

May
1936

The Fight

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AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM





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With the Readers



THE war makers are a bad lot in more than one way. Take for instance the problem of spring: nice warm days and the promise of green things now sprouting. Why should we be cooped up in this office? There is a park around the corner and we would like to sit on a bench for an hour or two and do nothing. But the war makers are very busy these days and we therefore are kept on the go. Come to think of it, we couldn't sit in that park anyway. It's locked and only the few who can afford exclusive apartments have the key to Gramercy Park.

BUT our little office looks pretty good to us and it's a very busy office, too. We have been swamped with hundreds of letters, telephone calls, and personal messages about the new FIGHT. We had an idea there would be quite an interest in the magazine but this response is beyond our expectations. But that's life anyway.

TAKE the *New Republic* for instance. They blossomed forth with this editorial: "... The nearest thing to a miracle ... has been achieved by THE FIGHT, organ of the American League Against War and Fascism. With a paid editorial staff of exactly one, and with financial resources hardly big enough to buy a frayed shoestring at market prices, it has now become a thirty-two page, four-column monthly printed in five colors—yes, and with a list of able contributors. ... It is mass support that achieves the only miracles of modern times."

"I think your April number of THE FIGHT is a triumph," writes Robert Morss Lovett "and as the *New Republic* says, a miracle. The magazine contains an extraordinary number of vital and timely articles, and its format is extremely effective. Apart from other activities of the League, the magazine justifies the existence of the American League Against War and Fascism."

FROM Washington, U. S. Senator Elmer A. Benson writes that "although the periodical undoubtedly was effective in its previous form, the innovations should greatly increase the scope of its influence." Max S. Hayes, a pioneer in the trade-union movement, writes from Cleveland that the new magazine is "a very profound improvement in make-up ... and ahead of other publications in contents relating to the great problem of our generation—Fascism and war."

OUR Glamorous Spy idea was not liked by Quincy Howe, "but this one weak spot," he informs us, "is more than overbalanced by Hallgren, Seldes, and your excellent departments." Waldo Frank thinks that we have made a magazine "which should broaden enormously the popular appeal of the fight against war and Fascism."

WE have always had a weak spot for children's magazines, and why not? Read what the editor of the *New Pioneer* says: "The April FIGHT is a wow, a knockout, a honey! ... For looks, readability, and content, it has them all beaten." And the Rev. William Lloyd Imes writes that the magazine is now in the "very front ranks of the thoughtful and purposeful propaganda magazines of the day for the common good. ... Thank Heaven, we now have it on the side of humanity, to ennoble it, and protect it from war, economic exploitation. ..."

WHO cares about the key to Gramercy Park anyway?



World War exhibits moved to the Imperial Museum, London

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JOSEPH PASS, Editor

The Fight Against War and Fascism, published monthly by the National Executive Committee of the American League Against War and Fascism, 112 East 19th Street, New York, N. Y. Chairman, Harry F. Ward. Vice-Chairmen, Robert Morss Lovett, Mrs. Victor L. Berger, Earl Browder, Max S. Hayes, Jacob Mirsky. Treasurer, William P. Mangold. Secretarial Staff: Executive, Paul Reid; Administration, Clara Bodian; Organization, Waldo McNutt; Youth, James Lerner; Women, Dorothy McConnell; Trade Union, John Masso; Religious, Rev. Herman F. Reissig. Single Copies, 10 cents. Yearly subscriptions, \$1.00. Six-month subscription, 55 cents. Canada and Foreign, \$1.50 a year. Entered as Second-Class matter, February 20, 1935, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

The Contributors



SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER makes her debut as an anti-Fascist writer in this issue of FIGHT. An Englishwoman, her best-known novels in this country are "Lolly Willowses," the first Book-of-the-Month Club selection, and "Mr. Fortune's Maggot." We are curious to see whether her forthcoming novel takes an anti-Fascist stand.

HARRY STERNBERG, who illustrated Miss Warner's story, is a winner of a 1936 Guggenheim fellowship. His work is on permanent exhibition at the Whitney Museum of Art, Newark Public Library, and other institutions.

WALTER WILSON is a native of the South. He is the author of "Forced Labor in the United States" and is now finishing a book for Harper's on soldiers. He has contributed to many publications, including *The New Republic*, *Harper's*, etc.

KEITH SWARD, author of the article on steel, is the Federated Press correspondent in Pittsburgh.

LOUIS LOZOWICK, whose conception of industrial scenes ranks among the finest examples of modern art, has appeared in *Theater Arts*, *The Nation*, *The Forum*, and *Harper's Magazine*.

PIERRE VAN PAASSEN was sent to Europe by the *New York Evening World* in 1925 and has been roaming the world ever since, excepting for a brief lecture tour in America in 1932. He witnessed the Druse revolt in Syria, the Abd-El Krim uprising in Morocco, Pilsudki's *putsch*, the disturbances in Palestine and the rise and fall of the Commune of the Asturias in 1934. He is now foreign correspondent for the Central Canadian Press and has made three trips to the front in the Ethiopian War.

SYDNEY HOFF is one of America's youngest and most brilliant humorous caricaturists. FIGHT welcomes him to its growing list of distinguished contributors.

HEYWOOD BROUN is President of the American Newspaper Guild and a daily columnist for the Scripps-Howard newspapers. Echoes of his radio speech for the New York Trade Union Committee of the American League Against War and Fascism, which is reprinted here, are still ringing throughout labor circles.

LESLIE READE, who writes the article on the Haymarket tragedy, is an English playwright and barrister whose play, "The Shattered Lamp," was produced on Broadway. He has contributed to *The New Republic* and other publications.

DR. GEORGE A. COE, who writes on the Nazi inferiority complex, is Professor of Education (retired), Teachers College, Columbia University, and is the author of "The Motives of Man," "The Psychology of Religion," etc.

THEODORE SCHEEL, a native of St. Louis, is a satirical artist who has contributed to *Collier's*, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and other national publications.

GEORGES SCHREIBER, who drew the cover, is a regular contributor to *Pictorial Review*, *The Nation*, *New Yorker*, *Fortune*, and formerly to *Vanity Fair*. He illustrated the American edition of Hans Fallada's "Little Man, What Now," and this fall Houghton Mifflin will publish his "Portraits and Self-Portraits."



L O N D O N



P A R I S



M O S C O W



M A D R I D

Points of Interest

ARE you from Missouri? Do you have an inborn distrust of the conflicting reports of world trends that reach you? Do you want to see for yourself, with your own eyes?

FIGHT offers you this opportunity. Feel the pulse of the man-in-the-street of London, Paris, Moscow, or Madrid. Take your choice. It's the chance of a lifetime.

It won't cost you a cent, but you must act, and quickly. Here's the story in a nutshell: FIGHT must double its circulation. The European trip is the reward for the reader who does the most to help us achieve our goal. It isn't so hard a task to sell FIGHT in these times. In the first place, our new format goes a long way to cutting down sales resistance. But even more important is the demand on the part of the American public for information on matters pertaining to the prevention of war and Fascism. We printed over 35,000 copies of our last issue, 5,000 more than ever before. Twelve days after the magazine came from the printer, copies were as scarce as Shakespearean folios. We should be selling 100,000 copies at the very least. But we're not impatient. We have set a goal of 60,000 by September 15, when the contest ends.

Start now . . . today . . . and get in on the ground floor.

RULES OF THE SUBSCRIPTION CONTEST

1. Anyone is eligible to enter this contest except employees in the National Office of FIGHT, or in the National Office of the American League Against War and Fascism, or their families.
2. The contest opened March 30, 1936, and closes at 6 P.M. on September 15, 1936. All subscriptions must be in this office by that date.
3. All subscriptions sent in for the contest must be marked plainly FOR CONTEST, and must contain the name and address of subscriber as well as name and address of contestant.
4. All subscriptions will be counted as follows: One year subscription (\$1), one point; six-month subscription (55 cents), one-half point. *No discounts of any kind will be given on subscriptions in this contest.* In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.
5. All communications regarding the contest should be addressed: FIGHT Contest Department, 112 E. 19th St., Room 702, New York, N. Y.
6. Awards will be announced within six days after the closing day of the contest within the pages of FIGHT.
7. PRIZE: A round-trip ticket from New York City to either London, Paris, Moscow, or Madrid, winner's choice, and a ten-day stopover in one of these cities. The winner may go immediately after the closing date of the contest, or at any time within twelve months of that date.

The Fight

AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM

May, 1936

Passed with Honor

A psychological story of Wilfred, an English boy who joined the Fascist ranks, and then...

By Sylvia Townsend Warner

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY STERNBERG

IT WAS the same thing over again. No, it was worse. For he was in the army now, and one cannot get out of the army. Year after year it would go on, the taunting and the sneering, the spying-out and the holding up to shame. And he would go on, too, flinching, and giving himself away. A war might end it, but nothing else would. As the sergeant had said, he would never have the guts to be a deserter.

When Wilfred Mew was eighteen he had joined the Blackshirts. At first it had been rather fun. The son of a small landowner, he had grown up strong and agile of body; and it pleased him to show his strength among the shop-boys and weedy clerks of the country town. Mr. Winfrith, too, who had

charge of the local branch, and who first encouraged Wilfred to join it, praised and supported him. When the boys were boxing and doing physical jerks Mr. Winfrith would bellow out, "Geewup, Wilfred! Show them what a Varmer's Bwoy can a-do, then!" and though Mr. Winfrith's attempts at dialect were embarrassing, his approval was sweet.

For a while there was not much to do except boxing, and drill, and chalking *We Want Mosley* on walls. It was a peaceful little town. Mr. Winfrith often regretted that there were no Jews or Socialists to beat up. That was the real thing, he said. Fighting was the stuff, better than girls or drink, though a little taste of those didn't do a man any harm. Then, one Saturday

evening, two men appeared in the market-place, selling a Communist paper. Mr. Winfrith brought the news to the club. He told them to turn out, and to be careful, too, for those red skunks were always armed with razor-blades.

THEY turned out, twenty of them, and Mr. Winfrith went with them, to keep an eye on things, he said. They stood round the paper sellers who took no notice of them, a policeman came up, but was dismissed by Mr. Winfrith's assurances that he need not interfere. They booed, and hung about, clogged by the Anglo-Saxon dislike of doing anything striking in public. Mr. Winfrith went up to the paper sellers, and began to harangue them. He talked



Practice in killing to order soon began. Straw puppets, dressed comically, were set up for recruits' bayonet practice

long and ramblingly, and very loudly, and they looked as though they had heard it before. Then he made a grab at the older man's papers, saying that as he was a J.P. he had a perfect right to impound such seditious tommyrot, that he wouldn't have it sold in his town, anyway. The younger man got in his path, and Mr. Winfrith staggered. He was never very steady on his feet by the evening.

"Come on, boys!" shouted Mr. Winfrith. "They're getting vicious. Put 'em on the pavement."

Wilfred, proud of his strength, chafing to do something, rushed up and hit the younger man. It was a hard blow, and the man went down, his elbow crashing against the curb. His papers scattered, the other Blackshirts snatched at them and began tearing them up. Wilfred was left looking at the man he had hit, who got up slowly, his face working with pain.

"I say, I'm sorry," Wilfred said.

The words were overheard. He was never allowed to forget them. He was called Sissie, and Jesus, and Wilfred the Peacemaker; and his fellows would come up to him, twist his arm, hack his shins, kick his backside, and lisp, "I thay. I'm thowwy."

He endured it, waiting for the day when he could vindicate his manliness, do—what none of them had done, he told himself. When that day came he strolled into the club, saying airily that he had joined the army.

Army discipline was what he needed, he knew. In the army you do not have to depend on your own liking, you kill to order. Ever since that evening in the market-place something had gone queer in Wilfred's mind, and in Wilfred's stomach. He didn't like the sight of pain. It was as though that paper-selling fellow had done what the Communists set out to do—had gone worming into him, undermining his sense of right and wrong. The army, where you kill to order, would set that right.

Practice in killing to order soon began. Straw puppets, dressed comically, were set up for recruits' bayonet practice. The sergeant stood by, encouraging them, roaring with laughter and jeering at their clumsiness.

"Rip him up!" he shouted. "Prod him in the guts! Fetch out his blood-puddings, can't you? Wriggle them out, let's see what he ate for dinner yesterday. You there, Mew! Hurt him, can't you?"

All of a sudden Wilfred began to tremble and was sick.

From that day the old ignominy came back. "Mee-oo, mee-oo!" they squalled after him. "Poor pussy, then. Did she cat?" And exploiting his weakness, they told him endless stories of wounds and mutilations.

For the most part, they twitted him with sufferings that might fall to his own lot. The more modern-minded talking of gases that rot the lungs,

gases that bite away the skin, the older men asserting that there was nothing like a good old-fashioned prod in the guts. But a few, the cleverer ones, snuffed out his more abominable shame, his milksop flinching from being himself the destroyer. They brought him cockroaches, and dared him to pull them to bits, they hunted him with scorched mice, broken fledglings, rabbits with their ears wrenched off, and besought him to put the poor animals out of their misery.

It got into his dreams. Night after night he maimed, beat, throttled, raped, pulled out eyes on interminable slimy strings, groped among soft hot entrails. His dream victims were dumb and compliant.

THE barracks were in the middle of a bare heath country. In their free time the men might go for walks, straggling over the heath, rather intimidated because the heath was said to harbor a great many adders. They went in groups, chaffing and ragging each other, or in melancholy confiden-

tial pairs. Only Wilfred went alone. He had no friends, and out of doors his tormentors soon left him alone. The Noncoms were not there to egg them on, and the pleasure of teasing him seemed to thin away when it was exposed to the sullen unfriendly landscape.

The heath was broken with hummocks and hollows, a barren landscape, abhorrent to his inbred feeling for labored arable and green pastures. On this July day its uniform of scorched moor-grass and scrubby ling was almost the same color as his. Wild bees traveled from tuft to tuft, the fern-owls called—a jarring ghostly note that made him think of rattlesnakes. One of those adders might free him. He would let it strike again and again. If adders were like rattlesnakes, he would have a sure way out of his troubles then.

Last night it was a horse he had killed, old Diamond, the black cart-horse. He had poured paraffin over its haunches and set fire to them. The hindquarters flared and writhed, the

horse looked at him silently, the forelock hanging quietly between its eyes. That morning they had brought him a shrieking young rat, spitted on a bayonet. He had flinched away.

And so it would go on, and so it would go on. He would never break through this habit of flinching and feeling sick, and every night these dreams would visit him, spoiling his nerve, making him ever more incapable of carrying himself as a man among men.

He walked on, snatching at the bracken and tearing his fingers. It grew thick in this little hollow, it grew thigh-high. He stumbled, he had trodden on something living. The adder? No, a man's hand.

An old tramp was asleep in the hollow, lying on his back, a battered felt hat tilted forward over his face. Below the hat brim a yellowish-white beard bristled out. He was lying in the crucified attitude of fatigue, his arms outstretched, his feet crossed in their broken dusty boots. He stirred, the hat shifted a little, and his right hand vaguely took hold of Wilfred's ankle.

Wilfred lost his balance, tipped forward down the slope of the hollow, and fell across the sleeping man. Beneath him he felt a stir, a struggle, bones rearing through the fusty clothes and the thin flesh of old age. The hat fell off, and amid the yellow-white beard a mouth opened, and teeth showed, broken and discolored. A puff of foul breath came; but no words, though the jaws worked, and the tongue wagged inside the dark mouth.

He was dumb then, this tramp, dumb like all the others. The dream came in daylight now, and in real life.

Lying on top of the old man Wilfred began to strangle him, squeezing his windpipe, watching the tongue stream out further and further, and the little bright eyes goggle from their sallow rims. The body squirmed and shrugged beneath him, but it was easy and rather pleasant to keep it down, it was like lying upon some sort of a tickling mattress that provoked and at the same time caressed his answering thrust of muscle. He felt a kind of deprivation when the body beneath him lay still.

Slowly, reluctantly, he got up, turning away as though from an excrement, smoothing down his clothes and brushing his hands one against the other. It was over, he had killed at last. And it wasn't too bad a feeling. He felt physically lightened, as though after a heavy digestion his bowels had worked. The smell of the old man's fustiness was still upon him, but the air would soon brush it away.

HE looked at his wrist watch. Lord, it was much later than he thought! He must hurry back to barracks. He began to run over the heath, bounding from tussock to tussock. He would get into trouble if he was late.



Slowly, reluctantly, he got up, turning away as though from an excrement, smoothing down his clothes and brushing his hands one against the other. It was over, he had killed at last. The smell of the old man's fustiness was still upon him, but the air would soon brush it away



Frick's Millions

WHEN Henry Clay Frick, the coke and steel baron, turned sixty-nine in 1918, he willed a forty-million-dollar art collection to the City of New York. To a confidant, Frick said: "I want this collection to be my monument."

The patron of art in no way concealed the economic man by such a gesture. Back in the seventies Andrew Mellon's father was reliably informed that "Frick may be a little too enthusiastic about pictures but not enough to hurt." Frick's real memorial was something quite different. It was he who smashed the Homestead steel strike of 1892. "If it takes even my life itself," he said, "I will fight this thing to the bitter end. I will never recognize the union; never, never." For the first time in American history a corps of private industrial "police" was engaged to shoot striking workers. Frick had two bargeloads of undeputized Pinkerton guards towed up the Ohio River at night. The steel workers were armed and posted along the river bank behind machinery and piles of pig iron. The Pinkertons tried shooting. Then they hoisted a white flag and the strikers marched them out of town.

Not even the President of the United States could force him to recognize the union, Frick told the Republican National Committee and members of the

A steel baron who willed to a museum his forty-million-dollar art collection, and to the people of Pennsylvania a shrine of company towns, union wrecking, spy systems, low wages, and machine guns

By Keith Sward

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS LOZOWICK

cabinet when they begged him to arbitrate the Homestead dispute. At Frick's wish, 8000 National Guardsmen pitched their tents on Braddock's Field overlooking Homestead. Rolling of steel went on for five months with non-union labor under military guard. The union then collapsed. None of U. S. Steel's "captive" mines has dealt with union miners since Frick "cleaned out" the coke region in 1890.

"We had to teach our employees a lesson," Frick reminisced, "and we have taught them one that they will never forget." He wrote Andrew Carnegie: "It is hard to estimate what blessings will flow from our recent complete victory." Carnegie Steel profits by 1899 had mounted to 80% on its inflated capital writeup and to five times

that on its original paid-up shares.

As late as 1920, one half of the Pittsburgh steel employees were working twelve-hour shifts. Steel was paying lower wages than any comparable industry. One third of the mill workers were existing on less than a bare subsistence wage. The workers' homes were foul, crowded firetraps. The mills were honeycombed with labor spies. Present-day conditions in the steel towns are fundamentally every bit as bad as those which comprised the background of the great abortive steel strike of 1919, which, ironically, broke out the year Frick died.

Morgan bought out Carnegie in 1901. His syndicate paid Carnegie \$350,000,000. Frick's cut was sixty million. Carnegie used philanthropy to

quiet his conscience; Frick didn't have a conscience. Frick left his legacy to U. S. Steel. The corporation's labor policy, not the art collection, is his heritage, his lasting monument.

The Company Union

In the summer and fall of 1933, the H. C. Frick Coke Co. tried to palm off a company union on its coal miners in southwestern Pennsylvania. This was the Employee Representation Plan developed by Arthur H. Young. U. S. Steel lawyers drafted the constitution which controls this plan. Changing the constitution requires a two-thirds vote of a committee on which capital and labor are represented fifty-fifty. These so-called unions cannot make contracts with the employer. Their demands, if any, are simply pigeonholed. They are paper unions.

In Pittsburgh the Steel Labor Relations Board ruled that Steel had forced its employees to vote for company unions. The corporation's leading New York counsel defended the company union representatives at the hearing. Steel got injunctions to block the reelection orders handed down by the board. Then the NRA and the Steel Labor Board turned out to be what Judge Stacey had predicted: "ghosts floating around in the air."

(Continued on page 25)

Letters from Soldiers

In this, the first article in a series of three, the writer quotes from hundreds of letters he has received from almost every state in the Union

By Walter Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL JAMES



THE COMMON soldier came home in 1919 hating the war and the war-makers and the war-managers. National Commander J. Ray Murphy of the American Legion told the delegates to the American Federation of Labor convention at Atlantic City last year that the Legion was organized because of the discontent among the common soldiers. We have even stronger evidence, the letters of hundreds of veterans and soldiers written during the War and after.

But almost twenty years have passed. There is a danger that the veterans will forget their grievances and their old war-time hatred of militarism and militarists. Henri Barbusse in his powerful war novel *Under Fire* has one of his characters say: "You're right, we shall forget. Not only the length of the big misery which can't be calculated, as you say, ever since the beginning, but the marches that turn up the ground and turn it again, lacerating your feet and wearing out your bones under a load that seems to grow bigger in the sky, the exhaustion until you don't know your own name any more, the tramping and the inaction that grinds you, the digging jobs that exceed your strength, the endless vigils when you fight against sleep and watch for the enemy who is everywhere in the night, the pillows of dung and lice—we shall forget not only those but even the foul wounds of shells and machine guns, the mines, the gas, and the counter-attack. . . ." This soldier might have gone on listing the evils of war such as the snobbery and arrogance of the officer caste; the means by which the rich and powerful escaped dangerous service; the war profiteering; the injustice of military "justice" and other outrages.

Here we are allowing the Unknown Soldier to tell his story through letters. Most of these letters were sent to the

author in recent years by veterans. Some of them were written to parents or to Congressmen during the War or soon after it. A few appeared in the liberal magazines shortly after the War, chiefly in 1919—20. It is hoped that they will help to keep alive the memories of the common soldiers; their hatred of war and of those who make and profit by it. Besides, it is hoped that they will help to raise questions in the minds of the soldiers of tomorrow.

A War to End War

The following letter was written by a man who served in the World War as a private and corporal. He was severely gassed on two occasions and has been thereby incapacitated for certain kinds of work. In the introduction to his letter he said: "I have been commander of our Legion post and active on many civic committees appointed by the Mayor. . . . I was post service officer for the Legion for several years and am now a member of the County Soldiers' Relief Commission." Here is his story:

"I was 22 years old when the war broke out, unmarried, working for my father, a job that had a promising future for me. . . . I was in love with a girl and very much in love with life, but considered it my duty to enlist. I was an idealist, thought it was a war to end war, and, in any event, my country needed me. I now bitterly resent the fact other folks were permitted to make money from the War while we who did the fighting would have done it for nothing if necessary. I do not now feel any shame in accepting any additional bonus, pension, or allowance as I now feel that the war was unnecessary, that my comrades were sacrificed in order that a privileged class could make money. . . .

"In August my conscience began to bother me and I went to the draft board

and asked to be sent with the first contingent (we were all going for the same purpose and I thought the selective draft a fine thing); my draft number was a large one and I would not be called for a long time. The draft board accepted me for the first contingent and I went to camp September 6, 1917. I was in camp long enough to see the contractors wasting my country's money by destroying material in order to boost the cost—they were working on the cost-plus basis. . . . The first few weeks were hell, those shots in the arm made most of us ill and although some of us were in bed several days it was almost impossible to get medical attention.

"We arrived in the regular army about March 1, 1918. . . . From this time on with very few exceptions the officers were always first. They traveled first class and we traveled steerage. They paid little attention to us until we arrived in the training area in France. . . . Once on the way to the front a man fell out and caught up the next day. He could not help it but was told the punishment would be a crust of bread for supper; he rebelled and threw the crust at the cook. The punishment for that consisted in having his pack tied on him and his hands lashed together and tied to the back of the water cart. In this fashion he marched all night without food. . . .

A Square Lieutenant

"Once during the training period while the captain was away for a few days a group of noncommissioned officers appealed to the first lieutenant to make the cooks and kitchen help wash their hands and give us better meals instead of disposing of the food to the French. The name of the lieutenant was E. A. McGuire. He took the case up immediately and for a week we had good clean meals. Then the captain

(his name was Sullivan) returned. He called in the noncoms and accused them of mutiny and said the mess sergeant was running the kitchen and any more interference would result in serious charges against the ringleaders. . . .

A Yellow Colonel

"The first battle was St. Mihiel and our casualties were about seventy-five per cent. During this battle the captain saw us as equals and treated us as such afterward. Tears came to his eyes when he saw his men die in a barrage and without orders he moved his company to a safer position. His personal courage was of the highest type and for the first time there was mutual respect. Let us blame his former acts on a damn poor system fostered by an outworn military code. If civilians must do the fighting, let them keep their rights while in the service. The only officer who ever asked men to do what he was afraid to do was a colonel and I only heard about that. He stayed in a dugout and 'called' a lieutenant for retiring from a position that meant sure death for his men. For some unknown reason we were never given any other instructions than to fight when we went over the top. To fight and hold our ground. Unless someone assumed authority we went without a leader. I was a corporal in St. Mihiel and acting sergeant in the Meuse—Argonne and twice I assumed command of men without any real authority because no orders had been issued. I was gassed twice and could have gone to the hospital either time. Had I done so I could have had a wound stripe and later on a Purple Heart, but my duty was to keep on going. . . .

"I became quite ill, found out later it was flu, was picked up somewhere in an ambulance and taken to a field hospital. Hardly able to stand alone, I was placed before a doctor with oak

leaves on his shoulders. . . . He looked at me with disgust and said: 'Another goddam goldbrick soldier. Well, get him the hell out of here—take him up to Briey.' . . .

Officers Come First

"During my hospital experience I learned that officers who had never been under fire always came first. In food they were served first. In all shows they had the front seats. Cafés were set aside for them and they were truly gentlemen by act of Congress in a country where all men are free and equal. . . . I was insulted once by a strange major in Luxemburg for having my collar open on a hot day. I was not permitted to answer the major or my own officers would have been insulted, too. I never saw the drunken major again; I would like to meet him. . . . Since the war the government has seen fit to retire disabled officers at a high rate of pay. . . .

"One thing more: I think practically all of our officers were decorated for bravery. Not an enlisted man in our company was ever honored thus, though many of them earned a decoration. . . .

"When we came home there were no parades, no welcome. When I hit my home town in uniform they looked at

me as if to say 'Don't the damn fool know the war is over?' I was a burden to a nation with an unemployment problem and they let me know it. Now the tide has turned for me. I am respected because I have built up a business of my own . . . but my comrades who are unemployed are still classed in about the same category as a drunken friend whom we wish we had never known."

The Negro Soldier

The horrors which Negro soldiers went through in both combat and labor battalions have never been fully realized by the majority of Americans. Even less is known of the splendid fights waged by individuals and organizations among the Negro soldiers for their rights as citizen soldiers. Here is a letter that gives some indication of what the Negro soldiers went through. The letter is from Marion DeWitt Archie, who says he was used both as a laborer and a shock trooper at different times:

"At the outbreak of the war between the United States and Germany, I had returned to Minneapolis. . . . I was called to service August 3, 1918, to entrain for Camp Dodge, Iowa. I noticed no discrimination. The country was at its highest crisis then.

"But later we started active movements for France where, after the period of five weeks had elapsed, I was sailing for Brest. I was assigned by the naval captain of the ship to wait on commissioned officers' mess [white, of course—W. W.]. . . . On this very voyage, my third or fourth day out at sea, a commissioned officer said, 'Nig-

ger, hurry up, give me service.' A Negro sailor conveyed the message to the captain and the whole meal was stopped. . . . A ship court martial was threatened until the officer made an apology to me. . . . The ship's captain reprimanded all of them and said he was official commander of all on his ship and the colonel in the army must obey or be put in irons. Further, he said: 'There are no Negroes, all for one common cause.' . . . He said to the army officers it was dangerous folly to create a dislike and lose confidence of his men. . . .

"On arriving in Brest it was a custom for troops to help unload ships, after landing at port. My white captain ordered me on deck. The ship's captain told him he was still in command until he set foot on the soil. . . . Also that I gave faithful service and was entitled to that much consideration.

Discrimination Ashore

"After being in Napoleon Barracks twenty-four hours, we were herded like cattle by cavalymen with sabers who warned us not to venture beyond certain boundaries and told we would contract dreadful ailments by mingling with French people. The same time all of the whites were at liberty to do as they pleased. There was trouble with us, a fight with cavalymen. We finally gained some liberty.

"We finally entrained for advance to theater of war, hiking and hiking; then a train 40 and 8 [the famous designation on French troop boxcars: 'hommes 40; chevaux 8'] and cold and rain, rain, rain. Then ride, ride, all

day, all night, all day and night till next morning—cramped position. . . . I was ill and slow about snapping into it. A lieutenant called me a blankety-blank black nigger. I resisted and was disarmed and put under guard. 'We hiked hungry, cold, and wet. My captain deliberately kicked a soldier after he had fallen down nearly dead from exhaustion and gave orders to shoot the next soldier for an example for the rest if they did not keep up. We hiked on. Finally we came to the fighting zone. We had to do guard duty without ammunition in our rifles; food was scant; we slept in a church that had no roof. . . .

Murder as "Discipline"

"We moved on. I was taken very sick from unhealthy conditions. I was tried by court martial and put under guard. . . . One day at mess a hard-boiled sergeant, 24th Infantry, shot a soldier at my captain's request about line bucking, but this day the soldier was last and the sergeant thought he was at the same thing again. Soldier was not armed, only trying to get his beans. It was a wilful shooting on the sergeant's part. Next day the soldier and myself was sent together in ambulance to evacuation hospital. He died. . . .

"I had to fight Americans as well as to go fight Germans. You see we had as a downtrodden race and soldier a double issue. On my return voyage everything went fairly well till I got back to Camp Meade, Maryland. We had hostess-house recreation centers in every camp. All commissioned officers gave a formal dance. All doughboys and noncoms were excluded from entering our own government recreation base. . . . They had white M.P.'s [military police] to keep us out from our own race. We broke up the dance.

"Cumberland, Maryland, we were refused eats in a restaurant near a railroad station on account of color. We protested and ate anyway. Camp Meade had signs up 'Latrine, White Only'; but we used them just the same.

Medals Aren't for Negroes

"Finally I was honorably discharged in Camp Grant, Illinois. I remained in Chicago. Downtown in Grant Park there was a Red Cross hut with hostesses and recreation for returned soldiers. . . . One day a comrade came in. He was colored. With medals and citations. A white orderly accosted him, and was going to throw him out if he did not take them off. I had a medal also. . . . This orderly cast an evil eye at me. I said, 'He don't have to take it off and me neither,' and then a fight ensued. . . . We were hustled by M.P.'s in government secret service car to Federal building to a commanding officer and there threatened with six months in the house of correction. Ordered to stay away from Red Cross hut." . . .



Burning Fuses

An American foreign correspondent who covers the Ethiopian front and is now in Europe writes about the war... Mussolini... Rhineland... Soviet Union

By Pierre van Paassen

AT AMDA ARAHAM, where the Ethiopians committed the error of opposing Badoglio in close formation, two battalions of the Imperial Guard were annihilated by the Fascist artillery, but it was by no means the victory Italy made it appear. The Italian propaganda service applied magnified results, calling a corporal's guard "a division," thirteen machine guns "enormous booty" and the smoke of the straw huts of fifteen bombed Ethiopian villages "clouds arising from the gigantic Ethiopian funeral pyres." The fact is that the Ethiopians, as Coptic Christians, oppose cremating the dead. By playing on the general ignorance of the customs of the Ethiopian tribes and the lack of understanding of geographic and atmospheric conditions in the African empire, the Italian propagandists have been able to put over not a few mystifications.

Today many an American is firmly persuaded that Ethiopia is in a bad shape, smarting under defeat, at the end of her resources, and that Badoglio is bearing down on Addis Ababa with seven-league boots. The opposite is

true: Mussolini is the one who is desperate. Italy's gold reserve is dwindling so fast that British financial experts give the Duce capacity to fight at the utmost two or three months more. That is the reason Badoglio's sortie from Makale in February was followed by organized "rejoicing" in Italy and why every little skirmish of patrols in Ethiopia is worked up into "a smashing victory" and every hazardous straightening of the Italian line is made to appear as the crushing of "one more Abyssinian army."

Empty Victories

Badoglio's victories have been largely empty. He advanced 150 kilometers as far as Alam Alagi, through the easiest part of Ethiopia where he met no resistance during the first two months of the war because the Ethiopian troops did not arrive at the front till January. Six hundred and fifty kilometers lie before him over a terrain that grows more troublesome every step of the way. I walked the whole distance twice; I know whereof I speak.

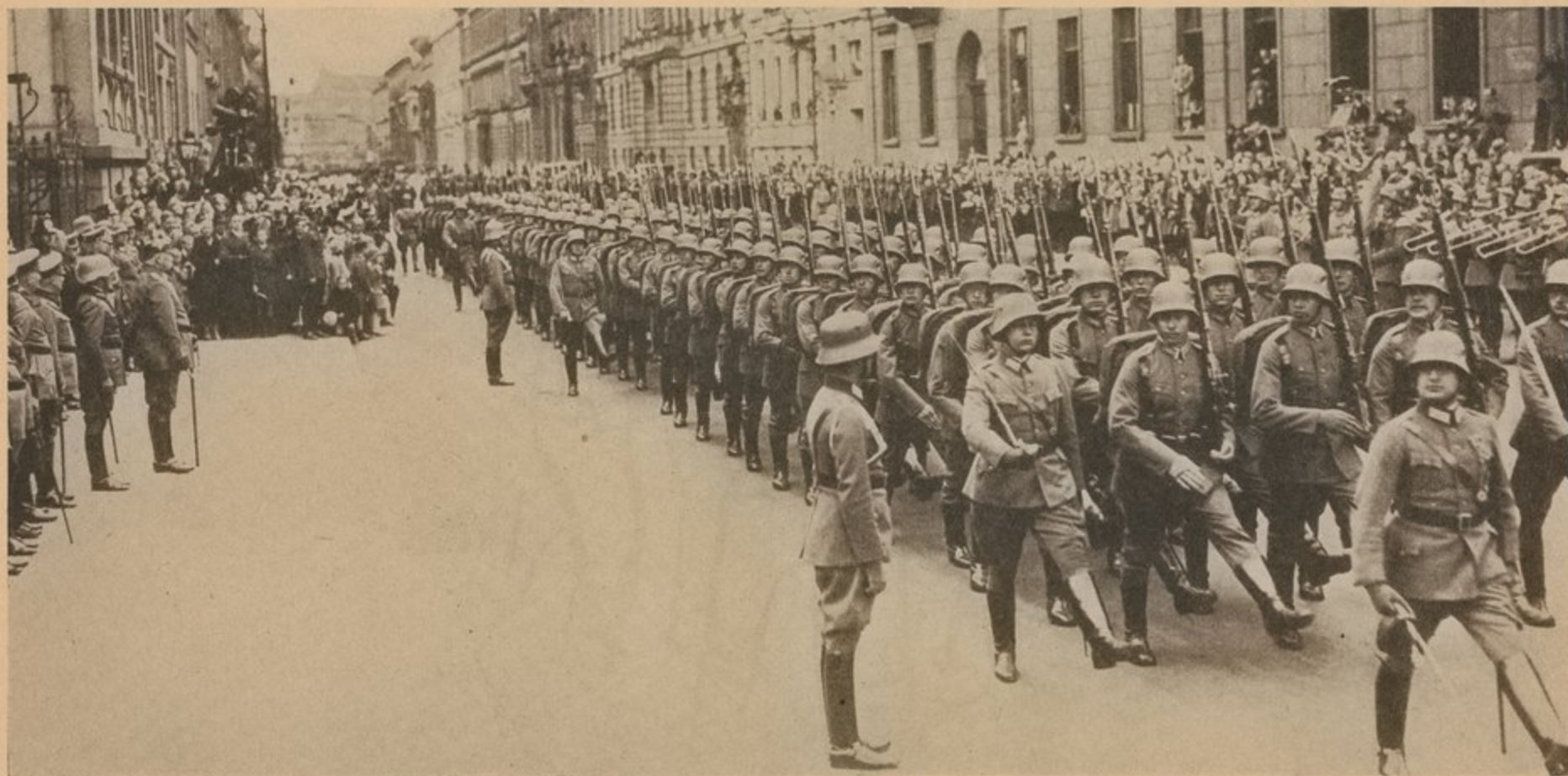
Now that the first year's campaign

approaches its end with the onset of the rainy season, nothing is settled except that the highly mechanized Italian army is superior to the Ethiopians in pitched battle, but that was known before the war started. The lightning advance upon Adowa in November was never repeated. To gain that "moral victory" of Adowa, legions of workmen had built a road along the flanks of the mountains. This *tour de force* was the easiest job the labor corps has performed thus far. But that road does not exist today. It crumbled under the "little rains" of early spring. In what shape will the whole Italian road system be when the annual deluge of the "big rains" starts in May? The brooks and streamlets are swelling. The Tacatze and Mareb rivers were furiously spuming cataracts before the end of March. The roads in Tigre are washed out, bridges are swept away, valleys are changed into swirling mud pools. The roadsides are strewn with broken-down trucks, ambulances, tanks, oil-carts, and other *matériel*. In every gorge of Tigre lie hopelessly smashed Italian cannon and rusting machine

guns. This war is costing Italy more than the Great War did, thirty million lire per day. This means during the coming months of enforced non-activity one billion five hundred million lire, a staggering sum for an impoverished country, which can obtain no credit abroad.

"Suicide Bands"

After the recent retreat in Tigre the Ethiopian army split up into innumerable small groups, so-called "suicide bands." They operate independently, without contact with headquarters, and only seldom send a runner to inform the Negus or the nearest chief of their achievements. These bands filter into the territory occupied by the Italians, cut roads, waylay supply trains, fill in narrow mountain passes by rolling avalanches of rock and boulders. They snipe and surprise sentinels. They are often caught and exterminated when they bite off more than they can chew, but other bands take their place and the guerrilla war goes on. When tanks heave in sight they wait till the metal monsters are near, dash from behind a



Nazi troops goose-stepping into the Rhineland

clump of bushes, climb on the backs of the juggernauts, pour a bottle of gasoline through the openings in the gun-turrets, and apply a match, thus roasting the occupants to instant surrender or death. Other tanks blunder into quagmires carefully camouflaged by twigs and green sods, and the crews smother in the slime. Forty-two tank crews met their end that way on the Ogaden front alone. Five thousand Italian trucks, the whole initial supply, have been wrecked, sunk, or blown up. These are the fighting tactics in vogue amongst the Ethiopians since time immemorial. Badoglio would like nothing better than to fight the Negus in pitched battles on the European style. The Marshal is sure of victory if he can only entice the Ethiopians into battle. But they escape his grasp. Badoglio is trying to catch mice with a sledge-hammer.

Mussolini's dream of a quick victory over Ethiopia and the imposition of a victorious "peace" has been rudely shattered. "Go with joy in your heart," the Duce told the Fascist legions as they were about to leave for Eritrea in February 1935. "Go with joy in your heart . . . The whole of Abyssinia will belong to you . . . We will not be satisfied with partial occupations. . . . If Abyssinia opposes you, turn it into a pool of blood and fire. . . . You have the finest equipment in the world. . . . The world has no idea how strong Italy is. . . . Before long the five continents will bend the knee and tremble before the Fascist power. . . . To the blond paladins of the black peoples we say: 'We don't care a damn about you.' . . . I swear to you, on the sixth of February, 1936, I will personally fly to Addis Ababa to hoist the Italian tricolor on the palace of the Negus."

At Home

On February 6, 1936, Mussolini, whose face has become drawn and grooved with lines of worry these last six months, was not in Addis Ababa but in Rome and ordered that cameramen and photographers film and snap him only from a distance. On that day, Italian tourist agencies no longer displayed ads about conducted tours for sightseers to Addis Ababa "next summer." Everybody in Rome realizes that the conquest of Ethiopia is going to take a long time. Of course officially nothing is left undone to counteract the sense of gloom and pessimism which pervades the country. Mussolini is still wildly acclaimed when he makes one of his rare balcony appearances, but his assistants like Federzoni, one of the most prominent cabinet ministers, who have not the privilege of commandeering the services of the two thousand "concessioned ovationists"—that is to say, the paid claque who lead the applause and who see to it that everybody else around applauds—such men as Federzoni are heard in mournful silence.



The King, Mussolini, and representatives of the Italian Fascist Party inspecting troops leaving for the Ethiopian front

The outlook is far from brilliant in Italy. Both the Vatican and the monarchy are worried about the ultimate effect of the African conflict on conditions at home. What if Fascism should be swept away? What if a socialist government were to be set up in Rome, where church and crown have identified themselves so closely with the castor-oil regime as to become almost identical with it? The general anxiety in upper circles echoes in our press, where "distinguished" correspondents warn of chaos in Italy if Mussolini should be forced out. As if chaos were not there already! There are thousands upon thousands in that country who have never eaten their fill once in their lives. And yet "the day may come," so announces the Dictator, "when the working class of Italy shall have to content itself with one meal a day." The working class has spent a winter without coal. Peasants walk around in Sicily and Apulia with the pockets of their trousers turned inside out in mute demonstration that they have been squeezed to the last farthing to build up the Fascist war machine.

As to the popular enthusiasm for the African war, this is entirely confined to bands of well-dressed young gentlemen.

These enthusiasts resemble the gangsters whom Hitler supplied with revolvers and truncheons to beat down the unarmed workers, the boys who go around in Paris with sticks to the end of which razors have been tied and who follow lone workers home late in the evening to "gang up" on them in some deserted street. "Solidly behind Mussolini," the favorite phrase of our correspondents and Fascist apologists, comes down to this: two thousand Italian soldiers stationed in the frontier garrisons near the Brenner Pass have deserted and crossed into Austria; in January, the Yugo-Slav government organized an internment camp at Puzla in Bosnia for the 2500 Italian deserters who had come over from the Venetian-Julian districts; another camp in Bosnia was being put in shape at Bistriza for the 127 Italian officers who had accompanied their men. The London *Times* correspondent at Munich reports that approximately one thousand Italian soldiers had taken refuge in Bavaria by New Year's day and that the rate of desertions from Italy's border garrisons was increasing from two hundred to three hundred per week. The Toronto *Star's* correspondent, Mr. Matthew H. Haltow, reports from

Innsbruck that a total of twelve thousand Tyrolese Italian citizens have sought asylum in Austria and Germany to escape military service in East Africa. To be called to the colors is tantamount to getting a death-warrant.

Native Troops

Italian consuls and diplomatic representatives all over the world have been instructed to issue categorical denials of reports of deserters wherever they appear. Yet there were twenty-six minor revolts and group-refusals to leave for the war in Africa in the course of December and January. On December 13 and 14, peasants in the High-Adigo province, the former Austrian Tyrol, were making coffins for soldiers executed in the mutiny at Bolzano.

Wounded and sick men who have returned from Eritrea told me that Italy's native Askari troops are so un-dependable that they have to be driven to battle by machine-gun detachments of the blackshirt legions. Whenever these Askaris showed the slightest hesitation to fight or made ready to cross over to join their Ethiopian kinsmen, the blackshirts behind them let loose a rain of death. This explains in part the high casualties suffered by the Askaris while few deaths are reported among the blackshirts.

The first act of Marshal Badoglio upon assuming command was the dismissal of Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law, who combined the position of director of the press bureau with that of bombing-squad leader. Badoglio resented Ciano's giving himself and the sons of Mussolini exclusive credit for air raids and interpreting "as colossal victories bomb-throwing expeditions which were without the slightest risk." Mussolini's sons, deprived of their publicity man, have decided to follow Ciano home.

This Count Ciano is the man who gave out victory *communiqués* every evening to the foreign newspaper correspondents. The liberal newspaper *Oeuvre* in Paris withdrew its correspondent from the front last November when Ciano offered to furnish "personal experiences" which the correspondent could peddle as his own. *Oeuvre* refused, but several so-called big shots among the reporters, certain Americans included, accepted eagerly enough.

Mussolini's Dream

The thirteen years of systematic looting of the Italian people by Mussolini to put that formidable war machine of his in shape had wrecked the Italian financial system beyond repair even before he launched the Ethiopian war. By a quick victory there, the Duce figured he would secure a considerable market for Italian manufactured articles, a field of colonization for the crowded Italian peasantry, and a big loan to exploit the conquered em-

(Continued on page 29)

Radio

FATHER COUGHLIN, William Randolph Hearst, Bernarr Macfadden, and Samuel Insull are now making a gigantic effort to build up their own radio chains and thereby get a grip on the public's ear



which will allow them to spread their reactionary doctrines free of government interference.

Coughlin, of course, originated the idea some time ago when he organized his own chain after the government barred his sermons from the regular networks. This was done by buying time on independent stations and linking them together with telephone lines during his broadcasts from Detroit.

Now Macfadden is seeking to do the same thing with his *Goodwill Court* hour, which also has been frowned off the established chains by the Federal Communications Commission. The plan of the publisher of *True Story Magazine* is to link four stations of the Mutual and nine stations of the Inter-city hookup. He plans to pander to sex-starved individuals over WMCA, New York; WOR, Newark, N. J.; CKLW, Detroit; WGN, Chicago; WLW, Cincinnati, and their lesser affiliates.

Samuel Insull, who was dragged back from Greece by Uncle Sam after he had flimflammed millions of Amer-



icans out of tens of millions of dollars through his utility company manipulations, only to be freed when his case came to court, is doing very nicely, thank you, with his Affiliated Broadcasting Company out in the Middle West.

The most dangerous sign of the radio times is the rapid progress being made by Hearst in organizing a powerful network. Working through Elliott Roosevelt, son of the President of the United States, the Sage of San Simon already has signed up fourteen stations and is planning to have many more under his control by the time he starts actual operations next fall. He is at present bidding against the Colum-

bia Broadcasting System and National Broadcasting Company for stations to fill out his proposed system. These bids are running into six figures and have the old networks groggy. Hearst Radio, Inc., is just now working on a New York State chain with WINS, New York, as the key station. Gestures are being made toward WSYR, Syracuse; WABY, Albany; WNBY, Buffalo; WIBX, Utica, and WNBK, Binghamton, while his recent acquisitions in Texas and the other states of the Southwest show that he is definitely after a nation-wide hookup over which to fight "Reds" and boost the stock of Hitler, Mussolini, et al.

To show his "strength" Hearst recently eliminated all radio columns in his various newspapers. The ban lasted about two weeks after which protests by his readers forced him to reinstate them.

The Coffee Grinder

FIFTEEN hundred amateurs have been "given their big chance" over Major Bowes's *Amateur Hour* so far, but not one of them has won lasting fame thereby.

Most of these ambitious boys and girls receive their \$5 from the Major (\$10.00 if they get the gong) and slip back into the obscurity whence they came.

Two hundred and fifty of them have secured work in one of Bowes's twelve theater units, where they scurry about the country in buses, work from dawn to dusk, pay all of their own expenses except for transportation, and earn the princely wage of \$35 to \$75 a week. (The Major insists that he pays \$60 to \$125 per week to those engaged in his units, but those who re-

ceive more than the minimum are never specified because, we strongly suspect, they do not exist.)

The result of all this is that the Major has one of the least expensive air shows on any network and that he makes more than \$2,000,000 a year. Broken down, the figures on his earnings are as follows: \$5,500 a week from his sponsors, the Chase & Sanborn Coffee Company; \$3,500 per week from his stage units; \$2,000 each for each of his motion picture short sub-



jects and a mere bagatelle of \$500 per week as managing director of the Capitol Theatre in New York. He recently started a magazine of his own, but earnings from that are not yet available. Oh yes, we forgot to mention that he also gets a commission of ten per cent from the salaries of performers engaged in his units.

Chase & Sanborn advertises that if you buy a pound of their coffee you are helping another amateur to win fame. It is estimated that since the Major has been doing his stuff the company has sold 4,700,000 pounds of coffee. So, in reality, the purchase of a pound really helps 1/300 part of an amateur to win success (if he only did so), or in other words, you would have to buy 3,100 pounds really to get one performer on the air.

There is an interesting story behind the way that Bowes happened to take over his famous job. The *Amateur Hour* first scored a success over New

York station WHN in 1934. At that time it was in charge of a clever young man named Perry Charles. As soon as the show clicked, the Major, who was directing manager of WHN at the time, had Charles fired and took it over himself. Some months later he stole the show from the station (the courts held that he was legally justified in doing so) and took it over to NBC where it has remained ever since as one of the wonders of the radio world.

The cost of the show to Chase & Sanborn are the salaries of the Major and Graham McNamee, the announcer, the cost of telephone voting setups, and of the network itself, and a few other incidentals. This makes it one of the cheapest hit shows to have a national audience.

So many youngsters started hitchhiking into New York to become amateurs that some months ago metropolitan relief agencies were forced to crack down on the Major. They explained that the city could not cope with five or ten thousand ambitious but penniless visitors each week. Now an applicant must prove that he lives in New York or has means to support himself before he is given any consideration.

If the *Amateur Hour* were providing new jobs for the unemployed there



might be some justification for its existence, but, according to Alfred Harding, editorial director of the Actors' Equity Association, this is not the case. For one thing, the amateurs take the place on the air of professionals who have devoted their lives to being entertainers. For another, their chances for real success on the stage or radio have been estimated to be 3 in 200,000, and finally the opportunity of making a little money causes those who are really professionals to pose as amateurs, thereby tending to force the wage scale of the whole entertainment world down to \$5 or \$10 per performance.

The Major doesn't mind the complaints, however. He is making more money than any other man ever did in the entertainment world. He has his country home in Ossining, N. Y., with its outdoor swimming pool, and his town place with its four servants. He has a reputation as a philanthropist and he pleases his sponsors.

—GEORGE SCOTT



"Nobody wants war, ladies and gentlemen, but if a war comes, we must profit by it"



"Attaboy, be a fence-sitter!"

By Hoff

Movies

Things to Come

A HORRIBLE nightmare of the next war and its effect upon civilian population, as seen through the eyes of H. G. Wells and the cameras of London Films, is depicted in *Things to Come*, a graphic enactment of the terrors of the next conflict and its frightful aftermaths.

The picture portrays the fate of Everytown from the outbreak of war on Christmas Eve, 1940, to the era of the new civilization of the technocrats, a century hence. The film is replete with grisly detail. You are shown a devastating bombardment, the panicky scramble for gas masks and shelter as bomb after bomb drops with telling effect. Airplanes fill the air like locusts and the war rages for decades.

Everytown lies in ruins, ravaged by the plague of the highly contagious Wandering Sickness, the germs of which were dropped from enemy planes. Sufferers are shot like mad dogs, and the plague gradually subsides. "Social activity" is resumed, but the clock is turned back to the middle ages. There is no gasoline. Autos are drawn by oxen; communication and aviation are lost arts. A local chief, played by Ralph Richardson, who bears a resemblance to Goering and is a lampoon on all Fascist dictators, occupies his people with

making war against neighboring tribes.

But out of the skies comes an aviator, Cabal (Raymond Massey), who had lived in Everytown before the war. He is the representative of the new World State of engineers, scientists, and aviators who seek to outmode nationalism and boundary lines and to abolish war. After a minor skirmish with the chief, the Wings Over the World forces put the population to sleep with their peace gas and take command.

With scientific effort devoted to peaceful pursuits, a new city arises, part of a technically marvelous civilization which reminds you of all the Popular Science covers you ever saw. It is a naively magnificent climax.

Unfortunately the picture ends on an annoying note, with a latter-day Cabal, president of the council of direction, sending his daughter and her sweetheart on a perilous rocket trip around the moon in the name of scientific advancement or something. That in itself was not so disturbing, but when we heard Cabal spout: "The best of life, Passworthy, lies nearest the edge of death," it sounds terribly reminiscent of the Mussolini doctrine, "It is better to live like a lion for a day than like a lamb for a hundred years." Conceding that the aims of the two might be different and that this philosophy is consistent with Mr. Wells's brand of

technocracy, still we come from the projection room with the conviction that he had turned a political flip-flop.

—ROBERT SHAW.

Will Hays Re-elected

WILL H. HAYS, postmaster general during the scandal-breeding Harding administration and for the last fourteen years president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., has just been re-elected despite the protests of the Authors' League of America, among others. In his inaugural address, Hays said:

"The character of pictures produced during the current season demonstrates the ability of the screen to deal with vital subjects of the day, with strong dramatic scenes, with social problems and with all dramatic forms on which honest entertainment can be built. This is asserted notwithstanding such artificial controversies as may be raised to the contrary." The *New York Times* thought this allusion to "artificial controversies" was a reference to *It Can't Happen Here*, and while recalling Hays's denial of censorship at the time, observed that "Joseph I. Breen, Mr. Hays's Pacific coast representative, was said to have pointed out to the producers, however, that the distribution of the film might bring about boycotts on the rest of their product in Italy and Germany, and perhaps in other countries with Fascist leanings." It so happens that M-G-M, which had paid \$50,000 for the screen rights to the book, has a very efficient foreign department which was perfectly aware of the European political situation when the picture was announced. We think that the real reason for the Breen-Hays ban was printed in a recent issue of *Publisher's Weekly*, which reported that Sidney Howard, who was making the screen adaptation, was asked to change the seizure of power from a Fascist to a Communist one. Perhaps it was his refusal which brought down the wrath of the movie czar.

Newsreels

WITH war clouds hovering over Europe, the newsreels are increasing their coverage of military preparedness, recording for such posterity as may survive the future carnage what the soldier boys looked like in their brand new uniforms before the shrapnel ventilated them. The German army entering the Rhineland . . . France moving up in defense . . . England's new acrobatic bomber . . . Italy's dress rehearsal in

FIGHT RECOMMENDS:

These Three—Lillian Hellman's picturization of her play, *The Children's Hour*, equally dramatic as a film.
The Milky Way—Harold Lloyd in one of his most hilarious comedies.
The Story of Louis Pasteur—One of the finest films of the season.
Modern Times—Charlie Chaplin's brilliant social satire.
The Country Doctor—For its splendid acting by the entire cast.

FIGHT FIGHTS:

Rif Raf—A picture to be picketed.
The Leathernecks Have Landed—Another of the "mop-em-up" school.

Africa—the *dramatis personae* of the show to come. A *March of Time* reel shows the new Japanese cabinet, with the commentator suggesting that it may make for a new era of international accord in the Far East. A few minutes later another reel shows you the new Philippine army. Then Roosevelt Speaks for Peace, a shot of the President discussing his "good-neighbor" policy at Rollins College, Florida. There is something about his delivery that is painfully similar to the attitude assumed by Woodrow Wilson in his exposition of his neutrality doctrines. There is the same high-minded talk and the same futility.

Theater

WE should like to know whether our readers would like a theater page regularly. Meanwhile we append the following notes:

Bitter Stream—By Victor Wolfson. (Based on Silone's novel *Fontamara*.) Produced by the Theatre Union. Civic Repertory. A realistic picture of Italian Fascism in action. A moving and colorful play which shows how the seizure of peasants' land, prison, torture, and murder constitute the Fascist formula of "the greatest good for the smallest number." Also the idiocy of Fascism, and how it can be cured.

Bury the Dead—A long one-act play by Irwin Shaw that has surpassed *Waiting for Lefty* in the excitement it has aroused. Given a two-night tryout in March, it has been made available in print by both Random House and New Theater magazine. Being presented on Broadway by Alex Yokel, in Hollywood by Contemporary Theater. Theme: Dead soldiers refuse to be buried until they find out what caused their lives to be cut short. Fulton Theater.

Idiot's Delight—Alfred Lunt falls in love with Lynn Fontanne again, this time against a background of dialogue by Robert Sherwood depicting the start of the next world war. The best capsule criticism was made by the Drama Study Club which awarded the play a prize "because it challenges the audience to the war danger without losing sight of the brighter side of life."

Triple A Plowed Under—The Living Newspaper. Federal Theater Project. The troubles of the farmers from 1917 to 1936, and the need for co-operation between farmer and labor. Vividly and swiftly told. Better than any newsreel.

The Theater Collective—Provincetown Playhouse. Three one-act plays, the best being Albert Maltz's *Private Hicks* about a National Guardsman who refuses to shoot strikers. Pedestrian sincerity.

Saint Joan—By Bernard Shaw. Martin Beck. Katharine Cornell's revival of a great play. Brilliantly produced and generally well acted. Maurice Evans outstanding.



Merle Oberon, Joel McCrea, and Miriam Hopkins in "These Three"

1886 Haymarket

The 80's saw the rise of American industry and with it the American trade-union movement. The work day was twelve and thirteen hours long. Labor began to move. Chicago was the center of the eight-hour-day movement. Then . . . Haymarket

By Leslie Reade

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL WOLFE

“ALL is well, mother. Seven to be hanged, and one fifteen years. All is well.”

These reassuring words spoken on an August day in 1886 by Judge Gary to his wife marked the climax of an episode in the history of the American and international labor movement which is closely connected with the origin of May Day.

Fifty years have passed, and the world then as now was divided into “two nations, the rich and the poor.” The distance between the two, although great, was not quite great enough to permit the rich to live in happy ignorance of the existence of the majority. In Europe labor and hunger were plentiful, and the former was oppressed while the latter was ignored.

As for America, Hyndman wrote in 1886 that, when the difference in the cost of living was considered, the American workman was as badly paid as the European. Which was no consolation to the American. Nor was hunger satisfied by the pious counsel of the *New York World*: “The American laborer must make up his mind, henceforth, not to be so much better off than the European laborer. Men must be content to work for low wages. In this way the working man will be nearer to that station in life to which it has pleased God to call him.”

Back in the 80's

The Noble Order of the Knights of Labor, founded in 1869, was for many years the most important of the American labor organizations. Under the leadership of Terence V. Powderly it was a conservative body opposed to

strikes. Nevertheless there were strikes and plenty of them, the most notable perhaps being the successful railway strike in 1885, when the great Jay Gould himself was compelled to surrender to the unions. Thereafter the masses had an obvious inducement to join the K. of L.

Besides this organization there were two other more radical labor bodies. The first was the Revolutionary Socialist Party, founded in 1881; the second, the Federation of Organized Trade and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada (now the American Federation of Labor). This latter body passed a resolution on October 10th, 1884, and repeated in 1885, calling for an eight-hour day to go into effect May 1st, 1886, and for a strike on that date.

Late in 1885 a Socialist, George A. Schilling, organized the Eight Hours Association. Soon Eight-Hour Leagues sprang up everywhere, and the labor bodies in Chicago, including K. of L. unions, gave the movement their support. The Anarchists at first were contemptuous, but when they realized the growing importance of the agitation they also joined. Many Anarchists, such as Spies, Schwab, Fielden, Fischer, Engel, and Lingg were foreigners, and the eight-hour movement was immediately denounced as “alien,” “un-American,” and, of course, “revolutionary.”

And so 1885 drew to a close. On Christmas Day there was a procession of the workers through the most exclusive streets of Chicago, the inhabitants of which were disturbed by the singing and shouting of the marchers. The distance between the two “nations”

had grown too small for comfort, and the frenzy of those who had egged on the British police to “maintain order” was reproduced in Chicago.

The *Chicago Tribune* urged the authorities to break up workers' meetings with gunfire, and, if necessary, with dynamite. Mayor Harrison of Chicago, although a rich man, was not altogether averse to the claim of the workers that they, too, had the right to live, and he refused to call in the troops. But the Chicago police did their best, and during 1885 the guardians of the law, frequently led by a certain Captain John Bonfield, made numerous attacks on the workers. Many workers' heads, and unfortunately a few propertied windows, were broken. For the workers there was no redress. Long afterwards Governor Altgeld of Illinois put the position concisely when he wrote, “The laboring people found the prisons always open to receive them, but the courts of justice were practically closed to them.”

Just before May 1st the Knights of Labor withdrew their endorsement of the strike; nevertheless on May Day there was a wide response to the strike call. Chicago was naturally the center, but New York and other cities were also affected. In Chicago there was little disturbance either on May Day or May 2nd. Bonfield's hour had not yet struck, but about this time he declared “If I could only get a thousand of these Anarchists and Socialists in one place without their women and children, I would make short work of them.”

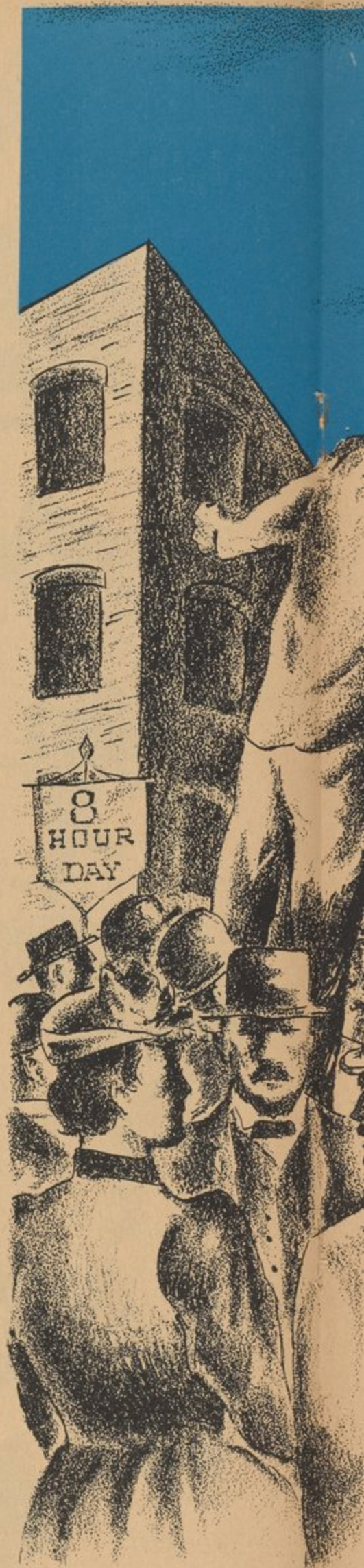
On the evening of May 3rd, a mass meeting was held near the McCormick Reaper Works, whose employees had been locked out for three months and were desperate. August Spies was addressing them on the eight-hour day when the whistle blew, and the scabs poured out of the factory, homeward bound. A fight broke out, the police arrived, and immediately opened fire. Many workers were wounded and some were killed. Spies in great agitation hurried off and printed a broadside in English and German headed “Revenge! Workingmen, to Arms! ! !”

With Drawn Sword

The following day, May 4th, more leaflets were issued, calling for a protest and memorial meeting that same night in the Haymarket Square. Only about a thousand men, women, and children attended.

The police under Bonfield were waiting in a neighboring police station, and Mayor Harrison himself was at the meeting. Rain began to fall, and people started going home. Everything was orderly, and at ten o'clock Harrison told Bonfield that nothing was likely to happen requiring interference, and ordered the police to return to regular duty.

Bonfield had different ideas. He knew there were influences in Chicago



May 1936, FIGHT



which would not be displeased by yet another riot, and besides if he was ever to "make short work" of the Anarchists and Socialists "in one place," now was his opportunity. True, women and children were present, but on this supreme occasion Bonfield's valor overcame his sentimentality. Accordingly, soon after the mayor had ordered Bonfield to disband his forces, the gallant captain marched his entire body of 176 men to the meeting, halted them close to the speaker, and advanced alone with drawn sword.

The rain was now falling heavily, and fewer than 500 people remained. The speaker, Samuel Fielden, was saying, "I shall be through in a few minutes, and then we'll all go home. In conclusion—"

At this point Bonfield loudly interrupted, "I command you in the name of the people of Illinois to immediately and peaceably disperse!"

Fielden replied, "Why, Captain, we are peaceable."

There was a moment of silence; then a violent explosion. The police began firing, and then charged. In a few minutes "order" had been restored. The explosion came from a bomb, thrown probably from an alley near the speaker's wagon. Sixty-seven policemen were wounded and seven killed, and two or three times as many workers, but the exact number has never been determined.

The Dynamite "Conspiracy"

Next day Chicago yielded to panic. The newspapers screamed for revenge. The city was "determined to stamp out, once and forever, Socialism, Anarchism, Communism—different labels for the same vile monstrosity." It was immediately assumed that the Anarchists were responsible, though nobody asked why they should throw a bomb which would inevitably kill workers as well as police. There were raids on radical newspapers and rendezvous, there were hundreds of arrests, and everywhere the police "discovered" bombs and dynamite factories. In no time whatever a vast dynamite conspiracy was unearthed.

Fielden, Parsons, Spies, Schwab, Fischer, Engel, Lingg, Neebe, Seeliger, and Schnaubelt were soon indicted. Schnaubelt disappeared and was never seen again, and Parsons of the *Alarm* likewise avoided arrest.

No criminal lawyer in Chicago would undertake the defense, but finally three civil lawyers did so. They were Captain William P. Black, William A. Foster, and Sigmund Zeisler. Black, whose clients were mostly big business men, thereby lost his practice. The Socialists, headed by Dr. Ernst Schmidt, a refugee of '48, also started a defense fund.

Until the trial the newspapers maintained the fire of public fury. Judge Elbert H. Gary, ex-Bible instructor and millionaire-to-be, was selected to

try the case. Before the trial Parsons communicated with the defendants' counsel, and offered to return and stand by his comrades. It was decided that Albert Parsons should appear in court on the first day, as it was hoped that the spectacle of a man voluntarily risking his life would do something to sway public opinion in favor of the accused. The plan was carried out, but its purpose failed completely.

The case against Seeliger, who was merely Lingg's landlord, was dismissed, and so, on June 21st, eight men stood charged with the murder of Mathias Degan, the first policeman to die. Under Gary's instructions the jury panel had been carefully drawn from the propertied class, and before the jury was finally selected nearly 1,000 men had passed through the jury box. Gary argued with them for hours, and recommended as a fitting jurymen one who excused his prejudices in the following words: "Of course the more a man feels that he is handicapped [by prejudice], the more he will be guarded against it."

None of the defendants was charged with the actual throwing of the bomb, but with the unprecedented crime of uttering inflammatory speeches and writings, which were alleged to have incited the unknown criminal to his act.

Gary, who belonged to that extensive line of judges in which Thayer of the Sacco-Vanzetti case occupies a distinguished position, left nothing undone to prove that the real charge against the prisoners was not their acts but their revolutionary opinions. The witnesses for the prosecution, some of them informers, the rest police, contradicted themselves and one another. As it was impossible to say who had thrown the bomb, it was equally impossible to offer any evidence that the criminal had *in fact* been induced to do so by any words or writings of the prisoners. It took Gary to realize that this omission did not in itself constitute a fatal defect in the case for the prosecution. Mr. Grinnel, the prosecuting counsel, in his final speech to the jury, reinforced the charge of murder with one of treason, which legal originality likewise received judicial approval.

On August 20th the jury convicted all the prisoners, and they were sentenced. Fielden, Parsons, Spies, Schwab, Fischer, Engel, and Lingg were sentenced to death, and Neebe, who was merely a shareholder in *Die Arbeiter Zeitung*, got fifteen years.

"All is well, Mother . . ." said the learned judge.

Lincoln's Law Partner Steps In

The prisoners, who addressed the court, all denied that they had taken any part in the bomb throwing, and Spies concluded: ". . . If you would once more have people suffer the

(Continued on page 25)

Books

White Man's Burden

THE RAPE OF AFRICA, by Lamar Middleton; 331 pages; Harrison Smith & Robert Haas; \$2.50.

I'M GOING to be very captious about this book because, though it is fundamentally important, only a few people will read it, and they will be more annoyed than instructed. And that's a pity because time is short and, to use the author's own concluding paragraph:

The drift to war over Africa is unmistakable. That cheering outlook is the result of sixty years of duplicity and chicanery practiced by the chancelleries of Europe. If the continent has been stolen from 140,000,000 natives, it is assuaging to remember that the fraud was committed in the holy cause of civilization; and that in compensation the African is tasting the transcendent delights of chain-gangs, taxes, military conscription, missionaries, flogging, gin, rum, jack-in-the-boxes, and other boons of Occidental invention.

What annoys me is that the author can be funny about it, and that, for all his mastery of the subject, he presents it so poorly, with such a host of facts, so many inverted and compound sentences, such subtle sarcasm, so many unnecessary place names, surnames, quotations, and figures that the reader simply gets tired and gives up.

This book should have been written in white-hot anger, to read like a novel. The reader should have been bombed out of his seat to learn how King Leopold of Belgium won an empire in Africa by forming a scientific society for the study of the Congo region. He should have been roused to stormy indignation by the tale of the hypocritical diplomatic moves in Europe and the horrible cruelties in Africa, all under the guise of "spreading civilization." Says Middleton in one of his best paragraphs:

If it is axiomatic that colonial penetration never springs from philanthropic motives, it is equally a truism that predatory economics are invariably behind modern-day empire-building. Besides seeking a market for Belgian exports Leopold confiscated the Congo for its ivory and rubber. France took over Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco for their phosphates, iron, zinc, timber, and agricultural potentialities; the Reich seized the territories that became German East Africa and Southwest Africa for their stock-raising acreage, diamonds . . . and minerals; and Britain pocketed Egypt and the Sudan for their yield of cotton and mineral wealth.

Result: In 23 years, out of a total of 10 million square miles of indepen-

dent territory in 1877, little over a half million was left in 1910; the rest had been gobbled up, its natives taxed and enslaved to European nations as part of the famous "white man's burden."

The future of this policy can be glimpsed in the speech made by Charles T. Te Water, delegate of the Union of South Africa, before the League of Nations, in September 1935, as Mussolini was moving against that last remnant of free Africa:

[It is] the beginning of a yet undefined movement of Europe toward capitalization of the still thinly overlaid war-mindedness of the savage and the warlike instincts of Black Africa—the training of the teeming black races of Africa for war.

If that crime is to be committed and Africa to be conscripted by Europe for its own purposes and designs, armed Africa will in due time arise, as it has done before in its long dark history and revert to black barbarism. The long memory of the black in Africa never forgets, never forgives an injury or an injustice.

The imperialist eventually digs his own grave, but what a hecatomb of innocents he drags down with him in his gory collapse!

—GUY ENDORE

Industrial Czars

RULERS OF AMERICA: A STUDY OF FINANCE CAPITAL, by Anna Rochester; 367 pages; International Publishers; \$3.50.

"THEY know the generalization, We fought for Wall Street, but they don't know the facts back of it," says a man who is trying to enlist some of his American Legion friends in the fight against this coming war. Well, here are the facts in abundance for him and for all of us who are dead, in earnest against war; and who need now to reinforce our earnestness with an understanding of the kind of society of which war is the end result.

As industry and banking have developed in this country, some great financial-industrial interests have emerged, notably the Morgans (the author estimates that the inner stronghold of this one group alone includes more than one-sixth of the corporate wealth of the United States), the Rockefellers, and the Mellons. These, with some lesser giants, are interlinked in myriads of ways, the tracing of which (and of the rivalries which paradoxically exist side by side with the cooperation) is a bril-



Arnold Zweig, outstanding anti-Fascist author whose *Education Before Verdun*, published by Viking, is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection

liant feat. This Wall Street oligarchy, its members individually and jointly lusting for profit, dominates the life of all of us to our sorrow. Its field is our great natural resources—oil, copper, electricity, chemicals, aviation (a "war industry"), steel (also a war industry), railroads, etc.—every one of them, let the fighter against war note, involving our rulers in international matters.

The sections dealing with these mighty men and great resources are the most interesting in the book. But not necessarily the most important. The reader who would come to grips with the matter in hand must spend some careful hours with that section which tells how the trick of rulership is turned. It is not mainly by ownership, though these overlords and their kin and their connections are immensely rich (and "their luxury is built on poverty"), but rather by "control of the banking mechanisms, the sluices through which must pass the great streams of capital. . . ."

This is indeed the heart of the whole business. It represents for this country—where it has had its biggest chance—that fusion of banking and industrial interests which holds for the capitalist world as a whole.

The author gives this system credit for the contribution it has made to humanity. It has "led the way in de-

veloping natural resources and the technique of production." Thus it has "prepared the physical means for conquering mass hunger and raising the entire human race to a level of healthy, happy living, with full cultural development." But it is incapable of using for human ends what it has created. Comes now the time, she says in effect, for the people who have been ruled to take a hand.

—WINIFRED L. CHAPPELL

Fruit Pickers

IN DUBIOUS BATTLE, by John Steinbeck; 349 pages; Covici Friede; \$2.50.

IN WRITING this exciting story of the migratory fruit pickers of California, Mr. Steinbeck probably meant well by them. He has shown the lengths to which the growers will go to break a strike. He shows them rallying drunks, thugs, and high school boys to burn the houses of strike sympathizers, murder apple pickers, and spread terror. His description of the Fascist methods used by vigilantes on the West Coast is a forceful warning of the dangers of letting the forces of reaction continue unchecked in rural America.

On the other hand, when he writes about the strikers themselves and their leaders, Mr. Steinbeck reveals a strange ignorance of his subject. To him any struggling group of people is simply a mob with an unmanageable instinct to kill and destroy, whether that group is made up of vigilantes or strikers. Indeed he actually has this sentiment expressed by one of the strike leaders, Mac, a Communist! To Mac the strikers are "just one big animal," and he never knows what the "mob" is going to do next. He says:

"The air gets full of it. I saw a nigger lynched one time. They took him a quarter of a mile to a railroad pass. On the way out that crowd killed a little dog, stoned it to death, everybody just picked up rocks. The air was just full of killin'. Then they wasn't satisfied to hang the nigger. They had to hang and shoot him too."

Now anyone who has ever really observed a strike knows that a group of organized workers fighting for better conditions is the antithesis of a mob. The very business of organizing for better conditions requires a high degree of serious discipline. Men crazed with

bloodlust are not the kind to sit down together to work out their demands, to stick by each other until all have won, to take stern risks for the sake of the economic welfare of their families. In such situations it is only the employers who must use mobs, for only thus, only by being inflamed either with drink or with appeals to ignorant prejudice, can people be got to perpetrate brutal violence, *not for themselves but for somebody else.*

Strangest of all, Mr. Steinbeck seems to admire and sympathize with these fictional characters of his, these vigilante-like strikers and these Communists who advise the burning of enemies' houses! It is therefore to be regretted that, whatever his intentions may have been, his untrue picture has been of no service to one of the most oppressed groups in America—the agricultural workers of California.

—ELINORE HENDERSON

Record of Dictatorships

INSIDE EUROPE, by John Gunther; 470 pages; Harper & Brothers; \$3.50.

THE two best parts of this excellent book, which is a merry-go-round of Europe written with intelligence and literary flavor, concern Hitler-Germany and the Nazi putsch in Austria. Although the chapters on Mussolini contain nothing that was new for me, they have a considerable amount of sensational and illuminating material which will interest the average American newspaper reader. In other words this volume, which covers Britain and the Continent, is largely an exposure of the bloody mess which Fascism has made of European politics, and the growing danger of war.

Believing that personalities affect the



John Gunther, author of *Inside Europe*

course of history, Mr. Gunther studies recent events largely through the biography of the heroes and villains who rule today. I know of no full-length book on Hitler and Germany—except the unconscious self-revelations of muddleheadedness, sadism, and stupidity in *Mein Kampf*—which so completely tells the story of the Fuehrer, his social and economic background, his relations with men and women, his frustrations, and his rise to power, as the few short chapters which open *Inside Europe*. Even if you have read every word in the daily press, you will find the well-ordered recapitulation of Fascism in action most interesting. And when it comes to violence, from the Nazi conspiracy to destroy the Reichstag, to the murder of the opposition faction within the ranks, to the present persecution of Jews, Catholics, Freemasons, radicals, liberals, Socialists, Communists, and all other non-conforming groups, the record, as completed by Mr. Gunther, is as revolting as it is interesting.

Mr. Gunther, an experienced novelist, employs really brilliant narrative in his Austrian section, when he tells the story of the German Nazi plot to seize Austria and murder the local dictator, Dollfuss. While every page is exciting, there also emerges from the episode an indictment of the bloodthirstiness of the Nazis which the simple facts proclaim.

After visiting all the Fascist dictatorships, as well as the democracies, of Europe, telling their recent history, with a short biography of every leader, apocryphal anecdotes, and samples of the humor or irony of each land, Mr. Gunther concludes with chapters on Soviet Russia.

When readers have finished these 470 pages, they will surely feel that this present-day history is honestly written, from the long point of view, and that its very honesty, its impartiality, its objectivity make it an important indictment of Fascism in its whole spectrum of terroristic shirts.

Civilization is supposed to lead towards the liberation of the human spirit. The factual record of reactionary dictatorship proves that the Fascist direction is exactly opposite. *Inside Europe* is such a record.

—GEORGE SELDES

Renegade American

JEFFERSON AND/OR MUSSOLINI: L'IDEA STATALE: FASCISM AS I HAVE SEEN IT (VOLITIONIST ECONOMICS), by Ezra Pound; 128 pages; Liveright Publishing Co.; \$2.00.

EZRA POUND is known to the world as a very argumentative modernist poet who has stubbornly remained in voluntary exile from America even after most of his fellow expatriates have finally returned home. So long has he worn a chip on

each shoulder that they have finally grown to his clothes and become epaulettes of a peculiarly flashy un-American type.

The book argues, in a style that reads like the inebriated shoutings in an old-style Greenwich Village tea-room "discussion," that if Jefferson were a twentieth century Italian he would do just as Mussolini does, and if Mussolini had been an eighteenth century American he would have been another Jefferson.

There isn't much of what you might call proof offered for this thesis, but after all Mr. Pound probably feels it to be a self-evident truth that requires no proof once stated. The picture of the author of the Declaration of Independence murdering Matteotti and sending liberals to penal islands after dosing them with castor oil will surely appeal to all Americans (especially those who still live in America) as eminently just. Now is the time for some other good American to write a book to prove that Adolf Hitler is a reincarnation of St. Francis of Assisi.

The really funny portions of this book are those in which the author loudly (in capital letters) accuses all anti-Fascists of knowing nothing about economics.

—DANIEL BROUSE

Book Notes

AMONG the twenty-five German exiles publicly deprived of their citizenship by the Nazi government last month was Arnold Zweig, famous author of the anti-war book *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*. He was accused of "belittling the spiritual and ethical values of German culture." His newest book, *Education Before Verdun*, the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for May, will be reviewed in these pages shortly. Eighteen of the twenty-five thus made men without a country are authors or journalists.

Representative Dobbins of Illinois is unwittingly bringing about a broad united front among all the elements in the literary and publishing world. He has introduced into Congress the Dobbins Post Office Bill (H. R. 9495). This bill would permit Postmaster General Farley, who is very anxious to do it, to try the sender of an "obscene" book not only in the district from which he sent it, but also in the district to which it is sent. The Post Office will then be able to pick and choose its court for trial, and the more backward and reactionary the district the better. What makes this bill especially dangerous is the fact that under the present laws so-called seditious literature is also classed under "obscenity."

Against this unwarranted extension of the Post Office's powers of censorship protests have already been made by the National Publishers Association

(employers), the Book and Magazine Guild of America (employees), the Authors League of America, and the International P.E.N. Club (authors), and the National Council of Freedom from Censorship. Last year the similar Higgins Bill was dropped after widespread opposition to it had developed. Our readers are urged to help prevent the passage of this one by sending protests to their Congressmen or to Representative Hatton W. Sumners, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee at Washington.

Among the winners of this year's Guggenheim Fellowships FIGHT is pleased to see so many frequent contributors to its pages. James T. Farrell, Isidor Schneider, Josephine Herbst, and Kenneth Fearing have written for us, and now we are proud to have known them when.

George Seldes will require no introduction to the readers of last month's FIGHT, but it will bear repeating that he is the particular thorn in the flesh of Fascist dictators and hypocritical American newspaper publishers. After a distinguished career as foreign correspondent, he has for the time being settled down to the writing of books, among which we can heartily recommend the two most recent. *Sawdust Caesar* is a biography of Mussolini, which in two years was turned down by some thirty publishers who confessed themselves frankly afraid to touch it. *The Freedom of the Press* is a merciless exposure of the way in which the great American newspapers support the powers that be by suppressing or distorting news favorable to labor, liberalism, and radicalism. Elinore Henderson has traveled through the farming valleys of California as an official of the Agricultural and Cannery Workers Industrial Union. She was secretary of the union and very active during the famous strike in Seabrook, N. J., and is now managing editor of the *Rural Worker*. Guy Endore is the author of several biographies and novels, among them *Babouk*, the story of the leader of an uprising of Negro slaves in eighteenth century Haiti. Mr. Endore is at present writing scenarios in Hollywood. Winifred Chappell is Secretary of the Methodist Federation for Social Service.

An unauthorized biography of Hearst has been written by Ferdinand Lundberg and published by the Equinox Cooperative Press. We have been looking forward impatiently to this volume (*Imperial Hearst*) and the next number of FIGHT will cover it. We like unauthorized biographies—especially of William Randolph, and something tells us that we are going to like this book. Our idea of a good time would be . . . if Mr. Hearst would engage us to read this book aloud to him.

Wall Street

THE MANTLE of monopoly has been resting rather uneasily of late on the shoulders of the principal capitalists of America.

Walter S. Gifford, who draws down an annual salary of \$206,000 as monarch of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, has been discomfited in his role of public-spirited industrial statesman by the disclosures of the Federal Communications Commission's investigation into his organization. Confronted by A. T. & T.'s depression record—a slash of \$139,000,000, or 26%, in annual payrolls, and of 124,000 or 32% in employment to permit the distribution of \$167,000,000 in annual dividends—an increase of \$51,000,000 or 45% since 1929—Gifford's astounding reply was



that labor had benefited more from maintenance of the Tel & Tel dividends than it would have if dividends had been cut to sustain employment. The 124,000 A. T. & T. workers laid off since 1929 probably won't appreciate that statement. A one-dollar cut in the A. T. & T. dividend rate per share would have kept 18,662 employees at work at an average annual wage of \$1,000.

And these policies of bolstering dividends and profits at the expense of workers and consumers are being continued during this so-called recovery by this heavyweight corporation which controls close to 200 other companies of various kinds. In 1935, when total revenues of the Bell System increased by \$49,800,000 or 5.6% over the preceding year, profits rose by \$21,700,000 or 19%, almost half the gain in revenue, a fact which indicated incidentally that labor cost has risen little if at all.

The fact of industrial autocracy is beautifully illustrated by American Tel. & Tel. From his office, at 195 Broadway, Gifford disposes over the most complete monopoly in the world, aided by a little clique of fellow-officers and directors who share the power of this \$4,000,000,000 enterprise divorced from any real outside control. Three hundred thousand employees

and millions of telephone users are in the grip of this entrenched oligarchy. Even the 650,000 stockholders, who certainly have no reason to complain of Gifford's generosity, would be hard put to it to disturb this most undemocratic machine which governs the telephone empire of America. Gifford and his group control the proxy machinery for election of directors, and no group of shareholders could possibly afford the tremendous cost of duplicating this controlling machinery. Incidentally, this added expense is carried by the already burdened telephone user, as well as by the stockholders.

General Motors' Bonus Tripled

GENERAL MOTORS, one of the main Liberty League supporters, has had a case of the fidgets as a result of the growing outcry against monopoly. In his annual report, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., president of this du Pont-controlled goliath, devoted several pious pages to pleading with industry to assume "added responsibilities," and a role of "enlightened industrial statesmanship" to "attune its thinking and its policies toward advancing the interest of the community



at large." He maintained, however, that present Washington policies "have definitely postponed recovery."

Sloan is merely raising a smoke-screen to cover up General Motors' true position, as well as that of other big corporations. The facts are that "recovery" has been retarded only insofar as payrolls are concerned and that "industrial statesmanship" has been confined to multiplying profits. In 1935, General Motors' profits increased by \$72,457,000 or 76% over the preceding year; its total payroll increased only \$59,800,000 or 22%. Moreover, the special bonuses paid to the GM management were more than tripled, increasing to \$11,355,000 from \$3,677,000 in 1934. Of these bonuses, half were divided among 2,312 officials as contrasted to the 211,712 employees. The other half was split

among 188 top officials, who, in addition, received salaries totaling more than \$4,000,000.

A Bid for Support

THE wooing of Wall Street's political support has been given new impetus by the recently enacted regulations on stock margins issued by the Federal Reserve Board, now under the control of the Roosevelt machine. The brokerage and gambling fraternity has from the start hotly opposed Roosevelt. In addition to the usual



complaints of other reactionary groups, the Street has had a special grudge for stock market regulation. Although brokers' profits have been tremendously expanded by the combination of rising stock prices, increased trading, and reduced wages, the volume, as compared with the milk and honey days, has been restricted by the relatively severe margin requirements. But now the Reserve Board has taken the lid off and is permitting the return of the practice of pyramiding speculation that played so important a part in the 1929 boom and its disastrous collapse. The brokers are delighted, and even if their pleasure does not undermine their opposition to Roosevelt, the political wisecracks on the Street are willing to concede the value to him of a stock market boom in a presidential election year.

Dog Eat Dog

NO small part of the large profits being made by brokers comes from the practice of brokers' borrowing from banks at $\frac{3}{4}$ of 1% interest the millions of dollars required to finance stock market gambling, and relending to their speculating customers at $4\frac{1}{2}$ %. It is now reported that



brokers are considering increasing this spread to 5%.

The Commodity Research Bureau recently advised commodity gamblers to watch for further war scares, crop scares, or inflationary scares as a source of profit from speculation. While thus waiting greedily for news of crop failure to gamble in the fruits of scarcity, these perverse loaded-dice throwers have had war scares to concentrate on. It has in fact been a fertile field.

World consumption of copper, a primary war material, reached 1,600,300 tons in 1935, an increase of almost 60% since 1932. This inflated demand has brought about a corresponding rise in price to $9\frac{1}{4}$ - $9\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pound currently (further rise expected daily) in New York from the 1932 low of 5 cents. Arming for war has been the major factor behind this increased use. The five largest militaristic powers, aside from the United States, showed the following increases in consumption of copper in the period 1928-1935 as compared with the preceding eight years: Great Britain, 49.6%; France, 17.3%; Germany, 25.2%; Italy, 41.1%; Japan, 15.0%. The United States lagged behind for a time, but in 1935 its copper consumption jumped 32% over 1934, the largest gain of any of the world powers, as compared with a rise of 15% for the rest of the world combined. Two of the largest copper trusts, Anaconda and Phelps Dodge, have recently boosted N.Y. prices to $9\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pound. Kennecott, their largest rival, persists in selling at $9\frac{1}{4}$ cents, having the advantage of "low-cost" (read: exploited labor) mines in Chile and Utah.

More war "benefits"! Exports of petroleum and products from the United States to Italy in February were five times larger than a year ago, and amounted to \$1,608,432. Shipments of iron and steel scrap also were larger—Japan has been a strong bidder for scrap iron in this country, and recently purchased 50,000 tons on the eastern seaboard. One local trader outbid the Japanese for 35,000 tons more from the Southern Railway—Germany recently arranged the purchase of 25,000 tons of cocoa (chocolate for marching troops) and announced her intention to buy 25,000 tons more if a satisfactory barter deal could be arranged.

TOSSING their books wrathfully aside, China's students have taken to the fields and factories. Disgusted with the cowardice and corruption of their government officials, the students refuse to remain in their university classrooms while chunk after chunk is being carved out of their country. Their faith in the League of Nations has been shattered, their hope for aid from the American and European governments has died, so the students are again turning to the Chinese workers and farmers as the only forces capable of resisting the Japanese war-makers. This student determination has swept the country like wildfire, so that both the Japanese militarists and their bribed henchmen in Nanking are worried. Even the Japanese-owned *Shanghai Nippo* had to admit (February 15, 1936):

The present movement of the students has been more organized than in the past days and the students are attempting to arouse the workers of factories and other people. The student movement has been transformed from an unpatriotic movement of the youths into a well-organized mass movement. It is possible that the present anti-Japanese national movement will turn into an anti-Government movement.

What fresh insults, added to the injury of the robbery of Manchuria, have impelled the students to burst all bounds?

Provocations

One can point to innumerable provocations. The growing arrogance of Japanese police and military in the cities and ports of China; the brazen smuggling of Japanese contraband across the frontiers of China; the high-handed censorship which Japanese officials in Nanking impose on Chinese periodicals and text-books; the obnoxious check-up by Japanese secret-service agents (stationed in Nanking government offices) on Chinese students wishing to go abroad to study; the taunts in wide sections of the Japanese press about the racial and cultural "inferiority" of the Chinese—these are some of the thorns. Another source of indignation is the systematic stupefaction of millions of their countrymen by Japanese drug merchants who, by fair means and foul, induct even the women and youths into the habit of morphine, opium, heroin, or cocaine.

Of even more serious import to the students and people of China is the alarming plunder of Chinese territory, trade, and populace. The rich northern provinces of Hopei, Chahar, Shansi, Suiyuan, and Shantung, with a total area of over one million square miles, and a population of some ninety millions, have already been seized by Nippon. That these encroachments are not temporary can be seen from the Japanese preparations to erect permanent fortifications there. "For the purpose of controlling the commerce and trade of the five North China prov-



Kang-Teh, Manchukuoan puppet Emperor, reviews his troops

China Digs In

The Far East approaches a showdown

By Michael Pell

inces, the Japanese authorities have decided to develop the Tsingtao port" (Hwalien Agency, Tokyo, Feb. 1, 1936).

By labelling some of these areas "autonomous," and by setting up puppet Chinese governors, the Tokyo schemers try to convince the outside world that the separation of these provinces is the result of some kind of "liberation movement" of the populace itself. By inscribing in large scarehead letters the slogan "Anti-Red" on the banners of these autonomous regions, the schemers hope to mollify the apprehensions of their western imperialist rivals and the Chinese business men. But no Chinese above the age of twelve is fooled by such maneuvers. In the student and public press of Shanghai, Peiping, Tientsin, Nanking, Canton, and other Chinese cities, there is open contempt for these tricks. Thus, the Hangchow *Tung-Nan Jih Pao* of February 3, 1936, states:

Japan declaring that she is the leader of the anti-Soviet front in the Far East is trying to obtain favorable sympathy from the American and European countries and to eliminate the envy of the other powers towards her already established dominating position in the Far East. But the USSR is trying to expose the intrigues of the aggressor and to call the attention of the world to the crisis of peace.

Another inland China newspaper, the Hankow *Ta Tung Jih Pao*, warns: "Japan is occupying Chinese territory under the smoke-screen of an anti-Soviet campaign. She is taking North China and Inner Mongolia."

Nor is this Japanese aggression confined to North China. Gunboats and destroyers flying the flag of the Rising Sun can now be seen patrolling the entire coast of Fukien, rich and strategic South China province. Recently an "investigation" group headed by the Japanese vice-consul of Swatow and the manager of the Taiwan Bank in Amoy, with maps and cameras in their hands, made a "topographical study" of the area. This followed hard on the heels of the visit to Swatow and Foochow, rich South Chinese trading centers, of a squadron of Japanese destroyers for the purpose of "protecting Japanese nationals." (The pretext was the death of a Japanese policeman. When the Chinese authorities sent two British doctors to perform an autopsy, they were not permitted to inspect the corpse.)

Ore for War

A Japanese-financed company has been formed to exploit the iron, manganese, and lead deposits in Kwangsi, South China. The ores will be sent to Formosa for refining purposes, thus providing a valuable auxiliary source of raw materials for the Japanese munitions industry.

The Nanking daily, *Chiu Kuo Jih Pao*, in its issue of February 6, 1936, points out in this connection that "the American naval plan will not be completed for three years and the Singapore naval base of Great Britain will not be ready for three years. This enables Japan to speed up her present plans of

aggression. Because she cannot afford to be surrounded by America, Britain, and the USSR three years from now, Japan now adopts a provocative attitude towards the USSR."

Motives

From the foregoing it should be clear that the articulate sections of China know very well "what it's all about." They know what the real intentions of Tokyo finance capital are, and they know of the rivalries in China between the financial tycoons of Japan, Great Britain, and America. They know also what motivates imperialists of all varieties of skin pigmentation. The Shanghai *Shun Pao* on February 12 revealed this understanding very clearly:

The Italian-Abyssinian war, and the occupation of Chinese territory by Japan, are vivid proofs of the imperialist fight for the control of colonies. In addition to these two imperialist countries the Third Reich, which for the past years carried on a race for rearmament, has become lately very active. Hitler, the dictator of Germany, recently in his speech to university students declared: "The European countries have the right to own colonies. Germany is already very strong. She needs no support of the League of Nations and she fears no treaties. Colonies are occupied by force. White men are destined to rule." This statement reveals clearly the real intention of Germany and the reasons for her rearmament.

It is only when the Chinese nationalist and progressive elements turn their eyes to the anti-imperialist camps that they see any hope or guidance. They see that the Soviet Union is the only world power which refuses to take advantage of China's helplessness, which actively champions the cause of China and other weak nations at Geneva. What is more, they see that the imperialists are compelled to think twice when it comes to the Soviet Union because of her economic and political strength.

An Appeal for Unity

Turning to the anti-imperialist forces within China itself, the progressive students and other honest groups see a sincere and effective anti-imperialist struggle being carried on under the inspiration of the Chinese revolutionists. Despite the severe repressions of radicals by the Chiang Kai-shek government, the recent appeals for unity from the workers and peasants manage to reach the ears and eyes of the honest progressives. They reach the ears of the Kuomintang troops, too, as witness the numerous recent desertions of Nanking soldiers to the camp of the revolutionists.

The militant demonstrations of the students, the restlessness among the city workers and peasants, the defections of officers and men in the Nanking and war-lord armies, the strikes in Japanese-owned factories in Shanghai—these are all direct and indirect indications of the turmoil in the Far East.

China is again beginning to move!

The Nazi Inferiority Complex

Why this show of superiority on the part of Hitler towards all so-called non-Aryans? The author examines the Fascist mind and also explains why the people of the United States have the "good fortune not to be able to call themselves a race"

By Dr. George A. Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY GOTTLIEB

WHEN you encounter a very conceited child, it is safe to guess that he has an inner sense of deficiency; when you meet a very self-assertive one, look for an underlying timidity. For the sense of superiority and the overbearing conduct are probably ways in which the child conceals from both himself and others a gnawing sense of his own inadequacy. These are examples of what psychologists call "inferiority complexes." There are numberless ways of compensating for a weakness by putting on a show of strength. If you lack the muscles or the grit for athletic contests you may compensate by affecting to despise mere physical prowess. If there is a social set that you would like to break into but cannot, perhaps you put on the air

of being above the shallowness of such society. If a competitor is too smart for you, perhaps you can assign him to an inferior race. In myriads of cases an attitude of superiority is merely the outside of an inferiority complex.

The Fascist Mind

Nothing is more characteristic of Fascist mentality than exalted claims to inherent superiority even in the absence of superior achievement. Mussolini feeds himself and his Italians upon the fattening notion that they have inherited the virtues of the ancient Romans; Hitler assures his dejected Germans that they belong to a distinct and glorious race of mortals; our American Fascist, Dennis, would concentrate the powers of government in a coterie of gifted individuals like himself; even the unthinking Fascism of vigilantes, lawless police, "shirt" organizations, and Ku Kluxers includes a self-conceit that never meets opponents squarely, man to man, but seeks to crush them as inferiors. These are signs, not of actual superiority, not of minds that are self-possessed, but of minds struggling to reassure themselves

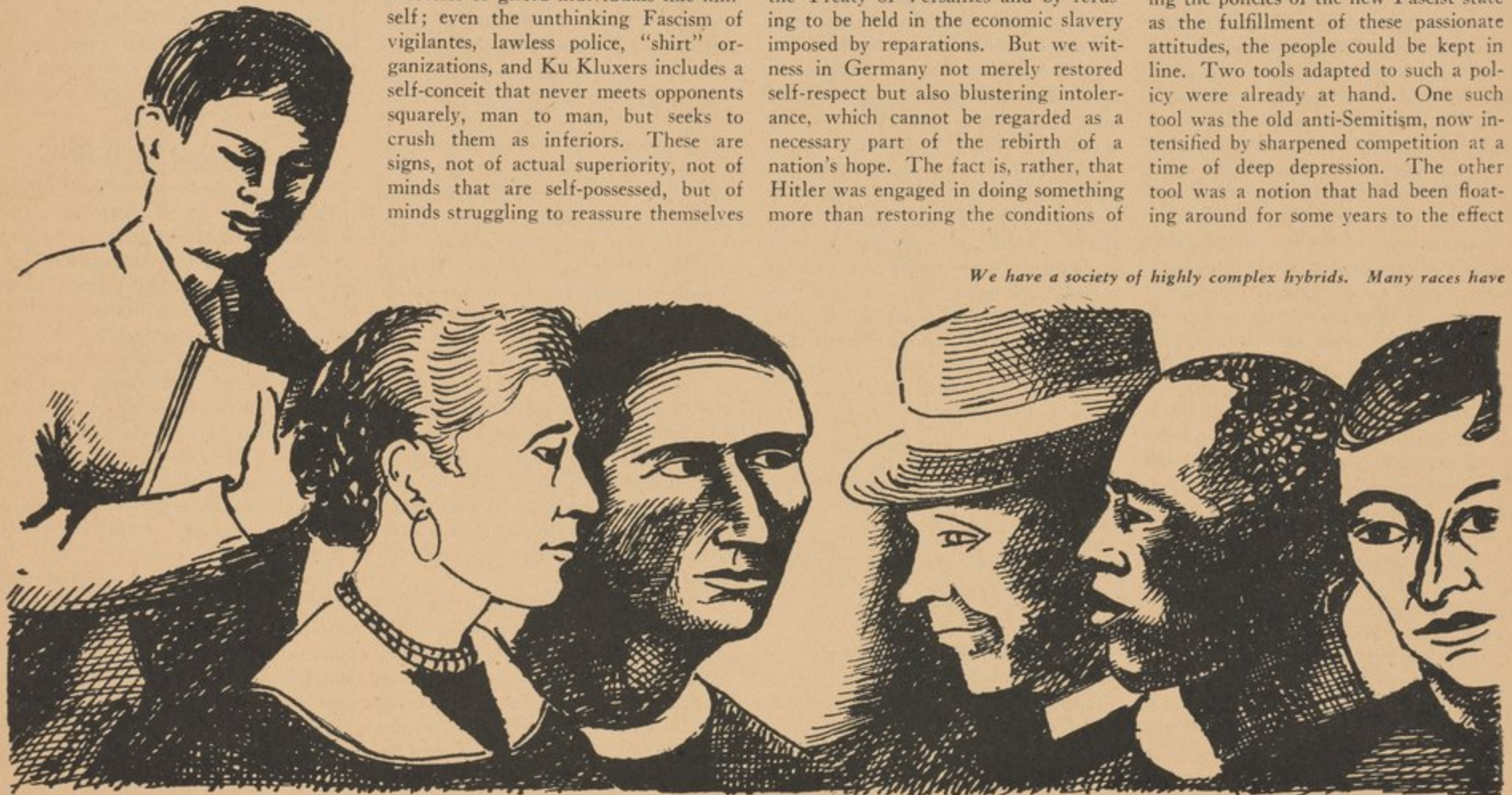
against their own doubts, or else to justify themselves in doing something that ordinary standards condemn.

The Poison in the Cup

In the case of Germany this self-bolstering is unmistakable. But it contains two different elements. The first is recovery from feelings of abasement caused by defeat in the World War and by the humiliating and lying conditions imposed by the Treaty of Versailles. A smarting and resentful national consciousness was inevitable, for the self-respect to which any people is entitled had been wantonly and cruelly invaded. The popular influence of Hitler rests partly upon the fact that he nursed this wounded self-respect back to a reassertion of itself by denouncing the Treaty of Versailles and by refusing to be held in the economic slavery imposed by reparations. But we witness in Germany not merely restored self-respect but also blustering intolerance, which cannot be regarded as a necessary part of the rebirth of a nation's hope. The fact is, rather, that Hitler was engaged in doing something more than restoring the conditions of

healthy-mindedness. This something more is the "poison in the cup."

Like Mussolini, Hitler came to the rescue of an incompetent and besotted profit system by endowing it with the coercive power of the State. This required the economic regimentation of the entire populace, and regimentation, in turn, required the guidance of minds as well as the free use of clubs, rifles, and concentration camps. Hitler hit upon an effective scheme for becoming dictator of thoughts. They were to be controlled through emotions, and emotions were to be guided by inflating existing likes and dislikes at the same time—specifically, by intensifying popular self-esteem to the utmost, and by keeping it in a fighting mood where fighting was safe. Then, by representing the policies of the new Fascist state as the fulfillment of these passionate attitudes, the people could be kept in line. Two tools adapted to such a policy were already at hand. One such tool was the old anti-Semitism, now intensified by sharpened competition at a time of deep depression. The other tool was a notion that had been floating around for some years to the effect



We have a society of highly complex hybrids. Many races have

that Aryans, and especially North Europeans, are the best-blooded stock on earth. This theory became an official dogma of the Fascist government. To deny the dogma was disloyalty; to teach it in the schools and the universities was a patriotic duty; to find evidence in support of it was the official function of researchers in anthropology. To a people galled by contempt from its victorious enemies the government reiterated by a thousand voices day in, day out, "You are inherently, by nature, superior to those who despise you. You are creators, they are imitators. From you flows all that is best in civilization. The best that is in the blood of your detractors is a partial infusion by race mixture of what you have in relative purity."

An Old Device

But here in Germany itself was a multitude of Jews with whom the North European stock was intermarrying. In one of the larger cities of the country there had been a time when every fifth marriage among the Jews was a marriage with a Gentile. Moreover, Jews and part-Jews were prominent and numerous in the professions and even in the government service; they were influential in banking, commerce, and retail trade. Competition with them was intolerable. Hence, "Away with the Jews!" This cry appealed to economic self-interest and also to the passionate desire to be somebody in the world. By providing at one's very door an enemy to be fought—one that could not fight back—the popular mind was kept active without becoming too inquisitive about the policies and the failures of the Fascist regime. Furnishing people with an enemy is an old device of statecraft when it becomes unsure of its main position. The awful story of what happened need not be told here; it can be read in detail in the letter of resignation of James G. McDonald, High Commissioner for Refugees (Jewish and Other) Coming From Germany,

addressed to the Secretary General of the League of Nations (printed in full in the *Christian Century*, January 15, 1936, Part II).

Why must the government of Germany put its whole legal, educational, and military force behind the theory of Aryan superiority? Because the theory is unable to stand upon its own legs. If the evidence for it were adequate, men of science would make it prevail by evidence, just as the theory of evolution has been made to prevail. In America the experts in anthropology and psychology are not under governmental pressure. What do they tell us about the Aryan question? They say that the term "Aryan" designates in the first instance a group of cognate languages. Whether there is a distinct Aryan "race" at all has been a debated question, and the original habitat of this race, if it ever existed, has been a matter of dispute. It is hard to bring "the Aryan question" down to the ground, moreover, because the notion of "race" is a difficult one to apply when you come to details. For, with the possible exception of some geographically isolated and backward peoples, there are no pure races. Wherever peoples mingle, as in commerce, the blood becomes mixed—sex attraction sees to it. Consequently, nobody in Germany or any other civilized country can prove that he is not a hybrid. Moreover, there is some evidence that crossing of strains tends to improve stocks, and there is no evidence that crossing of races produces a contrary effect. The remaining question is: Can racial stocks, such as they are, be classified as superior and inferior, or are the varying levels of culture and accomplishment to be explained by differences in opportunity, differences in the matter of contacts among peoples, and the like?

When we notice in a person, a family, or a people any persistent trait or habit, somebody is sure to say, "It must be in the blood." But psychologists and anthropologists do not reason in

this way. They measure many bodily traits, give mental tests, study the performance of individuals under varying conditions, and seek to determine (experimentally and otherwise), along with biologists, what details can be accounted for as hereditary.

Mental Tests

At our own doors we have an excellent specimen of some of these procedures and of the kind of conclusion towards which they tend. It has been found that American Negroes, on the whole, stand lower on mental tests than do American Caucasians. But Negroes in northern cities excel southern Negroes and even some southern white stocks. One might guess that the superiority of northern Negroes is due to the fact that it is the Negroes with native gumption who migrate to the north. But our men of science have refused to rest in any such guess. Instead they have studied the changes in Negro children under northern conditions. It is found not only that when whites and blacks receive the same schooling the distance between their scores grows less, but also that the longer the black children are exposed to these conditions, the more closely they approximate the achievement of white children of the same age. It is a fair inference that lack of opportunity and meagerness of environment are the main reasons for the existing disparity, and there is reason here for believing that in proportion as Negroes obtain an industrial status equal to that of Caucasians, dwellings as good, and equal access to cultural privileges, the now perceptible differences will approach closer and closer to the vanishing point.

Even if it should be proved—as it has not been proved—that some races are inherently better endowed than others, this would not mean that merely being a member of Race A guarantees that one is in any respect superior to all members of Race B. It would mean merely that Race A has a few more first-quality individuals per thousand.

With exception of these few, every member of Race A can be matched by a member of Race B. Moreover, since Race B produces some individuals at or very near the top of the scale, almost every individual of Race A is excelled by some individuals of Race B! This gives a comical aspect to pride of race. Imagine a commonplace, prosy Caucasian attempting to look down upon a Negro poet!

False Pride

The fact is that race prejudice is a method whereby commonplace men conceal their deficiencies from themselves and others by attributing to themselves the supposed greatness of their race. Pride of race contains a lurking sense of inferiority. There is a second factor associated with this in Fascism. If you want to be utterly partisan, or to do a cruel deed, without self-condemnation, what do you do? You fix your attention upon some big general idea, or upon some cause that is in good repute, and you identify yourself with it. In this way you make yourself believe that you are not despicable though your deeds are, and you claim association with the great and the good. Kluxers hug and kiss the idea of Americanism when they are in the very act of flouting the constitution and setting at naught the rudimentary rules of civilized conduct. Police and company thugs, though they engage in lawless violence, identify themselves with the civic virtue of defending us from our enemies—the peace officers of one state engage in what they call resisting un-American activities. The capitalist backers of all this misconduct of police,

(Continued on page 29)

contributed to the industrial and cultural history of our country



Letters

How a Committee Works

OUR membership doesn't indicate the interest aroused. We have more people coming to meetings each week; some never attended a liberal meeting before. Naturally they haven't joined until they know more about the League, etc. Then many of the old-timers are hard



pressed. Coal prices are so high, etc.

But the people are working hard, two Negroes especially. If our meeting is a financial success, we shall present membership to some who cannot afford it.

We are working in the Unions and the Y. M. C. A. And have made a certain progress. I am to speak February 19 at the Tri-City Labor Council.

Perhaps I told you before: FIGHT is on the magazine racks of the Davenport Library. And all the League pamphlets are in its Reference Department.—JACK KILLIAN, JR., Davenport, Iowa.

On Last Month's Movie Article

RICHARD WATTS, JR., in declaring that genuine anti-war films are not being produced in Hollywood partly because of the producers' fear that they would not be popular, is overlooking the true reason.

The film industry, since it is a capitalist enterprise, is concerned, true enough, with profits but, therefore, carrying this to its logical conclusion, it is fundamentally interested in preserving the *status quo* which makes these profits possible and if necessary in the furthering of Fascism. *Red Salute*, *Riffraff*, *Fighting Youth*, bear witness to this trend. Sinclair Lewis' *It Can't Happen Here* was a tremendously popular success and, unquestionably, its film version would likewise be so. Hollywood, however, frowned upon its production not because of the fear that it would be unprofitable but because of its anti-Fascist theme.—BERT SHAW, Jamaica, N. Y.

In du Pont's State

ENCLOSED you will find a sample of the type of nefarious propaganda which is being disseminated by the future Fascists in du Pont's Wilmington. It

is now an established fact that the Liberty League, D.A.R., P.O.S. of A., and other organizations of that ilk are aiding in this campaign of deportation of the foreign born.

Although there is no branch of the League in Wilmington, the Communist Party and the Socialist Party are making energetic efforts to combat this attack on the foreign born. They are enlisting the support of other organizations in the battle for equal rights for all Americans.

If the coming issue of FIGHT has not gone to press, then we would be thankful if you make comments in regard to this leaflet in your magazine.—LEONA SPAIN, Wilmington, Del.

How to Stop a Fascist Picture

THIS is how we stopped the *La Italia* (a Fascist picture). As soon as we saw handbills advertising that *La Italia* was to be shown at the Rocksprings High School, we called it to the attention of our president of the A.L.A.W.F. who happens to be a local minister. We suggested to him to meet one of the School Board and show him



what effect the picture would have on the children and he did so.

The School Board was called to a special meeting, which was attended by a representative of our League. They decided that all posters would be taken down and no picture would be shown in Rocksprings. The Fascists had to go thirty miles out of town to show their picture.—S. L., Rocksprings, N. Y.

As Labor Goes

(Continued from page 15)

esting situation in the strike and lock-out of the Building Service Employees. Everybody admits that the hours and the wages of elevator operators are bad. With few exceptions, the men work long hours for very low pay. Even those tenants who bridle at the thought of a union, more or less give away their case by insisting on how generous they have been in the matter of tipping. When you begin to tip a worker, you are admitting that his scale of pay is all wrong. And the tippers are those who

take a burden which rightfully belongs to the landlord, and put it on their own shoulders. I have run into a good many tenants and seen their letters in newspapers—tenants who say that they thoroughly believe in higher wages and shorter hours for elevator operators, but that there shouldn't be any union. The *New York Times* said on two or three occasions that the community should take care of these social iniquities. The only trouble with that is that neither the *Times* nor anybody else has made any sane and specific suggestion as to just how the community is going to get to work to correct abuses. Surely the tenant who says, "There, there, my poor man, I sympathize with you. I realize that you are being exploited" has done very little to correct the situation. I don't see how any change can be made except through the organization of the workers.

A Very Capable Lawyer

If this organization also inspires tenants to organize for their own rights, my answer to that is "Fine and dandy!" I feel that if tenants organize, they will learn that on the whole their interests lie with the workers and not with the landlords. If there had been a widespread and efficient organization of tenants right now, the obvious thing for them to have done would have been to go out on strike with the elevator men against the lockout. Surely the landlord is doing the tenant no favor if he brings into the building hired thugs with criminal records. I am all for giving a man out of jail a chance to start over again. But surely the best place for him to start is not as an employee in a building where robbery and theft are too easy. It isn't fair to the tenant. It's hardly fair to the ex-offender himself, and I am afraid I am being too charitable to many strikebreakers when I mention the "ex." As a matter of fact, in my opinion, the strikebreaker is an anti-social person from the moment he steps into another man's job. He has, I think, stolen another man's job and that seems to me the meanest kind of thievery. I don't see why a man who steals another's job is likely to hesitate at a ring or a necklace.

Now where did the leadership lie in the effort to break the organization of the Building Service Employees? One of the leaders was Walter Gordon Merritt. Mr. Merritt is a very capable lawyer. He has specialized in work against labor movements. I have no reason to doubt his sincerity. I might even go so far as to say that he is a fanatic on the subject of the rights of the employer as against the rights of the worker. He was, in the later stages of the litigation, one of the chief movers of the famous Danbury Hatters' case. This was a case in which the employers managed to get decisions in the state of Connecticut punitive to the Hatters' Union. In fact, the vast pen-

alties were levied against the workers because they undertook to create a boycott against the manufacturers who they thought were unfair. Walter Gordon Merritt found that by legal acumen it would be possible even to take away the homes of the hatters, to leave them stripped and bare, because of their temerity in daring to fight against their employers. I believe the American Federation of Labor eventually did raise the money to save these homes. But Walter Gordon Merritt was minded actually to reduce American working men to beggary and poverty because they refused to function as serfs in the industrial scheme.

No Restrictions

And the Realty Advisory Board, directed by Walter Gordon Merritt, has the audacity to say that unionization is un-American. The union shop has existed in this country for half a century. It exists in many fields with which you are familiar. The theater is a closed shop. All the actors belong to Actors' Equity, which is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. So do the stage hands and so do the electricians, and so do the musicians. And for that matter, the dramatists themselves have a closed shop, and a very tight one. If you want to have a play produced on Broadway, you must join the Dramatists' Guild. Nevertheless, though there is the union shop, the theater in America has proceeded more smoothly and more prosperously than the real estate business. I must say that if the union shop is good enough for Katharine Cornell and Ina Claire, I see no reason why it shouldn't be good enough for Bing & Bing. When Toscanini leads a symphony orchestra, he is part of a union shop. The musicians of the symphony are all organized. Well, if the union shop is good enough for Toscanini, it might even be good enough for Fred F. French.

But even more powerful than Walter Gordon Merritt is a man named William Randolph Hearst. Mr. Hearst is a real estate man, a big real estate man. But he is also a big newspaper and magazine publisher. He has vast mining interests. Indeed, he is one of the largest capitalists in the country. Mr. Hearst fought the elevator strike bitterly in his papers from the beginning. Mr. Hearst fought the Newspaper Guild in his *Wisconsin News*, a Milwaukee newspaper. Mr. Hearst's representatives in Milwaukee say that he will never consent to allow newspapermen to organize. Mr. Hearst has fought every sort of bill in Congress or in state legislatures which would attempt to regulate minimum wages or shorten the hours of work. His policy has been one of rugged individualism. No restriction whatsoever should be put on the business man. When the business man is good and ready, he may allow some part of his

profits to trickle down to labor. Well, if that isn't Fascism, what is Fascism?

Half Slave and Half Free

It is time now for all those who believe in the preservation of democracy to fight on the side of trade unionism and the labor movement. You cannot have a world half slave and half free. The employee who is denied the right of organization becomes no more than a pawn. He is not a free agent in a democracy. He may even be pushed about as to the manner in which he should vote. If the structure of labor organization in this country goes, I think American democracy will go with it.

Haymarket

(Continued from page 17)

penalty of death because they have dared to tell the truth—and I defy you to tell us where we have told a lie—I say, if death is the penalty for proclaiming the truth, then I will proudly and defiantly pay the costly price!"

The Chicago upper class heaved a sigh of relief, and the elated Chicago *Tribune* proposed that \$100,000 should be subscribed and presented to the jury for having done their duty. Short of donating the money itself no patriotic newspaper could have done more.

An appeal followed, in which Lincoln's old associate Leonard Swett argued for the appellants; and when on September 20th, 1887, the appeal was duly dismissed, recourse was taken to the United States Supreme Court. That august body refused to intervene, even as it refused forty years later to intervene in the cause of Sacco and Vanzetti.

Meanwhile American justice was beginning its historic function of providing a subject for European agitation. Bernard Shaw circulated a petition for reprieve, and William Morris in writing to Robert Browning for his signature, remarked that the conviction of the labor men was but an incident in the class struggle, "and I hope you will agree that the victors in the struggle need not put to death the prisoners of war they took."

On November 10th, 1887, the sentence on Fielden and Schwab was commuted to life imprisonment. The same day Lingg committed suicide. Parsons, quoting Patrick Henry, refused to ask for mercy. Spies begged Governor Oglesby to spare the lives of his comrades, and appease public wrath by executing him alone, but the Governor had a prosaic mind, and on November 11th Fischer, Engel, Spies, and Parsons were hanged.

The Birth of May Day

On June 26th, 1893, Governor John Altgeld, insisting that the Haymarket explosion was a deed of personal vengeance on the police by an unknown relative of one of their victims, pardoned

Neebe, Schwab, and Fielden, and ruined himself politically by doing so.

It is interesting to note that, at the dedication of the monument to the police victims of the Haymarket explosion, the politician who officiated said: "If a government by the people is not sufficiently strong and vital to preserve the public order, to protect human life, and to assure to its subjects the safe possession of their own, a strong central government will necessarily be established." These words have the authentic ring of Fascism.

The struggle for the eight-hour day continued. In December 1888, the A. F. of L. proclaimed a nation-wide strike to take place on May 1st, 1890; and on July 14th, 1889, which was the hundredth anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, the leaders of International Labor assembled in Paris, and formed the Second International. This body called for an international strike to demand the eight-hour day, and as the A. F. of L. had already set its date, the International chose May 1st, 1890, as the day on which the workers of the world should demonstrate. On that day accordingly the first international May Day was celebrated, and soon its object was enlarged to express labor's demand not only for an eight-hour day, but for better conditions generally, until today May Day symbolizes the demand of the working class and their allies everywhere for emancipation from the serfdom of economic insecurity, for peace and against Fascism.

Frick's Millions

(Continued from page 7)

Down in Fayette County, at the heart of U. S. Steel's coke fields in the North, the Employee Representation Plan emerged under the euphemistic title "The Miners' Independent Brotherhood." Preferring a union of their own, 20,000 Frick miners struck to compel the H. C. Frick Co. to recognize the United Mine Workers of America, which John L. Lewis was rebuilding. Martin Ryan, the outstanding labor leader in the Pennsylvania coke country, was the brains of the "wildcat" strike. The Frick "police" at Gates shot fourteen miners on the picket line the first day. Despite the strike-breaking team-work of the private deputies, the state police, the local press, the Frick management, Donald Richberg, General Johnson, and their own officials, the rank and file picketed Frick's mines for nine weeks straight. Then President Roosevelt stepped in. He promised a government-supervised election at each captive mine. The Frick Co. agreed to put the union issue to an employee vote in December 1933. Confident of their numerical superiority over the Miners' Independent Brotherhood, the strikers went back to work. Their stubbornness confirmed what Frick never understood, that to whatever depths official unionism may sink



Opposing war appropriations on behalf of the "People's Mandate," which has already been signed by over a million foes of war. Left to right: Representatives Henry C. Luckey (Nebraska), Knute Hill (Washington), and Caroline O'Day (New York), Miss Anne Martin, Colorado, a member of the committee of the "People's Mandate," and Representative Fred Bierman (Iowa)

through inexperience, timidity, company-collusion, or internal bureaucracy, the principle of bona-fide unionism is a religion in the coal fields.

Reborn

Faced with an employee election, the corporation denied the validity of the election and participated in the vote. As soon as its men had been herded back into the mines, the Frick official asserted that union recognition would not be the issue of the election! An attorney for the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation told the press that the NRA poll in the captive mines was "as far from electing the United Mine Workers for representatives as choosing the King of England." To sharpen the knife on both edges, the Frick Co. fostered and pushed the Miners' Independent Brotherhood. First, the bosses split their men against themselves. They buttonholed their submissive workers, either openly or subtly. Then they padded the payroll. They added hundreds of names to their roster of supposed mine workers. The non-miners who were given voting cards included bookkeepers, scrub-women, company-store employees, truck drivers from West Virginia delivering timber to the mines, extra hands, and high-school boys. At the Footdale mine an outside boss was listed as an electrician, a fire boss as a timberman. A deputy sheriff at Smock put on a pair of "muckers"—the clothes a miner goes to work in. Filbert's superintendent tried to pass his own son. The management at Maxwell hid its fire bosses in the basement of the school house where the ballots were being counted. They were to vote if the UMWA challengers left their posts. Martin Ryan estimates that the office took on one

hundred and fifty "extras" at Colonial 4 and won the election for the Brotherhood by four votes, counting the ballots of six women office workers. Armed company "police" loitered near the voting booths.

Even under such circumstances the United Mine Workers managed to carry five of Frick's fourteen mines. Reborn, the United Mine Workers, after 44 years of non-unionism, set out to match its strength against H. C. Frick's.

The Name of Frick

Frick's shadow had not lifted over Fayette County. After dominating the union election and denying their validity in advance, the Frick Co. ignored the election results. And where the United Mine Workers lost out in 1933—at Gates, Colonial 3, Colonial 4, Edenborn, Lekrone 5, and Ronco—their pit committees cannot so much as walk into a Frick office as a body. The United Mine Workers does not exist in the minority mines.

At their five majority mines, United Mine Workers are given the run-around. Unresolved labor disputes, according to contract, must be peddled from one's immediate superior to the assistant mine foreman, thence to the mine foreman, to the general superintendent, to the union pit committee, to the district office of the UMWA, to the company's general headquarters, and finally to a district labor board. In the coke region, grievances "fade out" when they reach the higher courts of appeal. After a spell the source of irritation reappears. A mine official recently snapped at the president of a UMWA local: "Frick will never recognize your union. When it does it won't run under the name of 'Frick.'" The miner reported the incident with

the droll comment: "Well, I'm not particular what name it runs under."

Like the European monarch who made a habit of playing sick and announcing his retirement from office the better to see who his enemies were and who needed beheading, the Frick Co. made excellent use of the 1933 elections. At the government polls the sheep were put in one pen and the goats in another. U. S. Steel doubled its quota of sheep and butchered the goats. The goats wore the union label.

Thirty-five local leaders of the United Mine Workers were fired at Smock, seventy at Footdale, ten at Ronco, and one hundred and eighty at Colonial 4. Martin Ryan was let out at Colonial 4 because, in the opinion of one company official, "Martin is too straight for the Frick Co." Maxwell and Edenborn were closed down for a spell in September 1934. A hundred leading UMWA men at Maxwell, and sixty at Edenborn, were told their places were "all filled up" after the shut-down.

From 1933 on, two hundred non-union men have been newly hired at Maxwell, four to five hundred at Smock, fifty at Filbert, three to four hundred at Colonial 4, and one hundred at Edenborn. "They're thinning us out all right," one of Frick's victims lamented a week or two ago. "Them Brotherhood men," another Frick miner relates, "they're worked over by the detective service before they even apply for the job." Frick applicants are grilled in the employment office. "Do you belong to the United Mine Workers?" "So you're John Slonimsky's kid! Sorry, we can't do anything for you." "We may be able to find a place for your boy if you take out a Brotherhood card."

Daily instruction in paternalism is imparted down in the shaft. United Mine Workers are given the worst working places. The "real" union men are demoted and denied promotion. They often end up on the rock pile, loading slate at the lowest wage in the mine. Unofficially, the Brotherhood miners are given extra turns on the layoff days. At Colonial 3 the United Mine Workers are segregated in a separate section of the mine. To knock off union grievances the bosses at Edenborn have paired off UMWA men and members of the company union job for job.

Before the advent of scales and union checkweighmen "Frick took coal off the men" constantly. Short weighing at the tippie is a universal company practice. With an ingenious joker of its own, the Frick Co. in 1933 conceded a union weighman at each of its pits; but only United Mine Workers chip in to pay the checkweighman's wages. At Ronco, fifty United Mine Workers pay their man to checkweigh their own tonnage and the tonnage of two hundred and fifty company men. An eight- to ten-dollar monthly tax

levied on each United Mine Worker! Colonial 4 has no checkweighman at all. Martin Ryan worked at Colonial 4. The special retribution illustrates the point that U. S. Steel in teaching the workers, à la Frick, "a lesson they will never forget," varies its lessons according to the pupil.

Whispers Only in a Frick Camp

"Frick has been under the gun for forty years," the saying goes in western Pennsylvania. Governor Pinchot's Commission on Special Policing in Industry discovered that in 1934 Fayette County—U. S. Steel—had "more company deputies in the soft coal industry than all the rest of the state put together." "We believe," the commission stated, "that the constant presence of uniformed police officers, who are paid and directed by the employers, is a source of intense irritation to the miners and leads to violence." Labor disturbances around the coal mines—clubbing, shooting, gassing, dynamiting, and burning of KKK crosses—are, in most cases, the handiwork of deputy sheriffs and company men.

In the past two years the homes of seven United Mine Workers at Edenborn have been riddled by snipers shooting down from the back hills at night. Union men have their houses stoned, their back porches blown off, shot guns fired through their windows. Night riders in auto caravans sweep in and out of company towns. When fourteen

miners were shot down at Gates in 1933, a Pittsburgh newspaper man quoted the deputies as saying they were "waiting for the fun to start." The strikers testified that the assistant superintendent ordered his private guards to "let 'em have it." Perhaps R. B. Mellon was reading from Frick's will when he stated to a Senate Committee that "You couldn't run a coal mine without machine guns"—in any case the Federal law enacted under Roosevelt's administration specifically permits steel and coal companies to own machine guns.

Frick's towns are petty feudal states. The houses, the stores, the streets—and the local police—are U. S. Steel's exclusive property. Union men and Brotherhood men pass one another on the street without lifting their eyes or saying a word. The Brotherhood men are afraid of their shadows and, at heart, ashamed of their class betrayal. Wasn't it U. S. Steel's predecessor, Andrew Carnegie, who said it was an "unwritten law" that "Thou shalt not take thy neighbor's job"? A harassed United Mine Worker describes the Frick spy system as follows: "It wouldn't be so bad if it was like two armies fightin' it out in the open, but you're fightin' the invisible." You only whisper in a Frick camp.

Living in Frick's ugly school house—the cheap company shanties that the miners call Sears, Roebuck houses—Frick's miners are compelled to buy at

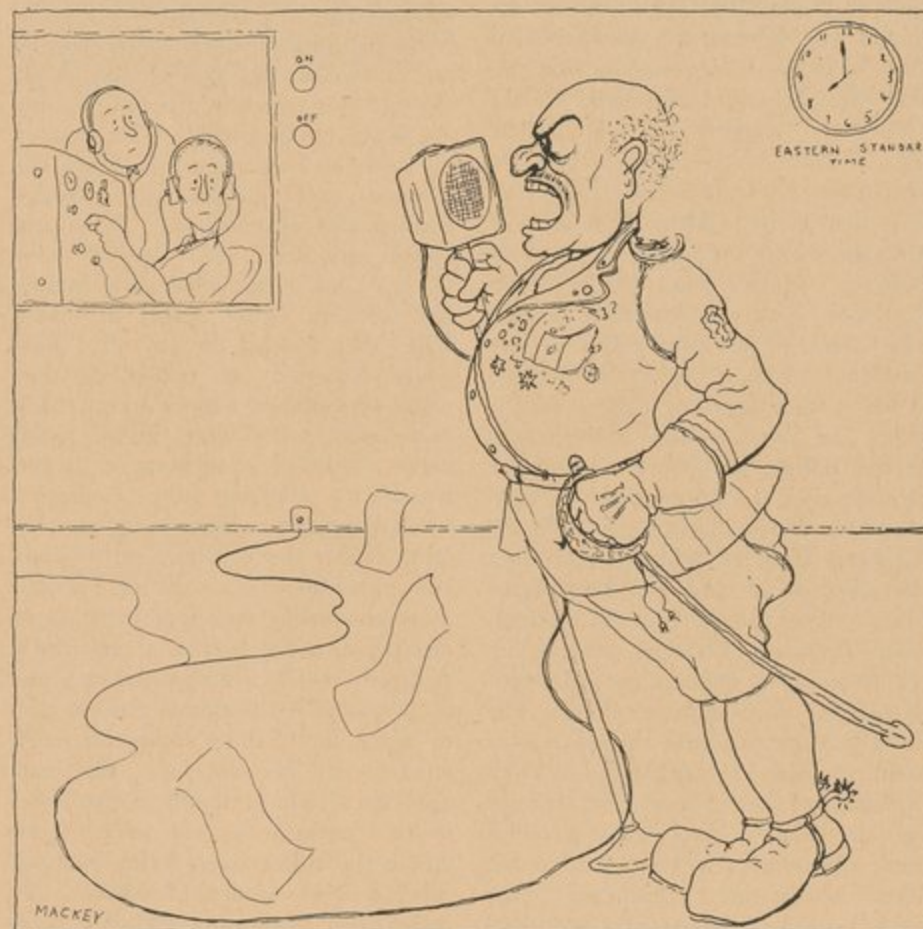
the Union Supply Co. This is the name of Frick's chain store. The miners submit to the Union Supply Co. and its stiff prices because their pay checks are wiped out by back debts to the H. C. Frick Co. The company takes a check-off from every pay envelope—for back rent, old store bills, house coal, work materials, and the check-off for the company doctor. For instance, on July 1, 1935, one Frick employee drew fifty cents in cash from a pay envelope of fifty dollars. The company took \$49.50.

A sagacious miner who has cut coal for Frick for fifteen years says: "They pay us on the same basis as a pit mule." When of necessity miners are living on a subsistence margin, they get squeezed by the company store in strike times. Once a certain Frick store manager arranged a picnic for his office help. He gave a handout of leftover sandwiches to some miners out on picket duty. He lost his job.

In open meeting, Tom Moses scoffed at Governor Earle's relief proposals. "The present credit system," he emphatically protested, "is the best one that can be devised. No improvement could be made on immediate past practices. There has never been anyone starved in the coke region." (Has Mr. Moses heard of the Allegheny Valley miner whose wife had just had a baby when the company he works for put him through the 100% check-off? Whereupon the man went out of his head and smashed up the show cases in the company store with a case of pop bottles?)

GENERAL D'SORDER

By Mackey



"Why, if it wasn't for us generals there wouldn't be any Decoration Day"

The Tombstone

Fundamentally, no labor union in America seems strong enough to take the field alone against the United States Steel Corporation. Had Lewis insisted in 1922 and, again, in 1933, that no union contracts would be signed until the steel firms recognized his union, he might have lost the 500,000 men he controls today in the most powerful labor unit in the country; now \$250,000 roll into the national treasury every month in union dues. Lewis has just collected a special assessment of \$800,000. If he carries out his campaign to bring about the organization of the mass industries—steel, auto, rubber, cement, aluminum—he may yet carry the fight to U. S. Steel. He has formed the Committee on Industrial Organization. He has the war chest. He has the brains. He has the opening. He has the labor connections. His miners seem to have more spirit than almost any other large group of workers in the country. Frick "taught the workers a lesson they will never forget"—in a sense he didn't mean. They will play for bigger stakes if and when Lewis says the word. But until that plan materializes, the twenty thousand miners in Fayette County will remain in H. C. Frick's vise. Frick's shrine—Frick's tombstone—still towers over the coke region.

Building the League

A United Movement in Common Resistance to War and Fascism

By Paul Reid



PENNSYLVANIA—With the help of a new organization secretary, Philadelphia is now extending the League into new communities. Five branches are active. Recently arrangements were made for 13 broadcasts over Station WIP. The first one was presented



Monday, March 23rd, from 10:30 to 10:45 P. M., and the others will follow on alternate weeks. Pittsburgh has organized a Peace Essay Contest with \$50 as the first prize. The Pittsburgh Press is cooperating. A local petition is being circulated protesting the rule of the school board whereby the use of public schools is barred to certain organizations. The League is also organizing a drive against Hearst. Recent affiliations include: Social Workers' Association, New America, and the New Theater Group. A goal of 200 new members by June 1st has been set and a campaign for subscriptions for FIGHT is getting under way.

NEW JERSEY—"Christianity and Judaism Against War and Fascism" was the theme of a recent meeting held by the Englewood branch of the League. The Reverend Kenneth Kingston, of Glen Cove, Long Island, and Rabbi Max Maccoby, of Pelham, Westchester County, were the speakers. Trenton has been exceedingly effective in getting mass protest against the gag bills. Recently members of the New Jersey State Committee with Trenton League members appeared before a committee of the State Assembly in opposition to the proposed compulsory flag salute bill. The League at Trenton plans a social affair in the form of a "Peace Party" on April 18th. Special invitations are being issued to labor and unemployed groups. An investigation of the discharge of alien workers at Roebing, New Jersey, and publicity on this issue is one of the chief concerns of this committee. They have increased their order for FIGHT to 100 copies of the May issue. Irvington is busy organizing a junior group under the direction of the secretary, Grace

Chorlton. On March 25th a party was held as a part of the drive for new members. Dr. Emma Schrieber addressed the March 27th Branch meeting on the subject "Women and War." Patterson had Frank Palmer, editor of the People's Press, as a speaker for a League meeting on March 27th, and has secured Francis Gorman of the United Textile Workers for a subsequent meeting.

CALIFORNIA—During a meeting held in West Oakland the East Bay committee of the League dramatized Dr. Ward's article on Ethiopia printed in the February FIGHT. Four characters represented the definite historical periods while a fifth spoke as the voice of the League. The League here has circulated 10,000 leaflets protesting the local finger-printing law. Palo Alto—Here in the home of ex-President Herbert Hoover, the Board of Education has denied the use of a public school building to the local Branch of the League. At an open meeting of the Board the denial was backed by a member of the Reserve Officers' Association. The League's application was supported in the community by a trade union leader, two Stanford University professors, and an Episcopal minister. A storm of protest has been aroused by this denial of free speech and free assembly in the public school. San Francisco entertained General Fang Chen-Wu at a banquet recently. General Smedley Butler is scheduled for a



Rev. Herman F. Reissig, Secretary Religious Section, American League Against War and Fascism

number of League meetings on the west coast during the last week of April. A campaign to stop shipments of munitions by appeal to workers in the Bay region is being pressed.

NEW YORK—When it was learned that the Friends of New Germany planned to hold a "Nazi convention" in Buffalo recently our League members in that city organized a broad committee to protest this anti-labor gathering. The convention was first postponed and then finally held at the Hotel Statler. A delegation protested to the German Consul while other anti-Fascists picketed the building. The American Nazis



finally took their convention to a private home. Syracuse had the Reverend Herman Reissig, secretary of the National Religious Committee of the League, for their speaker at a meeting on March 25th. The Branch is being extended in this community to include students of the nearby university and additional townspeople. A Branch of the League is being organized at Troy. The Branch at Albany arranged a unique meeting on the subject of the Nye Munitions Investigation. A brief skit was presented featuring the characters: J. P. Morgain, Frankie Vandalip, Robbie Laughingwell, T. Wahwah Lament, G. P. Nigh. Westchester County—a county-wide meeting has been arranged with General Smedley Butler as speaker for the early part of May. Mt. Vernon launched the Anti-War Certificate drive on April 1st with the National Executive Secretary as the chief speaker. Croton-on-Hudson is holding an anti-Hearst meeting on April 22nd. The New Rochelle Branch is rapidly expanding and becoming a real force in the community. At Yonkers a military organization of youth proposing to keep "law and order" was contested by the League and received considerable criticism from leading people of the community. This organization of youth known as the "Provisional Training Corps" was the first open indication that there were uni-

formed and armed groups of young people under the leadership of veterans' organizations who were drilling, parading, and receiving training and education of a definite militaristic nature. The group marched into a high school gymnasium flourishing rifles with the intention of offering protection. A fake letter had brought them to this place. The community has been aroused at this incident and is actively opposing this militarization of youth. New York City—Action by Borough President Harvey of Queens in denying the application of the Jamaica Branch of the League for the use of the town hall on April 15th brought a strong protest from the local Branch and from the Central Council of the League. A committee of prominent clergymen, public figures, and League leaders called upon Mr. Harvey and protested his action and charges against the League. Permission to use the hall was granted. A large anti-war meeting was held in New York City at the Central Opera House on April the 13th. The speakers were John P. Davis, secretary of the National Negro Congress; John Nelson, Vice-President of Bricklayers' Union No. 34; Dr. Hansu Chan, editor, China Today; Rev. Archie D. Ball, outstanding Methodist minister of Englewood, New Jersey; and Willis Morgan, President of the City Projects Council. Petitions against gag legislation bearing over 7,000 signatures have been sent to Washington by the New York City League in the last month. The National Office and the City Office are cooperating in the Anti-War Certificate drive in New York City. The "kick-off" meeting was held on March 30th, when over \$350 in cash and nearly \$3,000 in pledges was received. Mr. A. H. Sakier has been secured as director of this drive.

The national Peace Certificate Drive is now under way throughout the country. (See page 32.) The National and New York City offices of the League have formed a joint committee to put over the drive in the city and to carry on a cooperative financial program for the entire year.

IOWA—In spite of the opposition of the Reserve Officers' "League Against War and Communism," the mass meeting arranged by the Davenport American League with General Smedley

Butler as speaker on March 23rd was well attended and a decided success. Rabbi Albert S. Goldstein of Davenport was chairman of the meeting and a question period was held at the end of the General's well-received address.

MILWAUKEE—Our members have taken active part in all the events of the Newspaper Guild strike on the Hearst-owned Wisconsin News. The League has also exposed and opposed



the "law and order league" led by Sheriff Shinner. Shinner is noted for his anti-labor position, having once ordered dozens of baseball bats to be used against strikers. The so-called "law and order league" was opposed for its definite Fascist tendencies.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Several groups have combined their efforts in the nation's capital toward the formation of a strong Branch. John Franklin of the national office recently spent several days helping get the Branch started. A public meeting has been planned for the near future. Some of the members are being formed into a research committee to keep the national office informed of pertinent developments relating to war and Fascism in Congress.

NORTH DAKOTA — MINNESOTA—The McLean County convention of the Non-Partisan League endorsed the program of the American League and asked the State Convention to do likewise. Waldo McNutt, our national organizer, spoke at the state convention on March 3rd and presented the American League program. The convention passed a strong resolution endorsing the work and program of the League. At Fargo, North Dakota, McNutt was barred from the air over Station WDAY after Homer Chaillaux, over the same station, had openly attacked the American League and McNutt personally. The American Civil Liberties Union has protested this action on the part of the station and will fight the case. McNutt's tour for the League of North Dakota included Casselton and Grand Forks, where he spoke to a number of groups. The St. Louis County (Duluth) Farmer-Labor Party affiliated with the American League and asked the state convention to take similar action. McNutt spoke in Minneapolis at the state convention on March 27th, presenting the League's program, which received very warm support from the delegates. A resolution for the endorsement of the American League by the

state FLP was pressed. In Minneapolis, due to the activities of McNutt and the securing of a new League secretary, a new branch has been organized and the work of the League greatly expanded. The Hennepine County (Minneapolis) FLP has affiliated with the League. A finger-printing ordinance has been adopted in St. Paul and is now proposed in Minneapolis. The League forces are opposing this legislation strenuously. A peace demonstration has been organized for April 25th and is endorsed and actively supported by the Central Labor Union, The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, local labor unions, cooperatives, women's groups and churches. Mrs. Charles Lundquist, a member of the National Executive Committee of the League, is chairman of the arrangements committee. Most recently McNutt has visited Askov, Virginia, and Duluth, Minnesota, as well as Superior, Wisconsin, in the interests of the League.

ILLINOIS—A unique method of education and agitation has been utilized by the Chicago League. On two Saturdays during the past month Peace Pickets have appeared in the Loop district carrying signs and passing out leaflets on the war situation. The demonstration on April 4th was utilized to draw attention to the April 6th anniversary of the declaration of war and to expose the danger of another



conflict. On the 21st of March 3,000 leaflets were passed out by the pickets, who carried signs with such slogans as "The American People Want Peace," "Fascism Leads to War," "Join the American League," and so forth.



Mussolini's Balilla! Italian military organization, ranging in age from eight to fifteen



By
James Lerner

Youth Notes

IT TOOK a flood to stop the planned New Hampshire-Vermont Youth Conference which had been scheduled for the latter part of March. The conference is now scheduled to take place in the second week of May. Youth groups in the area are requested to get in touch with William Remington at Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.

BY the time the magazine reaches your city the Student Strike will have passed from the front pages. Now students



as well as other sections of young people should direct their attention to May 30, United Youth Day. For the past few years youth groups have commemorated Decoration Day by demonstrating for peace. It will happen again this year. The American Youth Congress (now preparing for its third Congress to be held in Cleveland on July 4) as well as Youth groups in the American League will be out marching for peace that day.

NEW YORK CITY now boasts of 18 youth branches. Besides, a number of adult branches have youth committees which frequently lay the foundation for youth branches. A vague report out of Cincinnati, Ohio, states that a Youth Committee recently established is doing good work. Among other things it has set up its own Speakers' Bureau to address youth groups and win them for the League.

A YEAR and a half ago we started a settlement house peace movement in New York City. It was unofficial—that is, without the support of the United Neighborhood Houses. It did such good work that this year the United Neighborhood Houses set up a Peace Committee. Twenty houses were represented at the first meeting. There was a talk on the possibilities of work for the Committee by the writer of these lines, reports from various houses already doing peace work, and election of committees to carry on.

The first job undertaken was that of running a Peace Week, similar to the one the Settlement House Committee ran last year. This will include peace plays, movies, meetings, exhibits, etc. It is expected that several houses in a neighborhood will work the "Week" as a cooperative venture. From the reports it was easily seen that those houses which had Youth Branches of the League in them were most alive to the issues of fighting war.

THE Youth Branch at Educational Alliance in Cleveland sends us copies of their mimeographed bulletin. It is sold, and, reports have it, well sold. If you've been bothered by the intricacies of "neutrality," "national defense," and the complicated situation throughout the world you should get hold of our new pamphlet, "Youth Demands Peace." We believe that it answers your questions. Sells for 5 cents.

COMMITTEES of the League have learned of Olympic finals in their areas. Chicago and Los Angeles have taken action. If America gets into the fight now there is excellent chance that there'll be no Olympics in Germany this year. Next month there will be a conference in Paris at which the representatives of the French, Belgian, Spanish, Czechoslovakian Olympic Committees will take a final stand on their attitude toward the games in Germany. Meanwhile the head of the French committee has stated that: "Now is not the time for our athletes



to go to Germany." A transfer of the games may come out of this meeting. Meanwhile Glenn Cunningham, who has been feuding it with Gene Venzke to settle who is the fastest miler in America, announced that: "I'm absolutely opposed to the American track team taking part in the Olympics in Nazi Germany. I wouldn't run on the same ground with that maniac Hitler. But I would like to run him off the face of the earth."

Nazi Complex

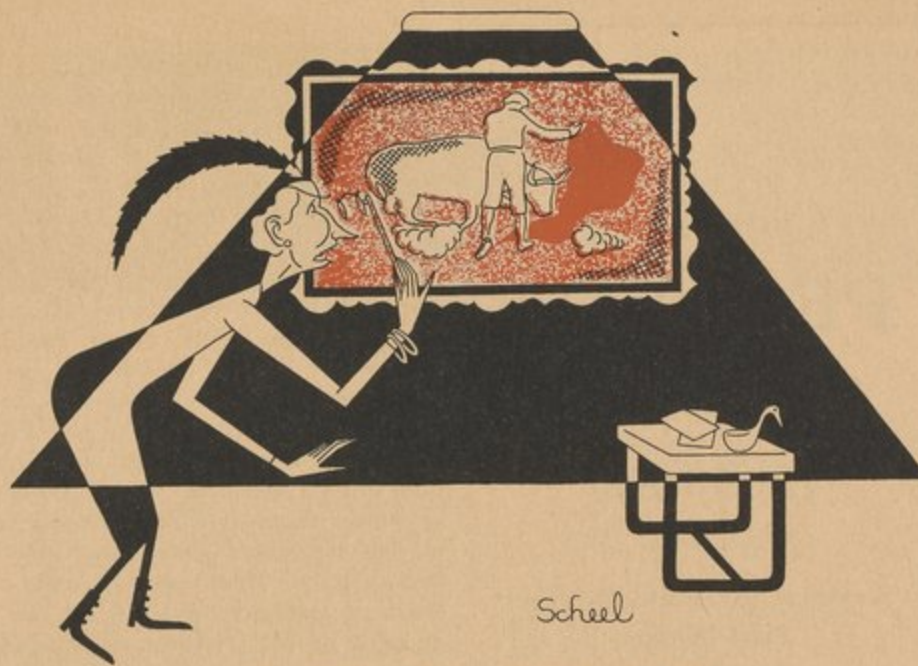
(Continued from page 23)

thugs, and vigilantes, fall back, for their justification, upon the constitution, our liberties, the home, religion, or what not. This self-deception is a self-protective device; it is the only thing that can keep alive the remaining vestiges of self-respect. This thralldom to inferiority complexes is the way of Fascism, be it Italian, German, Californian, or Arkansan.

Our Good Fortune

The people of the United States have the good fortune not to be able to call themselves a race. We are a society of highly complex hybrids. Not only have many races contributed to the industrial and cultural history of the country, but in addition intermarriage has constantly worked towards the obliteration of racial contrasts. The "old American stock" that we sometimes hear mentioned, besides being rather scarce, has no racial identity. I myself might claim to belong to this stock, for one of my ancestors came to this country in 1630 and another in 1670. But, among my four grandparents three national strains were represented; the two early ancestors were of different nationalities and racially different; and, anyway, how much of me can be accounted for by an ancestor ten generations back? Figure it out for yourself: 2 parents, 4 grandparents, 8 great-grandparents, 16 great-great-grandparents, and so on. When you reach back as far as ten generations you come upon 1/1024th as the share of my first American ancestor in me!

At various times anxiety has arisen over the immigration of persons of supposedly inferior race, as South European and Mediterranean. Scientific investigation, however, has failed to establish any innate inferiority of these later immigrants to the earlier ones. What is clear is that in some respects the cultural conditions under which some of them grew up were deficient, and that new and better conditions in this country rapidly remove the handicap. The last thing that any sensible American should do is to assume that because he is an American, or because his ancestors "came over" early, therefore he is innately superior to other human beings. If there is anything that should be expected from every true American it is willingness to stand up and be compared with other individuals of whatever race one by one, claiming nothing for oneself beyond what one's own individual merits justify. Such a test would make every one of us modest, but it would leave our self-respect untarnished. If, on the other hand, we shrink from this test, assigning to ourselves the dubious or mythical superiority of some race, especially if on this ground we justify ourselves in crushing or holding down the members of some other race, we unwittingly confess that



Mrs. Dilling: "What? Another Red?"

deep down in our hearts there is lack of confidence in ourselves and our cause—we are possessed by an inferiority complex.

Burning Fuses

(Continued from page 11)

pire. In that way he counted on lessening the pressure of hunger and misery on his regime at home. At the same time he would have installed himself on the shores of the Red Sea—on the narrow highway which links England to the sources of her wealth in India. By organizing the manpower of Ethiopia and militarizing the consolidated colonies of Eritrea, Somaliland, and Ethiopia, Mussolini planned to get the whiphand over England. Not that the Duce wants to attack Britain. That is not his objective. In the great new division of the world's markets—in other words the second world war, which Mussolini predicts for 1939, "and maybe before"—the Duce wanted to use the conquered Ethiopian empire as a weapon of intimidation. Could he conquer Ethiopia, he could be certain that England would buy his support or even his neutrality at a high price.

Britain Seeks an Ally

This beautiful dream of imperialist rapine and loot vanished rapidly as the Ethiopians put up an almost superhuman resistance. At the beginning of March it seemed clear to every foreign military observer that the Italian army was not going to conquer Ethiopia and that if the Duce persisted in his war, he faced a financial débâcle at home. Sanctions were taking effect, and England looked on, without striking a blow, as Italy exhausted herself. Not that England wants to see the Fascist regime wiped out; Baldwin and Chamberlain have affirmed over and over again that they do not want the death of the sinner, but rather a strong, well-armed Italy capable of playing its role

in the "maintenance of peace" in Europe, which means—Italy as a sort of unavowed vassal of British imperialism, to be used in bargaining with France and Germany and ultimately, if necessary, as an ally in the "holy crusade" against the Soviet Union.

For ten years Britain was the animator of the anti-Soviet front. The ultimate object of all London's alliances, agreements, diplomatic moves, intrigues, and string-pulling was the encirclement of the Soviet Union. Only last summer England signed a naval agreement with Germany which gives the latter control of the Baltic, thus preventing France and the USSR from sending troops and equipment to each other in event of war.

Not only did Great Britain not invoke the League's authority and the League's sanctions when Japan occupied Manchuria, but Japan was definitely encouraged by Sir John Simon, in the full expectation that this would put an unbearable strain on Japanese-Soviet relations and plunge the USSR into insurmountable economic difficulties.

And indeed Moscow was put under terrific pressure. Eighty per cent of the Soviet Union's industrial output had suddenly to be diverted to defense purposes at a moment when the people were crying for manufactured consumer goods. The bulk of several consecutive Ukrainian and Caucasian harvests had to be shipped to the Far East. But Moscow avoided the trap. Stalin and Litvinoff refused to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for the British Tories. What the latter had hoped for was the mutual destruction of Japan and the USSR, or at least their complete exhaustion in a Far Eastern war. With the Soviet Union crippled and weakened to an extent where Hitler could safely attempt his crusade in the West, and with Japan, Britain's chief rival in the Far East, impotent for years—there you have the grandiose dream of British imperialism, which Moscow prevented from realization by reacting calmly to Japan's provocations.

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During the first two months of the Italo-Ethiopian war, the British cabinet adopted a firm attitude against Italy and managed to harness the whole League of Nations to the chariot of British imperialism. Mussolini was to be prevented from installing himself on the British highway to India. Then suddenly England veered around and Foreign Minister Sir Samuel Hoare, in conjunction with Pierre Laval, Premier of France, (Mussolini's personal friend who has done more for Italy than Generals de Bono and Badoglio together) made his infamous offer, the Laval-Hoare "peace" proposals, under terms of which a huge part of Ethiopia would have been handed over to Italy. Hoare resigned under a storm of public opinion, but the government of Mr. Baldwin which had drawn up the proposals remained in power and is still there.

Contradictions

What had caused England to abandon Ethiopia? The answer is: Japan. Japan withdrew from the naval armament conference, refusing to bind herself any longer to limitational agreements. So long as Japan's armies on the Asiatic continent can be cut off from the motherland by an English fleet, so long do all Japan's conquests in China remain a risky adventure. Japan wanted a free hand to build a super-navy, to rid herself of the danger of British interference.

But a further advance in China brings Japan dangerously close to the British and American zones of interest. How seriously England regards Nippon's threat is evidenced by her accelerated building of the colossal naval base at Singapore and the decision to expand Hong Kong as a British naval base. Japan's threat forced Britain to loosen her grip on Mussolini and seek an approach to the Soviet Union via Paris. Moscow may yet, certain British imperialists hope, help Britain in smashing England's great Far Eastern rival.

The next act in the world drama that is called "preparation for the second world war" was staged in Europe. On March 7 Hitler suddenly sent troops into the Rhineland, thus tearing up another treaty. Hitler would not have done this, informed opinion holds, without definite encouragement from London. The occupation of the Rhineland coincided exactly with an appeal by the League to Italy to open peace negotiations. England is no longer interested in the Negus; London has her eyes on Tokyo. But the Baldwin government cannot openly repudiate the Negus and abandon him to Mussolini. That would be a little too raw. So London, in suggesting that Hitler reoccupy the Rhineland, placed France in such a staggering dilemma that France has eyes and ears for nothing but the new German threat. Ethiopia no longer exists for France when

France herself is threatened. This gives England a chance to say that she is no longer wholeheartedly supported and upheld in the application of sanctions against Italy.

Hitler on the Rhine

Then what has Britain gained out of the rumpus? Is England emerging as a defeated party? No, England has gained this: Hitler is on the Rhine; the general armament race in the world, which was going forward at a tolerable trot, now goes into gallop. More: Hitler on the Rhine means a formidable line of steel which will enable Germany to hold the French army in check across the historic river; in other words Germany can now paralyze France and prevent her from aiding her Eastern European allies if they are attacked. As soon as the German defenses on the Rhine are in shape, Hitler will be free to pounce on Czechoslovakia and Lithuania and carry into effect the plan which he has elaborated for years and for the sake of which he has mortgaged German national finances for years to come: the attack upon the stronghold of peace, the Soviet Union.

While Hitler attacks from the West, Japan will be striking from the East, England will see her Asiatic rival invade Soviet Siberia—that is to say, leave the British spheres of influence in China alone for the time being and perhaps cripple herself badly enough not to menace England for the next half century. In urging France to treat with Hitler today, and withholding her cooperation in forcing Hitler out of the Rhineland, Britain is taking the first step to cripple the Franco-Soviet mutual-aid alliance. For it should not be overlooked that it was the People's Front in France which forced ratification of the Franco-Soviet alliance. By invoking that pact as a pretext for the rearmament of the Rhineland, Hitler throws responsibility for the dwindling of France's military and diplomatic prestige on the Continent (inevitable if France is incarcerated, as it were, behind the German wall of steel) on the French left-wing political parties. Hitler is strengthening the hand of the French Fascists against the People's Front.

The Hope of the Nazis and Tories

Step by step, the plan gets under way. Today the Rhineland, tomorrow such pressure on France as to provoke a Fascist coup. That's the hope of Tories and Nazis and cannon merchants and the other hyenas.

Only the working class and its allies can smash that plot, can save mankind from chaos and ruin and rivers of blood for which the capitalist system is driving with all its might. By uniting to prevent war, the forces of peace and democracy will checkmate capitalism in its last desperate move and plunge it into the abyss of history.

Oh Say, Can You See?

AFTER we saw the reports on the Hitler elections made by six foreign correspondents, we were not much impressed by the German official figures—*Ja*, 44,409,528; *Nein*, 542,953. Before the election the people were given to understand that the ballots (which had no provision for a *Nein* vote) would be counted *Nein* if left blank. There was a heavy snow of these, but they were counted for Hitler. Probably he himself doesn't know how many there were, so how can we



guess? But you can get an idea from the fact that the *New York Times* correspondent said, "There must have been millions counted for Hitler that were cast against him."

We conclude then, that the remilitarization of the Rhine, notwithstanding the fact that it has been lauded with all the repetition of a primitive mind, no dissenting word being allowed by German press or radio, has not been the success the Nazis hoped for. In February a warning was given Hitler by the German people, who stayed away from the birthday party of the Nazis. Heretofore there have been cheering crowds; this year only soldiers and guards on duty stood in the gloomy deserted square.

Would you like to do a friendly act? Send letters, pictures, educational material to Haywood Patterson, Andy Wright, Roy Wright, Clarence Norris, Ozie Powell, Willie Roberson, Olen Montgomery, Charlie Weems, and Eugene Williams, all of Scottsboro, Alabama. For five years they have been in jail on evidence that wouldn't get Park Avenue boys arrested. Send them the same things you'd send other young men—except, of course, they can't use baseball bats, nor fishing tackle, nor bathing suits, nor books on *How to Raise Hogs*, nor *Instructions for Bridge Building*.

The propaganda agents of Germany assigned to the United States were instructed by Dr. Goebbels that travel bureaus and other agencies for intercourse between the two countries were to be converted into propaganda centers. One such office, the German National Railways' Division for Travel in Germany, has in recent years distributed

over five million copies of advertising material; over 3,000 ocean liners were regularly provided with advertisements of Germany; almost a million moving picture showings, more than 1,200 radio talks, about 1,800 lectures and over 45,000 slides, and 150,000 publications in newspapers and periodicals have been the means of advertising Hitler Germany. It is not surprising, then, that sympathy for Hitler was sufficient, in the summer of 1932, when his movement was on the decline and his sources of money closed, for big interests in the United States to finance him.

The Friends of New Germany have changed their name to the German-American League. Their membership is restricted to those of German blood who are U. S. citizens and who have a vote to count.

And propaganda agents of Italy have secretly subsidized and directed a movement in this country, headed by bank officials, steamship lines and business houses. They direct their influence toward the destruction of labor unions, lynch style. This black network makes attacks on Negroes, Jews, liberals, and officials of the American Federation of Labor. Watch for their activities, and let us know.

We predict that a lot of good will come of the trial of the Tampa KKK. Many things are being aired; the people are informed. And even though the machinery of justice is clogged with Klansmen and cannot do its full duty,



there are things the people can do about taking the law into their own hands—and we don't mean mobbing either. Look at Santa Rosa, California. The vigilantes who kidnapped, tarred, and feathered two men out there last year are crying for mercy now. They have filed suit on a number of charges, one being that the citizens of the county "became embittered with the plaintiff and refused to patronize or otherwise deal with the plaintiffs." We fairly gloat over a thing like that. There is something exalting about a successful boycott—like a good chorus singing "America." It is an expression of the unity of an enlightened and outraged people,

dealing out their own justice in one of the few ways still open to them.

Meanwhile, stronger action ought to be taken by the Cracker State.

Interesting revelations of Senator Arthur Vandenberg: "I understand the average corn-hog benefit [AAA] payment in Iowa is under \$400. But I know, for example, about one corn-hog contract in another state where the beneficiary was paid \$219,825 in two years for not raising 14,578 hogs on 445 acres.

"Again, I understand the average cotton contract throughout the South is under \$1,500. But I know, for example, about one cotton contract which paid \$168,000 for not planting 7,000 acres."

As a few checks were enormously higher, this average must not be taken to mean that the majority received \$1,500. We never were much on figures,



but we know if one boy gets 10 apples, and 10 boys get one apple, in, say, the form of applesauce, that you can't just say there were 11 boys and 11 apples, and therefore the average boy got an apple. Statistics to the contrary notwithstanding, the average got shorted.

It's not news now, but we can't stop thinking and talking about the march of the Mexican miners. It seems to us to be history when 600 men, weakened by hunger and silicosis, walk 265 miles. And if it's history we can talk about it forever. They had been on strike for four months against conditions in the American-owned Guanajuato Reductio Company, and they walked 14 days and came with bleeding and calloused feet to Mexico City to appeal to their government for help.

In any strife between labor and employer the local authorities usually come gallantly to the aid of poor, underfed, overworked, and misunderstood employers. In happy contrast, Milwaukee has taken the other side, at least in part. There an ordinance provides that if an employer will not bargain with his striking employees, thereby causing as many as 200 resentful citizens to gather on two successive days and demonstrate

before the plant, a citizens' committee, together with the mayor or chief of police, may close the plant.

Pretty hard on scabs. But the Hearst strike there makes us wonder if the law isn't a little slow going into action.

Last month we said something about the disarming of citizens and the arming of strike-breakers, vigilantes, et cetera. Have you watched the news since about the major American indus-



tries making large purchases of tear gas, guns, and ammunition? Federal laboratories, who provided \$30,000 worth of gas to help San Francisco employers defeat the General Strike, have sold most of the new material. Among the purchasers Toledo Auto-Lite Company bought \$8,000 worth, and the Pittsburgh and Youngstown Steel Companies \$100,000 worth of ammunition, and the H. C. Frick Coke Company of Pittsburgh bought \$3,391 worth of riot guns, shells, and grenades.

The International Youth Conference which met in Brussels took a position demanding not only the application of sanctions for Ethiopia, but also economic and moral support.

No fact in the history of the United States is more certain than that the people did not want to go into the World War. With a bouncing majority we elected a President on just the proposition that he keep us out of war. After thirty months of note writing, on the pretext of violation of freedom of the seas, and after extensive propaganda, the thing was done. It cost us the lives of 53,838 men, to say nothing of the lives of all the sick poor who could have been saved with the \$20,000,000,000 in money we spent. At that time we had only 75,000 in the army; now the total fighting force, army and reserves, is 436,078. The current army appropriation bill is \$611,000,000 (exclusive of a comparable figure for the navy). As if that were not enough, little sums from the slim purse of relief are pinched for the purpose: in less than two years \$380,381,214.50 has been taken from PWA funds and given to the Army and Navy.



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