first surveyed those incredible Japanese wages and living conditions which are, of course, basic in this story. The other described

Japan's Ten-Year Export Plan. She is very deliberately pushing into the world markets: into British dominions—Australia, New Zealand, Straits Settlements, India; into Africa,—from Cape Town to the Congo to Abyssinia; into the Near East—Iraq, Persia, Egypt. Now she is setting up a European Central Bureau, by way of getting into the Balkans, the Danube valley, Central and Southern Europe. And she is invading Latin-America, "hitherto the classic field of struggle for power between British and North American finance-capital."

The *Federated Press* on January 8th released Scott Nearing's story of this Latin-American competition, told in figures, itemized by countries and then totalled. For the first half of 1932 Japan's total exports to Latin-America amounted to 4,256,000 yen. By the first half of 1933 they had climbed up to 12,720,000. A *Federated Press* story by Carl Haessler, released March 9th, carried us back to the Orient. Here are some sentences from it: "American trade with China exceeds that of any other nation, but while it was over 25% of the total Chinese imports in 1932, it was only something over 21% in 1933 . . ." and "Japan's share of Manchurian imports was 58% in 1932 and 66% in 1933, while the U. S. share went down from 5.9% to 5.5%." It is the trend that counts.

War?

Events of April and May have suddenly made this trade War into front page news. It is an uncompleted serial story (intertwined with the larger tale of rivalry between two economic systems, for the Soviet Union and the Soviet part of China are also in the picture), the last chapter of which will be War. Unless the workers who now make the competitive goods join in one mass War refusal; and then in a joyful international soviet to supply their own and each other's needs.



Firing Tear Gas Bombs at a Political Demonstration of Workers and Students in front of the Presidential Palace in Cuba

KUOMINTANG CHINA

By JOHN PHILLIPS

Capitalism and imperialism have produced strange, very strange contradictions. During the World War, French guns sold to Germany mowed down thousands of French soldiers, German guns sold to England killed German soldiers, and vice versa in every combination imaginable. Millions starving and wheat is destroyed. Millions without clothing and cotton is plowed under. Japan, in order to save itself from the world depression, cuts wages still further so that it may build up its export trade. The more it exports, the more it impoverishes its own Japanese workers and farmers. The United States has a stupendous investment in Great Britain, and yet it is out to capture British trade. The more it succeeds in capturing that trade, the more it destroys its investments in Great Britain. A *cul-de-sac*, a blind alley from which there is no escape. These, however, are old contradictions, becoming more intensified daily and hourly.

The Dog That Eats Its Own Tail

But Kuomintang China presents something new in the way of contradictions. It is eating its own tail and slowly devouring itself. Kuomintang China cries for unity and national solidarity—it is demagogically protesting against imperialist intervention and against Japanese annexation, but actually what is it doing? It connives with the imperialist powers and gives large portions of China away by treaties and direct negotiations. On the one hand, Japanese imperialists are tearing larger and larger portions away from China, and on the other hand Kuomintang China is aligning itself with Japan and other imperialist powers for an attack on the Soviet Union. In short, it is aligning itself for the coming imperialist War precisely with those powers that have as one of their ends in view the partitioning and dividing up of China.

Let us see now who is this Kuomintang China and how does it perform this suicidal feat? One-fourth of China consists of Soviet China, the rest is Kuomintang China ruled from Nanking by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, Wang Ching-wei, and a host of their treacherous henchmen. This Kuomintang government has an army of over one million mechanized troops, highly trained and armed. Where was this army when Japan attacked Manchuria on September 18, 1931? Certainly not in Manchuria to defend the territorial rights of China. Where was this army in 1932 when Japanese troops attacked and pillaged Shanghai? Certainly not in Shanghai except for the 19th Route Army which was betrayed by Chiang Kai-shek and left to be butchered at the hands of the Japanese. Where was this Kuomintang army when Great Britain advanced into Chinghai and Sinkiang from Tibet, or when Great Britain declared its annexation of Southwestern Sinkiang, or when France penetrated Yunnan? Where is this army now

when Japan is invading Inner Mongolia and North China?

The Kuomintang army is massed 100 percent strong against the Chinese workers and peasants in Soviet China. Chiang Kai-shek is "unifying" China by fighting his own countrymen. He is "unifying" China by carrying on the cruelest white terror in the history of mankind against workers, peasants, and intellectuals in white Kuomintang China. He is supported by the imperialist powers and he is selling the Chinese masses to them. He is the arch betrayer of his own people.

SEVENTH REGIMENT

107th INFANTRY, N. Y. N. G.

REVIEW

BY

J. Pierpont Morgan, Esq.

FRIDAY EVENING
APRIL TWENTIETH
1934

Wall Street Greeted its own! The cover of the Program of the evening when J. Pierpont Morgan reviewed the Aristocratic Seventh Regiment in N. Y. City.

Secret Sell-Outs

The Kuomintang government has, by secret treaties, given Manchuria, Jehol, Inner Mongolia, and North China to Japan. The Kuomintang government has allowed Great Britain to capture control of West and Northwest China. The Kuomintang government closed its eyes to French aggression from the South. The Kuomintang government is the direct tool of American imperialism in Central China. Even Germany is sticking its snout into China. Japan's cry of anguish on April 17, warning all other imperialist powers to keep out of

China, to stop arming China, so that Japan may have it all to herself, is sufficient proof in itself of the line-up. America, Great Britain, and France did not deny Japanese charges; they merely shouted back: "You can't have China all to yourself—we won't let you."

This direct sell-out of China by the Kuomintang government is making it very easy for Japanese and British imperialists to form a solid front against the Soviet Union along the entire northern frontiers of China. The Kuomintang government is thus giving direct aid to the imperialists in their preparation for the coming world conflagration.

"The Running Dogs"

Slowly but surely the masses in Kuomintang China are becoming more and more aroused against the treachery of Chiang Kai-shek and his regime. Just as surely as this process goes on, so also does the Kuomintang government become more and more the tool of the imperialists. Without their support Chiang Kai-shek could not exist a day. The Chinese aptly call Kuomintang officials and militarists "the running dogs of the imperialists." It is inevitable that these running dogs of imperialism will be crushed, on the one hand, by its own treachery and sell-out tactics, and on the other hand by the rapidly increasing uprising of the Chinese masses against them.

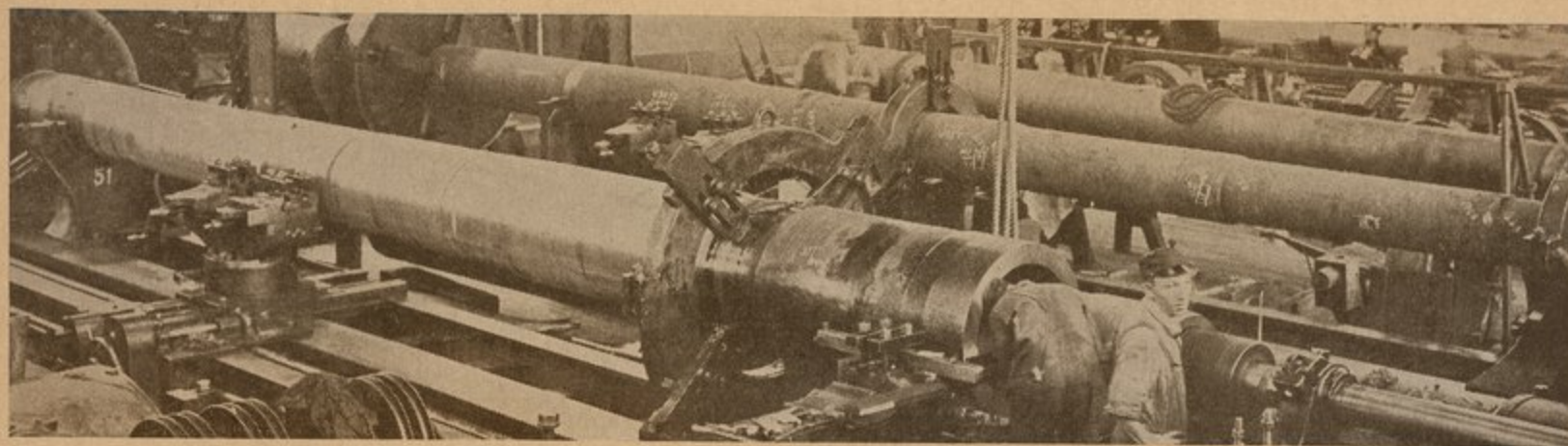
"In the obvious state of unrest now prevailing throughout the world, evidences of which are plainly visible in our own country, an efficient and dependable military establishment, constantly responsive to the will of its government, constitutes a rock of stability and one of a nation's priceless possessions."—*Gen. Douglas MacArthur, "hero" of the battle against the unarmed Bonus Marchers, in a report asking for \$170,000,000 more for the army.*



"War alone brings up to its highest tension all human energy and puts the stamp of nobility upon the peoples who have the courage to meet it. . . . Thus a doctrine which is founded upon this harmful postulate of peace is hostile to Fascism. And thus hostile to the spirit of Fascism."—*Mussolini in the "Political and Social Doctrine of Fascism."*



"Potsdam stands at the sign of the Cross and breathes the spirit of armed defense, of will to war, of honor and self-assertion. And more than human power is needed to carry out the vows solemnly made by Hitler and Hindenburg at the tomb of the great Frederick. God's help and blessing must attend this task."—*Von Papen in a speech at Potsdam.*



Boring huge 14 in. Guns for the U. S. Army and Navy

WHO MAKES THE GUNS?

By GRACE HUTCHINS

Author of "Women Who Work," "Labor and Silk"

"With the summoning of the men for the army, coupled with our own War needs and those of our allies, there will be a call for enormous production at a time when the available male labor supply will be greatly curtailed. . . .

"Having in mind both a minimum of disarrangement and disturbance in labor conditions and a steady increase in the production of War material, it is suggested that an intensive training course of from four to eight weeks be given to women workers. In this time the average woman could get a working knowledge of one machine, or at least a knowledge of the use of that machine for a single operation, and so in a short time be ready for productive work."

The date is September, 1917. The paper is the *Travelers Standard*, published by the engineering and inspection division of the *Travelers Insurance Co.*, Hartford, Conn. The engineers are concerned with efficiency and, incidentally, with the great number of accidents happening to women workers, newly introduced into railroad repair shops, airplane factories, munition plants, and other establishments for the making of War supplies.

Already in England, they report, the manufacture of various type of engines for aeroplanes is largely in the hands of women. In the making of a cylinder requiring twenty-six distinct operations, twenty-three are performed by women. In the gun factories, women are doing practically all of the work on important guns. Women are making the delicate optical instruments for range finding and gun sighting.

In the United States so many girls and women were brought into industry for the first time that it took five and a half pages of close, small type in a government report just to list in paragraph form the processes in which

women were actually substitutes for men. The industries ranged from blast furnaces and steel works to logging camps and saw mills.

Women in War Industries

The date is May, 1934. A letter from a friend in Stamford, Conn., describes the replacing of boys by girls in the *Yale and Towne Manufacturing Company's* giant plant. This company makes Yale locks in peace-time, but turns its attention to special War supplies when the country "resorts to arms." They are now replacing a large part of their male help with girls and young women who are paid as little as 32½ cents an hour, while the minimum for boys and young men under the N.R.A. code is 40 cents. One girl, using a machine formerly run by a man in room No. 112, cut her hand below the wrist, while another girl in room No. 113 smashed two fingers and lost them.

In the nearby Bridgeport plants of the *Remington Arms Co.*, four thousand women workers were employed in the cartridge shops in 1916, even before the United States entered the World War. The *E. I. du Pont de Nemours Co.*, one of the largest munition companies in the world, employs girls in the plug and solder and in the sulphur and testing departments of its plant at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, where caps and fuses are made.

In other chemical industries, easily converted into War uses, several thousand women are at work—about eleven thousand as operatives in rayon plants and nearly twelve thousand in "other chemical factories." Both rayon and dynamite can be made from nitro-cellulose, and the nitro-cellulose process of making rayon can be changed practically overnight into the production of dynamite. It is therefore significant in connection with War preparations that girls and women outnumber men as operatives in rayon factories.

Other industries of considerable importance in War time show a marked increase in the number of women workers employed. One of these is the manufacture of electrical ma-

chinery and supplies, employing over 45,000 women and girls in 1930, an increase of 65 percent in a decade. At one large electrical plant in Ohio, for example, there was an increase in the proportion of girls in the total labor force from 8.8 percent in 1916, to 23.6 percent in 1918, and 26.3 percent in 1925. These figures show clearly the remarkable rise during the two years of the War.

In Birth and Death

"Arms and the Women" might well be the title of another article following *Fortune's* recent story of arms and the men. But it would be a story not of the rich armament makers with their mines, their banks, and their holding companies. It would be a tale of working women making shells and operating drill presses and tapping machines—of girls working at top speed for greater and greater output, exposed to T.N.T. poisoning, to dinitro-benzene poisoning, and to the sores caused by fulminate of mercury in the priming machine departments and in the loading rooms. Girls make the guns.

Romain Rolland writes: "Ernst Thaelman has unjustly been kept in prison for more than a year. It is to be feared that the National-Socialist government is avenging itself on him for its defeat in the Leipzig trial. We must defend Thaelman."

The 400 workers of the great printing office of *Vernay & Co.*, in Vienna, have refused to pay any contributions to the printers' trade union since the appointment of federal leaders to the union. When a shop steward proposed to the 600 workers of the *Bally* shoe factory to join the *Patriotic Front*, they accepted in silence. However, when a representative of the *Patriotic Front* spoke on its aims, the workers quickly shouted him down. As a result not a single worker, man or woman, joined.

(Continued from page fourteen)

enough or couldn't keep the men down all the time. The Bolshevik slogans of "Land, Peace, and Bread," coupled with that of fraternization on the front, was ripping the War machine wide open. Tsar Nicholas was thrown onto the dung heap of history, and immediately the Y. M. C. A. was rushed into emergency action. Y secretaries began swarming into Russia with these words ringing in their ears: "We don't want anybody to go across as a Y. M. C. A. secretary and add the weight of his words to the wave of radicalism that is sweeping over Europe to an alarming degree." (But were they to be impartial and stick to supplying spiritual succor?) "We are sending our men to Russia in order that they may sow the seed of true democracy and of democratic ideas."

Sabotaging the Revolution

But the situation grew worse. In the summer of 1917 our pacifist president sent a delegation to help Kerensky keep his end up. John R. Mott, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. (recently proposed for the Nobel Peace Prize), went along. He got into action immediately. Speaking to church leaders he said: "Go back to all your parishes in cities, towns, and villages and tell the Russian people that America is with them. Tell them to stand firmly behind the Provisional Government. Tell them to be true to the church that it may in this time of colossal strain preserve the solidarity of the nation. Tell them that we believe that, in view of what Russia has already achieved in this War, in view of the wonderful (!) sacrifices which the Russian people have already made, in view of the vast and vital issues at stake, and in view of the urgency of the situation and the gravity of the crisis, Russia and her allies must continue steadfast to the end."

Then came the report of his work to the U. S. Government, written while traveling on a warship in July 30, 1917: "Whatever can be done, therefore, to ensure and develop the highest working efficiency and truly triumphant spirit of the Russian soldiers has a most direct, practical, and vital bearing on the destiny of America and her allies. . . . From the nature of the case, the minds of the multitudes of Russian soldiers have been more or less absorbed with the political and social issues thrust upon them by the Revolution. . . ."

"It would be difficult to over-state the urgency of this extraordinary situation. The late autumn and the winter months will constitute the most critical testing period. If these men can be afforded pleasant and profitable occupation during this trying time, it will ensure conservation of probably the greatest single asset of the Allied cause."

That Mott had his finger on the pulse of

the Russian nation is clear from this last statement, but that he did not have the power to control that pulse, is a historical fact.

Anti-War Work in the Y's

This brief picture of the Y. M. C. A. in the World War is black. But nothing else could be expected of an officialdom groomed by the industrialists. It can be said with certainty that, should we be unable to avert the rapidly ad-

vancing War today, we will again find the Y. M. C. A. playing its appointed role.

But the picture is not yet complete. With the establishment of the American League Against War and Fascism we have been able to turn the attention of the enemies of imperialist War toward the building of organization in such places as the Y's, those potential reservoirs for a docile imperialist army. The millions who frequent the various Y's, as well as numerous sincere leaders, can be won in the fight against War. We have begun to prove this.

WORLD AFFILIATION

Paris,
April 30, 1934.

Dear Comrades:

I have been informed that the American League has affiliated with the World Committee of Struggle Against War and Fascism. This is a great step in the annals of the American struggle, and I want very much to stress the importance of it and at the same time to indicate to you the deep satisfaction that your decision has aroused among all our comrades of the French Movement and of the other National Movements.

The struggle against the forces of reaction, which are today operating under the nationalistic and repressive label of Fascism, and against the scourge of War, which the capitalist regime is preparing over the entire world, has reached such a point of sharpness and depth that the only possible obstacle to the triumph of imperialism, with all its attendant misery, ruin, and misfortune, must be a vast wave of the workers of the world.

The formal affiliation of your section to the group of sections already in existence is therefore an evidence of the consciously international, unmistakably universal attitude which

must from now on be adopted if the social struggle is ever to conquer the future.

Your adherence takes on an additional importance in our eyes by virtue of the great revolutionary value—in the large and profound sense of the word—that, in our opinion, is attached to the strivings of the workers and intellectuals of America. The young and clear-sighted American nation, whose comparatively short history is responsible for all its youthful qualities, but which has, on the other hand and as a consequence of this, a unique experience of the capitalist power developed among them—this people, I am certain, will be among those to take the lead in the movement for the emancipation of the world.

Here, in the midst of our own struggle against an ever more open and ever more cynical Fascization, as embodied in the alliance of a reactionary government with all the forces of oppression, the news of this large reinforcement, of the official affiliation of the American Anti-Fascist and Anti-War Movement to ours, has stimulated the hope and energy of our masses.

Fraternally yours,

HENRI BARBUSSE.

Charles Dubin, a striker of the West Point Knitting Mills, Philadelphia, beaten up by Policemen. Women Strikers are shown battling Police in defense of their Fellow Worker





BUILDING the LEAGUE



By **IDA DAILES**
Assistant Secretary

The outstanding achievement of the New York Section during the past months is the working out of the organizational structure of the League. Supporters are being organized into branches. Branches are composed of ten or more individual members; Neighborhood Committees are composed of Branch members together with two delegates from each local organization in the neighborhood. The Branch sends two delegates to the City Central Committee; the Neighborhood Committee sends five delegates. City-wide organizations send two delegates direct to the City Central Committee. The National Office recommends that this form of organization be taken as a guide by other Sections and adapted to the local situation.

The New York Committee is giving active co-operation to the sending of representative delegation of women to the International Congress of Women Against War and Fascism in Paris in July. The first combined membership and City Central Committee meeting held May 7 approved the setting of August 4, 20th anniversary of the World War as a day of demonstration against War and Fascism. One of the highlights in the activities of the past month is the building of Neighborhood Committees in places where Fascist are concentrated (Yorkville and Ridgewood).

In response to the call for the World Congress of Women Against War and Fascism, the Chicago Section of the League has worked out a thorough and detailed campaign for the election of delegates from that region. In addition to setting up a broad committee of women workers, representatives of Negro organizations, social workers, teachers, nurses, Jewish Women's Councils, pacifist organizations, etc., this campaign has been made the principal order of business at a full City Committee meeting. Margaret Cowl, who is on an organization tour in connection with this campaign, will speak at a mass meeting in Chicago on May 24.

Leaflets and pamphlets will be circulated in factories where women work. The prospect is to send delegates from the most important industries where women are employed in Illinois, and as many representative middle-class women as are able to pay their own expenses. The Regional Conference to elect delegates is set for early in July.

The Pittsburgh, Boston, and Milwaukee Sections are also at work on plans for the women's campaign. Work has been started in Alabama for two Negro women delegates, and

small conferences are being called for the nomination of these delegates.

One of the results of the launching of the women's campaign is that a section of the League is being established in Duluth, and work is being stimulated in other sections. Farm women in Nebraska, Idaho, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Pennsylvania are participating actively in this work.

We urge all sections to utilize the campaign for women's delegations to penetrate new organizations, particularly of women; to broaden and build the League to greater strength.

Volunteer secretaries and committees have been established by the National Bureau of the League to make contacts and develop a campaign for affiliation among trade union and religious groups. Sections of the League and interested individuals are urged to communicate names of trade union leaders, ministers, etc., who would assist in this work.

A basic leaflet on Fascism in the United States and how to combat it is being prepared by the National Bureau. It will be printed in a few weeks and will be available at the National Office. A series of leaflets and pamphlets is planned, but their publication depends on our obtaining funds. Local committees and individuals are urged to make contributions for this purpose.

The draft call for the Second U. S. Congress Against War and Fascism has been sent to more than a hundred national organizations for additional suggestions, amendments, and endorsements. The Second Congress will take place in Chicago, September 29 and 30, 1934.

All preliminary work in connection with the Congress should be started by City Committees and League supporters. You can begin by gathering names and addresses of local organizations who should be reached with the call for delegates, tightening up and extending your apparatus, and making other plans for the campaign. New York City pledges one thousand delegates. The Second Congress, like the first, will be open to all opponents of War and Fascism, regardless of their political, social, or economic views. Our aim is to double the size of the first Congress, to increase and extend our organized influence, and establish a sound organizational base for the fight against War and Fascism.

YOUTH SPARKS

The press of the country brings daily reports of the U. S. fleet maneuvers. These will culminate in the review of the fleet in New York Harbor by President Roosevelt on May 31. In view of this and the critical situation in the Far East, the demonstrations against War called for May 30, National Youth Day, have special significance. A number of cities have called Youth Conferences. These include Boston, Los Angeles, New York—three waterfront cities.

In New York the conference promises to be the broadest one yet held by the Youth Section. Credentials from three Y's, several settlement houses, a number of radio and metal shops have been received. Ninety-one delegates from 68 organizations answered the call of the Northern New Jersey Youth Federation for state-wide Anti-War organization. Affiliation to the Youth Section was voted. Among those present were church groups, Young Circle League, shops, and the Young Peoples Socialist League. The latter opposed affiliation. All joined in supporting National Youth Day to be held in Paterson.

Chalk one up for New Haven, Conn. Boy Scouts sell **FIGHT** to the *Remington Arms Plant*. And the workers are eager to buy them. In Boston a member of the Youth Section sells over 100 copies to the longshoremen. At first they bought through curiosity—now they ask: "When's the next issue coming out."

The *Hearst* press still hasn't gotten over the student strike against War. Twenty thousand striking students aren't so easy to forget. Hearst, Ham Fish, Easley, et al, must be having nightmares these days. Friday, the 13th of April, was certainly unlucky for some people.

Add Cornell University to the student conferences affiliating to the Youth Section.

This issue of **FIGHT** comes at the end of the school year. It is the first year of American League activity in the colleges. And no one can deny that it has been a memorable one. Never in the history of this, or any other imperialist country, we might venture to say, has there been such a wave of anti-War organization and agitation.

The national Committee of the Youth Section has endorsed the International Sport Meet Against War and Fascism which is to be held in Paris this summer. Members of all sport organizations are invited to participate in the competitive meets to be held throughout the U. S. A. to select the American delegation.

—J. L.

TO OUR NEW READERS

This special number of FIGHT is reaching thousands of new readers. You who have never before seen or read this popular magazine which is now in its eighth number, must realize the importance of militant struggle against imperialist War and Fascism. If you are a woman reading this magazine—and this number is especially addressed to women—you must realize what the cost of War and Fascism is to you.

The burden of imperialist War is heavy upon women. (It will be even more so in the next slaughter). The War makers design propaganda to glorify legalized murder of your sons, sweethearts, husbands, brothers. They paint pretty pictures. They romanticize their butchery of your dear ones. They and their governments attempt to make you part of their machine. They place you in their War factories and in hospitals, exploit you with a little higher wages and *much* higher prices—all for their profit, under the guise of patriotism.

When the economic crisis deepens—when the working class and farmers in alliance with the most intelligent and alert section of the middle class and professionals—assert their human and economic rights, the capitalists move to the road of Fascism. Pay is reduced . . . hours are lengthened . . . trade unions are destroyed . . . freedom of working class speech, press and assembly is abolished . . . Negroes, Jews, foreign born, as well as all non-conformists are hounded . . . militant workers, farmers and honest liberals are imprisoned, tortured and killed . . . *women are put "back in their place."*

FIGHT as the official publication of the American League Against War and Fascism exposes, fights and organizes against these evils. FIGHT publishes material not published anywhere else. FIGHT prints articles, short stories, exposes, international news items, factual material, photographs, cartoons. FIGHT publishes material from munition factories, from the armed forces of the imperialist governments, from key industries, from schools and colleges, from churches, from the farm, and from the centers of finance capital.

FIGHT invites you—if you wish to be informed of this world-wide movement—to become a regular subscriber. We ask you to mail us 50 cents for a one-year subscription.

FIGHT Against War and Fascism, 112 East 19th Street, New York, N. Y.

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